

teous land of his nativity, and that "*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" His failure to be re-elected for Stafford, in 1812, completed his ruin, and from thence we find him, like some noble ship which has foundered on a lee shore, drifting, a hopeless wreck, on toward destruction. From this date the scene becomes gloomy and sad beyond description. Whilst pressing creditors and noisy duns beset his path like so many wasps and hornets, his genius became clouded, and his brain became fevered by his frequent *accès* of intemperance. In the year 1813 all his property (including a beauteous portrait of the wife of his youth, by Sir Joshua Reynolds) was brought to the hammer; and in 1815 we find his person arrested and confined for three days in a low sponging-house, from which when he was released and restored to his wife, he burst into violent weeping at the "indignity thus offered to him." A little later we find him writing, from that bed of sickness from which he was destined never to rise, a sad letter to Canning, asking the loan of £100; and there is extant another letter which, in May 1816, he wrote to the poet Rogers, (his house at the time being full of sheriffs' officers—who were fain to carry him off, dying as he was, rolled up in his blankets—to a sponging-house,) couched in these heart-rending terms, "I find £150 would remove all difficulty. I am absolutely undone and broken hearted. They (the bailiffs) are going to put the carpets out of the window and break into Mrs. Sheridan's room to take me. For God's sake let me see you." Subsequently, the officers of the law did actually arrest him in bed, and, but for the interposition of his physician, Dr. Bains, would have carried him off. At length death, "which knocketh alike at the hovel of the poor, and at the palaces of kings," released this mighty spirit from the trammels of the flesh, and released, it fled upward to stand before the throne of God, and to swell the ranks of those accusers who, like him, had been the miserable victims of the base and odious ingratitude of that worst of men, George IV., whose career was one big blot on the list of our kings, and whose