CAXTONIAN

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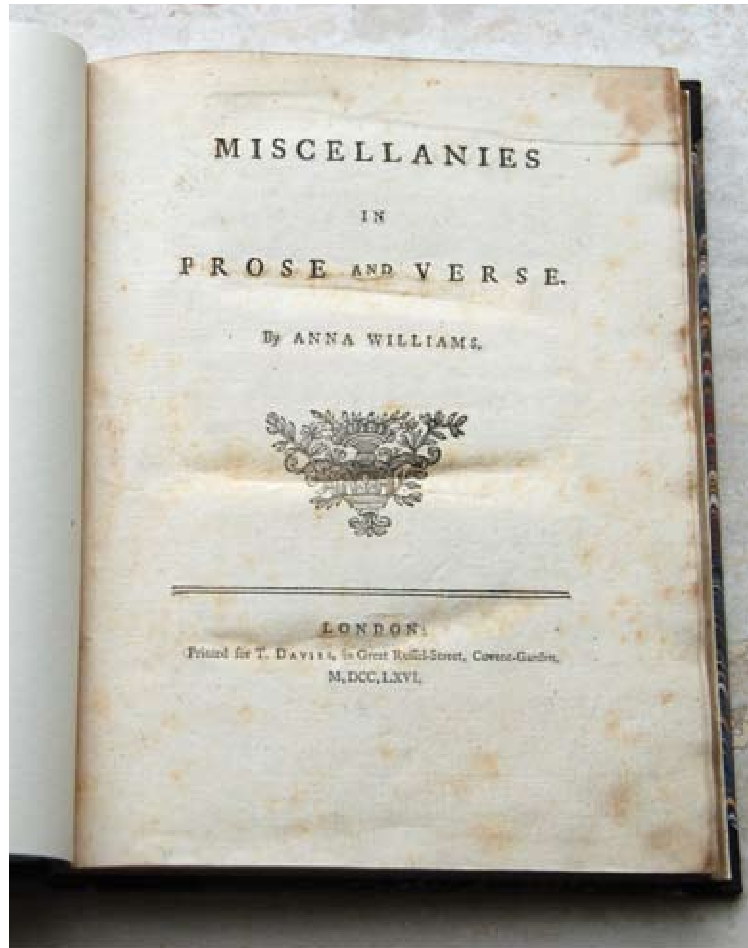
Soft-Hearted Sam

"I am a man and think that there is no human problem which does not concern me."

Paul T. Ruxin

Samuel Johnson. The "Great Cham of Literature," according to Tobias Smollett. In eighteenth-century Britain, Johnson was the equivalent of a media superstar, and more. Author or compiler of the monumental *Dictionary of the English Language*, essayist, poet, critic, playwright, journalist; he was the most famous man in England, after the king. The image we have of him today is of an intimidating presence, a large, physically uncouth man of enormous intellect and strong Tory leanings, a political conservative who suffered fools not at all. His great chronicler James Boswell tells us that "he talked for victory," and "all his life habituated himself to consider conversation as a trial of intellectual vigor and skill." The Johnson we know best is opinionated, argumentative, unyielding in his insistence on intellectual and moral integrity and demanding of the same in his friends.

But this is about another facet of this complex and difficult man. We might admire the Samuel Johnson whose morality and logic we follow in *The Rambler* essays, whose poetic gifts overwhelm us in his *London: A Poem* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, whose critical and analytical skills dazzle us in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare. However, we must love the Sam Johnson who filled his days not merely with writing and blustering, but with acts of kindness, generosity, even selflessness, that remind us that our own shortcomings are not merely intellectual.



MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

By ANNA WILLIAMS.

LONDON:

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Great Russel-Street, Covent-Garden,

M,DCC,LXVI.

In 1766, Johnson bullied Tom Davies into printing a literary effort by Anna Williams, Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, *a work so thin it was padded with several pieces by Johnson himself, and one he solicited from Hester Thrale.*

Let me refresh your recollection of Johnson's story. He was born in Lichfield, in 1709, the son of a bookseller, respectable, but poor. A small bequest to his mother and some charity allowed him to enroll at Pembroke College, Oxford, but his stay was cut short after only thirteen months for want of money. Following a few failed efforts to work as a teacher, he set off for London to try his luck as a writer in 1737, leaving his new wife behind. He was desperately poor. His wife, a widow, had brought some money into the marriage, but it had been lost in a failed effort to establish a school. Until 1762, when his powerful friends arranged for the by-then famous Johnson to receive a pension of 300 pounds annually from the king, he lived in near poverty. Although the rich and famous formed his circle of acquaintances, Johnson knew what it was to have nothing – once, in 1756, he was even arrested for debt.

Johnson was highly critical of others for failings of every sort, and was cynical or at least skeptical enough to observe that some sentiments ought always be suspect – for example, he warned that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," and that second marriages represent "the triumph of hope over experience." He was also most highly critical of himself, and his private thoughts, reflected in prayers and other writings, show a man struggling to find some inner peace, and recognizing in himself habits of sloth, indolence and lack of application and piety that he found intolerable. "Human life is everywhere," he told us, "a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed."

The public Johnson was a celebrity; London society vied for his favor; leading hostesses sought him out, and from Edmund Burke to Sir Joshua Reynolds he moved in a rarified atmosphere. And yet he did not. Let me tell you now about the opposite end of London's social, intellectual, and moral spectrum. Let me tell you about the blind beggar, the prostitute, the impoverished widow, the quack, the

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SAMUEL JOHNSON, *from page 1*

criminal, the freed slave, the charlatan, the enemies of the king, that Sam Johnson supported, protected, and defended, and why he did, and what he got in return.

We begin with Zachariah Williams, a penniless Welshman and sometime physician, who pursued learning and science all his life in an unsuccessful quest to strike it rich. In 1713 Parliament had offered a prize to anyone who could invent a way to determine longitude at sea, and winning the prize became Williams' obsession. Widowed, he brought his daughter Anna to London with him in 1727 to seek the help of sponsors in perfecting and submitting his prize proposals, and interested on his behalf such eminent people as Edmund Halley, of Halley's Comet, and even Sir Isaac Newton. His efforts came to naught however, and with the recommendation of friends he was admitted as a pensioner of the Charterhouse in Clerkenwell – the poorhouse. Increasingly without resources, he languished in filth and cold, as his daughter Anna sought to make some small money with her needlework. Unfortunately, as a result of cataracts, she became totally blind by 1740, with substantially diminished earning potential as a seamstress. Their situation deteriorated, and in 1748 Williams, and Anna, who, in violation of the rules, had been living in the poorhouse caring for him, were evicted from Clerkenwell.

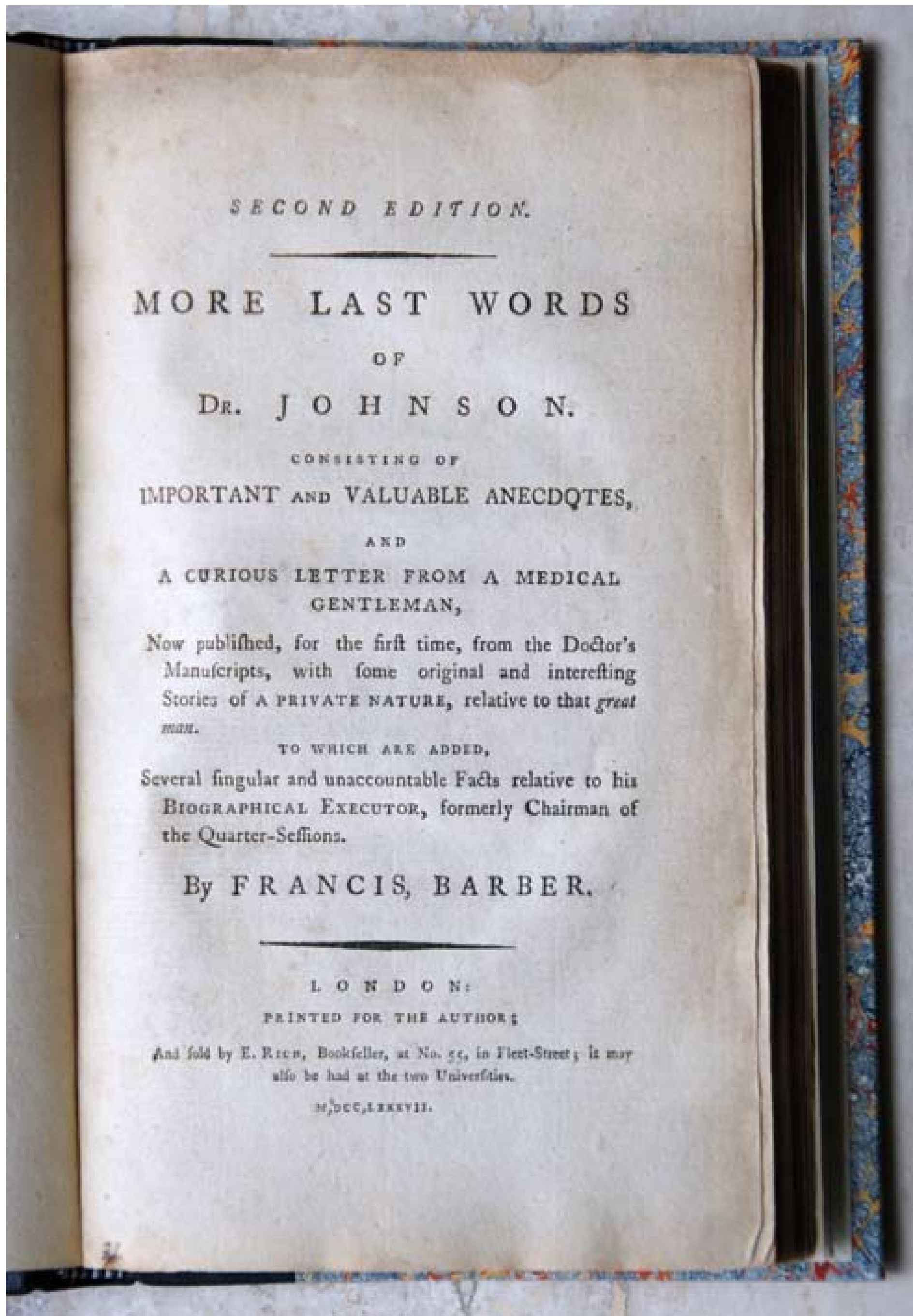
Through mutual friends the Williams met the Johnsons, probably around 1749. Johnson was always interested in mechanical and scientific projects and found Williams intriguing. Anna Williams, now blind, but well educated, intelligent, and particularly pious, became a companion to Johnson's wife Elizabeth, or Tetty. Three years older than Johnson, Anna Williams was interested in literature, and extraordinarily organized and efficient, gifts no doubt necessarily enhanced by her blindness. Let's leave the Williams for a minute, desperately poor, living hand to mouth, but supported emotionally, and even financially, by the only slightly less poor Johnsons.

