

"Do as you like," resumed Adeline, dejectedly; "but recollect also, that had Cæsar been guided by the secret forebodings of Calpurnia, he would not have perished beneath the hands of conspirators—not, at least, at the precise moment he did."

The point was now given up, and Clifford endeavoured, by kindness and forced gaiety of manner, to cheer the spirits of the young girl; but his efforts were unsuccessful, and when, at a late hour, he left her to join the marquis at Frascati's, she threw her arms around him, burst into tears, and when he had finally torn himself from her embrace, once more gave unrestrained indulgence to her heavy and melancholy grief.

END OF VOL. II.