

"Where were they, these royal and noble persons" [Moore cries, with natural fervour of indignation], "who now crowded to 'partake the yoke' of Sheridan's glory; where were they all while any life remained in him? Where were they all but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking? or when the zeal now wasted on the grave might have soothed and comforted the death-bed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity while he lived, why all this parade of regret and homage over his tomb?"

And he adds the following verses which "appeared," he says, "at the time, and, however intemperate in their satire and careless in their style, came evidently warm from the breast of the writer" (himself):

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so false in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn.

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow."

When all these details which move the heart out of the composedness of criticism are put aside we scarcely feel ourselves in a position to echo the lavish praises which have been showered upon Sheridan. He was no conscientious workman labouring his field, but an abrupt and hasty wayfarer snatching at the golden apples where they grew, and content with one violent abundance of harvesting. He had no sooner gained the highest successes which the theatre could give than he abandoned that scene of triumph for a greater one; and when—on that more glorious stage—he had produced one of the