When Tetty Johnson's health failed she tried taking a room in Hampstead, in the country, for the cleaner air. There she often had a companion, Elizabeth Swynfen, a friend from her younger days in the Midlands. In fact Miss Swynfen's father had been Johnson's godfather, and it was through the Swynfens that Johnson had met the widow Tetty Porter. As Tetty's health deteriorated Elizabeth Swynfen was a constant comfort to both husband and wife. Tetty, Johnson's senior by twenty years, had long denied him access to her bed and her body. As Tetty's companion, part of Miss Swynfen's duty was to warm Johnson's bed at night when he visited his wife in the country. When Miss Swynfen had finished with the warming pan Johnson would quickly get into bed and have her sit with him. Many years later Boswell interviewed her about those chores, and pressed her about what else might have happened. She acknowledged that Johnson had stroked and kissed her – "something different from a father's kiss," she admitted. Responding to Boswell's question about whether Johnson always "conquered his violent inclination," Elizabeth Swynfen reported that he had, that in those moments suddenly, "He'd push me from him and cry 'Get you gone.'" Remember Miss Swynfen. She will return, with Anna Williams, who also was a frequent visitor to the failing Tetty in the country.

Slavery was not abolished in England until 1833. During the earlier years of empire, Englishmen owned slaves around the globe and often brought them back to England. In Jamaica, in 1742, a slave of the plantation owner Richard Bathurst gave birth to a son. When Bathurst returned to England in 1750 to live with his own son, he brought the boy with him. The two Bathursts sent the boy, now ten, to school, with a new name, Francis Barber. When Tetty Johnson died in March of 1752 it was a devastating blow to the Bathursts' friend Samuel Johnson. He had loved his wife truly and deeply, to the dismay of his sophisticated friends, who saw in her only an older woman, wearing excessive make-up, and given to opium, liquors, and a taste for the high life far beyond her husband's modest means. Yet his friends understood that for Johnson, who feared solitude and madness, and nothing else in life, Tetty's loss would be excruciating. So it was.

Johnson was unable to sleep or work and wandered through the streets most nights. The Bathursts revered Johnson, and he them, in particular young Dr. Bathurst. Johnson late in life referred to him as "…my *dear dear* Bathurst, whom I loved better than ever I loved any human creature." They shared much. Dr. Bathurst was Johnson's physician, and they were both among the earliest and staunchest anti-slavery advocates in England. Their politics were in complete agreement; Johnson said of him, "Dear Bathurst…was a man to my very heart's content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a *whig*; he was a very good *hater*."

Dr. Bathurst felt there was nothing else to be done but, two weeks after Tetty's death, to send young Francis Barber to live with Johnson, to help him, and with his presence, cheer Johnson with his gentle disposition and happy personality. Johnson never owned his own home; renting lodgings, he moved frequently, often necessitated by his financial condition. In 1752, working on the *Dictionary*, he was living at No. 17 Gough Square when Francis Barber arrived. Feeling little need for a personal servant, and being concerned about Francis' own interests, Johnson sent him almost at once to a nearby school.



SECOND EDITION.

MORE LAST WORDS

OF

DR. JOHNSON.

CONSISTING OF

IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE ANECDOTES,

AND

A CURIOUS LETTER FROM A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN,

Now publiſhed, for the firſt time, from the Doctor's Manuſcripts, with ſome original and intereſting Stories of A PRIVATE NATURE, relative to that *great man*.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Several ſingular and unaccountable Facts relative to his BIOGRAPHICAL EXECUTOR, formerly Chairman of the Quarter-Seſſions.

By FRANCIS, BARBER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;

And ſold by E. RICH, Bookſeller, at No. 55, in Fleet-Street; it may alſo be had at the two Univerſities.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

Francis Barber was long a Johnson dependent, but this satire is by "Francis, Barber" (ostensibly the maintainer of Johnson's wig, itself notorious for being un-cared-for). This is claimed to be a second edition, but no first edition is known. The content is often obscene, and the texts being satirized are incidents as recounted by Boswell.

Only a day later Francis fell ill with smallpox and was returned home to Johnson. When he had recovered sufficiently, Johnson sent him off to study at the Birmingham Free School, run by a Mr. Desmoulins, who had just married Tetty's old friend and Johnson's godfather's daughter, Elizabeth Swynfen. But Johnson was not then left alone at 17 Gough Square.

Prior to Tetty's death Johnson had used his influence to arrange for the senior surgeon of Guy's Hospital, who was also the leading English authority on cataracts, to operate on Miss Williams. She had moved to Johnson's house from her own miserable lodgings so that the surgery could at least be done in clean, reliable, comfortable quarters, where she could convalesce in some comfort. The surgery was attempted, but it failed. Anna Williams stayed on however, and took charge of the household. Thus, when Francis Barber first arrived, and then returned from school, it was to quarters on Gough Square already crowded with Miss Williams, who had taken charge with an iron hand, if a blind eye, of Johnson's chaotic living arrangements, including Johnson himself, a maid servant, and a cook.

In addition to giving her a home, Johnson did everything he could to help Miss Williams. He tried to influence a publisher to bring out a book she was compiling, a dictionary of philosophical terms, but to no avail. More successful was Johnson's effort to have his friend David Garrick, the great actor/producer and owner of the Drury Lane Theatre, stage a play one evening for her benefit. It produced about 200 pounds, which Johnson invested in her name, yielding a very small interest, but providing Anna Williams with her first dependable income. Much later, in 1766, Johnson bullied Tom Davies – who had introduced him to Boswell – into printing another literary effort by Anna Williams, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, a work so thin it was padded with several pieces by Johnson himself, and one he solicited from Hester Thrale, his wealthy, aristocratic, and intimate friend. The book sold poorly, but what little it produced was invested along with the proceeds from the benefit performance ten years before.

At about the time Francis Barber had returned from Mr. Desmoulins' school in 1756, the elder Mr. Bathurst died. His will gave Francis his freedom and twelve pounds. However, Francis had nowhere to go but to Johnson's rooms on Gough Square, and while he was happy enough to stay on as Johnson's servant – Johnson, after all, demanded little of him – he could not abide the tyrannical Miss Williams. Francis soon ran away and found work as an apothecary's assistant, but he frequently visited Johnson, and finding life outside too demanding, after two years asked if he could return. Miss Williams was by now even more firmly in control, and so Francis, after a few weeks, ran away again, this time to enlist in the navy in 1758.

While Johnson admired the military profession, it was the British Army officer, not the lowly seaman, usually impressed, who earned his approval. About the navy Johnson said:

> No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail, for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.… A man in jail has more room, better food and commonly better company.

It took Johnson over two years to get Francis discharged, but he did, and brought him home in October of 1760. In part because

*See **SAMUEL JOHNSON,** page 4*

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *from page 3*
Johnson truly wished Francis to better himself and in part because of the hostility between Miss Williams and young Mr. Barber, he eventually sent Francis back to school, in 1767. By now in his twenties, he was an unlikely scholar in an English boarding school, and although he mastered reading and writing English, he struggled with Latin and Greek. Nonetheless, apart from visits home, Johnson kept him there until 1772.

