

feel an interest in, the advice of my friend ; I knew it was good ; I felt it was right and very natural, for Cornelius, in his diseased state, to regard it as a subject of vital importance, to cherish it as the last hope which could beguile his mind, and reconcile him to the awful and mysterious change which awaited him. ' Poor Cornelius,' said I, ' dying men catch at straws ! Will your straw float you safely across the waves of the dark river ? I fear not.' And in this mood I went to bed, dreamt of Charlotte, and awoke in the morning to regret the long years which must intervene before she could be mine."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.