

was not the handwriting of Edward, the seal was black, he opened it, a black margin—fears of a most unpleasant nature took possession of him, he read a few lines, he became pale as death, the letter dropped from his hand, he clasped his Frances to his heart—My child cried he, be composed, be composed, for the sake of your poor father, and prepare to hear—to hear what? she cried;—what! has any thing my Edward... and she sunk senseless in his arms; she at length revived, and conjured her father, to tell her what had happened to her Edward. Father continued she, Edward is no more; my worst fears are realized. He then told her, that Edward proceeded from Plymouth to, where in about a fortnight after his arrival, he was attacked by the Typhus fever, which was then raging there with great violence, to which he fell a victim—Frances—never more for her was the light of happiness to beam, or the cord of affection to vibrate to the touch of love—her health rapidly declined: every means were tried, to divert her thoughts, from their one melancholy subject, but in vain, memory, mighty and mysterious Memory, still held her seat. The ties that bound her to earth were broken—Without him the world was to her a chaotic nothing—her heart was crushed and her disease incurable.

The impression this touching tale of the heart left upon my mind can never be erased It was about a couple of months after I had heard this affecting tale, that I was looking over an U. C. news-paper, when my eyes were arrested by: Died at — of consumption, Frances — aged 18 years. Thank God! cried I, she is at length at rest—where sorrow can no more reach the Broken Hearted. E.

Upper Canada, April 8th.