

had made recalled to his memory, his indignation knew no bounds. "There cannot exist in England," he cries, "an individual so presumptuous or so void of common-sense as not sincerely to solicit the aid of my practical experience on this occasion, even were I not in justice to the subscribers bound to offer it." In short, it is evident that he never had faced the position at all, but expected to remain to some extent at the head of affairs as of old, and with an inexhaustible treasury to draw upon, although he had formally renounced all claim upon either. When he wrote indignantly to Whitbread as to an advance of £2000 which had been refused to him, and of which he declared that "this and this alone, lost me my election" (to Stafford, whither he had returned after his failure at Westminster), Whitbread replied in a letter which paints the condition of the unfortunate man beset by creditors with the most pitiful distinctness:

"You will recollect the £5000 pledged to Peter Moore to answer demands; the certificates given to Giblet, Ker, Iremonger, Cross, and Hirdle, five each at your request; the engagements given to Ettes and myself, and the arrears to the Linley family. All this taken into consideration will leave a large balance still payable to you. Still there are upon that balance the claims upon you of Shaw, Taylor, and Grubb, for all of which you have offered to leave the whole of your compensation in my hand to abide the issue of arbitration."

Poor Sheridan! he had meant to eat his cake yet have it, as is so common. In his wonderful life of shifts and chances he had managed to do so again and again. But the moment had come when it was no more practicable, and neither persuasion nor threats nor indignation could move the stern man of business to whom he had so lately appealed as the man of all others most likely to help and succour. He was so deeply wounded by the management