

London Thursday

My dear Miss Jefferson

Your letter which I received by Mr. Stone gave me the most sincere pleasure, and I am rejoiced to think I shall hear from you more frequently, as it will in some measure make a - mends from a separation, the thoughts of which will ever give me pain, and I still am foolish enough to believe we shall meet again, though that time may be so very distant, that it makes me quite melancholy, and I assure you the change of scene has not made me forget you and I now think it a great misfortune we ever knew you, car je sene que je vous aimerai toujours. Your accounts of Boti-doux paperon is quite ridiculous, she has certainly lost her senses. I have had two letters from the Cling, which if I have time, I mean to answer this week. London is very empty, we go in the country tomorrow but return here Saturday or Sunday for a day or two, when we go out of town for the summer, but pray direct to Grosvenor Square,

as our letters will be sent after us. I have had
the pleasure of seeing Mr. Stuart whom you must
remember at the balls, I was quite surpris'd to see
him, we met him in the streets, Miss Coutts before
we left Paris told us, he was expected there every
day. I feel quite angry at Tom's indifference, we
have great reason to complain of his forgetfulness,
as he promised to get us two smart canes, which
he was to send by Mr. Stone: if he should now
send them, I am so piqued at his little impu-
-ment that I should break (mine) at least in-
-stantly. Do you know if the Coutts' have left or
are leaving Pantheumont, as I have not yet seen
my passion and yours, old Coutts, for as the short-
time we have been in town, we have had no carriage
except the Duke's, and he is now in the country,
he desired me to tell you that he hopes you like
Mr. Short as much as ever. You cannot imagine
how much Mr. Stone was mortified at not seeing
you the day he called upon Mr. Jefferson, indeed
it was very cruel in you not to appear. Pray
write to me soon, I cannot express what pleasure
your letter gave me. Adieu, my dearest Miss Jef-
-ferson, pensez quelquefois a moi and believe me

most sincerely yr affectionate
C. Tufton
I have not yet heard from
that amiable creature at Bologna.