

his former scheme of education. In a letter to a friend in Ireland, written about the beginning of 1756, after giving a narrative of the whole transaction between him and Mr. Rich. and its consequences, he adds, 'Notwithstanding what I suffered on this occasion, I have no doubt upon me, but that every thing has happened for the best; and I have so perfect a reliance on the dispensations of that providence, which knows what is good for us better than we ourselves, that I bore my disappointments not only with resignation, but with cheerfulness. I thought I saw the hand of Heaven pointing out another way of life to me, which from the beginning I had in view, which was the object of all my thoughts and wishes, which alone supported my spirits in my fatiguing journey towards it, through the mire and thorny roads of the stage; and yet which I was delaying too long to seek, without considering the danger of procrastination, and the short date of human life. I felt an irresistible impulse, which prompted me to quit the beaten road, and strike through untrodden paths, rugged and impervious as they might seem, in quest of this new region. The greatest obstacle I had to encounter was my health, which I found was much impaired; yet in spite of the continued attacks of a disorder the most dispiriting in the world, I began and finished an Es-

And Liberty by your power secures
In hearts disdain'g every chain but yours.
Such be your pleasures—whilst Ierne's
eye
Sees wrapt in peace her happy offspring
lie;
Bless'd Isle! whose Monarch to thy wish
inclines,
And kindly to the King the Father joins;
Bless'd Monarch! who while nations
round thee wait,
And claim thy presence to confirm their
state,
To distant subjects can thy care display,
And make a people bless'd in Dorset's
sway!
Whilst arts our Patriot strove in vain to
raise,
Whilst industry he wish'd in vain to praise,
Adorn our happier days, and pleas'd re-
vive,
To greet his shade this grateful night we
give:
In bright abodes where dwell the wise and
great,
He'll smile exulting o'er his country's fate.
Dumbness be dumb, Detraction drop thy
whinny,
A nation lov'd, a nation loves him still.

say on British Education in the space of not many weeks; a work only calculated to pave the way for my other designs. I sent some over to Ireland before their publication here.

In April 1756 he wrote to Mr. Lee a proposal for engaging him the ensuing season in Dublin; and therein said, 'I have been long weary of the stage, and as I have a much more important point in view, am determined to quit it as soon as possible, and no consideration should have induced me to undertake it this year but the want of a proper person to supply my place.' A proper person, however, it was difficult to find, and the term of the lease, which he had let, being now expired, and the minds of the people of Dublin by this time inclining to receive him again with favour, he resolved upon returning to his native country, and resuming the management of the theatre again; but in the execution of this design unexpected difficulties arose.

At the beginning of the season he also met with a mortification to which he was obliged to submit, however reluctantly. Previous to his appearance, an apology for his former conduct was demanded by the public, and with so much earnestness, that it became necessary to promise it unconditionally. The night was accordingly fixed, and every part of the house crowded soon after the doors were open. 'Those happy few,' says Mr. Victor, 'who are blest with abilities to speak well in a public assembly, must be the best judges of Mr. Sheridan's feelings on this important occasion, though his situation suffered greatly from that of the man who rises to speak as a member of that assembly.' He was to appear singly before a thousand people; and apologize for his own misconduct; but he was equal to this arduous task. When the curtain drew up, he advanced to the centre of the stage, with a paper in his hand, fearing (in that unavoidable confusion) to trust entirely to his memory. It was the opinion of some of the best judges I conversed with, that no man within their observation ever appeared before the public with so much address, or spoke to the passions with so much propriety. Tears gushed from the eyes of several of his male auditors. After the apology was over, and his pardon having been signified by the loudest acclamation, he had begun to retire; he advanced again, and with broken, faltering accents, spoke as follows: 'Your goodness to me, at this important crisis, has so deeply affected me, that I want power to express myself; My future actions shall shew my gratitude.' He appeared a few nights after