

betrayed, "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton! do you know me now?" "Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and inward shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit to fall into another—on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest.

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to show the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a jail, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did not unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small churchyard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simple inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, that the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warrier.

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic vanity, they laid him in his palled and gorgeous coffin!

I attempt not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was *the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!*

AN 'EXQUISITE' EPIGRAM.

I was walking one day with a friend by my side,
And, soon, a strange animal, both of us 'spied—
No hair on his hands, but all o'er his ears,
A right thrifty crop in ringlets appears.
We looked for the paws, and the ribb'd-bibb'd nose
We looked for the tail and the extensive toes,
We guess'd him a "critter" escaped from the shows!
We should have considered him one of Nick's
witches,
Had not the queer fellow been rigged out in
breeches;
"What quadruped, Dick? pray, tell if you can,"
"That creature," said he, "is here, called a man!"
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

IMPORTANCE OF RULES.

GIVE children rules, no matter what. Rules are unity, unity is divinity. God is one, the devil is changeable.

(ORIGINAL)

LITERARY CRITICISM.

"The truth is, that these gentlemen reviewers ought to read over the fable of the boys and frogs, and should also remember it is much more easy to destroy than to build, to criticise than to compose."

Lockhart's Life of Scott.

"A man of taste, like the philosopher, should be a citizen of the world, acknowledge merit, wherever he meets it, indifferent, whether it shines forth, in a Raphael or Apelles, in a Michael Angelo or Glycon."

Webb on Painting.

THE politician, with a stern, inflexible mind, suffers his character to be villified, his feelings lacerated, and his reputation torn into shreds, by caterers for public taste. Such a reception accords not with his wishes; but public opinion has decided, that this is the ordeal, through which he must pass, to attain the elevation at which he aims. The Spaniard has some show of reason, for his delight in contests of physical skill, where one and all:

"—to the crowded circus rare

Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion share,"

but the gratification, experienced in torturing the feelings and trying the *mental* endurance of those who happen to be placed prominently before the world, is both senseless and in the highest degree injurious. The effect of this open *physical* contest upon the mind of the Spaniard, as traced by Byron,

"Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain,"

might, not very unaptly, be applied to the present hallucination of putting high minded political men to severe *mental* torture. Politicians, however, from constant exposure, become hardened. Time with its bracing influence, invigorates their nerves, establishes their confidence, and enables them to break away, from such cobweb-like nets. The fiery darts of hatred find them at length, clothed with an impenetrable armour, and prepared to withstand the shock of any onset.

But with the *literary man*, it is different. He offers himself, as a candidate for public fame, when most in need of friendly aid and sympathy. Having hitherto lived in a world peopled by his own imagination, it has become customary with him to view all objects with a friendly eye, and loving heart, for from the germ of acquaintance with the pure and good, with the high and holy, firm friendship has sprung up, and shows forth its refining influence, its beautiful fruit, by unutterable love, and exquisite desire; in contemplations worthy of noble powers, and in openhearted communion with the exalted in heaven, and lovely on earth.

He has contemplated with his "mind's eye" the great and good of antiquity, and made himself ac-