

Dear Miss Jefferson

I am ready to die
with laughing at B. Bidoux's
note, it was too clinging a
great deal to go and tell
Miss Bath, I am sure we
shall never hear the last
of it. There will be such
crying. I will send you her
note

to morrow morning, or give it
you at dinner, as I have
not seen the Duke, and

I must show it him. Adieu

Believe me most affectly
yours

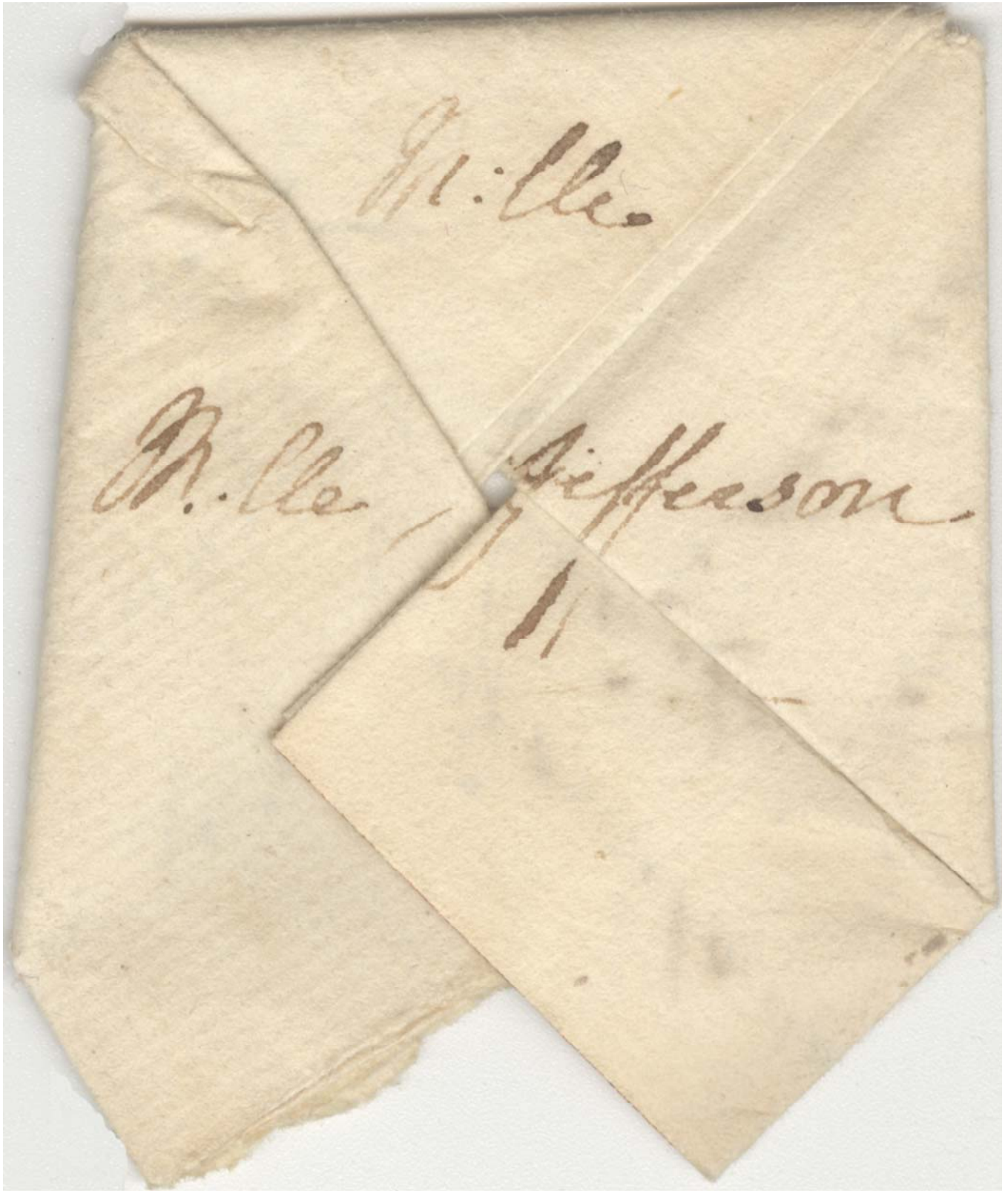
C. Sutton

Elizabeth is now in such
a fit of laughing of the
thing she cannot speak
she means to settle with

you to morrow whether
Victoire is proper for me
to read, she thinks it is as
far as she has read.



Original manuscript privately owned



Original manuscript privately owned