

A wife whom they have deprived of a living husband, and who often waters with her tears the road to the prison from her home—let us say rather from the place of her abode, since one of those two who claim a right to the land and house has possession of the first—brings to her sad husband only tears which the long interval of two years cannot dry and which are just so many reproaches to him for having signed the ruin of his family with the loss of his liberty. Her distress is to them a constant and pleasing tribute to their malignant purpose.

Thus have I fallen upon one rock while seeking to avoid another. The fear of prison has brought me to it and only death can give me release.

Eternal God, most powerful and supreme,
Be witness of my pain, my misery extreme!
Arbiter of my days, in pity for my fate,
Break quickly now my chains or give me death.
What serves me thus the air, the light of sun,
Shining but to reveal the wrongs that I have borne?
Pardon, O, God Supreme! Misfortune maddens me!
I worship Thy decrees and bow submissively.
Augment then, if Thou wilt, the anguish of my days,
Nor would I ask nor wish for one day less.
What torment of despair to shatter thus a faith
That knew but Love for Thee with every breath.

But whither is my excess of grief leading me! Thus to impose upon your kindness and weary you by many words! Yet I venture to send you an address and to ask your advice about it, begging you, if you judge it worth using, to cancel anything you may find improper.

With renewed prayers for your welfare and for the happiness of your family, I have the honor to remain

With respect, dear sir,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

William Monforton

Colonel Askin, Esq., Sandwich.