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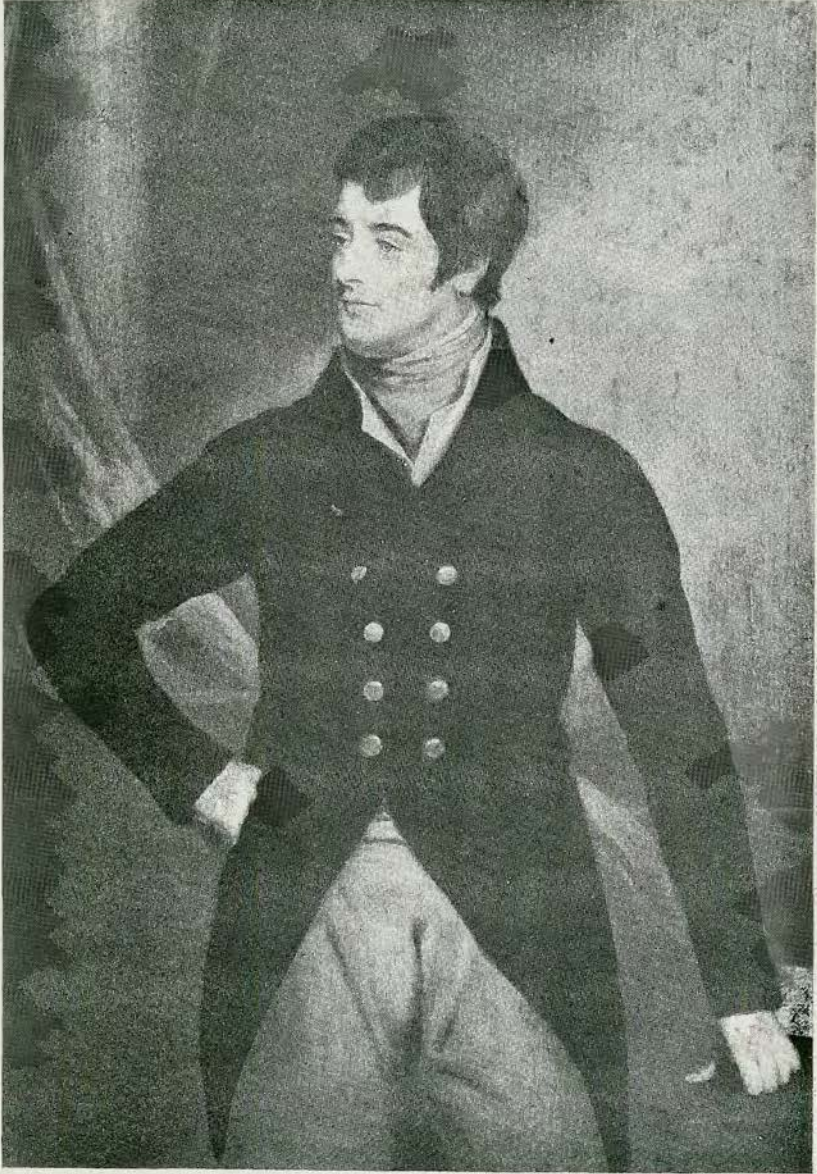
CORRESPONDENCE OF  
EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

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LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

*From the portrait by H. Douglas Hamilton*



COIMISIÚN LÁIMHSCRÍBHINNÍ NA hÉIREANN  
IRISH MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION

CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER  
(1731-1814)  
VOL. II

LETTERS OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD  
AND LADY SARAH NAPIER (née LENNOX)

EDITED BY  
BRIAN FITZGERALD



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## PREFACE

In view of the delay in the publication of this Correspondence, due to circumstances beyond the control of the Irish Manuscripts Commission and the Editor, it was decided to include in this Volume the Letters of Lord Edward FitzGerald, which otherwise would not have been presented till a later volume. The Letters of Lady Louisa Conolly are consequently held over to the third Volume. Accordingly, this Second Volume contains (i) Letters written by Lord Edward FitzGerald to his mother, Emily Duchess of Leinster (1(a)-63); (ii) Letters written by Lady Sarah Napier (*nee* Lennox) to Emily Duchess of Leinster (64-167). The method adopted for editing the letters contained in the present book follows that employed in the previous volume. Thus, as regards punctuation, paragraphing, the use of capital letters, and spelling, the modern practice has been followed throughout.

It only remains for the Editor to express his appreciation to Dr. R. I. Best, Chairman of the Irish Manuscripts Commission; to the Earl of Ilchester, for permission to reproduce the portrait of Lady Sarah Lennox which is in his possession; to the Staff of the Library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, where the transcript was collated with the original manuscript; and to his wife, who has been associated with him in the work of editing from the beginning.

BRIAN FITZGERALD.

London, December, 1951.





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## INTRODUCTION

THE LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD was the fifth son of James FITZGERALD, first Duke, and Emily, Duchess of Leinster. He was born on the 15th October, 1763, at Carton, County Kildare, the home of his family; and it was there that his early years were spent.

It would seem that he was a delicate boy, for in 1766 Lady Holland wrote to his mother: "Sweet little Eddy, I love him, tho' I never saw it. Those delicate children, dear Siss, oftener do well than not." Three or four years later, Edward was installed at Black Rock, in the house—later known as Frescati—which the Duchess had bought as a bathing lodge for her children. And there, under the supervision of a tutor, Mr. Ogilvie, Edward grew up with his brothers, Lords Charles, Henry, Robert, and Gerald, and sisters Ladies Sophia and Lucy FitzGerald. He was the most promising of the children, so far as book learning went. "I flatter myself I shall be able to advance him very fast, imperceptibly to himself, as his little mind opens so very much and retains so powerfully." Thus wrote Mr Ogilvie. "Dearest Eddy" was his favourite child.

It was from Black Rock that the earliest letters of Lord Edward to his mother were written. Those were happy days, what with the bathing, the hay-making, the riding and the gardening. Frequently the children were visited by the Duchess, who liked the place so much that the house was enlarged so as to have rooms for her when she came to stay. Black Rock was then but a small fishing village. The Bray road ran between the house and the sea, a pretty coast indented with small rocky bays. The children made an underground passage to the sea through which the sea-water for their baths was brought up under the high road. It was the "comical" little Lucy, the youngest of the FitzGerald girls, who was Lord Edward's favourite sister; pretty, vivacious and highly strung, she was later to come under his great influence, and proclaim herself an ardent Irish patriot. As for the tutor, Mr William Ogilvie, he was a Scotsman who, according to Farington, had begun life as an usher at a small school in Ireland on a salary of £12 a year. He was said to be a good classical scholar and mathematician, having studied in Edinburgh. Tall and lanky, with an unprepossessing countenance and sour manners, he was for

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all that extremely good-natured to the children, especially when they were ill, and they became genuinely fond of him. It was because of his kindness to them that he succeeded in ingratiating himself with the Duchess. Lord Edward's father, the Duke, died in November, 1773. The following year the Duchess of Leinster surprised everyone by marrying none other than her children's tutor, the grim Mr William Ogilvie.

The ceremony took place in October, 1774, at Toulouse, Emily, Duchess, and the younger members of her large family having left Ireland for France. They settled at the Château of Aubigny, in the province of Berri, lent to her by her brother, the Duke of Richmond. There they remained till 1779, Mr Ogilvie himself undertaking Edward's education. From an early age it was understood that he should enter the army; and, in the words of his biographer, Thomas Moore, he soon became "a student and proficient" in "all that related to the science of military construction—the laying out of camps, fortification, etc." On returning to England in 1779, Lord Edward joined the Sussex militia, of which the Duke of Richmond was Colonel. Later, he entered the 96th Regiment of Foot as Lieutenant, and served with it in Ireland. But he secured an exchange into the 19th in order to get foreign service. In 1781, his hopes were realized when he was sent out to America.

So it was that Lord Edward saw service in the War of Independence. At the beginning of June, 1781, his regiment landed at Charleston. That same year his skill in covering the retreat ordered from Monk's Corner resulted in his being offered the post of aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon (later Earl of Moira and Marquess of Hastings). But shortly afterwards Lord Rawdon, whose health had suffered from the climate, was obliged to return to England; and Lord Edward rejoined his regiment. On the 8th September, 1781, he took part in the Battle of Eutaw Springs, memorable as being the last battle between the English and American forces. It was at this encounter that Edward was wounded in the thigh and left senseless on the field; there he was found by a negro, Tony Small, who carried him back to his hut and nursed him till he was well enough to move to Charleston. Tony was thenceforth Lord Edward's devoted servant. After his recovery, Edward served on General O'Hara's staff at St. Lucia.

The American War ended. Lord Edward returned to Ireland in 1783, when his brother, William, Duke of Leinster, had him elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Athy. Edward threw



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himself into politics with the same zest as he had hitherto shown in warfare ; he voted in the Dublin Parliament in the small minority with Grattan and Curran. The direction of his thoughts at this period may be inferred from his expressions regarding the *Confessions* of Rousseau (whose ideas were to prove so formative an element in his mental make-up) ; his approval of the Dungannon resolutions ; and his realization that, in spite of the independence of the Irish Parliament, nothing in fact had really been done to remedy the constitutional grievances of the country. The years 1784 and 1785 Edward spent principally with his mother and Ogilvie at Frescati, and the correspondence is consequently interrupted. At the beginning of 1786 he entered Woolwich, and, that summer, accompanied the Duke of Richmond, who, in his official capacity of Master General of the Ordnance, was making a tour of inspection of the Channel Islands. But it is clear that not all of Edward's thoughts at this time were about his profession or, indeed, politics ; he tells his mother of his love, for, first, Lady Catherine Meade, then for his cousin, Miss Georgiana Lennox.

The year 1788 found Lord Edward again in America. He joined his regiment, the 54th, of which he was now major, in New Brunswick. He was completely captivated by the charm of that wild country ; it filled his mind with all the Rousseau enthusiasm for the natural life. It was during this visit to America that he made his long and adventurous journey by compass through the woods from Fredericks-town to Quebec, where he was adopted by the Bear Tribe of Red Indians and made one of their chiefs at the age of twenty-six. He returned home, and was nominated by his brother, the Duke, as Member of Parliament for Kildare. The great French Revolution was taking place ; once again politics claimed all Lord Edward's attention. In London he saw much of the Whig leaders, notably his cousin, Charles Fox, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan ; in 1792 he joined the progressive organization known as the Friends of the People. He did not immediately support the Society of the United Irishmen, which had been formed in Belfast in 1791. But it is clear that his sympathy lay with the " good stout Northern Presbyterians," and he rejoiced in the " delightful doctrines " that were being preached there by " friend Paine."

The years 1791-2 were the years during which Lord Edward devoted all his emotional life to the beautiful, gentle Mrs Sheridan—Elizabeth Linley, the singer with the golden voice, who had been called before her marriage ' The Maid of Bath.' From Lord Edward's

## INTRODUCTION

correspondence with his mother it is clear beyond all doubt that he was the father of Mrs Sheridan's last child, Mary, who died so soon after her mother. Mr R. Crompton Rhodes in his study of Sheridan has thrown much interesting light on this phase of Lord Edward's life. There was, indeed, a strange tangle in the lives of Sheridan and his first wife with Edward and Pamela, the illegitimate daughter of Madame de Genlis and the *ci-devant* Duc d'Orléans. Within eight weeks of the death of his wife, Sheridan had proposed marriage to, and been accepted by, Pamela. But it was Lord Edward FitzGerald whom Pamela married shortly afterwards in France.

It was, indeed, Pamela's resemblance to Mrs Sheridan that had first attracted Lord Edward's attention. Moore, in his *Life* of Sheridan, even suggests that Mrs Sheridan, when she was dying, said to Lord Edward: "I should like you, when I am dead, to marry that girl." Edward met Pamela at the theatre in Paris, towards the end of the year 1792. When, a few days later, Madame de Genlis and Pamela were expelled from the capital as *émigrées*, Lord Edward joined them on the road and accompanied them to Tournai. It was there that he proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. He immediately dashed back to England to inform his mother of his intention. Then he returned to Tournai, where he and lovely Pamela were married, in the Church of St Quentin, on the 27th December, 1792. It was during this same visit to France that Lord Edward became infected with the revolutionary spirit, and publicly renounced his title; the consequence of the latter action being his dismissal from the British Army.

There are no letters from Lord Edward to his mother in this collection of a date later than 1792. His subsequent life is well-known; it belongs to Irish history. Soon after his arrival with his wife in Ireland he made a violent speech against the Lord Lieutenant and the Castle party generally; and from then onwards the suspicions of the Government were aroused. In 1796 he joined the United Irishmen, and was at once sent to negotiate with General Hoche for a French invasion of Ireland. Between then and 1798, he was engaged in secretly organizing the insurrection to which he had pledged himself. He was appointed head of the Military Committee, and had, under his command, a force of 300,000 men. Events moved rapidly. Before the rebellion had broken out, a meeting of its leaders was betrayed by an informer, and Lord Edward alone escaped arrest. He went into hiding, but continued to direct the movement. A price of £1,000 was set on his head; his hiding place was divulged



## INTRODUCTION

by another informer. He was discovered at last. There was a long struggle, and he was taken prisoner. On the 4th June, 1798, Lord Edward FitzGerald died of his wounds in Newgate Prison, Dublin. He was in his thirty-sixth year. His widow was left with one son and two daughters. His estates were confiscated, and a Bill of Attainder was passed against him ; not till 1819 was this Act repealed.

Lord Edward was his mother's favourite child. As for Edward, his love for his mother was a salient fact in his life ; it pervaded every letter he wrote. " In Edward nothing surprises me, dear Angel ; he has always loved me in an uncommon degree from childhood," she once said. Of all the women in his life, it was possibly his mother who meant most to him. His letters to her, which are included in the present correspondence, testify amply to this love.

\* \* \* \*

LADY SARAH LENNOX was the youngest but one of the five daughters of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, by Sarah, daughter of William, Earl Cadogan ; she was born on the 25th February, 1745. She was five years old when both her parents died. Thereafter she was brought up in Ireland by her sister Emily, Countess of Kildare, at Carton, till the autumn of 1759, when, in accordance with her father's will, she came to Lady Caroline Fox in England.

Her Letters to the Countess of Kildare date from her first arrival at Holland House, Kensington. She was presented at Court, when the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III) proceeded to fall in love with her. And no wonder ! ' She looks as pretty as an angel,' wrote Lady Caroline Fox to Lady Kildare. Pretty as an angel indeed she must have been, with her glorious hair, her bright little eyes, and that excess of bloom in her cheeks, which contemporaries considered her most striking feature. Two years later Horace Walpole spoke of her as being ' more beautiful than you can conceive ; no Magdalene by Corregio was half so lovely or expressive.' When, in October, 1760, George III became King, his attentions to Lady Sarah were ever more marked. To this shy young man of twenty-two, whose childhood had been secluded, and who had been allowed no friends of his own age, how refreshing must have been the company of sparkling Lady Sarah Lennox ! He took every opportunity of talking with her ; and hopes at Holland House ran high that she might become Queen of England. Henry Fox did all in his power to forward the project ; Augusta, Princess of Wales, on the other hand, was equally determined that George III should make no such marriage. The whispering, the gossiping, the general excitement, increased. Lady Sarah, alone



## INTRODUCTION

in all London, it seemed, remained calm. She was, in fact, singularly unresponsive to the King's attentions; to the messages that he sent her through her cousin, Lady Susan Strangways, she returned evasive answers. For she was enjoying a flirtation with young Lord Newbattle, Lady George Lennox's brother. The flirtation came to nothing; and, tiring of it, Lady Sarah went to stay with Lady Susan Strangways in Somerset. There she had the misfortune to fall from her horse and break her leg; and—to Henry Fox's bitter regret—she was delayed in the country a month. When she returned to London, the King, we are told, had no eyes but for her; every morning he rode along the highway that led to Hammersmith, passing Holland House, where, in the fields close to the great road, he delighted to see his lovely Sarah, 'in a fancied habit, making hay.' But there the romance ended. Princess Augusta had done her work—did George wish to break his mother's heart? The King became moody and melancholy, 'so intensely do I love this lady,' he declared, 'that I fear my mind will not bear up against the shock of disappointment. But his manner towards her cooled perceptibly; and in July, 1761, Lady Sarah Lennox heard that the King was going to marry not her, but Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Lady Sarah was not unduly disturbed. Indeed, she was more concerned over the sickness of her pet squirrel; and when it died, her sorrow exceeded that of not being Queen. (The squirrel was in time succeeded by a little hedge-hog that she rescued in a field). Lady Sarah was the loveliest of the bridesmaids at the King's wedding. The new Queen was no beauty; she had a bad complexion, an ugly slit of a mouth; and dressed vilely. She could play the harpsichord very nicely however. Later, George III went mad.

On the 2nd June, 1762, Lady Sarah married Thomas Charles Bunbury, eldest son of Sir William Bunbury, Bart., of Barton Hall, and Milden Hall, Suffolk. Sir Charles Bunbury—he succeeded his father in 1763—was a typical eighteenth-century sporting squire. He was the owner of 'Diomed,' the winner of the first Derby horse-race, run at Epsom in 1780. But good sportsmen do not always make satisfactory husbands, and Bunbury deserted his pretty wife for horse-racing and shooting. So Lady Sarah found herself a lover; he was her cousin, Lord William Gordon. Presently (December, 1768), a child, Louisa, arrived; and the following February, Lady Sarah, with her infant daughter, left her husband and lived openly with Lord William Gordon. This caused great distress in the Lennox family; they wrote each other long, long letters about her. But

## INTRODUCTION -

before the year was out, Lady Sarah, having tired of her lover, returned to her brother, Charles, third Duke of Richmond. He built her a small house, Halmaker, from her own designs, in the park at Goodwood; where she lived for the next twelve years in complete seclusion, a penitent Magdalen, her time occupied in bringing up her child. Not till 1776 were she and Sir Charles Bunbury divorced. Thereafter, he continued to visit her, and even wished to remarry her. This period of her life is fully represented in the present collection of Letters.

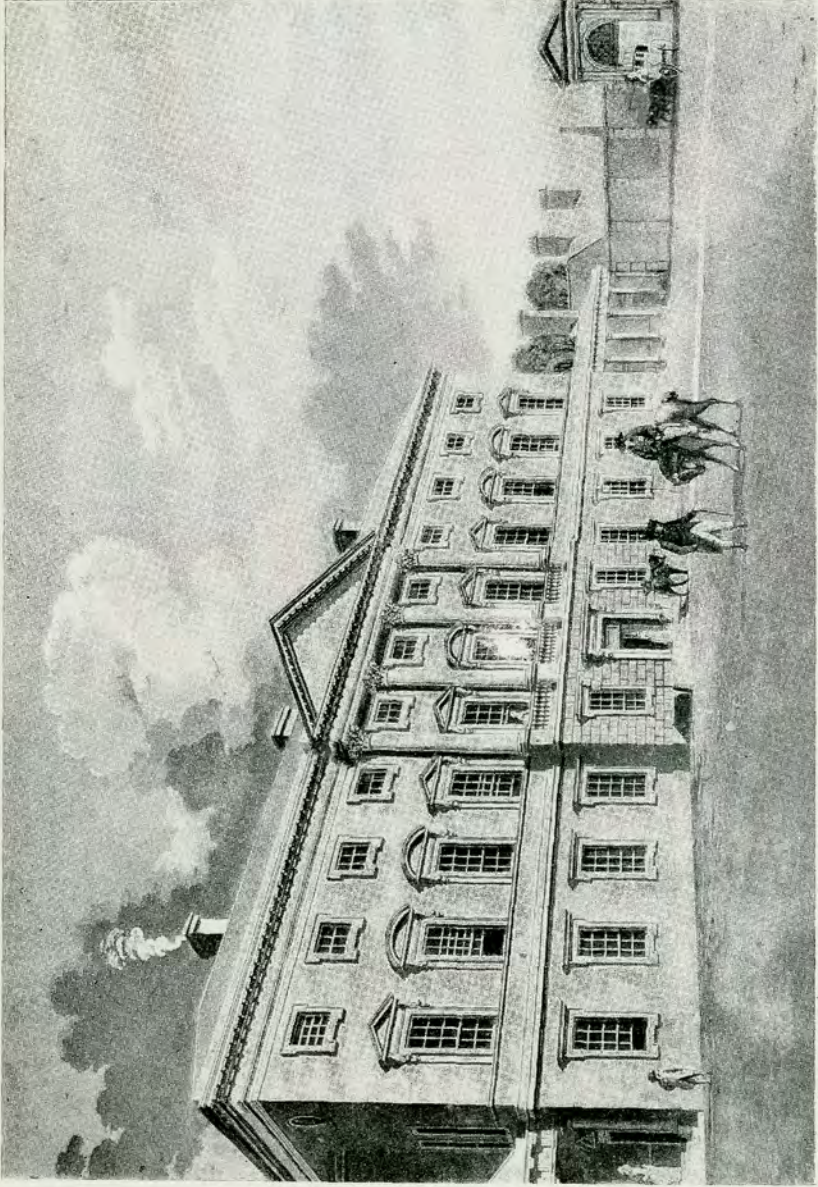
In 1781 Lady Sarah married the Hon. George Napier, the second son of Francis, fifth Baron Napier. A tall good-looking man, he had married, firstly, Elizabeth Pollock (she had died in 1785), by whom he had one daughter, Louisa Mary. The marriage was a happy one. In 1787 Mr and Lady Sarah Napier bought Celbridge, a house in the park of Castletown, Co. Kildare; while Celbridge was being added to, they stayed with Mr and Lady Louisa Conolly at Castletown. The Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox to the Duchess of Leinster cease after 1794. In that year Napier was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-General to the Army in Holland, serving under Lord Moira; afterwards he commanded the Londonderry Regiment, and in 1799 became Controller of Army Accounts in Ireland. In 1802 Colonel Napier died. Lady Sarah was broken-hearted; she let Celbridge and settled in London. Her husband's death left her badly-off; and, a few years later, her sight began to fail. She was quite blind for the last twenty years of her life. She died, at the age of eighty-one, in 1826. By her marriage to Colonel Napier, Lady Sarah had eight children—five sons and three daughters. The three eldest boys—Charles, George and William—went into the army, and they all rose to the rank of General and were knighted. The names of Sir Charles, the conqueror of Scinde, and Sir William, the chronicler of the Peninsular War, are famous in English military history.

Lady Sarah was a clever as well as a beautiful woman. She retained to the end of her life her sharp wit, penetrating judgment and frank manner, no less than she did her wonderful complexion. Happily, something of her lively charm has survived the passage of time; for it exists, to no small extent, in her Letters to her sister, Emily, Duchess of Leinster.









LEINSTER HOUSE, DUBLIN

*From the aquatint by James Malton*





LETTERS  
OF  
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

1(a). *William Ogilvie to Duchess of Leinster*

(*First letter signed "Edward"*)

Black Rock, Monday

[? 1771]

My Dearest Mama,

I am mighty happy at your letter, but will not cease teasing you until you come to see us, as your cold is so much better; and why may you not bring Lucy with you; sure we would take very good care of her, and play with her and divert her. We'll be all out with you if you dont, for it is a monstrous long time since you were here.—poor dear Tom Thumb! was not you very sorry for him? I have a very good horse, and Henry has got Mr. Latouche's again, but what must poor Robert do, for Dapper is not come . . . I am mighty glad to hear that dear Aunt Louisa and Brother William are both well. Lady Ranelagh said she could not yet think of letting her daughters act for certain reasons, but that some time hence she hoped they might. I doat on you dearest Mother, but will not love you unless you come to see us.

I am my Dearest Mother your most affectionate

Edward

[1771]

WILLIAM OGILVIE TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1(b). *William Ogilvie to Duchess of Leinster*

(Signed "Eddy")

Black Rock Saturday

My dearest Mother,

I doat upon you, and will be monstrously glad to see you next Monday. I am very sorry to hear that you have got a cold, but hope that you will be better before that time. I hope dear little Lucy, and dear little Fanny and dear little Wiwi are all very well. Give my love to Emily and Brother William and Charlotte, and as many kisses as you please to the little girls, and I'll pay you as many for them when you come. All here are very well, and all send their love to dearest Mother. Sophia's eye is a little better to-day, but still very weak. Mr O. read your letter to her, and she has been very busy since. We were monstrously diverted with the little story you wrote us of Lucy and Fanny. This is a fine cold day, and I wish Monday may be such a day that we may get a pleasant ride. We have been hard at work drawing gravel, and digging up ramps; for the whole field was thicker of them than ever, and you would not have had one drop of cream fit to be used but for Shutty and us, but we are making away with them very fast. Sometimes we got a dozen at one spade-full, so remember to bring plenty of money to pay us. I am very sorry for poor Anne, but I hope she will get the better of it. I wonder what Lucy says to her, and if she has been naughty since to be put out of the Caprioli.

We are going to town to our masters; so God bless you dear Mother. I am your most Affectionate

Eddy

1773

1(c). *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock,<sup>1</sup> [1773]

My dear Mama, I hope you will not disappoint us in not coming Monday, for we cut [the] meadow Friday, that we might have hay making when your are here. Besides, we long to see you very much, and we will be very sorry if [you] do not come, and you will do the hay a great deal of good as we will work with a great deal more spirit. Dear little Lucy<sup>2</sup> is very well and very comical. You will see her work very hard, for the night we were making the haycocks she was hard at work all the evening tossing the hay up. It would [you] make you laugh to see her. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

2. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1773]

My dear Mama, I hope you are well and your cold better Dear little Lucy is very well, so is dear Louisa, and in very good spirits. We dined with Grandmama<sup>3</sup> yesterday, and she was very pleasant. Pray thank Mrs. Macneil<sup>4</sup> for washing my waistcoat. I hope Emily's<sup>5</sup> cold is better. Pray give Fanny<sup>6</sup> a kiss for me. Lucy sends you a thousand kisses. All here send their love to you. Our garden is in very good order. I am dearest Mama, your affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

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<sup>1</sup> A seaside place, near Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Lucy Anne FitzGerald (1771-1851); 9th dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster. She m. (1802) Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas) Foley, R.N.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary O'Brien, dau. of William O'Brien, 3rd Earl of Inchiquin; m. (1709) Robert FitzGerald, 19th Earl of Kildare.

<sup>4</sup> A servant.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Emily Marie Margareta FitzGerald, (1752-1818); el. surv. dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. (1774) Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont.

<sup>6</sup> Lady Fanny Charlotte Elizabeth FitzGerald, (1770-75); 8th dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster.



[1773]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

3. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1773]

My dear Mama, I hope you are well. Dear little Lucy and Louisa are very well. We dined with Mr Latouche<sup>1</sup> yesterday, and they all admired your work very much. Gerald<sup>2</sup> has talked French very well since you went away. I hope Emily and Charlotte<sup>3</sup> are very well. Dear little Lucy sends you a thousand kisses, and talks of you very often. I am dearest Mama your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

Give a thousand kisses to dear George.<sup>4</sup>

4. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1773]

My dear Mama, I hope you are very well. Dear little Lucy and Louisa are in very good spirits. Little Louisa talks of Mama very often, Lucy is as comical as ever. You may guess our happiness as we have got into a new book. We liked the Review very much. I hope all at Carton<sup>5</sup> are very well. Pray give my love to Emily and Charlotte, and let us know if you come Monday, as we will be very happy to see you. Dear Lucy sends a kiss to dear Mama. I am, dearest, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

5. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [June 13th 1773]

My dear Mama, I am delighted to hear that you are better. Dear Lucy is very comical, and loves you very much. We

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<sup>1</sup> Probably David La Touche (d. 1805), of Marlay; head of the Dublin banking family.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Gerald FitzGerald, (1766-88), 7th s. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster. He entered the Royal Navy, and was lost at sea.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Charlotte Mary Gertrude FitzGerald (1758-1836); 5th dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. (1789) Joseph Holding Strutt, Esq., M.P. She was cr. Baroness Rayleigh (1821).

<sup>4</sup> Lord George Simon FitzGerald (1773-83); youngest child of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster.

<sup>5</sup> In Co. Kildare; residence of the Duke of Leinster.

[1773]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

gave her some raisins and told her that you sent them to her. Dear little Louisa begins to walk. Nanny has a young chicken, but poor Jenny is dead, a horse trod on her. I offered Gerald one of mine, but he would not have her, because she could [not] lay eggs for him. I hope that you will come to see us, and we will take great care of you. We all send you a thousand loves and a thousand kisses. I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

6. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1773]

My dear Mama, I am glad to hear that you are better, and that you have been out. Dear Lucy is mighty well, plays about very much, and does not forget you. We have been at the races at Booterstown, and it was very pleasant. We have got a great many blackbirds and thrushes, but poor Nanny's chicken is dead, and all the rest of the eggs were rotten. I hope little Simon<sup>1</sup> is well, and Fanny. We all long very much to see you, and hope we shall soon. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

7. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1773]

My dear Mama, I was very sorry to hear that you were not well, as we expected you, and rode to town to meet you. You desired me to tell you the name of the book that we have begun. It is Eutropius,<sup>2</sup> which is the history of Rome. We dined at Grandmama's Sunday, and went to the new gardens

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<sup>1</sup> See Letter 3, Note 4.

<sup>2</sup> The Roman historian of 4th century, A.D.



[1773]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

and liked them very much. Dear little Lucy and Louisa are very well. As for Lady Lisle's<sup>1</sup> party, I can't say much for it, for they were all vulgar and ugly. I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon, as it will make us very happy. I am, dearest Mama, your affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

8. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1773]

My dear Mama, I hope Papa<sup>2</sup> is better, and am glad to hear that you are expected in town, as we long very much to see you. Dear sweet Lucy and Louisa are very well and in very good spirits. We have got Mr. Conolly,<sup>3</sup> whom Lucy kissed and behaved very well to. The head is running over and is beautiful. All here are very well and send their love to you; pray give my [love] to Emily and Charlotte. I hope Fanny and dear little George are very well. We [have] got very cold weather. I am dearest Mama your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

9. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Leinster House, Saturday, [1773]

My dearest Mama, Will be extremely glad to see you Monday, as we were very much disappointed not to see you Thursday—and if it be a good day we will take a ride to meet you. I hope Papa will be well before that time, as I know you cannot come until he is well. Our stable is finished, and mighty pretty and snug. I hope you are very well, and have not got any cold. Give my love to all of them at Carton, and a great

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth (d. 1788), dau. of Edward Moore, of Mooresfort, Co. Tipperary; (1746) John Lysaght, 1st Lord Lisle of Mountnorth.

<sup>2</sup> James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster, who died on 19 Nov., 1773.

<sup>3</sup> Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly, (1738-1803); he had m. (1758) Lady Louisa, Augusta Lennox, sister of Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

[1773]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

many kisses to Fanny and Lucy and Wi Wi. We had our French master today for the first time—and I like him very well, for he took a great deal of pains. I ever am, my dearest, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,<sup>1</sup>

Edward

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<sup>1</sup>Letter written by William Ogilvie, and signed by Lord Edward FitzGerald.

[1774]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1774

10. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[1774]

My dearest Mama, I am very sorry to hear that you have been so ill, and so are we all. I am glad to hear that Fanny is better, and that dear Lucy is quite well again. We are all very well and send our love to you, and you must give Lucy twenty kisses for me; and I hope the girls there are not so bold as Sophia,<sup>1</sup> who spells her copy *flirt*—f,a,r,t. We all long monstrously to see you, and would be very happy if you could come to us, but we will not worry you until Fanny is quite well again. Mr O—<sup>2</sup> sent a whole cart load of flowers to Leinster House<sup>3</sup>. We are very angry at you for giving him leave. But we have enough yet, and he shall positively take no more to spoil our garden. You may send from Waterstone<sup>4</sup>, where you have enough to spare, and not rob us. I love you, however, dearest Mama, and doat on you. I am just going to ride, and so dearest, dear Mama, I am your most affectionate<sup>5</sup>,

Edward

11. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, Thursday evening, [1774]

My dearest Mama, If I could go to see you, I would gallop away this very minute. I long monstrously to see you. We

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Sophia Mary FitzGerald, (1762-1845); 7th dau. of James FitzGerald 1st Duke of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> William Ogilvie (1740-1832) tutor to the FitzGerald children; m. (1774) Emily, Duchess of Leinster, as her 2nd husband.

<sup>3</sup> The Dublin house of the Duke of Leinster.

<sup>4</sup> Within the Carton demesne; now the 'Shell Cottage.'

<sup>5</sup> Letter written by William Ogilvie, and signed by Lord Edward FitzGerald.



[1774]

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

are all extremely sorry to hear that you have been so ill, and we are all very miserable till we see you. Oh, do, my dearest Mama, come to see us. Indeed, it would do your spirits good, for we would keep you very quiet and nurse you as we used to do, and not rout you; and you need not fear to get cold, for there has been a fire constantly in your room, and we'll make Mrs Howell<sup>1</sup> lie in it to keep it aired till you come. Ah now, do, do, dearest Mama, and I'll doat on you monstrously; and you'll oblige me of all things. Dear little scubby Lucy, tell her I doat on her, and that I have got a pretty fiddler for her made of card paper; and we have a woman playing on a guitar for Fanny. We got them from Lady Ranelagh,<sup>2</sup> where we dined today. Kiss them both for me, and the frightful Wi Wi. Give my love to Emily and all of them, except Madam Charlotte—we dont forget her and her birch rods. You never saw such fine sunny days as we have. Do come and see only, dearest Mama. I hope you will and I love you monstrously, and am, my dearest, dear Mama, your most affectionate,<sup>3</sup>

Edward

If it would really hurt you to come, I would not ask, and beg that you would not come. But if it would not hurt you, you know you might be quieter than at Carton, and not routed—and we would not make the least noise.

12. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, [1774]

My dear Mama, I am very glad to hear that you are better. I have got a very pretty little mare, which brother William<sup>4</sup> gave me, I intend to call her Fanny. Pray give him a thousand thanks for me as I can't myself; tell him that she is very

<sup>1</sup> A servant.<sup>2</sup> Sarah, (d. 1812), dau. of James Montgomery, M.P.; m. (1761) Charles Jones, 4th Visct. Ranelagh.<sup>3</sup> Letter written by William Ogilvie, and signed by Lord Edward FitzGerald.<sup>4</sup> William Robert FitzGerald (1749-1804), Marquess of Kildare. Eldest surv. son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster, whom he succ. (Nov. 1773) as 2nd Duke of Leinster. He m. (1775) Aemilia Olivia St. George, only dau. and heiress of St. George, 1st Lord St. George.

[1774]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

pleasant and sure footed. I hope we shall have the pleasure of yours and his company at our christening, as we went to yours. Dear Lucy and Louisa are very well, and send their love to you. All here are very well and were very glad to hear that you were better. Sophia sends her *bex repex* to you. Dear Aunt Louisa<sup>1</sup> is making her place very pretty. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

13. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, Saturday, [1774]

I hope my dearest Mama loves me, and has forgiven me—I doat on you my dearest Mother, and love you monstrously. I hope you got well to Carton, and that dear little Lucy has remembered my orders and given you a great many kisses for me. I hope Fanny and she are both well, and that they were not worse for their jaunt. All here are very well, and all send their love to you—Sophia's eye is a little better. I hope you will give Lucy a great many kisses for me—remember I order you—and if you execute my orders, I'll give you as many as you please when you come here next. I hope Wi Wi devil is pretty well. I do love her a little. We thought to have had a good ride, but we are disappointed by the nasty day, and must go in the barge. Dearest, dearest dear Mother, I doat on you. I am, my dearest, dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Edward

*Postscript in William Ogilvie's handwriting*

I hope your Grace feels comfortably about Eddy. He certainly loves you more than ever, and though his temper sometimes get the better [of him] he is so miserable afterwards that nothing can equal it. I hope your Grace does not distress yourself with the notion that he does not love you, for he

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Louisa Augusta Lennox (1743-1821), 6th dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and sister of Emily, Duchess of Leinster; m. (1758) Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly, of Castletown, Co. Kildare.



[1774]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

certainly loves you more than ever—every day gives strength to his affection. He is vastly well, and has been as good as possible—so indeed have they all. Your Grace desired me to send you the dimensions of a roller. If you please, I should think it should be five feet long, and the thicker the better. A pump borer came here yesterday, he said by the Duke of Leinster's orders. But with the assistance of the Black Rock smith and cobbler, I had doctor'd it before he came.

14. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, March the 3rd, [1774]

My dear Mama, I hope you are very well, and got safe to London. Give my love to Emily and Charlotte, and tell her that I hope she liked being aboard the ship as well as she expected. We went to Carton on Thursday and sent Louisa and George the next day, Fanny and Lucy on Saturday, who [were] very happy to come to the Black Rock. I hope you was not sick or fatigued with your journey to London. We are to go to the officers play on Friday.

We have hung our bell, but it does not make noise enough to waken us in the morning, but Mr Ogilvie intends to get another that will rouse us up. I hope you found Lady Holland<sup>1</sup> better and all the rest of your English relations well; pray give my love to Aunt Louisa. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

15. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock March the 5th, [1774]

My dear Mama, I was very happy to receive your letter, as it is a great while since I had one, and you know how much

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<sup>1</sup>Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, (1723-74). el. dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond and sis. of Emily, Duchess of Leinster; m. (1744) Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland. She died 24 July of this year.



[1774]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

pleasure it gives me. Tell Emily that Lord Bellamont<sup>1</sup> called to see us Sunday, and said that he had got a letter from Emily, and that she was to be presented to the King.<sup>2</sup> Pray tell her next time she writes to me to tell me all about [him], how he was dressed and what the Prince of Wales<sup>3</sup> said to her, and what kind of a boy he is. I am sorry to hear you are so much hurried, but perhaps we may give you leave to stay a little longer. Dear little Lucy is very well, and in very good spirits. All the rest are very well, and send their love to you. Fanny's eye is very well, and can bear the light very well, but I forgot to tell you Lady Burroughs<sup>4</sup> called here Saturday, and brought her two sons with her, walked round the garden, and was brought to bed the next day. Pray give my love to Charlotte and Emily. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

16. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, March, the 12th, [1774]

My dear Mama, I hope you are very well. You mentioned in your last letter to Mr Ogilvie that you had wrote to me, but I never got it; so I beg you will write to me soon, as it will give me a great deal of pleasure. Mr O. has engaged a Mr Lescure to help us with our business when he is employed with the labourers. He is very good humoured and pleasant with us, talks French very well, for his father and mother are both French, and he himself was in France for two years.

All the dear little girls are very well, and send their love to you, but I must tell you what Lucy said one night, in the long parlour, going to bed. *Now that cursed dog (which was Badin) must be coming here, and<sup>5</sup>.....Robinson.....indeed.....*

<sup>1</sup> Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont (1738-1800); m. (1774) Lady Emily Maria Margareta FitzGerald, eldest surv. dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> George III.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards George IV.

<sup>4</sup> Jane (d. 1793), dau. of Joseph Higginson, of Athy, Co. Kildare m. (1769) Sir Kildare Borrowes, Bt., as his 2nd wife.

<sup>5</sup> Lost in mutilation.

[1774]  
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

.....And.....you.....bold, but if she is bold when you come from England, it will not be our fault, because we are never with her or any of them, except when we meet them in the garden or when she..... Mr O. Pray give my..... and Aunt.....dearest Mama.....most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

17. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, March the 23rd, [1774]

My dearest Mama, I am very glad to hear that your cold is better, and that you have thoughts of going to Goodwood<sup>1</sup>. I am very glad to hear that you return so soon, as we long very much to see you. We are going on very well with the house. But I am afraid it will not be ready for you when you return, for we thought you would have stayed longer. But it is long enough for us. All the dear little girls are very well, and so is pretty George. Sophia asked Lucy one day, was she glad that you was coming home soon. *Yes, because I adore Mama.* Mrs Vesey<sup>2</sup> and Mrs Handcock called to see us and enquired very kindly for you; and Mrs and Miss Nicholson whom we were very happy to get rid of.

Pray give my love to Emily, Aunt Louisa, and Charlotte, and hope they are very well. Mr Oshin is better, but he cannot walk yet. We will have something done before you return that will surprise you very much. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

18. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, March the 25th, [1774]

My dearest Mama, I received your dear letter yesterday, which gave me a great deal of pleasure, and was writing to you when I got it, and so hope you will [send] me an answer as it will make me very happy.

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<sup>1</sup> Sussex; seat of the Duke of Richmond.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth (1715-91), dau. of Sir Thomas Vesey, Bt., Bishop of Ossory; m. Agmondesham Vesey.



[1774]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

You [say] you have got very fine [weather] and that Mr Conolly says he is sure it is not so fine in Ireland. But you may tell him that I am sure that your English weather can not possibly be better than our Irish, and if it continues we shall have a good deal of the house done before you return.

I hope as we had not the pleasure of drinking our Patricks pot with you, we shall have the pleasure of your company dancing round the maypole with dear little Lucy and pretty George. Your mare is very well and is rode out every day with the little girls. Pray give my love to Emily and Charlotte. All the dear little girls are very well, and send their love to you, but I have nothing to tell you at present about Lucy. Tell Charlotte that I hope she will answer my letter. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

19. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, April the 5th, [1774]

My dear Mama, I am very glad to hear you are well, and happy with Lady Louisa Lennox<sup>1</sup> at Stoke.<sup>2</sup> Pray give me an account what kind of a place it is, and tell us about her children. All the dear little girls are very well, and dear Lucy sends her love and a thousand kisses to her dear Mama, and pretty George, who I hope will be able to run to you when you return. We have begun the east side of the house a week ago, and Mr. O. says that there would be a great deal more done if [he could] have the Carton carpenters under his eye as he has the masons, and hopes he shall [have] a great deal more done now, as he is able to walk about, because his shin is better and almost quite well; and I am sure Henry<sup>3</sup> and I wish it very much,

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Louisa Ker, dau. of William Ker, Earl of Angram; m. (1759) Lord George Lennox, younger son of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and brother of Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> Sussex; the residence of Lord George Lennox.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Henry FitzGerald, (1761-1829), 3rd surv. son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. (1791) Charlotte, dau. of Hon. Robert Boyle-Walsingham, afterwards Baroness de Ros.

[1774]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

for his own sake, as well as ours, because it hinders us going to see Mrs FitzHenry<sup>1</sup>. I am, my dearest Mama, your most affectionate,

Edward FitzGerald

20. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, April the 7th, [1774]

My dearest Mama, I am very glad to hear that you are very well. You say you can't answer my letters so regularly as you used to do. I hope you will not hurry your self, but whenever it comes, it will make me very happy.

You say that [you] sent my letter to Charlotte, and that she was to see Mlle Heinell<sup>2</sup> dance that night, and I believe she thinks her self as happy now as we shall be when we go to France, which will be soon I hope; and there we shall see the people as industrious as those three pretty little girls you saw knitting, but it would appear a great deal [more] astonishing to us that are only used to see dirty nasty lazy Irish people who do nothing at all but idle their time. All the dear little girls are very well. I long to see Master Lennox<sup>3</sup> very much, as [I] am sure he must be a very pleasant boy by the account you give me of him, and you say he both goes through the military exercise, and rides in the manège way very well. But talking of that, Mr O. is going immediately to get a drill sergeant for us, and as to the riding you promised us you would have us taught it in France. Master Owen came to spend his Easter holidays with us at the Black Rock. I am, dearest Mama, your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

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<sup>1</sup> Irish actress, d. 1790. Her last recorded appearance was at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, 1773-4, as Mrs Belville in the 'School for Wives.'

<sup>2</sup> Flemish danseuse.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Lennox (1764-1819), son of Lord George Lennox, and nephew of Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond, whom he succ. in 1806.



[1776]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1776

21. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Aubigny,<sup>1</sup> July 9th, 1776

Dear Mama, I hope you will excuse my not answering your letter the last post, for I was so much taken up with our business that it was not in my power. The weather here is extremely hot, so that we are burning in our winter clothes, and hope you will bring us something light from Paris. The sooner you come the better, to enjoy the fine orange flowers. There was a pretty fair here yesterday, and a great many pretty things, but— they remain'd in the fair! We have got twenty-eight partridges, all in a very good way. Give my love to Mr O., brother Charles,<sup>2</sup> and Charlotte. I am, dear Mama, your ever affectionate son,

E. FitzGerald

22. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Paris, October the 21st, 1776

Dear Mama, I receiv'd your dear letter last Saturday, which I have delayed answering so long that I have now unluckily missed the post, which puts me quite in a passion. The dear Duke of Richmond<sup>3</sup> left us last Sunday sennight, which I am very sorry for, for he has been so good natured to me you can't imagine. Charles Lennox is quite recovered from his cold and will have no need, I hope, of the *air salulaire d'Aubigny*. *C'est un aimable garçon je l'aime de plus en plus tous les jours*. I hope your fright about poor little George is quite over and that the dear little fellow is quite well again. I am sure, now the Duke of Richmond is gone, it will please

<sup>1</sup> In the province of Berri, France. The property of Aubigny had been settled by Louis XIV on Louise Renée de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II, and mother of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond (1673). The Duke of Richmond was also Duc d'Aubigny and a peer of France.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Charles James FitzGerald (1756-1810), 2nd surv. son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; cr. (1800) Lord Lecale.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond (1734-1806). Son of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, whom he succ. in 1750. He had m. (1757) Lady Mary Bruce, yst. dau. of Charles Bruce, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury.



[1776]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

you to know how we are settled. So I shall begin by telling you that we remain [here] in our first lodgings, as we could not possibly find others that could suit us so well. The fencing master comes at half past six [in the morning] and stays till eight, when I go to the *manège*, where I stay about three hours. Then when I come home I have the French master and so on the whole day. I suppose you can't help being glad at our having gained so signal a victory over the Americans,<sup>1</sup> though if possible I am sure you would have wished it to have been finished in a more amicable manner. I fancy now it is near at an end. Mr Kempson gave me leave to go to the *Colisée* the other night with brother Charles, for he could not go himself as Charles Lennox's cold was not very well. But as I know it is a thing in general you would not like I should not have gone had I not thought that my reason for it would please you. Besides, I forgot to tell you that it was the last *Colisée* this season. It is grown excessively cold and today for the first time Mr Kempson has allowed us a little fire. He is a very pleasant man<sup>2</sup> . . .

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<sup>1</sup> Gen. Howe had defeated the Americans on 27 Aug., 1776, in the battle of Brooklyn.

<sup>2</sup> The remainder of this letter is missing.

[1777]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1777

23. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

January, [1777]

Dear Mama, I hope you are better than when I left Aubigny, and that you will come here as you intended in the Carnaval. The bad weather here is going off. I hope it is the same with you, for I suppose the snow hinders the hunting very much. It is amazing the quantities [of] game we saw coming here, and so tame on account of the snow that we were within twenty yards of them, and they walked off as much at their ease as a hen would do. We did not get to Fontainebleau [in] time enough to see the Palace. We all dined with brother Charles [on] Sunday and went afterwards to the Opera, which would be the most disagreeable thing I ever saw if it was not for the dancing, which is indeed delightful. It is quite as Captain Jones says, punishing one's ears to feast one's eyes. There has been published a delightful book called *La Quinzaine*,<sup>1</sup> wrote by an Englishman as an account of one of his countrymen who comes to Paris with twelve thousand, spends it in fifteen days, and is put into the Bastille for debt. But the best of it is that he was cheated more by a set of [the] English than the French. I suppose brother Charles will bring you one, for it was him that told us of it first. Pray give my love [to] dear Mr O., Charlotte, and Henry. Pray excuse my writing so short a letter, for you know I have no great head for that science. Believe me, dear Mama, your ever affectionate son,

E. FitzGerald

Private—I hope the little horse has got home well.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Englishman's fortnight in Paris, or the Art of Ruining oneself there in a few Days.* Translated from the French. London: Kearsley, 8vo., 3sh., 1780.

[1777]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

24. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

January the 19th, 1777

Dear Mama, I am very glad to hear you are so much better, and I hope that will bring you to Paris as soon as you intended for two reasons—the first because of your company, and the second as it will save me writing one letter which is, you *know*, a great trouble. Captain Jones has had a letter from Uncle Richmond, in which he says he is in [a] great fright about the fall Charles got a month ago, and gives Captain Jones a whole list of how he is to be treated, and says he will set out for Paris directly if it is necessary. But Charles says he never was better than he is now and did not at all like hearing of living low. But I hope Uncle has got a letter by this time to tell him cousin is quite well again. We went to dine last Sunday with a Majour Mant,<sup>1</sup> who lives at Dieppe, and his wife made us a most excellent dish which is called *compôte de cure*. First, you must take and slice some pears, apples and oranges very thin. Then put some sugar and a table-spoonful of brandy. Then squeeze an orange into it, and then eat it. I have got a ridiculous story to tell you of two French boys, one of seven years old and the other nine. They happened to be at a ball, and the one having taken the other's place, *Va, vous me la payerez*, and after the dance was over they both went to the corner of the street and fought, and the youngest had his coat and his breast tore, and the governess having come out the eldest said *Je vous assure, madame, qu'il s'est comporté comme un brave homme!*

I have not time to say any more as the post is just going. So believe [me], dear Mama, your ever affectionate son,

E.F.

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<sup>1</sup>[?] Thomas Mante (*fl.* 1772), military writer.



[1779]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1779

25. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Aubigny, May the 11th, 1779

Dear Mama, I should have answered your obliging letter last post, had not Mr Bathurst, Sophia, and Mrs Lynch<sup>1</sup> wrote to you, and so I took the opportunity of answering a letter from Henry, as I thought you would like to have them come separate. But by some neglect I believe Sophia's and Mrs Lynch's letters did not go, which I did not hear of till after dinner. I had also received a letter from Lord Russborough,<sup>2</sup> in which was enclosed Dick Lawler's<sup>3</sup> and Nurse Vint's certificate. It was a very ridiculous letter, but he said he could not leave Paris till he got my answer, which I did not think so necessary, but however I answered it directly. I dare say you will see him soon in London. I am almost *kilt* with writing and answering letters, and I believe shall be soon so entirely, for I have two or three to answer still. I write almost every post. My garden goes on delightfully and I work at it every moment I have to spare. I believe it will be soon finished, and then I intend to begin to ride. I was very glad to hear by the last *Courier de l'Europe* such good news from America. Pray always tell me as much as you can. I am glad dear brother Charles has advanced such a good step as I hope by that he may become a captain this war. I long to see him and dear *beau* Henry very much. I wish they could take a trip to Aubigny with you and then go back again. We pass our time very pleasantly at Aubigny, and are dying with impatience to see you. I know very well the pleasure Henry must have felt to see you (as he told me in his letter) after so long an absence, by the impatience I feel to see you after so short an one. I have nothing to tell you about the children but that they are all very well and send their love to

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<sup>1</sup> Housekeeper to Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Leeson (1730-1801), Viscount Russborough; succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Milltown (1783).

<sup>3</sup> Coachman to Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

[1779]

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

you, as do Sophia, Robert<sup>1</sup> and Gerald, for *Dieu me garde* to mention them among the children. Mr B[athurst] sends his compliments to you, and Mr Ogilvie begs me to tell you he would have written to you every post but that so many letters going off he thinks it unnecessary. Should it contribute to your satisfaction, [he] will do as he used to do. My love to Mr O., H., and B. C. Believe me, dear Mother, yours etc., E.F.

Richard Lawler is inconsolable for not hearing from his wife, to whom he has wrote four times.

26. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Aubigny, May the 15th, 1779

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I should have wrote to you sooner, had I not been taken up in answering some letters which I received, and that I waited for a letter from you which you told Mr Bathurst you intended writing to me, hoping I should find something in it to answer, as Aubigny is very barren as to news. I am very glad to hear you are so much entertained by going to the House of Lords and to the House of Commons. as it will make up for the hurry you say you are in whilst at London. It is very unlucky for dear Mama that Aunt Louisa did not come to England with Mr Conolly, but by Mama's letter to Gerald I hope she may come yet. We were very sorry to hear of the expedition of the French into Jersey,<sup>2</sup> but they will be beat off again; but we have got no particular account of the affair as yet from the *Courier de l'Europe*, which *M. le Ballie* is so good as to lend us. Our weather is grown quite fine again and I hope it will continue so, for really for the last fortnight we had quite winter weather. I believe, we shall have a great deal of game this year, as well as a great deal of fruit if we have no more rain. My garden goes on very well, and I have already gathered a nosegay of fine stalk

<sup>1</sup> Lord Robert Stephen FitzGerald (1765-1833), 5th surv. son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. Sophia, dau. of Capt. Charles Fielding, R.N.

<sup>2</sup> An account of the ill-fated French expedition into Jersey is given by Walpole in his letter (9 May, 1779) to Sir Horace Mann.



[1779]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

gillyflowers. I have planted some melons which I hope will do very well, but I believe won't do so well as Henry's.—We have already eat a fortnight ago a few cherries of one of your trees which you planted. All the children are very well and send their love to you. Emily is<sup>1</sup> very well and beautiful and grows naughty as she grows old, which is a very fine character to be sure. But, however, she is still good humour itself. As for Cecilia,<sup>2</sup> she and I are excellent friends, and really she is grown quite good. I am quite reckoned the *Seigneur* of the *Château*, and all the letters come directed to me, which you may be sure makes me very proud and saucy. Pray give my love to my dear Mother, and tell her we are all enchanted with her dear letters. Believe me, dear Mr O., yours etc.,

E. F.

P.S.—I can now make pens pretty well.

27. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Aubigny, May the 22nd, 1779

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I received your long and comical letter last Monday. It made me very happy. I should have answered it directly, but it was not in my power, as I had a good deal to do. But, however, I did not put it in my coat pocket without reading it. Pray tell Mama I shall answer her letter of May the 10th (which I got last post) the post after next, as I must answer a letter of Grandmama's next post. I shall follow your advice in keeping as much out of the sun as possible, which will not be a difficult thing as I am always very much taken up with my garden, and which, luckily for that circumstance, (though not so for the things that are in it), is very shady. I have also put up two benches in the most shady parts, with boards under them on purpose to keep dear Mother's feet from feeling any damp from the

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<sup>1</sup> Emily Charlotte, younger dau. of William Ogilvie and Emily, Dow. Duchess of Leinster; she m. Charles, son of Topham Beauclerk, Esq.

