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My dear M^r. Nott.

Penetrated with grief at what happen'd this morning, I cannot help adding these few lines to entreat you to pardon me, and to say I hope you will have the goodness to try me once more. I feel my temper is so bad, that without I guard my temper, I fear I never shall be good. That thought fills me with horror; and I hope, as long as I live, I shall have the blessing of having a Friend, which, I feel, is the greatest Blessing in the World; particularly, if I have acquired that Friend, by my amicable behaviour. Your kindness to me overpowers me, as I see that I deserve it so little. God knows if I ever may write to you another letter: but remember I beseech you that I always said I had a regard for you. Let it be said at least that I was not ungrateful to you, for your kindness to me. Believe me, in future I never will shew any sort of that impatience you dislike so much; but I will be thankful to you whenever you will have the goodness to tell me any thing. As to your telling about me to the Bishop, I leave it entirely to you, as you think proper. I know whatever you do, you do it for my good. Believe me to be
Your ever Aff^{te} Charlotte, (signed).

P.S. Dear Lady de Clifford, M^{rs}. Udny, and M^{rs}. Campbell are, joined with you, my very sincere and true Friends
Oct^r 1806. Adieu! Have!

