

to years to soften the blow which had smitten her so severely. She wrote to Charles, telling him that, for reasons unexplained, she never could be his wife, although she loved him dearly, and that as there was no use striving against fate, she had bowed to the inevitable, and taken a foreign engagement. At first Charles was desperately cut up, but time, that physician *par excellence*, healed his wounds, and he is now married to a respectable lady of this city; deservedly successful in his business, and with a stainless reputation. Jacob Dombey staggered along under his load for years, but, unable to contain himself, he one day confessed the affair to his wife, who, instead of denouncing him as the wretch he was, pitied and sympathized with; aye, and not only that, she received his mistress into her house as before, rather than make public his heartless conduct. Truly such an angel never received such heartless treatment, or was so little appreciated. It broke her heart however, and over her grave Dombey resolved to cast Mrs. Trotter off forever, and send her away from the city. He accordingly arranged with her to take an annual allowance and go to New York with her family, vowing that he could no longer endure her presence, which was grown distasteful to him.

This did not at all suit Mrs. Trotter, who had now hoped to become the legal mistress of the Dombey mansion. But all her tears were of no avail; the bitter pangs of remorse were tearing Dombey's bosom, and he would hear of nothing