<sup>2</sup> Cecilia Margaret (1775-1824), elder dau. of William Ogilvie and Emily, Dow. Duchess of Leinster; she m. (1795) Charles, son of William Locke, of Norbury Park, Surrey.



[1779]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

ground, as I hope she will sometimes come and sit there. I hope by the time you come most of my flowers will be blown, as every thing comes very quick. Our weather is grown very fine within these few days, and is grown quite hot and pleasant. We were at the *Vererie* Wednesday and had a very pleasant day of it. I rode your horse to save the black, who is rather weak as he is at grass, and Gerald rode him. Robert caught a great eel, which made him very happy. Dick Lawler had begun to draw wood, but was prevented by the heaviness of the roads. But this fine weather has made him begin again; he says he shall want hay very soon. Fly has pupped again and out of seven we kept three of the prettiest, one of which is exactly Swift. The hounds are all very well. The guards St Jean and Perinet shot two young foxes the other day. They went out after the father and mother next day but could not find them. They intend to take our Bussler the day after to morrow. I have no nursery news to tell you, but that they are all very well and send their love to you. I hope you will excuse this *laconic letter*, but it is with great pains I have brought it forth—such as it is. Believe me, dear Mr Ogilvie, yours ever affectionately,

E. F.

P.S.—Pray do not forget my old petition for news.



28. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Aubigny, May the 31st, 1779

Dear Mother, I should have answered your letter last post had it been in my power, but I was obliged to answer a letter I received from my Grandmother, and two letters in one evening you know is above my *epistolary powers*. For I had forgot Grandmama's letter till Saturday night, and I could not put her off, as she gives me a cut in her letter for not writing to her but very rarely, but *saving yours and her respect* as the Irish. That is a little bit of a *story*, for between this and our leaving Aubigny I have wrote her three or four letters, which considering all things and circumstances is a great deal.

[1779]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

I was very much surprised to hear Mr Ogilvie did not go to Ireland, but I was very glad for your sake, as I am sure you will be much pleasanter. For I pitied you very much, as I was sure you would have been very low spirited and always upon the fidget. I was also afraid lest it might have retarded your returning to Aubigny, which we are all longing for very much. However, we go on as pleasantly as can be expected, you not being with us. I hope you will be rather quieter at Goodwood than you were in London, for by what I can see by your letters, you seemed rather hurried, which I know never agrees with you. As I suppose you will see a good deal of Charles Lennox, pray put him in mind of the letter he has been so long promising me. I am sure dear Henry is very happy to have so much of you, as he will have now you are at Goodwood. Robert had a letter from Charlotte the other day, in which she complains greatly of your resisting all their entreaties about coming to Ireland. She is so much disappointed, poor soul, that I would give up your company and the pleasure of seeing you for a little while, especially as we are all so pleasant here, if you were to go to Ireland, and as I am sure it would make dear Aunt Louisa the happiest thing that ever was. All the children are very well, George and Cecilia delighted with their little letters. Believe me, dear Mother, your ever affectionate son,

E. F.

29. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Aubigny, June the 19th, 1779

Dear Mr Ogilvie, We are all very much surprised not to have received any letters from you or from England for these three last posts, and we can suspect no other reason than that the war must have been proclaimed<sup>1</sup> and that Calais must have been shut up. But, however, we shall write to you, at any

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<sup>1</sup> Spain joined France and The United States in war against Great Britain after the rejection by the British Government of her proffered mediation (16 June, 1779).



## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

rate, as we did before. I suppose you now think of setting out. I wish you would bring five or six couple of hounds, as we have now only six couple and one of them not well. There were some not at all well some time ago, but they are now quite recovered. We arrived from Bourges last night, where we were three days, and were lodged at the same *auberge* as you. When we arrived there we went to the *dentiste*, who wanted very much to come to Aubigny by making many difficulties about drawing Robert's teeth, saying that unless Robert stayed a good while it would cause *fluxion* or something that way, and that it would be much better for him to come to Aubigny. But we were determined to have it done, and not to have made the journey in vain, and so we told him we would stay Thursday (although we had intended going off Thursday morning), but if then we saw any inclination to swelling that we would stay till it was quite gone off. At last, when he saw that we were determined to have it done, he came Wednesday and drew the tooth, after which under different pretences he stuck to us like a leach, and we could not shake him off all the time we were there. The horses are all very well. I am grown very heavy for the little black. We have lost M. de la Durandier, he is gone to Paris. All the family are very well and send their love to you. Believe me yours ever affectionately,

E. F.



[1780]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1780

30. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, December, 1780

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I sit down to answer all the questions you put to me in your last letter. In the first place, I shall begin by telling that I can now read your writing fleetly ; and have read every letter I have received from you without ever putting them in my pocket, either when I have been sleepy or in company ; and so far from presenting at the shrine of Cloacina as you decently term it, I have kept them even after I had read them, which is a thing I never did before. Secondly, I assure you I did tell Mr and Mrs Uniack<sup>1</sup> your message. I believe your opinion of my shooting corresponds with that of writing and receiving letters. But I can assure you, I am not the worst shot in the world, for I killed a brace of woodcocks the other day. I shall pass over in silence, and not answer all about *Justices of the Peace*, and that part of the letter which I was ashamed to look at, and I believe should come off badly in doing. You must not take notice of the writing of this, as it is wrote in [the] Guard-room, and the post going out, and I myself expecting to be called out every moment with the guard. I am glad to hear I am in so fair a way of getting a company. Captain Giles<sup>2</sup> has not yet given me a certain answer about what I shall do in case of my getting a company before we sail, which he thinks improbable, as we all expect to sail at most in three weeks though the transports are not as yet arrived ; but if I get a company, that it should be represented [to] the King, that I wish to see some campaigns in America, and that the leave for my going will be easily obtained, and there most likely I shall get an exchange. He likes the idea of coming home in the Parliament winter very much, as he thinks it will be much more to my

<sup>1</sup> Robert Uniacke of Woodhouse, Co. Waterford, son of Bor Uniacke, (d. 1777) ; M.P. for Youghal ; Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.

<sup>2</sup> " I am lodged with Captain Giles, and like him better every day "—(Letter written by Lord Edward FitzGerald to his mother, quoted by Thomas Moore in his *Memoirs of Lord Edward FitzGerald*).

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

advantage and improvement, than if I was to stay in winter quarters, where there will be very little to do. But he thinks it will not be possible for you to obtain leave for me to go to America if I was to be an aide-de-camp, which I therefore would not accept. But I think if I was to come home in the winter a few months at Glasc would be of more service to me than any thing else, and in the main would help to promotion better than anything. I am as busy as possible with my company, which I mentioned to you in my last. Our Major, who is a very strict disciplinarian, is grown very fond of me, I believe because he sees I am so fond of my business. Some of our young men are grown very idle since they came here, and have been in a great many scrapes, and although I have kept them company I never have [been in]<sup>1</sup> one. Pray give my love to my dear Mother, and all my brothers and sisters. I am now obliged to finish, so God bless you and believe me your affectionate son-in-law,

E. F.

31. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, December the 17th, 1780

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I received your agreeable and sensible letter the day after I arrived from Wood House.<sup>2</sup> I do assure I never had a pleasanter letter (*outré la lettre de change*), which pleased in its way very much, and to a soldier going abroad is always an acceptable thing. I thank you for it very much; but I hope *les affaires sont changées* since I left you, for otherwise I think you must want it more than I do. I showed your letter to Captain Giles, he was quite delighted at it, and thought of it just as I did. He advised me to read it once every day. I think if you had been an officer you would have been very like him. He is a charming, most estimable, man. You can not think how happy we are together, and I

<sup>1</sup> Letter torn here.<sup>2</sup> See Letter 30, Note i.



[1780]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

really think he will help me too—what you know must be my ambition, in the station I am—that is, to being a good officer, and to distinguish myself some day or other in that line. I never saw any man so fond of the service as he is, he is quite an enthusiast. I think, however, I am pretty near the same, for you know how fond I was of it when I saw you last. I am then still fonder now and although there are people in the corps generally in this country who are not very agreeable and whose manners are not so refined as one would wish, yet by being very civil (at the same contracting no intimacy) you need never have much to do with them, and they will always like you very much. About getting a change into this regiment; when I get a company, I think it may be done, for I believe a company is soon to go in this regiment, which Captain Giles certainly gets, and then our oldest lieutenant gets the Captain lieutenantcy, which in fact is nothing but a company on short pay, and I am sure he would be very happy to change for a company on full pay. We are still in expectations of going before spring. I long to beat the French or Americans, but I confess, I had much rather attack the French in Rhode Island, than anything else. I followed your hint and wrote Miss Sandford<sup>1</sup> a letter, I do assure it was very well wrote. I have enclosed it in a letter to Charlotte. I hope my dear Mother is well. Pray give my love to them all.

Oh, I have forgot to mention that you have neither sent me franks for Mrs Giles nor anyone else. I think I have a very good hold of you if I choose to make use of it. I believe the bank-note has bribed me, for in general you know I like giving you a dash when I have it in my power, and I said in my last to my Mother I should. But, however, get me these I send enclosed. I must stop now, for Giles is pulling me by the sleeve to go to roll call, and he never lets me miss one on any account—so believe me your affectionate son,

E. F.

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<sup>1</sup> "She is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit, and very sensible and good-humoured;—in short, if I had had time, I should have fallen desperately in love with her; as it is, I am a little touched"—(letter written by Lord Edward FitzGerald, quoted by Thomas Moore in his *Memoirs of Lord Edward FitzGerald*).



[1780]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

32. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie.*

Youghal Guard-room, [1780]

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I sit down to write you only a few lines, for besides owing my brother and Sophia a letter, I have really nothing to say—except to beg you will send me as soon as possible the two new sights belonging to my graphometer, which I did not take with me, as I thought they were in the case, but upon going to make use of it, I found they were not in it. I beg to know also how they are to be put on, for I do not see that there are holds for them on the instrument, as there are for the old ones. However, I say this last part only in case I should not know, but most likely when I see the sights I shall know how to fix them. I also wish you to send me a dictionary, English and Latin, and a Latin grammar. Now, if you will trouble Brother Leinster to ask Mr Richard Uniack, who is now in town, he will tell him some [way] of sending them, and the most expeditious.

Pray tell Sophia that I should have wrote to her before you, if this thing had not happened, but I shall write to her immediately. I have had a letter from my brother, where he mentions my j[ourne]y. I long to have it settled. I sha[ll] write to thank him for his attention to me. Ten thousand loves to my dear Mother. I hope her eyes are well. Love to all the rest, not forgetting Cecile. I am, dear Mr Ogilvie, your affectionate son-in-law,

E. F.

Captain Giles send his compliments.

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<sup>1</sup> Manuscript torn here.

[1781]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1781

33. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, January 5th, 1781

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I should have wrote to you or someone of the family before this, had I not been confined, with the worst sty I ever had, and you know how low long they confine one—indeed, it is not yet quite well. I believe the reason of its being so very bad was that I was obliged to be out every day whilst it was in its utmost inflamed state, as I went for the drafts of our regiment. It was a very troublesome piece of business. However, we have got some very good strong looking men, but great rascals. In my way to Cork I called at Mr Longfield's,<sup>1</sup> where I stayed for a night. He, Bob Uniack, and Mr Ogle are gone to town to make their bow to Lord Carlisle.<sup>2</sup> Pray can you tell me if my brother [Leinster] has received a letter from me lately, for although I think I wrote to him I am not quite sure, and if I have not, I have neglected to tell him the name of our agent which he asked me in his last letter; and also to beg he would enquire about my commission in the 96 [th Regiment of Foot], which I have not been able to get any account of, and our Pay-master, who wrote to the Agent of 96[th.], received answer that he knew nothing of the commission except £6 15s. I had to pay for fees. Now, if I have not wrote to my brother, pray mention this to him and tell him that our agent is Alexander Gray, Esq., Spring Gardens, London. Do not think I put off writing to my brother myself about this, only as I was not sure I had not already done it and that my eyes are very sore yet. . . . .<sup>3</sup> time to be lost I thought I would. . . . .<sup>3</sup>sure of it at once.

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<sup>1</sup> Probably Rt. Hon. Richard Longfield (1734-1811), of Castlemary, Co. Cork; M.P. for Cork City; cr (1800) Viscount Longueville.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick Howard, 5th Earl of Carlisle (1748-1825), Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1780-82.

<sup>3</sup> Letter torn.



[1781]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

My love to my dear Mother. I hope her eyes are better. As soon as mine are well, I shall make up for the time I have lost and write to her and Sophia. So believe me yours, etc.,

E. F.

I do not remember what was done with the sights, but you certainly packed them up.

34. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, January 12th, 1781

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I received yours from Castletown,<sup>1</sup> which gave me great pleasure, as I had not heard from any of the family for some time. My eye is now much better, but I am afraid my other is getting sore, so if you do not hear from me I beg you will attribute it to that. I am very glad to hear such pleasing news about my company,<sup>2</sup> and am happy and sensible beyond expression of his Majesty's graciousness to me; and you may be sure of its increasing the ambition I always had—that of distinguishing myself as an officer. You will see by a letter to my brother [Duke of Leinster] of the same date as this, my opinion of going out in case I get the company before the 19th [Regiment] sails; which, though I do not think it can happen, my brother ought immediately to write for leave for me to go out, although a Captain, where I might be recommended to act in some capacity I might be fit for. In short, you will see what I mean in my brother's letter. I only write to you, that you may make me brother write about it immediately. I can assure you there is nothing could make up to me for the disappointment of not going abroad. I saw General Moucher when in Cork. He recommended me strongly to the *Light Infantry*, as did also two or three officers who are just come from America, which they say all the young men of fashion who are there aspire to. Our Major also, who is a fine old active soldier, says it is quite

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<sup>1</sup> In Co. Kildare; the residence of Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Edward FitzGerald was endeavouring to exchange from the 96th Regiment into the 19th; but when this letter was written, the exchange had not yet been effected.



[1781]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

the thing for me ; and Giles, though he does not advise me to it, does not advise me against it, and I am sure approves of it. I long to get into them very much. Pray how have you settled with my brother, about my allowance? when you have [time], pray write me word. I shall want my next quarter soon, for we lay in our stock not only for our voyage but for some time after our arrival, and I believe it will come pretty high. Our heavy baggage is gone off for Cork, so we expect the transports in immediately. I was delighted with your picture, which, though a little plump and blooming, is very like you. I hope my dear Mother is very well and all the rest of the family. Captain Giles sends his compliments to you. So believe me, dear Mr O., your most affectionate son-in-law,

E. F.

35. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, February 23rd, 1781

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I sit down to answer your letter which gave me the greatest pleasure. I wish my finger had detained me longer from writing to you, as may be by that you might have been tempted to come down. If I had known as much of your intentions before I wrote the letter as I do now, I certainly would not have wrote it. I think by some part of your letter you seem to think that I made more of my finger than there really [was], as an excuse for not writing, but I assure you I have left off all my old tricks.

Pray write my word what you think about this company.<sup>1</sup> You will see my opinion of it in my letter to my brother of the same date as this. I am quite tired of this nasty fish town, as you call it. I am sorry to hear my dearest Mother's thumb has been troubles[ome]. Give my love to her. We expect the transports in daily. Captain Giles sends his com-

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Edward FitzGerald's exchange into the 19th Regiment had by this time been effected.

[1781]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

pliments to you, and bids me tell you if anything particular had happened [to] me, he would have wrote you word. I should like to see your house in Kildare Street. I dare say it is very pretty ; I think you are in a very good neighbourhood. If I had been [in]<sup>1</sup> Dublin this winter, I think it would have done very well. Pray give my love to Ciss, you can't think how often I think of the dear little creature's tricks. My love to Lucy and George. I shall write to Lucy next post. Believe me, etc.,

E. F.

36. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, March the 9th, 1781

Dear Mr Ogilvie, I received yours, in which you so kindly offer me any sum. You really were right when you said you thought I should out run the Constable. I now think I was too honest when I returned my brother's £50. But I have been in an honest fit since I have been here, for I have even kept the horse I sold you for three guineas till he has eat his head off, without ever being able to use him on account of his back ; and have at last been obliged to sell him, as he will not be able to carry Walsh, who I send off to you next week, as we expect the transports in. I can assure you he is the best, quietest, and most attached servant in the world. But as we are going so soon, I think it is better to part with him and accustom myself to my soldier, and as you mentioned in one of your letters about some time ago that you wanted him, you will oblige me very much in taking him, and in doing him any little service you can, and in having him you will possess a treasure as a servant. And now as to my expenses, I honestly own they have been too great since I have been here, though I have not been more so than other officers, nor so much so in proportion. But, expecting to go on board every week, we have all run on for some time without thinking, spending every thing we had ; and those that had no other

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<sup>1</sup> Letter torn.



[1781]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

means, spending the money got together to buy commissions. But we have now stopped. However, I have still some left, which, with a little help, will carry me over and furnish me there for some time; for which help, upon receiving your letter, I intended to draw upon you in case we went before my next quarter, which we now certainly shall, and shall therefore be obliged to you if you would advance me the sum I shall draw upon you for some time next week. As for my affairs, they are settled as Henry's. I receive my four hundred the 1st of January, 1st of April, etc. I have already received the 1st of January.

We have the finest weather possible now, quite like an Aubigny spring day. You cannot think how often I think of last spring, and how pleasurable I spent it. I never look at my books, but I think of old St Jeans and I surveying *la Garenne*—what pleasant days these were! I hope yet when I come home to spend many more such. I am grown fonder of my profession every day, and I hope improving in it, for I assure you I take a great deal of pains. I find by my brother's letter old Ward is dead, and by that I come to estate. He in his letter says if I choose I shall find a faithful and good manager. Now, dear Mr O., you know my opinion about that matter. I must own I do not like any of his people, for he must employ other people—he has so much to do himself. Besides, between us, you know he has no turn for business; and yet he is so jealous, I do not like to tell him I had rather you should be my guardian. Now, pray write me word immediately how you think I could choose you without offending him, because I should really hate disobliging him; yet one must think a little for oneself. Besides, you know I cannot be upon the same open footing with him as I am with you, although my brother. Pray give my love to my dearest Mother. I think she might speak to my brother. Love to my sisters. I shall not fold this letter till the post comes in. The post is arrived, and no letters from you, so I shall conclude by desiring my love to C[ecilia] and S[ophia] etc. Believe me, etc.,

E. F.



[1781]  
LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

37. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Youghal, March 16th, 1781

Dearest Mother, There came an account yesterday that the transports were arrived, and we got orders to march tomorrow morning at four o'clock. So you may guess how hurried we are, not having above four and twenty hours to get ready—indeed, hardly twelve, for the route only came this morning. You may guess how happy I am—think of being delayed five months in this disagreeable way and in this horrid place! I believe I am at this moment the happiest creature in the universe; except a little thought, which comes in the midst of my joy and tells me I leave my dearest Mother behind. I received dear, dear Mr O.'s letter this morning at the same time I heard of the orders for marching. It made me think how happy I shall be at my return. I shall follow his advice and leave the management of my affairs to my brother [Duke of Leinster], though I should wish he would look into them now and then. The grand fleet is off the harbour of Cove, so I think in all probability we go to Gib.; and as there is not always an opportunity of getting money more than other things, I shall draw upon my brother for my next quarter, except £24, which are Walsh's wages; so that I shall be in [a] good way for some time. I hope the rest of the family are very well. Give my love to them all, dear creatures. Tell how much I love them. I must stop here, so God bless you dear, dear Mother,

E. F.

I shall write to Sophie or some of the family before I go.

38. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Youghal, March 17th., 1781.

Dear Mr O., the general has just beat, and we march immediately, and embark at nine o'clock. The wind is also fair for sailing, so that we shall be off immediately. I must beg you to pay Walsh his wages to March 17th,—with a guinea and a half for breeches, which I will pay you immediately. Adieu. Believe me for ever your affectionate son,

E. F.

[1782]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1782

39. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Camp Quarter House, March 14th., [1782]

Dear Mr Ogilvie, Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. I hope mine may do the same to you. You see by this letter we are not so bad here as you expected, and that we have found our way back to the seaside without having been taken prisoners. We are within six miles of Charlston, with a fine army able to beat anything the rebels have in this part of the world at present. A great number of people expect a siege, I myself do not think we shall have one. The French troops are not yet arrived, nor do I think they will arrive; they seem to like the *tabac* of Virginia very much. But if they do come, I think Savannah will be [the] place against which they will direct their forces. If the news of their fleet having been beat in the West Indies is true, I think the scale will be again in our favour. Not that I think we shall ever make anything of the war by force of arms, as it still increases the inveteracy of the inhabitants against us; I think the present circumstances are more favourable for an accommodation than ever before, for since Lord Corn[wallis]'s<sup>1</sup> surrender they hate the French, which has taken away a little of their inveteracy towards us. Secondly, they are disappointed in the idea, which they had, that all these southern provinces must immediately fall into their hands; and they see that even without reinforcements, though we may not be able to push on the war actively, yet we are quite strong enough to carry it on defensively. Thirdly, that even though our fleet should be inferior to the French, yet we shall be strong enough to hinder their commerce; and, finally, that a continental war would infallibly take all the French assistance from them, and that the war which they are as much tired of as we are, will depend upon who is tired first. Our present General

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<sup>1</sup> On 19 Oct., 1781, Lord Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown to the Americans and French, bringing the war practically to an end.



## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

Leslie is not very active, or else we might beat Mr. Greene<sup>1</sup> to the devil, go up the country, and save our Charleston provisions. I think by and by we shall be obliged to take the bull by [the] horns. Charleston is what they call here very strong, but you would not think it so at home. One thing in favour of it is that it cannot be much distressed without a superior navy force.

I was vexed, you may guess, at not being able to get the company. However, I have followed your advice and wrote to Fox<sup>2</sup>, and am in hopes of getting one soon. I must write to my brother [Duke of Leinster] to lodge the money in the agent's hand. Upon first receiving yours and my brother's letter, I applied to a Captain here and had agreed, but as he would not take bills, the thing must have been entirely off had not a Major Doyle<sup>3</sup> been so good as to offer me to lend me £2,000. But, after all, the thing was off, for the General who was to sell changed his mind. Major Doyle's brother is now in Ireland. Pray do everything you possibly can to return my obligations to his brother. You will have got some letters of mine by him on Lord Rawdon's<sup>4</sup> arrival. Is not Lord Rawdon a charming man? I wish he was out here again, for he certainly knows more of this country than anybody more.

In my letter to Fox begging him to get me a purchase, I told him I could give him bills either on LaTouche or my brother. I am glad to hear the Black Rock family are all well. I shall be very happy to be there again. What [a] difference it will be from the present life, though very agreeable in its way, not quite so much so at this time, for we are very inactive at present! In my letter to Fox, I begged he would try to get me into the Light Dragoons, for as there is now no

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<sup>1</sup> Nathanael Greene (1742-86); American General who had begun life as a blacksmith.

<sup>2</sup> Charles James Fox (1749-1806), the great statesman. He was son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland, and cousin of Lord Edward FitzGerald.

<sup>3</sup> (Gen. Sir) John Doyle (Bt) (1750-1834). Son of Charles Doyle, of Bramblestown, Co. Kilkenny. He served with distinction during the American war; cr. Bart, 1805. His younger bro., Welbore Ellis Doyle, was also a soldier.

<sup>4</sup> Francis Rawdon, Lord Rawdon (1754-1826); Lord Edward FitzGerald had been his A.D.C. After distinguished service in the American war, his health had broken down and he was obliged to leave America in the summer of 1781. He was cr. (1817) Marquess of Hastings.



[1782]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

Light Infantry, that is much the most active service. If it is done, I think I shall be able to stay here and have a separate little command of my own. Pray give my love to Aunt Louisa and Mr Conolly. Do not forget me to Sophia and all the rest of the family. I am glad my Mother and you are reconciled to Lady B[ellamont]<sup>1</sup>. I shall be happy to see her again among us all, as for him, I own I never wish to see him, I wonder how you can bear him.

I think I have now repaid you your long letter, so God bless you, dear Mr Ogilvie, and believe me your ever affectionate and obliged son-in-law,

Edward FitzGerald

40. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Barbadoes, June 17th., [1782]

Dear Mr Ogilvie, the date of this letter will, I believe, surprise you a good deal. We arrived here this day after a passage of seven weeks. We are to sail tomorrow for St. Lucia. You may judge how happy I was upon our arrival here to know of the great change of ministry.<sup>2</sup> I hope our affairs will soon take a new turn also. I think since this last affair of Rodney's,<sup>3</sup> we stand a good chance of retaking most of our West India islands, for the French, in hopes of taking Jamaica, had drained all their islands of their forces; so that we have a fair chance of revenging their former insults. There have [been] dispatches arrived here with the account of the capture of twelve Spanish men of war. In short, people here are all in great spirits, and everybody seems sure of success.

I hope my dear Mother is well. I wrote to her and my brother Leinster upon our embarkation at Charlston. In my brother's, I drew upon him for £200. But it certainly shall be the last I shall draw for a long time, for I am determined not

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<sup>1</sup> See Letter 16, Note i.

<sup>2</sup> The resignation of Lord North, and the formation of a coalition Ministry under Lord Rockingham (23 Mar., 1782).

<sup>3</sup> The great victory gained on 12 April, 1782, by Admiral Rodney over the French fleet, restored British naval supremacy in western waters, and saved Jamaica from the threatened attack.

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

to be so extravagant for the future. However, I hope we shall take some of these West India islands, *et ça nous remettra un peu*. If it does not, at least sailing about and attempting to take them will. I hope to hear of something new for you in this change. I think certainly something must happen. I hope my brother will now remember the promise that was made of getting me a company, and although I have purchased one, not let the promise be forgot. We have not yet heard what the Duke [of] Richmond becomes.

You will think this letter a fine jumble, but really the hurry is so great I cannot avoid it; and considering the landing and embarking tomorrow, and all the news received in three hours, one's head can not be very clear. But, however, this shall go at all events. I will try if between this and St. Lucia<sup>1</sup> I cannot make a clearer and better (not very difficult, you say). Pray tell my dear Mother that I am perfectly well. I should have wrote to her, but then my letter would have been perfectly unintelligible. I hope my brothers and sisters are all well. I am sorry we don't stay here a few days, as I should like much to see the island. Adieu. What a scene of hurry! How I should like one dear Black Rock or Aubigny night, with Ciss leaping up to kiss me after a walk to my bench! Captain Giles's compliments to you.

I have the honour and good luck to get the light company. Adieu again, dear, dear Mr O.

E. F.

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<sup>1</sup>At St. Lucia, Lord Edward FitzGerald joined the staff of Gen. O'Hara (d. 1802).



[1783]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1783

41. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[Dublin, August, 1783]

Dearest Mother, Though I am afraid I shall not make out a better letter than my last, yet I am determined to try. I have to be sure an example to copy from, Mr O.'s letter from Llangollen<sup>1</sup>—I believe meant on purpose to shew me that there is no necessity for a great deal of matter. In short, anybody who has a great deal to say can make a long letter, but the thing is to write a long letter without having anything to say. However, as I have not quite the advantages he had you must excuse my letters not being equal to his ; for instead of the Welsh mountains, I have only Merrion Street. I came here yesterday with Charles to stay a few days, and to live quietly. You need not be in the least afraid, for he is determined to live so too. As I stay at home so much and that *toujours perdrix* will not do. I [have] *relevé* Blackstone's<sup>2</sup> *Commentaries*, with *Les Confessions de Rousseau*.<sup>3</sup> I began them this morning ; they are charming, and I like Rousseau at Lambercier's full as well as in any other parts of his works. I have not as yet gone further in the *Confessions*. I hope it goes on as well as it begins. I assure you, dearest Mother, nothing but a letter to you could make me leave it ; I am afraid Blackstone will not go on the better for it. I know Mr O. will abuse me. Dearest Mother, what would I give that Jean-Jacques had had a mother such as you are to me ! What a happiness it would have been to him to have [had] such a heart to open himself to ! By a few *peeps* into the second volume, I see he wants such a person ; for, *entre nous*, your best *male* friend

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<sup>1</sup> Mr Ogilvie frequently broke his journeys to and from Ireland at Llangollen, when he visited the 'Old Ladies'—Lady Eleanor Butler (1745-1829) and Hon. Sarah Ponsonby (1755-1831).

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Blackstone (1723-80) ; English jurist and author of *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1765-9).

<sup>3</sup> Jean Jacques Rousseau, (1712-78), French philosopher. At one time, according to Mrs Delany, Emily, Duchess of Leinster, had offered him 'an elegant retreat if he would educate her children'. Lord Edward himself was greatly influenced by Rousseau's social and political theories.



[1783]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

will not do. One is afraid to open all one's weakness to a man. Let him be ever so closely united to you, one is afraid of his sense or of his advice, and I own I do not perfectly understand friendship with a woman without *un petit brin d'amour*, or *jealousy*, which I think is one of the passions attending love, and very often the first to discover it. I own I myself have felt jealous, without ever thinking till that that I did love. But I must stop for I am growing too sentimental.

I am to go to my election<sup>1</sup> the 26th of this month, after which I think I may attempt to go and see you. I hope Cecilia is better. I have not heard of Mr Ogilvie's affair yet, but Charles tells me that William [Duke of Leinster] is exerting himself about it.<sup>2</sup> William never speaks of business to me, though I have been at Carton ever since, he has never touched upon that subject. I have never spoke to him about Mr O., as I am sure on that point I could do no good. Give my love to Mr O., and tell him I will answer his letter next writing day. Adieu, dearest Mother, and believe me yours most affectionately,

Edward FitzGerald

42. Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster

Frescati, September 8th., 1783

Dearest Mother, I arrived here this morning. I do not however intend staying here long for this trip, as I go to Carton Wednesday, and then go for a few days to the county of Wicklow. I have been in town lately with Charles, who[m], since you are not here, I like being with better than anybody. I wish you would come over, for literally Ireland without you is very disagreeable. I never felt it more so than today, which is the day two years I was wounded,<sup>3</sup> and when I compare the two days I literally think I was much happier then

<sup>1</sup> As M.P. for the borough of Athy, following a dissolution of Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> William, Duke of Leinster, was endeavouring to secure the appointment of Mr Ogilvie as Registrar of Deeds.

<sup>3</sup> At the battle of Eutaw Springs (8 Sept., 1781), when Lord Edward received a severe wound in the thigh, which left him unconscious on the field. His life was saved by a young negro, Tony Small, who carried him on his back off the battle-field. Eutaw Springs was the last battle to be fought between the English and the Americans in the War of Independence.

[1783]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

than I am now, for I did not feel that vacancy in my mind. However, I believe it will grow better, or worse, soon ; for, either I shall have no vacant void left aching in the breast, or I shall have a good deal to do to get somebody out of my mind, who at present has great hold of it. You know, my dearest Mother, you are the person I commit my most secret thoughts to, and I cannot refrain telling you of this, though I beg at the same time the utmost secrecy even from Mr O. You will hear it soon as a joke and I always pass it as such, though I am afraid it is more serious. However, taking it as a joke is the way to stop the talking of it.

You know I told you that brother Leinster, Charles and I were to go to the county of Wicklow to Sir Skeffington-Smiths.<sup>1</sup> We did go and it was there I saw Miss Mathews, and one day which we stayed there was sufficient. As I am asked there again to spend a few days, I am sure I shall be completely overthrown. Prudence, I know, forbids me going, but then my hot passions, hotter head, and still hotter heart drives me on and carries me headlong with it, without being able to make use of my prudence further than to see the danger I am running into. Besides, it is following my own system—that of yielding to my inclinations where I am the only person that can feel the bad effects. She is the most beautiful creature you ever saw, a beautiful *douce* and sensible countenance, and at the same time comical—two things I never could resist. I know, my dearest Mother, your letter will be full of advice, of what nonsense all this is, and a great many good reasons against my encouraging it. You cannot give a reason that I have not found myself against it, but then *que voulez-vous, c'est plus fort que moi*.

Dear Lucy is very well, so is Mimie ; both have a little breaking out, but nothing to signify. The Duchess<sup>2</sup> talks of coming here to bathe when Charlotte and Sophia come from Bellamont Forest<sup>3</sup> ; I was asked to go and intended it,

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Skeffington-Smith, Bt. (d. 1797), of Tinney Park, Co. Wicklow M.P., P.C. He m. Margaret, dau. of Hyacinth Daly, of Dalystown.

<sup>2</sup> Emilia Olivia, Duchess of Leinster (1759-98) ; only dau. and heiress of St. George, 1st Lord St. George and of Elizabeth, heiress of Christopher Dominick, Esq. She m. (1775) William Robert FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of Leinster.

<sup>3</sup> Co. Cavan ; the seat of the Earl of Bellamont.



## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

but shall not now. If you do not come over before the meeting of Parliament, I must have my black<sup>1</sup> again, as I shall want him to take care of my horses. The Duchess has given me her pretty mare for Prudente. Pray give my compliments to Madame de Cambise<sup>2</sup> when you see her. I have not wrote to the Duke of Richmond,<sup>3</sup> as I could not give a good account of myself. My love to Mr Ogilvie. As he is not to see this letter, tell him I shall write soon. Adieu, dearest of Mothers, and believe me your most affectionate son,

E. FitzGerald

## 43. Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie

Dublin, October the 4th, 1783

Dear Mr. O., I received your letter of September 27th this moment. I thank you for your *sorrow*, and your little *bit of advice*. However, as you know I never reflect, your *idea* has never struck me. But as you seem to think that your idea will be the purport of my reflection, the longer I do not reflect, the better; particularly as I think that the reflection would not be able to overcome the *penchant*, and then of course I should have a bad opinion of myself, which at present *without reflection* I have not—but I am going on too fast; as you do not preach I shall not defend.

I am sorry dear little Ciss will oblige you to put off your return. I do not yet know when the meeting for business is to be, but shall let you know as soon I know it myself. I am sorry to hear that my Mother went so much in the extreme of the fashion. I hope, however, she will not run into the contrary *extreme* as is generally the case. Dear Lady Louisa is at last come. I go to Castletown tomorrow, and stay there till the Maynooth ball. I shall stay between it and Carton

<sup>1</sup> Tony Small; Lord Edward, in gratitude, had taken him into his service, and the negro remained with him always.

<sup>2</sup>(?) Gabrielle Charlotte Françoise de Chimai, dau. of Prince de Chimai, and wife of François Vicomte de Cambis.

<sup>3</sup> Master General of the Ordnance from 1782 to 1795.



[1783]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

till the Parliament meets, as I can now have no business in town. I am glad to hear Charles Lennox has not forgot me.

People here now begin to think that the resolves of the Dungannon meeting<sup>1</sup> will be carried into execution, at least some of *them*. There is a Mr Wyvill,<sup>2</sup> who is very active both in speaking and writing; he is, they say, very clever. I think from a letter of his in the paper today that if he speaks as well as he writes, and that he is made a delegate, he will stir up some confusion at least. I think his plan a very good one. I shall not say any more about it, as you will of course see it in the papers. Pray let me know what you think of it. I do not agree with you in your opinion that because a thing has subsisted such a number of years (and, of course, as you say, improved), that its errors should not be corrected now as well as formerly, and that all improvement should stop. But, in my opinion, I do not think we have (as you say) been improving in our Constitution; on the contrary, I think we have been losing, or, at least, the falling off is greater than the improvement. I think our Constitution may be compared to a young person, who though improved in his outward appearance, is grown worse in his heart; and, in fact, has only learned the art of hiding his corruption. I shall not, however, go on in this subject any more, but wait till we meet, as I can speak better than I write, though bad enough in both. Besides, I am obliged to go [and] dress for dinner, as I dine with General Burgoyne.<sup>3</sup> (*N.B.* Brother Leinster bid me go see him). I shall write my Mother a long answer to her dear letter and her few lines from Castletown, so adieu and believe me yours most affectionately,

Edward FitzGerald

I wish you may be able to make out this letter. I have wrote in a great hurry, and am afraid to look it over.

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<sup>1</sup> On 15 Feb., 1782, delegates of the Ulster Volunteers had assembled at Dungannon and passed a series of resolutions asserting the right of Ireland to legislative independence and religious toleration.

<sup>2</sup> Rev. Christopher Wyvill (1740-1822); an ardent advocate of political reform.

<sup>3</sup> Lt. Gen. Sir John Burgoyne, dramatist and general.

44. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Frescati, [1783]

Dearest Mother, Here I am at last, settled to stay during the recess with Mr O. Bellamont is here also but I hope does not stay. I am obliged to you for your good intentions in not writing to me while you were in bad spirits; but, my dearest Mother, I would rather wish you to write to me at all times, as I like sharing your bad as well as good spirits. You cannot imagine how happy I was to hear the dear little girl<sup>1</sup> was getting better. I hope she will continue so, and that I shall have some chance of seeing you here again.

I should not have hesitated a moment about going to you, my dearest Mother, but that I am told it is so necessary for me to stay here for some time. I do not mean for my own interest, because if it was only that it should never come in competition with a moment of pleasure to my dearest Mother, but they say that literally for the good of the country it is necessary that everybody should be here that can be of the least assistance. However, at the Christmas recess I will certainly go with Mr O. to you wherever you may be. How charming this week would have been if you had stayed here—everything so quiet and pleasant!

I am sorry to hear you have had such a fright about dear Gerald; dear fellow, I hope he is much better. If he does not get strong and cannot get a passage, pray let him come over here. I shall write to him today. Charles and Henry are both gone to Castletown. I shall not leave this till the Parliament meets, as it is so much quieter than either Castletown or Carton. I played a game of chess with Mr O. last night, and made it a drawn game. Adieu, dearest Mother, and believe [me] your most affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

Love to Ciss.

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<sup>1</sup> Cecilia Ogilvie.



[1786]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1786

45. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Woolwich, the 20th of June, 1786

My dear Ogilvie, I put off writing to you a great while, as I had nothing to tell you about me which you did not know. I have been going on in the same way as when you were here. I leave this Tuesday to go to Portsmouth with the Duke of Richmond.<sup>1</sup>

You will wish to know whether I have done much good here. To tell the truth, I have not done so much as I think I ought, from the time I have been here, and the constant application I have given. It is owing a little, I believe, to the situation of my mind and to having, as you say, my thoughts scattered. I have nothing, however, to reproach myself [with], as I have done all I can to collect them. I have, besides, had so many occupations, that I have not had time to get so thoroughly master of any one of them as I should wish to be. However, I have done some good, as I have laid the ground of great future improvements. One might find occupation for years in this place. One hardly knows how much there is to be learnt in our profession, till you begin to study a little. I own it frightens me—.

I have been very unlucky in not finding Major Congreve here at first; he did not return from Feversham till the other day. I think I have done more good with him in two mornings, than I did all the time before. He is very clever, very pleasant, and very communicative. He seems quite eager in giving me all the instruction possible. I have taken a great liking to him, and feel quite sorry to leave him so soon. His knowledge is not at all confined to the mechanical part of the artillery, but extends itself to every part of the military line. I think if I can contrive to come back here, it will be of more service than going with the Duke of Richmond [on] his tour of Jersey, etc., but I do not know how to propose it to my Uncle, as I am afraid he will think I do not like being with him. Major Congreve advises strongly to attend Mon-

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<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Richmond, in his capacity as Master General of the Ordnance, was undertaking a tour of inspection of the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, etc.



## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

crieff<sup>1</sup>; he says it is an opportunity never to be regained. I am sure either the one or the other would be better than hurrying about from place to place with my Uncle, particularly to me, as I feel now. For I know as soon as I begin to move from one place to another, and of course very often find myself unemployed, my thoughts will all go *harum-scarum*, I shall do no good and shall feel quite unhappy. I should like myself to go for about a month to Moncrieff; with him I should be able to talk over and arrange what I have already learnt here, and then come back here for about three weeks to make sure of what I have got; return then to Moncrieff and stay with him till I should return to Ireland.

I have nothing more to say to you about myself that you care for. I know you do not mind anything else about me provided you think I am in a good way. However, I will bore you with other things, or nonsense, as I suppose you call it. I am just in the state you left me, so do not be surprised, after all my schemes, if you see me arrive *un beau matin*. Indeed, my dear Ogilvie, you cannot conceive the feelings I have to surmount, and the struggles I make to keep away. I argue with myself just as much as you would with me were you here, but I find my arguments grow weaker every day. The strongest reason I have for staying is that I am in hopes I am doing that which may forward what I wish so much, and that I am giving myself a fair trial. I am sure I should do a great deal more good here, if I was happy and content. In short, I find all I can do. I cannot help one object always intruding itself, equally when employed or not. I do not think I should be able to do anything, did I not try and make myself think that I was forwarding that object and laying a foundation for taking away the obstacles that now oppose me. I am sure you will feel for me when I tell you I really have not one happy moment or one pleasant thought or prospect that I do not find it immediately damped. It is so different from what I used to feel, when I enjoyed almost every moment in the day. I never have had, since I left Ireland, a moment that I could say *je suis heureux* or

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<sup>1</sup> James Moncrieff (1744-93) Colonel; military engineer. After service in the American War, he was employed in the southern part of England, chiefly at Gosport.

*je suis content.* In short, it puts a stop to everything and makes one regardless of everything else but itself. I hope, my dear Ogilvie, you will not be ill-natured and hinder my Mother writing me word everything about Kate<sup>1</sup> and whenever she sees her. It is the only satisfaction I have, and you must allow I deserve it. I feel disappointed every post I do not get a letter from some of you, and more so when I get one and there is no account of her. I hope you gave the things to Guilford.<sup>2</sup> I have not heard from him yet, and am quite angry. Pray be very civil to Lady Clanwilliam.<sup>3</sup> I know you are a favourite with her. I need not say anything I am sure about Kate as that will be of course—by the by do not mention this to any body but my Mother. Pray, if you see the necklace or ear-rings on, do not look cunning or sharp, but tell me if she looked pretty in them—dear thing, I am sure she must. When you see her, talk a great deal to her, and write me word all she said and you will be a dear fellow. In return, I will write you a long letter with an account of all sorts of proper things I am doing, all in good English and without a mistake or scratch-out. By the by, I think this is better wrote than usual. Have you been much at Carton since you returned? How is William? I hope he got a long letter I wrote him. I am glad to hear dear Charles is so much better. Does he live more among you, or is he retired to the hill or Mount Venus? I suppose dear Henry lives in the Circular Road in clouds of dust. I think the Duchess's<sup>4</sup> lovers always partake a little of the serpent and eat the dust. I am not quite so certain of their going on their belly. I hope he bears his slavery well. Have you and he quarreled yet? What delightful weather you have had for Frescati!<sup>5</sup> How my dearest Mother will have enjoyed it!

<sup>1</sup> Lady Catherine Meade (1770-93), 2nd dau. of John Meade, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam. She married, in 1789, Richard Wingfield, 4th Visct. Powerscourt.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Meade, Visct. Guilford (1766-1805) 1st son and heir of John Meade, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam, whom he succ. in 1800.

<sup>3</sup> Theodosia, Countess of Clanwilliam (1743-1817), dau. of Robert Hawkins-Magill, of Gill Hall, Co. Down; m. (1765) John Meade, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam.

<sup>4</sup> Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland (1756-1831), 5th dau. of Charles Noel Somerset, 4th Duke of Beaufort; m. (1776) Charles Manners, 4th Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1784-7. The Duchess was a noted beauty.

<sup>5</sup> Emily, Dow. Duchess of Leinster's, house at Black Rock. It had by this time been greatly enlarged from the bathing lodge of Lord Edward's childhood days.



[1786]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

I enjoy the thoughts of all the good it will do her and the pleasure she will have had, dearest soul. I do long so to see her. I feel constantly angry with myself for not feeling my absence from her more than anything else. At the same time, I know I love her better than anything in the world. I hope all her flowers and shrubs go on well. This is delightful weather for the carnations. Pray let [the] lawns be mowed as often as she pleases. What [have you]<sup>1</sup> done about poor Emily<sup>2</sup>. Give my love to her and...<sup>3</sup> I have wrote a letter to Sophy that will content her for some time. Tell her to write soon and I will answer her letter immediately. Love to Lucy, Ciss and Mimi. Is not Ciss surprised at my long and frequent letters? Were you in time for the party at the Cottage<sup>4</sup>? I have not heard from any of you how it went off—pray let me know. I was going to talk to you again about Kate, but I will stop for I am sure you are tired, and if I once began I should not stop. So good-bye, dear Ogilvie, and believe me yours sincerely,

Edward FitzGerald

Pray when you write, speak pleasantly of sweet Kate.

46. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Portsmouth, June 29th., 1786

My dear Ogilvie, This is the third sheet of paper I have begun to you and cannot go on. I am so ashamed of myself I do not know what to do or what to say to you. I came here today, and find I must return to London immediately. There is no mincing the matter, I must tell you I am very ill, and must go to my friend Mr Mann again. I only stayed two days in London. Was there ever so unlucky a dog? It has put me into such bad spirits, I cannot answer your letter

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<sup>1</sup> Page torn.

<sup>2</sup> The Bellamonts marriage was not a happy one, and by 1789 they appear to have been separated.

<sup>3</sup> Letter torn.

<sup>4</sup> At Carton; now the Shell Cottage.



little b—— for not writing. I saw Lady Leitrim<sup>1</sup> in town. She gave me a long account of all that was going on. You cannot think how happy I felt to see her. She and Miss Clements brought everything so fresh back—my dearest Mother, I do wish so much to see you all again. I think after my Jersey tour, I must go back. Have you seen anything of Kate? I had a letter from Guilford, he says she does love me. I think Lady Clanwilliam's wishing me to stay away two years is a little too bad, and seems against me in one way that is on her side. But, on the other hand, it shows that she thinks Kate loves me. Now, when that is case, I think it very foolish for me to stay away [and] make myself unhappy, and let Kate forget me or grow indifferent to me, when her loving me is the only chance I have. I wish, my dear Mother, you would advise me what to do, not in a prudent way, but in the way you think me most likely to succeed with Kate. I do not promise to follow your advice, remember, unless it is pleasant. I des[ire you]<sup>2</sup> will not consult Ogilvie—I know he and Lady Clanwilliam [agree]<sup>2</sup> perfectly in everything. I hope you are easy about Ciss, and the dear little thing is better. I hope you have as good weather as we have, it will be delightful for her and indeed for you all. I think I see you all at the hay, and Frescati looking beautiful. I have done my letters and succeeded pretty tolerably. I think this is just the kind of business that I want very much. I shall not have time to say more to you, so good-bye, love to everybody, and pray write or make somebody else, and give me some pleasant account. Tell Henry I have seen Williams and that [he] is going to Ireland soon. What is he about? It was about this time he intended setting out for the North. Is not Ogilvie in a great passion at me and very much provoked? I do not expect any more pleasant letters from him. Robert, I suppose, you expect every day. I long amazingly to see him. I saw his lieutenant-colonel, who is delighted with him. Pray say something of Kate, dearest Mother. Yours affectionately,

E. F.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Skeffington (d. 1817), 1st dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massarene; m. (1765) Robert Clements, 1st Lord (later Earl of) Leitrim.

<sup>2</sup> Writing obliterated by seal.

[1786]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

49. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Portsmouth, August 1st, 1786

My dear Ogilvie, I have received the enclosed letter from Thompson. I think the £2000 too much. However, I shall not send a positive answer till I hear from you.

I like the idea of going to Germany for a little while very well. I cannot entirely consent to the Duke of Richmond or Lady Clanwilliam's *two years*, but for a year I think I could bear it. The Duke has pointed out the advantages so strongly to me that I cannot help being much less averse than I was. We shall, however, talk the matter more over when I see you here. If you go abroad, I should think you would set out soon. I long to see and be with you all again. We have been very pleasant here these two or three days, and done a great deal of good. I own I think what I am about now with Mr Bailey<sup>1</sup>, and the advantages of being with Duke to hear and see all that is going on under him, will be of more use to me than anything I shall learn in Germany, but, as the Duke says, both is best. I grow fonder of him every day, and indeed with the greatest reason, for there is no expressing all the goodness and kindness he shows me. I am sure you are hardly more eager for my improvement than he is. He not only takes every opportunity of giving me information himself, but makes other people inform me also. He goes to London tomorrow for three days, and sends me back to little Bailey. He gives me leave to go to Stoke, provided I go in the morning to Goodwood, which I certainly shall do. Madame de Cambis is there. I like her very much what I saw of her the few days she was at Goodwood. I have not time to say more, for we are going to Cumberland Fort with Lord Dorchester.<sup>2</sup> Give my love to everybody it may concern. It is only six in the morning, and I have my breakfast to get before I go out, so good-bye. Yours affectionately,

E. FitzGerald

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<sup>1</sup> With whom Lord Edward FitzGerald had begun a course of mechanics.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. Guy Carleton (1724-1808), cr. (21 Aug. 1786) Lord Dorchester. He had recently been appointed Governor of Quebec.



[1786]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

Tell my Mother I like a summer at Frescati better than anything after all. I told the Duke about Lord Luttrell's<sup>1</sup> tak[ing the]<sup>2</sup> command of the army against the White Boys.<sup>3</sup> [I]<sup>4</sup> did not show him the rest of your letter, as it could only serve to bring on a political conversation, which, as we do not agree about politics, could neither be pleasant or of use. When two people like one another and do not agree about politics, the best way is always to avoid introducing them if one can—though, at the same time, if they are introduced I should speak my opinion openly and firmly.

50. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to William Ogilvie*

Goodwood, August 25th., 1786

My dear Ogilvie, I received yours of the 17th this moment, and take this first moment to answer it, as in all probability I shall not be able to write to you after this day for some time, as I am going with the Duke<sup>5</sup> to Portsmouth and Plymouth.

All you say is very true. It certainly was a wild scheme, but you know I very often take odd freaks into my head. But, you see by where I am going, that I have thought it so and am now going on right. The Duke returned the day before yesterday with Madame de Cambis. She goes to Stoke while the Duke makes the little tour I mention above; it will be about ten days long. He approves very much of the way I am going, and says that what I am now doing with Mr Bailey will be of the utmost service to me, and advises [me] not to leave it for anything or let anything intervene till I have finished it. I have been at Stoke all the time he was away, but lost nothing by it, for I always came here at six o'clock (I mean was here), and stayed till one or two; when I returned and dressed and gave the rest of the evening up

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<sup>1</sup> Henry Lawes Luttrell, Lord Luttrell (1743-1821); soldier and politician; succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Carhampton in 1787.

<sup>2</sup> Letter torn.

<sup>3</sup> The White Boys waged war against landlords and titheproctors. Lecky described the movement as being "At once the precursor and parent of all subsequent outbursts of Irish agrarian crime."

<sup>4</sup> Letter torn.

<sup>5</sup> Duke of Richmond.

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

to amusement and *Stoke idleness*—which is certainly a *pleasant thing*.<sup>1</sup> They even there approved of what I did. I like what I am about very much. It is very entertaining at the time one is employed, and afterwards, for it makes one observe everything that is done in a way that does one good. I have got to the compound machines, and am very perfect in what I have learnt. I found my algebra of great use in the demonstrations of the different rules concerning the actions of powers, and of finding the centre of gravity of different bodies. I have not forgot near so much as I thought I had, either of that or my Euclid. Pray when you come bring my books with you.

I can not help every now and then thinking of what Voltaire<sup>1</sup> says of le Huron, *Il aurait même fait des progrès dans les mathématiques si ce n'avait été pour les distractions que lui causait la belle demoiselle St Yves*. Kate certainly causes *des distractions*, but I cannot help it. You may tell my Mother I am safe from Georgina as yet, though I must own I am in better spirits at Stoke than I am anywhere else. I have not however been *infidel* for a moment. I am grown very fond of Lady Louisa,<sup>2</sup> and hope I am a favourite—the girls tell me I am.

After all I have told you of what I have been doing, and how I intend going on, I hope you will not think me weak, silly, giddy, and foolish. Though I think I am all these things myself, I do not like other people should think so. I have had a letter from Thompson. He has got a Major who wants to retire on half pay, and who will either take an annuity for the whole or half the difference. I have wrote to him and told him I could not give a positive answer till I knew from him in what regiment it was, whether the difference was the regulated one, what was the annuity I am to be payed, and what was the age of the man. As soon as I get his answer I will enclose it to you. I showed the letter to the Duke. He says if I would go abroad for two years it would be better for me, but I cannot do that—it is impossible, and I do not think

<sup>1</sup> François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778); the great French writer and philosopher. The reference is to his *L'Ingénu: Histoire Véroitable* (1767).

<sup>2</sup> Lady George Lennox.



[1786]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

any advantage would tempt me to stay away so long. He said that if I did not go, it would alter the case, and that in that case he was not sure if it would not be advisable. He made me write to Harry Fox<sup>1</sup> to know what he thought about it, and to know whether if I did not accept this offer, I was likely to have another opportunity. I myself am clear it is the best thing I can do, and wish it very much. Pray speak to my brother Leinster and ask what he thinks. If I understand Thompson's letter, he means that the exchange is to be at the regulation, and that instead of money the man will take an annuity. But I shall know more particularly when I get his letter. If it is at the regulation, I certainly ought not to lose the opportunity, for I know of three or four people that have given more by £400. What the Duke says about my going abroad is all very well, if I could do it; but unless it was absolutely my duty, I could not do it, at least for so long. Now, if I get on full pay, I can always get six months leave at least, or perhaps more. Pray let me know directly as you get this what you advise. I have not a doubt myself; one is entirely forgot if one remains on half pay. Besides the pleasure I should have in [being]<sup>2</sup> with a regiment, it gives me something I *must* do; which to me is, I think always, a great deal. *I know myself very well.* We are just going to set off, so good-bye. Yours,

E. FitzGerald

Much obliged for shaking hands with pretty Kate.

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<sup>1</sup> His cousin, Henry Edward Fox (1755-1811). He had entered the army in 1770, and rose to the rank of General.

<sup>2</sup> Letter torn.

