

sured them that all was safe for the night. Miserable crisis so often repeated! In the morning the money was sent by the hands of Moore, who gives this last description of the unfortunate and forsaken :

"I found Mr. Sheridan good-natured and cordial, and though he was then within a few weeks of his death his voice had not lost its fulness or strength, nor was that lustre for which his eyes were so remarkable diminished. He showed, too, his usual sanguineness of disposition in speaking of the price he expected for his dramatic works, and of the certainty he felt of being able to manage all his affairs, if his complaint would but suffer him to leave his bed."

Moore adds, with natural indignation, that during the whole of his lingering illness "it does not appear that any one of his noble or royal friends ever called at his door, or even sent to inquire after him."

At last the end came. When the Bishop of London, sent for by Mrs. Sheridan, came to visit the dying man, she told Mr. Smyth that such a paleness of awe came over his face as she could never forget. He had never taken time or thought for the unseen, and the appearance of the priest, like a forerunner of death itself, stunned and startled the man whose life had been occupied with far other subjects. But he was not one to avoid any of the decent and becoming preliminaries that custom had made indispensable—nay, there was so much susceptibility to emotion in him, that no doubt he was able to find comfort in the observances of a death-bed, even though his mind was little accustomed to religious thought or observance. Nothing more squalid, more miserable and painful, than the state of his house outside of the sick-chamber could be. When Smyth arrived in loyal friendship and pity to see his old patron he found the desecrated place in possession of bailiffs, and everything in the chill disorder which such

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