

MISCELLANEOUS.

DYING HOURS OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

(From a Letter of Miss Hannah More.)

WE were riding together near Colchester, when I asked Mr. Storry whether he had ever heard that Dr. Johnson expressed great dissatisfaction with himself on the approach of death, and that in reply to friends, who, in order to comfort him, spoke of his writings in defence of virtue and religion, he had said, "Admitting all you urge to be true, how can I tell when I have done enough?"

Mr. S. assured me that what I had just mentioned was perfectly correct; and then added the following interesting particulars:—

Dr. Johnson, (said he) did feel as you describe, and was not to be comforted by the ordinary topics of consolation which were addressed to him. In consequence, he desired to see a clergyman, and particularly described the views and character of the person whom he wished to consult. After some consideration, a Mr. Winstanley was named, and the Dr. requested Sir John Hawkins to write a note in his name, requesting Mr. W.'s attendance as a minister.

Mr. W., who was in a very weak state of health, was quite overpowered on receiving the note, and felt appalled by the very thought of encountering the talents and learning of Dr. Johnson. In his embarrassment he went to his friend Colonel Pownall, and told him what had happened, asking, at the same time, for his advice how to act. The Colonel, who was a pious man, urged him immediately to follow what appeared to be a remarkable leading of Providence, and for the time argued his friend out of his nervous apprehension; but after he had left Colonel Pownall, Mr. W.'s fears returned in so great a degree as to prevail upon him to abandon the thought of a personal interview with the Doctor. He determined, in consequence, to write him a letter; that letter, I think, Mr. Storry said he had seen, at least a copy of it, and part of it he repeated to me as follows:

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the honour of your note, and am very sorry that the state of my health prevents my compliance with your request; but my nerves are so shattered, that I feel as if I should be quite confounded by your presence, and instead of promoting, should only injure the cause in which you desire my aid. Permit me, therefore, to write what I should say were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subject of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that on the near approach of death, what you once considered mere peccadillos have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look, you see only positive transgressions of defective obedience; and hence, in self-despair, are eagerly inquiring, "What shall I do to be saved?" I say to you, in the language of the Baptist, "Behold the Lamb of God," &c. &c.

When Sir John Hawkins came to this part of Mr. W.'s letter, the Doctor interrupted him, anxiously asking, "Does he say so? Read it again, Sir John." Sir John complied; upon which the Doctor said, "I must see that man; write again to him." A second note was accordingly sent; but even this repeated solicitation could not prevail over Mr. Winstanley's fears. He was led, however, by it, to write again to the Doctor, renewing and enlarging upon the subject of his first letter; and these communications, together with the conversation of the late Mr. Latrobe, who was a particular friend of Dr. Johnson, appear to have been blessed by God in bringing this great man to the renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour—thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom, even of the valley of the shadow of death.

I cannot conclude without remarking what honour God has hereby put upon the doctrine of faith in a crucified Saviour. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was, in his turn, to tremble, when the period arrived at which all knowledge is useless, and vanishes away,

except the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ, whom he has sent. Effectually to attain this knowledge, this giant in literature must become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom, must become a fool that he might be wise.

What a comment is this upon that word, "The loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of man shall be laid low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day."

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

THE following details are as strange as they are true. In the neighbourhood of Gloucester, a young lady, of highly respectable connections, has experienced a series of reverses in the course of the heart's best affection, seldom equalled:—

A gentleman, of some station in society, became by accident acquainted with the maiden to whom we allude, and their affection becoming reciprocal, the day was fixed for their union, which was to have taken place in the city of Gloucester. Agreeably with this arrangement, and as the match was a desirable one, her parent parted with a lucrative business in the country, on which she and her mother lived in respectability and comfort, and went to Gloucester, intending to settle. The day for the celebration of the wedding arrived; but, alas! the bridegroom came not: his parents had peremptorily forbidden the match, and he was already, by their contrivance, on the seas, bound for Jamaica. A letter reached the poor girl, but to confirm her fears; his parents' consent had been withheld, and he had suddenly left the seaport town, in the West of England, where he resided, not a faithless, but an unhappy lover.

Time passed, and industry on the part of the hapless girl but ill supplied the loss of the comparative independence herself and family had left when they came to the city of Gloucester, with the views, and indulging the hopes, to which we have alluded; and though blighted in heart, she cheerfully succeeded in helping to support her decrepit mother and aunt in comfort.

Time, the gentle softener of affliction, had many a long day cast its dimming shadow over the great event of her life, and nothing more had been heard of her absent lover, till a week or two ago—when, to her astonishment and delight, she received a letter from him, breathing the devotedness of constant attachment, and vows of unaltered affection, not the less welcome though wafted across the seas. Another and another followed, begging forgiveness for the former apparent neglect—and still another, the last accompanied by the consent of the parents of the absent one. The poor girl's hopes were at the highest point of anxiety, when she received a still more welcome epistle, assuring her that her lover had landed at Falmouth, and was hastening to perform his neglected promise.

