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My dear M^r. Nott.

I cannot help writing to you, to assure you of my very sincere repentance; and to assure you of my future application. I feel, what you do feel; and therefore with ^{most} humble entreaties I conjure you to try me once more. If I prove so unworthy as not to listen to your kind instructions, I will submit humbly to whatever punishment you may chuse to inflict. Let me be tried once more, that I may once more make a struggle to regain your affection: for I would sooner suffer any punishment than that of losing you, and your esteem. Though I know when you say a thing you will not deviate from it, yet I may, I hope, presume to hope you will once more talk to me as you used to do. O! my dear Sir, if you can imagine the pain and suffering it gives me, to see I have lost your Affection! As I trust you believe me, I will say no more. I fear I have tired you; but believe me that ever absent, or present,

I am, my dear M^r. Nott

Yours ever affeⁿ

(signed) Charlotte.

P.S.

I am quite certain Princess Charlotte intends to do her best tomorrow

M. This post script is written by Lady de Clifford.