By this time another penniless denizen of the London streets was regularly finding shelter in Johnson's quarters. Robert Levett was almost five years older than Johnson, and as a young man had wandered through England, France, and Italy, working as a servant and a waiter. Buying a few medical books when he could, and attending some lectures on anatomy and pharmacy in France, he returned to England and, neither surgeon nor physician nor even apothecary, he began to minister to the needs of the street people. An unattractive, brusque man, Levett was married, briefly, to a prostitute who believed him to be a physician, while he believed her to be an heiress wrongfully deprived of her inheritance. Quickly realizing their mutual mistakes, they ended the marriage almost as soon as it began, and in 1762 Levett too became a permanent member of Johnson's household. He could contribute nothing – his "patients" often paid him nothing but a swallow of gin – but his company with Johnson at breakfast. Since Levett often roamed the streets late at night ministering to the sick, while Johnson roamed them ministering to his own soul, they would both sleep until noon or later, and take their tea and toast from Anna Williams and the maid of all works, Mrs. White, before they went their separate ways.

After Levett the next to move in was Poll Carmichael. Let us listen to Boswell explain how she arrived:

> Coming home late one night, he found a poor woman lying in the street, so much exhausted that she could not walk; he took her upon his back, and carried her to his house, where he discovered that she was one of those wretched females who had fallen into the lowest state of vice, poverty, and disease. Instead of hastily upbraiding her, he had her taken care of with all tenderness, for a long time, at considerable expense.…

The novelist Fanny Burney records in her diary the following further explanation, a conversation between her friends Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, inquiring about the members of his household, where Mrs. Thrale, with her aristocratic delicacy, was loath to visit:

> Mrs. T. "But pray sir, who is the Poll you talk of? She that you used to abet in her quarrels with Mrs. Williams, and call out, *At her again Poll! Never flinch, Poll!*"
>
> Dr. J. "Why I took to Poll very well at first, but she won't do upon nearer examination."
>
> Mrs. T. "How came she among you sir?"
>
> Dr. J. "Why I don't rightly remember, but we could spare her very well from us. Poll is a stupid slut; I had some hopes of her at first; but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical."

Yet she stayed, and like Francis, and Miss Williams, received an allowance from Johnson's none-too-healthy income.

And so did Mrs. Desmoulins, and her daughter, who came to share a crowded room with Poll Carmichael. Who was Mrs. Desmoulins? You've met her before. She was once the young Elizabeth Swynfen, daughter of Johnson's godfather, friend of his wife, and preparer of his bed long ago. Now the widow of Francis Barber's former schoolmaster, nearly penniless, she and her daughter had nowhere to go but to Johnson. Although she fought constantly with Miss Williams, and contributed nothing to the running of the house, she and her daughter received food, shelter, and half a guinea a week.

And what did Johnson get in return from them all? From Levett and Miss Williams he did get some companionship, Levett at his late breakfasts, and midnight tea with Anna Williams whenever he returned home, but from the whole household what he got was collective misery. As he wrote to Mrs. Thrale:

> Williams hates everybody; Levett hates Desmoulins, and does not love Williams; Desmoulins hates them both; Poll loves none of them.

And we know how Francis and Miss Williams felt about each other. Francis, by now married, did even less than before. When Johnson's old cat Hodge was so sick he could only eat oysters, Johnson himself went to do the shopping so that, according to Mrs. Thrale, Francis' "delicacy might not be hurt at seeing himself employed for the convenience of a quadruped."

Johnson's life after 1765 and until Henry Thrale's death in 1781 was in fact lived mostly with the Thrales at their country house, Streatham Park, where he had a room of his own. Not only was he happy and cared for there, his own lodgings on Gough Square and elsewhere, and, after 1776 at No. 8 Bolt Court, were full of what Thomas Macaulay later called a "menagerie" and Johnson himself jokingly referred to as a "seraglio." Mrs. Thrale described it as including "A Blind woman and her Maid, a Blackmoor and his Wife, a Scotch Wench [Poll Carmichael, that would be] a Woman whose Father once lived in Litchfield… – and a Superannuated Surgeon," Mrs. Thrale neglecting to mention both Mrs. Desmoulins' daughter and Mrs. White, the cook, but also mentioning a poor cousin of Johnson's in the country, and another cousin, a lunatic in an asylum, to both of whose support he contributed. Mrs. Thrale tells us that:

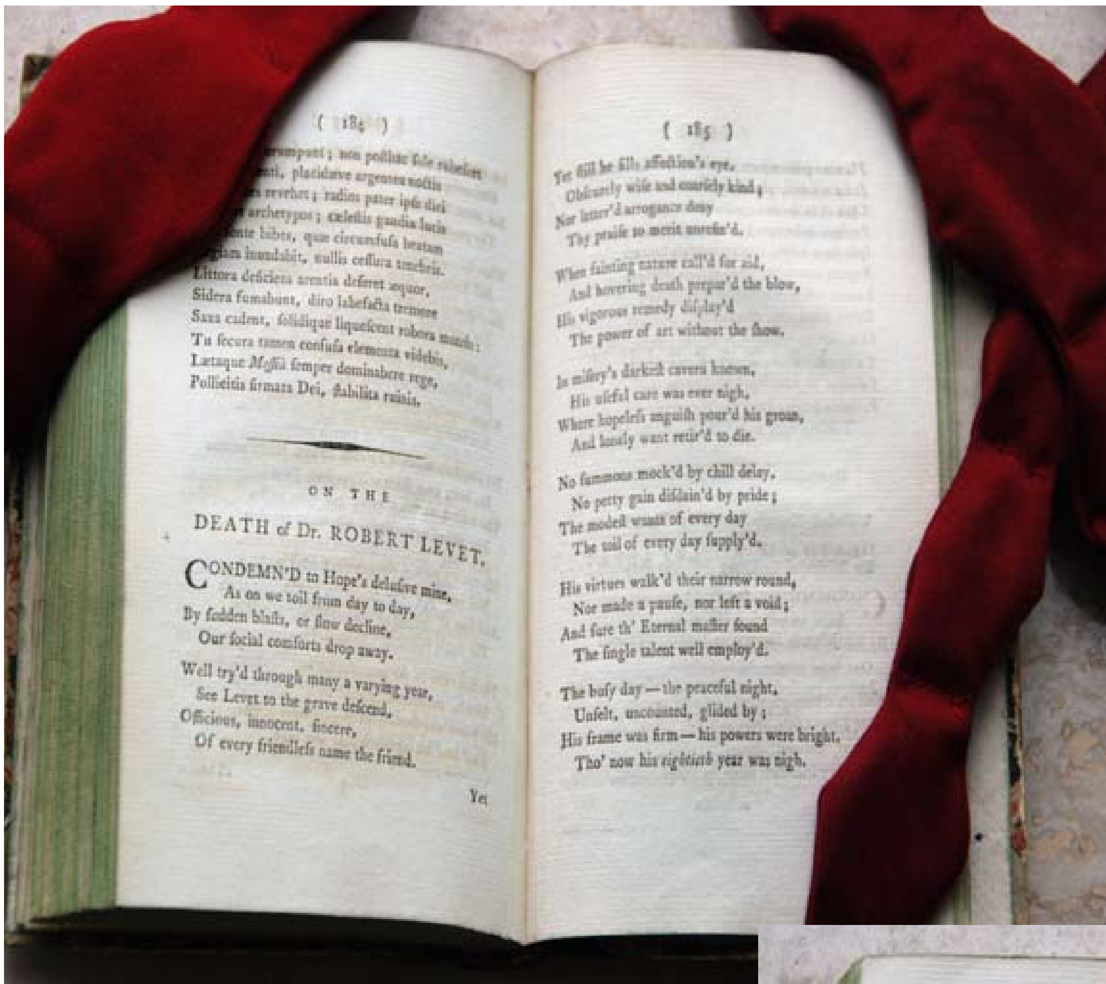
> He really was oftentimes afraid of going home, because he was sure to be met at the door with numberless complaints; and he used to lament parenthetically to me, …that they made his life miserable from the impossibility of making theirs happy, when every favor bestowed on one was wormwood to the rest. If however I ventured to blame their ingratitude, and condemn their conduct, he would instantly set about softening the one and justifying the other; and finished commonly by telling me, that I Knew not how to make allowances for situations I never experienced.

Mrs. Thrale also tells us that:

> He nursed whole nests of people in his house, where the lame, the blind, the sick and the sorrowful found a sure retreat from all the evils whence his little income could save them.

