

D. Begorra, an' if it's Mистер Greeny ye want, ye'll have to thravel by Tally-graph to catch that same, joodgin by the way he was lavin' whin I saw him last.

Mrs. Y. My dear mother, I will now, for the first time in my life, venture to speak to you not as a *little child*. I hope that the remembrance of this night, coupled with former experience, may warn you that the *Match* which requires manœuvring to bring it to maturity, is forever a stain of the deepest dye upon the character of the *Matchmaker*, a curse to the happiness, and a blight to the hopes of the *Matched*. There is here no second elopement. Mrs. Silkie has met her former and only husband. You have narrowly escaped being an accessory to a crime at which nature shudders, and one which our dear Laura would have been the chief victim of. May Mr. Silkie date the commencement of a better line of life from this day. May you live to bless—as I know you will—the obstinacy of your niece, and the disobedience of your daughter, in this particular instance. Henceforth, I shall have, in Laura's felicity, a source—(*glancing at her husband*)—new source of happiness—and of a happiness not transitory. (*Curtain drops.*)

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. IX.—'I STILL LIVE.'—DANIEL WEBSTER.

PHANTOMS, sepulchre intrusions
Flitted round his bed,
All the mystical illusions
Such an hour can shed ;
Time and life and love were fading,
Things which earth can give ;
Death the heart itself invading,
Still he spake 'I live.'

What! because he yet was master
Of a fleeting breath,
While each moment lured him faster
To the land of death.
Spake he thus because his spirit
Still had hold on earth,
Thrilled by passions we inherit
From our human birth.

Was it not the life immortal
Eager to be heard ;
Struggling at the tyrant's portal
For a victor word.
Speaking of the life forever
In a better sphere,
Which the spoiler shadows never
As he darkens here.

Had it not a higher meaning
Than mere human speech?
We have much of spirit gleaming
Dwelling in our reach.
And we may not slight the vision
From a world of light,
Flashing bright athwart our prison
Burnishing the night.

Who shall say how much of glory,
Thrilled the statesman's soul ;
As he ended lives dull story,
Resting near the goal.