

while, were the whole story of the 'Life Drama' remodelled, it would be a great improvement, as the thread of the story is by no means plain, and the crime hinted at so many times is perfectly mysterious to those who have followed it in its curious windings.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Smith and his writings, eager to hope that he will fulfil the predictions of the 'Critic' and be the poet which is to elevate and regenerate the age, but induced to fear that unless he eschews the path in which he has just trodden, he will never attain that distinction; and, while not abating one iota in freedom of spirit or loftiness of tone, we would counsel him to be more watchful of the rules of composition and pay greater deference to others than to his own judgment, however clear his conception may be as to the inner depths of poetry. With this feeling we bid him farewell, trusting we shall hear again of him soon, his eagle wings still soaring upward, only a few of the superabundant feathers clipped from the plumes which now tend to earth, and mar the beauty of the spreading pinions.

THE MATCH-MAKERS MATCHED.

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Globe Hotel.*

Enter Speedwell.

SPEEDWELL.—This is certainly quite inexplicable, this conduct on Laura's part. Here have I had my wits to work these three days, in order to obtain a solution of the mystery; but all in vain. This reserve cannot proceed from indifference: I have too much faith in the constancy of my Laura, to entertain such an idea for a moment. That old aunt of her's too, with her soft, patronising manner, is something of a puzzle—very pleasant, certainly; but it is a confounded bad habit, that of always sticking herself between me and the one I love. This state of suspense is enough to try one's philosophy, faith. (*Enter Dennis*). Well Dennis, I hope you managed to have the note delivered safely?

DENNIS.—Faix thin, it's meself that's very sorry to say that same is safe in my pocket, and not delivered at all, at all.

SP.—Ah, what was the matter? Did you not see Miss Medwin?

D.—Troth an' I did; and it's my own opinion, I did'nt see her in the very best of company, ayther.

SP.—Indeed? I hope Miss Medwin is not in the habit of frequenting