1788

51. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*<sup>1</sup>

[Frederick's Town, New Brunswick], November 21st, 1788

Dearest Mother, A few days ago I got your letter, without date, where you mention you had received mine from Halifax. It is a very comfortable one. I got one by the same post which you had enclosed to Uncle Richmond. I read it first but it made me very uneasy to think you had not heard from me. Be assured, dearest, dearest, Mother, I lose no opportunity of writing to you. I do not now think it a trouble, for I feel that the distance we now are from one another makes getting letters essential to ones happiness. I got a letter from Uncle Richmond, which was as kind as possible. Everything he does only makes one love him more. He says in his letter that as brother Leinster is come over completely to [the] Government,<sup>2</sup> he can see no reason why I should not act with my brother and Uncle. In my answer, I have agreed with him and certainly shall, because, upon considering, one is certainly bound to support the head of ones family, and though I think Leinster wrong and told him so beforehand, yet, as he has taken that part, it would be wrong not [to] support him, as we certainly are his members and brought in by him with an idea that he might depend upon our always acting with him. But with all this I am determined not to take anything—Lieutenant-Colonelcy, or anything else. I wish my actions not to be biassed by any thing, and that I may feel I am only acting in this manner because it is right. Besides, by my taking nothing Leinster can easier provide for his friends, some of whom he is bound in honour to provide for. I have wrote to Uncle Richmond to this same purpose telling how I meant to act and how I felt. I hope, therefore, he will

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from this Letter were published by Thomas Moore in his *Memoirs of Lord Edward FitzGerald*.

<sup>2</sup> George Grenville, 1st Marquis of Buckingham had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the second time in Nov. 1787. The popularity of his first short administration (1782-3), secured for him an enthusiastic reception. Amongst his supporters was William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster.



not persist in trying to get me a lieutenant-colonelcy. I am content as I am. I am not ambitious to get on. I like the service for its own sake—whether Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, or General, it is the same to me. High rank in it I do not aspire to, if I am found fit for command I shall get it; if I am not, God knows I am better without it. The ambition I have is to be deserving; to deserve a reward is to me pleasanter than to be rewarded. I am afraid you will all say I am foolish about this, but as it is a folly [that] hurts nobody, it may have its fling. But I won't trouble you any more about all this hanged stuff, for I am tired of thinking of it.

I will give you some account of myself, what I do [and] how I do. Our winter is quite set in, and the river frozen over, and I am skating from morning till night—or, at least, learning. It has taken [the] place of canoeing. It is delightful exercise, and puts one in great spirits. It makes one very idle, for one can never leave the ice when once one is on it. I have knocked my poor bones to pieces almost. I don't know how long the rage will last, but while it does it is very pleasant. I begin in the morning as soon as it is light, stay till breakfast, go out, and stay again till it is time to dress and parade. Luckily, I have no other necessary business now, for our drilling is over till spring, except twice a week taking a good long march—the snow I believe will soon stop that; and then I mean to go to Quebec on snow-shoes. Colonel French will tell you what they are. I am quite eager for the snow to fall, to try them. I believe I shall be out most of the winter. I have two or three hunting parties to go on, and they seldom last less than a fortnight. Them, and my journey to Quebec, and some excursions from thence, will take up most of my winter. I long to give you an account of some of my trips. The idea of being out of doors, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and by the ingenuity of man overcoming all the difficulties of nature delights me. Everybody who has tried this says it is much the warmest way of living in winter; for, by being in the woods, you are sheltered from the wind, and at night, by clearing away the snow and banking it up round, and in the middle of the space making a large fire, you are much warmer than in the best

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

house. This is what I hear. You may guess how eager I am to try if I like the woods in winter as well as in summer. I believe *I shall never be prevailed on to live in a house*; I long to teach you all how to make a good *spruce* bed. Three of the coldest nights we have had yet, I slept in the woods with only one blanket and was just as comfortable as in a room. It was on a party with General *Carleton*. We went about twenty miles from this to look at a fine tract of land that had been passed over in winter. You may guess how I enjoyed this expedition, being where in all probability there had never been but one person before. We struck the land the first night and lay on it. We spent three days afterwards in going over it. It will be now soon settled. I cannot describe all the feels one has in these excursions—when one awakens, perhaps in the middle of the night, in a fine open forest, all your companions snoring about you, the moon shining through the trees, the burning of the fire, in short, everything strikes you dearest, dearest, Mother. How I have thought of you at those times, and of all at dear *Frescati*! And after being tired of thinking, lying down like a dog and falling asleep till daybreak. Then getting up, no dressing or clothing or trouble, but just giving oneself a shake and away to the spring to wash one's face. I have had two parties with the savages, which are still pleasanter. You may guess the reason—there are *des dames*! They are the most comical creatures in the world, but I believe I told you of them before. But from this you must expect to hear the same things over again. Pray tell O. I will write soon to him, but at present I have only time to *skate*. *Sophy* is also on the list, and *Leinster*.

All your accounts of *Georgina* are very unpleasant, however, I still have hope. I would willingly give up the woods to see her. I love her as much as ever. I try to think little about her, but it won't do. There she is in my heart and there she must stay—*c'est plus fort que moi*. At moments when I think that she does love me a little, I feel that I would not change my situation with anybody living, and I feel I would rather have *Georgy* love me and be unhappy, than be happy with anyone else and she not love me. Then again, when I think she don't love [me], I am very unhappy, and think what a damned fool I am to be unhappy about a person that



[1788]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

don't care for me, and perhaps at the very moment I am all anxiety about, is persuaded by her Mother not to care where I am, whether I am alive or dead—in short, I have filthy thoughts and feels about her. But *damn* them, they all end in loving her.

If it ever is brought about I shall be a happy dog. Good-bye, dearest Mother. The time you get this will be about the end of all your Christmas parties. How pleasant! But no matter; we shall have good skating and snow-shoeing, and I shall embrace you in [the] spring in London, and when Sophy and Lucia are gone out cocking their modesty bits, and you are lazy and sick with eating tarts and sleeping on the couch—' *Battison, get tea,*'—I will tell you of all my wild parties, and all I have seen since we parted, and make you love me more than ever. God bless you, my dear Mother, I long for the time. Tell Ciss and Mimi I am learning whist to play with them. By the time I see you, I shall be fit to play with Nicholson, or Lady Massereene<sup>1</sup> and I intend when I go to Ireland to be always with old Westenra, or Douglas—' *give me a sober game of whist.*' How comfortable it will be to walk from Frescati to Seafield of a fine summer's evening to play whist! I and Lady Massereene, Mrs Nicholson, and Mr Westenra—I have been laughing for two days at the thoughts of this! I can[not] leave off my folly quite, though I am a major, and sorry I am to say it twenty-five years old. My only comfort is that Sophia is seven and twenty. Good-bye. God Almighty bless you, dearest, dearest of Mothers. Love to all.

E. F.

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<sup>1</sup> Anne, Countess of Massereene (1716-1805), widow of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massereene. She had been a beauty in her day, and retained her vivacity to the end of her long life.

1791

52. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Monday, 31st [1791]

My dearest Mother, I got your letter for Charles Fox, but he is not at St Anne's Hill.<sup>1</sup> You did not mention in case of his not being there, *what I was to do with it*. He is to come to Newmarket as today. From thence I don't hear where he is to go, or how long he stays there. I have kept your letter; as by sending it me and desiring I would forward it by my servant, I thought you did not wish it to go to the post. Let me know what I am to do with it. I am sorry it has turned out so, but you ought never to rely on Charles Fox being at St Anne's Hill.

I am got almost well. Indeed I am well, but out of precaution am to keep [to] the house another fortnight. I am afraid I have been stupid about your letter. Perhaps I ought to have sent [it] to the post today. I hope I have done right, but the fear of not doing as you would wish worries me, and prevents me writing comfortably. Love to all. Your affectionate son,

Edward FitzGerald

53. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Portsmouth, December 15th [1791]

My dearest Mother, I am perfectly well. I never was so well in the beginning of any winter almost. I have no cold, no bowels, not even cold in the head. I do wear a flannel waistcoat next my skin in the day, and pull it off at night—in short, I have been prudence itself. I lead a fine wholesome life here; up before seven, and in bed by half after nine, a great deal out of doors. I have a great deal to do at present to put things *en train* to go on well. After all that is done,

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<sup>1</sup> Near Chertsey, Surrey; where Fox lived with Mrs Armistead.



[1791]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I hope to take a trip to see you for a few days, but not more. I have had a letter from dearest Ciss; pray thank her for it. I have not time to answer it now, for I have a good deal of writing business to do. I had a letter from the little woman.<sup>1</sup> I see she is fretting herself at her journey being put [off], and at the thoughts of not being at Southampton, which I think will be the case. I do dread her hurting herself by letting herself be so teased. I wish I could go to her, but it is impossible for a little while, unless I give up the service totally. By the by, what is all this Charlotte says? Emily writes her word there is a great stir in the North, that my friend Paine<sup>2</sup> is there, preaching his delightful doctrines, Emily's expression is setting the people *mad*. It would be the devil to be giving myself all the trouble. I am only to feel the effects of it hereafter myself. I own I do often feel to wish, when I am drilling, that it was a parcel of good stout Northern Presbyterians—this will shock Ogilvie's loyalty. God bless you, dearest Mother, give my love to them all. This is but a stupid letter, but unless news or accounts of his Majestys 54th, I can give you no other.

What can you mean by my being angry, dearest Mother? Do not think I ever can be. I was delighted to find by Ciss's letter that you walked so much out. I do not pity you going to town, as you do not leave a cottage and honeysuckle. Good-bye, dearest Mother. Yours sincerely,

E. F.

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Anne (1754-92), dau. of Thomas Linley; m. (1773) Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She had been a famous singer before her marriage. Early in 1792 Mrs Sheridan was staying at Southampton.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Paine (1737-1809), Author of the *Rights of Man*, which had been published the previous March.

1792

54. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[? Early 1792]

Dearest Mother, I beg your pardon for being so bad about writing, but I have had a great deal to do, and a great deal of disagreeable business that has taken up all my time and attention. But I have now almost finished it; though in a very disagreeable manner, and in a way that puts one's feelings a little to the proof. I have found one [of] our Captains has been cheating his men. This I only suspected at first, and to prove it was obliged to go over accounts for some years back. This I did and fixed it. After different forms necessary, I have put the man under arrest, the consequence of which is that he must be tried by a court martial—if I persist in it, of course, broke. The ruin, he says, this will bring on him and his children, and the entreaties of the different officers of the regiment, who are afraid of the promotion going out of the regiment if he is broke, have made me consent (after seeing that he has refunded all to the soldiers) to let him sell out at a low price. You may guess how disagreeable all this process has been. In short, it has occupied me totally. All this, with a regiment composed almost all of recruits, you may guess gives one a good deal to do.

Your accounts from Paris grieve me and make me at times very low. Dearest Robert, what must he not suffer? I cannot write to him on the subject. There are but few misfortunes that can happen to a man that he ought to feel or mind, or that I conceive he cannot bear with fortitude, but this is one of these that unman one, poor fellow. I am glad Henry is with him. Pray let me know anything you hear about them, for, though I try to drive it out of my thoughts as much as possible, it is always uppermost in them. I am glad you are going on so well in town. I should like to be with you but cannot possibly. I shall write to Leinster to tell him I cannot go to him this winter, but for those two particular questions—the Reform and Roman Catholics—



[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

just to vote and return.<sup>1</sup> I have heard from the little woman<sup>2</sup> She is on the road to Southampton, I should suppose, by this time. She was to set out on the 7th. You may guess how anxious I am to see her. I shall go to her whenever she lets me know she is arrived and that she can see me. I have been interrupted twenty times since I began, so I suppose you will find plenty of mistakes in my letter. Love to all, and believe me, dearest Mother, your affectionate son,

E. FitzGerald

55. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[Early 1792]

Dearest Mother, I am sure you will be happy to hear that I am out again. I began yesterday for the first time. I hope I shall soon get strong. At present I am but so so, but it is only the effect of a medicine which will soon be over and I have entirely done with it. I am delighted to hear you bore your journey so well. How delighted you must be to be with dear Aunt Louisa! I wish I could go down, but it is impossible, for as soon as able I must join. Dear Squire has been very good about calling on me. He is in high health and spirits, dined with me one day. How are all the dear girls? I hate the thoughts of being so long without seeing you all as I shall be, and when I do it will be only for moments. I like the scheme of Goodwood, though I should rather meet you anywhere else, for they do contrive to make their house as disagreeable as possible, I must own. However, being with you will make up for it—*on se met à son aise*—without minding, or if one does only laugh at it. In most things in the world, it is the best way to treat them. It is wonderful how different things appear if you are determined to look at them in the ridiculous light, and there are so few you *cannot* put into that light, either by the ridiculousness of the thing

<sup>1</sup> At the beginning of 1792, a Bill was brought forward to give to the Irish Catholics the right of admission to the bar, and to repeal one or two of the most odious of the penal statutes.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Sheridan.

[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

itself, the folly of the people concerned [in] it, or the causes of the folly of their actions, or the reason why they act so. In short, by a chain of reasoning, you may bring yourself to laugh at what has vexed you, and at your own folly in being vexed. *Voilà ma petite philosophie* drawn out by *un mauvais sujet*, I will allow you, and *that of a mauvais sujet*, perhaps O. will say: Very foolish making light of everything, but one is vexed enough without adding to it oneself. God bless you, dearest Mother, give my love to Aunt Louisa and everybody. I should like to be among you all. Tell Ciss she had begun a good custom when I was at Paris of writing to me. The little hussy, how she gains! One perceives it more when one is away. Good-bye. Your ever affectionate son,

E. FitzGerald

Little woman is better. I have se[en] her today. Her spirits are better, and of course I get easier.

56. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[1792]

My dearest Mother, How did you get through your journey?<sup>1</sup> I hope well. I am going on very well. Why did you think you had said anything to vex me in your letter? Indeed, you did not, dearest Mother, nor did poor O's letter vex me either, though it may not do all the good he expects. Give my love to Ciss. Do not mind this short letter, for I cannot write long ones. I hope the weather will be fine for you in that sweet spot. Yours,

Edward

57. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[26th June, 1792]

My dearest Mother, Much obliged to you for your dear letter. I am glad you are in spirits, and liked your journey—a beautiful

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<sup>1</sup> To Cheltenham.



[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

country, indeed, it is. I wish you had the Cot.<sup>1</sup> I am glad, though, that you have been able to get Mrs Mason's, for it is very clean. You certainly will be too late for thoroughly enjoying Frescati, but I think it will end in your not going. Robert is as happy as possible the more accounts of anecdotes, or anything one hears of her,<sup>2</sup> the more one likes her. It is from those nothings a heart is known and gains upon one. A little look, a little motion, goes farther with me than the best speech or sentiment from the mouth. I think dear Bob will be perfectly happy. I am obliged to you for your wish, but do not think you will see it accomplished. I require more than I have a right to expect. I don't mean that there are not women such as I mean, but I mean they are higher in the class of women than I in the class of men, and it is not my fortune that will persuade them. No, dearest Mother, the remembrance of my dear, dear amiable Betsy<sup>3</sup> must be well, very well, got over before I can give myself up so entirely to another as my idea of marriage requires. Time I know does a great deal, and I dare say I shall have the appearance, and at times in reality, shall forget her and shall love others, but she will return on me.

When I look back on my own conduct and see, loving her as I did—and God knows do—how often I was near destroying my own happiness, I know I am not fit for marriage. She managed me, but I had no right to expect it then, or to expect to find it again. I am afraid I have given her very unhappy moments, but upon the whole more happy ones, or she would not have loved me, and during her illness at Southampton and in town she must have seen how truly I loved her. Indeed, she told [me] she did, and owned it almost made up to her for being so ill. No, dearest Mother, no marriage for me. You see by this long letter I am getting stronger. I am still, though, weak and suffer a good deal of pain, but I don't much mind that. The worst is as I gain my strength, I begin to think, and my thoughts are, of course,

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<sup>1</sup> At Cheltenham, where Emily, Duchess of Leinster had stayed the previous year.

<sup>2</sup> Sophia, dau. of Captain Charles Fielding, R.N.; she m. Lord Robert FitzGerald.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs Sheridan. She died at Hot Wells, Bristol, on 28 June, 1792.

[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

melancholy. I had been pretty well deadened for some time. But I won't take more of your time, dearest Mother, so God bless you. Has Ciss begun the waters? Do you go see the beautiful Burgundy roses at Henry's lodgings? My roses are all dead, and [I] am obliged to get a fresh supply. God bless [you]. Good-bye. Love to Ciss, Your affectionate son,

Edward

I live fuller than I did—eat vegetables and strawberry.

58. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[29-30 June, 1792].

Monday.

My dearest Mother, I just write a few lines to tell you I am tolerably [well], considering everything. Do not be too uneasy about me, dearest Mother. I bear it very well. I was well prepared. She is happy, much happier, than any of us here. Why should one repine? But one is selfish, it is human nature. He that made her thought it time to take her. He knows and does what is best, though we are too blind to see His reasons. We that remain feel the loss. It is His will we should, perhaps she could not have bore the loss of some us so well. He has saved *her* those pangs. But it is oneself one feels for. All ones recollections of cheerful happy moments, when all was life; when every look was animation; when that mind and heart was alive to every fine feeling; when one saw it with all its beauties and its errors—oh! they were small, if they were I loved them all—to have all this *nothing*! To see it a blank in the world, to see nothing to fill up that beautiful spot here below, Mother, for oneself this grieves one. Oh! may the little girl<sup>1</sup> be like her. But I won't say more to you, dearest Mother. I assure [you] altogether I bear it very well. The being prepared has been of great use to me, nor do I give way too much.

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<sup>1</sup> Mary, dau. of Mrs Sheridan, by Lord Edward FitzGerald. She was born on 30 Mar., 1792, and died on 23 Oct., 1793.



[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I try and think on other things a little. As to my health, I am going on very well—for these last days I have suffered a good deal of pain, but that is nothing. I think on the contrary it has been of use, as it forces one's attention, and wears one's mind down. Good-bye, dearest of Mothers. Love to my dear Ciss. Believe me, your sincerely affectionate

Edward FitzGerald

59. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[June–July, 1792].

My dearest Mother, Thank you for your two letters. They were a great comfort to me. I am pretty well, and very composed. I use my reason as much as I can. It will sometimes do, and sometimes fails. But what must be, must be borne. Do be as little uneasy about me as you can. Do not feel too much for me, dearest Mother. Being ill and alone in addition to my affliction sounds bad, but indeed, dear, it is only in appearance. I rather think it is better. One has more time to exert one's reason, and one finds the necessity stronger. Besides the pain I have suffered calls my thoughts to myself. Such is the force of the animal in us, and then again one's affliction helps one to bear pain, when one reflects how much better bodily pain is than mental. In short, dearest Mother, I believe it is all right when I think with what patience that angel bore her long illness and confinement, with what little repining, I feel nothing and hate myself for being sensible to pain. I try and make up my mind about my little girl. To my own feelings I cannot, but I do think that, perhaps, it is better for it. I see by this of Robert's, which is settled as well as it is possible, what inconveniences may arise. Owning it one's child, and not giving it one's name, is stamping it with what the *vile world* calls infamy; and then to have it bred up as younger child, while it is older, may subject it to many unhappy moments. In short, upon the whole, I believe it is best for the dear little thing to be as it is, and better for the dear, dear Mother's sake. I lose, to be sure, all the dear delights of its being

[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

mine, but I must and can make up my mind to it. What have I not to make up my mind to? I am certain Sheridan<sup>1</sup> will behave generously. I must be as cautious as him for the dear thing's sake. Any directions the dear angel has left he will, I am sure, fulfil with exactness—and what can I wish more than that her intentions should be fulfilled? Poor man, he has gone through a great deal. I feel for him thoroughly; he loved her and feels his loss. I love him for it. I hear he has the child constantly with him. What a comfort it must be! His task is now a dreadful one. But yet I envy it him. I had once a thought, but I have given it up. It would have shocked and grieved many people, whose misery and grief I ought to respect. It would be contrary to what she would have wished, and could I have borne it—oh! I can bear anything. But I have totally given it up. Good-bye, best of Mothers. Yours,

Edward FitzGerald.

Love to the girls.

60. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[3rd July, 1792]

My dearest Mother, Thanks for your dear letter. They comfort me. Everything that comes from you, somehow or other, has a different effect on me from what others have when they advise or console. I see everybody is of one opinion about the child. You will see by the letter I enclose from Aunt Sarah<sup>2</sup> that they brought my dearest Betsy to think so (but it was by mentioning Aunt Louisa and Aunt Sarah's name). My opinion of her wishes on that subject is that from the state of her mind she could not judge exactly what was best, that she wished sometimes that I should have it, and at others that S.<sup>3</sup> should have it; but that, at last, relying on Providence and all our loves for her and the dear

<sup>1</sup> Richard Brinsley Sheridan, (1751-1816); dramatist, wit, and orator.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Sarah Lennox (1745-1826), 7th dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and sister of Emily, Duchess of Leinster; m. (i) 1762, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bt., whom she divorced. (ii) 1781, Hon. George Napier.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Brinsley Sheridan.



baby, we should do what we thought best for it and her sake. It therefore comes to this—what is best for the child? I cannot deceive myself enough not to think it best for it to be S's. The world is not composed of you's and me. Perhaps it may not be of a disposition that my tenderness would not make up for what it would feel in the world. I may die; it would then be in a bad case. On the contrary, if once S. has adopted it, if he ever was not generous, which I am sure he is, his honour and all his family's will force them to behave kindly to it, and by their attention and fondness try and drown the story. By the time it comes into the world it will be all forgot, and the dear will suffer nothing. But it is a sacrifice, my dear, dear Mother, that costs me dear, very dear—the loss of my child, all the dear delights of its loving me, of seeing, as I had flattered myself, my dearest Betsy live, and tracing her through all her different stages of life, seeing her in her youth, and fancying such had been her Mother before I knew her. In short, all the love of the Mother had centred in that child. The dear Mother had encouraged all my tender thoughts about it. I had seen it in her arms, kissed, cried over it together. She wanted me to love it, had made me nurse it before her, and now I am to give it up. Everything—all my heart—was centred in [it], but I do it for the best. God direct it may [be]. I tremble at it to. Will it find a tender father? Will it find hearts that will understand its feeling, perhaps? It is a trying situation, but, upon thinking over it as deliberately as I can, I think it best. It should be Sheridan's, and my mind is made up to act accordingly. I have tried to divest myself of all passion in this reasoning, and also to fight against that idea of sacrificing one's feelings, which I think the human mind is so prone to think meritorious, and often makes them at once think a thing right if to do it is a sacrifice of one's self in any degree. In short, I will do it. You think it for the best. Indeed, you tell me you are glad I have resolved to act so properly. Do you really think it is best? Tell me truly. I have a letter from Mrs Canning<sup>1</sup> on the subject, which I shall not answer till I hear from you.

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<sup>1</sup>Mrs Stratfield Canning. Formerly Mehetabel Patrick, she had been Mrs Sheridan's greatest friend. She was the mother of Stratfield Canning, 1st Viscount Stratfield de Redcliffe, the diplomatist.

[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Let me know what you think. I have made up mind, I really think it best but your opinion will satisfy me more.

Bless you dear, dear Mother. I send you Mrs Canning's letter. It is cold, but she was a true friend to my dear Betsy. She has, therefore, weight with me. Mr S. is certainly what she considers most now, and I really believe the child's good is a great object, too.

I have had a flighty Aunt Sarah letter full of advice, and I must add a little meddling, but pray don't mention anything of it, and you will oblige me. It was meant well, I thoroughly believe. She accuses me, as well as Mrs Canning, of indiscretion. I must own I do not feel guilty. I was as discreet and as prudent as I could be, without hurting the feelings of my dear, dear, Betsy, so I own I do not feel much what they say or think on that subject. I am sorry Sheridan feels it; but I do think the story being known is his fault and not mine. Bless you, dear, dear Mother. I hope I have not tired you with all this. I am going on well, and do not suffer so much pain. Love to dear Ciss. By this letter you will see I am composed. I trust, my dear Mother, I shall bear my lot as I ought.

Just as I finished this I had a letter from Mrs B.<sup>1</sup> I see they suspected I might have had the thought I mentioned to you of going down, for Mrs Canning wrote to her to entreat her to prevent me. I wrote Mrs B. word I had no such intention, so that has of course determined [me] still more to give up all idea of it.

61. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

[July, 1792]

My dearest Mother, Two posts I have not heard from you, and cannot hear till Monday. I am afraid you have not been well. I don't know how, but I believe my late misfortune makes me more apprehensive than I should be otherwise. I trust in God it is only apprehension. I am going on very

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs Bouverie, a friend of Mrs Sheridan's.



[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

well, and suffer much less pain ; my mind very composed indeed, my thoughts settled, and my line of conduct with regard to my little girl settled, and you will see I will act up to it steadily, cost me what it will. You always know I love justice. According to the opinion of the world I have injured Sheridan. It is therefore me that ought to make atonement. I will do it, by making every sacrifice of my own feelings, and doing what he wishes about my child. I own I am the more urged [to do] this, as I think it will be for the benefit of the dear, and that I am the only sufferer. It is done for the best, God willing it will prove so. If it prove otherwise, why, I must suffer and bear what he decrees. My conduct must be as if there was no such being. I shall, therefore, act accordingly. I will not when it comes attempt to see it. I understand it is to come to Mrs Canning in its youth. She will take care of it. When it comes into the world, if I am alive, I will watch it ; and, if I can be of use to it, will rejoice at it. I will be a kind of guardian to it without its knowledge. I will not attempt to see it for a year or so. Oh, Mother ! what a sacrifice. But it could do it no good, it would only gratify me. But if anything happens to it, not to have seen my Betsy's child—but I won't anticipate misfortune, I have enough existing. In short, with the help of God, I will act as right and firmly as I can. Dearest Mother, I won't trouble you any more with these feelings. You join too strongly in all my feelings, and I ought to recollect so, but ones heart comes out whether one will or no. I should like to give you pleasant feels and no others, my dearest Mother, and I hope telling you I am going on well will do that. Love to dear Ciss and Mimi. I forgot she was si[ck]. I hope you are well, dearest of Mothers. Lucy, I heard today, was better. Bless you. Yours,

E. FitzGerald

## LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

62. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster*

Monday, 24th [December, 1792]

Dearest Mother, I got here<sup>1</sup> the day before yesterday, and found all as I wished. Both were charmed with your dear letter. I hope it will be all settled in two or three days, and I shall set out in the course of the week. There are not many settlings to draw. I proposed the longest liver to take all, after that to go to the children, and in case of disagreement, to halve and part; and they agree to all I wish. Her papers are not yet come. She is to have a pension of 7,000 livres, which, I believe, is 300 louis a year. This will help us on. Pray tell O. I could not wait to settle all with Armstrong, but the money is all there safe, if he will get it remitted to Puget and Bainbridge. I wish he would take a lodging for us somewhere near you, against we come to London, if he can get a good one. If he gets one, let him write to me to Mr Hervy at the Ship, Dover, that I may know where to drive to. If he cannot get a lodging, if he will bespeak one at the York Hotel, Albemarle Street, I will be obliged to him. Dearest Mother, I wish you would tell Leinster all about this, for you may guess I am not in a writing mood. You can now also tell all friends, for there is no occasion that they should think I am carrying on treasonable practices, which they will certainly impute this second journey to. I now only long for the moment of giving you the dear thing to love as you do me, which I know you will. She is dreadfully frightened at the thoughts of going among you all. You are.....<sup>2</sup> though she seems least afraid of. She is mortally afraid of O., and says, *Je parie qu'il est rébarbatif celui là*. Ciss and you are the two she seems to depend on; Charlotte and O. she is afraid of. God bless you, dearest Mother, you are the best of Mothers, and I love you better than ever. Love to all. Yours,

Edward

<sup>1</sup> Tournai, where he joined Comtesse de Genlis and her daughter, Pamela. Lord Edward and Pamela were married in the church of St. Quentin, Tournai, on the 27 Dec., 1792. A few days later, they left for England. They arrived at Dover on the 3rd Jan., 1793; Emily, Duchess of Leinster had sent her carriage to meet them and bring them to London, where they stayed a fortnight, before proceeding to Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Letter torn.



[1792]

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

63. *Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster.*

[Undated]

Dearest Mother, I am off, but shall not be long away. I do feel sorry, though it is too foolish. Bid them all good-bye for me, but particularly dearest Ciss, for she was sorriest. Dear little love, bless her and tell her I will certainly write to her, and how I love her. Bless you, dear Mamy, look at your carnations, and remember, though I do take a frisk from you now and then, I do doat on you, and in being with you all. Good-bye. Yours,

E. F.

Do not be angry with me for going.







LADY SARAH BUNBURY  
AS "THE MOURNING BRIDE"

*From the pastel at Melbury*

LETTERS  
OF  
LADY SARAH LENNOX

[November, 1759]

Saturday night, came from Goodwood<sup>1</sup> and went to bed. Sunday morning, Mr Montes, the hair cutter, came and curled my hair in a *toupet retapé* with powder, which is the fashion now. And I put on the blue feather pompons you gave me, with my cross upon white ribbon, and my feather, and a black one—that was the way I dressed my pate. Put on my *coque de perle* earrings, my black silk gown and petticoat, a white feather suit my sister gave me—like yours, only smaller and silk in it. There was a thing round the neck with two come-downs twisted together in the middle—not very pretty, I think, but did very well. My blonde ruffles that Louisa<sup>2</sup> gave me, and my white shoes, and blue bugles—so dressed, *de pied en cap*, and walked into my chair with my footman, Harry, ma'am, before my chair (who, by the by, is very handsome and has a look of Lord Bob, but three times as big and not so pretty).

So on I jogged to St James's, and up I went through three great staring rooms full of men into the Drawing-room, where was half a dozen ladies, some of which were Lady Coventry,<sup>3</sup> Duchess of Grafton,<sup>4</sup> Lady B. Waldgrave,<sup>5</sup> and two or three more strange old *possédées*. Soon after in came the King,<sup>6</sup> Prince of Wales,<sup>7</sup> Princess Emily,<sup>8</sup> Lady Augusta,<sup>9</sup> the Duke,<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Seat of the Duke of Richmond.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Louisa Conolly.

<sup>3</sup> Mary Gunning; m. (1752) George William Coventry, 6th Earl of Coventry. One of the lovely Gunning sisters.

<sup>4</sup> Anne Liddel (1738-1804); m. (1756) Augustus Henry FitzRoy, 3rd Duke of Grafton.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, dau. of John, Earl Gower; m. (1751) Gen. Hon. John (afterwards 3rd Earl) Waldegrave.

<sup>6</sup> George II (1683-1760)

<sup>7</sup> Afterwards George III (1738-1820).

<sup>8</sup> Princess Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1711-86), 2nd dau. of George II.

<sup>9</sup> Princess Augusta (1737-1813) el. dau. of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

<sup>10</sup> Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (1721-65).



and that ugly little white pig Prince Edward.<sup>1</sup> When they came, I began to tremble from head to foot. His Majesty talked to Lady Coventry and passed me by, and spoke to my sister,<sup>2</sup> till some body whispered to him who I was. So then he came to me, and kissed me, and ask'd two or three common questions. And so the conversation dropped, as I only said 'yes, Sir' 'no, Sir' 'I believe not, Sir,' 'I don't know, Sir'; all which I believe were lies, for what I know; a minute after the silence, he said: 'Aren't you sorry to leave Ireland?' 'No, Sir.' 'Are you glad to come to England?' 'Yes, Sir.' 'Were not you sorry to leave somebody in Ireland?' 'No, Sir.' 'What? not anybody at all.' Then by that time I had recollected myself, and begun to understand him; for mind that I did not know a word of what we said till my sister told it me afterwards, but it don't signify to such an old doating blind creature what I said. But as I told you, I began to find out he meant Lord Kerry.<sup>3</sup> So I plucked up a spirit and said: 'Nobody but my sister, Sir.' Then he said I was grown grave; and I laughed and said I was not always so grave. He said: 'Have you a great many balls in Dublin?' I said, 'yes, and that it was a very pleasant place'. He said he was sorry I was not at the birthday; that I was very tall; and so on. Was it not a great deal for his Majesty? My sister says I coloured very much, which I did not feel, though. But what was more distressing than anything was that the Prince of Wales came when the King went; and, though I was not presented, spoke to me a little, and a great deal of me to my sister and the Duchess of Grafton; commended me most prodigiously and looked at me at the same time. And I was ready to kill myself with laughing and did not dare, for the notion of the King's being in love with me, which Mr Fox says he is; and his speaking so like what Dody mimics him in; and the Princess Emily, who came in backwards for fear of turning her back to the King; and, in short, twenty things which unluckily occurred to me that minute almost choked me. I will tell you what [the] Prince of Wales said of me,

<sup>1</sup> Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of York (1739-67), 2nd s. of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Fox (1st Lady Holland).

<sup>3</sup> Francis Thomas FitzMaurice, 3rd Earl of Kerry (1740-1818).

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

which I am very proud of, as he never takes notice, I hear, of women almost. First, he said I was very tall, and very pretty, and that when I was older and fatter, I should be very handsome. He liked Louisa very well, but he liked me better. He said also I had very lively eyes, and that when I laughed they were so little and so pretty; at which I could hold out no longer and turned about as much as I could to laugh! Princess Emily enquired vastly after you, and was very gracious. I could hardly see Lady Augusta. The Duke spoke to me a little, and the White Pig took no notice of me. As I have so much more to say, and that you would choose to hear it, I suppose I will make three letters of this.

When I came home I pinned up my lappets, and went to Lady Harveys,<sup>1</sup> where I dined with Lady Rochford.<sup>2</sup> Mr Walpole,<sup>3</sup> and Mr Mallet, and a wit and poet (who I disliked till I heard he said I was like a rose, and now I like him), Lady Harvey, Mr Fox,<sup>4</sup> my siss and I were the company. Lady Rochford was entertaining. Mr Walpole was charming. In short, I am quite in love with him, for I like no place where he is not, and he diverts me vastly. One thing is that he commends me most prodigiously. I mean flatters me; but in such a ridiculous way that I really like it. Lady Rochford and he have found out the last *beauty* in me that anybody else would think of finding, which is that my hoggy paws are pretty; very much improved, though, by the pearl bracelets which I beg you'll tell Louisa of. Lady Rochford asked us to dinner next Sunday. We went in the evening to Madame Hope's, a horrid thing; but we did it to get it over.

Monday morning, I sent Mercadie to Mr Dutan, who gave her your row, which I thought lovely till I saw Lady Waldgrave<sup>5</sup>, who let us in at night, in a visit we made her. She had a great cold, but looked very handsome with a large blonde cap with wings poky up a bead necklace, a double trolly

<sup>1</sup> Mary ('Molly') Lepell (1706-68), wife of John, Lord Hervey.

<sup>2</sup> Lucy Young (1723-73), m. (1740) William Henry Nassau de Zulestein, 4th Earl of Rochford.

<sup>3</sup> Horace Walpole (4th Earl of Orford) (1717-97), the well-known letter-writer.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Fox (1st Lord Holland).

<sup>5</sup> Maria (1736-1807) dau. of Sir Edward Walpole; m. James Waldegrave, 2nd Earl Waldegrave.



[1759]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

handkerchief, and white pinked cloak, and a white and silver nightgown. My sister said that she would be much obliged to her if she would let her see her diamond row to sew yours on by it. She did so. It was upon a pearl cap, but she has two rows of it, each a great deal broader than yours, and they don't look the least clumsy, but vastly showy and handsome. When I told her how yours was, she advised me to write to you to tell you it would be much better to pull t'other half of the feather to pieces, as the fashion is, only to wear peepers over the poke. I must tell you also of another fashion, which I like better than any, which is to have a great number of single diamonds about the size of your row put at the edges of a ribbon; which ribbon is puffed round the cap at present, but a very little while will be made into stomachers, sleeve-knots, etc., etc. By the time that people in Dublin have one row for the cap, you may get two and some for ribbons. Don't let Lord Kildare imagine I mean to persuade you to have them, only, you know, you must know it sooner or later, and it's as well if it is to be done to have it at first as afterwards. Talking of diamonds, I am advised by *my* sister, my brother, and the Duchess to new set my poor humble diamonds. The cross and feather will, Mr Dutan says, make me a pair of clump earrings; for I would have them so, for I am tired of the round ones and a pair of peepers.

I went to Lady Brown's<sup>1</sup> afterwards, who was very civil to me; and by the by, tell Louisa she told us, very good humouredly though, that she never came to see her, and insists upon it [in spite of] all we can say to the contrary. From thence we went to Madame Manichosen where I saw Mr Niphosen. He looks like a *possédé*; without exaggeration he is exactly that, for his hair is dressed up like wings, and he looks so sly and so agreeable that I long to get acquainted with him. Lady Mary FitzGerald<sup>2</sup> was presented to me and talked about dear Lady B, who I beg you will give my love to for I love her too much to send my compliments; and to the Dainty also and Lady D. I have said so much that I shall now say nothing more about the Bd. but that

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<sup>1</sup> Frances Sheldon, widow of Sir George Browne, 3rd Bt.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Hervey (d. 1815), dau. of John, Lord Hervey; m. (1745) George FitzGerald, Esq.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I am obliged to you for your description of it. The Princess of Wales's<sup>1</sup> is to be kept Thursday sennight and the mourning is out the Sunday before. I shall tell you of it when it's over. I really think I ought to be ashamed of my letter, and should to anybody else, but I have so much to say always that if I did not write it down when I think of it I should forget it before I wrote again. I must though add my compliments to Dody, and beg you'll tell him Provençale and Maranesi are here pretty well liked by most people.

65. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

[A fragment]

[November-December, 1759]

.... [Prince] Edward, for I should have danced at least a little more. By the by, a woman brought me some Japan mousseline to see. It's very dear, so I did not take it; but I think it so pretty that I got a bit to shew you. If you will have some, send word immediately, for she has very little, and 'twill be bought up immediately, and you know one can't get it ever again. This was a price, I think it's eighteen shillings a yard and [a] yard wide.

I went to an oratorio yesterday, and like it very well. There is different patterns of the mousseline but this was the prettiest; it's all over those little flowers. There is a Miss Wynn here; she is come from Italy and lives with Lady Holdernesse.<sup>2</sup> Lord Holdernesse<sup>3</sup> is their guardian, for there are three; but one of them is, in my opinion, beautiful. She is exactly Cecilia<sup>4</sup> in dark, with a whiter skin, less colour and dark eyes, with dark formal Chinese eyebrows, and [is] a tall awkward girl. She is not admired so I am afraid Ciss won't [be].

[*In margin*] I had no room for [my] name. That square is for the seal.

<sup>1</sup> Princess Augusta (1718-72), widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Marie Doublet; wife of Robert Darcy, 4th Earl of Holdernesse.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Darcy, 4th Earl of Holdernesse (1718-78). At this time he was Secretary of State.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Cecilia Margaret Lennox, youngest dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and sister of Lady Sarah. She d. unmarried, in 1769, aged 20 years.



[1759]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

66. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

[Incomplete]

[December, 1759]

..... House having a great cold. Lady Molesworth<sup>1</sup> was in white and gold and silver with lilac ribbon and blonde for the trimming. It was lovely. But, as my sister remarks, for a person who begs a pension for her children to live upon, it was not a fit gown. My sister is violently fond of her, though. Lady Coventry is very good to me—a sure sign that she don't like me, though she says I am the prettiest creature in the world. Is not that lovely? My brother George<sup>2</sup> is to be married very soon, I believe, for my brother proposed it to Lord Ancram, whose only objection is that my brother George can't make proper settlement, I think. My brother told it me as a great secret, for though he knows other people know it, yet he says my brother George don't think so, and he would be very angry with him for telling me of it. So pray don't mention it. I have seen her once. She is very pretty and as like Lord Newbattle<sup>3</sup> as she can stare. She is very shy and seems to like him very much. They did not dance at the Birthday but whispered to one another the whole night. He seems in very good spirits. I like my brother, though, a vast deal better—you'll think it natural when I tell you why. First, he is so excessively fond of me, and was so from the first that it would be ungrateful not to return it a little. My brother George you know never liked me at all. Secondly, my brother Richmond<sup>4</sup> is very agreeable, which t'other is not. Third, he is so like me in a great many ways and manners, which you know makes one partial to people, and my brother George is as unlike as 'tis possible. Fourth, my eldest brother flatters me most prodigiously, and my other brother only says he thinks me pretty. Now I know that

<sup>1</sup> Mary Jenny (d. 1763), dau. of Ven. William Usher, and widow of Richard Molesworth, 3rd Viscount Molesworth.

<sup>2</sup> On 21 Dec., 1759, Lord George Lennox was secretly married to Lady Louisa Ker, dau. of William Ker, Earl of Ancram (4th Marquis of Lothian).

<sup>3</sup> John William, Lord Newbattle, son of William Ker, Earl of Ancram (4th Marquis of Lothian). He became 5th Marquis of Lothian in 1775.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

when you read this you'll say what a vain foolish girl she is and how ready to take a fancy to people without knowing them, and I will allow you are in the right. But then consider that for a person who is very vain (which I wish to God Almighty I was not, for I know it is impossible to get the better of it, and all I can do is to hide it, which I take a monstrous deal of pain to do !) it's impossible to help liking people the better for it when they do it well, which indeed my brother does. I must say that for myself. Your boys are here ; they are vastly happy just this minute, as they have got their Kildare hunt coats. Charles<sup>1</sup> has one too ; and Lord Fitzwilliam,<sup>2</sup> Mr Lamb and Mr Baillie, two of their schoolfellows, are to have them. They all look well in them, but William<sup>3</sup> is the prettiest creature I ever saw in it. [He] even beats my sweet angel in beauty. George<sup>4</sup> is so good to me as to come and sit with me for half an hour or an hour at a time, when I am alone. We have had two little tiffs but they were very small and soon made up. I can't think what Mr Bolle<sup>5</sup> meant by their temper being altered, for I can see no other alteration but that William is not at all huffy and George not quite so reasonable as he is with you. But then you know a word from you is more than twenty from other people, so that all I see is that he don't mind my sister so much as you. Indeed I don't wonder at him, for she is just like a child and puts herself in such ways when her children don't mind her. To be sure she is an odd woman. I can't find her out yet, for her character is quite a riddle. She is very pleasant to live with in some things, but not in everything. They always sup when only my brother or somebody I like particularly is there. I don't like [it] much, for it always ends in sitting up till twelve, and I have begun to cough a little already. And though I have said over and over [again] that sitting up late was bad for me, yet she never told me I had better not sup ; and I have not courage to tell her at once that I don't like supping, for if I do ever stay then she

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<sup>1</sup> Charles James Fox.

<sup>2</sup> William Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, 4th Earl Fitzwilliam (1748-1833).

<sup>3</sup> Lord William Robert FitzGerald (2nd Duke of Leinster).

<sup>4</sup> George FitzGerald, Earl of Offaly (1748-1765) ; el. son of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster).

<sup>5</sup> A tutor.



will be affronted, and say that it's not for her company that I sit up but for other people's, I am afraid. So I wish you would write her word that it's very bad for me to sup, and that will break the ice, and I'll tell her. But I beg you won't tell her what I have written—pray don't. She has a way of telling Mr Fox everything of you to make him laugh, and he laughs at you, which I don't mind, because I can contradict him whether he is in the right or not. But what I can't bear is to hear my sister laugh about your ways, who has so many herself—I mean about your knowing what is wholesome<sup>1</sup> . . . care you take of yourself; for she says you nurse yourself up, and in short, about spending your money and all those sort of things; which has put me in a passion very often already, though I know that you don't do all that, and that she loves you vastly. Lord and Lady Hillsborough<sup>2</sup> are come. I go to the play with my Lady to-night. My sister had an assembly last night that I might see everybody that was in town, though there is mighty few. I am in hopes to get a ball here; the list is made—that's a good deal towards it, you know.

My sister seems to want me to get acquainted with a good many girls, and I had much rather not, only that I am afraid of being thought impertinent and that I set myself up. So I said I would. But I own I am so tired of the cautioning between girls, and like to mix more with married people, so much better, that if you think that it won't be wrong my not being much with the misses, I won't. For I can talk to them sometimes without being dear loving friends. And you know, too, sister, that I must be acquainted with Lady S.S.<sup>3</sup>, Lady E.K<sup>4</sup>, and Lady C Ponsonby.<sup>5</sup> And them I like very well,

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<sup>1</sup> Page torn.

<sup>2</sup> Willes Hill, 2nd Viscount Hillsborough (1718-93), cr. (1789) Marquis of Downshire. His wife was Lady Margaret FitzGerald (1729-66), sister of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster).

<sup>3</sup> Lady Susan Fox-Strangways (1743-1827); dau. of Stephen Fox, 1st Earl of Ilchester, m. (1764) William O'Brien. She was the correspondent of Lady Sarah in the *Letters*, edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Viscount Stavordale, published in 1901.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Elizabeth Keppel, (1739-68), dau. of William Anne Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. She m. (1764) Francis Russell, Marquess of Tavistock.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Catherine Ponsonby (d. 1789), dau. of William Ponsonby, 2nd Earl of Bessborough; m. (1763) Aubrey Beauclerk, 5th Duke of St. Albans.

[1759]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

because that Lady S. Strangways is very agreeable, and like Caroline H. by all accounts—she is not in town yet. But what I don't like is to be among a parcel of misses at a drum in a corner. For a little snug party, in an evening, I don't dislike at all. Ste Fox<sup>1</sup> is going immediately to Geneva. I have wrote enough and will leave off. So I am, dear sister,

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

Sally

As it won't make the letter heavier by writing here, I must tell you that I have new set my diamonds in peepers and clump earrings like Mrs Sandford's were. They are beautiful, I think. I forgot to tell you that there is a sweet water taby at Wheatly made by Lady Harrington's<sup>2</sup> directions; it's purple with white flowers. Do have it—it will cost but twelve guineas, which I gave for a blue and white not half so pretty. They are vastly the fashion. Do have it before [it] is grown common. There are but two of them sold as yet, and it will become you excessively.

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<sup>1</sup> Stephen Fox, el. son of Henry Fox (1st Lord Holland); m. (1766) Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, el. dau. of John Fitzpatrick, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline FitzRoy, (1722-1784), dau. of Charles FitzRoy, Duke of Grafton; m. (1746) William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington.



[1760]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

1760

67. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

[January 26th., 1760]

I am really quite astonished and ashamed of myself, too, to think that I should have three of your dear long comfortable letters by me unanswered. I did not think that you would have been the best correspondent indeed, but you really are so very good that I can't be the best, if I would. You can't think how obliged I am to you, my dear Siss for it. It's a great deal more than I ever had any right to expect, but you are so kind and good to me that I can't wonder at anything you do to oblige me. I need not say anything of the boys—you hear so good an account of them from everybody.

I did not give you any account of the ball at Court Twelfth Night. There was not a great many people that danced, and, except the hoops, it was charming, I thought. I danced with Prince Edward, who talked a little for him, but a great deal for anybody else; he is detestable, I think, so excessive stupid. The Prince of Wales is very agreeable and a mighty pretty sort of man, I think. He don't talk nonsense [like] little Prince Edward, and pester one with music, but talks like other people. In short, I like him vastly, and am more partial to him, as Mr Fox and one or two people tell me he likes me, and that always prejudices one in people's favour, you know. Mr Fox says he is in love with me, and diverts himself most prodigiously with the notion of Lady Rockingham's<sup>1</sup> being jealous. But that I don't mind, though he says the Duke told him so, because I believe my eyes first, and he did not take more notice of me than of one or two others, and he did talk a great deal to Lady Rockingham, who he danced with, and she is vastly civil to me. The Prince of Wales asked me a good deal about Louisa and Conolly; among other things, if Louisa or he governed. So I told him I believed

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<sup>1</sup> Mary (d. 1804) dau. of Thomas Bright; m. (1752) Charles Watson-Wentworth, 2nd Marquis of Rockingham.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

they were so much of the same mind now that it was hard to tell. But that if Mr Conolly did not know more of his own mind sometime hence than he did now, I supposed Louisa would govern. Indeed I think so, don't you, sister? He said that in that case it was very right, but that he had no notion of women's governing men—that's a sure sign that he is governed. He asked me what sort of life I led in Ireland. I gave him a description of it as well as I could. That is, I told him Lord Kildare had a great deal of company come to his house in town, and that I went out a great deal. And I also gave him a broad hint that the room at the Castle was much pleasanter to dance in than it is here, and that there were balls oftener, that he might be ashamed of being so scrubby about them, and that he may alter it when he is King. I told him, too, that there was a great deal of company at Carton in general. He asked me what I did when we were alone at Carton, so I told him that either Louisa or I read to you because of your eyes. I have told you all our conversation. I would not tell it Mr Fox and my sister, for fear of Mr Fox's worrying me about it. He has almost forbidden me to wear powder, because he has an aversion to it—is not that a mighty good reason? But I won't give it up because I like it.

Lady Susan Strangways is come to town. She is not pretty. She is very fat, has a good complexion, large heavy eyes, a wide mouth and very fine light hair. I don't know her yet. As to her manner, you may know it as well as me, for she [is] exactly Lady Caroline Russell<sup>1</sup> without that queer voice, or at least not so bad. But she does up her mouth exactly like her and walks just the same. Ste Fox is going to Geneva in less than three weeks. He is a very disagreeable boy, and frightfully ugly. He is sensible enough, I believe, but not so very good-tempered as I thought him. He worries one continually about things, and is not good-humoured to George, for he torments him to death—that I think has settled my dislike to him. But I hope he will improve. My sister keeps such a fuss with him—nothing ever was like him.

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<sup>1</sup>Lady Caroline Russell (1742/3-1811), dan. of John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford; m. (1762) George Spencer, 4th Duke of Marlborough.



[1760]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

She has fixed her ball for the seventh of February. I am delighted with the thought of it—it's the only good thing in view till spring, for that's the time for balls.

I will now look at your letters, and answer them article by article. I recollect now that I answered most of one of them in George's letter. I was delighted with the notion of Suzy's fall, and looked for the verses, I own, but could not find them. Louisa never told me about Fanny Conolly's<sup>1</sup> match—does Lady Anne<sup>2</sup> approve of it? She torments my sister with her fondness as much as the misses would me if I let them. But thank God I am not so afraid of them as she is of Lady Anne, and keep them at a great distance; for [they] are very disagreeable. They are always telling me of dear Lady Louisa, and dear Lady Louisa does this and dear Lady L. does that; and dear Lady Louisa thinks so, and dear Lady Louisa does so, and dins dear Lady Louisa in my ears for ever; I am sure I love her as well as they do without all that dearing. My brother has left off teasing me about Ireland and Irish people. Mr Fox and my sister put me in a passion more than anybody. For they in earnest will persuade me that nobody likes Ireland half as well as England, and that even I don't for that it is only Carton and your being there and a few more balls that make me fancy I like it, for that it's impossible that I can like the Irish in general. Now don't you really think that trying to persuade me to think contrary to what I feel, to set me against a place and people who it is ten to one that I shall spend my life with, and in short to despise and laugh at people I love and am partial to (with reason) is not only ridiculous but very wrong and unkind? I own this staggers me very much in my opinion of their sense or at least good nature. But what I think is worse, because I don't think it true, is what they tell me of you and Lord Kildare. But I beg you will tell me if it is really so for I can hardly believe it. Lord Kildare, they said, had rather live in London. That I allow. But I don't that he sent George to school here that he might have a taste for England, and

<sup>1</sup> Frances Conolly, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sis. of Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly. She m. William Howe, 5th Visct. Howe.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Wentworth, dau of Thomas, 3rd Earl of Strafford; m. (1733) Rt. Hon William Conolly.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

only go now and then to look at his estate, but to live here. I never heard Lord Kildare say this or anything that looked like it, but the contrary. For I have heard you, I am sure, and, I think, Lord Kildare, say that it was wrong in Lord Hillsborough to live here when he had an estate there. This I told them. But they say it is more for the good of Ireland for all the men of fashion who have estates there to do so, and that those who have sense will, and that Lord Kildare and you think so; that if Louisa did not love Ireland so much Mr Conolly would live here, he told Ste Fox and my brother so—that I don't so much doubt. And if I was Louisa, I would take care of it, though. My sister also says that you don't love Ireland at all, and that you had rather a thousand times live here, but that you don't shew it because Lord Kildare thinks it right you should. She allows you to be fond of Carton, but that you would leave it all with very great pleasure to come with the children and live here, and only go for a couple of months in four or five years—sure that is not possible! For even I, who I thought love it less than you, could not do that, even if you were here.

You were quite right, I think, not to have Conolly's train at your *trousses*, I think one dinner was very handsome. I do think my brother George is altered upon the whole, but he is not to me, because he never loved me, you know. You have [no] notion how excessively obstinate he is about Lord George Sackville<sup>1</sup>; and is quite in the wrong, as Mr Fox says, and my brother says, and it is not the least dislike to him, for Mr Fox likes him, and my brother doats upon him so much, and has such an opinion of him, that I am told he quite governs him, and that he can't make him do anything he sets his mind to. As to my sister, she don't love him the least in the world, and says he is very disobliging, and that he never took the least pains to oblige her. I don't think that, though he is queer about a great many things. But if he was, I should not wonder at him, since she don't like him, and he must know, for she said it t'other day at dinner before all the servants and children. I think you quite in

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<sup>1</sup> Lord George Sackville (1716-85), 3rd s. of Charles Sackville, 1st Duke of Dorset; cr. (1782) Visct. Sackville of Drayton.



[1760]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

the right about being flattered by one's family, and I feel already tired of hearing it from Mr Fox, who is the most intolerable flatterer that ever existed. By the by, I want to know if you don't think the same as I do about one thing, which is that Mr Fox and my sister are always settling every pretty man they see for me to marry; and I am sure, that if they talk so much of it, that Mr Fox will not mind who he talks of it before, and that nobody will marry me from the notion that they are *settled* for me. It's not of so much consequence to me, for I have not the least set my heart upon any creature here; nor do I desire to live here. But yet I don't like to have people have that notion of me, as the Duke of Marlborough had of Lady Caroline Russell. Lady Molesworth had told me of Mrs Graham's being with child—it's intolerable in Lady Jocelyn<sup>1</sup> to talk such scandal. I hope you exclude poor dear Caroline from your aversion, which will only last this winter, I dare say, for when they find you won't caution with them for all their begging and praying in winter, they abuse you; but in summer they will coax you to get you to themselves, and then they will take you to task for your past behaviour, and you will be afraid of them, and fancy you love them; and then in the winter again when you have Lady Barrymore<sup>2</sup> to encourage you, you will rebel, I am sure—you know that is always the case. I have numbered the sheet for I have made a mistake, and can't write it over now.

