It is really true that my Dr. Jefferson dictated the paragraph in my friend Botetourt's letter that when you had time you might acknowledge the receipt of my last letters. I flatter myself still that you are not quite so indifferent to your friend as to send him such a message now it out at least in joke. I am doing a friendly office, which is to rise very early (although I wont very late to bed) to inform you of a paragraph I read in the newspaper yesterday, you will find your name is mentioned in it. I was willing to give you the earliest intelligence of it, that you might pursue your answer to any question your Father (whom certainly see it) might ask you on the occasion, you know he can get it but by the same post as you will receive this you have never talked to him on that subject. I imagine as I think you never mentioned it to me in any of your letters. My dear girl I am to be married on Wednesday (the day after tomorrow), I have not been myself for this week past and am now really unfeet to decide to date the idea that I quit all my friends, my dearest fellow.
relations so soon to follow a man, who may some day forget the many promises he has made me. In the end it proved totally different from what we all imagine him to be, makes my feelings too acute to bear description. I fear I will not anticipate, imagining evil or dwell on this subject on which I can never commerce, half an instant without abusing myself. (God help me) an idiot. And all year next to Wattsperry when we go directly after this ceremony. Adieu, pity your distinguished friend. Indeed, I am very unhappy this. I have every reason to be the contrary, a description of my journey I see you shall have soon. I pray Jeff, write to one, I'll have you father read the enclosed. I know he takes the English newspaper con. every week once have seen it. Tell Belinda, Mrs de Sarthe & any De Mote de Lavaroon that I will write to them soon; I hope Belinda & Bot will exert their friendship & write to one. Before I answer their last letting as I shall be in a continual hurry for some time to come. I know not what I write indeed Jeff, but you will I know excuse one, I was obliged to write this.
early knowing I should not find time otherwise to ans one is up in the house & I have no paper but bits of letters now & then. They are of little consequence so as you gain intelligence of the infernal paragraph I wonder much who wrote it. was it not Mr. Miles? He is in England miles breakfasted with one about a week ago. Poor girl she is very unhappy her mother being very ill. This is only surmise perhaps the news that came heard of it from you don’t believe it. pray write soon & believe one most sincerely.

Affec to yours
P.S.

I am not quite sure of any direction but will inquire & add it in an honest time.

W.S. Carson, Wattlebury House near Wheatsley Bridge, Oxfordshire give any direction to any correspondent. W.S. Carson

Wattlebury

Near Wheatsley Bridge, Oxfordshire.

Je espere que toutes ces deme laissent pour jamais

ne Troyen ainse que les amentes de la
clapse.