Charles came not; she sent to his office, but there, all was closed and dark. Almost harrowed up to madness, she rushed out to seek him herself. Instinct led her steps to the door of Sir Henry Temple's elegant mansion, where ringing violently, a servant made his appearance; to her eager enquiries he returned no answer but a mournful look of sympathy; seeing another person in the hall, she entered, but was horror-struck by the sight of Charles' watch lying on a table. She grasped it with a violence that crushed the fruit object to pieces, and again screamed her husband's name. A low, sarcastic laugh grated on her ear, and Sir Henry Temple stood before her with bloodstained hands; at the same moment a door opened, and she saw the corpse of him she sought after stretched on a sofu !-One long, agonized shriek announced the departure of her reason, and bursting from the detaining hands of the servants, she again fled into the street. She traversed one after another with astonishing rapidity, uttering peals of wild laughter, until she fell exhausted, and some kind hand carried her into a house, and laid her on a bed. Sadness then came over her spirit, and she wept because she had gone mad, and descried her lovely boy; suddenly she raised her eyes, and saw the spirit of her Charles hovering by her pillow with their baby in his arms: she tried to reach them, but a dead weight pressed on her arms, she gasped for breath, the infant put out his little hand, and the icy touch on her burning brow broke the spell, Clara awoke once more to unutterable bliss-she had slept late, and Charles brought the child to rouse her, it accomplished this by touching her forehead with the pearl bandeau, which had decorated it the evening previous. Clare had in reality attended a concert, but did not meet Sir Henry Temple there, nor of course had her husband fought a duel with him; something, it is true, recalled him to her recollection, and that perhaps had partly caused her singular dream.

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