

my life, I hurried into it. The Mar-  
quis and I both wept, but could  
neither of us utter a word when we  
parted. My father was not at home  
on my return, so I went to bed imme-  
diately, and there indulged a grief as  
ineffectual as it will be lasting. Come  
soon if you love

Your sadly complaining

C. FRANCFORT.

*James M...*

*M...*

LET.

*The ...*