

sympathy of my father and he has kindly offered to allow me to go to England in one of the ships now loading as he thinks a trip across the Atlantic would benefit my health. I declined going. No Caroline I can never cross the sea from thee. I would then be too far, far away from her I love. Caroline, I love you as fondly as passionately as ever, although we are estranged, my prayers shall ever be for thy welfare and happiness. Oh! God, why am I so grievously afflicted. Caroline, this is the last letter you shall ever receive from me under the same circumstances. Adieu, adored one, adieu—farewell, Caroline, farewell, once more fare-thee-well, I am obliged to come to an abrupt conclusion, my hand refuses to hold my pen any longer, and I am bound down with grief. Caroline, I am going to town on Tuesday, if you still wish to see me meet me where we first met, and where we meet for the last time—at the bottom of the hill, outside St. John's Gate,—as a signal that I am the bearer of this, I will send it up to you by a carter; say 1 o'clock, the hour for meeting. If you can't find it convenient to meet to-day, say next Sunday, at 3 o'clock, and at the above appointed place.

Caroline, my Father gave me £89 on Saturday—meet me and you shall share it with me, you shall never have it to say that I was mercenary.

Your's till death,

JAS.

DEAR CAROLINE,—

Forgive my rude conduct towards you this afternoon, I am sure you will Caroline when you reflect for a moment that I am sick and peevish. You went to town yesterday without writing me a few lines, saying when you would return, and it made me so wretched all day yesterday and all last night. Dear Caroline, you cannot believe how sorry I am for having spoken to you so crossly, and particularly so when I think you crossed the river such a cold bitter day, and I flatter myself it was to be near your James. With your permission, I will go up to-night.

DEAREST CAROLINE,—

If you could only look at me all alone in the office crying like a child, I am sure you would still run and clasp me to your bosom and call me your Dear James, Caroline my heart is breaking, Do make up friends with me, you know it was not intentionally that I caused the exposure of your note.

Caroline I shall never abandon you, No, this heart shall cease to beat first, unless you wish to leave me and be another's. I will give you sufficient proof of my love before you leave Quebec. You asked for something in your note. What was it? I could not make out what it was. Write me Caroline saying if I am still as dear to you, and if you are willing to make up with me Caroline, do not let us part in anger, Oh, God no, you must give me your portrait Caroline as you promised, and you shall have mine if you still wish for it.

DEAR CAROLINE,—

Yes, you are still dear, although absent from me your image is imprinted on my memory

never to be effaced. No, never, Caroline I am now writing to you at 12 o'clock at night when every member of the family are in their beds, and everything around dark and gloomy; and in the room that was once your's—the room that recalls to mind the many happy hours I spent with thee—never again to be realized under the same circumstances. Caroline my only pleasure, my only recreation is to retire to some secluded spot and think of thee, its the only solace I ask, to live in solitude thinking on my dearest Caroline Caroline yesterday for the first time since you left I opened my toilet box and the first article that caught my eye was the slippers you worked me, and ah! Caroline I sat down lost in admiration, lost in thought, yes dear Carry I thought I saw you sitting near the window with your on a chair in front of you as you so often sat and busily plying your needle and I sitting on the sofa near you with your hand fondly clasped in mine, Alas it was but a dream, when I awoke from my reverry no, Caroline was there. No, may be at that very moment you were flirting with Mr. H— or B—. Yes Caroline, I was informed that Mr. H. was gallanting you about town, and little did the parties imagine who informed me the wound they were inflicting on my already wretched heart. Caroline I retired to my bedroom and wept—yes, wept, and unfortunately my father came into my room and saw the traces of tears on my cheeks, he sat down on the sofa and asked me what was the matter. I told him I was wretched that I was the most miserable being on earth, he then asked why, and I gave him an evasive answer. He has been very kind to me lately because he knows I am wretched and doing all the business just now, Mr. W. being severely hurt. Caroline I will not be able to meet you on Sunday as I promised. My father was displeased at me going to town last Sunday afternoon and I do not wish to cause his displeasure until I get the money from him; he has promised to give it to me on Monday so I will be able to see you on Monday or Tuesday the latest. Dear dear Caroline excuse the abrupt manner in which I conclude this letter. I have a great deal to say to you but I hear a footstep and the clock has just struck 2 o'clock. Good night my dear Caroline.

This letter is not written in the style I wished; I intended dwelling on a subject that is heart-rending to both of us—that is our parting. Yes Caroline in a few short days we part may be to meet no more. I expect a long letter from you.

Your's for ever,

JAS.

My kind respects to Mrs. and Mr. D—.  
Caroline oh! how unhappy I feel.

(Picture of Chrystal Palace, Hyde Park, London.)

DEAR CAROLINE,—Write me per bearer how you got across last evening, and if the boatmen treated you with due respect, and if your boarding mistress said anything about your going home so late. Caroline, you are my guardian angel, only for you I should have gone across last night, and it is well for me I did not, because my father sat up expressly to see the hour I would come home; however, he said nothing because it was only  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10 o'clock when I arrived. I