

for the stage. Through all these contradictions Sheridan blazed and exploded from side to side in a reckless yet rigid course, like a gigantic and splendid piece of firework, his follies repeating themselves, his inability to follow up success, and careless abandonment of one way after another that might have led to a better and happier fortune. He had a fit of writing, a fit of oratory, but no impulse to keep him in either path long enough to make anything more than the dazzling but evanescent triumph of a day. His harvest was like a Southern harvest, over early, while it was yet but May ; but he sowed no seed for a second ingathering, nor was there any growth or richness left in the soon exhausted soil.

Sheridan's death took place July 7, 1816, when he was nearly sixty-five, after more than thirty years of active political life. His boyish reputation, won before this began, has outlasted all that high place, extraordinary opportunity, and not less extraordinary success, could do for his name and fame.

THE END.