My dear Peter,

As I have looked forward to this pleasure so often, I therefore avail myself of it this evening, owing to so many things happening (since your departure) when every Packet did sail that I could never find time to address a letter to your Honour - I have gone through a great deal of trouble, what with the Death of my little girl, and ever since the 23rd of March I have had Company which did not leave Broadfield House till yesterday, and for the last week I have been very poorly, but thank God I am now rather better. I have had a letter from Frederick, Poor fellow he was very near being lost to us for ever, he is now safe and on his voyage to England, which I am in daily expectation of hearing, I do long for everything that have passed to be forgiven, it is Mr. Hayward's as well as my intention so to do - My dear Peter I am now going to give you a little friendly advice, which is not to give your mind to drinking, gambling, spending your money foolishly, particularly in dress, but do it charitably, consider how many wretches might be starving, and would be glad, indeed happy all the days of their lives, could they get what you no doubt will spend unnecessarily, instead therefore of squandering it in useless things, do not you think you could feel a pleasure in rendering assistance to some poor souls. Suppose you should return to England (which I hope you will soon) and take to a farm, and in the village where the said Farm was, adopt a plan of maintaining a certain number of poor Families (a thing was it in my power, I certainly would, but it is utterly impossible at present) and to hear them say our Master made us as Comfortable as we are now, may the Almighty bless him for it, we will do any for him, where he gives one penny the all ruling Providence will give him a hundred for it - but change the scene, and say you was fond of Drinking, Gambling &c. &c. you would have friends as long as you had money and your Company would be courted by the same sort of People as yourself, detested by the Poor and God knows what would become of you, and if distress should chance to look you in the face, you would be hated, scorned, and (paper torn) by these very people who pretended to be your friends, and will directly forsake you. Beware who you make your friends, which is a very rare thing to be met with, should you be lucky enough to find one, lock him up in your heart as a treasure - My dear Brother no doubt you will laugh at what I have been writing, but I assure you it is from the esteem I have for you, no doubt Frederick have wished times that he had taken my advice. Tell Magdelina as I shall write to her by next packet. I must now leave off as I am come to the Close of my paper, may you enjoy good health my dear Brother is the sincere wish of your ever affectionate sister,

A. M. C. Hayward.

P.S. Hope you will interest yourself about my Property and send home some money as times are very Bad.

To: Mr. P. Wiltens, Esqre.,

SURINAM.

Pr. Packet.