

something like it but I hear of no one else, and hope we shall escape it. * * *What should I have been my beloved George had you possessed that aversion to the pen which marks the characters of some of your brothers. My son had languished in prison without the necessities of life, and his mother broken hearted had been unable to look forward to the moment of his restoration to his unhappy family.

Mr. Powell says Capt. Adams, should he go to Carthage I trust he may afford a conveyance to the poor prisoner from a slavery so near its termination. I thank you for your assurance of obtaining information on a subject of importance to the public.

The Governor is at Kingston, on his return, the shameful and unfounded assertions in that infamous paper are enough to irritate him to the severest measures—they strike at the public and private character—do pray read them and beg Mr. Powell to do so. God grant he may be arrived.

It is the White Havana Sugar I wish to have. I should like 100 cwt. (?) or a small cask of muscovado, that is if the other is not sent on. Mary is well and will I sincerely hope merit your affection, she has a pair of beautiful Canary birds which with her peachicks afford her employment and amusement. You do not say if they had heard of Mr. Powell after his arrival in Spain.

[They, refers to the relatives in Norwich, England, Mrs. Powell and Mr. Murray's mother and sisters.]

P.S. I give a dollar, or 10 [York Shillings 12½ cts] a gallon for vinegar. If you think it can be sent on cheaper I should be glad of a barrel or a half one.

(Here occurs a most tantalizing break of over seven years, the period of the war so interesting to us here. J. C.)

YORK, APRIL 7TH, 1815.

My Dearest Brother

Ever since the restoration of peace has removed the bar to communication between us I have been anxiously expecting intelligence from you on your own immediate situation and that of those dear friends around you from whom the calamities of the late dreadful state of warfare have so long separated us, hitherto these hopes and expectations have been fruitless. A few days' very severe illness have determined me to delay no longer to write lest a continuance of indisposition should disable me from ever giving you the assurance that no event can alienate or diminish that affectionate friendship which has been one of the first comforts of my not happy