Johnson's literary executor and early biographer John Hawkins, of whom Johnson famously said he was "a most unclubable man," tells us that when asked "how he could bear to be surrounded by such necessitous and undeserving people as he had about him, his answer was 'if I did not assist them, no one else would, and they must be lost for want.'" In fact Johnson's sympathy for the poor reflected a profound understanding of the limits of their lives. Mrs. Thrale's journal records the following:

> What signifies…giving money to common Beggars? They lay it out only in Gin or Tobacco – and why should they not says our Dr. why should everybody else find Pleasure necessary to their Existence and deny the poor every possible Avenue to it? – Gin & Tobacco are the only Pleasures in their Power, – let



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...rumpent; non poſſunt ſole rubeſcet
...nti, placidave argentea noctis
...a reveher; radiis pater ipſe diei
...archetypus; cœleſtis gaudia lucis
...ente libes, quæ circumfuſa beatam
...am inundabit, nullis ceſſura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deſeret æquor,
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, ſolidique liqueſcent robora mundi:
Tu ſecura tamen confuſa elementa videbis,
Lætaque *Meſſiâ* ſemper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, ſtabilita ruinis.

ON THE

DEATH of Dr. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's deluſive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts, or ſlow decline,
Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave deſcend,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
Of every friendleſs name the friend.

Yet

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Yet ſtill he fills affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe and coarſely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy diſplay'd
The power of art without the ſhow.

In miſery's darkeſt cavern known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride;
The modeſt wants of every day
The toil of every day ſupply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure th' Eternal maſter found
The ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day — the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm — his powers were bright,
Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

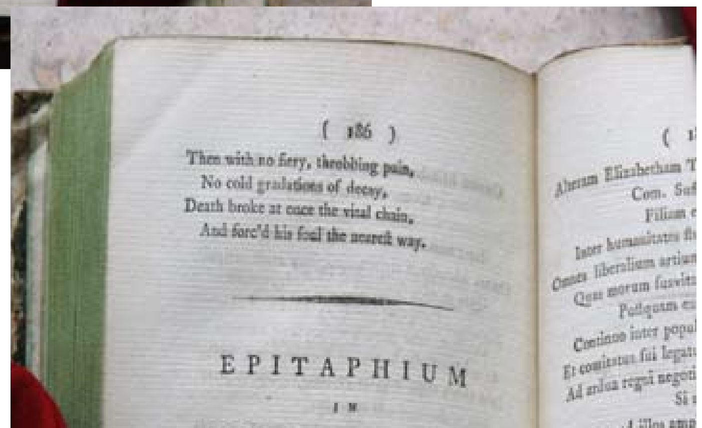
Johnson's eulogy for Robert Levett, who lived in his house for as long as 20 years, shown here in an early collection of Johnson's poetry.

example, this time a rather obscure one.

The French-Indian wars in the mid-eighteenth century were vicious. As the British struggled with the despised French for control of north-eastern North America few tactics were deemed too extreme. The great British hero of the Seven Years War was Jeffrey, 1st Baron Amherst, who was in charge of the British expedition against the French in Canada, and who captured Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Montreal. His success however, was due, in part at least, to weakening the native American Indian allies of the French by sending them small-pox infected blankets, against which they had no resistance. Johnson joined his countrymen in his extreme contempt, if not hatred, for the French – some things never change, do they?

> them have the Enjoyments within their reach without Reproach.

Why? Why did Johnson observe to his friend William Maxwell that "a decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization?" In part, of course, because he himself had been so poor for so long. Perhaps a more important explanation is that while Johnson feared only solitude and madness in life, he dreaded damnation after death. He lived in fear that he had wasted his life, that damnation would be his reward. The only good quality he would admit to having was his inclination towards charity. Sir Joshua Reynolds' sister, Francis, reports Johnson admitting to her that wandering the streets in the early morning hours "he often saw poor children asleep on thresholds and stalls, and that he used to put pennies into their hands to buy them a breakfast." In his diary he often noted small gifts to anonymous people he saw on the street. And in his Idler, Essay No. 4, he defines a charity as "tenderness for the poor, which is…inseparable from piety." His great *Dictionary* defines piety as "discharge of duty to God." And in his diary, reflecting on a year past, he notes that he had maintained Mrs. Desmoulins and her daughter, observing, "other good of myself I know not where to find, except a Little Charity."



(186)

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his ſoul the neareſt way.

EPITAPHIUM

IN

If we conclude from this that he saw his acts of charity selfishly, as his only hope for salvation, we would be shortsighted indeed. Johnson was able to argue – and did, often for fun – any side of anything, but despite the contradictions we find in his writings and reported conversation, he was essentially an absolutist. He believed fervently in right and wrong. Surely right conduct could bring the rewards of a just God, but it is clear that he also believed in right for its own sake, as in his opposition to slavery, or to cruelty to animals. He was, after all, not only a pioneer abolitionist but a pioneer anti-vivisectionist. Does this indicate soft-heartedness – or tough-mindedness? Judge for yourselves from another

For example, consider the famous exchange between Johnson and his friend Dr. William Adams, as Johnson began his work on the *Dictionary* in 1748, predicting its completion in three years:

> Dr. Adams. "But Sir, how can you do this in three years?
>
> Johnson. "Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years."
>
> Adams. "But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their dictionary."
>
> Johnson. "Sir, thus it is. This is the propor-

See ***SAMUEL JOHNSON****, page 6*

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *from page 5*

> tion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three is to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

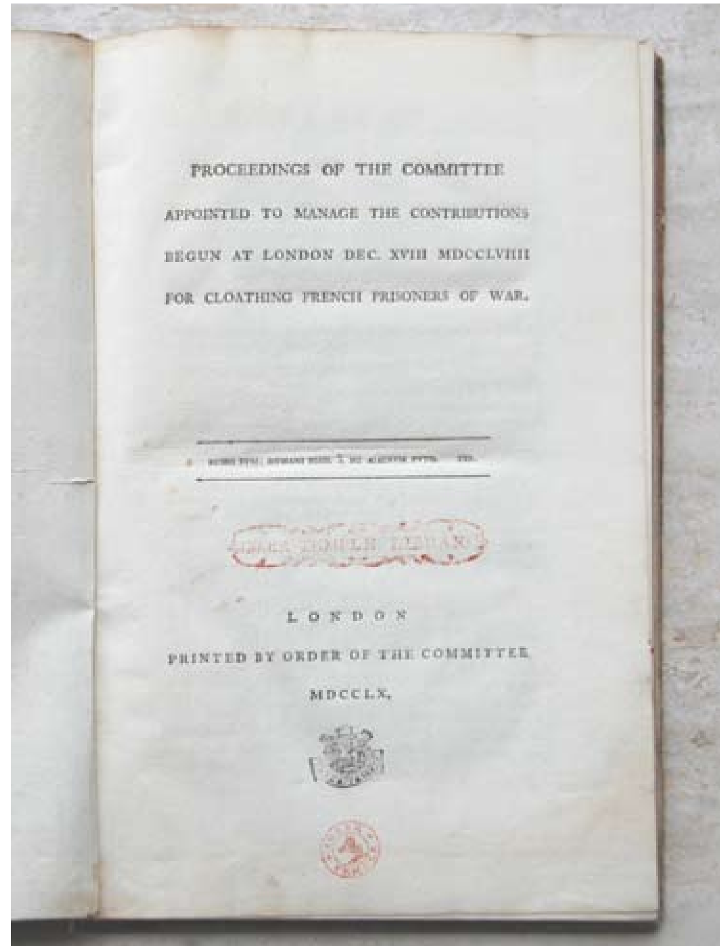
Despite this attitude, widespread in England, in 1758 during the height of the Seven Years War, several notable London gentlemen organized a charity to provide relief for French prisoners of war held throughout the British Empire. In 1760 the committee managing the charity published its report of its highly successful efforts. The managers of the Committee persuaded Johnson to write an introduction.

He did. First, he began by placing a Latin motto from Terence on the title page: Homo sum, humani; nihil a me alienum puto. "I am a man and think that there is no human problem which does not concern me." Johnson's introduction to the Committee Report then anticipates and demolishes the arguments against helping the despised French when "there remain many Englishmen unrelieved." Warming to his subject, Johnson concludes with these extraordinary words:

> That charity is best, of which the consequences are most extensive: the relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection; to soften the acrimony of adverse nations, and dispose them to peace and amity: in the meantime, it alleviates captivity, and takes away something from the miseries of war. The rage of war, however mitigated, will always fill the world with calamity and horror: let it not then be unnecessarily extended; let animosity and hostility cease together; and no man be longer deemed an enemy, than while his sword is drawn against us.
>
> The effects of these contributions may, perhaps, reach still farther. Truth is best supported by virtue: we may hope from those who feel or see our charity, that they shall no longer detest as heresy our religion, which makes its professors the followers of HIM, who has commanded us to "do good to them that hate us."

Soft-hearted Sam? Or tough-minded man of principle? He famously said "No man but a block-head ever wrote except for money," and he was paid five shillings for his introduction. Do you doubt that he meant it, nonetheless?

Let us conclude this superficial review of the lesser-known Johnson with the story of the Reverend William Dodd. Perhaps you do not recognize his name, but let me introduce him by saying he was the progenitor of a type that reached fruition with Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker, and Jimmy Swaggart. Of no particular beginnings, Dodd managed to graduate from Cambridge and later received an appointment as a curate, although he originally had come to London as a writer – a literary hack, just as Johnson had. He continued his literary work, one of which, *The Beauties of Shakespeare*, ultimately served as Goethe's introduction to Shakespeare. Good with words, and politics, he dedicated his books to those who could advance his career, and he received an appointment as chaplain to King George III. Dodd first became widely known in connection with his frequent sermons delivered at Magdalen House.


PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMITTEE
APPOINTED TO MANAGE THE CONTRIBUTIONS
BEGUN AT LONDON DEC. XVIII MDCCLVIII
FOR CLOATHING FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR.

LONDON
PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE
MDCCLX.

Johnson wrote the introduction to a book commemorating the charity that provided relief for French prisoners of war held throughout the British Empire.

Here is how Dodd begins his *An Account of the Rise, Progress and Present State of the Magdalen Charity*, first published in 1761:

> …that in the present disordered state of things, there will always be *brothels* and *prostitutes*, is a fact but too indisputable, however unpleasing. Any attempt to prevent this evil, would be no less impossible than impolitic.…

Thus it was, Dodd reports, that in 1758 seven gentlemen raised 3000 pounds and opened Magdalen House, where, with eight "unhappy objects" it began to receive these women for rehabilitation. By 1763, 483 had been received, and 370 discharged to better lives as wives, servants or, in fewer numbers, to death or for "faults and irregularities." Dodd's Sunday sermons to these women became quite the thing to attend; Horace Walpole took Prince Edward and other society notables to hear him in 1760, and reported that Dodd:

> …harangu[ed] entirely in the French style, and very eloquently and touchingly. He apostrophized the lost sheep, who sobbed and cried from their souls – so did my Lady Hertford and Fanny Pelham.…

Another visitor reported that he had "difficulty to get tolerable seats…, the crowd of genteel people was so great."

Dodd's fame and contacts and ambition raised him high and then brought him low. He developed a taste for the good life, wearing long perfumed silk robes and a large diamond ring when he was in the pulpit, and living in a country house hung with paintings by Titian, Rembrandt, and Rubens when he was not. He was appointed tutor to Philip Stanhope, godson of the famous Earl of Chesterfield; young Stanhope himself became the fifth earl on his godfather's death. Living beyond his means, Dodd was lucky for a time; his wife, of humble origins, unexpectedly inherited 1500 pounds, and then won 1000 pounds more in a lottery. An interesting story in itself, Mrs. Dodd had gone with her inheritance to bid on something at an auction. When she found herself bidding against a member of the aristocracy, she withdrew. The titled lady, in

INTRODUCTION.

The Committee intruſted with the money contributed to the relief of the ſubjects of France, now priſoners in the British Dominions, here lay before the public an exact account of all the ſums received and expended; that the donors may judge how properly their benefactions have been applied.

Charity would loſe its name, were it influenced by ſo mean a motive as human praiſe: it is, therefore, not intended to celebrate, by any particular memorial, the liberality of ſingle perſons, or diſtinct ſocieties; it is ſufficient, that their works praiſe them.

Yet he who is far from ſeeking honour, may very juſtly obviate cenſure. If a good example has been ſet, it may loſe its influence by miſrepreſentation; and to free charity from reproach, is itſelf a charitable action.

Againſt the relief of the French, only one argument has been brought; but that one is ſo popular and ſpecious, that if it were to remain unexamined, it would by many be thought irrefragable. It has been urged, that charity, like other virtues, may be improperly and unſeaſonably exerted; that while we are relieving Frenchmen, there remain many *Engliſhmen* unrelieved; that while we laviſh pity on our enemies, we forget the miſery of our friends.

Grant this argument all it can prove, and what is the concluſion? — that to relieve the French is a good action, but that a better may be conceived. This is all the reſult, and this all is very little. To do the beſt, can ſeldom be the lot of man; it is ſufficient if, when opportunities are preſented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practiſed, if beneficence were to wait always for the moſt proper objects, and the nobleſt occaſions; occaſions that may never happen, and objects that never may be found?

It

It is far from certain, that a ſingle Engliſhman will ſuffer by the charity to the French. New ſcenes of miſery make new impreſſions; and much of the charity which produced theſe donations, may be ſuppoſed to have been generated by a ſpecies of calamity never known among us before. Some imagine that the laws have provided all neceſſary relief in common caſes, and remit the poor to the care of the public; ſome have been deceived by fictitious miſery, and are afraid of encouraging impoſture; many have obſerved want to be the effect of vice, and conſider caſual almſgivers as patrons of idleneſs. But all theſe difficulties vaniſh in the preſent caſe: we know that for the priſoners of war there is no legal proviſion; we ſee their diſtreſs, and are certain of its cauſe; we know that they are poor and naked, and poor and naked without a crime.

But it is not neceſſary to make any conceſſions. The opponents of this charity muſt allow it to be good, and will not eaſily prove it not to be the beſt. That charity is beſt, of which the conſequences are moſt extenſive: the relief of enemies has a tendency to unite mankind in fraternal affection; to ſoften the acrimony of adverſe nations, and diſpoſe them to peace and amity: in the mean time, it alleviates captivity, and takes away ſomething from the miſeries of war. The rage of war, however mitigated, will always fill the world with calamity and horror: let it not then be unneceſſarily extended; let animoſity and hoſtility ceaſe together; and no man be longer deemed an enemy, than while his ſword is drawn againſt us.

The effects of theſe contributions may, perhaps, reach ſtill further. Truth is beſt ſupported by virtue: we may hope from thoſe who feel or who ſee our charity, that they ſhall no longer deteſt as hereſy that religion, which makes its profeſſion the followers of HIM, who has commanded us to "do good to them that hate us".

gratitude then invited her to tea and gave her a lottery ticket, which, as it happened, was a winner.

This was the acme of the rise of the Dodds. Using his wife's money, Dodd attempted to bribe the Lord Chancellor to name him to the prominent and well-paying living of St. George's Church in Hanover Square. The Lord Chancellor was not so easily bought off, and when the attempt was made public, Dodd, in 1774, was removed from the King's chaplains list. As his means shrunk, his debts grew and his creditors pressed. Now desperate, Dodd, in February of 1777, forged a bond in the amount of 4200 pounds, and sought to cash it, Boswell tells us, "flattering himself with hopes that he might be able to repay its amount without being detected." Let us have Boswell tell us more:

> The person whose name he thus rashly and criminally presumed to falsify, was the Earl of Chesterfield, to whom he had been tutor, and who, he perhaps, in the warmth of his feelings, flattered himself would have generously paid the money in case of an alarm being taken, rather than suffer him to fall a victim to the dreadful consequences of violating the law against forgery, the most dangerous crime in a commercial country; but the unfortunate divine had the mortification to find that he was mistaken. His noble pupil appeared against him, and he was capitally convicted.

No doubt it did not help Dodd that he was originally brought to be charged before the unclubable John Hawkins. Hawkins, a magistrate, was, despite Johnson's characterization of him, a charter member of The Club organized by Johnson in 1764. The Club was exclusive and its members were the most notable men of London. And, in 1764, Dodd was in his glory. Soon thereafter he had privately made it known that he wished to become a member of The Club. Hawkins reports that Dodd then "…dwelt with his wife in an obscure corner near a village called Warton; but kept, in a back lane near him, a girl." Sir John goes on to explain that when this and other "particulars respecting his character and manner of living" became known to the member of The Club, "all opposition to his admission became unnecessary." Thus by 1777 when Dodd was brought before him, Hawkins had long ago made up his mind about him, and lost no time binding him over for the trial. A week later Dodd was found guilty, and the sensitive forger fainted away, as the huge crowd of spectators wept at the verdict.

Dodd was shrewd enough to know that his powers of persuasion would not be up to the task of saving his own life, however many souls he claimed to have saved. Relying once again on his highly placed contacts, he had the Countess of Harrington write to Johnson, whom he himself had met only once, some 27 years earlier, to enlist his help. Johnson read the letter, "seemed much agitated" to the man who had delivered it, but finally said, "I will do what I can." We will never know what decided Johnson to act in favor of a man who represented the hypocrisy and "cant" Johnson so despised, but it is worth considering that Johnson had long opposed the death penalty, believing that it was not proportionate punishment for anything less morally heinous than intentional murder. We might also note that Johnson's own younger brother, Nathaniel, had died under mysterious circumstances some forty years earlier, hounded by creditors, perhaps guilty of forgery himself. In any event Johnson threw himself into his defense of Dodd – from a distance, and with his pen. "Block-head" or not, Johnson took up his pen with no expectation of payment.

On May 16, 1777 Dodd was to appear before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield for sentencing. Horace Walpole characterized Mansfield as "inexorable," and wrote that he "never felt pity, and never relented unless terrified." The support of the public was not likely to help either, for, as Walpole reports, "Lord Mansfield… hated the popular party as much as he loved security." Johnson's first piece on Dodd's behalf was a plea for mercy and a statement of remorse for Dodd

See ***SAMUEL JOHNSON,*** *page 8*

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *from page 7*
to deliver before sentencing. That day, however eloquent, it fell on the wrong ears, and Lord Mansfield, no doubt to the satisfaction of John Hawkins, pronounced a sentence of death. Johnson then produced a remarkable series of writings, mostly anonymous, on Dodd's behalf. His letters written for Dodd to send to Mansfield, the Chief Justice, and to the Lord Chancellor had no effect.

