

Charles dashed down stairs, but in the very act of opening the door the agitation into which he was thrown conquered his strength, and he fell to the ground, whilst the blood poured in a stream from his mouth and nostrils. He was carried to bed in a state of insensibility, but in a few days was so far recovered, as to sit up and converse rationally.

A letter was put into his hand, which the penny postman had brought ; it was without date and read as follows :

“When you receive this, I shall be insensible to your contempt ; if you can forgive yourself, you have my dying assurance, that I have hourly besought Heaven to extend its mercy to you, for breaking the heart of ‘your Eliza’.”

The cup of his misery was now full, and he drained it to the very dregs. Charles Forster is now the raving inmate of a gloomy cell, in a metropolitan mad-house.