The day was looked forward to with delight; it came, and with it the dark tidings of the grave—her lover had been suddenly seized with illness the night before his departure for the city of Gloucester;—he was a corpse before the morning! As a melancholy satisfaction to the poor disappointed girl, the mother of the intended bridegroom visited her immediately—when his mother confessed that her son had been a voluntary exile, and would have remained so, had not his parents, whom he loved and respected, given their consent to his union. After frequent communications, his parents assented, and he instantly quitted Jamaica, to claim the hand of his first love; hastening to meet her, death ruthlessly arrested his progress before he had been many hours on his native shore. As a proof of the sincerity of his attachment, the lover, in the hour of dissolution, bequeathed to his bride elect £2,000.—*Hereford Times.*

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP HORNE.

HUME, the deist, remarked that all the devout persons he had ever met with were melancholy. On this, Bishop Horne observed, this might very probably be the case; for, in the first place, it was most likely he saw very few, his friends and acquaintances being of another sort; and, in the second place, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time.

THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.

THE Mammoth, building by the Great Western Steam-ship Company, at Bristol, will exceed 3,600 tons, (about 600 more than any other ship in existence.) The saving of room by her being built of iron, will admit of her carrying coals for both the outward and home voyages, (a matter of much importance, from the inferior quality of the American coal.) Her engines are of 1,000 horse power. She will be enabled to carry an unusual quantity of canvass, and is expected to make the passage of the Atlantic in ten days.—*Bristol paper.*

SMALLEST SEA STEAMER IN THE WORLD

MALTA, March 20.—The Peninsular and Oriental Company's iron steam-packet Lotus, (John Moody, commander,) is worthy of particular notice. She is only 3½ tons burden, and 2½ horse power. She draws only two feet of water. She was built by Messrs. Ditchburn and Mare, of London; the engines are by John Penn and Son, Greenwich. The engines and boilers of the Lotus are of very superior construction, having oscillating cylinders, well known and valued for the exceeding small space which they occupy, as well as their lightness, simplicity, and elegance. Indeed, the whole construction of this steamer is a miracle of art and mechanical skill. The Lotus is, perhaps, the smallest steamer in the world which has made so long a voyage at sea. She encountered the dreaded Bay of Biscay, and got safely across; from Gibraltar she was towed by the Oriental to Malta; she leaves here shortly for Candia—thence she will proceed to Alexandria, and the Nile, the place of her destination. On Tuesday noon, the Lotus cruised in the Great Harbour and about its mouth, attracting the attention, and commanding the admiration of every body. She made eight knots an hour; she went as smooth through the water as a duck, or rather an arrow shot through the water. Outside the harbour, the Lotus was saluted by the "monsters of the deep," a shoal of porpoises, who frolicked and gambled about her prow, reminding one of Venus sailing in her shelly car across the briny wave, with all the finny tribes in gay and silvery attendance.

CLOTH BOATS.

SOME experiments have been making in France, with portable cloth boats, the invention of a Sieur Leclère. A flotilla of five of these little vessels, carrying twenty-eight persons, passed from the port of La Rapée to Saint Cloud, without accident; and the five were taken back by a single man in a small hand cart. During the transit, they were several times brought to the bank, and lifted out of the water, taken to pieces, put together again, and re-launched, in less than five minutes. The weight does not exceed from twelve to fifteen kilogrammes.

SUB-MARINE APPARATUS.

CAPTAIN J. W. TAYLOR, of Boston, has invented an apparatus for exploring under water, with which successful experiments have been made. The apparatus is thus described:—It is composed of copper and India-rubber, with a glass in front; and so constructed as to protect the operator from the pressure. He is supplied with air by a small flexible hose or tube connected with the air-pump, which is put in a boat, and follows him as he progresses on the bottom. The diver carries with him a sub-marine lantern, attached to his dress by means of a small flexible tube, which carries off the air which he has respired; there still being sufficient oxygen retained to support combustion, after which it passes through the valve without admitting the water. He also carries a match which burns regularly. Thus equipped, Captain Taylor descended the eastern branch, and deliberately crossed over to the opposite side; a scow having been placed in the stream with combustibles fixed in the bottom, the Captain applied the match, and blew her from thirty to fifty feet out of water. The experiment was highly satisfactory.—*N. Y. Evan.*

WHEN a man does good, as far as his power extends, God approves, his own heart is made glad, and his reward is certain.—*Rev. J. Edmondson.*