Johnson also drafted a letter for Dodd to send to the King. It begins with a plea that the King not be offended by a request from "the most miserable of men," and confesses to the crime of forgery, but then ingeniously dresses the request as a plea to preserve the honor and reputation of the church and the clergy, a particular concern of Johnson's. Here is some of what Johnson wrote for Dodd to send to the King:

> [I] humbly hope that public security may be established, without the spectacle of a clergyman dragged through the streets, to a death of infamy, amidst the derision of the profligate and profane; and that justice may be satisfied with irrevocable exile, perpetual disgrace, and hopeless penury.
>
> My life, Sir, has not been useless to mankind. I have benefited many. But my offences against God are numberless, and I have had little time for repentance. Preserve me, Sir, by your prerogative mercy, from the necessity of appearing unprepared at that tribunal, before which kings and subjects must stand at last together. Permit me to hide my guilt in some obscure corner of a foreign country, where, if I can ever attain confidence to hope that my prayers will be heard, they shall be poured with all the fervour of gratitude for the life and happiness of your Majesty.

Johnson himself, as I have said, felt strongly about protecting the reputation of the Church and its messengers. In his own name therefore Johnson simultaneously wrote to Charles Jenkinson, prominent in government and friend of the King, asking for consideration because, as he wrote:

> [Dodd] is, so far as I can recollect, the first clergyman of our church who has suffered public execution for immorality; and I do not know whether it would not be more for the interest of religion to bury such an offender in the obscurity of perpetual exile, than to expose him in a cart, and on the gallows, to all who for any reason are enemies to the clergy.

In his cover letter to Dodd sending the letter he had written for the King, Johnson had been careful to warn Dodd "not to let it be known at all that I have written this letter.... I hope, I need not tell you, that I wish it Success. – But do not indulge Hope. – Tell nobody." Sir Nathanial Walpole, a member of Parliament, wrote contemporaneously that:

> The King felt the strongest impulse to save him... To the firmness of the Lord Chief Justice...his execution was due, for no sooner had he pronounced his decided opinion that no mercy ought be extended, than the King, taking up the pen, signed the death warrant.

Johnson was not through. He wrote a Petition for the City of London and its Council to send to the King asking clemency, and published newspaper articles supporting a petition for clemency (which he also wrote) presented to the Secretary of State by Earl Percy, and signed by 23,000 people. He wrote a pathetic letter to the Queen for Mrs. Dodd herself to deliver. And he wrote a most remarkable example – perhaps the most remarkable example – of a genre now long disappeared: the "Condemned Sermon."

It was then the custom for a prisoner under sentence of death at Newgate Prison to deliver a final sermon addressed to an audience usually composed of three groups: fellow prisoners also under sentence of death, other prisoners, and the general public, who attended these events, as they did executions, in large numbers. Johnson's composition for Dodd drew as its text on the Acts of the Apostles, 16:23 "What must I do to be saved?" Under the title "*The Convict's Address to His Unhappy Brethren*" it was reprinted many times. In fact a version was studied the night before his own execution and speech to his fellow condemnees by one of the *Bounty* mutineers in 1792.

In order to be saved, Johnson has Dodd say, three things must be done – exert faith, perform obedience, and exercise repentance. The passages on faith and obedience were unexceptional in their substance, although markedly Johnsonian in their eloquence. In the passages on exercising repentance Johnson soars. After discussing the need to truly have a change of heart, to accept what cannot be avoided, to forgive others, to repair whatever injury was caused to the extent possible, and to confess all of the crimes of which the condemned has been guilty, Johnson writes an extraordinary passage about how to die. It is worth repeating:

> What we can do, is commonly nothing more than to leave the world an example of contrition. On the dreadful day, when the sentence of the law has its full force, some will be found to have affected a shameless bravery, or negligent intrepidity. Such is not the proper behavior of a convicted criminal. To rejoice in tortures is the privilege of a martyr; to meet death with intrepidity is the right only of innocence, if in any human being innocence could be found. Of him, whose life is shortened by his crimes, the last duties are humility and self-abasement. We owe to God sincere repentance; we owe to man the appearance of repentance. We ought not to propagate an opinion that he who lived in wickedness can die with courage.

This extraordinary passage represents what one commentator has called Johnson's "most delicate act of consolation for Dodd." What he refers to of course, is the reference to the unlikeliness that any of us are innocent, thus reconciling the condemned man to the rest of humanity. Yet, as another wise commentator has said, "There is analogy, but an equation would be fiction." Johnson offers comfort to Dodd – soft-hearted Sam – but not exculpation; whatever his common humanity, "he who lived in wickedness" has no right to die with a show of courage.

Johnson also sent Dodd one last personal letter of comfort. In it he said, in part:

> Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye or turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life. It involves only a temporary and reparable injury....
>
> In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, [Dodd having written Johnson to thank him profusely for his efforts] let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare. I am, dear Sir,
>
> Your most affectionate servant
>
> Sam: Johnson

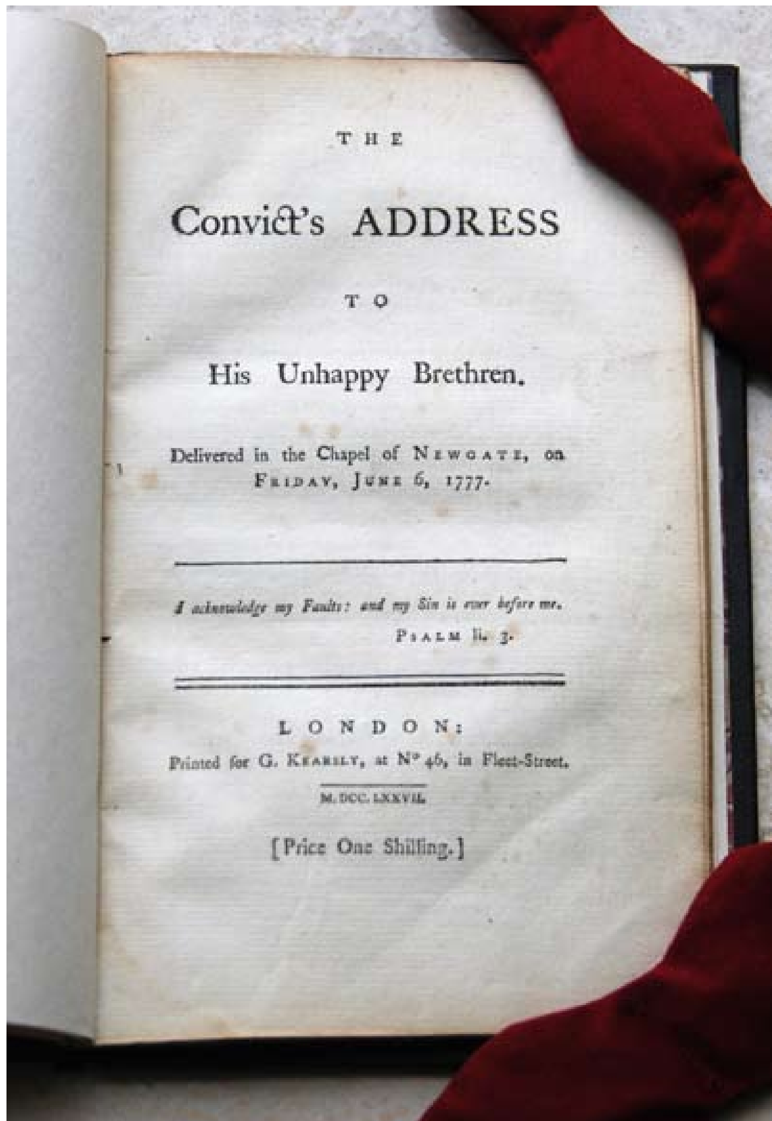
Johnson's friends were not all pleased by his efforts for Dodd, a reprobate with no personal claim on his good offices. Nor did they find it seemly that Johnson asked the wrong-doer Dodd to pray for him. Our friend John Hawkins observed, probably with Johnson as much as anyone in mind, that the public, by:

> ...the insertion of his name in public papers, with such palliatives as he and his friends could invent, never without the epithet of *unfortunate*, ...were betrayed into such an

> enthusiastic commiseration of his case, as would have led a stranger to believe, that himself had been no accessory to his distress, but they were the inflictions of Providence.

Hawkins goes on to remark on what he calls an "inconsistency" in Johnson in this case. According to Hawkins, Johnson:

> ...assisted in the solicitations for his pardon, yet, in his private judgment, he thought him unworthy of it, having been known to say, that had he been the advisor of the King, he should have told him that, in pardoning Dodd, his justice...would have been called in question.



THE

Convict's ADDRESS

TO

His Unhappy Brethren.

Delivered in the Chapel of NEWGATE, on FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1777.

