

his Rambler, his London and his dictionary plunged him into the vortex of an ever-increasing reputation. His brilliant conversational powers, his massive encyclopædic knowledge, his rich mine of wit and humor, his scathing satire,—all combined at once to make the great, swaggering, tea-drinking Samuel the idol of London clubs and literary life generally.

In 1767, he was honored by a visit from the King. Johnson was in the habit of going to the library at the Queen's house. When the King came to know this he ordered the librarian to inform him when Johnson next came. This was accordingly done. For the details of this very interesting meeting the reader is referred to Boswell, who has given a full account of it. It was gratifying to Johnson and he was very fond of referring to it. It was a bright spot in his memory—it pleased and fed his monarchical enthusiasm.

He died on Monday, the 13th of December, 1784, at the ripe age of seventy-five years. He died trusting in the propitiatory sacrifice of Christ and urging on others to do the same. As he opened a note on his death-bed which his servant brought to him he said, "An odd thought strikes me—we shall receive no letters in the grave." From Sir Joshua Reynolds he requested three things: To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed from him; to read the Bible and never to use his pencil on Sunday. He showed the greatest anxiety for the religious improvement of his friends on all occasions and more especially toward the last. He was buried in that famous mausoleum where so many of England's illustrious and honored dead lie—Westminster Abbey. His funeral was attended by a large number of his friends and such members of the literary club as were then in town.

Some one remarked, in regard to the blank made by his death, "He has made a chasm which not only nothing can fill up but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead; let us go to the next best—there is nobody! No man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson." He was not without enemies. One of these contemptible little foes was endeavoring to belittle his great name and fame at the table of Sir Joshua Reynolds when the Rev. Dr. Parr exclaimed "Aye, now that the old lion is dead, every ass thinks he may kick at him."