

Jamaica  
 December 1: 1788.

Dear Brother,

I was prevented from writing last  
 parties by numberless engagements and by the climate for this country  
 so to tally enervate one that requires the greatest resolution to  
 take up a pen. I have been near a month in this country and find  
 myself infinitely <sup>less</sup> than I could have expected. I begin now to hope  
 by careful attention I shall be enabled to preserve my health till  
 next spring when nothing but a war shall induce me to visit these  
 islands: the existence here is at best a negative one: no Cur of peace  
 can enjoy perfect health. I received a letter from Col. Johnston which  
 has hurt me much, he is in a dangerous way and I am afraid we  
 shall lose him: as he has fallen it is reasonable to write and as I have been told

is gone to France, let me beg of you to make some other provisions for I  
am very anxious to hear how things are likely to go with me. Frederick  
wrote me word you had been ill: the newspapers indeed find in for  
-med me: for God sake my dear Brother do take care of yourself be-  
-fore it is too late, remember this is the second attack you have had.  
You will I am afraid accuse me of preaching: so I have done. This  
country affords nothing worth relating: I have not by the purchase  
-fruit which I hope will arrive safe in the proper season I shall  
carry home plenty of butter, and have given directions respecting  
the men: as I intend to go to Newfoundland, I shall then procure the  
-Briar in ten days time I hope to sail and shall be out from  
-as much to be worn as this so that it will be soon done before I run  
-again write. As soon as you know any thing certain respecting  
-my destination, I hope you will have me informed: I do not expect  
-you to write: engagements must naturally fill up your time: re-  
-member my good friend Wine and few Whitehead: he has now  
-on my account been absent from his wife three years: Perhaps

I owe him something and wish you would provide for him. Excuse  
me dear brother, I was nearly held the penance longer; or God bless you,  
and ever believe me,

Yours sincerely,

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W. Pitt

W. R. R.

The Duke of Clarence

Dec 14<sup>th</sup> 1788.