its unprecedented success. Not only the practice then first began, which has gradually increased till it greets every good speech, of cheering, on the speaker resuming his seat, but the minister besought the House to adjourn the deci­sion of the question, as being incapacitated from forming a just judgment under the influence of such powerful elo­quence ; whilst all men on all sides vied with each other in extolling so wonderful a performance. Nevertheless, the opinion has now become greatly prevalent, that a portion of this success was owing to the speech having so greatly surpassed all the speaker’s former efforts, to the extreme interest of the topics which the subject naturally presented, and to the artist-like elaboration anil beautiful delivery of certain fine passages, rather than to the merits of the whole. Certain it is, that the repetition of great part of it, present­ed in the short-hand notes of the speech on the same charge, in Westminster Hall, disppoints every reader who has heard of the success which attended the earlier effort. In truth, Mr Sheridan’s taste was very far from being chaste, or even moderately correct. He delighted in gaudy figures ; he was attracted by glare, and cared not whether the bril­liancy came from tinsel or gold, from broken glass or pure diamond ; he overlaid his thoughts with epigrammatic dic­tion ; he 'played to the galleries,’ and indulged them, of course, with an endless succession of claptraps. His worst passages by far were those which he evidently preferred himself, full of imagery, often far-fetched, oftener gorgeous, and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer away from the thoughts to the words ; and his best by far were those where he declaimed, with his deep clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some oppressive act ; or reasoned rapidly, in the like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, or exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism ; and in all this his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing,@@1 and a countenance which, though coarse, and even in some features gross, was yet animated and expressive, and could easily as­sume the figure of both rage, and menace, and scorn. The few sentences with which he thrilled the House, on the liber­ty of the press, in 1810, were worth, perhaps, more than all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum charge, or all his denunciations of Napoleon, 'whose morn­ing orisons and evening prayers are for the conquest of England, whether he bends to the God of Battles or wor­ships the Goddess of Reason ;’ certainly far better than such pictures of his power, as his having ‘thrones for his watch- towers, kings for his sentinels, and for the palisades of his castle sceptres stuck with crowns.’ ‘Give them,’ said he in 1810, and in a far higher strain of eloquence, ‘a corrupt House of Lords ; give them a venal House of Commons ; give them a tyrannical prince; give them a truckling court,—and let me but have an unfettered press ; I will defy them to encroach a hair’s breadth upon the liberties of England.’ *OS* all his speeches, there can be little doubt that the most powerful, as the most chaste, was his reply, in 1805, upon the motion which he had made for repealing the Defence Act. Mr Pitt had unwarily thrown out a sneer at his sup­port of Mr Addington, as though it was insidious. Such a stone, cast by a person whose house, on that aspect, was one pane of glass, could not fail to call down a shower of missiles ; and they who witnessed the looks and gestures of the aggressor, under the pitiless pelting of the tempest which he had provoked, represent it as certain that there were moments when he intended to fasten a personal quar­rel upon the vehement and implacable declaimer.

“ When the just tribute of extraordinary admiration has been bestowed upon this great orator, the whole of his praise has been exhausted. As a statesman, he is without

a place in any class, or of any rank ; it would be incorrect and flattering to call him a bad, or a hurtful, or a short­sighted, or a middling statesman ; he was no statesman at all. As a party man, his character st∞d lower than it de­served, chiefly from certain personal dislikes towards him ; for, with the perhaps doubtful exception of his courting popularity at his party’s expense, on the two occasions al­ready mentioned, and the much more serious charge against him of betraying his party in the Carlton House negociation of 1812, followed by his extraordinary denial of the facts when he last appeared in parliament, there can no­thing be laid to his charge as inconsistent with the rules of the strictest party duty and honour ; although he made as large sacrifices as any unprofessional man ever did to the cause of a long and hopeless opposition, and was often treated with unmerited coldness and disrespect by his co­adjutors. But as a man his character stood confessedly low. His intemperate habits, and his pecuniary embarrass­ments, did not merely tend to imprudent conduct, by which himself alone might be the sufferer ; they involved his family in the same fate ; and they also undermined those principles of honesty which are so seldom found to survive fallen fortunes, and hardly ever can continue the ornament and the stay of ruined circumstances, when the tastes and the propensities engendered in prosperous times survive through the ungenial season of adversity.”

Sheridan was indeed most unfortunate. Whilst death was fast gaining on him, the miseries of life were thickening around him ; nor did the last corner where he now lay down to die, afford him any asylum from the clamours of his legal pursuers. Writs and executions came in rapid succession, and bailiffs at length got possession of the house. A sheriff’s officer arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off in his blankets to a spunging house, when he was prevented by an intimation of the re­sponsibility he must incur, if, as was but too probable, his prisoner should expire on the way. In the mean time, the attention and sympathy of the public were awakened to the desolate condition of Sheridan, by an article which appeared in the Morning Post, written, it seems, by a gen­tleman who, though on no very cordial terms with him, forgot every other feeling in a generous pity for his fate, and in honest indignation against those who had deserted him. But it was now too late. Its effect, indeed, was soon visible in the calls made at Sheridan’s door, amongst which the Duke of York and the Duke of Argyll appeared as visiters ; but the spirit that these unavailing tributes might once have comforted w as fast losing the conscious­ness of every thing earthly ; and, after a succession of shivering fits, he fell into a state of exhaustion, which continued till his death. He expired on Sunday, the 7th of July 1816, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and was buried on the Saturday following, many royal and noble persons crowding round his insensible clay, whose notice, had it been earlier, might have soothed and comforted his death-bed, and saved his heart from breaking. (a.)

SHERLOCK, William, a learned English divine in the seventeenth century, was born in 1641, and educated at Eton school, where he distinguished himself by the vi­gour of his genius and his application to study. From this he was removed to Cambridge, where he took his degrees. In 1669 he became rector of the parish of St George, Bo- tolph Lane, in London; and in 1681 was collated to the

prebend of Pancras, in the cathedral of St Paul’s. He was likewise chosen master of the Temple, and had the rectory of Therfield, in Hertfordshire. After the Revolution he was suspended from his preferment, for refusing the oaths to William and Mary ; but at last he took them, and pub­licly justified what he had done. In 1691 he was installed

@@@1 It had the singularity of never winking.