

50058

My Dearest Son. How Painfull is it to Me to take up My Pen at this Moment when I had flattered Myself to make Use of it by giving You Joy which it has pleas'd the Almighty to change into grief & Mourning for Us all. I need not I am sure tell You that as I always share ⁱⁿ Yr Prosperity most Sincerely so do I most deeply feel Your Present Loss & Misery upon this Melancholy Event & Pray most anxiously to the Almighty that Yr Health may not suffer from it — You must allow Me to add to this that I rejoice in the Comfort You must find of having had it in Yr Power to make Your Child

Completely Happy by granting Her
to Marry the Man She lived & wished
to be United ^{to} & who made Her Happy
as also the bestowing upon Her a Place
She did enjoy with every possible Gratitude
& in which She spent to the very last
almost complete Felicity. These reflexions
I do Hope will alleviate Y^r Grief in some
Respects, as much as they give me
the real Comfort upon your account.

Believe Me My Dearest Son

Bath The most affectionate of Mothers
No^o 4th / & most attached Friend
1717.

Charlotte

I return to Windsor to Morrow.