

[Acc. 583: part]

My Dear Sir

I am most anxious for the pleasure of seeing you, & must entreat you will have the goodness to favor me with one line saying when I can conveniently wait upon you: for, besides the subject I wish to talk with you, I have strong points from the Prince to impart to you by his Command; & believe me he is most perfectly sensible of your real & affection towards him. As you will readily guess the topic I wish to converse upon, it becomes unnecessary to enter into any detail until we meet, but in confidence I solemnly assure you, that I begin to have serious alarms for the health of one ^{so} extremely dear to us, as however ludicrous to the unfeeling a passion seemingly so boyish may appear, yet when it evidently goes to undermine every principle of repose & tranquility, & actually to

absorb

the many & various considerations which belong (especially
at so momentous a crisis in public affairs as this) to
his nice & high situation, it actually approaches an
alarming calamity, & grows into a question very far
wide indeed from promoting a mere sensual or volitional
impulse. The truth is, that this passion, whether fortunate
or unfortunate, is liberally sapping his Constitution &
his talents, & by God if something cannot be done
speedily to compose his feelings, & give happiness to his
mind, I dread the very worst consequences.

Believe me always, My Dear Sir,
With the greatest regard & esteem

Most faithfully Yours

L. C. Maiton

Bury Street
Tuesday Evening