You want to know how I manage my money—very ill indeed; for I have spent it all, and owe besides. And, indeed, have not bought anything but what was necessary. I have not consulted Mrs Fannen<sup>3</sup> enough, but as soon as I can get it up again I will. And I believe I shall be a better manager, for I had not the least notion of the expense of anything, and I can judge better now. I would have given anything to have had poor Molly Westenra robed—it would have been charming indeed. It was very provoking in Lord Kerry and

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<sup>1</sup> Anne Hamilton, dau. of James Hamilton, 1st Earl of Clanbrassil; m. (1752) Robert Jocelyn, 2nd Viscount Jocelyn, cr. (1771) Earl of Roden.

<sup>2</sup> Margaret, dau. of Paul Davys, 1st Visct. Mount Cashell; m. (1738) James Barry, 5th Earl of Barrymore. She was a great friend of Lady Kildare's. She died, 1788.

<sup>3</sup> Wife of Henry Fox's steward.

[1760]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Mr Moore to be so tiresome—I can comprehend your furies about it. I wonder you did not box them as you did Tom O'Brien at our play. I am very glad Lord Kildare was in spirits enough to like it, and to act himself. Pray give my love to him, and tell him that I shall grow very jealous of Louisa if I find he will let her dance and act at Carton when she had been but a couple of months there; and though I begged and prayed the whole summer for one poor hop, I could not get it. I am very much of your opinion about liking Mr Coote better than Mr Agar<sup>1</sup> for the Dainty, but I think she had better let both alone. She is so much happier now than if she was married, and if Mr Coote is very sensible by the time that his love is worn off, I am afraid he would see that she is silly, which to be sure she is; though I love her so much, I must own that he might grow tired of her, and she would be miserable again. For I fancy that if she marries him she will be in love with him as she was with her first husband. Whichever she marries, I hope she will be happy. One reason why I wish she may marry Mr Coote is that all the misses will be so mad, and particularly the Clanbrassills and Jocelyns. Not that I should be very glad Caroline had him, but since she is not to marry him I am glad it should be the Dainty, because they all hate her so, poor dear soul, without any reason. The King is mighty angry with poor Mr Clements, but what is worse, poor man, is that Mr Pitt<sup>2</sup> is—I hear that when Sir R. Gore's<sup>3</sup> proposal of raising a regiment that there was two of the Clementses to be the officers, and that he scratched his pen across their names, and said "without the Clementses or not at all." How ill-natured that is to run down so all at once for their father's fault!

I have not told you anything of the Duchess<sup>4</sup> and Lady George. They are come back from Hamford where they went from Dumfries, in which place they were married. Only think of my brother George! They went in a prodigious hurry

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<sup>1</sup> James Agar (1734-89), s. of Henry Agar; cr. (1776) Lord Clifden (1781 Viscount Clifden).

<sup>2</sup> William Pitt (1708-78), cr. (1766) Earl of Chatham.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Ralph Gore (1725-1802) 6th Bart; cr. (1764) Baron Gore; (1768) Visct. Bellisle; (1772) Earl of Ross. A distinguished soldier, he was Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1788.

<sup>4</sup> Mary, Duchess of Richmond (d. 1796).



[1760]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

for fear of being caught, of which their was no danger ; but, however, they came to a little village near Dumfries, and the Duchess and my brother wanted them to be married there, for Lady George and the Duchess were so tired with travelling night and day that they were afraid of being sick. But because he had fixed it to be at Dumfries, it could be nowhere else. So they went, and they could not get a parson there, and might have got one at the village. But George says he would upon no account be married by one that was not a good creditable man, though he was sure he was a parson. At last they got one, and are come to town. She is not to be presented till they see whether there will be any reconciliation or no. She seems very easy, I think. They are all to go out of town next month for a month, I believe. I am just going to the opera with the Duchess. I only go to plays and Court and opera with her, but it's very different, I believe, now my brother is here—indeed he always is at the play with her. Adieu, my dear Siss,

Yours,

Sally

68. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

[Acephalous]

[February, 1760]

You really can't imagine how good she<sup>1</sup> and Mr Conway<sup>2</sup> are to me, for she carries me about with her, and always invites me to all her parties, even to her little private ones, to play at Pharo, which she knows I like, and invites my sister, who she hates, as she had heard she don't like her, and never did before, upon my account. Is not that good in her? And Mr. Conway is so obliging as always to deal at Pharo at drums for me if I want anybody. Don't imagine from this,

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, Countess of Aylesbury (1721-1803), dau. of Gen. John Campbell (afterwards 4th Duke of Argyll); m. (1) (1739) Charles Bruce, 3rd Earl of Aylesbury; (2) (1747) Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (1719-95), m. (1747) Caroline, Countess of Aylesbury. He was 2nd son of 1st Baron Conway and bro. of Earl (afterwards) Marquis of Hertford. He was the famous general and correspondent of Walpole.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

sister, that I go playing everywhere at it, for it's almost always at private parties, and at small drums where a great many girls do ; and my sister bid me play, for I would not one night that Lady Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> did, and she bid me always play. It's vastly the custom here, and, as I like it vastly, I generally get Mr Conway to deal ; and it goes under the name of Lady Waldgrave and Duchess of Hamilton's<sup>2</sup> table, who constantly play. If you don't approve of it, please tell me, and I won't.

There is one thing that my sister approves of my doing, which, as I never did with you, I want to know if you do—that is, going to sup without her at my brother's. I don't wonder, but Mrs Fitzroy<sup>3</sup> the other day asked me to sup with her (I have got acquainted with her at my brother's and like her vastly) and I would not, as my sister did not know. And she told me I might have gone. So that, she having asked me to go from Lady Hillsborough's, I went, and sent my sister word. I stayed till almost three, but that I did not intend, for my watch was an hour too slow, and I was another coming home ; but my sister only said I had stayed rather too late. It's very pleasant, I think, to sup out, and I like it vastly. But if you don't think it right, I won't. There was only Mr and Mrs Fitzroy and Miss Pelham, who I also think very agreeable. I am going to the play, and then to the Ridotto, with Lady Molesworth, who is so good as to carry me. It will look very dismal with this nasty mourning. I hope you know that one only wears black silk. Everybody mourns in the morning here, but there is no necessity in Ireland—if you won't, nobody will. For it's only the ladies that choose to mourn, for everybody was in doubt, till Lady Mary Coke<sup>4</sup> and some such conceited people said it was not proper not to mourn ; and when anybody does everybody must. Pray write me word what you think of Prince Edward's speech to me. I must dance with him again to-night ; it takes off half the fun of a ball.

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Keppel.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton (1734-90), one of the lovely Gunning sisters. She married (1) (1752) James, Duke of Hamilton ; (2) John Campbell, 5th Duke of Argyll.

<sup>3</sup> Dau. of Sir Peter Warren, K.B.E. She m. (1758) Col. Fitzroy (afterwards 1st Baron Southampton).

<sup>4</sup> Lady Mary Coke (1726/7-1811), dau. of John Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyll, and widow of Edward Visct. Coke. She was the famous eccentric.



[1760]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Mrs Barker will send me the things as soon as she can—I have worried her about it. The Duchess and Lady George won't buy of him because they won't encourage impertinent servants. There is a fashion now of going without lappets, with one's hair powdered and done very nice, and a largish cap, some without caps. I don't admire it. [The] Duchess of Grafton makes her head bigger than any loaf [of] bread you ever saw with a violent toupee and a black chenille (originally intended for a tippet) pair of lappets; they are very pretty when there is half that quantity and done a little flatish; white silk tippets are pretty so, or green or lilac. I make up a dozen of those tippets for lappets but I don't look so fiery as [the] Duchess of Grafton. Mrs Fitzroy is paler than anything ever was and wears a vast deal of black about her head, and don't look at all fiery like t'other. Everybody dresses different I think here. Mrs Dunbar is come; she has been twice at the play with me. Yours,

Sally

69. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

February the 21st, [1760]

My sister told me that you desire to have an account of our ball—I am shocked to think I have not given you one yet. If I can recollect I will send you a list of the misses. My poor sister is very uneasy, and I am afraid not without reason, about Ste; for there has been a dreadful storm. It was last Friday, and we are certain that he was in the midst of it. For he sailed from Harwich at ten o'clock a Friday morning with another packet, which packet arrived at Helvoetsluys Saturday morning, and did not know what was become of the *Harrison* which Ste was in. But as this packet was coming back with another Sunday morning, they say they saw the *Harrison* making towards Helvoetsluys. But it is impossible to be quite sure of, as they were at a great distance. But both the crews agreed that it was safe, and that they saw it. We shall hear to-day more about it. And if he is landed, we shall hear from himself to-morrow. I wish for to-morrow and

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

am vastly afraid, too, for if by any mistake he should not write, nothing will persuade her that he is not drowned. Your dear boys are now at school, but I believe will be taken away soon, for there is a fever and sore throat at Eton; but it's very slight as yet. Mr Truesdale is to be consulted if 'tis proper to take them away.

Now for the ball: we had five and twenty couples standing up for a little while, and then we divided, and went into another room, which improved it vastly. Prince Edward was here, but not the Prince of Wales, whose company would have been much more welcome than his brother's; he never comes to balls, so that 'twas unnecessary to ask him. We had a long table at supper in the largest room, at the upper end of which sat the Duke of Marlborough in the middle (he did not dance for a reason I will tell you by and by). My sister on one side, Prince Edward by her, Lady Stanhope and others; t'other side I sat, then Lord Huntington,<sup>1</sup> Lady Bolingbroke,<sup>2</sup> Mr Fox, Lady Betty Waldegrave and others. At a little table in the next room the Duchess made a little party, and there were three tables for the sitters by upstairs, which were not touched, there being so few. Our table was the pleasantest great table I ever was at, for they in general are terrible. But Lord Huntington was so entertaining and agreeable, nothing ever was like it. Besides I doat upon him, and that made it very pleasant; for as to the Duke of Marlborough, he was very silent, I thought, though everybody says he talked a vast deal. I told Louisa who I danced with, so she will tell you.

My brother and sister and Mr Fox have taken it into their heads that the Duke of Marlborough liked me a little, but that would do me no good as he is determined not to marry; but however, without a joke, I'll tell you just what makes them fancy so. First of all, because he admired me for being unaffected (mind that, pray, sister, and see that I mind what you say—I love my commending myself for fear you should not!); but besides that, he talked to me a great deal at the

<sup>1</sup> Francis Hastings, 10th Earl of Huntingdon (1729-89), at this time Master of the Horse.

<sup>2</sup> Diana, Viscountess Bolingbroke; dau. of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough, and wife of Frederick St. John, 2nd Visct. Bolingbroke.



ball, and just before supper he came to me to tell me my sister had bid him take care of me at supper, and handed me down and sat by me. But behold ! when I asked my sister why she bid him, she had not said a word to him ! Was not that odd ! Then the next night he sat in the next box at the play, and he only looked at me, poor man. Upon which my brother told me that that was the place he used to sit in when he was in love with the Duchess, to look at her. In short he has taken it into his head, and he told me that it was a thing he should like vastly ; but that it was very possible it would never be, and that he would not let him see that he wanted it, nor would put me ever in his way like Lady Caroline Russell. But that if he liked it, it was very lucky for me, and if not, I must be content without it. All this I agree in very much, except the being so very lucky for me. For I doubt that, as my sister tells me that he is so entirely given up to women that it's quite dreadful, for he has a terrible disorder that hindered him dancing ; and that his father did the same, and after he was married, though he loved his wife. But that sort of love would not content me, for I have no notion of a man's loving his wife and following all those sort of people. It's impossible, I think, I am talking as it 'twas a thing settled and going to be immediately. Talking of that, I must tell you that Mr Fox and my sister have taken a fancy to a Lord Willoughby,<sup>1</sup> son to a Mrs Varney. He is a pretty man but I have never spoke to him. And it's only because that his mother has a mind to have him marry into the *family*. And we have diverted ourselves vastly with Mr Fox's comical way about it.

We were talking last night about Louisa's wedding, and my sister told Mr Fox of your buying a gown to go and visit with her in, and then never wearing it. (I did not tell her I assure you). And they are both persuaded that you had a great deal of pleasure in buying Louisa clothes ; and the more I said to the contrary, the more Mr Fox was convinced of it. He said [if] there were people enough to reckon up the yards and measure her linen, she might have done it. I said she

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<sup>1</sup> John Peyto, 14th Lord Willoughby de Broke (1738-1816). He m. (1761) Lady Louisa North, dau. of Francis, 1st Earl of Guildford and sis. of the celebrated minister, Lord North.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

was so indolent that it never would have been done so ; “ why then,” says he, “ she might have sent for one of the parish girls to do it.” “ Tell her,” says he, “ that the more excuses you make for her the more I see how little my advice is taken, and that it grieves me much to think how much is thrown away upon her. But tell her that as you think me a wise, judicious and learned man, you beg she will write down as much as she remembers of my letter of advice, and send it to you that you may profit by it.” He bid me tell you too that at the ball he told Prince Edward that he hoped that he would give him leave to go, for that he was an old man, and in a bad state of health ; that sitting up was bad for him, and that he had a terrible catarrh—all the effects of old age, and he hoped he would let him go to bed. All this he sat telling me last night, grunting and groaning every minute, and saying “ Lord have mercy upon me ! What an extravagant jade she is ! How she does love buying ! Lord help her ! ” And so he goes on for an hour like an old man in a play. He has a dreadful cold, though, now, and is a little feverish. He says you want to see the list of the misses in hopes I should tell you their clothes, so [he] forbid me to tell, that you may buy more if there is any that are new. I was rejoiced then to think I had never told him of the *list* ; it would be a fine story for him !

Now I must tell you a little of the Duchess. At present Lady George and he are at Goodwood with a great deal of company ; the Duke of Marlborough is to be there. My sister asked me if I had a mind to go, and my brother advised me not, because he thought it would be putting oneself upon him. I have taken his advice because I think he is in the right, and I don't love to go without my sister, and she won't. But as to the Duchess, who behaves herself with all the propriety in the world, my sister tells me that she is as much altered as 'tis possible for any woman to be. She is always out, but that you don't disapprove, and as her husband is almost always in public places with her and approves of it, I can't see the harm of it. But my brother George says its very wrong, and abuses her for it. Don't you think that excessive prudish in him ? My sister is excessively fond of her now, and I don't wonder at it, for she is the best-tempered creature that ever



was in this world, I believe, and has her own odd ways ; which, when one is used to them, one don't mind the least. My sister is sure, she says, that my brother has told the Duchess that he did not approve of her manner whilst he was away and desired to alter it, and has not said so to anybody else. On the contrary, he says he approves of everything she does, or has done, to everybody else, and particularly to my brother George, who is always complaining of her manner. And my sister says that he was really so excessively prudish that nothing ever was like it ; and yet, though she hates to be found fault with (as most people do), she never dislikes him a bit more for it, and had no objection to his living with them, but has a very great one to Lady George's being with her. For she always directs and gives her advice about everything. In short, she is horridly tired of them already, and there is no likelihood of their parting. For my brother says it suits George's affairs better to live in the house, and I am afraid they will quarrel. That will be hard to do, though, for the Duchess won't easily be affronted. For if you say anything she don't like, [she] says, " I am obliged to you for your advice, but I always think everybody ought to do their own way. I have no notion of hindering you from doing what you like, and you must not hinder me." And then she will take her work, and be as good-humoured as if nothing had happened.

I think it's plain Lady George will govern my brother George, for she gives up to him in everything now, such things, I mean, as going out or staying at home, not going to this place or that place, and he has an entire confidence in her. This, joined to her being very artful and clever, is likely to do what she will with him. You have often asked me about Lady Ailesbury—she is so much out of favour with Mr Fox and my sister and the Duchess, that I hear her abused, and defend her against [the] three. The Duchess says she don't love her, and of consequence she don't doat upon her ; but she says things of her, such as her being affronted at not being asked at the ball, which she was not the least angry at, and she says that she says ill-natured things of people. That is what I don't give up, for the Duchess's reason for fancying she was angry was because that she asked me to dine with her without my sister or Mr Fox. But, as I told the Duchess,

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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

it was out of kindness to me (for she is excessive obliging and good to me) and not at all to shew her *displeasure*. For she can't be so foolish, as there was literally no-one sitting by, except Lady Bateman,<sup>1</sup> that was not absolutely necessary ; and she was vastly good-humoured when my sister told her her reason for not asking her. Mr Fox and my sister's objection to her is that she dresses too young, and is ashamed of the Duchess, and I am afraid there is a little in that, but I won't give her up. They say too that she behaved ill about leaving her daughter. That I also can't defend her in, and therefore say that till she is cross to me I'll stand up for her, and that I know nothing of her behaviour to the Duchess for certain.

70. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

February, [1760]

Mr Fox is vastly obliged to you for your present of wax, and he hopes it won't be the last, but begs you'll send my sister some as she likes it vastly—that's his message. My sister's is that she desires you will write word whether the wax is for her or no, for that Mr Fox has seized upon it as it was directed to him.

Lord P.<sup>2</sup> sets out tomorrow and will carry you some books. Mrs Labord<sup>3</sup> has sent you the cloak, cap, and gloves, by somebody or other that she gave them to without my knowing, but she shan't do it again as they might be lost.

71. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

February 28th., [1760]

Dear Sister,

I received yours yesterday and went immediately to get your earrings. I send them by Colonel Calcraft.<sup>4</sup> I hope

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, Viscountess Bateman, wife of John, 2nd Visct. Bateman, *née* Elizabeth Sambroke.

<sup>2</sup> No doubt Edward Wingfield, 2nd Visct. Powerscourt (1729-64). He d. unmarried.

<sup>3</sup> A dressmaker.

<sup>4</sup> John Calcraft (1726-72), the son of a country solicitor. His rise in life was due to Henry Fox, by whom he was made agent to several regiments. He accumulated a vast fortune.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

they are what you wanted, but you have not explained yourself extremely plain about them, so it is not my stupidity if they are wrong. They won't ruin you, however, as the two pairs are but six shillings in all. Louisa's cap is done. She bid me not send it without further orders from her, but I tempted as this is so good an opportunity. Your cloaks I will order. You don't like them short up on the arm, I think; you thought your little white one too short.

You want to know who looked pretty at the ball. I thought nobody but the Duchess, Mrs Fitzroy, and Miss Beauclerc at all; so there was no very smart people, except Lady Hillsborough, who had a very pretty white satin with flowers. I have wrote you a monstrous long letter since you wrote to me; but I won't write such long ones any more, and as often as I can, but never miss once a week. I hear nothing of Lord Powerscourt yet. Mrs Labord has just been here with some sweet pretty Italian gauze ruffles. They are worn in the deep or the second mourning, just the same. Every creature has some. These are all pinked and flounced. She wanted to persuade me to send you a pair, and having consulted my sister Caroline, who advises me to send them, particularly as you would see some there to send to Lady Caroline Russell. So I have ordered you a pair, and a whole suit in fear and trembling, as I never bid me send you a whole suit of any new fashion dab. I wish you would give me a general order to send you every very fashionable thing I see, for I long to buy twenty things for you and am afraid. As for writing, I can't for they are gone, or something or other, before your answer comes. Shall I venture to send one to Mrs Walsingham and Louisa? I think I will, but I can't yet, for Mrs Labord sends Lady Caroline Russell one as she desired her to send any new things to her. And her suit goes with yours. As she knows nothing of it you may cheat her, I think, if Louisa or the Dainty fall violently in love with it. Ain't I a vile creature for putting this in your head? Upon reading over this, I think that it would be much better if I can put up three suits. And so, if you want another, send for it. Then Lady Caroline will have hers as soon as it was intended, and there will be no danger of sending too many. I think I can answer for either Louisa or the Dainty. By the by, I must let you know the

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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

price of them—it's two guineas the suit, and very cheap. If anybody else wants any, let them send to me, and I'll send them.

I have said so much of them that I am afraid you will expect more, and they won't answer. So I must tell you that they are only plain gauze with a flounce that is pinked. She won't make you cloaks under forty shillings a piece. They have a double flounce of blonde. Pray tell Louisa Lady Anne Conolly is very angry with her and Mr Conolly, for she says she has not heard this age from either. And that they are the only two people she knows who have not enquired after Harriet Conolly, who has burnt herself. It's too late to enquire now about [it], as she is quite recovered. I told all the lies I could think of for her. Pray tell me something of the French. Mr Fox says he hopes the Irish won't laugh at the Duke of B.<sup>1</sup> again for supposing there could be an invasion when it was so much more likely then than it was now. Mr Niphosen and I agreed that if Monsieur Thurot<sup>2</sup> would play at Loo, Lady Barrymore will not only forgive him, but doat upon him, and call him a dear creature. Adieu, dear sister.

Yours,

Sally

P.S. Pray bid Louisa send me word immediately about her picture. I never will forgive her if she don't. Pray when will you give me angel's picture by Hicky<sup>3</sup>? I love him still better and better whenever I think of him.

72. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

11th of March, [1760]

Dear Siss,

My sister Caroline has just got yours, in which you desire me to get the mousseline, but never sent the breadth

<sup>1</sup> John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford (1710-71). He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1755-61.

<sup>2</sup> Capt. Francois Thurot was killed in action with the English in February, 1760.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Hickey (*fl.* 1760-90), painter. Dublin-born, he visited Italy, and practised as a portrait-painter in London and Bath.



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of the edging. I'll get the mousseline if I can (for I can't promise), immediately, and wait for your answer to make it up. We are now at Salt Hill.<sup>1</sup> We leave it next week.

I went to town last Thursday with my sister to go to the Ridotto. I danced but six dances, but having rode a good deal here before, I desired that I might sleep a Friday and not be waked. My sister being gone back early, I had nothing to do and so forbid Lucy waking me. It was six o'clock a Friday morning when I went to bed, and broad daylight, and I made but one nap of it till one o'clock Saturday morning—only think of it! But what was the comical part of it was that, when I had been awake about a quarter of an hour, I called Lucy and told her I was sure I had not slept above an hour or two; for I found it was not in the day-time, but fancied she had shut the shutters close and that it was about seven or eight in the morning, and that I certainly must be ill, as it never happened to me not to sleep after dancing. I was so convinced of it that I begun to feel my pulse. Think of my astonishment when I heard of it! I could not believe it till I saw it was moonlight. I was awake till three and then slept again till seven. Mr Fox calls me 'Dormouse,' and says my brother must love me the better for it, for that he must *reconnaître son sang à ce noble sommeil*. I have so scribbled that I believe it impossible for you to read it. Try however. Tell Louisa I will order her picture, and return her a thousand thanks for it. Adieu,

Yours,

Sally

73. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

Holland House, June the 23rd, [1760]

I have not yet wished my dear siss. joy, which I now do with all my heart; though it is of a little pipingtail girl,<sup>2</sup> which Louisa insists upon is vastly pretty. Already the Duke of Bedford is ready to jump out of his skin for joy, for

<sup>1</sup> Close to Eton, where Lady Caroline Fox stayed when visiting her sons.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Louisa Bridget FitzGerald, b. 8 June, 1760; she d. in 1765.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

he has been in misery ever since he left Ireland about your not being brought to bed, and scolded me about it. He says Masterton wrote him word of it, for he has a constant correspondence with him about Loo. I am vastly obliged to Lord Kildare for his letter. He don't love receiving a letter so I will desire you to thank him for me, and tell him that I can't find any other reason for my not being married than that I am not liked. But that though I have a presentiment that I shall be the old maid of the family (for Cecilia can't—she is so handsome), yet I don't quite despair as seventeen is generally the age people are married at in England; for they look upon fifteen as quite a child. I don't quite approve of that custom. But after seventeen I intend to go to Ireland, and take Massie Hall, by Carton, and so settle myself for life; and when I die leave all I have to Charles.<sup>1</sup> Pray let me know what brats you bring to England with you. I don't dare flatter myself angel will come, but I take for granted Emily<sup>2</sup> will; if not Harriet.<sup>3</sup> My sister wants you to send to take a house [nearby] as you'll get it both better and cheaper than two or three months hence. Adieu, my dear sister, Yours,

S. Lennox

74. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Countess of Kildare*

August the 7th or 8th, [1760]

I hope, my dearest sister, that you are not really angry with me for not writing often to you. I shall be miserable if you are, for, believe me, it is not from forgetfulness or indifference to you, and I hope you don't suspect my ever being so even for a moment. It is just a month since I have heard from you, in which I have wrote twice or three times.

Ophaly writes word you nor Lord Kildare were quite well when they came. I am afraid you are low-spirited of late. I hope they will mend with seeing the boys. Pray do you

<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles James FitzGerald, (1756-1810), 3rd son of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster).

<sup>2</sup> Lady Emily FitzGerald.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Henrietta FitzGerald, 3rd dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster) (1753-63).



intend to keep them to bring over with you? My sister imagined you would. I hope you come quite in the beginning of November, for I begin to be very impatient to have it fixed—at least in what month you come. What a pack of relations we shall be all together! My sister says, “I beg, Sarah, you’ll remember I won’t meet all my relations anywhere in the world. I won’t go with a pack of Lennoxes, Richmonds, Keppels and Conollys anywhere. Now remember I have said so beforehand, so don’t expect it.” She is in a great fright for fear its happening at Goodwood. She says she will go anywhere with you, Louisa and I, but nobody else, for she does not like being with the Duchess, Lady George, etc. Though she likes them, she says they are all too young for her. But pray don’t say what I tell you to anybody, for fear it should come to their ears again, and then she says I blab, which I own I do for ever about things of no consequence.

I wonder how you and Lord Kildare will like the Duchess and Lady George. I should imagine you will [like] Lady George, because I know she will flatter you up so very much that, though you will soon find her out and not have the best opinion of her in the world, she will contrive to make you like her company, for she is very chatty and agreeable. I own I like her, for she is exactly her brother in everything in the world, and you know I can’t resist having a partiality for that in anybody. As to the Duchess, I should imagine everybody must love her that knows her, and must laugh at her queer ways, which are sometimes strange indeed.

You know I am partial to my brother, so that I hope you’ll like him, if it was only to justify that; and indeed I should imagine you will. He has, I must own, some very great faults. The one of teasing people, I think a very great one, as it generally falls to my lot. He has a hundred queer whims about decency in women’s dress, which are partly his own and partly the Duchess’s. They (for when one does a thing they all do the same) take aversions to people without rhyme or reason, or if there is any, it is sometimes so trifling that nobody else would find it out. But, in short, they have that odious way, which we both hate, of never thinking anything right but what they do themselves. And then, if my brother gives the least hint he don’t like a thing or a person, then Lady George takes it up,

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

and abuses that same person or thing for an hour, and nobody must put in their word to defend it. They frightened me at first with this manner, and I held my tongue immediately. But I find they abuse things so unreasonably that I have taken courage, and contradict them continually which is not a good custom in general, but it's impossible to help it with them. They don't like one the less for it. The Duchess has a way of laughing at one before a hundred people, and as she can't be put out of countenance herself, she never thinks how she distresses other people. My sister says she used to put Louisa so much out that the tears came in her eyes. I felt monstrously afraid of her at first, but one day she laughed at me without any reason, and I huffed her and stood it out; and she never has since. And yet my sister tells me she likes me better than Louisa. Don't imagine from this that I am grown pert, for I take a great deal of pains not to be so. But if I am a little so, I comfort myself that when you come you'll scold me out of it. You'll say I have abused these people very much, but yet, with all these faults, I like them vastly, and they have a thousand good qualities too. I have got much better acquainted with Lord Frederick Cavendish.<sup>1</sup> He is in love with the Duchess as much as he can be with anybody. He is so vastly agreeable and clever that I really think I am a little in love with him, the more so as I am a favourite of his, and that it's very few people that are.

There are news from Germany which you will hear, so I won't pretend to give an account that I don't understand. All I know or care about is that my brother was not in it, and no acquaintances of mine killed. Lady George is vastly easy about my brother, which I should not have suspected. And what entertains me is that the Duchess wonder prodigiously at it. I have received Labord's bill—the things were ordered and made. I had no opportunity to send them. She told me that she was to send some things by an Irish gentleman for Mr Coningham, and would send yours; so I made Lucy pack them up in a box, and direct them, and, as Labord is in France, I cannot answer for them, but will make all the

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Frederick Cavendish (1729-1803), younger son of William Cavendish 3rd Duke of Devonshire.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

inquiries I can about it till she comes. And, when she does, she has promised me I shall see all her things first, so, if you should have any commands, let me know, for I expect her soon to return. Adieu, dear sister, yours sincerely,

Sarah Lennox

There is a Mr Ford going to Ireland that has given my sister enough of chintz to make two sets of chairs, besides couch and great chairs and bed, of the finest prettiest chintz in the world. He won't give you any, though, for he has a cat of a wife that will hinder him.

[1762]  
LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

1762

75. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Holland House, 3rd of June, [1762]

My dear Sister,

Though I have not time to write a long letter, I could not help writing to tell you I was married yesterday morning in the chapel<sup>1</sup>; my brother, the Duchess and Lady Susan were the only people there besides servants. Doctor Francis<sup>2</sup> performed the ceremony. I go to Barton<sup>3</sup> to-morrow or [the] next day to stay the rest of the summer. I don't quite like going to a strange place for so long; but Mr Bunbury<sup>4</sup> has set his heart upon being there this summer.

I long to hear of Lord Kildare's safe arrival.

My brother intended to set out to-day, but I dare not say he is gone, for he has altered his mind twenty times already about it. Adieu, my dear sister, believe [me], yours sincerely and affectionately,

Sarah Bunbury

I was not so frightened as Louisa was yesterday, but I make good what Lady B. used to say, that *we* lively people were much more afraid than grave sober folks; for I am ten thousand times more terrified now, than she was the second day. Hers was shyness at first, which one always gets the better of; but real dislike I am sure is not so easy to get over.

76. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, July the 13th, [1762]

My dear sister,

I am extremely happy that you promise me that I shall hear constantly of you or from you, for, lately, I have been very unlucky in not hearing.

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<sup>1</sup> The private chapel at Holland House.

<sup>2</sup> Private chaplain to Lady Holland.

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Bunbury's seat in Suffolk.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Charles Bunbury (1740-1821), son and heir of Sir William Bunbury, whom he succ. as 6th Bart. in 1764. He m. (2nd June, 1762) Lady Sarah Lennox. She divorced him in 1776.



My sister and Mr Fox are here ; Mr Fox talks as much stuff as ever, for now he has no restraint upon his nonsense, and, before, my sister scolded him for talking so, before me.

I am sorry to hear my brother's patience is almost out ; I hope dear Louisa won't be angry ; she is vastly pleased with them at present by her letters—I hope she will continue so.

If my brother hears from George, I beg he will let me know, for he won't write to me, I dare say, and I long to hear of him.

Louisa tells me Lord Newbattle is very fond of his wife at present. I hope he will continue so. I told Mr Bunbury what Louisa said of him, and he says that he is sure he means to flirt with me, if he comes ; I am sure he shall not, as I shall not give him the least encouragement ; I am quite cured now, I assure you, for I can allow myself to think of him and find out all his faults, and it is only since I have liked Mr Bunbury that I could do that ; for I could not help excusing his faults and improving his merits whenever I thought of him, and for that reason I would not allow myself to do it. But now he seldom or never comes into my head ; and, when he does, it is to compare him to my dearest angel ; and he falls short of him so very much that it only makes me love Mr Bunbury ten times more. I am, however, very glad to find he has not the least tincture of jealousy about *him* (or indeed in his nature). I am glad of it for his own sake more than for mine, as I am certain I never shall have the least inclination to flirt. I own I was afraid that, as it is in my nature, I should find it difficult to help it ; but I find I love Mr Bunbury so much more than I thought I was capable of loving anything besides you (for no love of mine ever came upon the same footing as mine for you) that it has quite altered me. I have lost all spirit of coquetry so much that it is entirely equal to me if in any party I go there are agreeable men, or disagreeable, or none at all ; for my whole thoughts wherever I go are employed in thinking of him and admiring him. I do not imagine this would last for ever if I had not two other reasons for thinking so ; one is that Mr Bunbury has the spirit of flirting as much as I had—and he owns fairly he cannot see a pretty woman without flirting though he may never see her again—and he says also, as he is certain that he likes me better than any woman he ever saw, and that it is more from custom than

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

liking, if I tell him I have the least objection to his talking to any woman he will never speak to her again. This ought to make me quite easy, and I know I have not the least reason upon earth to think he don't love me ; but yet, unfortunately for me, I find I am so excessively jealous that it makes me quite miserable. For instance, there was a young pretty woman to come to see me tother day ; I told him of it, and he said she was an old flirt of his. When she came he talked to her about the most indifferent subjects aloud before me, and yet I could not help being miserable about it. He found out my jealousy, and though he was obliged to dance with her one evening, he was so very attentive to me, talked to me so much, made me sit by them, and in short shewed me so much love and attention, that I thought him almost rude to her. This ought to satisfy me quite, but yet if he leaves me but an hour, I am in the fidgets, for fear he should meet with this lady. I have taken such an aversion to her that I can hardly bring myself to be civil to her, and yet I choose to be with her when he is. This keeps me in constant agitation all the time I am in company here, and I suppose will be worse in London, the centre of coquetry and intrigue. I don't know if, in the main, it is not better for me, as it will keep up my love for him ; and in every other respect in the world he behaves like an angel to me. What a long tiresome letter I have wrote you, my dear sister. I have a mind to burn it. I won't, however, for I wish you to know all my thoughts, and I flatter myself you will forgive my talking of myself, as you know how apt I am to plague you with *myself*, and you always encourage me to write. So I hope you don't think it quite so tiresome as I should in anybody else—I will endeavour to cure myself. Adieu, my dearest sister, believe [me], yours sincerely and affectionately,

Sarah Bunbury

*PS.* Pray do not tell anybody of my jealousy, for if it came to Mr Fox's ears—Lord have mercy on me ! And I don't like anybody should know it. Pray direct to me at Barton, near Bury St Edmonds, in Suffolk.



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

77. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, July 28th., 1762

My dear sister,

I am vastly obliged to you for bidding Ciss write to me, for I like to know what you all are about at Carton ; and she writes sweet, pretty letters.

To tell you how pleased and delighted I am about dear little angel's being under my care is quite impossible. I can hardly contain my joy. And if it was not to be put off till next year (which will give it time to vent) I believe I really should go distracted. I can think of nothing else, and you may be certain there is no care nor trouble that shall be spared to take care of him. And Lord Kildare may be sure also that I never will keep him longer than his time if he forbids me, which I hope he won't, though, for at his age a few days cannot do him harm. But as I know he is strict in everything, I would not be so ungrateful as to do what I think he don't like, when he does me such an immense favour. As for you, my dear sister, I know the only way of thanking you is to take care of his dear little health, which I assure you shall not be neglected ; for, as I know his constitution, I should mind his colds and coughs, which I know are dangerous with him. However, I shall beg of you to send me your directions in writing, and they never shall be trespassed upon.

I have been running on as if he was coming immediately, which my impatience has made me do.

I am sorry Ciss don't grow tall, and very glad she is so handsome ; for I feel mighty proud of her already. Poor soul ! how I pity her about my brother ! The only way (at least I found it so with me) is not to seem to mind him one bit. I told him about shewing my neck, that, in short, I like to shew it as much as I did, and did not care if he approved of it or not. And indeed, I can't say he worried me much since. But as she can't say that, I really pity her ; for I believe she is so good-humoured she won't be cross. But if once she cried heartily about it and seemed angry, he would leave off I fancy.

Adieu, my dear sister, believe [me], yours sincerely and affectionately,

S. Bunbury

78. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, August the 18th., [1762]

My dear sister,

I should be vastly obliged to you if you will be so good as to try to get me a large wolf-dog like my brother's. It cannot be too large; I had rather 'twas a puppy, and of a true good breed, and I will take the chance of its beauty. I beg your pardon for plaguing you with commissions, but I wish you would get me another thing that I want very much and I don't know who to write to, to get it me. Do you remember some little shuttlecocks that you bought in Dublin and that were called French? They had velvet bottoms and pigeons' feathers. If you could get me half a dozen of them, I should be vastly obliged to you, and send them by the boys. I am very glad to hear they are well, dear little souls. I should not call them little, but having seen them so, make me have an idea of their being little that I shall always keep when they are men. And it will not be long before George and I will seem of the same age. Pray tell me if I am out of favour with them; for I have wrote two letters and cannot get an answer from George. I should be vastly vexed if I thought he did not love me, but I flatter myself it is only giddyness in him. You have heard, I suppose, that the Queen<sup>1</sup> *a fait son petit fait*.

Louisa wants to know why Mr Fox said there was to be a peace, and there is none. But I understand Mr Fox thinks there will be one still, and everybody talks of the Duke of Bedford's going to France immediately as a thing determined.

I am grown a great workwoman lately. I am so fond of it at present that I give up reading even to work, for I have not time for both. Miss Bunbury<sup>2</sup> is mighty comfortable, for she loves reading French story-books as much as I do. She is reading *Le Doyen de Killerin*<sup>3</sup> to me—it's mighty pretty. We have read Mademoiselle's *Mémoires* and intend to read Madame Motteville and all the rest of the *mémoires* of that

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<sup>1</sup> Queen Charlotte Sophia, wife of George III.

<sup>2</sup> Anabella Bunbury, sister of Mr Bunbury.

<sup>3</sup> The Abbé Antoine-François Prévost's novel, published in 1735.



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

time. We have so little time to read that they go on very slow. I am in hopes that by having so little time to myself, and so much to do in that little time, I shall grow to make more use of it, and not idle it away as I used to do. For when I could have read and worked I wanted to go out, and now I wish to stay at home—such is the perverseness of my nature ! But I believe the life I lead now will do me more good in the main. How does Lord Kildare do now ? I hope he has not the asthma so often as he used to have. Pray, what does little Harry<sup>1</sup> say for himself ? For, if I mind Louisa, he is more delightful than anything ever [was], and I never can believe him<sup>2</sup> up my dear little Charles ; for nothing ever was or ever can be like him. Adieu, my dear sister, believe [me], your ever obliged and affectionate sister,

Sarah Bunbury

My love to Emily. I will write to Ciss and her soon.

I have to-day parted with Mr Bunbury for the first time since I was married. He is gone [to] a party for a few days, and I don't feel comfortable, I assure you—I am like a fish out of water.

*79. Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, September the 3rd, [1762]

My dear sister,

Your last letter has made up for the loss of the other, although it is short. I am glad that you are satisfied as to my care of Charles.

Your letter has been of great use to me, as indeed your advice or opinion always is ; I have resolved not to encourage myself in my fancies, if I can help it. I know that it proceeds from being absolutely in love with Mr. Bunbury, which, although it is very right, I wish I was not ; and hope it will not last long, for indeed it is a torment. I find I did not know what being in love was before. How terrible it must be to love a person that does not return it, when it is such a plague when it is

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Henry FitzGerald, then aged 1 year.

<sup>2</sup> Page torn.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

returned. I am in a constant fear of making him angry, for, though he loves me, yet not one in ten like to have their wives tagging after them constantly; and that is what I cannot help doing, for, whenever he is absent an hour even, I am watching for his return, and follow him to the stables, etc. and, in short, am vastly troublesome. I am myself amazed at his patience, and love him ten times more for it; but cannot resist the pleasure of seeing him whenever I can—it really takes all my other pleasures away, and hinders me from enjoying others' company. For if I am settled with agreeable people ever so comfortably in his absence, the instant I know he is within reach I am upon the fidget till I go to him; although he is so good to me, I can see he don't like it, and I will get the better of it. I have begun to put this resolution in execution this morning, and have kept out of his way as much as I can; but I find it a hard task. Indeed, my dearest siss, I torment you with talking of myself; but I am very selfish, and cannot resist the pleasure of telling my thoughts to you, who I love so excessively.

I shewed Mr Bunbury your letter,\* that he might see that 'twas not partiality made me admire you; and to my great satisfaction he is inclined to like you vastly. I hope you like *him*, indeed I think you must, for the proverb of wits does not extend to too good and amiable angels.

How I pity poor dear Lady Drogheda. Pray, if you see her, give my love to her. Indeed, I was vastly shocked when I saw it in the papers, but was in hope of a mistake.

Are not you glad of this charming peace? All the world will go to Paris. My brother says Louisa has promised to go to Aubigni with him; I should not like that. I take it for granted you don't go. I wish you did, for I believe you would like it. Mr Bunbury says he will go some time or other. I shall like it very well, but am in no hurry, and do not wish to cross the sea, unless to Ireland, for some time, for I fear very much that I shall get into a routing way; and I have set my heart upon being *settled*. Not but that I intend to go some time hence, for I am sure Mr Bunbury will, as he never was there. I have taken it into my head that you and my sister Caroline have some little coolness between you—I hope not. I fancied it by your saying in my letter



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

*Lady Holland*, and I know one is apt, if one is angry with anybody, to be formal in speaking of them, though they don't know it.

Pray, my dear siss, what reason have you to think ill of Car. H.? I don't doubt it is a good one, and am vastly sorry for her mother, who, although she has faults, is too quick not to see her daughter's, and too good to be made unhappy by them. I hate to be mistaken in my friends.

By the by, Lady Caroline (*alias* Duchess of Marlborough) and I will be mighty good friends next year. The old Duchess gone<sup>1</sup> I don't fear any schemes. And as for envy, I can create none to a great Duchess (which is the height of her ambition I believe); and as those are the only two things that I did not like being with her for before, I shall allow myself to admire her as much as I was inclined to do before. She is a sweet, amiable, good-humoured, agreeable and handsome woman. Whenever I am with her I like her from her honest, good countenance; but I would not trust myself before for fear of getting into scrapes.

My love to the boys. Pray tell them that Charles has left his father a week before the holidays are ended to come to me, and I expect him Monday here. He and his father have had a great deal of fun with Dickson about Lady B.—they know who it is. How sorry I am that I cannot see them till Xmas.

I dare not ask of Lord Kildare to allow me a week out of school; it would make me vastly happy indeed, for I believe they would like it too. It is but a days' journey from Eton here, and they should be back with[in] the week. If you think I could succeed in my petition pray make it for me, and tell him if he won't grant it I shall be eight or nine months without seeing them. I perceive it is time to finish this long epistle, so adieu, my dear sister, believe [me], your ever affectionate and obliged sister,

S. Bunbury

Pray let me know if my letters come safe, for I am practising to free them, and want to know the success.

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<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, Duchess of Marlborough (d. 1761), dau. of Thomas Trevor, 2nd Baron Trevor.

[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

80. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, September 30th, [1762]

I am vastly impatient, my dear sister, to hear of you. I need not be frightened about you, for you are always so well that there is no fear; but yet I am very anxious to have it all over.

Indeed, my dear sister, I long to see you to the greatest degree. I should not put off that pleasure this winter, if I had not a little scheme which, should it succeed, will make me vastly happy, and will only put it off, to make it pleasanter. I wait with impatience to hear who will be Lord Lieutenant. For should it be Lord Talbot<sup>1</sup> or Lord Granby<sup>2</sup>, Mr Bunbury proposes asking them to be their secretary. They are both friends of Sir William's and Mr Bunbury likes that place better than any he could have, as it don't vacant his seat in Parliament, and I am out of my wits with the thoughts of it already. Mr Fox wants him to ask for *a* place immediately, but that he don't choose; and I can't say I wonder at him, for unless it is for one that suits him so charmingly as this, it is not worth the risk of an opposition at his election—and that there will be, if he has occasion for a re-election.

I have just found out that I have wrote my letter wrong—pray forgive it. I will number the sides to make it plain.

But to proceed. I must beg of you not to name this, as I don't think it very likely to succeed, and I hate people should know one wants a thing one don't get.

The Parliament will be very busy this winter and, as Mr Bunbury intends speaking for Lord Bute,<sup>3</sup> I hope it won't be so difficult. I fear his being so young will be objected to. Don't imagine that when I say Mr Bunbury intends speaking, that he means to say, "my Lord I am your creature"; for he dreads that more than anything in the world, and would not take a place but on condition he may speak as he pleases. Mr Fox is trying to persuade him to be quite attached to Lord

<sup>1</sup> William Talbot, 1st Earl Talbot (1710-82).

<sup>2</sup> John Manners, Marquis of Granby (1721-70), son of John Manners, 3rd Duke of Rutland, whom he predeceased.

<sup>3</sup> John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute (1713-92). On the Duke of Newcastle's resignation in 1762, he became First Lord of the Treasury.



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Bute, and has a notion that Mr Bunbury is one of the wrong-headed, prating people that were in a set last winter—you heard of them, I don't doubt ; Lord Shelbourne<sup>1</sup> is at the head of them—but he is vastly mistaken, for, to do my poor husband justice, he is the most right-headed person I ever saw, except Lord Kildare, and I think they are alike in that.

He has told me that his intentions are to be of Lord Bute's side in everything he approves of ; but not to be tied to him or anybody else. He wishes to be independent as much as possible and yet wishes to be in business ; and this place seems to answer both ends as much as any place can. He is naturally high and has not patience to bear anything that hurts him, so that I don't fancy he will go on in peace for a long time. But could I get to Ireland I don't much care for anything else. And I own myself mean enough to do anything to obtain that, except asking the King, and that, nothing would make me do.

I have told you a great deal about myself and my husband, but when my head is full of anything I long to communicate it to you. I must again beg your silence, for to tell you the truth, 'tis against Mr Bunbury's desire I tell it you ; but I know that if he knew you as well as I do, he would tell you ; so I don't scruple deceiving him in this.

Who do you think I saw at Bury last week ? Madam Belfour ! I was charmed to see her ; she diverted me vastly about Dody. She says he kept a rout with my brother and the Duchess as if they were Lord and Lady Lieutenant. At the playhouse he came to her, and said, " Mrs Belfour, you come here to-morrow ? " " No I don't. " " Dear ma'am ! the Duke and Duchess are to come. " " Well, suppose they do ? I shan't. " " Lord ma'am, how can ye be so vulgar ? Why, everybody comes. " Is't not exactly him ? She was very entertaining indeed, but affected to a great degree and made all the Bury ladies stare ; for she has let her hair grow down upon her forehead full two inches, so that it flies about ; and she is exactly a young wild colt at grass ; I like it very well so, and think it becomes her ; and if she was younger, would

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<sup>1</sup> William Petty, 2nd Earl of Shelbourne (afterwards created Marquis Lansdowne (1737-1805). He was Prime Minister, 1782-83.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

be charming, as I look upon her as a thorough affected coquette. If Dody is in town and that you have spirits enough to worry him, I can tell you a subject that will frighten him. You must know that before he knew that I liked Mr Bunbury, he abused him to the greatest degree about being a coxcomb, and, in short, turned him into ridicule. I assure you he ought to be vastly obliged to me; for I did not feel the least angry at him and forgive him, but pray tell him I have told Mr Bunbury, which I would not do, by the by, for the world, as I intend he should get acquainted with him. And I know that one cannot forgive a person that abuses one, though one may for other people. Oh! by the by, about Lady George, she I believe intends being great with my sister Holland, as she has wrote three times to her from Portugal, by my sister's desire though, who was in a civil mood the day they parted, and pitied her for she was very low-spirited, poor soul, at going. But she is very far from doating upon her, and is very civil to her, and cannot help liking her from the pains t'other takes to please her; so they appear quite well together, and indeed are so, except a sharp thing or two that now and then comes out when there is no other thing to lay hold of, when she is in her ways.

I have got *such a parrot* as never was heard of except in Sir W. Temple's, even Lord Kildare would admire it; it never bites nor screams, it says every morning, "*Polly? avez vous déjeuné? Oui, oui, oui, oui! Et de quoi? De la rotie.*" It sings *Dragon pour boire*, Pretty Polly say, and a song like an old Frenchman; and besides has all the conversation of other parrots. Add to this that it has a yellow head, green body spotted with yellow, and scarlet tops to its wings. In short, I adore it, and so does everybody that sees it. I go to Newmarket next week, not to be thanking every man that will do me the honour to come to me, as most of the ladies do there, but to be at a very agreeable house near it, where I shall have nothing to do with them, and only see the race in the morning. Lady Susan has been with me a fortnight, and will stay much longer. I have established such a good character here that I don't fear her making me do wrong; am not I very pert with my good character? The Duchess of Grafton is come back, but I have not seen her. The



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Duchesses of B. and Marlborough have their hearts' desire if they like to fill the papers, for there is nothing else but them in it.

How different the weather is now from last year ! Do you remember our going out in an easterly wind at Goodwood and being almost starved this time twelve month ? And to-day it is so hot that we sit out all day. What a letter I have wrote ! But I will send it, for if you are tired you need not read it, you know. How excessive fond of Lord Bute Mr Fox is grown ! He has made Doctor Francis write for him a pamphlet that you will see soon, about the peace. I cannot (as far as I am able to judge) think he does quite right in being so tied to any person as he is ; but he is such a good soul that one cannot disapprove of anything he does almost.

I am glad you have no other reason for calling my sister Holland so, but what you give ; that is a good one, and I don't wonder at you. I hope, my dear sister, that it never will happen to me, and that you always will look on me as your child ; and, of course, if anything I do disoblige you, you will tell [me]. For indeed I must ask you the reason if you ever are grave or shy to me, for I could not bear it.

I am very sorry the boys go to Goodwood, as I proposed asking them with your leave to come here ; as I shall come for three weeks from Holland House here, and they would go out a shooting and have hunting with Mr Bunbury who is very fond of it, and is at the same time very careful ; so that I thought they might like it. But I fear another year, if they come, they will despise it after fox-hunting. I hope they will come home safe without broken bones, for I fear they will laugh at poor William, and make him venture when he is not safe. Adieu, my dear sister, here is the end of my letter at last. Adieu. Yours,

S. Bunbury

81. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, October the 11th., [1762]

I am delighted, my dear sister, to hear you are so well, for I yesterday received Louisa's three letters and Ciss's, which was very pleasant.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I certainly will be godmother to your little girl;<sup>1</sup> but it is on one condition, and that is that she must have a pretty name before Sarah; for I won't have my ugly name propagated. The Duchess of Ancaster<sup>2</sup> has a little girl called Priscilla, which I doat upon, but I fancy Lord Kildare will think it affected; in short if she has but a pretty name first, she may be called Sarah but not otherwise I beg.

I have been at Newmarket, and I doat upon it. I am so eager about it, that if my life depended upon it I should not be more pleased than when a favourite horse wins.

Lady Susan has left me; she is vastly liked here by the few people she saw. They reckon her so unaffected civil and good-humoured. Indeed she is, I think, improved. But there is one great advantage here, which both Lady Susan and I have gained by, which is that, although the people here have a great deal of good company, yet the only *great* ladies that have been here are the Duchess of Grafton and Lady Granby, who have given them such a notion of a fine lady, that everything that's tolerably good-humoured and pleased with them, they reckon so obliging and charming.

I am charmed with your news of the Havannah<sup>3</sup> for poor Lady Albemarle. I had a letter from Lady E.<sup>4</sup> in such raptures about it, that it makes me love her vastly; for I did not think she had sensibility enough to make her so happy. They are all well now, but two of them had been very ill. Lady George is brought to bed of a girl. Neither my brother, sister, the Duchess, Mrs Fitzroy or her own mother heard of it for a great while and then 'twas by accident; is not it strange? For I don't see either the wit or the good of keeping it a secret.

I hear the Duchess of Grafton is grown thin and ugly, and that she has such a beard, as even the Duchesses of Newcastle,<sup>5</sup> Leeds,<sup>6</sup> or Richmond cannot excel.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sophia Mary FitzGerald was born on 26th Sept., 1762.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, dau. of Thomas Panton; m. (1750) Peregrine Bertie, 3rd Duke of Ancaster.

<sup>3</sup> The Havannah had surrendered to Lord Albemarle on 14th August.

<sup>4</sup> [?] Lady Elizabeth Keppel.

<sup>5</sup> Henrietta (d. 1776), dau. of Francis Godolphin, 2nd Earl of Godolphin; m. (1717) Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle.

<sup>6</sup> Mary, Duchess of Leeds (d. 1764), wife of Thomas Osborne, 4th Duke of Leeds.



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Bury Fair begins to-day. It is a sad junketing week for me, and the house is filled with all kinds of people ; but being at home is such a comfort that it makes up for other inconveniences.

There has been a fracas in London between Lord Talbot and Mr Wilkes,<sup>1</sup> a House of Commons man, who is supposed to write the *North Briton*. Lord Talbot sent to him to know if he wrote that paper that said his horse should have a pension, not because it abused him, but the King, and that he cannot bear. Mr Wilkes sent him word he had no right to ask the question. Lord Talbot then sent him a challenge, which Mr Wilkes answered, and they fired one pair of pistols ; upon which Mr Wilkes said that now he had shewn that he was not afraid of him, he would tell him who it was wrote it ; but on condition he would not tell. That seems to be a proof 'twas either Lord Temple<sup>2</sup> or a man of consequence. It was very silly of Lord Talbot.

My sister and Mr Fox have at last left the seaside. They purpose staying at Holland House all winter, but I cannot think they will keep their resolution.

My French gown I believe is to [be] had now. I had quite given up all hopes of it for Lord Barrington<sup>3</sup> had quite shuffled it off, [but a] friend of mine has undertaken it and thinks it may be got in time.

My love to Lord Kildare and all your dear brats. Adieu, my dear sister. Yours ever affectionately,

S. B.

82. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Marchioness of Kildare*

Barton, November the 7th, [1762]

My dear sister,

You cannot imagine how happy I was to hear of your being so well ; I was on the brink of going to you very often, but every other letter told me you was better and the other worse.

