

St. James's.

Saturday

Night.

My dear Mother

I am your man in a

hurry and need not therefore detain you: believe  
 me unless Lady Berkeley has advised her best  
 friend who is myself she will ultimately  
 prevail: I must from an acquaintance of  
 seventeen years doubt her veracity and I must  
 for a moment enquire after her actions or  
 tongue give me the lie. I would not get through  
 all the unpleasant and long as the matter



some, I have already seen and perhaps the  
more hostile ones, received from me: a letter  
not contain all, I have to say and perhaps  
- have commended my silence: but whether  
- by or miserable on other points, I  
and must be.

Dear Mother,

Yours most affectionately and devotedly

William

W. R. H. the Duke  
of Clarence