I acknowledge my Faults: and my Sin is ever before me.
PSALM li. 3.

LONDON:
Printed for G. KEARSLY, at N° 46, in Fleet-Street.
M.DCC.LXXVII.

[Price One Shilling.]

When William Seward, a friend of Johnson's, expressed the view before Dodd's execution that "The Convict's Address" was too good to have been written by Dodd, Johnson, dissembling a little, said, famously, "Depend upon it, Sir. When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully."

Another writer called Johnson's efforts for Dodd, once disclosed after Dodd's execution, a "prostitution... of so singular a nature, that it would be difficult to select an adequate motive for it out of the mountainous heap of conjectural causes of human passions or human caprice." Unless, suggests this critic slyly, he might "have some consciousness, that he himself had incurred some guilt of the same kind." Johnson's friend Arthur Murphy said of this charge that "In all the schools of sophistry is there to be found so vile an argument? In the purlieus of Grub-street is there such another mouthful of dirt? In the whole quiver of Malice is there so envenomed a shaft?" Actually, Johnson went to some length, originally, to conceal his efforts on Dodd's behalf, at least until after the execution. In fact, when Mr. William Seward, a friend of Johnson's, expressed the view before Dodd's execution that "The Convict's Address" was too good to have been written by Dodd, Johnson, dissembling a little, said, famously, "Depend upon it, Sir. When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully."

Francis Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua, the great painter and friend of Johnson, explains Johnson's asking Dodd to pray for him in his last letter by Johnson's acceptance of the sincerity of Dodd's repentance, and by the certainty that writing to Dodd on the last night of his life, Johnson "was so soften'd with pitty [sic] and compassion...he probably did not think of his former transgressions, or thought, perhaps, that he ought not to remember them, when the offender was so soon to appear before the Supreme Judge of Heaven and Earth." Perhaps Miss Reynold's further explanation of Johnson's efforts for Dodd is the most satisfactory, in that it reflects Johnson's view that people, after the fall, are naturally corrupt. She explains:

> No man, I believe, was ever more desirous of doing good than Dr. Johnson, whether propel'd by Nature or by Reason; by both I should have thought, had I not heard him so often say, that "Man's Chief merit consists in resisting the impulses of his nature."

In fact, she tells us, that to those who claimed that nature, reason, and virtue were inherent, indivisible principles in man, he would reply that "'If man is by nature prompted to act virtuously and right, all the divine precepts of the Gospel, all its denunciations, all the laws enacted by man to restrain man from evil had been needless."

Or, perhaps the explanation is simpler. In fact, might his defense of Dodd, his efforts for the French prisoners, his charity toward the poor, be only the manifestations of the real tenderness of this hard-headed and intimidating man? We find a clue in an anecdote reported by the Rev. Hastings Robinson, who tells of a conversation at which he was present between Anna Seward, the so-called "Swan of Lichfield," Johnson's home town, and Johnson, on a visit there two months after Dodd's execution. Speaking of Johnson's direct personal request for mercy for Dodd in Johnson's letter to Charles Jenkinson, she said:

> Miss Seward: I think, Dr. Johnson, you applied...to Mr. Jenkinson on [Dodd's behalf].
>
> Johnson: Why yes Madam; I knew it was a man having no interest, writing to a man who had no interest; but I thought with myself, when Dr. Dodd comes to the place of execution, he may say "Had Dr. Johnson written in my behalf, I had not been here," and (*with great emphasis*) I could not bear the thought!

Judge for yourselves. Johnson, the "Great Cham" of literature, the unblinking moralist, or simply a man, as his friend Arthur Murphy said, whose "humanity and generosity...were unbounded."

§§

This article has been adapted from a talk given to the Florida Bibliophile Society in March of 2005.

Photographs of books in the author's collection by Robert McCamant.

Book and manuscript-related exhibitions: a selective list

Compiled by Robert McCamant

(Note: on occasion an exhibit may be delayed or extended; it is always wise to call in advance of a visit.)

Art Institute of Chicago, 111 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 312-443-3600: "Bertrand Goldberg: Architecture of Invention" (retrospective of the architect's work), Galleries 283–285, through January 15. "Jürgen Mayer H.: Wirrwarr" (envelopes lined with patterns and codes designed to keep the contents private), Gallery 24, through January 22. "Timothy H. O'Sullivan: The King Survey Photographs" (photographs of barren landscapes, geological formations, and mining operations in the American west), Galleries 1-2, through January 15.

Chicago Botanic Garden, Lenhardt Library, 1000 Lake Cook Road, Glencoe, 847-835-8202: "Highgrove Florilegium" (an official chronicle of the plants growing in the gardens of the Prince of Wales at Highgrove in Gloucestershire), through February 12.

Chicago History Museum, 1601 N. Clark Street, Chicago, 312-266-2077: "Lincoln's Chicago" (portraits of Lincoln's contemporaries paired with lithographic views of Chicago created in the 1860s), Sanger P. Robinson Gallery, ongoing.

Harold Washington Library Center, 400 S. State Street, Chicago, 312-747-4300: "One Book, Many Interpretations: Second Edition" (commemorates the program's 10-year anniversary with a juried exhibition by bookbinders and book artists interpreting the 10 most recent selections; judges were Caxtonians Paul Gehl, Audrey Niffenegger, and Norma Rubovitz), Special Collections Exhibit Hall, Ninth Floor, through April 15. "Actors, Plays & Stages: Early Theater in Chicago" (memorabilia of the early performances and theaters), Chicago Gallery, Third Floor, through May 15.

DuSable Museum of African American History, 740 East 56th Place, Chicago, 773-947-0600: "Spread the Word! The Evolution of Gospel" (great Gospel singers including Mahalia Jackson and Albertina Walker), through May 20.

Museum of Contemporary Art, 220 East Chicago Avenue, Chicago, 312-280-2660: "David Hartt: Stray Light" (a film displayed in a room carpeted in the style of his subject, the Johnson Publishing Company building in Chicago), through May 6.

Newberry Library, 60 W. Walton Street, Chicago, 312-943-9090: "Border Troubles in the War of 1812" (the conflict in the area then known as the West: firsthand accounts of warfare; territorial struggles between Indian nations and the United States; an East Coast print culture that romanticized wartime life in the Great Lakes region; and representations of the war in textbooks and other histories of the United States), opens January 5.

NU Block Gallery: Prints and the Pursuit of Knowledge

Jan Sadeler I, after Maarten de Vos, Astronomy, from the series The Seven Liberal Arts, after 1575, engraving. Harvard Art Museums/Fogg Museum, Gift of Belinda L. Randall, collection of John Witt Randall, R4919. © 2011 President & Fellows of Harvard College.

Northwestern University, Block Museum of Art, 40 Arts Circle Drive, Evanston, 847-491-4000: "Prints and the Pursuit of Knowledge in Early Modern Europe" (how celebrated Northern Renaissance artists contributed to scientific inquiries of the 16th century), opens January 17.

Northwestern University, Charles Deering Library, 1970 Campus Drive, Evanston, 847-491-7658: "Papering Over Tough Times: Soviet Propaganda Posters of the 1930s," Special Collections, through June 15.

Smart Museum of Art, 5550 S. Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, 773-702- 0200: "Process and Artistry in the Soviet Vanguard" (exposes the experimental creative processes that generated iconic Soviet propaganda in the 1920s and 1930s), through January 22.

University of Chicago, Joseph Regenstein Library, 1100 East 57th Street, Chicago, 773-702-8705: "We Are Chicago: Student Life in the Collections" (highlights student experiences over a span of 120 years; drawn from the University Archives), Special Collections Research Center Exhibition Gallery, opens January 17.

For complete information on events and exhibits of the The Soviet Arts Experience, see www.sovietartsexperience.org.

Until a replacement exhibit editor is found, please send your listings to bmccamant@quarterfold.com, or call 312-329-1414 x 11.

DAN HAYMAN, *from page 11*

have to meet issues that we did not have to face." Since then, Hayman has found volunteer activities to fill his time. He did a big project at the Adler Planetarium, serves on a theater board, worked for a local candidate, and is doing some work for Barack Obama's DuPage County campaign headquarters this year.