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<sup>1</sup> John Wilkes, politician (1727-97). He was arrested for a libel on George III published in No. 45 of the *North Briton* (1763).

<sup>2</sup> Richard Grenville-Temple, 2nd Earl Temple (1711-79).

<sup>3</sup> William Wildman Barrington, 2nd Visct. Barrington (1717-93), then Treasurer of the Navy.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

But thank God you are well now, and I can wait with rather more patience to see you. But believe me, dear sister, when I think of you it is not to be conceived how I long to go to you to see my dear little girls, and in short twenty people, and things, not forgetting poor Carton and Waterston, etc., etc., etc. I sit and fancy myself there, and think of what I shall do and where I shall go, and divert myself with imagining what I hope will happen e'er (*very*) long. One of my proposed pleasures I am deprived of, to my great sorrow, indeed, but I am not the greatest loser by it, and ought not to repine for it is only selfish in me.

You said you intended to spend the winter at Carton. How comfortable that will be! I hear Lord Gower<sup>1</sup> is to go to Ireland, at least it's very strongly reported; I hope so, for he is an agreeable man and you will like him, I dare say. I don't believe he takes to the Duchess of Grafton again, for Miss Pelham is in high favour with him at present.

Lady E. Keppel says that it does her good to see two people so fond of one another as their Graces of Marlborough; she has been at Blenheim. Did I tell you of the Duchess of B's<sup>2</sup> great complaisance at Woburn after they were married? She shortened her evenings from one (their usual time of going to bed) to eleven, all the time they were at Woburn; is not that delightful? Mr George Selwin<sup>3</sup> went over with her to France and assured the company at White's that he should make peace for that he carried the olive branch with him.

I am glad you call the little girl Sophia; it's a sweet name.

I was told t'other day that a Miss Holland, that lives with my aunt Mrs Handasyde,<sup>4</sup> who is housekeeper at Windsor, was shewing Lady Augusta<sup>5</sup> the Palace at the installation; and she asked her many questions about Mrs Handasyde. And hearing her name was Bunbury, she said she had seen Miss Bunbury. "I suppose your Royal Highness has seen

<sup>1</sup> Granville Leveson-Gower, 2nd Earl Gower (afterwards Marquis of Stafford) (1721-1803).

<sup>2</sup> Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford (1719-94). She was el. dau. of John Leveson-Gower, 1st Earl Gower; and wife of John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford.

<sup>3</sup> George Augustus Selwyn, the celebrated wit (1719-91).

<sup>4</sup> A sister of Sir W. Bunbury.

<sup>5</sup> Princess Augusta of Wales, who had opposed George III's attentions to Lady Sarah.



[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Mr Bunbury who married Lady Sarah Lennox," says Miss Holland. Upon which she coloured up and looked so furious that she frightened Miss Holland out of her wits, and they said no more. Was there ever such a toad? Does she think I have affronted her dignity and ought not to be named before her? Or is it that she is ashamed of her behaviour to me? For that she ought, I am sure.

I am making a little plantation here, and I doat upon it of all things. I shall grow as great a gardener as you in time, I hope. Oh! by the by, do you know that I took it into my head this summer to doctor a gentleman whom I hardly knew that was here, and had a cold. And I forbid him eating meat at supper or drinking wine; and he very quietly submitted, although he was very hungry; and Sir William was quite shocked to see the poor man starve. But he went on upon my advice, and unfortunately for me did not cure his cold. I hope soon to see your dear boys, for I quite long for it, [it] is so long since I have seen them. What a bustle their will be this year! My sister tells me Lord Kildare is to come; I don't doubt it, it is just what he doats upon. I shall be glad to see him, for I do love him vastly, and I flatter myself I am in his favour, which I take as no small compliment; but as I am grown rather *fat* I fear I should not brag too soon. But, seriously, I hope to be well with him, and more than well, for I have a different love for him than for Mr Fox or my brothers, for I look upon him as a father and would not do anything without his approbation. I hope also that he will like Mr Bunbury, for that is one thing of great consequence to me; and I am apt to think what I wish, and flatter myself he will, for I think they are a little alike in some things—exactness for one—and many little things that put me in mind of him.

Lord Coventry<sup>1</sup> has taken it into his pate to fancy himself of consequence enough to resign, which is very shabby, for the King has been particularly good to him, they say. They have offered Mr Charles York<sup>2</sup> the seals, and he has refused it in order to be of use to the Dukes of D. and N. They say

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<sup>1</sup> George William Coventry, 6th Earl of Coventry (1722-1809).

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Charles York, (d. 1770), 2nd son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He was Attorney-General.

[1762]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Lord Granby and the Duke of Rutland<sup>1</sup> will resign. Lord Charles Spencer<sup>2</sup> is to be Controller of the Household. This is the report at present ; but you hear I suppose from Mr. Fox true accounts.

Pray tell Louisa that I have taken to hunting as well as her. But I wonder at her choosing to hunt at the Curragh, as I think it would be charming to have hounds of one's own and not have twenty people out besides, which I have not here, although they are not our own. I won't grow like the Duchess and Lady George, though, I assure you, for I know it is disagreeable in them, and will try to avoid it. Mr Bunbury has a mortal aversion to the *coterie's* ways, and will not let me get into it ; which I am glad of, for I know I can't resist doing wrong with them, and I had rather be out of the way than watch myself so constantly as I must do with them. Adieu, my dear sister.

Your ever affectionate and sincere sister

S. Bunbury

Mr Bunbury sends his compliments to [you]. He was vastly sorry to hear you was ill. But whether 'twas from seeing me so distressed, or from his fancy to you (which I assure you is very great), I don't know ; but I know that he has made me promise to get a kiss from you for him, which I hope you won't refuse. For the animal loves kissing a pretty woman wherever she is to be found ; and I had rather it should be you.

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<sup>1</sup> John Manners, 3rd Duke of Rutland (1695-1779).

<sup>2</sup> Lord Charles Spencer (d. 1820), 2nd son of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough.



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LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

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83. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, 3rd of March, [1774]

My being here prevented my receiving your letter so soon, my dearest sister, or I should not have deferred a day giving you my most sincere thanks for this mark of your affection and goodness, which I am truly sensible of. Indeed, I can scarce express the pleasure it gave me to see your handwriting again addressed to me; but great as it is, 'tis almost lost in the expectation of seeing you so soon, which I so little expected a very short time ago. This pleasure is the greater for the anxiety I have been in all this last week about you all, though thank God without reason. I long much to hear how you do, my dearest sister, with all the hurry and agitation you must have been in on your coming. I am very happy to hear you found my poor sister Holland better; I am sure your arrival will be of service to her spirits at least, and of course be of use to her health.

Pray give my love to your daughters—Emily particularly, to whom I feel excessively obliged for her kind remembrance of me. How shall I thank you, my dearest sister, for your goodness in naming my poor dear little girl with so much tenderness? But you long ago promised me your protection for her, and that idea has ever made one of the greatest comforts of my life. But I will not now allow myself to enter into a subject I can never name without tears, but wait till I see you to claim your love for *her*, and a continuance of it to me, whom you will find the same disposition in as there was twenty years ago; full of a thousand faults, only much increased, and having no one merit but an affectionate heart towards those that love me. And as I have always experienced the love of the tenderest and best of mothers from you, my dearest sister, so you will always find me most affectionately, your ever grateful and tender sister,

S. B.

84. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, 28th October, 1774

My dearest sister,

Till within these few days I did not know how to direct to you, or should not have been so long without writing to you. But it does not follow because that I have not written, that I have not thought of you ; for I assure you I have scarce ever thought of anything else since you went, not only from my anxiety for you, but on account of your spirits, which I am sure must have suffered much from all you have had to tease you. It has been impossible for L. to avoid telling me [a] great part of Lord Devil's<sup>1</sup> extraordinary proceedings, as he had made them so public that, by the various reports I heard, I was quite distracted to know what was the matter. So that I am *au fait* of what grieves me sadly to know, viz. that poor Emily is married to a wretch that don't care a farthing for her, and only wanted an excuse to be off ; and that you have been made to suffer (though but for a moment) in the eyes of the world by him. However sorry I am for it, it is really nothing in comparison of the distress I fear he will give you on account of your poor daughter. For as to yourself, your are, thank God, of a character and turn of mind which sets you above his mean and devilish devices, and secures you the good opinion of the world, who will not easily believe you can do a wrong thing. And as to what wordly people might call a foolish thing, if ever such a thought should hereafter enter into your head, your friends and acquaintances all revere your character too much not to approve of everything your judgment directs you to do.

This, my dear sister, is the idea which I find everybody has relative to you. And I mention it to you in hopes it will quite take off all those unpleasant feels you must have felt when you found such a devil was trying to lower your character in the world. And though your consciousness of your own merit ought to have prevented you from minding his lies,

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<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Bellamont, who had married Lady Emily FitzGerald this same year. He had quarelled with all his FitzGerald relations. The marriage was not a happy one, and by 1789 they appear to have been separated.



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yet you have too much feeling not to be anxious to hear how people talked of his strange conduct to you. But it only made a nine days' wonder, and then people fell on him for his insolence to you, which, it seems, has been of long standing, and has been written over to England by several people long ago. However, as I was saying, 'tis more for Emily's sake than for your own you will suffer. God grant some event may happen to set all things right, and give you and her the comfort of loving and living with one another. Poor thing! my heart bleeds for her, for she cannot be long deceived, and she cannot but be unhappy.

This subject, my dear sister, takes me up so much that when I once begin upon it, I don't finish; but I will, for 'tis not a very fit one for a letter. So I will not mention it again till I see Louisa and that we have talked over the subject thoroughly, which will be next month, I find.

I have received your two letters—one from Dublin, the other from Waterford; and one from Henry from Bordeaux; for all three of which I thank you very kindly. Lady Albemarle<sup>1</sup> last night got one from Charlotte, by which I find you are to be at Marseilles<sup>2</sup>; and I am very glad of it, as I hear such good accounts of it. My brother George has an opposition in the county, which for the last week has entirely engrossed us all. Lady Albemarle intends writing you an account of it, so I shall not.

I am very sorry to find the dear little angels have had aguish complaints; but I take for granted that change of air will cure them entirely by the time you get to Marseilles. I hope your eyes won't suffer from the cold north winds which blow every nine or ten days, I hear. Charlotte says they are weak, but I can't help flattering myself it is perhaps a civil excuse for not writing to Lady Albemarle yourself; but it is also so probable that I am afraid too. By the by, she is vastly pleased with Charlotte's writing to her.

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<sup>1</sup> Anne, Countess of Albemarle (1703-89), dau. of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond. She was widow of William-Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle.

<sup>2</sup> This same month, at Toulouse, Emily, Duchess of Leinster married Mr William Ogilvie. After her marriage, the Duchess, Mr Ogilvie, and the younger members of her family settled at Aubigny, in France. The marriage of the Duchess to her sons' tutor caused great consternation amongst the members of her family.

[1774]

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

You may see that I have not heard a word about you lately ; and if you have wrote or ordered letters to be written to me, you will be surprised. But it's very possible I may have letters in my brother Richmond's pocket, for I have not set eyes on him during this *bustle*.

I know foreign letters are ruinous, so I intend to write in a new style to you as soon as I get home and can get decent like paper and pens. For I will write on very thin paper, and write very small and neat—in short, not such scrawling as this is, which I can scarce read myself. Adieu, my dear sister. Ever most sincerely, most affectionately and most tenderly yours,

S. B.

Love to Henry and thanks *en attendant* my letter.

85. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*Halnaker,<sup>1</sup> 29th November, 1774

It is impossible for me, my dearest sister, to enclose a letter to you and not write you a few lines, though I did not mean to write till sometime hence to you, as I fancy that when my letters are directed to Marseilles they will go to you in a reasonable space of time, whereas this is so roundabout a way, that you will hear my news when I have any to tell, three weeks before my letter comes.

At present I have a very unpleasant piece of news to tell you about poor dear Ste, who I hear is so ill as gives one little hopes of his recovery. He has a dropsical complaint, and his body has swelled four inches in a week. I will write you word what accounts I have. If he dies, it will make me regret our dear sister the less, for she would have felt his loss most severely. I am sure poor Lady Mary<sup>2</sup> will be very much afflicted, for she loves him very much ; she is alone with him in the country. I hope she will get him to town if possible,

<sup>1</sup> Sussex ; where Lady Sarah was now living.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Fitzpatrick (d. 1778), el. dau. of John Fitzpatrick, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory ; m. (1766) Stephen Fox, el. son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland (2nd Lord Holland).



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LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

or that her brothers and sister will go to her ; for she has not anybody, I think, among her acquaintances, who she is quite comfortable with, now Lady Payne is gone. I pity her very much, for her spirits have hardly had time to recover from the last melancholy scene she went through.

Louisa will not come to England, I fancy, till the middle of January ; for I don't find it's necessary for Parliament, and you know she won't hurry herself, if 'tis not absolutely so.

My brother and [the] Duchess are gone to town for the Meeting of Parliament, which is to-day. At their return they are to have a house full of company, and I shall remain here. But by seeing them now and then, I shall hear if there is any news stirring, which whilst you are so far off perhaps you will care for ; I mean chiefly about what relates to all our family and connections. For as for mere news, I know you don't care for them. However, I send you a paragraph that I suppose will displease Lord Bellamont, and of course pleases me. And I also will tell you that my brother says he is such a fellow that he will have no sort of connection with him, and won't visit him if he comes over, to shew that he has nothing to say to those who use those he loves and respects ill. But you must not take notice of this, as it was told me privately, and is not quite a fixed measure. And when it is, you will hear of it in form. But I could not help telling you this, as a proof your friends are as warm as you can wish them to be. How should they be otherwise, my dear sister, when you are the object, and when you have so lately come amongst us to renew all the admiration one must feel in knowing you ? Adieu. My little girl<sup>1</sup> is vastly well, thank God. Yours,

S. B.

86. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Halnaker, 11th December, 1774

My dearest sister,

I wrote you a long letter, part of which was begun at Stoke and the rest finished here ; and I sent it this morning by the

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<sup>1</sup> Louisa, Lady Sarah's child by Lord William Gordon.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

post, directed to a Mrs Wilkie, who is recommended to you in it. I now write and will send this by to-morrow's post, hoping you will get them nearly at the same time. For I've just now had a conversation with my brother<sup>1</sup> about you, in which he told me nearly the same things I told you of in my other letter; but added a very sensible, kind, and proper, conclusion to it, which was, that though he could not disguise his being sorry, he should keep that to ourselves. But that his chief object was your happiness; that it was impossible for him, who was an absolute stranger to Mr Ogilvie, not to have fears about it; because in the common order of things any inequality between husband and wife generally tended to make them less happy; that Mr Ogilvie *might* be an exception to the common rule, and if he proved so, it would make him quite happy to think you were so. But still he talked of the disagreements of anything of that kind. "I allow," said I, "that if you sit and think of all the reasons against it, you may find a thousand; but so can anybody do that as well as us, who are her friends. But if we do no more than others, it is not shewing her kindness; and is she not worth our getting over all those sort of nonsensical notions for her sake?" "Certainly," (said he), "and I assure you, I mean to do so in time, but at first, I own, amongst ourselves, I can't use myself to it in a moment." "Well, but," said I, "will you try to use yourself to the thoughts of it first, and let Mr Ogilvie do the rest. For suppose now he should prove a delightful man and quite to your taste, then you know nothing will be so easy as to say that now you know him you can no more wonder at her." "Very true," said he, "and I heartily wish it may turn out so; but you who are so sure he is to be this phoenix—you don't know him." "No, but Louisa does." "Yes, but Louisa always likes what her sister likes." "No, indeed," said I, "but she don't carry her partiality so very far. She might be prejudiced in his favour, but she never can take for granted he is agreeable, sensible, a man of principle and honour, only upon finding my sister partial to him; and indeed she told me all this long ago." "Well," said my brother, "Louisa's opinion has great

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<sup>1</sup> Duke of Richmond.



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weight with me. And when I see her, it will give me great pleasure to be convinced of all this, which may be true, most certainly; only I don't like his persuading her to do what I don't think she would without his persuasion have thought right." I could not help saying, "Oh Lord I wish he was not a Scotchman!" Upon which Lady L., who was present, laughed so violently that she set my brother a-laughing too, and he vowed and swore he was not the least prejudiced against him for it. But I shook my head, and said I could not help wishing he was an Englishman, for all that. I then asked my brother if he would not be very careful what he wrote to William because that the least misunderstanding of his expressions might possibly give William a wrong idea. He said that all he should say to him was, "that he could not defend your cause if he spoke from his heart, but that, though he would by no means have advised you to take such a step, yet since it was over, the case was quite altered; and that he strongly recommended to him not to let the least shadow of mortification or pride or vexation escape him, as it would undoubtedly only give pleasure to his enemies; that he did not doubt his shewing you all his affection as much as ever." This is to be the purport of his letter; which I hope will be what you like.

I then asked him about that idea of your offering to give up the guardianship of your children, and battled it. He said, he must own he would do it if he was *you*, and refuse it if he was your son; for that you ought to be delicate about putting them under the care of a father-in-law, and that William<sup>2</sup> ought to be sure they could be nowhere so well as with you. "But," said my brother, "I shall not say a word of it to either, for it's too delicate and tender a point to write to her about if she don't do it of herself." So you see he has thought better of it, and does not choose to advise you to it; in a little while he will think better of the thing itself, I dare say.

Since I began this letter, my dear dear sister, my brother has received one from you acquainting him with an event that I own I was surprised at. Goodwood house is full, and

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<sup>1</sup> William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I have seen only Lady Louisa, who came over to tell me about it ; and I find my brother *had* begun a long letter to you some time ago, on a supposition that you had such thoughts ; and he is now to add more to you and send it. And it was agreed we all should write to you about the same time, assuring you what I believe is most sincerely true, viz., that we all wish your happiness most excessively. I know the ways of Goodwood House and of my brother so well, that I dare say he will delay this same long letter to you for some days. And I know that were I in your situation I should feel very anxious to know as much and as soon as I could what they all said ; for which reason I am now doing (what I dare say I should be scolded for if they knew it) what I would be done by ; and mean to tell you the little I have heard about it, that you may not be anxious a day longer than is necessary, as I am sure you will easily discover that they are not as warmly partial to you as Louisa and I. I am afraid you will, with the warmth natural to you, take too easily for granted that they are too much the contrary ; and therefore I do not scruple, my dear sister, to tell you what they think—and just what they think—that you may be a competent judge of what you may expect from them, and neither rate their affection too high nor too low. This obliged me, my dearest sister, to tell you what hurts me to say and what I trust to your affection for forgiving me ; but it would be deceiving you to say they do not blame you—for they do, as to the time. In a word, they think it will vex your son, and therefore are sorry for the match at all ; they think it will hurt you vastly in the world to have married within even a year after your mourning ; and they are vastly hurt at its being before the mourning was out. There is the worst of all their thoughts. On the other hand they feel no foolish pride themselves. They look upon the opinion of the world in that respect as very little ; and with respect to the time they think three weeks sooner or later a joke in fact ; but they cannot get over the not having it in their power to say hereafter : “ You can accuse her of nothing improper. You can only say it was foolish to marry. But her choice may justify it, as upon acquaintance everybody likes him.” This, my dear sister, is the only *rub* in my mind that signifies. I wish you had



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deliberated more upon this, and not imagined that the equivocal state you mention would hurt you as much as this certainty, I fear, will. But it is over. And now let me tell you all my reflections upon this, which seems very impertinent in me to make, as you are a better judge of character than me, I'm sure. But of those I live with I have had some such trying occasions to examine, that perhaps my remarks may not be quite useless to you. My brother has wrote down, I understand, a great deal of good advice to you ; and though I propose to be such a fool as to tell him that advice after twenty-five is absurd, yet I'm sure he will verify my words by not taking my advice and sending his to you—you know it's his foible. And I do not blame him for examining every subject as he does, and sifting it to the bottom, till he has discovered all the *pour et le contre* ; for I believe it a very right thing to do. But I cannot but attribute [it] to a little vanity that, quick as he is, he don't perceive that in many cases he is not exempt from weakness himself ; and that, having wrote his advice, he don't lock it up to profit by himself, and not produce it unasked ; for that is his failing, and what I fear he will do by you. But forgive him, my dear sister, consider 'tis only a failing and almost his only failing ! Judge of it as such, and pass it over to come directly to his heart, where you will find nothing that is not lovable, amiable and angelic. If your pride as being older, wiser and more knowing of the world than him, and entirely your own mistress, should tempt you to feel angry at him, consider his pride is worked up by the (sincere I believe) adoration that is paid to his sense by his wife and his sister-in-law, and also by his sister Louisa, not to mention others. They have made something of every little failing he has (not Louisa, for I must exculpate her) ; but the rest have made him in some degree too like what all great men are in a great degree, that is, appearing to have an inward consciousness of their own consequence above the level of other men. Most great men have it outwardly, and are in my mind very unpleasant for that very reason ; but my brother has less than any of them, and conceals it. But then people make it appear for him, and imperceptibly he gains some of it. In short, he is spoilt a good deal. But pray overlook all that, and you will

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find him as you wish ; when once he has said his say he will most probably do exactly as you would wish him ; for he always forgets his overwise resolutions and sticks only to those his heart dictates ; or those the Duchess chooses, provided he is not contradicted or argued with.

As to the Duchess, I am very sure she will choose to do everything you like, and having chosen it, will do it, and persuade him if he should by chance make the smallest objection. But, with all her warmth, she won't forget herself neither. And unluckily just now the house is full, and she delighted with it, to such a degree that she won't spare time, I fear, to bring about just now any point. And I am most anxious for the first letter he means to write to the Duke of Leinster, as I think he may put in some wise reflections, that he himself will forget, and that the Duke of Leinster may not. In short, I'm in hot water about it, and quite *la duchesse de la fierte* ; for I'm sure I'm in the right, and I dare say nobody will mind me. As to my brother George,<sup>1</sup> I beg your pardon, my dear sister, for attacking your favourite, but don't depend too much upon him ; his approbation or disapprobation depends entirely upon your being in favour or not with him ; and your being in favour depends upon your paying great deference to his judgment and great attentions. He is formal from vanity, and likes or dislikes from pique and prejudice. 'Tis true you were formerly a great favourite with him, and it is renewed on his seeing you ; but if you had not happened to have wrote to him I would not have answered for him. However, I find he is now rather silent about you, and only says you are in the right to do as you please. I don't mean to say that I do not know he has many very great and good qualities, for I allow them ; but I do not think him to be depended upon half as much as my brother Richmond. And as my opinion is that also of some who are better judges than myself, I tell it you, that you may not raise your expectations too high. As for his wife, she is very much hurt at the idea of not being able to defend you quite ; for you must know that she is by far the strictest of the whole family as to right and wrong, and is very steady in her opinions—a little governed

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<sup>1</sup> Lord George Lennox.



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by my brother Richmond, but so very, very good-natured and sensible that she will make the best of everything. This, my dear sister, is the opinion I have of all their different ideas upon this subject, which I've gathered from an hour's conversation with her only, so that I may be mistaken; but I firmly believe that if you do not allow yourself to take anything they may say or do as unkind now, you may depend upon your return among them to find 'em all as you wish in every respect. But if you take fire (as I have known my sweet sister do and her pretty face colour up at the most distant and slight hint, that could be meant as blaming what she loves) you will find your brothers and sisters the sons and daughters of Adam and the family fault of vanity and self-opinion will be marked. For how much easier it is for people to talk themselves into an opinion, and to change opinions of themselves, than to be talked into any one thing in the world! The very high opinion they have of your sense in some measure may pique them more to stick to their own; for one must feel oneself very wise indeed when one can justly canvass the conduct of a superior in every respect. And if it is not quite without a failing one does not lose the opportunity of proving one had better judgment at least in one point. I really believe they will feel this as little as any people; but I believe it's human nature, and so I suppose it's theirs in some degree. I am not the least afraid but that they will all shew you the greatest kindness; and I am also sure they will never allow you to be blamed in their presence. But I fear they won't take so active a part as I wish.

I hope I need not beg of you, my dear sister, not to take the least notice of this letter of mine in your answer to them or to me, for I am very sure they would be angry. And besides, I have given my opinion too freely of them, as you see, to choose it should ever fall into their hands or come to their knowledge; though at the same time I do not think I do wrong in putting such a confidence in you as to tell you my real opinion of people who, with all their foibles, are in my mind superior to the greatest number of those I know in the world, and whom I know you love as much as I do.

I should be glad to hear a word or two from you, my dear sister, enclosed to Louisa, for fear my brother should ask to

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see your letter; and by the time you receive this, I fancy Louisa will be thinking of setting out, or you may send it to Mercadie to send me. I know that when I write to you in company with others my letter stands a chance of being read, and I cannot for my life write at my ease if I think anybody else but the person I write to sees it; I therefore take this opportunity of writing quite comfortably to you.

Though I am not known to Mr Ogilvie by sight, yet I flatter myself I am enough known to him by my affection for you as to give me a right to begin my acquaintance with him now more personally. And I beg of you, my dear sister, to recommend me to his favour as one of your family, who (though I am conscious it will never be in my power to be of the least use to him, yet) beg to assure him of my most sincere wishes for his happiness; which I am convinced, great as it must be, will not be complete if any one of your family should remain the least hurt about any part of your conduct. I can only *wish*, but not *persuade*, or they would one and all love him already for your sake as I do. I flatter myself he will one day come among us and take as a *right* that regard, affection and esteem which everybody who knows you ought to be already inclined to give him from his being your choice. I believe you will find everybody of my mind about this. But I can only answer for myself that though I feel sorry he persuaded you to be so much afraid of reports which I think could not hurt you, yet my reason tells me that it is impossible that Louisa and you could place so much friendship, regard, esteem, confidence and love on an object who was not very superior indeed to others; so that I certainly do admire and regard him as far as it is possible for one person to do another they have not seen; and as nobody has yet named any other fault he has, except loving you too much, I will forgive him *that*, for I dare say he can't help it.

I am very anxious to know, my dear sister, if you are obliged to give up the guardianship of your children. I fancy not. But I understand my brother thinks you ought to offer it. You will probably start at this as I did; but if he does think so, and say so, it is only one of his high-flown ideas of right, which are apt to soar above nature and of course never come to anything. So I've comforted myself with



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thinking that he won't advise it in the first place ; secondly, that if he does, and that you will swallow such an enormous load to please him by following it, you will only get praised for *un beau sentiment*, and have your children returned to you, for who will take em? God bless 'em, the dear angels ! It sounds so odd to say, who will take 'em? But it's very true. William is too humble to suppose himself capable of taking proper care of the boys ; and as for the girls, Lady Kildare<sup>1</sup> cannot undertake them at her age ; and then they must come to Louisa. And I should like to see Louisa's face when it was proposed to her to take *your* children ! I've some notion Lady Louisa mistook when she told me something of this, for I hope my brother cannot be half so absurd as to have such a notion. However, if you do, I hope you will insist upon giving up the whole ten or none ; as the absurdity of such a thought and the impossibility of putting it in practice, must shut their mouths at once. But this is talking nonsense ! For to be sure, my dear sister, you will not hear of such a thing. In my humble opinion, your losing the guardianship of your children's persons would make your marrying become the next thing to wrong. For you ought not to give them up, in my mind, for anything. And if you were to offer it, it would look as if you cared less for them. For my brother cannot in this case argue, as he did about my poor child, that it was for its good to leave me. On the contrary, he allows it is doing your children harm only to satisfy a stupid piece of family pride, which he supposes William to have. Now if you give up your children for the sake of the world commending you, it would, I think, be like most *beaux sentiments*—all showy merit and no real ; for you must know you were doing them a prejudice. How does Charlotte behave? I long to know. If she, indeed, chooses to give herself airs and be proud, I'm sure one cannot advise you to keep her against her will. But I have too good an opinion of anything that belongs to you (notwithstanding Emily's wonderful conduct) to believe that she will not prefer a mother whose conduct she has been an eye-witness to, and therefore can judge with certainty deserves all her love and respect, to the absurd

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<sup>1</sup>Mary, Dowager Countess of Kildare, then 82 years old.

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nonsense of worldly pride. I hope in God I shall hear that she takes your part nobly, for it is in her power now to stamp her character for ever, good or bad. If Emily had not staggered all my ideas of intrinsic worth, which was not to be altered, I should not doubt a moment of Charlotte's conduct; but now I have doubts, and I long to know the truth. I have scarce room to add how tenderly and affectionately I am ever yours, my sweet sister,

S. B.

87. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Halnaker the 15th December, [1774]

My dearest sister,

I have only time to write you one word to thank you for your kind letter, which I have but just now received, as it lay in the post by mistake for a long time. The two letters I wrote you a week ago will partly answer it, and I shall do so more fully in a day or two. I shall only now tell you that I am more obliged to you than I can express for your kindness to me; and hope you never had a moment's doubt but that I must love you ever, had you even done wrong; but having not done wrong, can I do otherwise than be all anxiety that everybody should approve of you in everything as much as I know you deserve? I beg you will give my *more* than compliments to Mr Ogilvie; and assure him that I shall be happy of any occasion to begin an acquaintance with a person I am already so partial to. I have not said a word of your letter to my brothers, because they would naturally ask to see it; because I must give you a private hint that if my brother sees you call me pretty Sally, you will be out of favour for a long time with him, it being a high crime and misdeameanour. And besides this reason, I was afraid the Duchess would get scolded for what she had bid me say; for though she read the letter and approved of my expression for her, my brother now might scold her for not having told him she said all this, and her reason was a very good one viz., that it was in answer to some nonsense of her mother's which she did not choose he should know of, for fear of its vexing him, or putting such



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nonsense in his head too. So upon the whole I thought it better to say nothing of my having received a letter from you, for fear of a talk about it ; and I am convinced that in a very short time, if nobody argues against them, your two brothers will be quite entirely come round to it and quite reconciled to the idea ; for you know that people often don't say so much against a thing they look forward to as at a great distance, and when it comes they don't take it so well. This is the case now ; and from the same reasoning I take it, that as the thing itself is further off back into past time, it will have the same effect, and they will grow quite satisfied about it ; but to argue any one point in the world is, I am convinced, the way to make people dislike any one thing. Adieu,

Yours [ever] most affectionately,

S. B.

88. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

[acephalous]

[December, 1774]

He then told me he had wrote you a very long letter some time ago upon this subject, but should not send it ; for that people were so apt to mistake one's ideas from letters that he would not send it and should only write you a short one. I am glad to find he lets you off of the advice.

You see I did him injustice in supposing he would be absurd about this, for I don't think he is so at all ; and I will answer for it, that if he was ever so much so now, it would be all vanished long before he sees you. And as I find he seems to intend to make the best of it, I don't doubt but he will do a great deal more than he says. For example, he says he can't fight your battle, for nobody will think of blaming you to him. But here he is mistaken ; some kind friend or other will come and be mighty sorry and so forth, and then he will cut them very short with saying he can't be at all sorry his sister is happy, which by all accounts Mr Ogilvie will make her, as everybody has the highest regard for him.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I asked how my brother George took it, to which he said, "Very sensibly and very rightly; indeed, he says that Mr Ogilvie, as her husband, has every right to all the civility in our power to shew him; and, if he makes her happy, he will have a right to all the friendship we can shew him; and I perfectly agree with him." So you see, my dear sister, that both your brothers, in fact, will be just what you wish; and that it was only my fears that gave me the fidgets and made me write you the other letter; which I'm now sorry for, for two reasons; first, because I may have done just what my brother wants to avoid, viz. given you a wrong impression of his ideas by my manner of expressing them; and secondly, because he said to me to-day, he desired that when I wrote to you I would not mention one word of his opinions, since he was fearful of doing it himself, *à plus forte raison*, he had rather not have them told you by another. Upon which I, who had *sent* my letter, felt like a fool, and said only, "Very true, brother." However, I comfort myself, my dear sister, when I consider who it is, to whom I wrote, that it is my mother. For indeed, I must ever look upon you as such; when I consider your extreme quickness of judgment, your just way of reasoning, and your unprejudiced judgment in this case, where your affection, opinion and knowledge of them is in the balance with your wish that they may get over common prejudices, I think you will be very fair and unbiassed in your opinion. So that if I have told you more of their sentiments than they would wish to have you know, you will have the more satisfaction when you find Mr Ogilvie's merit surmounts it all; which I am quite persuaded it will. I comfort myself with the surprise they will be in when they see he is not what I am convinced in their imaginations they figure to themselves; and I think it's as well they should, for then the seeing him will be an agreeable surprise to them.

I suppose I am going to ask a most unreasonable thing, and what you will not grant, when I beg, or rather hope, this letter nor the other may be shewn to Mr Ogilvie; because it being probably the first you will receive since we know this, he will be as impatient as you to know the contents. But if by chance you do not very much wish to shew it him, I had rather *my* opinions of my brothers given so freely were not



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read to a person I never saw. I allow this is very foolish in me, for I am sure the person who deserves your love may be trusted with anything. But may it not give him an unfavourable impression of them? And that would vex me beyond measure, as I've set my heart upon their liking one another. Adieu, my dear sister.

Yours most affectionately,

S. B.

Pray write me an answer to these letters and enclose it to Mercadie, and don't tell Louisa I wrote to you.

89. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Halnaker, 29th December, 1774

My dear sister,

I have long deferred writing to you in hopes the Goodwood people would be alone, and I, by being in the house, might find some matter to write to you upon relative to a subject that I dare say you like to hear all that is said on it; but the house is still full and I never see them, so have nothing to say.

I had a letter from L.,<sup>1</sup> in which she says she and William have only told Lady Kildare that it was to be, and that she behaved like an angel about it; which gives me very great pleasure, and I do love and admire her about it more than is to be expressed.

I do not see that there is any way of keeping it a secret but by all our saying to those who speak of it to us, "Yes, we know she is married since she went abroad." And if we are asked the time, say, "Very lately, I don't exactly know the day." Because, as it has been so strongly said you *were* married a long time ago, it's being said again don't signify; and people will not believe it really was so till it's owned by your friends. And it would be a pity Lady Kildare knew that she had been imposed upon about it, when 'tis so very

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Louisa Conolly.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

easy to avoid it. And believe me, if that amiable man Lord Hillsborough finds out the time, he will tell it her directly.

Mr Peachy has wrote word to Lady Caroline that you are married, and she told it Mrs Frankland<sup>1</sup> and everybody here. She is a scandalous body in general, loves saying an ill-natured thing, and besides, enjoys this in hopes it will vex my brother. Mr Peachy says you are very civil to him. But pray take care what you say before him, for though he don't like his father and mother's company, he tells them all manner of gossip; and Lady Caroline is sure to repeat it and make the most of it. But then you know, with those sort of people, if one does but take them by their foible and be civil to them, they are as violent for one as they were against one before. This, to be sure, makes their friendship of little value; but as Lady Caroline gives the *ton* in a certain degree in this country, I beg you will *toad-eat* Mr Peachy that we may hear Lady Caroline does your Grace the honour to speak in your favour. It will save me some few passions which otherwise I shall have with all the stuff and nonsense I shall hear. Mr Peachy says you have got a tutor for your children. I dare say it's a lie, for you would not be precipitate in such a choice, and I have not heard of it from Louisa.

I do not quite understand what you mean by Emily's treachery, but I suppose Louisa will explain it to me when we meet; which I hope will be the 15th of next month. I must, however, before I know the particulars, plead a little in favour of those faults which a blind passion causes. Emily certainly did a shameful thing by giving the least hint of any ill opinion she might have conceived of your conduct. As you were at liberty, it became her to suppose you intended to marry, and her mouth ought to have been shut, even supposing the worst. But for such a daughter and such a mother, it seemed so very natural for her to have treated you with the kindness, frankness and faithfulness of a friend, without the least offence to her love, that I own it is incomprehensible to me from beginning to end. All I can say is what I *hope* is true; viz., that she was weak enough to tell her suspicions to Lord Bellamont. For which I pity almost

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<sup>1</sup>Wife of Dr. Frankland, Prebend of Chichester.



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LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

as much as blame her, because 'tis a weakness so very common with a passion, but not the less wrong neither; but, in short, I hope you will forgive it her. As for the rest, I hope that Lord Bellamont worked her up to consent to his infamous behaviour; and that, as she could not prevent it, she has taken the fault upon herself now she finds it so much blamed. And I hope all he says about her remarks and her saying this and that and t'other is all a lie, which she submits to for his sake.

But no more, my dear sister, on this subject. It is a most vexatious one. You have indeed many, many objects to employ your thoughts and to render you happy. And if you are not so now, it will be Mr Ogilvie's fault or your own; the first I dare say it will not be and the latter I hope you will not allow. Do be above the nonsense you will hear about your match, and do not think of Emily now; think only of your other children and of settling yourself agreeably with Mr Ogilvie and them, and with *us*, if you please, my sweet sister; for without Louisa you cannot be quite happy, and without seeing you a great deal I assure you I cannot—therefore I speak for myself.

I long to hear how the remedies agree with little Louisa<sup>1</sup> and if you send Fanny<sup>2</sup> there. Pray don't let the neighbourhood of Montpellier tempt you to be too free with goulard, for I hear that Hawkins<sup>3</sup> says, "It is very useful for a time, but too long a continuance of it may bring on a palsy." Is it anything of it that is trying for Louisa? I have not heard a word of Charles,<sup>4</sup> and I fancy he has not been at Portsmouth. I shall write you word whatever I hear of him, as one never can hear too much from those who are so far off; and there may be news of him here when you have none.

You scold me for not mentioning Louisa. Indeed, my head has been so full of you I quite forgot her; of which she complains. For she said to me, "Why Mama, you never answer me now. I talk and I talk, and you say, yes and no, and humph, and are always a-thinking of something else,

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<sup>1</sup>[?] Lady Lucy FitzGerald.

<sup>2</sup>Lady Fanny Charlotte Elizabeth FitzGerald.

<sup>3</sup>Sir Caesar Hawkins (1711-86); surgeon.

<sup>4</sup>Lord Charles James FitzGerald.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

I wish you would think a little of me." She is, thank God, very well. Pray, my dear sister, direct your letters to me for the future "*à Miladi S. B., à Chichester, Sussex, Angleterre,*" and "*(par Londres)*" at the side, for the postmaster says it will come just as well so, and I like it much better. I also send mine to you from Chichester, and hope you get them safe; your last was miss-sent to Richmond (the Kings) in Surrey—I hope they carried it to the King's house to ask for *me*.

I will not ruin you absolutely in postage, and as I have nothing to say but about Lady Mary,<sup>1</sup> I will finish by that. I find she is better, but was very ill with the shock at first. She remains for the present in her house in town. Lord Ossory<sup>2</sup> is to manage her affairs. She will have they say, about £2000 a year, as Ste left her all he could. But till his debts are known, this is doubtful. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

S. B.

## 90. Lady Sarah Bunbury to Lord Edward FitzGerald

Halnaker, December 29th, 1774

My sister tells me, my dear Eddy, that you have wrote to me twice, and I assure you I have never received but one letter from you, which was from Toulouse. I do not mention this as a reason for my not writing to you (for I assure you I take shame to myself for not doing it before), but I only tell you *it is so*.

I was much diverted with *le bon Dieu* in the trunk, and it put me in mind of a thing a good deal in that style that happened to me at Paris. I was at a ball, and a young lively lady dancing an *allemande* turned a cross or a heart (as I thought) the wrong way upon her neck, to which it was hanging. So I *returned* it the right way, saying on seeing it, "*Pourquoi portez-vous un petit oiseau, ce n'est pas si joli qu'un cœur?*"

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Fox (2nd Lady Holland).

<sup>2</sup> John Fitzpatrick, 2nd Earl of Upper Ossory (1745-1818). He was the 2nd Lady Holland's brother.



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LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

“*Comment, Miladi ! grand Dieu ! qu’apellezvous le Saint Esprit ? un petit oiseau ! mais Miladi, c’est le Saint Esprit !*”—and so crossed herself and finished her dance. I own the last place I should have looked for the *Saint Esprit*, was upon the neck of a *petite maitresse* at a ball at 7 o’clock in the morning !

I am sorry to hear there are no walks or drives at Marseilles, consequently not many good rides. I believe you must play at cricket for exercise and teach all the French brats to play. If you should want bats and balls by the summer, let me know, and I will get them for you. But pray tell me how to send them, for I have not the least idea. I expect your aunt Louisa the 15th of January. Whilst she is here I suppose you will write to her for what you want. But afterwards, if I can be of any use to you, pray let me know your commissions ; for I can get them done in London, though I am not there. In return, I shall beg some done for me at Marseilles. At present, I have a rage for flowers ; and if I am not mistaken in supposing that seed and roots sent from thence will be finer than English flowers, though not equal to Marseilles flowers, pray send me some by any opportunity that offers before it is too late in the spring to plant them ; and send their names and directions for the management of them. I hear the port of Marseilles is like a masquerade ; but I hope you wear those perfumed cushions that some doctor prescribes as a preservative against all infection. I hope my sister makes you all wear them. I should be in constant dread of the plague in such a place. I hope the Mediterranean is as pleasant to bathe in as the Irish Sea. Do you swim, or are you afraid of a great fish devouring you ? My sister says her eyes are bad, but not a word of her rheumatism. Give my love to your Mama, and to all your brethren, for it’s too expensive to name them all. Adieu, my dear Eddy. If my letters are so stupid I really cannot help it—it is my misfortune and not my fault—though I am sensible they must be so to you ; and that if I could I would wish only to give you entertainment. Yours very affectionately,

Sarah Bunbury.

1775

91. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, January 20th, 1775

My dear sister,

I have, within these few days, received your charming long letter ; and can scarce find words to thank you for the kindness you express for me. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find you so happy, as both this and a former letter seem to prove you to be. This is the first point with me, and therefore the first I mention. The second is to rejoice with you in the kindness of your son and of Lady Kildare, both of whom I adore. The third thing is to tell you that Louisa is arrived in town, though I've not seen her, nor don't expect it this week. But you've alarmed me by your expressions relative to Lord Bellamont hurting her peace of mind. What do you mean? I dare not ask her for an explanation of it, so pray let me know what it means. I fear it is that you imagine he will provoke dear Conolly. But I trust in God that cannot happen. However, I shall not shew her your letter for fear it should put such a thought in her head and fret her even in thought for a moment. I now come to wishing you joy of your being content with my brother's<sup>1</sup> manner about you ; because you know the *worst* of it, I assure you, and I have the pleasure of telling you that I am vastly more satisfied about my brother than I was. As soon as the company was gone, the Duchess went too, and I was alone a week with him. He began talking about you every morning. And I find he has talked himself into this opinion ; that your doing anything against the rules of decorum in a person of *your* sense argues a passion which biasses your reason, of course is a weakness ; that you have no business to have a weakness, and he don't quite forgive *you* being weak, though he allows other people to be so. But then he says you have fallen off

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<sup>1</sup> Duke of Richmond.



from your high form (to use a Newmarket expression). This mortifies him, and he is sorry for it. But then he says that he forgets all that when he thinks of your happiness, and if he could be sure that Mr Ogilvie was as charming as he wishes him to be, he declares he should not have a moment's uneasiness about it. "But," said I, "let us suppose that granted, is it not to be seen in a very different light?" "Yes, faith, if he is a worthy, amiable, sensible, agreeable man, and free from the prejudices that might make his situation difficult to act well in, I must fairly own that it is not possible to conceive a more sensible, comfortable and happy union. For if it throws her into a retired life, it's what she likes, and what is for hers and everybody's happiness. And in that case, the having an agreeable and affectionate companion, equally solicitous with herself about her children, upon my soul, she is to be envied; in spite of all the objections there are to the match. Undoubtedly it's imprudent. The chances are against her. But if they turn out happily in her favour, I am sure I shall see the day when I shall rejoice in seeing her as happy as this world can make her. And then if anybody could give me the choice, I would not toss up for the chance of making Mr Ogilvie a duke as far as it regards my own pride; for I have not a grain of it in that case, and despise it most thoroughly."

You see, my dear sister, that nothing can be more delightful than such sentiments, and do my dear brother justice. I must say that, contrary to most people, he is very apt to change from wrong, but never from right. To this account I must add another remark he made talking of a person who has acted improperly. He said, "I own it puts me in a passion. I can forgive imprudence, weakness, and even the worst crimes if they are attended with sense. But to see a man do wrong, and obstinately defend a bad cause, and then be cross and ill-tempered to everything, puts me out of all patience. There's my sister now—I think she has done wrong. But one sees she is sensible of the appearance it may have, and she is so humble, so frank, so good-humoured, so desirous to make one overlook a failing by shewing all her good qualities, and her manner is so sensible, that one quite forgets she has not been quite perfect; and one sees nothing but her merit. One really

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

loves her more than if it had not happened. Why now, how sensible that is ! It's impossible to be angry with her, is not it ? " O, quite impossible," said I ; and so we were quite agreed you was delightful . . .<sup>1</sup>

92. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

[January, 1775]

I have only time to answer parts of your letters now, and will write again. What you say about your reasons for marrying is perfectly right and just, my dear sister, in my mind, at least ; and I quite understand your feelings about it. Perhaps you will say I understand them too well when I in my own mind think the true cause of your marrying so soon was because one cannot resist the persuasions of what one loves ; particularly when they have so many plausible reasons of their side, it then becomes impossible. For if you had had your reason quite unbiassed, you certainly might have declared to your whole family that you did purpose marrying Mr Ogilvie soon, and then sent him, as soon as you was settled, to Italy for a little while, with two of the boys. But I also very well understand that so very unpleasant a step when you was alone, poor soul, was not in the power of a woman to take who really loves ; and there were many very good excuses for not doing it, which every man in his situation would have thought good, and every woman in yours agreed with him were sufficient. I hope, my dear sister, you will not be displeas'd at my saying this to you, though I do not say it to others ; as, believe me, I cannot understand that I do you the least injustice in attributing it to your affection. For, in my eyes, a woman that is incapable of love is not endowed with all feminine virtues ; and it was chance and the devil in Lord Bellamont's shape that oblig'd you to try the force of your affection now instead of another time. But to say that you had an affection is not surely to your discredit ; and the object of it makes it a merit instead of a weakness, since 'tis very plain that 'tis not a *fancy* but a serious attachment founded on esteem, long acquaintance and friendship.

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<sup>1</sup> The remainder of this letter is missing.



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LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I am much diverted with your insisting on calling me pretty. But my brother will say you coax me to toad-eat to you and for you. You know that you have a trick of adding dear and sweet to everybody's name ; which same epithets strike all this family as *coaxing*. For you've had so little intercourse with them till now, that they are not used to it ; and I find they attribute it all to coaxing. Now, pray, let me beg you won't do it ; for I can't bear they should suppose you want to flatter them into good humour, when there is no occasion for anything but your real kindness to them, to win their love.

Lady Louisa was vastly diverted with your liking broad Scotch and was very entertaining about it. For she amuses herself with abusing Scotch people all day to Major Home, who defends their cause. By the by, tell Mrs Wilkie he is Major in the 25th by the death of Major Robinson, to the great joy of Lady Louisa. She says there is not a Scotchman worth a farthing but in her regiment ; that the being there is what metamorphoses them into charming people ; but she won't quite decide against Mr Ogilvie yet, for your sake. In short, she is as comical as she can be, and with that all good nature and kindness about you, and will like Mr Ogilvie, I know, for the delightful thing is that she does not much love any but Scotch people. Adieu. I am called. If I can add more, I will ; if not, adieu, my dear sister. My compliments to Mr Ogilvie, and many thanks for his partiality to my phiz ; of which I shall tell him bad news of for *me* another time. Yours ever most affectionately,

S. B.

Kiss the dear little ones for me. Louisa is well.

93. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown,<sup>1</sup> September the 10th, 1775

My dearest sister,

I will not waste paper in saying what a shame it is that I have a letter from you and two of Mr Ogilvie's to answer,

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<sup>1</sup> Co. Kildare ; the seat of Mr Thomas Conolly.

[1775]

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

for I have so much Black Rock business<sup>1</sup> to write about that, till I see what room I have left, I shall not say one word more than to give my love to him and all the children; and to tell you how happy I am that you are so well, so happy and in such good spirits. Louisa is gone to the Curragh, or rather gone in her road to Lady Roden's and Lady Drogheda's<sup>2</sup> (the former, by the by, is brought to bed of a girl); and Mr Owens came here to-day to Louisa, who bid me enclose a dab of paper to you, and left me to worry Owens *à mon aise*. I flatter myself he thinks me the most troublesome, impertinent of all people; for, besides a thousand other things, I've forced him to draw a plan of the kitchen in my way besides his own, much against his will. I do not pretend to say it will do, but where is the harm of letting you see them all three? *Imprimis* the kitchen: Mr Ward, Louisa and I were on the spot lately, and it was decided by Mr Ward you could not have a kitchen in the house where the lowness of the rooms and want of air from the windows would make it quite a nuisance. We therefore looked at stakes set by Owens for the corners of the building, and number one did us no sort of harm from the drawing-room window; and number two offended our eyes exceedingly. So he was ordered to draw a plan with the angles taken off, and one with the scullery put just behind the dairy, which he has promised to do by Tuesday's post. And to these I have, as I told you, forced him to add another of my doing. I enclose you a rough sketch of what he first intended, which is without scale or rule; but it's to make you comprehend what angles I am talking of. But to return to those plans he will send you, that with the scullery behind the dairy is Mr Ward's, in order to give you all the room we can to the east, for you are most woefully pinioned up there. Mr Owens said it would spoil your dairy by the heat, Mr Ward said not more than the having a kitchen there at all. For that anyway your dairy would suffer by the neighbourhood of the kitchen. Owens grumbled much at the taking so much room out of the kitchen court. Mr Ward said the less court

<sup>1</sup> This letter is concerned with the alterations and enlargements it was proposed to make at the Duchess's seaside house (later known as Frescati) at Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, Countess of Drogheda (d. 1789).



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they had the more they would be forced to wheel away the dirt and so the cleaner it would be. Louisa said Mr Ogilvie was an advocate for the court. I said, "Pull down the dairy." "By all means," said Mr Ward, "for it will be a bad one." "Oh!" cries Louisa, "that must not be so—give it up." Now to be sure, if you had rather be cramped in your ground to the east than give up the dairy, you will fix on any plan but mine. However, pray consider that my *propos* don't pull down one single stone of it by being wrote or drawn, and so pray look at the drawing, see the room you get at the east by it, consider how bad a dairy it will be, and that you preserve your beautiful porch (for it is the prettiest of things) for a seat to look at the prospect from, and that you only lose the article of looking at the milk; for your dairy part may be built just by in a plain manner for £30, and therefore consider if it is worth giving that up for the space you will get. I must own I am of opinion that (if you don't mind the heat of the kitchen being so near the dairy) you might add two bits to the dairy on each side of the porch, which would communicate, as you will see on the back of my sketch; and would be far from being ugly, as when there is a building at all, a few feet more or less cannot make it ugly if it's covered with jasmine, which grows very well to the north. I hear a great deal of not having room to plant to hide these offices, and the long time it will require. I perfectly agree as to the east front, where your company will be for ever stepping out of your drawing-room, and where you want space for a sweep, and thick planting to keep out the smell and noise of the kitchen. But to the north, where you have a great deal of space, can a few feet be so important? Particularly as a laurel or a beech hedge, planted against the wall and trimmed up, will cover it thoroughly in the space of three feet; and three feet more will allow for a second hedge of Portugal laurel with roses close under them, which will hide any building. And if you want trees you can put an acacia instead of every other Portugal laurel and that will hide the roof, supposing it twenty feet high, which, by the by, your kitchen won't be. He talked of making it twelve feet high only. I begged for fourteen or fifteen; as five feet are to be sunk underground there will not appear much above twelve with roof and all.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

But, if you don't object to it, it would be better higher, as it will, in the first place, be cooler and sweeter; secondly, the windows may be in the side, though high; thirdly, it will save a skylight; fourthly, it will allow for a place under the scullery (which may be low and must have steps up to it) for coal-holes. This last article, with the addition of a little house for the servants, Owens made a great noise about; he intended to put them under the pavement of that little court which he is so eager for, but as I *would* put the kitchen there, these conveniences went a-begging for places. I put the coal-holes under the scullery, or in a little open narrow court along the wall; for I cannot see why coals are to be so nursed up in walls, when a little paved-in court holds them just as well in most people's houses. As for the *necessary*, we put it at the end of the area, which happened to suit vastly well, for a shore that runs just there. And so, with giving up a dirt court, giving up fine coal-holes, and alas! giving up the dairy, or at least altering it as I have done on the back of the sketch, your offices are brought into compass. But if you don't like that, then Mr Ward's plan, with the scullery behind the dairy, is the best; except the harm it does the milk. And Mr Owen's plan is more enlarged for the servants, and more squeezey for you.

I forgot the beer cellar, which he proposed too to be out of doors; and he grumbled for the loss of that. But, as Mr Ward had said that it was a shame to see so much space wasted underground in your house, I took the liberty to remind Mr Owens that a cellar was easily found there by an alteration in the disposition of the rooms, which I will write in the article about the house. He tells me that a double floor will secure the noise and smell from coming up from the cellar, but at any rate it's better than a servants' hall under your room, which is, I know by experience, a very bad thing. I forgot, too, to tell you that General Pitt, who is a delightful man about plans, tells me that in Devonshire the people build their houses of *mud* made into paste with water, and then roughcast it and reed them on the roof, which makes cheap, strong houses which keep out the cold and the heat in perfection. Might not your dairy be so built? And then it would not cost £30. Mr Owens says your offices will come within £200 in all, except the new dairy.



