

The Letter

Silentium

2nd of August 1797. His Majesty ship "Providence". Boston.

Dear Prudence!

My words can't describe how heavy my burden has been during the se few months.

The rough

sea has delayed our journey back for several days the storm is settling now.

And the crew is hastingly buying and loading cargo.

Unfortunately it requires my presence.

So I'll I send this letter with the captain of the "Capricorn".

The last will of my brother, William, has been a saddening task.

To try and sell his estate and belongings.

His life's toil has grieved me as the memories of him come vividly haunting me I miss home.

The ways of the new world are not for me, and most of all I miss you, I could not believe such hick as I had when i first met you.

My endless

dream is that you could be mine to love, I can only wish, though I think hopelessly, that I could make you even partly as happy as I am with you - if only your father would find it in his heart to understand our hearts desires over the fact that I am not of noble heir.

I wish this voyage of grief would be over, I wish I was with you even I'm not at home in the joyous eves, dances and masquerades of the court.

Hopefully you haven't locked your smile behind the door of your room,

even when I'm gone.

I do hope I am worthy enough to make you smile whence I return, my flame still burns for you.

Yours believing: Antracon