

portance of the event, when the States General were assembled in France. If we remember right he actually was present in Paris at or about the time, and may have heard with his own ears Mirabeau hurling defiance at the court, and seen Danton and Robespierre whispering to each other that their time was not yet come. Let us go back to other events as standards of admeasurement. As the war of the French Revolution and that against Napoleon Bonaparte were episodes in the ripe manhood, so was the American war an episode in the boyhood of Rogers. He was of an age to appreciate the grandeur, if not the political meaning of events, when Rodney won his naval victories and when General Elliott successfully defended Gibraltar.

"He could remember our differences with our American colonies, and the battles of Bunker's Hill, Brandywine and Germantown, as well as a man now in manhood can remember the three glorious days of July and the Polish insurrection. To have lived in the days of General Washington, and to have heard discussions as to the propriety of admitting the independence of the North American Provinces, and to have been alive but yesterday seems well nigh an impossibility, but such was the case of Samuel Rogers. When he opened his eyes upon the world, that great and powerful country which is now known as the United States of North America, was but an insignificant dependency of the Mother country—a something not so important as the Antilles are at the present moment."

Some such remarks might doubtless be made with equal truth of any illiterate beggar, dying at the same advanced age in the parish workhouse; but we must remember that the poet had advantages which few of his time enjoyed. Born at Newington Green on the 30th July 1762, the son of a wealthy London banker, he enjoyed far more opportunities, and far greater means for observation, intellectual culture, and intercourse with men, than the titled Byron. The perusal of Beattie's *Minstrel*, it is said, first inspired him with the poet's longings, and having composed some verses which he deemed fit for the critic's eye, he proceeded to the well-known house in Bolt Court, Fleet Street, to submit them to the awful tribunal of the seer. The young poet rapped tremblingly at old Sam Johnson's door, and then his heart failing him, he ran off before it was opened. When next he summoned courage to knock and wait, it was only to learn that the great critic and moralist then lay a-dying.

Such associations with a past so remote to all our ideas as the age of Johnson, naturally suggest other ideas akin to those found to pertain to the deceased poet. A writer in the *Daily News* says—"We have seen Moore die in decrepid old age; yet did Moore, in his boyhood (when he was fourteen), delight in Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory.' When young Horner came to London to begin his career, he found Rogers a member of the King of Clubs, the intimate of Mackintosh (who was his junior), Scarlett, Sharpe, and others, long gone to the grave as old men—and one, Maltby, who was a twin wonder with himself as to years. The last evening that Mackintosh spent in London before his departure for India was at Rogers's. It was Rogers who 'blabbed' about the duel between Jeffrey and Moore, and was the cause of their folly being rendered harmless; and it was he who bailed Moore; it was he who negotiated a treaty of peace between them; and it was at his house that they met and became friends. Moore names him as one 'of those agreeable rattles who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it.' There was much to render life agreeable to a man of Rogers's tastes, it must be owned. He saw Garrick, and watched the entire career of every good actor since.