[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Now for the house : Mr Owens sent you a plan with numbers, and a chimney-piece for the east bedroom and dressing-room long ago, but supposes it's lost. So I seized upon this and would send it you, and he will write a letter to explain it to you ; in the mean time I shall write my remarks by the numbers. In the base floor, No. 1 was servants' hall, and I want it for a beer cellar. No. 2 is [the] steward's room. Nos. 4, 5, [and] 6 are nothing, and I would make an arch in the wall between 5 and 6, fill up the wall to the passage, and let the men lie there. And No. 9 should have the passage 10 thrown into it, and be the servants' hall. And there would be no harm in its being a passage, nor in having it under the dining-room, as the broiled bones, the toasted cheese and all the riot that goes on at supper would not disturb you there, as it would under your sitting-room. No. 8 is meant for the butler to lock up plate, but, as he has plenty of room in Nos 11 and 12, I think you might give that place to the footmen for another bedchamber, or take them a narrow strip off the No. 9, which is rather too big. 13 and 14 are cellars, 16 and 17 are two housekeepers' rooms, and 20 is the maids' room—this is so grand that I should be apt to give 20 for the housekeepers' room, with a door to the closet ; 16 for the maids and 17 for the steward's room ; or send the maids to that long strip up at the top of the house over your bed. Supposing that an ale cellar was wanted too, besides the beer ? In this case, you might take No. 2 for it. But this is only a supposition, for I don't know but that No. 1 might be divided into two and do for both cellars. Or if you don't mind the servants' hall under you, put them back to No. 1, and put No. 9 into two dark places for cellars. So much for the base floor. Now as to the chamber floor : No 1 has a cornice you will see a bit of, in a paper by the chimney, No 3 ; which chimney he proposes instead of that you chose (viz., No 1 on the same paper), because he says No 3 suits the cornice. No 2 is for the dressing-room ; and, talking of that same bedchamber, how could you, dear sister, put two vile closets to shorten the dressing-room, and have a door opening on the chimney in the bedroom, when you must know that at Stoke it is the only fault of the room, that one is frozen by the fireside ? And only that they make a bedroom of the little one very often, the

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

door to the bedchamber would certainly be stopped up. As for this bedchamber floor in general, all I can say of it is that it's going on; but that it is so cut into closets that you will have the tidiest of maids if you don't gather all the spiders of the country; and that I fear the article of doors will be so immense, that, were I you, I would let none be put (except to the passages) till you come, and then you may find you don't want so many; for at present you have at a moderate computation sixty-five in all.

No.

1. Mr Owens' design for the drawing-room, cornice ..	£40
2. Ceiling in stucco .. .. .	£70
3. Design for the dining-room .. .. .	—
4. Design for the book room .. .. .	—
Total of the three rooms, exclusive of chimneys ..	£300
5. A rough sketch of mine for fitting up the drawing-room ceiling in stucco about .. .. .	£10
Painting of it by Ryley at ten guineas per month ..	£30
Cornice (like the dining-room cornice) and painted frieze, about .. .. .	£20
Painting by Ryley over the chimney, glasses and door	£10
Carved and gilt oak leaf border done here at two shillings per foot .. .. .	£40
220 feet of fluted finishing at one shilling per foot ..	£11
70 yards of damask .. .. .	£40
Chimney-piece about .. .. .	£30
Sundries .. .. .	£9
	<hr/>
	£200
6. Design for the slightest painting possible in the dining-room. Ryley may do it in the summer six months completely .. .. .	£60
7. Design for a ceiling to suit it, if in stucco, cornice and all .. .. .	£50
If it can be painted on paper and stuck up, £10.	
Price of doors, finishings and chimney-piece you must fix on.	<hr/>



[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

8. A design of mine for a painted ceiling for the drawing-room	.. .. .	£70
9. Lord Clanbrassil's ceiling—above	.. .. .	£200
10. Design for the painting of the circular room. Stucco work of it	.. .. .	£20

Ryley<sup>1</sup> cannot paint *on* the ceiling, therefore you cannot have the least scrap of his painting done any way but on paper or canvas, which is pasted up. And as any large piece with a white ground and ornaments painted on it would show the joining of the paper and be difficult to fasten up unless it fits into some moulding, I have endeavoured to draw such ceilings as have compartments and yet slight mouldings, as the stucco work is very expensive when added to the painting. There is a man in Dublin who paints on the flat ceiling, and might do common easy ornaments; but he asks a guinea a day, which is thirty per month; whereas Ryley has but ten per month. Therefore I have concluded you will have such ceilings as suit Ryley's work best.

Mr Owens' designs are common, handsome, plain Italian finishing, to which if you positively add only paper and chimneys done in Italy, you know the whole of your expense.

My designs are more uncommon, more showy, and secure your not adding to them, for you cannot put pictures, or alter them at all; and the expense will, I believe, not exceed Mr Owens' by a hundred pounds. But then you may grow tired of a fancy finishing; so be very sure you will like it for ten or fifteen years at least; for by that time it will be dirty and old-fashioned. In order to lessen the expense as much as possible, I would advise you to paint your dining-room green, to put up what pictures you have with what frames you have, and get the rest made and gilt at Paris; which will not cost so much as painting the room (provided you have a plain ceiling), and then your room will be sure to look (all but the ceiling) as well as the dining-room at Castletown; which is certainly a most pleasing room to all tastes and at all times. Your drawing-room, then, will gather the whole expense; and the expense of that may be lessened by the following schemes.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Riley, the 'little, delicate, deformed' pupil of Reynolds, who had decorated the gallery at Castletown with arabesques in the style of Raphael.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

First, Louisa says that a small, fluted moulding is the fittest to suit any finishing you can have, French or Italian; and I am almost certain that it can be done for you in London perfectly neat, at sixpence per foot instead of a shilling.

Secondly, instead of damask of fourteen shillings per yard, you may in France buy some French grey, green or white damask, satin, Indian taffeta or lutestring (or perhaps velvet), that will come cheaper; and as seventy yards is a small quantity, it can be smuggled over by Mr Power from Bourdeaux.

If you think the oak leaf border too dear at £40, you may get a foot of it carved and gilt at Marseilles; and as French gold is both better and cheaper, I imagine you will get it done for half the money, and send it over by Mr Power here.

If, instead of a slight plain hanging, you choose velvet or some of Mrs Damer's<sup>1</sup> tapestry, which they say is so cheap, the oak leaf border will be too showy upon it, and a plain *baguette* bought in France will be a trifle, and save the £40.

It is the fashion to have lutestring curtains, so they may be bought in France. If you have not got a set of proper chairs already, you must by all means bespeak them gilt and covered in France, where you may get for half the price as pretty a chair, couch, etc.

I have drawn the finishing of the room so ill that it is necessary I should explain it all; and beg that you will consider how much prettier a finishing well done and in bright colours will look than a slovenly, unfinished drawing.

The *trumeau* over the chimney is to be covered with small pictures, china, Wedgwood's imitations of antiques, in short, in the style of the dressing-room at Holland House.

If the hangings are white, their plainness must be broken by your pretty blue and green Sevres china vases, on pretty brackets; and then all the *trumeaux* must be green and the little wainscot that appears. If you have coloured hangings, of course the wainscot must be white, and biscuit china figure (of which there are some most beautiful of eighteen inches high now made) on the grey or green hangings; or, by the by, on damask *couleurs de rose tendre*, which I never saw a room

<sup>1</sup> Anne Conway, only child of General Hon. Henry Seymour Conway; m. (1767) Hon. John Damer, son of Joseph Damer, 1st Lord Milton.



[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

done with, but which I fancy would be beautiful if it was the real French yellowish pink.

The painted drapery is an ornament I am particularly fond of ; for in the first place it looks light and pretty in any colour you find will suit your room best ; secondly, it fills up so well and is so quickly done that it's cheap ; and thirdly, if one changes one's mind and wants to rub it out, the loss of the painting is nothing.

The door case is done in the odd way you see, to make up for the smallness of it ; for, to be sure, a middle door to a great room *à deux battants* being but three foot six inches is too ridiculous. However, I fancy Mr Owens will gain the other six inches, and when it is four feet, although it must look like two *battants*, it must not be so, or the necessary thickness of the middle would dwindle the panels, to look like Sir T. Robinson's<sup>1</sup> for length. I have put an arch of six feet wide to make a handsome finishing, and I mean it should be adorned both within it, and over it, with such painting as you will choose. I have only put drapery and compartments because they were easiest expressed in small, and are the cheapest ; but they may be much improved. The door itself I beg may be French, with a gilt carving and made of looking-glass, to reflect the garden from the opposite window ; the whole door will not, I dare say, cost you £12, and it will scarce be less if it's inlaid or carved or made handsome in any way ; and it does look so French and so pretty, I think, in looking-glass.

The freize is to be grey on any coloured ground that suits the room, and the cornice a very simple, cheap one. The freize may be done in a more laboured manner, but then it will take more time than in a slight way. The ovals over the glasses are to be little pretty paintings of Ryley's ; and the frames of the glasses fluted.

The seven compartments of the ceiling I meant should be filled with light Herculean figures, and the four corners with pretty ornaments. If you like the style of the ceiling, Louisa will take care to have a very complete drawing of it done in the same way for it by Mr Ryley, by which she can see every part of it is in proportion and pretty, before Mr Owens orders the stucco work to be done.

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Robinson, 1st Bart. (1700-1777).

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

The oak leaf border is intended to make the most showy part of the room in case of a grey, green or white hanging; and I must inform you that this idea of so showy a border is stolen from a drawing of Mr Gardiner's for a room he means to fit up in Dublin. He got the design for it, and the ceiling, from a friend of his at Rome; and he showed it me. I one day, in my eagerness for your house, said I would beg of him to give me the drawings for you. He looked very blank, but good-humouredly said he would do it if I desired it; but as his room could not be finished yet, he should be a little mortified to have its dress appear so long before his. To make up for this he took great pains to help me in the design of your dining-room, which I was at a sad loss to fix upon; lent me books and prints to examine for it, found out the painter in Dublin for me; in short, to say he was good-humoured about it is nothing. But I must add that he has contrived to shew me so much attention since I came over, that I really may call it kindness; for he and Mrs Gardiner (at his desire I suppose) really treat me as if I was a most intimate friend of theirs; which you know is all on dear Louisa's account. But it's in so pleasant a way, that although I think Mr Gardiner dull, affected and pedantic, yet *c'est une si bonne âme* that I should really be quite *hurt* if he took such a trifling thing as this ill of me. And you know, my dear sister, how those little trifles provoke one. I, therefore, have given up all his design, except the showy border; and to make up for that, I must beg of you, as a very great favour, that, if you do take it, you will let me write him word from England, that I have sent you the hint of it upon condition that if he will send an exact drawing of his at any time you will bespeak it for him in France, and get it over by Mr Power to make up to him by the cheapness for my robbery.

One comfort is that Mr Gardiner's ceiling consists chiefly in foliage, which I fear nobody in Dublin can execute well on the flat ceiling, and there is no other way of doing it; I am also sure it cannot cost him less than £200 done in Dublin and perhaps ill done; for Ryley's part is trifling in it, so it is out of your reach upon an economical scheme.

If you do not like the painting over the door in your room I would recommend to you to buy at Paris a little oval piece



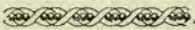
[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of tapestry, which I am told are beautiful, and must be cheap from their size.

If you put up tapestry, you may put up paper under it, for summer ; for, although I'm told this method don't answer for damask, which shrinks by being taken down, that will not be the case with tapestry.

If you are quite sure you like a good deal of painting in your house, I must advise you not to let little Ryley escape you by any means whatsoever, for his taste, his execution, his diligence [and] his price are really a treasure, and will not be met with again. For Mr Conolly and Louisa *se font conscience* to give him so little as £100 a year, and mean to add a little more to it. We reckon that his business in this house will be finished about next August ; if, therefore, you determine to have him, the best time for you to engage him for is for exactly this time twelve month ; in February the days become long ; the summer months secure you most work done in the shortest time ; by that time your house will be all dry and fit for painting. If in the course of the summer he finishes your drawing-room and circular room you may then give up the dining-room ; and for the six summer months £60 gain many a little dab done, which if you took him in September could not be done in the short days. And besides, as spring 1777 is a time when you will certainly be on the spot, you can infinitely better direct his work and get more done, by choosing things in books ready for him to lose no time ; whereas, if it's done in yours and Louisa's absence, he must only follow general directions, and you will be a loser by it. I make no doubt but that the Duke of Leinster will employ him for the six winter months, if little Ryley can be persuaded to stay so long in Ireland. The misfortune is that he hates Ireland, and unless you are in the house to protect him, he will not dare to venture himself alone at the Black Rock.

I must inform you that the Duke of Leinster has just had the ceiling of the saloon at Leinster House upstairs coloured in purple and grey and green. It has the prettiest *soft* effect in the world ; and I suppose is cheap. You do, I suppose, remember the ceiling : it is so . I cannot draw it, but you will know it, I'm sure ; each ribbon or fillet is painted green or purple, which distinguishes the design, and

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

altogether is soft and pretty. I cannot say I think the colours suit a town house; but if you determine on those pretty, old-fashioned ceilings they will be much improved by colouring; but then you recollect they are dear.

Mr Gardiner says that with the painting on the walls of your dining-room, it is necessary to have a painted ceiling; and that one with compartments will not answer with the slight painting on the wall. And yet we cannot get a foliage ceiling painted, so what must be done? I have drawn one for stucco that I hope will be rather cheap, and would suit tolerably well if coloured; but I own I think the best way would be to have it plain and try the following method: to have the ribbon and foliage painted on paper, and then cut out like a print border and then pasted up, by lines which may be drawn on the ceiling first to keep it regular. This is an idea of mine, which I cannot help thinking might be done with some trouble, and certainly be very cheap. Louisa says that with painted walls she don't like a painted ceiling; and says it should be either quite plain and white, or with slight mouldings, coloured in two colours.

I cannot recollect any one thing more to say to you upon these subjects, so adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most affectionately,

S. B.

PS.

I forgot the chimney-piece: I think that if you get a quite plain white marble French chimney made in France or Italy, it will cost very little. And in order to ornament it suitably to the room, I think you might get an ormoulu oak leaf branch, either in France, or at Birmingham, and have it *appliqué* upon the flat part of the chimney, which would be odd, and I think pretty, and suit your room. You may draw a design for it yourself, as you see so many French chimney-pieces, which probably are some more or less pretty; and I know so little of them that I cannot make a tolerable drawing.

You are desired to send back such of the drawings as you choose, for we have no duplicates of them.

*January the 29th*—We are still at Castletown, [and] have not the smallest guess when we shall go; for a frost is set



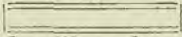
[1775-76]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

in, so severe that everybody expects it will be a second hard frost which did last till March. The wind is north-east, so till it changes we cannot stir. We will give you notice the day we sail, that your letters may be properly directed, and no time lost about the Black Rock. But don't wait for our letters much more than a week, for if this day seven-night, the moon, being full, it is not changed, it will probably last another fortnight.

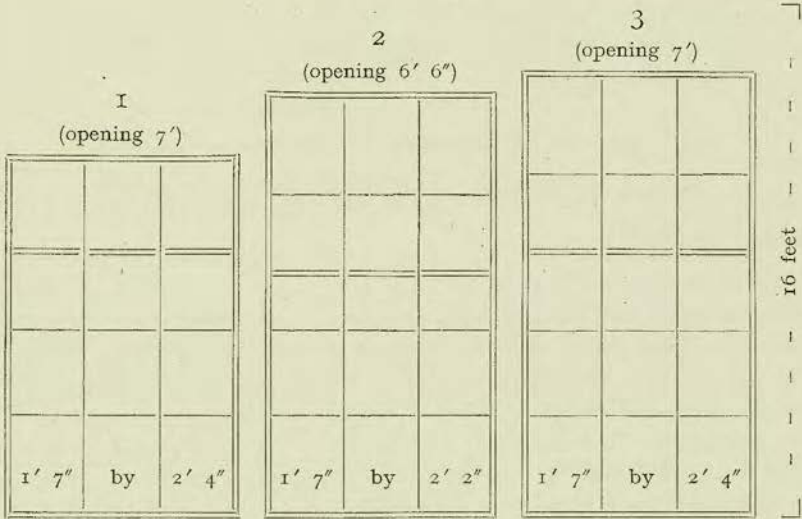
94. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

[1775-1776]

I hear you propose having a painted ceiling, and if so, perhaps you may like a painted frieze, grey on blue or green, which will allow of a much deeper entablature than stucco. Do you like carved ornaments to put the curtains within? If you have a very great depth, perhaps you would like a painted compartment of this sort  over the windows. All these things considered will make you fix on the height of the window, which must be sent soon. I have therefore made these sketches, that you might have all the different proportions in your eye at once. I have not done them so correctly as they might be, and I may have varied in the price a few shillings, but it will give you an idea of it. I hope you will not desire the round room to be stuccoed in compartments or ornaments, for it will be very expensive, and as it's my *protégé* I want to make it as little expensive as possible, and I am quite sure it will be much prettier if it's painted by Mr Ryley. If you go to Italy and are *virtuified* you will despise him; but if you are content with what you know is the style that Louisa likes, you will be very glad to consider that little Ryley can in one year (£100) paint your dining-room, your round room and [a] great part of your drawing-room, which will save you a monstrous deal of money and yet allow of variety. Lady E. Clements<sup>1</sup> has seen three rooms painted in a new house in London that she is charmed with: one of them is all greens, the other purples and greens, and the other showy colours.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Skeffington (d. 1817), dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massereene; m. (1765) Robert Clements (later cr. Earl of Leitrim).

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

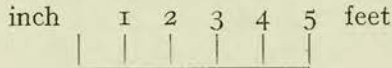


5' by 10'  
four windows come  
to £71 0 0

5' by 11'-4"  
four windows come  
to £59 0 0

5' by 12'  
four windows come  
to £76 0 0

1. A sketch of the windows as they are. 2. A sketch of a cheaper window. 3. A sketch of what Mr Ward proposed to have. Anyway, a place is reserved in the wall to receive one row of panes. The Irish duty is not mentioned, as I don't know it, but I hear it is very trifling.





[1776]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1776

95. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, the 18th January, 1776

I am not surprised, my dear sister, that you wondered at not hearing from me for so long, for 'tis most certain I could not be employed by anything so properly as about your business. But yet you know that no mortal upon earth is more subject than me "to do those things I ought not to do, and leave undone those things which I ought to do." You therefore ought not to be surprised, but have a very good right to scold me, which I feel I deserve at this present moment. But I trust, my dear sister, to your usual partiality and indulgence to me, that when I represent to you that this is the last day I shall spend at dear Castletown; that I am as meek, as low-spirited as it is possible to be, from the uncertainty of my returning here for ages, from the uncomfortable feel it is to leave a pleasant place, I flatter myself you won't have the heart to be very angry with me, particularly as you will lose nothing by my negligence but the gossip I might have wrote. For as to the business, I will now fully make up to you for the lost time, and answer all those things you may want to be informed about in my department respecting the Black Rock.

However, before I begin upon business, I must answer you about people whom you enquire of me if I like. I *do* like Lady E.<sup>1</sup> vastly, and feel excessively obliged to her for her kindness to me. I am, upon the whole, very well satisfied with the little Duchess,<sup>2</sup> which I thought I should not easily be with William's wife; for I wanted her to be all perfection. But as I find such a woman is by no means necessary for *his* happiness, why, I can't, you know, be so sorry she is not so. Her faults, in my mind, are being vulgarly brought up, and wanting that discernment and dignity which is necessary to

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Clements.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Emilia Olivia St. George, whose marriage to William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster, had taken place the previous year.

[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

loves her more than if it had not happened. Why now, how sensible that is ! It's impossible to be angry with her, is not it ? ” “ O, quite impossible,” said I ; and so we were quite agreed you was delightful . . .<sup>1</sup>

92. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

[January, 1775]

I have only time to answer parts of your letters now, and will write again. What you say about your reasons for marrying is perfectly right and just, my dear sister, in my mind, at least ; and I quite understand your feelings about it. Perhaps you will say I understand them too well when I in my own mind think the true cause of your marrying so soon was because one cannot resist the persuasions of what one loves ; particularly when they have so many plausible reasons of their side, it then becomes impossible. For if you had had your reason quite unbiassed, you certainly might have declared to your whole family that you did purpose marrying Mr Ogilvie soon, and then sent him, as soon as you was settled, to Italy for a little while, with two of the boys. But I also very well understand that so very unpleasant a step when you was alone, poor soul, was not in the power of a woman to take who really loves ; and there were many very good excuses for not doing it, which every man in his situation would have thought good, and every woman in yours agreed with him were sufficient. I hope, my dear sister, you will not be displeas'd at my saying this to you, though I do not say it to others ; as, believe me, I cannot understand that I do you the least injustice in attributing it to your affection. For, in my eyes, a woman that is incapable of love is not endowed with all feminine virtues ; and it was chance and the devil in Lord Bellamont's shape that oblig'd you to try the force of your affection now instead of another time. But to say that you had an affection is not surely to your discredit ; and the object of it makes it a merit instead of a weakness, since 'tis very plain that 'tis not a *fancy* but a serious attachment founded on esteem, long acquaintance and friendship.

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<sup>1</sup> The remainder of this letter is missing.



[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I am much diverted with your insisting on calling me pretty. But my brother will say you coax me to toad-eat to you and for you. You know that you have a trick of adding dear and sweet to everybody's name; which same epithets strike all this family as *coaxing*. For you've had so little intercourse with them till now, that they are not used to it; and I find they attribute it all to coaxing. Now, pray, let me beg you won't do it; for I can't bear they should suppose you want to flatter them into good humour, when there is no occasion for anything but your real kindness to them, to win their love.

Lady Louisa was vastly diverted with your liking broad Scotch and was very entertaining about it. For she amuses herself with abusing Scotch people all day to Major Home, who defends their cause. By the by, tell Mrs Wilkie he is Major in the 25th by the death of Major Robinson, to the great joy of Lady Louisa. She says there is not a Scotchman worth a farthing but in her regiment; that the being there is what metamorphoses them into charming people; but she won't quite decide against Mr Ogilvie yet, for your sake. In short, she is as comical as she can be, and with that all good nature and kindness about you, and will like Mr Ogilvie, I know, for the delightful thing is that she does not much love any but Scotch people. Adieu. I am called. If I can add more, I will; if not, adieu, my dear sister. My compliments to Mr Ogilvie, and many thanks for his partiality to my phiz; of which I shall tell him bad news of for *me* another time. Yours ever most affectionately,

S. B.

Kiss the dear little ones for me. Louisa is well.

93. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown,<sup>1</sup> September the 10th, 1775

My dearest sister,

I will not waste paper in saying what a shame it is that I have a letter from you and two of Mr Ogilvie's to answer,

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<sup>1</sup> Co. Kildare; the seat of Mr Thomas Conolly.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

for I have so much Black Rock business<sup>1</sup> to write about that, till I see what room I have left, I shall not say one word more than to give my love to him and all the children ; and to tell you how happy I am that you are so well, so happy and in such good spirits. Louisa is gone to the Curragh, or rather gone in her road to Lady Roden's and Lady Drogheda's<sup>2</sup> (the former, by the by, is brought to bed of a girl) ; and Mr Owens came here to-day to Louisa, who bid me enclose a dab of paper to you, and left me to worry Owens *à mon aise*. I flatter myself he thinks me the most troublesome, impertinent of all people ; for, besides a thousand other things, I've forced him to draw a plan of the kitchen in my way besides his own, much against his will. I do not pretend to say it will do, but where is the harm of letting you see them all three ? *Imprimis* the kitchen : Mr Ward, Louisa and I were on the spot lately, and it was decided by Mr Ward you could not have a kitchen in the house where the lowness of the rooms and want of air from the windows would make it quite a nuisance. We therefore looked at stakes set by Owens for the corners of the building, and number one did us no sort of harm from the drawing-room window ; and number two offended our eyes exceedingly. So he was ordered to draw a plan with the angles taken off, and one with the scullery put just behind the dairy, which he has promised to do by Tuesday's post. And to these I have, as I told you, forced him to add another of my doing. I enclose you a rough sketch of what he first intended, which is without scale or rule ; but it's to make you comprehend what angles I am talking of. But to return to those plans he will send you, that with the scullery behind the dairy is Mr Ward's, in order to give you all the room we can to the east, for you are most woefully pinioned up there. Mr Owens said it would spoil your dairy by the heat, Mr Ward said not more than the having a kitchen there at all. For that anyway your dairy would suffer by the neighbourhood of the kitchen. Owens grumbled much at the taking so much room out of the kitchen court. Mr Ward said the less court

<sup>1</sup> This letter is concerned with the alterations and enlargements it was proposed to make at the Duchess's seaside house (later known as Frescati) at Blackrock, Co. Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, Countess of Drogheda (d. 1789).



they had the more they would be forced to wheel away the dirt and so the cleaner it would be. Louisa said Mr Ogilvie was an advocate for the court. I said, "Pull down the dairy." "By all means," said Mr Ward, "for it will be a bad one." "Oh!" cries Louisa, "that must not be so—give it up." Now to be sure, if you had rather be cramped in your ground to the east than give up the dairy, you will fix on any plan but mine. However, pray consider that my *propos* don't pull down one single stone of it by being wrote or drawn, and so pray look at the drawing, see the room you get at the east by it, consider how bad a dairy it will be, and that you preserve your beautiful porch (for it is the prettiest of things) for a seat to look at the prospect from, and that you only lose the article of looking at the milk; for your dairy part may be built just by in a plain manner for £30, and therefore consider if it is worth giving that up for the space you will get. I must own I am of opinion that (if you don't mind the heat of the kitchen being so near the dairy) you might add two bits to the dairy on each side of the porch, which would communicate, as you will see on the back of my sketch; and would be far from being ugly, as when there is a building at all, a few feet more or less cannot make it ugly if it's covered with jasmine, which grows very well to the north. I hear a great deal of not having room to plant to hide these offices, and the long time it will require. I perfectly agree as to the east front, where your company will be for ever stepping out of your drawing-room, and where you want space for a sweep, and thick planting to keep out the smell and noise of the kitchen. But to the north, where you have a great deal of space, can a few feet be so important? Particularly as a laurel or a beech hedge, planted against the wall and trimmed up, will cover it thoroughly in the space of three feet; and three feet more will allow for a second hedge of Portugal laurel with roses close under them, which will hide any building. And if you want trees you can put an acacia instead of every other Portugal laurel and that will hide the roof, supposing it twenty feet high, which, by the by, your kitchen won't be. He talked of making it twelve feet high only. I begged for fourteen or fifteen; as five feet are to be sunk underground there will not appear much above twelve with roof and all.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

But, if you don't object to it, it would be better higher, as it will, in the first place, be cooler and sweeter; secondly, the windows may be in the side, though high; thirdly, it will save a skylight; fourthly, it will allow for a place under the scullery (which may be low and must have steps up to it) for coal-holes. This last article, with the addition of a little house for the servants, Owens made a great noise about; he intended to put them under the pavement of that little court which he is so eager for, but as I *would* put the kitchen there, these conveniences went a-begging for places. I put the coal-holes under the scullery, or in a little open narrow court along the wall; for I cannot see why coals are to be so nursed up in walls, when a little paved-in court holds them just as well in most people's houses. As for the *necessary*, we put it at the end of the area, which happened to suit vastly well, for a shore that runs just there. And so, with giving up a dirt court, giving up fine coal-holes, and alas! giving up the dairy, or at least altering it as I have done on the back of the sketch, your offices are brought into compass. But if you don't like that, then Mr Ward's plan, with the scullery behind the dairy, is the best; except the harm it does the milk. And Mr Owen's plan is more enlarged for the servants, and more squeezey for you.

I forgot the beer cellar, which he proposed too to be out of doors; and he grumbled for the loss of that. But, as Mr Ward had said that it was a shame to see so much space wasted underground in your house, I took the liberty to remind Mr Owens that a cellar was easily found there by an alteration in the disposition of the rooms, which I will write in the article about the house. He tells me that a double floor will secure the noise and smell from coming up from the cellar, but at any rate it's better than a servants' hall under your room, which is, I know by experience, a very bad thing. I forgot, too, to tell you that General Pitt, who is a delightful man about plans, tells me that in Devonshire the people build their houses of *mud* made into paste with water, and then roughcast it and reed them on the roof, which makes cheap, strong houses which keep out the cold and the heat in perfection. Might not your dairy be so built? And then it would not cost £30. Mr Owens says your offices will come within £200 in all, except the new dairy.



Now for the house : Mr Owens sent you a plan with numbers, and a chimney-piece for the east bedroom and dressing-room long ago, but supposes it's lost. So I seized upon this and would send it you, and he will write a letter to explain it to you ; in the mean time I shall write my remarks by the numbers. In the base floor, No. 1 was servants' hall, and I want it for a beer cellar. No. 2 is [the] steward's room. Nos. 4, 5, [and] 6 are nothing, and I would make an arch in the wall between 5 and 6, fill up the wall to the passage, and let the men lie there. And No. 9 should have the passage 10 thrown into it, and be the servants' hall. And there would be no harm in its being a passage, nor in having it under the dining-room, as the broiled bones, the toasted cheese and all the riot that goes on at supper would not disturb you there, as it would under your sitting-room. No. 8 is meant for the butler to lock up plate, but, as he has plenty of room in Nos 11 and 12, I think you might give that place to the footmen for another bedchamber, or take them a narrow strip off the No. 9, which is rather too big. 13 and 14 are cellars, 16 and 17 are two housekeepers' rooms, and 20 is the maids' room—this is so grand that I should be apt to give 20 for the housekeepers' room, with a door to the closet ; 16 for the maids and 17 for the steward's room ; or send the maids to that long strip up at the top of the house over your bed. Supposing that an ale cellar was wanted too, besides the beer ? In this case, you might take No. 2 for it. But this is only a supposition, for I don't know but that No. 1 might be divided into two and do for both cellars. Or if you don't mind the servants' hall under you, put them back to No. 1, and put No. 9 into two dark places for cellars. So much for the base floor. Now as to the chamber floor : No 1 has a cornice you will see a bit of, in a paper by the chimney, No 3 ; which chimney he proposes instead of that you chose (viz., No 1 on the same paper), because he says No 3 suits the cornice. No 2 is for the dressing-room ; and, talking of that same bedchamber, how could you, dear sister, put two vile closets to shorten the dressing-room, and have a door opening on the chimney in the bedroom, when you must know that at Stoke it is the only fault of the room, that one is frozen by the fireside ? And only that they make a bedroom of the little one very often, the

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

door to the bedchamber would certainly be stopped up. As for this bedchamber floor in general, all I can say of it is that it's going on; but that it is so cut into closets that you will have the tidiest of maids if you don't gather all the spiders of the country; and that I fear the article of doors will be so immense, that, were I you, I would let none be put (except to the passages) till you come, and then you may find you don't want so many; for at present you have at a moderate computation sixty-five in all.

No.

1. Mr Owens' design for the drawing-room, cornice ..	£40
2. Ceiling in stucco .. .. .	£70
3. Design for the dining-room .. .. .	—
4. Design for the book room .. .. .	—
Total of the three rooms, exclusive of chimneys ..	£300

5. A rough sketch of mine for fitting up the drawing-room ceiling in stucco about .. .. .	£10
Painting of it by Ryley at ten guineas per month ..	£30
Cornice (like the dining-room cornice) and painted frieze, about .. .. .	£20
Painting by Ryley over the chimney, glasses and door	£10
Carved and gilt oak leaf border done here at two shillings per foot .. .. .	£40
220 feet of fluted finishing at one shilling per foot ..	£11
70 yards of damask .. .. .	£40
Chimney-piece about .. .. .	£30
Sundries .. .. .	£9
	<hr/>
	£200

6. Design for the slightest painting possible in the dining-room. Ryley may do it in the summer six months completely .. .. .	£60
7. Design for a ceiling to suit it, if in stucco, cornice and all .. .. .	£50
If it can be painted on paper and stuck up, £10.	
Price of doors, finishings and chimney-piece you must fix on.	<hr/>



[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

- |   |      |
|---|------|
| 8. A design of mine for a painted ceiling for the drawing-room .. .. .      | £70  |
| 9. Lord Clanbrassil's ceiling—above .. .. .                                 | £200 |
| 10. Design for the painting of the circular room. Stucco work of it .. .. . | £20  |

Ryley<sup>1</sup> cannot paint *on* the ceiling, therefore you cannot have the least scrap of his painting done any way but on paper or canvas, which is pasted up. And as any large piece with a white ground and ornaments painted on it would show the joining of the paper and be difficult to fasten up unless it fits into some moulding, I have endeavoured to draw such ceilings as have compartments and yet slight mouldings, as the stucco work is very expensive when added to the painting. There is a man in Dublin who paints on the flat ceiling, and might do common easy ornaments; but he asks a guinea a day, which is thirty per month; whereas Ryley has but ten per month. Therefore I have concluded you will have such ceilings as suit Ryley's work best.

Mr Owens' designs are common, handsome, plain Italian finishing, to which if you positively add only paper and chimneys done in Italy, you know the whole of your expense.

My designs are more uncommon, more showy, and secure your not adding to them, for you cannot put pictures, or alter them at all; and the expense will, I believe, not exceed Mr Owens' by a hundred pounds. But then you may grow tired of a fancy finishing; so be very sure you will like it for ten or fifteen years at least; for by that time it will be dirty and old-fashioned. In order to lessen the expense as much as possible, I would advise you to paint your dining-room green, to put up what pictures you have with what frames you have, and get the rest made and gilt at Paris; which will not cost so much as painting the room (provided you have a plain ceiling), and then your room will be sure to look (all but the ceiling) as well as the dining-room at Castletown; which is certainly a most pleasing room to all tastes and at all times. Your drawing-room, then, will gather the whole expense; and the expense of that may be lessened by the following schemes.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Riley, the 'little, delicate, deformed' pupil of Reynolds, who had decorated the gallery at Castletown with arabesques in the style of Raphael.

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

First, Louisa says that a small, fluted moulding is the fittest to suit any finishing you can have, French or Italian; and I am almost certain that it can be done for you in London perfectly neat, at sixpence per foot instead of a shilling.

Secondly, instead of damask of fourteen shillings per yard, you may in France buy some French grey, green or white damask, satin, Indian taffeta or lutestring (or perhaps velvet), that will come cheaper; and as seventy yards is a small quantity, it can be smuggled over by Mr Power from Bourdeaux.

If you think the oak leaf border too dear at £40, you may get a foot of it carved and gilt at Marseilles; and as French gold is both better and cheaper, I imagine you will get it done for half the money, and send it over by Mr Power here.

If, instead of a slight plain hanging, you choose velvet or some of Mrs Damer's<sup>1</sup> tapestry, which they say is so cheap, the oak leaf border will be too showy upon it, and a plain *baguette* bought in France will be a trifle, and save the £40.

It is the fashion to have lutestring curtains, so they may be bought in France. If you have not got a set of proper chairs already, you must by all means bespeak them gilt and covered in France, where you may get for half the price as pretty a chair, couch, etc.

I have drawn the finishing of the room so ill that it is necessary I should explain it all; and beg that you will consider how much prettier a finishing well done and in bright colours will look than a slovenly, unfinished drawing.

The *trumeau* over the chimney is to be covered with small pictures, china, Wedgwood's imitations of antiques, in short, in the style of the dressing-room at Holland House.

If the hangings are white, their plainness must be broken by your pretty blue and green Sevres china vases, on pretty brackets; and then all the *trumeaux* must be green and the little wainscot that appears. If you have coloured hangings, of course the wainscot must be white, and biscuit china figure (of which there are some most beautiful of eighteen inches high now made) on the grey or green hangings; or, by the by, on damask *couleurs de rose tendre*, which I never saw a room

<sup>1</sup> Anne Conway, only child of General Hon. Henry Seymour Conway; m. (1767) Hon. John Damer, son of Joseph Damer, 1st Lord Milton.



done with, but which I fancy would be beautiful if it was the real French yellowish pink.

The painted drapery is an ornament I am particularly fond of ; for in the first place it looks light and pretty in any colour you find will suit your room best ; secondly, it fills up so well and is so quickly done that it's cheap ; and thirdly, if one changes one's mind and wants to rub it out, the loss of the painting is nothing.

The door case is done in the odd way you see, to make up for the smallness of it ; for, to be sure, a middle door to a great room *à deux battants* being but three foot six inches is too ridiculous. However, I fancy Mr Owens will gain the other six inches, and when it is four feet, although it must look like two *battants*, it must not be so, or the necessary thickness of the middle would dwindle the panels, to look like Sir T. Robinson's<sup>1</sup> for length. I have put an arch of six feet wide to make a handsome finishing, and I mean it should be adorned both within it, and over it, with such painting as you will choose. I have only put drapery and compartments because they were easiest expressed in small, and are the cheapest ; but they may be much improved. The door itself I beg may be French, with a gilt carving and made of looking-glass, to reflect the garden from the opposite window ; the whole door will not, I dare say, cost you £12, and it will scarce be less if it's inlaid or carved or made handsome in any way ; and it does look so French and so pretty, I think, in looking-glass.

The freize is to be grey on any coloured ground that suits the room, and the cornice a very simple, cheap one. The freize may be done in a more laboured manner, but then it will take more time than in a slight way. The ovals over the glasses are to be little pretty paintings of Ryley's ; and the frames of the glasses fluted.

The seven compartments of the ceiling I meant should be filled with light Herculean figures, and the four corners with pretty ornaments. If you like the style of the ceiling, Louisa will take care to have a very complete drawing of it done in the same way for it by Mr Ryley, by which she can see every part of it is in proportion and pretty, before Mr Owens orders the stucco work to be done.

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Robinson, 1st Bart. (1700-1777).

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

The oak leaf border is intended to make the most showy part of the room in case of a grey, green or white hanging; and I must inform you that this idea of so showy a border is stolen from a drawing of Mr Gardiner's for a room he means to fit up in Dublin. He got the design for it, and the ceiling, from a friend of his at Rome; and he showed it me. I one day, in my eagerness for your house, said I would beg of him to give me the drawings for you. He looked very blank, but good-humouredly said he would do it if I desired it; but as his room could not be finished yet, he should be a little mortified to have its dress appear so long before his. To make up for this he took great pains to help me in the design of your dining-room, which I was at a sad loss to fix upon; lent me books and prints to examine for it, found out the painter in Dublin for me; in short, to say he was good-humoured about it is nothing. But I must add that he has contrived to shew me so much attention since I came over, that I really may call it kindness; for he and Mrs Gardiner (at his desire I suppose) really treat me as if I was a most intimate friend of theirs; which you know is all on dear Louisa's account. But it's in so pleasant a way, that although I think Mr Gardiner dull, affected and pedantic, yet *c'est une si bonne âme* that I should really be quite *hurt* if he took such a trifling thing as this ill of me. And you know, my dear sister, how those little trifles provoke one. I, therefore, have given up all his design, except the showy border; and to make up for that, I must beg of you, as a very great favour, that, if you do take it, you will let me write him word from England, that I have sent you the hint of it upon condition that if he will send an exact drawing of his at any time you will bespeak it for him in France, and get it over by Mr Power to make up to him by the cheapness for my robbery.

One comfort is that Mr Gardiner's ceiling consists chiefly in foliage, which I fear nobody in Dublin can execute well on the flat ceiling, and there is no other way of doing it; I am also sure it cannot cost him less than £200 done in Dublin and perhaps ill done; for Ryley's part is trifling in it, so it is out of your reach upon an economical scheme.

If you do not like the painting over the door in your room I would recommend to you to buy at Paris a little oval piece



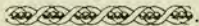
[1775]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of tapestry, which I am told are beautiful, and must be cheap from their size.

If you put up tapestry, you may put up paper under it, for summer ; for, although I'm told this method don't answer for damask, which shrinks by being taken down, that will not be the case with tapestry.

If you are quite sure you like a good deal of painting in your house, I must advise you not to let little Ryley escape you by any means whatsoever, for his taste, his execution, his diligence [and] his price are really a treasure, and will not be met with again. For Mr Conolly and Louisa *se font conscience* to give him so little as £100 a year, and mean to add a little more to it. We reckon that his business in this house will be finished about next August ; if, therefore, you determine to have him, the best time for you to engage him for is for exactly this time twelve month ; in February the days become long ; the summer months secure you most work done in the shortest time ; by that time your house will be all dry and fit for painting. If in the course of the summer he finishes your drawing-room and circular room you may then give up the dining-room ; and for the six summer months £60 gain many a little dab done, which if you took him in September could not be done in the short days. And besides, as spring 1777 is a time when you will certainly be on the spot, you can infinitely better direct his work and get more done, by choosing things in books ready for him to lose no time ; whereas, if it's done in yours and Louisa's absence, he must only follow general directions, and you will be a loser by it. I make no doubt but that the Duke of Leinster will employ him for the six winter months, if little Ryley can be persuaded to stay so long in Ireland. The misfortune is that he hates Ireland, and unless you are in the house to protect him, he will not dare to venture himself alone at the Black Rock.

I must inform you that the Duke of Leinster has just had the ceiling of the saloon at Leinster House upstairs coloured in purple and grey and green. It has the prettiest *soft* effect in the world ; and I suppose is cheap. You do, I suppose, remember the ceiling : it is so . I cannot draw it, but you will know it, I'm sure ; each ribbon or fillet is painted green or purple, which distinguishes the design, and

## LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

altogether is soft and pretty. I cannot say I think the colours suit a town house; but if you determine on those pretty, old-fashioned ceilings they will be much improved by colouring; but then you recollect they are dear.

Mr Gardiner says that with the painting on the walls of your dining-room, it is necessary to have a painted ceiling; and that one with compartments will not answer with the slight painting on the wall. And yet we cannot get a foliage ceiling painted, so what must be done? I have drawn one for stucco that I hope will be rather cheap, and would suit tolerably well if coloured; but I own I think the best way would be to have it plain and try the following method: to have the ribbon and foliage painted on paper, and then cut out like a print border and then pasted up, by lines which may be drawn on the ceiling first to keep it regular. This is an idea of mine, which I cannot help thinking might be done with some trouble, and certainly be very cheap. Louisa says that with painted walls she don't like a painted ceiling; and says it should be either quite plain and white, or with slight mouldings, coloured in two colours.

I cannot recollect any one thing more to say to you upon these subjects, so adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most affectionately,

S. B.

PS.

I forgot the chimney-piece: I think that if you get a quite plain white marble French chimney made in France or Italy, it will cost very little. And in order to ornament it suitably to the room, I think you might get an ormoulu oak leaf branch, either in France, or at Birmingham, and have it *appliqué* upon the flat part of the chimney, which would be odd, and I think pretty, and suit your room. You may draw a design for it yourself, as you see so many French chimney-pieces, which probably are some more or less pretty; and I know so little of them that I cannot make a tolerable drawing.

You are desired to send back such of the drawings as you choose, for we have no duplicates of them.

*January the 29th*—We are still at Castletown, [and] have not the smallest guess when we shall go; for a frost is set




[1775-76]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

in, so severe that everybody expects it will be a second hard frost which did last till March. The wind is north-east, so till it changes we cannot stir. We will give you notice the day we sail, that your letters may be properly directed, and no time lost about the Black Rock. But don't wait for our letters much more than a week, for if this day seven-night, the moon, being full, it is not changed, it will probably last another fortnight.

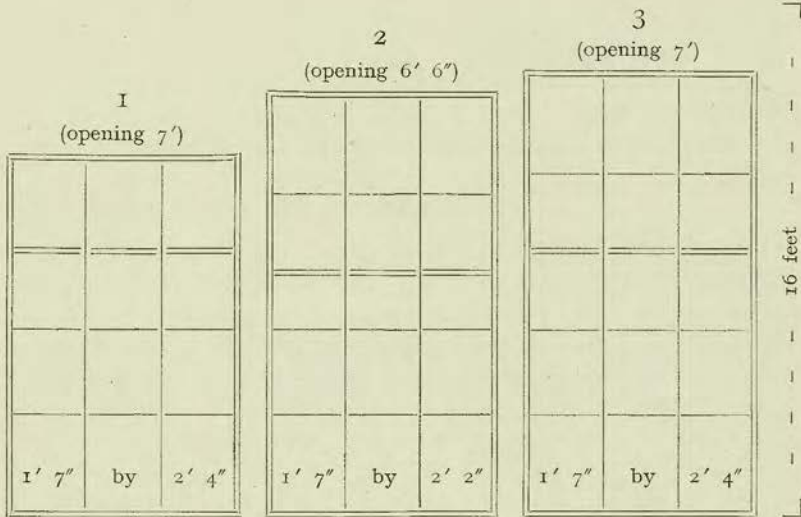
94. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

[1775-1776]

I hear you propose having a painted ceiling, and if so, perhaps you may like a painted frieze, grey on blue or green, which will allow of a much deeper entablature than stucco. Do you like carved ornaments to put the curtains within? If you have a very great depth, perhaps you would like a painted compartment of this sort  over the windows. All these things considered will make you fix on the height of the window, which must be sent soon. I have therefore made these sketches, that you might have all the different proportions in your eye at once. I have not done them so correctly as they might be, and I may have varied in the price a few shillings, but it will give you an idea of it. I hope you will not desire the round room to be stuccoed in compartments or ornaments, for it will be very expensive, and as it's my *protége* I want to make it as little expensive as possible, and I am quite sure it will be much prettier if it's painted by Mr Ryley. If you go to Italy and are *virtuified* you will despise him; but if you are content with what you know is the style that Louisa likes, you will be very glad to consider that little Ryley can in one year (£100) paint your dining-room, your round room and [a] great part of your drawing-room, which will save you a monstrous deal of money and yet allow of variety. Lady E. Clements<sup>1</sup> has seen three rooms painted in a new house in London that she is charmed with: one of them is all greens, the other purples and greens, and the other showy colours.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Skeffington (d. 1817), dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massereene; m. (1765) Robert Clements (later cr. Earl of Leitrim).

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

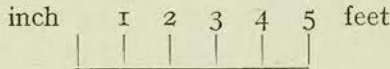


5' by 10'  
four windows come  
to £71 0 0

5' by 11'-4"  
four windows come  
to £59 0 0

5' by 12'  
four windows come  
to £76 0 0

1. A sketch of the windows as they are. 2. A sketch of a cheaper window. 3. A sketch of what Mr Ward proposed to have. Anyway, a place is reserved in the wall to receive one row of panes. The Irish duty is not mentioned, as I don't know it, but I hear it is very trifling.





[1776]

LADY SARAH BUNBURY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1776

95. *Lady Sarah Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, the 18th January, 1776

I am not surprised, my dear sister, that you wondered at not hearing from me for so long, for 'tis most certain I could not be employed by anything so properly as about your business. But yet you know that no mortal upon earth is more subject than me "to do those things I ought not to do, and leave undone those things which I ought to do." You therefore ought not to be surprised, but have a very good right to scold me, which I feel I deserve at this present moment. But I trust, my dear sister, to your usual partiality and indulgence to me, that when I represent to you that this is the last day I shall spend at dear Castletown; that I am as meek, as low-spirited as it is possible to be, from the uncertainty of my returning here for ages, from the uncomfortable feel it is to leave a pleasant place, I flatter myself you won't have the heart to be very angry with me, particularly as you will lose nothing by my negligence but the gossip I might have wrote. For as to the business, I will now fully make up to you for the lost time, and answer all those things you may want to be informed about in my department respecting the Black Rock.

However, before I begin upon business, I must answer you about people whom you enquire of me if I like. I *do* like Lady E.<sup>1</sup> vastly, and feel excessively obliged to her for her kindness to me. I am, upon the whole, very well satisfied with the little Duchess,<sup>2</sup> which I thought I should not easily be with William's wife; for I wanted her to be all perfection. But as I find such a woman is by no means necessary for *his* happiness, why, I can't, you know, be so sorry she is not so. Her faults, in my mind, are being vulgarly brought up, and wanting that discernment and dignity which is necessary to

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Clements.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Emilia Olivia St. George, whose marriage to William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster, had taken place the previous year.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of getting them cheap; and with them, some little easy patterns for work, and some iron stamps for cutting the foils. Then, besides work, I want one wadded black cloak, and a piece of net for making caps and ruffles, etc. I have made a little list of my commissions, which I hope it won't be troublesome to you to get for me, and desire my brother to pay you for me; and to allow to go in his baggage, if he is so gracious as to permit it.

You desire a particular account of my health, my dear sister, and express an anxiety about it that I thank you most kindly for.

I really do not know what is the cause of my ill-health, but the progress of it is this: I took it into my head to try to be thin—and yet would not try any dangerous way of doing it—when I heard by chance that Lady Ancram<sup>1</sup> had succeeded in making herself thin, and yet not hurt her health, by eating every day a little bread and butter an hour before dinner to damp her stomach. I did the same, and so effectually damped mine that in a fortnight's time I grew ill with not eating at dinner. So I left off this scheme. But my stomach was gone and I was never well for the last two months I was in Ireland, although I recovered my stomach enough to eat; yet it has never been the same since. When I came first to Sussex I was five weeks at Stoke, where I had begun painting some part of a room before I went to Ireland. And, Lady Louisa being eager to have it finished, I painted constantly at it and never stirred out. It made my head ache, quite took off my stomach, and I felt very ill. But as I knew she was eager about it, and I also knew it must soon be done, I would not own it hurt me; but I am sure it did. After that I had several eruptions and my blood was very bad. And at last I got a most violent rheumatism that I thought would have made me go distracted, for it wore me to death. I am now, thank God, much better, owing chiefly to a little fine weather which now and then comes, and to taking everything that can sweeten my blood. I drink whey and milk and eat all sorts of wholesome things, and very little meat, so that

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, Marchioness of Lothian. Dau. of Chichester Fortescue, of Dromiskin, Co. Louth; m. (1762) William John Ker, who had recently (1775) succ. his father as 5th Marquis of Lothian.



[1776]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

the violence of the pain is removed. But I am convinced, as you are, that it is owing to a scorbutic habit, which can only be cured by time and care. I feel miserable in cold weather, and in damp weather still worse; the hottest sun is not too hot for me, so I hope the summer will do me good, if not cure me.

I shall go to town or not as Louisa advises me when she comes. As for your green juices, don't flatter yourself that I will take them; any other sweetener of the blood *bon*—but that green puddle I cannot take indeed.

Louisa goes to Ireland next week for that nasty election which so provokingly happens now. For if it had not, I think Mr Conolly might have been persuaded to go to Aubigni for part of this summer. And yet I don't know, for he does not like travelling much. I am mighty glad to hear of your schemes of *peregrinations*, for by this means we shall see you, Louisa will see you, and you [will] see the Black Rock, and then we shall see you again. As for your going abroad again, that's quite another thing. Your heart will fail you I dare say; but it's mighty well to intend it. I long for you to see your little *belle-fille*, for pretty she is not; but she is a dear little thing, at least in my mind there is a something about her that is excessively attaching.

I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie. Louisa and I diverted ourselves vastly with the disappointment he would have about my looks just before I was going abroad. For we know that you have told him I was very pretty. And, to be sure, the surprise he would have been in to have seen a thin, pale, long-nosed, hollow-eyed, coarse-featured woman would not have been small. For all that I am precisely, I do assure you, which, added to my poking figure and negligence of dress, makes me not at all what I know he expects me.

Adieu, my dear sister, you may see by my gossiping letter that I am pretty well at times; and I took one of my best days to write to you, for I have not always spirits equal to it. Yours, my dear sister, most affectionately,

S. B.

[1776]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

100. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Halnaker, June 16th, 1776

My dear sister,

As we expect my brother this week I have not answered a very kind letter I got from him some time ago, but write to you, who I think probably still at Paris, to give you some account of my health, which in that letter he says you are very anxious about.

I cannot say I am in a very good way, as one complaint succeeds another; and although not any of them are dangerous they lessen my stock of health. I have now had a purging for a whole month, and it is not gone; one week it was so bad as to make me faint away several times a day. But I have now recovered my strength a little and it is I hope going off by slow degrees. But I am still as weak as water, very, very thin, and have a slow fever for many hours in the day.

I have consulted a man I have a good opinion of, who says it is all owing to a scorbutic disposition in my blood; but that for the present I have nothing to do but to be quite quiet and nurse myself up with good things till I am strong enough to bear exercise; and that I must be very careful of damp and cold all next winter, for fear it should hurt me, essentially so weak as I am. And by degrees, as my bowels will bear it, I am to take to all anti-scorbutic diet. He says I must not pass the winter in this miserable cold damp house; and wants me, as soon as I am able, to change the air and move about. But you know *que l'on ne fait pas toujours ce que l'on veut, mais ce que l'on peut*; so I fancy Goodwood and Stoke will be all my change of air.

Louisa landed the 6th in Dublin after thirty-six hours at sea by the Head; she don't tell me she was in a storm, but I suspect it, for what else in this windy weather could keep her so long at sea but being drove back and forwards? Dear soul! I long to hear how her poor dear bowels do after it. By the by, she tells me Dr Hunter<sup>1</sup> has given her some advice about her colic that she finds are of use to her. But she is

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<sup>1</sup> A surgeon.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

very naughty, I assure you, about her health ; for I've found out that there are several little attentions that save her from colic, which she won't have or puts off upon the most provoking reasons, viz., that it makes a fuss, and what do you think this fuss is? To take a little gruel between breakfast and dinner when she dines late ; to eat a little supper when she is colicked ; to drink a glass of wine in cold weather, and many of those sort of trifles. I wish you would give her a serious lecture about it. Do you know that if I had not had a fire made in her room here she would have come to this damp, uninhabited house from town with the colic and never ordered one, because it did not signify, she said ; although she owned she had one still in town and the weather was miserably cold.

I long to hear how their election succeeds. If they lose it Conolly will have the happiness of having something more to growl and splutter and swear at. But as he finds something that answers that purpose every day, I wish he may never have so *good* a cause of complaint, but keep to the twenty-six *infortunes d'arlequin*, viz : the bad weather, somebody having imposed upon him, Dazarin's impertinence, his sheep being stolen, a horse lame, etc., etc. And to it I hope he will add the misfortune of being in Parliament one of his great grievances.

Lady Louisa and my brother<sup>1</sup> are returned from quarters. They tell me you pressed them much to pass the winter with you. I see he won't do it, and yet he is pleased he was pressed to do it, I think ; for he is mighty apt to think himself neglected. And he never seems to consider that he neglects his relations more than anybody if they are not in his way. I wonder if ever he answered your letter ?