He lives in Villa Park with his wife, Kathleen, who often accompanies him at Club meetings. He joined in 1986, nominated by Boyd Rayward and Gwin Kolb. §§

Caxtonians Collect: Dan Hayman

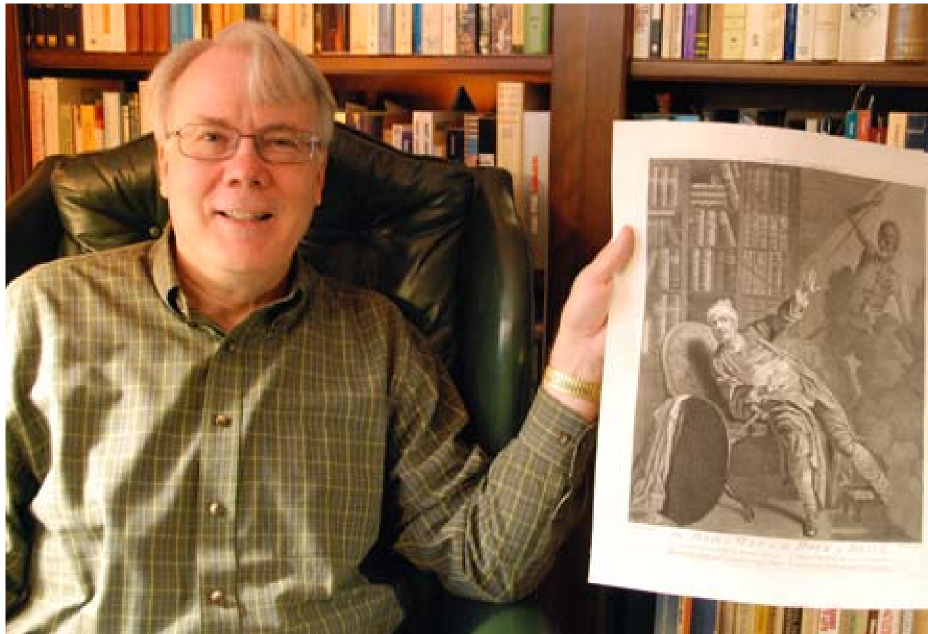
Interviewed by Robert McCamant

Touring Dan Hayman's book collection, the word that came constantly to my mind was the billiard term "carom." It seemed as if every book in the two rooms was related to at least one other book. That book was in turn related to one or more others. The related books might or might not be adjacent on the shelf; sometimes they were in the other room. Some of us might require strands of thread running between the books to recall the connected items, but not Dan: he always knows what the connection is, and where the book is stored.

Sometimes the connection is in the world of ideas. Right now he's reading *Two Renaissance Book Hunters: The Letters of Poggius Bracciolini to Nicolaus De Niccolis*, the late Phyllis Walter Goodhart Gordan's translation of letters between two inveterate collectors of medieval manuscripts, without whose efforts much of classical literature would never have been rediscovered in European monasteries. That's related to the book he plans to read next: *The Swerve: How the World Became Modern*, by Stephen Greenblatt. This second book is a gift from Jack Cella, impresario of the Seminary Coop Bookstore, and it traces how Bracciolini's discoveries brought Europe out of the Middle Ages and into the Renaissance. These are both somehow related to Heinrich Heine, whose prose Hayman is re-reading, but my note-taking didn't keep up.

Other times, the connection is people. It is quite ironic that the Club's *Other People's Books* doesn't contain an essay by Hayman, because association copies are what much of his library is about. He has a set of Jonathan Swift's correspondence, but it's not just any copy: it's the one owned by A. L. Rowse, the Elizabethan scholar and author of more than a hundred books on English history and literature. John *Aubrey on Education* is a fairly rare book, but Hayman's copy is the one owned by Trevor Roper, with his comments throughout.

As remarkable as the collection is, what makes it truly extraordinary is that Hayman managed to build it while teaching high school social studies for 35 years. "Actually, the two activities worked well with each other," he explains. "Most often I taught world history, and my books center around the classical liberal education – mainly history, philosophy, and literature, plus social sciences and art. Often I was able to bring an original source from my collection into the conversation at school. It was not like running a business by day and collecting books at night, where there is almost no overlap."



Photograph by Robert McCamant

Hayman is a farm boy from Minnesota. He started at the University of Chicago in 1967, after a summer of race riots in major cities across the country. "Even back at the time we could tell it was a historic period, and it was exciting to be on the U. of C. campus for the protests. Of course, the following summer was even more exciting in Chicago, when the Democratic convention came to town. Unfortunately, I wasn't here for the convention, though I had been offered a job. That was the one bad piece of advice I got from my U. of C. teachers: a couple of them recommended against being in Chicago for the summer, so I spent the summer back on the farm."

"The life lesson I picked up from that was the importance of taking advantage of opportunities that present themselves," he concludes.

And in general, his University of Chicago experience was very positive. "I formed my own taste and opinions from my education, and it has provided me with plenty of things to study and think about ever since," he says of his years there. "And the friends I made have added tremendously to my life experience. As an example, one friend invited me to a Millennium party on the sea of Galilee." The same friend also got him involved with Friends of French Art, an 80s and 90s organization which raised money for the restoration of lesser-known French art works by taking their donors on incredible insider trips through Paris and the countryside. Dan's daughter from his first marriage, Emily, will soon graduate from the University of Chicago.

" Other remarkable life experiences he cooked up on his own. At a Council on Global Affairs event in Chicago, he met Valentin Berezhkov, who had been Stalin's translator for the negotiations that ended World War II. When he had moved on to being a Russian diplomat and was serving at the Russian embassy in Washington, Hayman took him to lunch. "We discussed his relationship with Stalin and his current experiences in D.C. as First Secretary of the Soviet embassy. We both had a great time, and ended up talking for three hours." Upon his return to Lake Zurich High School, where Hayman was teaching at the time, he decided it would be interesting to try to get him to give a talk at his school. He talked U.S. Representative Phil Crane into doing a debate with Berezhkov, perhaps because Crane assumed Berezhkov would never come. But Berezhkov came, and Hayman got Crane to fulfill his promise; the result was something the students at Lake Zurich will long remember. Hayman ended his teaching career in June of 2010 (by telling a Virginia, whom he had engineered to be the last student to leave his last class session, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus"), not a minute too soon. "The young teachers that replaced me and four other colleagues will share some of the challenges that we had, and yet also

See DAN HAYMAN, page 10

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Bookmarks...

Luncheon: Friday, January 13, 2012, Union League Club
Junie Sinson
Swedish Academy Inner Workings: Why 19 years since an American has won the Nobel Prize in Literature?

Caxtonian Junie Sinson returns to the podium to talk on a subject dear to his heart: the Nobel Prize in Literature. Since he has collected the speeches of Nobel literature laureates for many years, it is a topic on which he is well-qualified to speak. He has had an enduring friendship with Goren Malmquist, a senior member of the Swedish Academy, and through whom he has met other Academy members and their support staff. Junie's talk will explore: Why, since Toni Morrison in 1993, has no American received the literature prize? Is the Academy anti-American, Eurocentric or a group of individuals who have lost their mission? Just who has led the Academy and how has this leadership recently changed? Does the prize have an impact on the direction of American and world literature? What can we anticipate for the future?

Junie is a recently retired trial attorney and a past President of the Caxton Club. A must afternoon regarding a group known to "keep a lot of secrets."

Dinner: Wednesday, January 18, 2012, Cliff Dwellers
Regina Buccola
True, Original Copies: A Tale of a Shakespearean Paper Trail... or Two... or Three

As Chicago Shakespeare Theater marks its 25th anniversary, it seems appropriate to consider the persistent authorship debates that dog the playwright. Two of the most recent popular salvos in the debate, Roland Emmerich's film *Anonymous* and Arthur Philips' novel *The Tragedy of Arthur*, predicate their challenges to Shakespeare as author on the sheer lack of material (specifically, bibliographic) as evidence of the author's hand. A third, Gary Taylor's introduction to *Thomas Middleton: The Collected Works*, accepts Shakespeare as the author of the plays, but modifies his role, in some, to one of collaboration; moreover, Taylor explicitly challenges the primacy of Shakespeare as "the soul of the age" by positing Middleton as "our other Shakespeare." Is there an author without a (handwritten) text? Can collaborative works be used establish the oeuvre of a single author? If there is an "other" Shakespeare, does that diminish the original? Buccola is Associate Professor of English at Roosevelt University, and Scholar-in-Residence at Chicago Shakespeare Theater.

January luncheon: Union League Club, 65 W. Jackson Boulevard. Luncheon buffet (main dining room on six) opens at 11:30 am; program (in a different room, to be announced) 12:30-1:30. Luncheon is $30. January dinner: Cliff Dwellers Club, 200 S. Michigan, 22nd floor. Timing: spirits at 5:00, dinner at 6:00, program at 7:30. Dinner is $48, drinks are $5 to $9. For reservations call 312-255-3710 or email caxtonclub@newberry.org; ***reservations are needed by noon Friday for the Wednesday dinner.***

Beyond December...

FEBRUARY LUNCHEON
February 10, Caxtonian Susan Levy speaks at Union League. She edits the Lakeside Classics, a once-a-year publication begun by Thomas E. Donnelley in 1903 and published every year since to demonstrate technology and craftsmanship.

FEBRUARY DINNER
We will meet Wednesday, February 15, at the Cliff Dwellers. Suzanne Karr Schmidt, of the Art Institute of Chicago, has tentatively agreed to talk about the exhibit "Altered and Adorned: Using Renaissance Prints in Daily Life."

MARCH LUNCHEON
On March 9, we will meet at the Union League Club. Speaker to be announced.

MARCH DINNER
We will meet Wednesday, March 21, at the Cliff Dwellers. Isaac Gewirtz, Curator of the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, will speak on "Jack Kerouac / The Beats."