

My Dear Miss Jefferson

I begin to think  
we shall never meet again,  
I hope you are not much  
frightened, but I believe we  
are as safe this part of the  
Town, if not more so than  
in most places. I am already  
quite tired of staying at  
home, and we cannot ever  
come and see you, I am almost  
afraid of looking out of the

Windows, for every body is  
armed. I have had several  
letters from the convent, they  
are all frightened out of  
their senses, which indeed  
they have reason, but I  
told Mrs Roberts there was  
not the least danger, so she  
is perfectly satisfied, indeed  
I think they have less to  
fear in a convent than

any where else, Both ~~the~~ <sup>we</sup> were  
set up all night as I heard.  
I suppose it was to guard  
the convent, for I do not  
believe she is quite so  
polite as most of them.  
I am afraid this note cannot  
go now till to morrow morning  
for I see Mr. Jefferson is  
already gone, and I meant  
to send it by him. Adieu I

cannot write any more  
for there is such a noise  
in the Street, I must go  
and see what is the matter.  
if you can send me a  
line as I have merely  
written this pour savoir  
de vous nouvelles. Elizabeth  
Desires her love. once more  
Tuesday evening — adieu