I long to hear how you liked your jaunt to Paris. We all know my brother likes Mr Ogilvie, but I want to know how Mr Ogilvie likes my brother ; exclusive that he has a good opinion of him and respects his character, etc. By the by, have you heard that my brother tells the Duchess, "my sister is so agreeable, so comfortable and so charming I can't leave her, but must take her to Paris with me." I am so happy that you and my brother are together, and can see how delightful you both are.

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<sup>1</sup>Lord and Lady George Lennox.

[1776]

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Give my love to Mr Ogilvie. I hope he sits upon the little stool by Madame du Deffand<sup>1</sup> and describes you to her. How does Charlotte like Paris? I beg my love to her and to Charles, who I flatter myself dresses his hair better than he did the Birthday in Dublin; and has learnt that, well-made as he is, it is necessary to tie up his stockings, buckle his shoes even, and a few more such rules that I preached to him so often about. I beg you will tell him I put *well made* with a dash, not being yet corrected of the mistake I made in saying he was not perfectly well made. As for *your* Grace's liking Paris, I'll trust Mesdames Poiriers, Dulac, Perrier, etc. for that, if there was not another living creature in the town. Pray, have you seen Madame Geoffrin?<sup>2</sup> Is she alive? For I feel a kind of affection for her for her love to my sister Holland that makes me wish you would contrive to see her, for I know she would be pleased with it. My brother does not know her, I believe, but you might introduce yourself by saying you wished to see my poor sister's greatest friend there; and I think you will like her. Do try to see Madame de Brionne<sup>3</sup> if you can, for though not young, she is in my mind something very superior to most people, both in looks and manners. Adieu, my dear sister, I won't allow myself to scribble on any more, for it don't agree with me, though I like to do it. Yours ever most affectionately,

S. L.

101. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Halnaker, June 25th, 1776

My dear sister,

I must begin by thanking you for the last line in your letter, by which you tell me you are in better spirits than the day you began; for I could not bear the idea of that miserable feel you describe, and which I know so well, having

<sup>1</sup> Marie de Vichy Chamrond (1697-1780) Marquise du Deffand. For 30 years, her *salon* in the Convent of St. Joseph in the Rue St. Dominique was famous as a meeting place of the literary and aristocratic celebrities of Europe.

<sup>2</sup> Marie Thérèse, Mme. Geoffrin (1699-1777). She presided over a *salon* for many years, and had been the friend of Caroline, Lady Holland.

<sup>3</sup> Louise Julie de Montauban, Comtesse De Brionne.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

often felt it when my spirits were exerted beyond their strength. And the worst of it is I think that for a long time after it so thoroughly disturbs one's sleep that one don't feel refreshed with a night's rest ; which is one of the most miserable feels in the world. But I hope that as this exertion has not been for very long you will soon recover it at Aubigni. I do not think it owing so much to your habit of living quiet, as to your frame being certainly weakened by your frequent lyings-in ; which, however surprisingly you have borne, must necessarily make you not equal to any unusual fatigue. I assure you that when I was at Paris I felt the same, with this difference, that I considered I should not be likely to return, and liked the people and way of life so much that I grudged myself the few hours' sleep I took ; though I was so ill I used to take my cry out privately and not own I was tired for fear of being forced to give it up the few last days I stayed.

I am vastly glad to find your sentiments with regard to my brother's kindness proves that I was not wrong in the opinion I had formed of them. For I wrote him word the other day that I was sure neither Mr Ogilvie nor you looked upon the advantage of the civilities you met with as the least real comfort or satisfaction; that had he presented Mr Ogilvie in an ungracious manner, as if he thought he ought but did not like to do it, I was sure that neither of you would have chosen to have been obliged to him for a thing which in itself was no object. But that his friendly and affectionate way of doing it would, I was sure, make those advantages become a pleasure to you, as his attention to you both made them valuable—the same as a trifling present given from attention is of ten times the value than the richest which is given for parade. And that my brother's attention to you is from his heart, I believe it is unnecessary to tell you.

I can't say I agree with you in not caring about being the *ton*. I know it is vastly foolish to like it much, but I do, or rather did (for I have not had any occasion to know if I like it or not now). I think I should not seek it at any great trouble, but if it came in my way I am sure I should be fool enough to like it. But then you are to consider that you have been used to be Queen of Ireland for so many years it is no novelty to you, and only a trouble. And, on the other hand,

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Lady Clermont<sup>1</sup> (who I suppose is still at Paris) is enough to set one against being the *ton*; for, to be sure, *c'est un ridicule* that is not pardonable at her age, to be a slave for the sake of *ton* to the degree I hear she is, with her good sense and talents for the enjoyment of rational society.

I am mightily flattered your opinion of the French and Paris so exactly corresponds with mine. I have not a moment's doubt but that were I *tombée des nués* I should choose to drop at Paris, if I must live in a town. For, next to a beautiful place in the country in England (within reach of one's friends), Paris is by far the most reasonable way of life I know. And I conclude if one lived there one might avoid by degrees even the very bad hours for a constancy. I suppose you know Madame du Deffant is the most unconscionable rake of all Paris so that her house is not quite a rule. My dear friend, Madame Geoffrin, turns one out at eleven o'clock. But then she is not the *ton*, except for *beaux esprits*. By the by, I hope you did not ask Madame du Deffant about her, for they have been rival courts for many years. And though I allow the latter to be most agreeable, yet Madame Geoffrin won my heart by her manner to me when I was at Paris. You must know she was my *protectrice*, but, my head being turned I neglected going there till I felt ashamed of myself and hurt at my ingratitude, particularly as I had been so much at her enemy's, Madame du Deffant, where I was told I must not own I went to the other. This made me more vexed at my neglect, which was in fact for want of time and not for want of inclination. So I at last wrote her an humble note telling her that my head was turned with running about and made me appear ungrateful, and that I had not the heart to go to her till she first forgave me. My note was not gone an hour before she came to see me in a morning, and walked into my bedchamber saying, "*Mais comment, donc, ma belle Rose,*" (for that was the name she gave me always), "*vous faites la petite sottie. Me croyez-vous une vieille folle, ou bien la fée Carabosse qui se plaît à tourmenter les jeunes gens? N'est-ce pas pour vous plaire que je m'intéresse? Et n'est-il pas tout*

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<sup>1</sup> Frances, (d. 1820) dau. of Col. John Murray; m. (1752) William Henry Fortescue, afterwards 1st Baron and Earl of Clermont.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

“naturel que vous vous amusiez bien mieux avec les jeunes gens qu’avec les vieux? Tenez, mon enfant, je vois bien ce que c’est—vous croyez que je gronde de ce que vous allez chez Madame du Deffand. Point du tout! Elle a une cour brillante, elle caresse tous les anglais—they seraient bien ridicules à eux de ne pas profiter de ses bonnes grâces. Venez souper chez moi sans façons, quand l’envie vous prend, et pas un mot des eux. Mais aimez-moi bien, ma belle Rose. Que je baise vos joues couleurs de rose! Et dites-moi si vous voulez faire quelque emplette, car je prole tous les matins par la ville, et je peux vous aider en faisant vos commissions—cela vous donnera plus de temps pour vous amuser.” This was her speech.

I missed going to Madame du Deffand’s for one week by accident, and she was as cross to me as if I had done wrong. I don’t love people who are so *exigeante*. And so I only *like* Madame du Deffand, and I *love* Madame Geoffrin. I am quite certain that Mr Ogilvie’s making words and chattering to them pleases the French. And I suppose he prates away at a great rate, for all shy people do with foreigners—witness Louisa, who out-talked me all to nothing at Paris. It is most certain that their admiration of English taciturnity is only another occasion it gives them of talking; as it’s a subject they don’t find at home, and therefore a favourite topic.

I have a notion I hear the outcry they make at your having had twenty children, and would almost lay a wager that the same conversation has passed about you as described in the *Lettres Persanes*<sup>1</sup>: “Monsieur est persan?” “Comment peut-on être persan?” “Comment? Donc, vingt enfants!” “Comment peut-on avoir vingt enfants?” Your account of Charlotte provokes me! I have no patience with people who are sulky because they are desired to please—even if they are worried about it, which I dare say she is not. Still, the motive ought to create good humour at least. But though I am provoked at her, I don’t agree with you about the thing; for you know those things strike people in a different light. Nothing discomposes my eye so much as an ugly woman *qui a des prétentions*; and nothing so little as an ugly one quite free

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<sup>1</sup> *Lettres persanes* by Charles de Secondat, baron de Montesquieu, publ. anonymously in 1721.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

from the least pretensions of any kind. I think that the *whole* system of dress and pretensions of an ugly woman (or man) ought to consist in this: to be *very* clean, to have their clothes well made and moderately in the fashion, to give an air of a person of fashion; to dress *ten* years older till they are quite old; to be very humble about looks; and to make good humour and attentions the principal object of their manner. With this system, which I saw practised by the very ugliest woman in the world (Lady Mary Cornwallis, who is since dead), I think it is impossible to be discomposed at an ugly woman and not to forget she is so. Whereas the least air of smartness or pretention puts one eternally in mind how ill it sets upon them. What I am afraid of is that Charlotte will, out of contradiction, be the reverse (from setting herself off now) in *too* great a degree; for a cross face is inexcusable. And when she grows old she will run into the other extreme, when it will become her less. I fancy my brother is against you in this argument and backs Charlotte. But then, if she comes to England and preserves her partiality to the Duchess of Richmond, she will persuade her again to follow your advice. For I never saw anybody in *my* opinion half so fond of dress as the Duchess, though she professes to hate it, and certainly neglects it at *times* to a vulgar degree. But the older she grows the more she loves it, and now makes it so serious a part of education that I have no patience to hear her talk about it. You, who dress ten times more than she does, at least do it *boniment*. [I] own you choose to look well when you can do it without much trouble, and are always ready to excuse ill-dressed people who have no pretensions. But she makes such an unmerciful fuss about it that it has given me an aversion to it, because her ideas are so misjudged about it—at least, they appear so to me.

I am vastly obliged to you for your trouble about my commissions. If the materials are good I don't much care for a little more in the price. But since gauze is the fashion, if it is cheap I am glad to have any muffling undressed thing by way of pattern for shape.

I don't mean cap, for it is not possible for a French milliner in these days to make one to suit my noddle, which she cannot comprehend—unless you make her dress it to fit my brother



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

or Charles's heads, for they are about the size of mine, but rather larger. If it becomes my brother it will become me. No, but seriously, I don't want a cap the least; nor anything else, except it is a handkerchief I heard described that sounded as if it would suit me, called a *Henri IV.*

I think the Queen<sup>1</sup> must be beautiful—for a queen, too. Pray, did you see her eat? For Dean Marley says she puts the leg of a turkey in her mouth at once. But, that indelicacy excepted, he says she puts him in mind of Louisa. What a long gossipy letter I have been writing! And I forgot to tell you I was better. My love to all *chez vous*. I hope my brother has left you by this time—if not, my particular love to him. Adieu, my dear sister. Yours most sincerely,

S. L.

102. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

July the 18th, 1776

My dear sister,

I have seen so very little of my brother since his return that I waited to have some talk with him before I wrote to you. But it is in vain; for he is so *recherché* that it's impossible to get at him—I don't think he has passed a quiet day yet. So I have given up questioning him, and will write to you without waiting any longer. I cannot find out if you spend the winter at Tours or no—he says you are uncertain. When do you return to England?

By what I could learn of his account of your children they are delightful little animals. And even poor little Louisa diverts him by her tyranny over George, whom he raves of; he says there never was anything so broad, so square, so jolly, so vulgar and so delightful as that little monkey. As to your *great* children, he shakes his head a little about Charles's idleness, and Charlotte's crossness has not escaped him. As for Mr Ogilvie and yourself, I humbly suppose he likes you not a little, since he proposes spending a month with you at Aubigni

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<sup>1</sup> Marie Antoinette (1755-93), 9th dau. of Maria Theresa and Emperor Francis I. Her husband had succ. to the throne of France as Louis XVI on 10 May, 1774.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

merely for the sake of your company ; which, as he has seen you so lately, is no little proof of his liking you ; for he is not apt to love visiting. He seems to have fixed to return to Paris on the 1st of August from Lewes Races, where they go the last week in this month. The business he goes for he reckons will be over in September and then he goes to you for a month ; so it will be near three months before he returns. The Duchess don't go with him. I wonder at her. I wish I was half as strong and as able to bear a journey as she is, and that I might go in her place. But, thank God, I am not so whimsical about my health. For I had rather be *really ill* at times, and therefore know what it is to be well, than to ail nothing and always fancying myself ill, as she does. For you must know I give very little credit to her ailments. As to her nerves, she has no individual complaint in them but lying abed, eating and drinking and taking no exercise ; which certainly does make her feel ill, and will grow worse and worse every day if she goes on.

I am a little vexed at her not going, because it is perhaps the only chance she ever will have of getting him to pass one winter abroad. If she was *there* and you all persuaded him, I dare say he would stay, though he won't determine it beforehand ; but her being away will quite knock up the scheme. I conclude he takes Charles with him. I don't think the Lennoxes will be persuaded to go ; indeed, Lady Louisa has brought me over to her opinion about the education of her daughters, which is the chief cause of her not liking to leave home ever.

She says that the finishing and polishing them is a desirable thing *if* it could be obtained without great difficulty, expense or an uncomfortable life to her. But that she is so situated it cannot. In the first place, there are many objections to carrying such a great family to anybody else's house ; although nothing can live pleasanter than the Duchess and she do together. But still, it is a *gêne* to both. Then the company the Duchess keeps are not exactly those Lady Louisa would pick out for her daughters—some are too old, some too gambling, and some too fine to be of any amusement or of any use to the girls. As for Lady Louisa's own friends, she has but very few ; and those she cannot invite to another person's house. So that all the girls' amusement must lie in going



out or being at home alone. Then the expense of public places, dress, and equipage, when it's for three, becomes an object. To hire a house in order to live just the London life Lady Louisa likes, which is very quiet and early hours, is too expensive and not to be done. Besides, that, added to all this, London disagrees with her health, and she hates it. Now the question is if it is worth while to cramp themselves in their expenses at Stoke, to pass an uncomfortable time for the sake of a dancing master and to learn to dress smart; for there is really little else wanted to finish their education which can be got in town. And as to their being married, she does not wish it till at least they are no more children. And I am much mistaken if the eldest will be anything but a child till she is seventeen or eighteen. So that, altogether, I own I think Lady Louisa is right to be content when they are well as they are.

I think, therefore, from what I know of Lady Louisa's opinions, that she won't be tempted to stir from home unless my brother George would promise to spend a whole winter quietly in any place where you were. But he won't do that, and she is too prudent to take so expensive a scheme in hand unless he would join heartily in it, and make it answer by staying.

I long to hear of your being got quiet and comfortable at Aubigni; for you must pass your time horridly in your vile hotel whilst you are confined. It is certain, however, that a good or a bad house is almost all in all at Paris, for one's very rest fatigues one in a noisy one. I cannot help blessing my stars that I did not go; for I am convinced I could not have lived in all the noise, stink, and heat my brother describes. I am growing better, but so thoroughly has my health been shaken, that I cannot bear the fatigue of driving about the park in a cabriolet without lying down for a hour or two after it to recruit my spirits. And a visit from my brothers or their wives is sure to keep me from sleeping and give me a fever, merely from the exertion of my spirits for an hour or too; so that I am not sorry they happen to be employed at present, for I don't feel equal to doing as other people do, which makes me hate to be from home.

What you say about dearest Louisa's health is very true. It is owing to the fuss Mr Conolly makes, and the want of attention, too, that makes her be so secret about her com-

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

plaints; and it is very vexatious. She has besides, though, a few prejudices that hurt her; her obstinacy about living cool and low, let what will ail her, is not right. But I hope I have done her a piece of service by having put a physical book into favour with her, which she studies very much. And if it gives her a little more attention to her health it will be of great use. Luckily the man happens to agree with her about her prejudices, and so he is in favour. But besides that, it is so sensible a book it cannot fail of pleasing those who will take the trouble to read it. It is wrote by a Doctor Buchan,<sup>1</sup> and gives one a short and plain idea of the nature of all disorders; so it ought to prevent one from hurting oneself by a false method of going on, which is at least one great point gained.

I was sadly grieved at poor Lady Elizabeth Clements's bad health, which I hope is mending. Poor thing! I do not conceive any greater loss than she would be to her whole family and acquaintances. Her brother, William, has been dying too; and that helped to make her worse. Pretty Mrs Ponsonby is to be at Bristol, too, I hear. What a pretty creature she is! Did I ever tell you what a favourite Mrs Staples was with Louisa and me? She is the most companionable person I know, without any brillant to set her off.

Lady Stormont is a fine subject *pour la nouvelle du jour*. It is on such occasions that the French shew their absurdity. Why should they wonder that a young girl should not be *au fait* of the etiquettes of a foreign country, or like to submit to the *gêne* of it at her age? I cannot bear that want of allowing for youth and character as if all dispositions and ages ought to act alike in public. That is to put on a mask; for, certainly, if *one* rule is to be the standard, half the world must wear a mask. It seems so odd to hear Lady Stormont is not precisely the thing; for the late Lady Stormont was more complete in everything than it is possible to be, and my idea always leads me to think of her when I want to describe anything mighty perfect in all appearances. Indeed, I have heard she was equally so in herself as well as her manners and dress.

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<sup>1</sup> *Domestic Medicine, or the Family Physician*, by Dr. William Buchan, published in 1769. Published at the low price of 6 sh., it was the first work of its kind in England, and its success was great and immediate.



[1776]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I beg nobody will presume to abuse you about commissions, for you have executed mine as well as it is possible ; and the pretty present you have added to it is also as exactly suited to my taste as if I had chosen it myself. I believe I need not tell you, my dear sister, how much I am obliged to you for it. It was so kind of you to bestow so much thought on what I might want, as you must have done to find out so precisely what I liked. But alas ! do you know that I am as dull as a post about dress ? For, in the first place, I don't know how to put on the handkerchief, though I see it is all *haffly* and pretty. Secondly, I don't comprehend you about the gauze round my head. Why, I shall look as if I had a sore head, if it's white gauze ! Or is it to be black ? As to the curls, I understand it very well, and have two curls just in order for it. But pray, in an undressed cap what is the shape one's head ought to be ? Is the outline like a sugar-loaf tumbling off, and all flat and low before ; or is there any pretensions to following the natural shape of one's head ? I wish Charlotte would draw me some outlines of heads, some to see, and some to imitate. I drew Miss Gardiner four or five heads with feathers for her to dress by. And the best of it is I never had, nor ever yet have, seen a feathered head ! But Louisa described it, and so I sketched it out, and got great credit ; for her head was reckoned remarkably well dressed all winter. As for my ruff, I make no doubt but it is delightful. But I have not obtained sight of it yet, for Lady Louisa was at the opening of the boxes at Goodwood, and seized upon it to wear at Lewes Races for herself. But it is as safe as if it was in my drawer, for never will it go on but for two nights at Lewes. So I shall get it as clean and tidy as ever by the time I want it. My brother has given me one of the pretty chintz on a green ground, and when I am dressed all in my French things I shall be quite comfortable and decent and proper for my age, and defy Lady Ailesbury, if she is at Goodwood, and all her flaunting dress. Nobody shall dare to dispute my gentility, for I shall say it came from Bertins, and is like Madame Bouzeolle's dress.

Having paid you all manner of compliments on your good taste, and thanked you a thousand times for your pretty present, I must change my note and *abuse* you. Why, what a mean poor-spirited, toad-eating, abject wretch you are, to

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

go and curry favour with old Deffand at the expense of a poor woman you did not know ! I am so mad with you I could almost beat you, for now mark the consequence ; old Deffand will take care to have this repeated to the other to triumph over her, and then old Geoffrin will be piqued and will say you have no feeling, no gratitude not to have a little consideration for the friend of your sister, who protected all the family and was so civil to them. And then you will be taxed with faults the most diametrically opposite to your character. I am so provoked at it, nothing was ever like it ; and I see no help, for you can't eat your words. Or else Madame la Vallière<sup>1</sup> (who has more sense than you) is a friend of both, and could easily make you acquainted with Madame Geoffrin. Now, I am sure you will like her ; for, though she is brusque, she is so quick she will like you, and find out all your merits in a minute. Perhaps, too, she may find out your toad-eating, too, for she is as quick as lightning. But, in short, it can't be helped now, for I don't see how you can go. And as for Mr Ogilvie going, what good will that do ? Unless he says, "*Madame ma femme est une sottise, et je suis venu pour réparer sa sottise.*"

Well, and so between your husband and your brother you are left without any acknowledged merit but being *agréable*. This story makes me almost allow you are not so *wise* as I thought you, I confess. But I am afraid that you have the art of making one forget one's own senses. If you please one should not find fault with you. As for me, I confess myself a *dove* to your beauty, your agreeableness and your goodness—*n'en déplaie à monsieur votre mari*. Though I allow there may be a little to be said upon that score more than on the rest. For example, scolding and using poor Mr Ogilvie like a dog, as I am informed by Lady Roden you once did, in spite of your goodness. And Lady Roden says she wonders at his patience and good temper in bearing it. So you see I have reason to allow a little for Mr Ogilvie's abuse of you upon that score. But I believe that, take you for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon the like again. And so the refrain of

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<sup>1</sup> The Duchesse de la Vallière (1712-1792) was a dau. of Duc d'Usez ; she was a great beauty.



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the song is : let us see you a great deal—the more the better—*telle que vous êtes.*

In reading over my own letter I have taken fright for fear you should tell my brother what I said about Lady Louisa, and so I think it right to caution you. For although she is very reasonable and right in her ideas, I think, I am not sure *he* would think so ; for there are many things about education that the two families don't agree about. And nothing differs more than their opinions as to their way of life : Lady Louisa cannot comprehend the Duchess's, nor can the Duchess understand Lady Louisa's. To say the truth, I think both run a little into extremes and grow prejudiced more strongly by argument.

In reading over your letter I cannot but thank you again for your kindness to me, my dear sister, both about my health and your kind attention to my purse and my taste in the things you sent me. As to my health, I am really vastly mended, but far from well. My maid was, I assure you, a great comfort to me. And, just as you say, neither the Duchess nor Lady Louisa have an idea of nursing, though very kind to me. Indeed, they were away most part of the time I was the worst. And as for the dress, I must again admire your good taste ; for I would not give a farthing for a cap from a hedge lane milliner, and all I ever want from Paris is patterns of real genteel things. I find I was quite mistaken about Charlotte. I took it into my head she had a dislike to dress from a consciousness of not becoming it, and that a little crossness helped to make her set herself against it. But I find the lady has the pretensions without the pleasing part of it. And that really must make her crossness too provoking. Pray, has she no desire to overcome her temper ? Because it certainly is to be done if she chooses it and will set about it in good earnest. For temper is not half so difficult a fault to cure oneself of as many others. But then it is only oneself can do it. And it must not proceed from bad health, for that alters the case. She has good sense and, I suppose, a desire to please ; which surely ought to help her very much. To overcome the desire of pleasing seems a harder task than to try to please. Adieu, my dear sister. My love to Mr Ogilvie. Ever yours most sincerely,

S. L.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

103. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Halnaker, August 12th, 1776

My dear sister,

I begin to think it a great while since I heard from you, and hope that you and all yours are well. Otherwise I don't mean to complain of not hearing from you, because that I have no right to expect it often and particularly now that I have not wrote to you for so long. I heard of you—that you were in pretty good spirits at being quiet at Aubigni. But I want to know how poor little George's glands do; perhaps it was an accidental swelling. And also about poor little Louisa. I have had a fright about my Louisa; she has a strain that I feared threatened a rupture. But she has been examined by a very skilful surgeon, who says there is only a tendency to a rupture, and that care and bracing with cold water will soon cure it. The latter is easy, but the former is next to impossible; for she is quicksilver itself; and she climbs, runs, jumps, lifts up things, all so quick, that no eye can watch her; for it don't hurt her. I terrify her with the fear of illness as much as possible, and hope to save her from it. But being too quiet is equally bad for her, as she has worms in a small degree; for which exercise is necessary. I find bathing don't quite agree with her: it gives her a little hectic fever. In short, her health is very delicate, though certainly good at present—if it keeps so through the winter. But she is at a ticklish age—seven and a half—and I am sometimes afraid her constitution is changing a little.

How do you like Aubigni upon more acquaintance? Do you think you shall pass the winter there, at Paris or at Tours? My brother thinks it will be at Paris. But I doubt you will be afraid of the hurry of it. Although after all you *may* have *une petite santé* and not dress or rout out. Ten to one you will be with child; and then *une chaise longue à négligé* and a half-dressed cap will do for the winter through. At least, I saw Madame Caraman<sup>1</sup> during two months receive company so; she went out in a morning, I believe; for I don't suppose

<sup>1</sup> Anne Gabrielle de Chimai, dau. of Alexandre, Prince de Chimai, and wife of the Comte de Caraman. Her sister was the Vicomtesse de Cambis.



she was ill—only lazy—as she went to a fine ball at twelve o'clock at night in the middle of her *grossesse*.

Lady Albemarle is at Stoke, but I have not seen her ; for Dowager Lady Lothian is there, and Lady Emily Ker. And as they don't ask for me I don't go ; which I am a little sorry for, as I love dear Lady Albemarle, and have some curiosity to see both Lady Lothian and her daughter. Lady Louisa is vastly pleased with her mother's liking to be there ; and she likes her sister vastly—all but her dress, which quite disturbs Lady Louisa. I am very glad Lady Lothian takes so much to her again, but I cannot guess why she did not do so before ; she lays it all on the late Lord Lothian, but he is dead, poor man, and can't contradict her. And yet I don't believe it was his fault. However, she imposes on Lady Louisa, and I am glad she does ; for it's plain she now likes to come. For last year she came for a week and stayed a month. She then made Lady Louisa go to her at Bath and is now come to Stoke for a month. I think Lady Louisa wanted to have somebody to attach herself to, for she has lived so much among officers that, as she herself observes, she had not any female friends that could be comfortable to her. And to make them at her time of life does not do. Nothing but a mother or sister can inspire that sort of friendship that occupies the mind much so late in life. And now that her girls are growing up she is desirous to avoid that sort of life she formerly led—she very properly thinks that it is not suited to them—and, therefore, excepting a few of her very intimate friends among the regiment, she does not ask them to come much to Stoke beyond what is civil and right to do. I never saw anybody so attentive to the company her children keep, although she keeps them quite in a childish way too. You may guess that since I have made this remark I feel most sensibly all the obligation I owe her for letting her friendship for me surmount her objections. But it distresses me too. However, I comfort myself that what you said about it will always be the case : whether I go there or not it always will be said I do. And so I may as well have the good of it. But I mean to be on my guard, and watch if at any time she seems to have the least wish that I should not be there. For I ought not to take the advantage of her good nature and delicacy about it.

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I suppose you have heard that Lord Bellamont has got a pension of £1000 a year and Emily [one] of £400. See what it is to be a patriot ! But I am glad of it. For I don't care how much he is abused ; and I am glad she and her girls are the richer for his faults. Though perhaps he will expect her to keep house out of her £400. I hear he says she has an amiable inflexibility that charms him. Louisa writes me word the poor little Duchess of Leinster is nervous and low-spirited, which I am quite grieved at ; and should never have suspected her of, for she looks the picture of health. I don't hear she is breeding.

I have heard nothing of the Black Rock so long that I want to know something about it. Is Mr Owens out of it at last ? Has he ever given a clear account ? Have you ordered anything new there ? Adieu, my dear sister. Ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

104. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, August 19th, 1776

My dear sister,

I must preface my letter by hoping you will not think me officious or impertinent in meddling in what does not concern me ; but that you will attribute what I am going to say to my eagerness to be of the least use to you when it happens to be in my power. And that you will remember that what I say is *entre nous* ; and if it's of use to you I am very glad ; if not, it is of no consequence. And you are not the least obliged to give me any reasons for answer, except that you are not displeas'd with me, and that it don't suit you. Now for my business.

My brother George told me to-day that you wanted to get Henry into his regiment ; but that my brother, who wrote about it, said that he and you wished to get him in for nothing. That he (brother George) was much distress'd about it because of a promotion, which now makes a vacancy, but which required *more* than even the usual price to be given. And he seem'd sorry he could not oblige you and do right by his regiment



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too. He also said he was sure *you* would not mind the additional price—it being but £60 addition—but that he thought my brother would advise you against it. And that it was mortifying to him to think that when his officers were obliged to borrow money to be of use to the regiment, that his own nephew should be the only person to object to giving the price for it. He seemed inclined to be displeas'd at my brother; but this is so common an inclination in him (I am sorry to say), that I don't mind him much about it; for whenever he is not in good humour, my poor brother is his *souffre-douleur*.

I was, as I say, not very attentive to what he said; but I asked Lady Louisa privately what was the real state of the case. She explained it to me, but I cannot explain it to you, because I do not understand army matters sufficiently to do it. But I found that she thought it right in brother George to explain the case to my brother, and that his duty to his regiment ought to take place first. Then, as to whether you would give the money or not, I found her opinion was that it entirely depended on the degree of wish you had of his being in the regiment or not; which she is too modest, or rather too proud, to say much about, so she only used one argument: that supposing you waited for a vacancy in the 25th, or took to another regiment, you lost the pay for so long as you will be waiting for it, which pay will come near to the £60 if you wait long; that, by next year, if Henry gets in to any regiment, he will probably be ordered to join immediately, whereas now he gets the pay and a year's leave of absence—six months is in my brother's gift, and the other six months he will obtain for him—by which time Henry will be sixteen and fit to join the regiment; that the sooner he gets into the Army the better for him, and that the 25th, being one of the very last regiments that will be sent to America, it is the most desirable for those who don't like that service. And therefore she concluded that it would be for Henry's interest to pay it. She said my brother could not make the least reasonable objection to it, but what was to be fairly answered by my brother George in respect to the propriety of it; but that he might perhaps not think the advantage worth paying more than the usual price for. As I told you, she is too proud to mention all the advantages of being in the 25th; but I believe

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you know them. For it is really famous that it is by far the best regulated regiment in the service, both in a military way and in a gentleman-like way. For I have heard (and indeed seen in some degree) that all the officers are remarkable for their good conduct in every respect: their principles, their friendship, their generosity, manners—and many for their learning—and all for their military and humane turn. So that it must be an excellent school for a young officer. But all this you know, and is I suppose the cause why you are so eager for Henry's being in it. I considered that perhaps you knew so little about army matters as not to be aware of the advantage it is to get into a regiment six months sooner; and this is what I thought I would tell you of, though quite ignorant myself. But all my information amounts to this: I find Lady Louisa thinks it would be very foolish not to do it. And you know my opinion of her is so great that *her* opinion is a sort of law with me. I therefore wished to tell you this to counter-balance anything my brother may say against [it], that you may at least hear both sides of the question. I hope you will not think it meddling in me. And I also hope you won't mention to my brother what I have said to you, for I did not say a word to Lady Louisa about writing to you, and I wish not to be named at all about it. To say the truth, I don't at all suppose, as my brother George does, that my brother will advise you against it; for I gather he will *as usual* only advise what is right and reasonable. But if he should, I thought it fair for you to have the opinion of both him and Lady Louisa—and I *knew* she would not give it unasked for. And so I ventured to tell it you *de mon chef*. She asked me about your boys' characters. I told her I knew of nothing remarkable in Henry, but that I knew Edward was remarkably sensible and amiable. She lamented it was not him, and said that great sense was of much more use than was imagined in the army, and she hoped Henry was so too. If, therefore, this opportunity is missed for Henry, I hope it may be amply made up by getting in Eddy, whom I always understood wished to be in the army. Adieu, my dear siss, ever yours.

I write in such a hurry I cannot stay to read what I've wrote, but must add a line to tell you we had to-night a line from



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the Duchess, who is in London, to tell us all her family were as well as could be expected after the shock received on Mr Damer's<sup>1</sup> shooting himself, poor man! She says no more; and the papers say the cause is not guessed at, so we know no more.

105. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, October 17th, 1776

My dear sister,

As long as my brother was with you I knew you heard about us, and therefore neglected writing, more than I had any business to do, however. But I fancied I was busy and so have been idle. I went to town for a few days and got advice for my health, and my teeth put into order, and both are better since. Lady Louisa is gone with my brother to Windsor for a review of the 25th by the King; so I have had the care of Lady Albemarle in the mean time. She has had indigestions, but is now quite recovered and seems very comfortable. The children are so pleasant that I never desire to pass my time pleasanter than I have done for this fortnight. I have not seen the Duchess lately, so I don't know when my brother comes, but I hope soon; although I shall not be much the better for his company, as he must go to town for the meeting of Parliament. Are not you rejoiced at the good news of any battle with not a hundred of our poor men being killed or wounded? I wish the poor Americans had lost no more too. But I tremble for the next news, for 'tis scarce to be hoped so great a blessing can happen as the giving up of New York without a battle. I am in hopes Louisa will come early this year to England. What time do you intend to come over in? I wish you could meet here. But I shall know all about you from my brother when I see him, I hope.

I am sorry the army scheme for Henry did not succeed; because, in my own opinion (which you know one generally judges by), the 25th is upon that sort of footing that it is quite

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<sup>1</sup> Hon. John Damer (d. 1776), son of Joseph Damer, 1st Lord Milton (later cr. Earl of Dorchester); m. (1767) Anne, only child of General Hon. Henry Conway.

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an academy for morals, military talents and manners ; and, therefore, well suited for a boy of sixteen. But then it's impossible you should know that unless you happened to see it, for it is very uncommon. One of the officers told me t'other day : " At this moment there are four or five boys " just come in, and the mess is an absolute school, which " makes it disagreeable enough just now. But the desire " we have of keeping up the spirit of the corps makes us " submit to be schoolmasters in order to preserve the good " conduct of the corps for the future, which cannot be expected " if we don't train our boys to do as we wish. So we must " go through the trouble of it when young ones come."

This is really the case ; for such a child as they brought here t'other day of sixteen I never saw. I long to whip it ; but they keep it in excellent order ; only its mother is just married to the major and she spoils it a little. However, my dear sister, I must finish all my *say* by being sure you do right to follow your own ideas. I only wish you were more *au fait* of the nature of the army, and particularly the system of the 25th, which would enable you to judge better if the objections you have to Henry's going into it will not be equal at an academy or anywhere, where he may be immediately from under your own eyes. You asked me why I thought my brother would advise you not to give the additional money. Why, because my brother George said he was sure he would, and did not make me sensible of the great use it was to give it, which Lady Louisa did, and then I did not suppose my brother would advise you, as it proved. I am rejoiced he did not, because it's a proof how ill my brother George judged about it. But I don't know why I should be rejoiced at that, for it is very common in his Lordship. And I am on the whole very sorry for it, though at times it provokes me to rejoice in his proving in the wrong about the best of brothers whom he never does justice to. You are not out of favour with him for having refused to let Henry go into the army. But I've a notion you forgot it was your own desire in a message by my brother to him ; but he has not forgot it and takes it up with a high hand. He says you asked it of him, and then refuse it at the first offer, and that it's the first time the 25th was refused. We represented that you probably had mentioned



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it as a thing in future, and when it came so near you objected for reasons that seemed good to you. He allows *you* are not to blame, but [says] it's very extraordinary in his brother to give such a message if he was not sure it was fixed and make him liable to a refusal. So my poor brother suffers for all—he is quite his *souffre-douleur*: whatever happens wrong, it's always my poor brother's fault. In short, a cross body never wants a subject to be cross about; which comforts one when one is innocently the cause of it, as one can't be aware of what will offend those so easily offended. Lady Louisa is not the least affronted, and enters into all your reasons, but only don't think them good. I am excessively obliged to you for your kind anxiety about my dear little Louisa: she is excessive well now, thank God. She has more tricks than any monkey, and has sadly disfigured her person by getting a little crooked and high-shouldered and stooping. But I am in hopes to get her into better order by great attention. I made her take twelve lessons of Galini, the dancing master; which sounded very ridiculous, but I don't think it was so, for I learnt from him how to teach her. And I have been trying my skill on the girls here, and hope I shall succeed in making them dance cotillions tolerably. I have so far succeeded that, instead of hating dancing and going about it as if they were going to be hanged, they have all taken to it, and, under their teacher, Louisa Bunbury, they come on very prettily; and she is so eager to teach, and they so ready to learn, that it does them both a great deal of good in making their knees supple. I am so mad at myself for having been so idle and so stupid as not to make myself mistress of a thousand things I have had so many opportunities of learning; for I would give anything now to be able to teach the girls many things they would like to learn and have no opportunity of doing in the country; and which, if I had not been a fool, I might have known. I believe I never thanked you for your little drawing of the cap—I've a notion Charlotte drew it, and drew it according to her idea of me. For it has little eyes, long nose and a low forehead. Pray give my love to her, and tell her that if she has a mind to pay her court to this house, she must draw me ever so many pretty patterns for waistcoats, or patterns for any tidy piece of work, for I used

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to draw patterns and my invention is worn out. Besides, I don't know the mode. You sent a delightful work-bag to the Duchess which Lady Louisa envies her ; for the Duchess locks up all her pretty things and never works. Adieu, my dear sister. Ever most affectionately yours,

S. Lennox.

106. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, October 23rd, 1776

My dear sister,

I received your very kind letter last night, and immediately wish to thank you for your kind anxiety about the cause of my going to town. I was not ill at the time, but I was unwell. I had an uncomfortable feel that I can't describe, because it's no particular illness ; I used to wake with my face as red as scarlet, and a sore throat every morning, which went off in the day ; I had very uneasy nights and had the most nervous feels about everything. For, I do assure you, that till this year I never knew what it was to be nervous, and I don't like it at all, as you may guess ; for surely it is worse than any pain by far. I had also the toothache—my teeth wanted stopping very much. My eyes, too, were weak. So I considered that a little prose with some sensible physician might do me more good than all the advice I could get here. My only difficulty was to find one whom I had an opinion of ; for I cannot say I have one of Dr Brocklesby,<sup>1</sup> though the family have. The Duchess was going to town for a short time—the town was remarkably empty as it always is in September because of the shooting—so I thought it would be wiser to take the opportunity, as I knew I could not go without a fuss till next September. The Duchess and Lady Louisa persuaded me to go, and so I did. I found Richmond House so cold, so damp and so miserably uncomfortable that I was persuaded by the Duchess and the advice of a man who came there not to lie in the House, but go to my sister Louisa's house, where every room was dry and comfortable. The Duchess dined with me

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Richard Brocklesby, F.R.S., a surgeon, (1722-97).



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every day. She supped at home, for I went to bed at ten o'clock. I walked in Richmond House garden every morning. I saw Doctor Brocklesby and this man I spoke to you about. I one day went with the Duchess to see a new ball-room that's prettily fitted up, and to look at Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures ; and, that one jaunt excepted, I never went out of Whitehall walls, or saw one single creature ; for I told nobody that I was in town, so nobody thought about me.

I had another reason for wishing to go ; which was that Louisa had, I thought, one breastbone higher than the other. I shewed her to this man, who is a surgeon and old friend of my two brothers. I found him so sensible and attentive to every trifling complaint I mentioned of hers, that it gave me a good opinion of him, and I consulted him for myself. He has given me anti-scorbutic medicines, which agree so well with me that I have established him *my* doctor and Louisa's doctor. I am now following his orders about her. He has recommended a swing such as you probably used formerly to be laced in. He says that hanging (which it really is) lets all the bones fall into their proper place and gets any stiffness out of them, that being a little awry has caused ; also to rub her breast with the hand every day ; and make her lie very straight in bed.

He says that the swelling in her upper lip that disturbs me so much is owing to her not blowing her nose ; as the secretion that should go that way does not, and falls on her lip. For it is certain she never was known to blow her nose, or to want it, but with a cold. To correct this he has bid me rub her nose and lip every night with a little cream of roses which he knows the composition of, and it seems to have had the effect in a small degree already, I think ; they say it creates insensible perspiration. He also says that she has a hectic complaint which children are very subject to without the least disorder in their lungs ; and he has given me anti-monial wine to give her when she is feverish. I have not tried it yet.

You see, my dear sister, that my town jaunt was of use to me. Although, on the whole, there was no particular immediate cause for my going. But I am glad I did. I diverted myself very much with making the shopkeepers bring me all sorts

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of pretty things to look at, as I wanted to see all that was to be seen and yet not go out. Lady Louisa gave me a million of commissions which, with my own, gave me a great deal of employment and amusement. I have given you a *full* account of our complaints, as I hope for your approbation of our remedies.

You ask me an account of all your English friends, and I am very unfit to give it you, for I can no more get to hear of them than you do when Louisa is not in England. Lady Holland is one of those who never writes. Charles,<sup>1</sup> you know, is also the same. And the Richmonds and Lennoxes are like the rest of the world in that, never enquiring about a set of people they don't like; so that the Duchess and my brother George, who are for ever in town, can never tell me a word of them. I assure you it often vexes me to feel so separated from such old friends whom I feel to love as much as ever. But I comfort myself with knowing they are well, and probably don't want me or they would come to see me and enquire more about me. And if ever they happen to be in any situation where they want to see a friend that loves them for their own sake and not because they are the fashion, I shall always be as glad to see them as ever and be quite as comfortable as ever with them. I can't accuse Charles of neglecting me more than he does others, for I believe he really loves me very much. But he is not the fashion at Goodwood. He knows it, and feels *mal à son aise* there; and he can't come to see me only, you know; whereas Lady Holland might come and bring her children for a week to see me, *chez moi*, without being the least awkward about Goodwood.

I hope I don't express myself as if I was affronted, for I am not the least so. I am only sorry I don't see them, because I love them. Lady Holland has taken a house of Sir William Mayne's, called Gatton, in Surrey. She leads the same sort of quiet life, I believe, she ever did: a good deal at home, surrounded with fine people whom she never catches the manners of, and who are her acquaintances and intimates without being her friends. Lady Payne and Lady Pembroke<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Charles James Fox.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, dau. of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough; m. (1756) Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke.



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are her only female friends, her brothers and Mr Harry Conway her only men friends. The latter admires her and she him but it is so refined and so calm a love, that I fancy it scarce deserves the name of it, and is more properly speaking a very refined friendship which *may* hereafter end in their marrying—but not in a hurry I believe. For he is, I am told, as cold and dawdling as she is, so of course they will take their time. She is very fond of her children, and vastly taken up with them; also of her sister, whom she wishes to have with her. And the Duchess of Bedford is as disagreeable about it as ever she was about anything, which you know is pretty well, sometimes). She don't mean to live at Winterslow<sup>1</sup> till her boy is old enough to have a taste for it, which is her point; and then she is to go to encourage his taste for it, and his interest in the country. This is what I learn from Lady Albemarle and Lady Pembroke, whom I saw here this year.

Charles's<sup>2</sup> finances are somewhat better than ever. He won enormously last year; and as fast as ever he got the money he paid [and] paid away till he reduced his debt to about £1000 or £1200. He does not game now but in horse racing, which is such a passion of his (for he loves the animal and the calculation) that I doubt he will never give it up. He is very steady in his opposition I find, notwithstanding the newspapers choose to say daily that he is bought off. He had left off all his fine acquaintances last year and lived quite with Mr Burke<sup>3</sup> etc., etc. But I suppose that fit won't last long. Harry<sup>4</sup> is, I thank God, very well; and gains monstrous credit by his very good conduct among the officers, many who came from America commended him very, very much to Lady Louisa, which, you know, is very good authority. I am in hopes he will turn out very well a dear boy; for I do feel to love him ten times better for being so *isolé* as he is, after having been used to be of such importance to his own family, poor boy. I am sure he will obtain many a good and steady

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<sup>1</sup> Winterslow Lodge, nr. Salisbury, Wilts; residence of Stephen, 2nd Lord Holland.

<sup>2</sup> Charles James Fox.

<sup>3</sup> Edmund Burke (1729-97); statesman and political writer.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Edward Fox, who rose to rank of General.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

friend in the army. And though they cannot be so useful as more worldly friends are, I do believe they are the most attentive and true of any set of people; at least my respect for the army is such that I look upon them to have altogether much the advantage of any set of people in point of friendship, society, honour, and attentions, all which are most pleasing qualities; and very pleasant to live with.

I did not see any of our old friends at Kensington but Martini, whom I sent for. But I sent Louisa to see them, and she was very well received, as you may guess. They go on very comfortably. Mrs Fannin, Mrs Milward, and Mrs Leigrois live together. Martini, Mr and Mrs Hobson and Agathe live together too; so that it's a complete society. And dear old Ranger is very well and happy. I am very glad about dear old Mercadie's being so well settled, for I have the greatest respect as well as affection for her character. I am vastly obliged to Lord and Lady Kerry for their kind enquiries about me. He is more constant than me by his thinking at all about me, for I cannot say I ever have bestowed one single thought on him. As for her, I never saw her. I am sorry he is ruined, poor creature. That sort of expensive show they have, when they are ruined, is one of those follies I cannot comprehend. To ruin myself by expenses that contribute to my comfort or my amusement I can very well understand. But for mere show, *cela me surpasse*. I am glad they have been civil enough to you to make themselves agreeable; for abroad the English are either a plague or a pleasure. You say they mention me in a very obliging way. I feel a general obligation to everybody who does so, but I don't feel flattered with it but from people who see me a good deal. And if you will know the thing that flatters me most it is when I am told such a one was set against you and thought very ill of you; but since they have known you they say you certainly are in the wrong, but they cannot feel angry with you and like you in spite of it. This is the compliment that flatters my vanity the most because it may be sincere. It is very possible a reasonable person cannot reconcile their reason to me, but that their disposition leads them to love me in spite of it, without a reason. And such dispositions when I meet with them are sure to win my heart and to please me



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beyond all imagination by their commendations. Of course, the kind manner in which strangers name me does not please me further than it's always pleasant to be well spoken of, even though one don't deserve it.

I am mighty glad to find you like Charles<sup>1</sup> so much. Lady Louisa is very glad that your boys are to be with him, for she always is troubled at his not having a boy to quarrel, fight with, submit to, love and like, all which are necessities to make a boy fit for the world. I am also glad you like Mr Kemson; for I find there are some differences in opinion about him; the Duchess, I think, don't like him, and Lady Louisa does. I have a notion that difference proceeds from a reason that imperceptibly always tells with people. I think as far as I can judge, that he likes Lady Louisa a great deal better than he does the Duchess. The latter has a mixture of freedom and pride that discomposes those who are not thoroughly acquainted with her, and Lady Louisa has more evenness in her manner, and more fun, too, which diverts him in the bargain, and puts him more at his ease. I think his manner (for I know nothing else) very pert and disagreeable; but I hope he will do for Charles, for 'tis a sad thing to be eternally changing so difficult a person to have to one's taste. I am sorry you have been obliged to have that trouble; but I suppose your tutor is less difficult to find than others, because you and Mr Ogilvie live so much with the boys that you only require a *teacher*—not a person with whom you trust them solely with. I cannot help thinking that a Mr King, who was once to be with Charles, would please you much, but I believe he is engaged; he is a man of so much taste and so pleasing a character that it would suit you as a very agreeable companion, which is a great object to people who live with their children.

I don't wonder at your surprise at Mr Leeves improved understanding and taste. I know I was all astonishment at it and have always liked him the best of all the men that come to Goodwood, except a Mr Goring. For in general I cannot say I admire the Sussex set, though the Duchess cries them up very much. But they don't take my fancy.

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles James FitzGerald.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I agree with Charlotte in not being the least in love with Mr Steele, who is one of those the Duchess sets up so much that it has given me an aversion to him, though I believe he is good-humoured, too. Your saying that Sophia<sup>1</sup> is like what I was about *Atty Gore* made me compare the wonderful difference that there was between my ideas and those of the girls here. I perfectly remember admiring *Atty Gore* and his brother, chiefly because they were very like a greyhound, which I thought was quite reason enough to be in love with them. And living with other girls the word in love was quite customary with us, although we had not at all a perfect idea of its meaning. How [have] Louisa Lennox, who is sixteen, and Emily<sup>2</sup>—fourteen—never yet made use of the expression? Nor have they an idea of liking one man better than another but in consequence of "*Mama likes him,*" or "*Mama don't like him.*" And if he plays and romps good-humouredly he is a favourite; or if he makes them laugh. But if he has one single ridicule they seize it, and all the good qualities in the world can't make them overcome the desire of playing him tricks and laughing at it. If he takes a liberty then they hate him and never forgive it. Georgy tells her reason and downright abuses them. Louisa's manner is so modest that she only contents herself with not uttering to them, and Emily the same. But they like or dislike men as they like and dislike Louisa Bunbury and Louisa Staples<sup>3</sup> without the least difference.

Their excessive innocence is very pleasing. But I own it surprises me. For, after all, sixteen is an age where it seems extraordinary to be quite, quite a child, which Louisa is most completely. I believe it is very lucky and an advantage to them, and I find it is Lady Louisa's passion that they should be so. I am only afraid that she will find it impossible to keep them always here; and that their extreme innocence will lead them into scrapes. From which the consequence will be that the first time they find they have been imposed

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sophia Mary FitzGerald.

<sup>2</sup> Louisa (d. unmarried, 1843); Emily, m. (1784) Sir G. Cranfield Berkeley (d. 1832), and Georgina, m. (1789) Henry 3rd Earl Bathurst (d. 1841) were daus. of Lord George Lennox.

<sup>3</sup> Louisa, (d. 1836) dau. of Rt. Hon. John Staples by Henrietta, dau. of William Conolly. She m. Capt. (afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas) Pakenham.



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upon they will take violent aversions and strong prejudices, which are always a misfortune.

We expect my brother home every day. I hope he is not at sea just now, for it's terribly windy. I hear you go to Paris after Christmas, which proves what my brother said, that Mr Ogilvie liked it, and you was *apt* to do what he liked. We are all very glad he does like it, as Aubigni sounds very uncomfortable for you in winter; and we had a sort of fear that some of you might be ill and heartily repent being so far from proper help.

How does Charlotte like Aubigni? Is she one of those who thinks a place dull, or does she employ herself enough to think no place dull where she can walk, ride, read, work and draw? I hope you make her like going out a great deal, for I do believe it is a most necessary thing to obtain good health and, of course, good spirits. I hope she is in better health altogether for being abroad.

I beg my love to her and to Mr Ogilvie. Does he love sports of any kind, and will he find any amusement from that at Aubigni? Pray, by what good luck is Captain Jones so good-humoured? For it is not his *forte*. But I shall have all my questions answered by my brother, so I need not have lengthened my letter with them. But I am the less scrupulous about the length of it since I have found a way of sending my letters to the captain of the Brighthelmston packet-boat, who carries them over, and you only pay for them as French letters, which I suppose is a trifle. I was bid to do it about my brother, and, as you can by no means afford to pay as well as him, I have taken the liberty of continuing the custom when I write to you, Adieu, my dear sister, love and kisses to all your brats—not excepting that great hulk of a fellow, Charles, who I rejoice is to stay with you for some time. Adieu, yours most affectionately and tenderly,

S. L.

Smith,<sup>1</sup> the painter, of Chichester, is dead, and his pictures selling at a little higher price than they did, but a much lower

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<sup>1</sup> George Smith, landscape painter (1713-76). He was the 2nd and most gifted of three brothers, who all practised painting and were known as 'the Smiths of Chichester.'

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than they will as soon as they are carried to London, probably. Would you choose any of the eight or ten guinea ones should be secured for you? There is a Mr Smith—whom, by the by, you know very well, as he was in Ireland—who has a good taste and could choose them for you. If you have any commands to give about them I'll obey your orders.

107. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, November 9th [1776]

Dear sister,

I told you a story about Smith's pictures in saying they were rather dear, for I have been there myself, and I must give you an account of them.

There are large, finished pictures of £60, £40, £30 and £20. There are small, finished ones of £16, £14 [and] £10. There are largish, unfinished ones of £5, £4 [and] three guineas, and small, unfinished of two, one and a half, one [and] half a guinea.

Now the unfinished are thus: one clump in the foreground is quite finished, the background wants the finishing touches, or else the whole is the dead colouring and a second touch, but not the last high finish which Smith was so famous for.

Where there are no figures or cattle the unfinished look like common painters' finished landscapes; many look as if they might be highly finished by a little finishing to a hill or distant clump; and in short, all are prettily coloured and designed, all the skies are finished as to colouring, though not blended together.

I have bought five for five and a half that in my mind are beautiful, and were thought so by Mrs Smith (Wm. Smith's wife, of Ashling), who is a very good judge. Lady Louisa has also bought some.

I am so certain that my sister Louisa will like them that I shall venture to lay out ten guineas for her in two or three of the small (almost finished) sort; for I am sure she will never forgive me losing an opportunity, which can never be regained, of buying such pretty things so very cheap. I



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don't know your taste enough to venture for you, as perhaps you had rather give sixteen guineas for one thoroughly finished than four half finished. I therefore beg you will write me your orders directly and your directions for what you like best ; figures, cattle, castles, cottages or water, snow pieces or fine weather, for all that is taste.

I have not time to add anything to this now, as there is no time to be lost in sending your answer, for fear the Chichester people should follow our example and advance their guineas and half guineas. Yours,

S. L.

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108. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, January 22nd, 1777

Your letter of the 11th gave me great pleasure, my dear sister, as all yours always do. But it particularly now rejoiced me because I had taken a little fright from a letter of Charles Lennox's,<sup>1</sup> who says Charles FitzGerald was at Paris to consult somebody about his health. Now, as you do not mention his illness, I guess it is not anything of consequence. I am also glad to find you don't mention the blow Charles Lennox got; for it is a proof that it is really nothing but a blow, although the first account alarmed poor Lady Louis most excessively. I believe the whole danger of it consisted in Mr Jones being so absurd as to rub his face over with brandy, and the fumes of it getting up into his head made him lose his memory for a short time, which, as you may think, was very alarming. But he has wrote several letters since, and don't mention himself in them, so that I fancy it is really nothing. He likes Henry very much. I long to hear how he will like Eddy, for it will be a test of Charles's discernment. And yet I fancy, but it is only fancy, that Eddy's great sensibility will be lost upon Charles. For children, in general, don't understand it. And if Charles is taken with it I think it will be very much to his credit. I hear from everybody he is a sweet boy, and I thank God for it; for his being amiable or not may greatly contribute to the happiness or misery of a whole family; and he promises to give them all a great deal of satisfaction. I am glad Mr Kempson behaves pleasantly to Henry, I don't know him but I understand he is a little too rough sometimes.

