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pass a measure nor bring his eloquence to the task of smothering one. He was powerless henceforward in state intrigues, neither good to veil a prince's designs nor to aid a party movement. And, besides, he was a poor, broken-down, dissipated old man, a character meriting no respect, and for whom pity itself took a disdainful tone. He had not been less self-indulgent when the world vied in admiration and applause of him; but all his triumphs had now passed away, and what had been but the gay excess of an exuberant life became the disgraceful habit of a broken man. His debts, which had been evaded and put out of sight so often, sprang up around him, no more to be eluded. Once he was actually arrested and imprisoned in a sponging-house for two or three days, a misery and shame which fairly overcame the fortitude of the worn-out and fallen spirit. "On his return home," Moore tells us (some arrangements having been made by Whitbread for his release), "all his fortitude forsook him, and he burst into a long and passionate fit of weeping at the profanation, as he termed it, which his person had suffered." Leigh Hunt, in his flashy and frothy article, has some severe remarks upon this exhibition of feeling, but few people will wonder at it. Sheridan had been proud in his way; he had carried his head high. His own great gifts had won him a position almost unparalleled; he had been justified over and over again in the fond faith that by some happy chance, some half miraculous effort, his fortunes might still be righted and all go well. Alas! all this was over, hope and possibility were alike gone. Like a man running a desperate race, half stupefied in the rush of haste and weariness, of trembling limbs and panting bosom, whose final stumble overwhelms him with the passion of weakness, here was the point in which every horror