

no longer disingenuous, if I may bewail the loss I sustain in him, I must also bewail, and even still more the loss I have in no more being able to view the amiable, the generous—Ah! Emily, do I not deserve pity when such epithets as those, which once so justly belonged to the Marquis, now only escape from my pen to be recalled, lest humanity, and the ties of blood rise up against me? Adieu! Bewail rather than condemn

Your afflicted

C. FRANCFORT.

LET^m

James O'Connell
Book