

being did not exist. He had worn out his excellent constitution with hard living and continual excesses. Oceans of potent port had exhausted his digestive organs; he had no longer either the elasticity of youth to endure, or its hopeful prospects to bear him up. He was, indeed, still cheerful, sanguine, full of plans and new ideas for "getting through," till the very end. But this had long been a matter beyond hope. His last days were harassed by all the miseries of poverty—nay, by what is worse, the miseries of indebtedness. That he should starve was impossible; but he had worse to bear, he had to encounter the importunities of creditors whom he could not pay, some at least of whom were perhaps as much to be pitied as himself. He was not safe night nor day from the assaults of the exasperated or despairing. "Writs and executions came in rapid succession, and bailiffs at length gained possession of his house." That house was denuded of everything that would sell in it, and the chamber in which he lay dying was threatened, and in one instance at least invaded by sheriff's officers, who would have carried him off wrapped in his blankets, had not Dr. Bain interfered, and warned them that his life was at stake. One evening Rogers, on returning home late at night, found a despairing appeal on his table. "I find things settled so that £150 will remove all difficulty; I am absolutely undone and broken-hearted. I shall negotiate for the plays successfully in the course of a week, when all shall be returned. They are going to put the carpets out of the window and break into Mrs. S.'s room and *take* me. For God's sake let me see you." Moore was with Rogers, and vouches for this piteous demand on his own authority. The two poets turned out after midnight to Sheridan's house, and spoke over the area rails to a servant, who as-