

After his stormy life he was not to rest in quiet consecrated ground ; but to lie where the current of his native river washed over him continually and kept him in perpetual oblivion. It was better so. No angry feelings had followed him to his death ; but having been freely forgiven, it was well that he should leave no memorial behind him—not even a grave—but pass away and be forgotten. When all was over, Mrs. Costello felt this. For Lucia's sake, it was well—let the dead go now, and make way for the living.

END OF VOL. II.