I am astonished at the rapidity *de votre course* if you really mean to take it as you describe. But I rejoice too, for dear

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Lennox's son, who succ. his uncle as 4th Duke of Richmond in 1806.



Louisa will see you, which is the first thing, and I shall get a peep at you *en passant*. You know two days in your time is no great loss, and the journey here and back is scarce two days in spring. But I would go to town to see you if it was so very inconvenient to you to come. But then I want you to see Lady Louisa and her girls and for Mr Ogilvie to see them too. So if it can all come under one article of a week during your stay in England I hope it will happen.

I am afraid my scheme about Louisa Lennox can't take place—*c'est dommage*. And when you see her you will think so. But, after all, one must comfort oneself that she is a sweet girl *sans acquis*, and *that's* more than many girls are with *beaucoup d'acquis*. I am sure Charlotte will like Spa if Lady Kildare don't marry her in Ireland first. I wonder who it is the old soul has in her eye for Charlotte? I am glad Mr Ogilvie likes the sporting so much. It is such an improvement to a man who loves the country provided he loves other amusements too. And it seems he does like everything he should like, *et vous à la tête de tout le reste*. I do believe that same dear Ogy is a charming creature. And now that the prospect of seeing him comes a little within a nearer view, I grow to long to see him to such a degree nothing ever was like it. Give my love to him, and a thousand thanks to him for his part of your letter. I quite agree with him about you. I don't think him a fool; *l'amour fait tout, le reste y convient même si vous aviez des défauts, mais telle que vous êtes* he has not even the excuse of calling love a folly were you as old again.

I thank God your spirits and nerves are so much mended—it is the quiet of Aubigny that does it. And so it's *you* not Mr Ogilvie, that go to Paris and he *follows you*. You see how even a brother can misrepresent things. But, seriously speaking, I can very easily understand my brother's mistaking Mr Ogilvie's haste: because he himself is too impatient to be pleased with any way of life that don't suit him, and so he concluded Mr Ogilvie's seeming so pleased was a proof of his liking the life.

I cannot give you much account of the Goodwood party, for I did not see one of them—I was here the whole time. Lady

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Melbourne<sup>1</sup> was the only *fine* lady there. She is very much liked by everybody, I hear.

I have seen but little of my brother and Duchess since they are gone to town to the Birthday. My brother looks ill, he was tired with the hunting and company, I believe. He has lost a *little* of his improvements. Love, you know, is like the chameleon, and takes its colour from the object. Of course, while he is in love with Madame Cambise he is *aimable*; when he is in love with a country miss he is capricious and uncomfortable as a country miss always is; that silly girl chooses to expose herself *par choix*, for, for fear that the officers quartered at Chichester should not know the notice that is taken of her, she tells them, "I was not well, and the Duke called upon me and begged of me not to come to this ball and dance, but I would come, etc., etc." What a fool! (This is *entre nous*).

This house affords little or no variety. Lady Louisa never leaves home but to go to Winchester to see the regiment. The company here are the officers and their wives, a few Chichester friends and some old acquaintances from town. My brother rides to Chichester every day of his life, walks up and down the room the rest of the day; goes to town and to Winchester at times, but won't hear of going away from the magic circle that keeps him in the neighbourhood of this place. The girls go to Goodwood for a day or two, appear at the assemblies now and then, but neither think of their looks, their dress or of any other pleasure, but work, walking, flowers, dogs and having good-humoured, jolly people in the house to make some society. They hate to leave Stoke, and never desire to go out of it.

I find my sister Louisa has no thoughts of coming to England this year. I am rather glad of it, for as her bowels have been so much disordered the missing the sea for one year will, I hope, do her a great deal of good. I hope you had not the same fright about her illness in the summer that I had, for I thought her much worse than she was, thank God. She says she is perfectly well now, and I wish her to keep so this winter, for I am certain the journeys in cold weather hurt her. Conolly

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<sup>1</sup>Elizabeth (d. 1818) dau. of Sir Ralph Milbanke; m. (1769) Sir Peniston Lamb, 1st Lord Melbourne.



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is all grand about opposition now, but methinks I would lay an even wager that he and his brother-in-law are *great* friends before the end of the year, and Conolly will moderate his patriotism. I don't care, provided Louisa is pleased.

I wish you joy of the little Duchess's *pregnancy*—I hear she is very nervous, poor thing.

Harry Fox is aide-de-camp to General Howe.<sup>1</sup> And I hear such commendations of his merit as an officer as delight me, and such praises of his generosity and good heart as go to one's heart. He is a most charming creature. I am sorry you will miss of seeing Charles Fox, which I suppose you will do, as he probably will be returning for the meeting of Parliament. He is, indeed, the most agreeable of all creatures *sans exception, mais c'est une tête si jamais il y eut une tête*. Adieu, my dear sister. My love to Mr Ogilvie [and] to Charlotte, and kisses to your brats—pretty George not excepted. Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

Sarah Lennox

109. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, March the 5th, 1777

I have been expecting to hear every day of your being arrived at Paris, my dear sister; but by your delaying it so long I hope you have found Aubigni more comfortable than you expected. And I also hope you don't intend to take that surprising flight which you threatened to do in your last, for I own I don't think that so much and such quick travelling could be good for you or your nerves. My brother talks of going to you soon but I see no preparations towards his voyage. I hope he will, for it will make Paris more agreeable to Mr Ogilvie and you. My brother seems to have given up politics this winter, for he has only been ten days in London, and I think he is better altogether this year than ever I saw him

<sup>1</sup> Gen. Sir William Howe, son of Emanuel Scrope, 2nd Visct. Howe; m. Frances, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown. He was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in America from 1776 till 1778. He later succ. as 5th Visct. Howe.

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as to his spirits, at least, which is so very essential a point. The Duchess, too, is vastly improved, I think. She seems to enjoy Goodwood and being quiet here more than ever I saw her do. I am going to have a house at last ; for it was decided I was to have Molecomb<sup>1</sup> fitted up for me ; but when it came to be examined the walls were so bad it was not worth it. So that I am at this present time hunting to find a spot to have a new house built upon directly. And perhaps you would not imagine it is the greatest distress to me that ever was to be obliged to know my own mind about it. For when the place was fixed I found it much easier to bring myself to like it, than I do to choose a spot. It's like matrimony—if I choose wrong I shall repent it all my life. So that I do assure you, seriously speaking, I am not able to sleep or think of anything else. I am afraid you will think I have chosen wrong when you find I have determined (as I very nearly have) on a place without a prospect in this beautiful country so full of them. But my difficulties are these : I like the prospects and downs for good walking—those are the beauties of my husband ; but then there is neither wood nor water up the hills, unless I go quite up to the great woods, which are lonely and not fit for me to live at and can have no water—these are the temper of my husband, which, you know, takes off one's comfort at home, and it don't make up by the pleasure of looking at his beautiful face. If, therefore, I keep down in the low country I lose beauty and dry walking, but I have a thousand conveniencies besides. And the chief reason with me is this : if my house is within the grounds immediately in my brother's hands I cannot get a scrap of garden or field to divert myself with ; if it is out of his hands he is very generous of a few fields of poor ground that is now let to a farmer, and I reckon it will be more my own home than to be *plantée au beau milieu* of his grounds. And so I believe I shall choose a little quiet spot of ground snug and without a prospect. I beg that you will stay till I have decided, and then never tell me any objections to the spot, but tell me all the good reasons for my choosing it. The only real advantage I give up is the dry walking on the downs.

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<sup>1</sup> In Goodwood Park.



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I hear from Louisa that she has been a good deal in town doing the civil thing to Lord Buckingham.<sup>1</sup> And I hear too a thing that I am in a little in doubt whether to be glad or sorry about—it is her reconciliation with Emily. If it remains as it now is—only an opening for poor Emily to have it in her power to receive great comfort from it, if she is in distress—I am glad of it; but if it draws on any occasion of giving Lord Bellamont leave to be troublesome and that Emily proves to join with him as sincerely as I sometimes think she does, I shall be very sorry. I am glad to find dear Louisa kept up her dignity well, for I was sadly afraid her good heart would melt at Emily's tears and that Emily would mistake it for a sort of repentance. Only think of Lady Kildare's recovering her dreadful fall!

Pray give my love to Mr Ogilvie, Charles and Charlotte and Charles Lennox's boys, etc., etc. Adieu, my dear sister. Ever most affectionately yours,

S. Lennox

110. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 1st of April, 1777

My dear sister,

I do not, indeed, deserve so charming a letter as yours (written I suppose by Charlotte) on many accounts, for the very best of your correspondents could not deserve more than the most comfortable family letter you sent me, which I will answer as well as I am able. I rejoice at the near prospect of seeing you, although you make me tremble at the doubt you have of coming to Sussex. For I confess that 120 miles is an object to you in your flight. And yet I despair of seeing you comfortably—if at all—in London. Lady Louisa says you must come and see the girls and them at Stoke, but she will not be at home herself from the 12th of May to the 12th of June. So if you are determined not to come to Sussex pray determine my brother to let me go to London. I know he has fifty good reasons against it, to which I have nothing to answer but that I have a great mind to see you. And if I am poked up in a

<sup>1</sup> John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire (1722-93). He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1776-80.

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room at the top of Richmond House and you live at Louisa's, as I suppose you will, I can see you very comfortably and I can avoid seeing anybody he don't like I should see. And if I can't avoid being abused, that I must take up with. So let me *see* you somehow or other, pray.

I grieve for your poor eyes and I fear your spirits, too, have been bad. I am rather glad you will not be long at Paris, for I don't believe it's good for you. I am glad to find Spa is not necessary for you, but, pray, why, my lady Duchess, is it not necessary? Your eyes are getting better, and I suspect you. Well, no matter; one comfort is that I want there should be some little he Ogy as well as she Ogy, and if you are to breed for ever, at least it's a comfort that it will be such a pleasure to Mr Ogilvie. Pray, are you going to teach the little Duchess to lie in? You certainly have a competent knowledge of that business. But don't the Duke of Leinster think she can find it out without your help? I speak for myself, as it will hurry your journey from hence so much, but otherwise I rejoice at it for dear Louisa's sake. How happy she will be when she has you at Castletown! Her getting Bob Sandford made aide-de-camp was exactly like her—I guessed her reason for it directly. You know it's the only favour they have asked. I dare say Mr Conolly won't oppose Lord Buckingham, for I find he is in great favour. Dear Louisa flatters herself he is a very honest man and means well. I fear she will be disappointed as to the good of the country, which she thinks most of; for he ever was *l'âme damnée* of the Court and is not likely to change out of kindness to Ireland, I fear. I hope my fears about Louisa's health were groundless. But I am glad she has escaped the sea for one year, notwithstanding its being such a disappointment to me not to see her. I fancy being a little sick improves Mr Conolly very much, so I am not sorry for it.

I am vastly glad you was struck with the time of Emily's reconciliation, for I was so too. But no matter, it answers all the purpose intended by Louisa in it, that of being ready to be of use to Emily if she is in distress; and it won't answer Lord Bellamont's purpose—which is very pleasant. Lady Kildare's recovery is surprising. I am glad she will see you and Charlotte, for she loves you very much and will have a



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pleasure in seeing Charlotte, and I like the dear old soul. [She] should have any pleasure she can enjoy, for she is a charming woman. But I don't see how she is to marry Charlotte unless she has a husband ready in her pocket for her, during the short stay you make. And unless Charlotte carries her consent ready, too, it seems a little impracticable. For I take it Madam Charlotte has a choice, and will perhaps have a little opinion of her own in this affair. I like the account you give me of your boys very much. I would bet upon Henry réussir-ing in the world before Edward from that one circumstance of his wishing to please. When once that desire of pleasing is joined to a tolerable face and a good understanding it is impossible it should fail; for it seldom fails even with ugly faces and silly people, but with beauty and sense it is irresistible. Eddy will make more real friends, Henry more admirers and wordly friends, and both will find their account in it.

My brother is going to Paris, but I don't know when. He and the Duchess are alone here and very busy. He has at last fixed upon my house being at Molecomb, where it will be beautiful and in some respects convenient. In others I can't say so much for [it]. But I will think of nothing but the pleasures of its beauty since 'tis to be there, for I've no notion of not enjoying a pleasure because *it might have been greater*. You must expect me to bore you about my house, for I am forbidden to name it to Louisa; as she don't come this year she is to be surprised with the sight of it finished next year, and not to know a word of it; so don't tell her of it. But pray make my brother explain to you how beautiful it will be. So you want an account of *my* Louisa. Well, in the first place, she has got the itch (but don't be afraid of this paper for I have it not, and she has not touched it). I fancy she caught it by taking up every dirty thing she sees, for 'tis the dirtiest little toad you ever saw. Secondly, her health is a little delicate. She has worms, and I can't make her get rid of them. She looks miserable at times and perfectly well at others. She is full of tricks and has made herself a little awry by her tricks; but she is vain enough to be excessively sorry for it, and will, I believe, recover it, if her love of tricks and giddiness don't overcome her vanity, for

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it's a very even match between them. As for her learning, I must hold my tongue about that. She is very ignorant and it's *my* fault. The cause is this; she is giddy, idle and exactly myself about learning; I am impatient and cannot hit upon the method of teaching her, what with my eagerness for her to learn, my want of patience [and] my manner. Altogether I contrive to make her hate what she learns with *me* and like it with other people. This has induced me to let others teach her. But having no fixed person, and being in no fixed place, she has learnt little or nothing. She is particularly dull in learning French, to a degree that is unaccountable in one so lively; she now reads it tolerably without understanding a word of it, so she hates it, and is all eagerness for learning English; and I have been persuaded to forbid her learning English as it interferes with her French. So, as I was saying, she hates French and loves English. What contradiction there is in our nature! I have just now taken a person for her and hope she will now learn very fast, for she is of an age to learn to some purpose; and I shall be much disappointed if she don't learn as much as those who begin younger. Because among all the various opinions on that subject I have always been very much prejudiced for those who think that learning late is best. And for that reason her ignorance has never given me a moment's uneasiness. But I now think it no longer of no consequence. For these next two years I mean to keep her very strictly to learning to read both French and English perfectly, to writing and casting accounts. And when my house is habitable, as it will be this time two years, I shall not leave it much I believe, and hope to find myself more capable of turning Louisa's reading and writing to good use than I am to teach it her. At least one puts me out of patience and the other pleases me very much, so I hope I shall succeed better in it. I have already perceived a thing in her that takes my fancy vastly and encourages me to think I can be of use to her in directing what she reads—it is the application she makes of the little she reads. It is surprising how properly she applies many little remarks she makes, and how full her head is of what she learns with pleasure. She learnt the first names of the parts of speech in the grammar (not from me, for I should have made her yawn at it, but



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Mr Baily made her like it). So she took to it so much that at dessert I saw her look at me with a smile; and upon enquiring the cause she told me that I did not speak grammar, for that when I spoke of a person I named him twice, whereas the first time was quite sufficient and the second time I should say *he* did so, not Mr such a one did so, after I had once named him. I think that was very well for the first day or two of learning. As to her temper and disposition: the first is not perfect, the second is very much so. Her heart will never teach her to do wrong, but her temper will often lead her into scrapes. She loves to have others ridiculed that she may laugh (which laughing is the supreme joy of her heart), but she does not like to be laughed at; and if she is, she sulks. She is very proud, and, rather than appear to blame, she will choke down any disappointment; but she will treasure up the cause of her anger and give it scope when she is alone again with those who displeased her. She delights in triumphing over those who pretend to blame her. She loves her little self very much, and, therefore, is often selfish. But if she is moved then there is nothing she won't do to obtain forgiveness and to make me look cheerful. For seeing me forgive her is not enough—she will have me be in spirits again or her little heart is so full she can enjoy nothing. So that, take her all in all, 'tis a dear, dear little angel, and it's my fault if she fails in anything.

You know, my dear sister, that executing one's commissions well is a very foolish thing to do. For it always encourages people to plague you again, which I am tempted to do, but hope to make my commissions as little troublesome as possible. I have therefore enclosed a list of what I want, which I will beg of Mrs Rowley to do for me, and Mr Hocksbetter will pay her. I should be glad to have the things at any time that is most convenient. But what I must trouble you to get for me is two or three books that I cannot get in London, although I have been trying at it for several years. Some of them I never read, but want much to read from what I have heard of them, but never could get at them.

Adieu, my dearest sister, ever most affectionately and sincerely yours,

S. L.

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## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

*Receuil de l'assay*, 4 volumes ; *Tableau de la Vie Humaine* ; *Malheurs de l'Inconstance* ; *Fables de la Fontaine*<sup>1</sup> with prints, if there is any with good prints that is not very dear ; for I know there is a fine edition, but I have an idea there is [a] middling one that is cheap.

III. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, 13th of June, 1777

This day have I been seeing the fleet sail, where dear Charles was on board the *Bristol* to convoy it. He had a fair wind. But my spirits were much agitated at what always strikes me in a melancholy light even where I am not interested, as I am now about him, poor fellow. He was here last week for a day. He looked delightful and in great spirits. Lady Louisa thinks him excessively improved in everything but particularly in cleanliness. She told him so much of it that he was quite astonished at what he must have been—by her account at least. He was very entertaining, and I should have had a great deal of comfortable chat with him but for my brother George, who would not leave us alone, though Lady Louisa did. And you know there was no getting much out of him before a stranger, so we were forced to keep to public talk. However, I found he was much pleased with his time spent at Aubigni, and said he was glad he had been there ; for that now he was as comfortable with Mr Ogilvie as ever, which he could not feel till he had got over the first meeting him. He talked very affectionately of you, my dear sister, and seemed quite eager about his brothers, two of which he has set down upon the shlp's book in case they choose to go to sea—he says it's a great advantage. I asked him news of Irish people ; "How does Lord Russborough do?"<sup>2</sup> "In irons at Berlin." "How does Mr Jepson do?" "Mad ! quite mad !" "What's become of Billy FitzGerald?" "Mad ! quite mad !" "Does Mr Beauwater live with your brother

<sup>1</sup> *Fables*, by Jean de la Fontaine, published 1668-71.

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Leeson (1730-1801), Viscount Russborough ; later 2nd Earl of Milltown.



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much?" "No—he is mad too." This is all the account I could get of Irish folks. His Lordship has taken thirty dozen of shoes, fifty dozen pairs of stockings, a wardrobe worth £400, and everything in proportion, and he tells me he is a very good economist. *Il faut que cela soit puisque Milord le dit.* But I suspect that the provincials will wear his fine coats and he will come home as poor as a rat. He desires you will take Stansted, as he intends to marry Miss Montague, and will let you live with him to manage his wife for him.

I copied this account of Charles out of a letter I had begun.

112. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, June 22nd, [1777]

My dear sister,

Within these two days I received your kind letter, which made me very happy, for I did long to hear of you or from you most exceedingly. 'Tis not that I was surprised, or meant to scold you for not writing to me, for I have not a right to do either. And the reason I have not wrote to you myself was that I expected daily to have an account of you from the Duchess, who I supposed had one from my brother. But I have not seen the Duchess but for one day, which seems very odd. However, it is not odd, and is owing to twenty little circumstances too long to tell. But this is the reason I did not write till I did see her. But your letter has given me a fuller account of you than it seems she could do. I will keep your secret very religiously, for I am quite of your opinion in not telling it. I think there is something foolish in being liable to such accidents so eternally, and yet that's a prejudice, I am sure, for it may grow into a very serious thing if you continue the custom—God forbid you should, my dearest sister. I am very glad you do not go to Ireland; quietness is the best thing for you. But pray tell Louisa your reason, to console her for her disappointment, for you know her tenderness can be overcome by nothing but greater tenderness, and if she thinks it would hurt you to move she will be satisfied. Dear soul! she is quite well, and enjoys her long stay at

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Castletown so much that I cannot repine at it. Come and meet her here next spring, my dear sister; let her have a peep at you.

My brother not having seen you has not told you about my house; it is actually building at Molecomb, and will be beautiful. But don't tell Louisa of it, for it's to be a surprise to her next winter, when it will be covered in; and in spring, '79, I flatter myself I shall inhabit it. I am very busy about it, and will send you the plan of it, for I must consult you very much about the fitting of it up.

I don't like Mr Ogilvie's going to Ireland without you. Can't he put it off one year longer? What will you do at Aubigni by yourself? Your little ones being gone, can't you come over here by Dieppe—'tis but four days' journey—and stay quietly at Goodwood till he returns from Ireland and fetches you back? Bring Charlotte and Henry and Edward. Robert and Gerald may stay at Aubigni. The whole won't take up two months. Do think of it, dear sister; 'twould be so delightful. You need not go to London. Lady Albemarle will be here, and it's only a country visit and perhaps may do you good instead of harm.

I must positively put in a word here to your secretary, to whom *je fais mon compliment d'avoir le cœur trop bon pour quitter sa mère, et l'esprit trop juste pour courir le monde quêtant un mari qui s'éloigne toujours des demoiselles qui le cherchent; et qui rarement vaut la peine de se mettre à grands frais pour le trouver.* This is my little opinion, but what will the dear old Dowager say? I wish I knew who she had in her eye for Charlotte, but I will venture to affirm that, let him be who he will (except one man whose name I was told but have forgot and was represented to me as a little civilized), it will be much better for him to go and fetch Charlotte, as he will certainly want a great deal of polishing before he is presentable; for among all the Irish gentlemen I saw there was not one that seemed to me to have an idea of real softness of manners—they are either bears or coxcombs. Perhaps Charlotte may not mind these faults. But as one generally judges by one's own opinions I think it necessary to be fascinated by love before one overlooks these faults, and then indeed they are nothing. But as Charlotte is not yet in love I recommend



it to *Monsieur son futur* to make a little excursion in the world before he presents himself to her.

I was false to you about the castor oil to Louisa, for I told her what you said, and her answer was, "Lord, Mama, Aunt Leinster must be in joke! She can't think I should hate her for advising you to give me what would make me well." Now, perhaps you think this is very wise, very good and very sensible in her: *rien moins que cela*. It's only that Miss has a prodigious affection for her little identical self, and would take the devil if it was to make her healthy, so that she has no prejudice against doctors, etc., rather a respect for them—you may be sure I taught that out of respect to myself. I shall not try this medicine, although I am very much obliged to you for telling me of it. But I think you will agree with me it is better not when I tell you the state of her health. She grows very fast, very thin and very weak, her stomach is disordered, and upon the whole, she has the appearance of worms. She has taken several medicines for them, and none appear (although two years ago she had them). I fear this variety of things hurts her stomach, and if no worms come what is to be done? My own opinion is by nourishment, and gentle bathing twice a week in the sea to strengthen her constitution and battle against her growth, which perhaps is her only complaint. This I am now going to try, and if it agrees with her, as the doctors tell me it will, I shall be satisfied that by care and patience we may prevent the bad effects of her growing too fast; but if she don't mend in a month's time I shall be alarmed. She is not surprisingly tall neither, but surprisingly thin; she is all legs and arms and gawky and awkward and full of tricks and a little awry—all which may be being at a gawky age, and may be weakness from ill health. You see, my dear sister, that it would not be wise to try any medicine *à l'aventure* without knowing precisely what her complaint is; besides I dare say she could not keep it a moment on her stomach. Her appetite, sleep and looks are as changeable as the weather. For people laugh at me sometimes for fancying she is not well; at others, people can scarce refrain from alarming me about her looks. She has left off stays entirely. In short, I hope a short time will decide her complaint to be weakness which bathing and great attention

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will recover before winter. I am going to Itchenor next week—I suppose you know that's my brother's house by the sea. I shall be alone there and therefore mistress of my time and hours, and at liberty to follow exactly what suits her health. That is pretty much the case here. But at Stoke it's quite another thing. There are many advantages there in the company of her cousins, but many disadvantages, too, in being there. 'Tis not a society fit for mothers who delight in their brats. The whole turn of the house is *tout au contraire*. There is no explaining *how*, but it's not the thing for me just now that I don't like to have Louisa a moment out of my hearing at least if she is not in my *sight*. And yet I have been obliged to live constantly there lately, for the gratitude I owe Lady Louisa makes me wish to be of use to her whenever it is in my power. I would give a good deal to convey to her mind a small share of your pleasure in your children's company which you could spare and which she wants; she never loved their company as children, but she does not grow to like it as women; this astonishes me as much as it vexes me—it is something very particular. In a coquettish woman I should call it envy; in an indifferent cold disposition I should call it natural; in a woman who did not love her husband I could perhaps account for it; but in Lady Louisa none of these reasons hold good. Were they ill she would not quit them night or day, were they in danger she would sacrifice her life to save them; but pleasure in their education or company she has none. Is it not strange? He is exactly like her in this, and Louisa at seventeen is as much treated like a child as my Louisa at nine. I see with sorrow the consequence of this will be melancholy. But nature and strong prejudices and custom are not to be altered or removed. And she urges a reason which, though by no means a good one, stops one's mouth. She says that with a disturbed mind it is impossible to have any one thought but of the objects in question, and therefore she wishes to keep them children as long as possible till she can attend to them. She lives in expectation of a happy time which, poor soul, will never arrive for her. She expects him to own himself to blame and to atone for all she suffers from jealousy, by returning to good humour and love. But alas! what hope is there that a remarkable, obstinate, vain and proud mind



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will see, acknowledge and repent of errors? And that if he could force himself to do it, that he can command his temper and his love, which when once they leave us so seldom return! You may easily imagine this casts a gloom on Stoke very unfit to leave my mind at liberty to pursue my wishes, and at the same time 'tis impossible to leave an unhappy, almost broken-hearted woman, whom I love, and who says I am a comfort to her. Do not mention this to anybody till others tell you of it, although it is evident to everybody and but too well-known to us all. The unhappy situation which it throws the poor girls into is what goes to one's very heart; for they are ruining as fast as want of education can ruin them. Thank God their own amiable dispositions and innocence are a very great security against the want of education.

I am much obliged to you, my dear sister, for your kind enquiries about my health. I have rheumatic pinches at times, but am more distressed by nervous feels a great deal. I don't know what Mr Hocksbetter meant about my head, for I've forgot what ailed it; except that the rheumatism almost made it mad, for a short time, which Ward's sweats carried off. I am glad to hear you are so clear of it. The Duchess has not been very well; she has had a slow fever on her a little while, which in my humble opinion is owing to lying abed and encouraging a sweat, as she does so eternally. I like my governess's manners still very much, but I have my doubts if she will do; for I've heard a little anecdote of her not much to her credit. But I find she is terribly sly, which I don't quite like, for fear she should be so in what regards Louisa. But I shall take my time to examine her well before I fix my opinion of her. Adieu, my dear sister, my love to Mr Ogilvie and to Charlotte, who I hope will be your secretary very often to me. Yours, my dear sister,

S. L.

I am much obliged to you about my things. If Mrs Rowley can get them I shall be glad, but it's not worth much trouble.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

113. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Itchenor, August 12th, 1777

My dear sister,

Having given you full leisure to ask Mr Ogilvie ten thousand questions, one may now intrude upon your time and tell you that, like one of the ladies in Grammont,<sup>1</sup> Mr Ogilvie has been *revu et approuvé dans toutes les cours*. Dear Lady Albemarle, who is, you know, all openness, could not stay till he was out of hearing before she cried: "Dear child! I like him vastly. He seems a sensible, pleasing man and perfectly well-bred—well, I'm delighted I've seen him." Is it not so like her impatient, eager affection for everything she loves. Lady Louisa took to him with that sort of interest that people of sensibility do to those whom they think have it too; she felt inclined to talk to him in a confidential way. I have not seen the Duchess since. As for my brother, George, I did not ask him his opinion, *pour cause et raison*; although, if I was to bet my money, it would be that he *did* like him as well as he likes anything. The girls say he is a very well-looking man and so much handsomer than Mr Conolly that they are quite satisfied with him, for they are vastly troubled at Mr Conolly's ugliness; little Louisa says, "Why, Mama, he talks to me just as if I was grown-up, and he seems so good-natured I am sure I shall love him. But why is he not prettier, Mama? I thought Aunt Leinster's husband would be like Uncle Richmond or Uncle George." "Why, my dear, your Aunt Louisa's husband is not like them." "No, but Aunt Leinster's husband I thought would." Now, can you possibly guess why she settled it that your husband must be handsome and tall, *par préférence* to other people's husbands?

Having given you an account of the whole family's opinions I shall not leave myself out. But I believe it's unnecessary to tell you, my dear sister, that I instantly felt at my ease with him, and felt that he was *one of us*, which you remember you told me long ago. And nothing can better express the sort of confidence he draws one into, for it is like speaking to Louisa or you. Oh! how my poor sister Holland would

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<sup>1</sup> Grammont's *Memoirs*.



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have liked him (prejudice apart). He is exactly what she would have delighted in. I never saw plain sense that did *brillé* as his does; for either shining sense is commonly by no means good sense, or good sense don't appear in a hurry; and his does most amazingly without any *wit* to set it off. It's like a plain piece of architecture, whose beauty lies in the perfect proportion, and pleases every eye without their knowing why: such seems to me Mr Ogilvie's sense. And as for his heart, you can answer for its having all that merit which his seeming sensibility promises.

I dare say he will tell you much about poor Lady Louisa. I think she is in better spirits now since she has resolved to keep everything quiet, for she is as much afraid of a separation as she has at times seemed to wish it. I am very happy she has taken her resolution conformable to her disposition, for, strange as it seems, she is so infatuated to her fate that I believe she would be unhappy to be free from it. But it becomes of the greatest importance he never should know she ever had any thoughts of parting. We, therefore, must never let it be known, nor would I wish you ever to speak to her of it till she does to you—for she does not know I named it to you. I do not yet know if he has taken any steps about my brother, for his Lordship is slow in his motions.

Miss Mary is married. She married before they returned from Lewes, and went to town, I believe, immediately. My brother took it with perfect calmness. He shows an anxiety to have her happy, but no more. By the by, he scolded me sadly for telling Mr Ogilvie of her intending to run away; he says, what is very true, that one has no business to speak of other people's affairs. But, indeed, she in a manner told it herself by saying before Mr Ogilvie that they should be off on Monday; and in my surprise I said, "Pray don't do such a foolish thing." However, I confess my brother's remark and reproof is just, and one I want for ever; for he and the Duchess are so very, very mysterious about everything, so *close*, that poor *peste publique* is for ever saying things they think wrong, and which I cannot for the life of me see the necessity of keeping secret; but in time I hope to mend by practice. And what regards them I am more careful about, but when other people are open themselves I am apt to be so

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too. Lady Louisa is so, to too great a degree, and my brother is quite angry with her for talking of her own affairs to so many people as she has done. Indeed, I own she does it in my mind a great deal too much. I preach to her to place her confidence in those at least whose affection for her and good judgment may be of use, for talk of her distresses she will do ; and therefore I want her to choose better confidantes. But her openness encourages mine upon the subject. And I shall get most monstrously blamed by my brother if he knows I told Mr Ogilvie the least thing about Lady Louisa and my brother George and about his quarrel with him, although, in my own mind, I think I have done right, as I got some very good advice from Mr Ogilvie on the occasion, which he says is from you, but whosever it is, 'tis good ; and I hope to be of use to poor Lady Louisa with passing it for my own.

I don't suppose you imagine that I routed Mr Ogilvie about the Sussex hills, driven by the wind and battered by the rain, for nothing. For I flatter myself that I have fixed his taste, and that he will say, " They may talk of their foreign countries and their Londons, and Black Rocks—but Sussex for my money." If he don't I've lost my labour, for I meant to captivate him so thoroughly by a *down* that he should never settle in peace at a distance from one, And I believe the bad weather was in my favour, for, like *Marianne* after her illness, *si elle était si intéressante et jolie en dépit du négligé et sortant d'une maladie, que ne devait-elle pas être avec tous ces appas?* So dear Mr Ogilvie [can] think of a down with a bright sun, and the white thorns and honeysuckles blooming all over the country.

I know nothing of my brother and Duchess. I must go and visit them soon. For if I don't I shall know nothing of them, for they never write to one. He once talked of going to France, but I dare say the Duchess won't go. And the last I heard of them was that they were to come here and then have company at Goodwood. Mr Ogilvie will tell you how comfortable I am here. It's a place prodigiously dispised by the people about here, but I, who have so long lived at the *Castle of Otranto*,<sup>1</sup> am delighted with this, and think it

<sup>1</sup> *The Castle of Otranto*, by Horace Walpole, published in 1764.



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quite cheerful enough. And I do delight in the quiet of it, for the three *Bs* cannot come bumping here for ever, *et ainsi du reste*. And when I want company I can go to them for a day, which I often do; and yet it's amazing how much more I like the return than the setting off. Little monkey has looked wretchedly this week, but I hope it was owing to a tooth she has just cut. It was a little owing to a battle royal which *Madame la gouvernante* and my maid had, which made dear Louisa wretched. I was horridly vexed at it, for although the woman was to blame *dans le fond*, yet poor dear Susan was in fault in the present; and it did so vex me. But I made it up and hope the woman will stay, for she really is excellent for Louisa. You know these *tracasseries* so well you can pity me about them; I hope they won't happen again.

Goodwood, the 14th August.

I have just received a letter from Mr Ogilvie from Dieppe, and hope to hear soon from you, my dear sister, of your being quite comfortable, for I've a great notion you were much otherwise in his absence. My brother tells me he had a letter from you in which you desire him to make Louisa come over at all events, and talk of it yourself. I did not say anything, but guess that letter was wrote in consequence of mine to press you to come. But now that Louisa's presence is quite unnecessary for any immediate plan, everything being quiet and intended to remain so, I think it a pity to hurry her, and a pity for you to hurry yourself.

I find my brother has not yet wrote to her, so it don't signify, as I shall be beforehand with him, and not let her come on a supposition that you are coming and then be disappointed at not finding you. I shall tell her that the last thing Mr Ogilvie said was that positively you would not come this summer, so she won't stir till she hears from you.

I don't find my brother and Duchess have any thoughts of France this autumn.

I send this letter to Paris by a Mr Peckham, a Sussex gentleman, who returns in a month exactly, so if you have anything to send by him that's small, I dare say he will bring it; I thought of Lady Louisa's spangles. Adieu, my dear sister, ever most sincerely yours,

S. L.

1778

114. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Lady George Lennox*

20th April, 1778

My dear Louisa,

You desired my brother to bid me answer your letter. I have received his directions, which I shall write officially, to prevent confusion or mistakes.

The Duke of Richmond thinks that as leave of absence for Lord Henry is asked, the Duchess of Leinster may avail herself of the indulgence if she obtains it, to keep her son in France till service calls him; and the moment there is any call of real service, he ought to go to his regiment immediately. But if she does not obtain this leave of absence, the Duke of Richmond is quite clear that the Duchess ought not, upon any account whatsoever, to make Lord Henry resign; as it will undoubtedly be imagined that she has some private reason for not daring to trust him to go upon service, and will ruin his character. So that he strongly recommends it to her to send him to join his regiment directly, if the leave is not given.

Yours,

S. Lennox

115. *Sarah Louisa Bunbury to Duchess of Leinster*

26 d'Avril, 1778

Ma chère Tante,

Je vous suis fort obligée du joli present que vous m'avez envoyé, je vous prie de remercier mon oncle de ma part de ce qu'il a eu la bonté de me donner. Je trouve mon déjeuné, fort joli. Ma cousine Lennox dit qu'elle trouve la Reine de France bien belle et la seule belle femme qu'elle ait vu en France, excepté vous. Mon oncle et ma tante Richmond se sont chargés du soin de l'éducation de Mademoiselle Le



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Claire<sup>1</sup> qui est une charmante enfant, tout le monde l'aime tant, qu'on n'a pas eu le courage de permettre à Monsieur Jones de l'envoyer à l'école. J'apprends que ma cousine Lucie est bien plus habile que moi, quoiqu'elle a deux ans moins que moi, donc je suis fort honteuse.

Je suis, ma chère tante, votre très obéissante et respectueuse nièce,

Sarah Louisa Bunbury

I had just begun a letter, my dear sister, when they called for this. So rather than keep them waiting and risk the extreme disappointment it would be to Louisa to have this letter delayed I will add a line to thank Mr Ogilvie and you most sincerely for your pretty presents to me as well as for those you gave her.

116. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, July 13th, 1778

My dear sister,

I did not mention Henry to you in my last, for I had not heard a word of how he went on, and was much discomposed at it, but at last she has wrote and I find her silence was only want of time and that I may wish you joy of his perfect recovery from inoculation. She tells me she wrote to you twice a week, so that you are now as perfectly at ease about him as I hope you were made about dear Charles; for I find you had heard of the engagement though you did not know his ship was in it. I was in hopes of seeing him again, but the hurry they have packed off the Admiral<sup>2</sup> in prevents him, and I fancy he did sail with the Admiral on the 9th if his ship was refitted. I wrote him word to-day of his brother's being well at a venture, and if he is not gone shall probably have an answer; as he does not know your motions (for till yesterday that Louisa's letter mentioned it) we did not know you were

<sup>1</sup>Henriette Le Clerc, the illegitimate dau. of Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond. Farington wrote that she lived at the Duke's; that the Duchess was very fond of her; and that she had been presented at Court.

<sup>2</sup>Admiral Hon. Augustus Keppel (1725-86), 2nd s. of William, 2nd Earl of Albemarle; cr. (1782) Visct. Keppel. He had been given the command of the Grand Fleet the previous March.

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fixed to stay in France. Charles is to write to you every time he *can* after any engagement and to send his letter to Portsmouth directed to me, from whence it comes by a stage *every day* to Chichester, and I am to direct it to you wherever you are. I thought this would be the most expeditious way of informing you, for it can only make two days' difference, supposing me at Itchenor, and to get the letter on Friday evening it don't go till Sunday and from London on Tuesday ; whereas if he directed it straight from Portsmouth it *might* possibly go by the Saturday's post, but as he did not know where you were to be, we judged this *possible* delay a better thing to risk than to let a letter go parading round the world after you. I conclude your stay at Aubigni is *if you can*, and I suppose that is doubtful ; but I hope to hear soon from you your success in obtaining leave. I am sure you are right not to come over during this intense heat, for it is beyond all bearing, to us at least who have almost lost the memory of the time when summers were hot. They say our nearer approach to the comet that is to appear in '84 is the cause of our climate changing so much, so we must expect, I suppose, to be well baked now to burn the better then. My brother is harassed to death with the militia, which he goes to-day to Lewes to embody ; and there is an end of all comfort for this summer for him. Thank God it don't hurt his health the least, and he looks remarkably well. But I've some fears it's a little owing to his red coat, which always sets off people. There is no time when one cannot discover his merits, but they come out more conspicuously every day I think, when one sees him so totally forget *le moi*, to do right by all the world besides. It is wonderful, and rendered the more so by the contrast of most part of the world. And, I am sorry to say, of a much too near relation of his, who puts *le moi* before everything. This militia is a total destroyer of all my brother's schemes and amusements and even business—for this summer. So he lays the schemes and pleasures by, and dedicates that time to other business, which others would take for relaxation. He is a wonderful creature ! And one wants all one's senses and all one's attention even to comprehend his merits, much more to imitate them. But the very example of merit is so strong that when it don't mend one, it at least makes one



ashamed of the striking difference there can be in the same creatures. The Duchess takes a house at Brighthelmston, and they have some hopes of making it the headquarters for some time, as it answers for bathing for the Duchess and for Charles.

Poor Lady Holland is recovered of her violent fever, but yet I doubt her health is but poorly. Mr FitzPatrick<sup>1</sup> luckily was returned from America and not on duty, and he has never quitted her; which gives me the greatest satisfaction, as he has sense, tenderness, affection and feeling, and she could not be in better hands. Otherwise, I must own, that neither the Duchess of Bedford nor Lady Ossory have the honour of my good graces sufficiently to trust much to their care; I dare say they would go to the opera and *cry*, but leave her to the maid's care in the meantime. I am very uneasy about her, and wish it was in my power to be with her during her convalescence, but she lives at Old Windsor, and her house is the receptacle of the very fine people so that I should be of but little use to her. I am going to Itchenor in hopes bathing will be as serviceable to my Louisa as it was last year; for the hot weather has thrown her back sadly—she is grown weak and pale again. I am determined to pass this whole winter by the sea and secure her against another hot summer's mischief and a spring's mischief; for she can bear neither cold winds nor heat; autumn and winter she gets up again the losses of the rest of the year.

Mr Jones's little girl, *nommément* Mlle. le Claire, is by far one of the most enchanting little creatures I ever saw. She is lively and passionate, yet orderly and submissive. She is feminine and natural, beautiful and agreeable, sensible and not a wit, right-headed and clear in all her ideas, and not the least obstinate. She has, besides, all the regularity of an old maid, but not the least the looks of one. Every mortal attaches themselves to her—servants, strangers and all. She is a delightful companion for my Louisa, for she teaches her French and submission and humility—three very good lessons to learn. I can't say it does little Henriette so much good

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<sup>1</sup> General Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), you. son of John, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. He was Mary, Lady Holland's brother.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to teach as it does Louisa good to learn ; but that's not my business. And I dare say my brother will put it on a right footing in time, for it would be a sin to have the little dear child be spoilt, which would soon be the case if she is not taught to know she is not to be a little tyrant. But for the present her youth is an excuse, and Louisa's admiration of her is such she is ready to be her slave. So I let it take its course within reason ; for the Duchess and my brother are so attentive not to let Louisa be put upon for her good humour, that I like Louisa should *see* how much protection one gains by not demanding it. So that altogether it is an excellent lesson for Louisa, and by the time Henriette grows reasonable Louisa will be too old to mind her past little tyrannies, and grow to be most thoroughly attached to her. And I propose great pleasure in her having a friend who probably will remain so all her life ; for I look upon it as a necessary thing towards happiness to have a friend of *that* sort. For girls *will* have them, and if they choose, one must take one's chance of the character of the friend. Now I am *sure* I like Henriette's, and that her education will not be in any essential point contrary to my ideas. Now that is not the case with her cousins, the Lennoxes, whose ideas are in so many things different from what I wish my own girls to be that it makes an eternal clashing of opinions to Louisa, who tells me for ever, " Why, Mama, cousins laugh at this and that and t'other, cousins say they would not do such a thing for the world, cousins hate such a person, cousins play such a one tricks for ever, why may not I do so ? "

Now you know those are troublesome questions to answer. But besides this I believe *qu'il ne sera pas question* of any great intimacy between them now, for I am sadly out of favour at Stoke, partly my own fault and partly by the means of gossips who surround poor Lady Louisa, and partly by the *sweet temper* of his Lordship, who now and then takes me up by way of something to growl about when other subjects fail him. He is slow in his decisions, so I can't venture to judge what he will do, though he has very plainly told me he don't desire my company. But then perhaps he may be just as angry at my taking that hint as if I let it alone for it's always, a toss-up what will please him. Those tempers are trouble-



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some to deal with: my method is to let things rest, to do nothing and wait the event—I hope it will succeed with him. Adieu, my dear sister, ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

My love to Mr Ogilvie.

A thought is just come into my head that I must mention, because it strikes me, though probably it won't strike you the same, but there is no harm in saying it to you. *If* you've a son who is *fixed* to go into the army, and if you have no method of much advancing his education at Aubigni, and if you care that he should know his duty as an officer, you might make him ensign in the Sussex militia, where he will learn it under my brother's eyes, and you may have him back when you please; and Mr Kempson may attend a little to his learning, as Charles is to be chiefly with his uncle—you know the age don't signify in the militia.

117. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Itchenor, ce 4ème d'aoust, [1778]

Ma chère sœur,

Je viens de recevoir votre lettre de Paris datée le 13, ce qui me donne lieu de croire qu'on les garde pour les lire, & comme les nouvelles de famille que je vous écris ne valent pas la peine qu'on ce sera donné de traduire ma lettre à la poste on la jettera au feu, je pense; c'est donc pour éviter cela que je vous écris en mauvais français; mais tel qu'il est, il faut me le passer si je puis vous faire lire des bonnes nouvelles de votre fils comme je l'espère avant de cacheter ma lettre, car nous attendons à chaque instant des nouvelles de la flotte. Miladi Louise doit vous écrire, parcequ'elle a fait un arrangement avec Charles; il doit lui adresser une lettre par toute les occasions qu'il pourra à Portsmouth; de là, on les lui envoie par *express* à Stoke, et elle lui a promis de mander de ses nouvelles dans l'instant à vous, et en Irlande, ce qui doit vous mettre l'esprit en repos, et vous empêcher d'ajouter foi au nouvelles du jour, s'il en arrive avant la lettre de Miladi Louise, car comme les flottes sont bien plus près de Brest que de Ports-

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mouth, vous aurez des nouvelles générales avant nous. Mais je vous supplie de vous ressouvenir, que votre lettre ne m'est parvenue de 24 jours après que vous l'avez écrite, ce qui doit vous rassurer un peu, si nos lettres ne viennent pas sitôt quelle devraient. Je sais que c'est avoir *l'âme bien basse* mais j'avoue que je me consolerais si les Français prenaient la frigate *Arethusa*, et vous envoyaient votre cher fils sur sa parole prisonnier à Aubigni ; il serait fort en colère contre moi de ce souhait, car jamais je n'ai vu une personne qui avait le cœur bon prendre tant de gout qu'il a paru faire à la guerre en conséquence du petit essai qu'il en a fait, et en même temps il paroissait sentir bien fortement toutes les horreurs de ce terrible métier, jamais on a vu mieux mêler le courage et l'humanité qu'il a fait en parlant de ce combat qui a été des plus sérieux.

Notre chère tante est à Stoke, et mérite bien que toute la pitié qu'on a sur toute les mères soit réunie sur elle ; elle est vieille, triste et sait bien toute la risque que son fils court ; elle sait que le bonheur ou malheur de cette nation dépend sur l'admiral ; elle sait, il est vrai, qu'il est brave, prudent et sensé, qu'il a les meilleurs officiers, qu'il est content de ses vaisseaux et de ses officiers, mais elle sait aussi que les vents, les mers et les circonstances ne dependent de personne, et qu'en dépit de tout il doit répondre de tout ; elle voit la mer de Stoke, elle entend le vent, elle pleure, elle espère, elle voudrait qu'il fut plus jeune et en meilleure santé, et puis elle se console par ce qu'il lui écrit qu'il est en bonne santé et trop animé de l'espérance du succès pour sentir qu'il n'est pas jeune.

Je vous félicite du bonheur que Henri a eu dans l'inoculation, je n'osais vous en parler dans ma dernière lettre, sachant qu'il était inoculé, et ne sachant pas le succès ; car ma soeur Louise vous a *tant tant* écrit, qu'elle n'a écrit à personne que vous, et nous a donné des alarmes ; voilà le malheur d'être *trop bonnes*, si elle a tort jamais, on ne sait qu'en penser, les autres peuvent l'avoir impunément ; à propos de cela je vous prie ma chère sœur de vous souvenir que vous avez le privilège de ne pas écrire souvent sans faire de la peine à vos amis ; au moins je vous assure que jamais je ne m'en inquiéterait, car vous avez des secrétaires, et vous voudrez bien qu'ils nous



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mandent l'essentiel ; et pour vos lettres à vous, ce sont des *bonnes bouches*, qu'on est charmée de recevoir, mais auquel on n'a aucun droit.

Je trouve que j'ai tort de vous répondre dans ce moment-ci, car il faudrait vous égayer, et moi je suis fort triste ; mais j'en ai plus d'envie d'écrire, car il y a du plaisir à épancher nos chagrins avec ceux qu'on aime—j'en ai plusieurs ; le premier est la maladie de ma pauvre amie Lady Hollande, qui est si mal si mal, qu'il n'est pas possible qu'elle en revienne ; elle a eu tous les symptômes de consommation pour un an, et depuis un mois elle a été attaqué d'une fièvre violente qui reste encore et l'a réduite à l'extrémité. Si elle revient de la fièvre ce ne sera pas pour longtemps, Je ne saurais vous dire comme cela me touche, car je l'aime beaucoup, et je mettais au rang d'un de mes grand plaisirs l'espérance de la voir souvent chez moi dès que j'aurais une maison pour la recevoir ; sa pauvre petite fille ! comme elle sentira bien cette perte !

Mon cher frère n'a pas été bien, il s'est si fort fatigué en faisant faire l'exercice à sa milice qu'il s'est fait du mal. J'aimerais bien mieux que les Français prissent la moitié de l'Angleterre que mon frère fut malade en la sauvant ; mais il est beaucoup mieux, Dieu merci ! Vous pouvez croire qu'étant un peu triste déjà cette incommodité du meilleure de tous les frères ne m'a pas rendu la gaieté. Outre ceci je ne suis pas trop bien à Stoke, ce qui me *tracasse* plus que cela ne *m'afflige*. Lady L. sait bien que je n'ai pas tort, et elle me continue son amitié quoique avec moins de vivacité qu'à l'ordinaire, ce qui est un peu causé par les *petits esprits* qui l'entourent, qui ont un peu trop de crédit auprès d'elle, mais elle a un cœur et un esprit trop supérieur pour ne pas compter sur elle quand on n'a pas tort.—je ne puis en dire de même de son mari ; le *vent* est plus certain, cela étant, quand il lui prend fantaisie de me quereller, je me tiens tranquillement éloignée et je laisse passer la tempête—le temps le ramènera.

Vous me demandez des nouvelles de ma fille. Elle se porte bien mieux cette année que la dernière, et je suis venue pour la baigner ici, espérant que si elle profite autant cette année du bain, qu'auparavant elle n'en aura plus besoin, car vous comprendrez aisément que je serais charmée de ne pas quitter ma maison la première année. Je me flatte d'y être établie

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dans le cours de l'été prochain c'est à dire que je serai renfermée sous un bon toit entre de bonnes murailles avec de bonne fenêtre, car pour les meubles je n'y pense pas la première année, premièrement, le plaisir doit se prolonger pour le goûter ; car si on me donnait ma maison toute meublée cela ne me plairait pas la moitié si bien que d'y ajouter chaque année quelque petite chose ; en second lieu cela coûte trop tout à la fois, et les lits, les chaises, les tables feront toute ma dépense la première année. Vous parlez du goût de mon frère, et du mien, comme étant le même ; ce n'est pas absolument comme cela, pour le dedans de la maison, il l'aime trop simple à mon goût ; je voudrais y mettre un peu d'ornemens français qui ne sont pas chers et qui sont jolis, pour lui qui aime la magnificence il aime les extrêmes de magnificence ou de simplicité ; mais je commencerais à sa manière, et avec le temps le reste viendra ; [ni] le jardin ni les environs ne seront pas en ordre quand vous viendrez au printemps, mais du moins vous verrez ce que cela doit être.

Mais ce voyage dont vous parlez, arrivera jamais le temps ou il doit se faire ? je soupçonne que vous vous en êtes retournée à Aubigni pour que Monsr. O. aie la chasse, j'espère que ce n'est pas signe qu'il ne se porte pas bien ; j'espère aussi que vous vous remettrez entièrement de vos dernières couches, et que vous voudrez bien n'en point faire d'autres si tôt ; vous ne nommez point la petite parisienne ; est-elle jolie, comment se nomme-t-elle ? J'espère que vous passerez le mois de mai à Goodwood avec ma sœur Louise, afin que nous puissions être un peu rassemblées ; ceux qui ne veulent pas y venir ont tort, mais c'est une raison de plus pour nous rassembler ; je voudrais bien que votre fils vous amena sa petite femme que vous aimeriez beaucoup dans le printemps, et si vos autres fils le peuvent ils vous y donneront tous rendez-vous à Goodwood. Mon frère et sa femme s'ennuyent bien de passer si peu de temps là cet été, et comme je pense qu'il y aura affaire de bonne heure au parlement, ils seront charmés de passer tout le printemps à Goodwood.—voilà l'arrangement que j'ai fait dans ma tête ; j'espère qu'il aura lieu.

Je vous prie d'envoyer votre lettre à ma fille quelque vieille qu'elle soit si vous la trouvez. Je vous prie aussi de faire milles amitiés de ma part à ma chère Mercadié quand vous la



verrez, et lui dire que je me reprocherai comme un crime de ne lui avoir pas écrit, si je n'avais pensé que tant que vous serez à Aubigni elle sait tout ce qui nous regarde ; mais quand vous le quitterez je l'aime trop pour ne lui pas marquer mon affection en lui disant tous ce qui touche ceux qu'elle aime, J'espère que sa santé est bonne et que sa pauvre fille ne souffre pas. Je crois que je vous ai dit quelle charmante enfant nous avons ici, je l'ai amenée pour la baigner avec ma fille, elle m'occupe et m'amuse beaucoup. Savez-vous qu'elle parle l'anglais déjà *en perfection* ; elle ne manque pas un mot, ni de l'accent, ni des expressions variées ; c'est une chose surprenante. Comment trouvez-vous Monsr Bathurst ? j'espère qu'il réussira bien. Votre fils Henri est charmant ; il a une naïveté qui lui gagnera tous les cœurs qui aiment la simplicité ; et le *mérité âpreté* commence à ennuyer tout le monde.

Le fils du Marquis de Lothian s'en va en France pour sa santé, on dit que c'est le plus beau garçon du monde, qui a une terrible santé depuis peu ; son père et sa mère en sont bien affligés. Le Marquis (qu'à propos j'ai vu depuis peu) a été bien malade lui-même ; il est devenu homme de cour, a le rang de general, le cordon vert, est favori du Roi ; il est un tant soit peu plus *vieux* ; le tout ensemble me donne une idée de ces seigneurs dont on parle au commencement du règne de Louis XIV à qui on a donné le nom *d'Importants*. Mais, plaisanterie à part, il brille beaucoup dans les nouveaux roles de *favori* (car il dit des vérités poliment et avec beaucoup de respect), de bon frère (car il s'intéresse beaucoup à sa sœur), et enfin il réussit mieux pour son âge que je ne l'aurais soupçonné. Il n'a pas perdu sa gaieté ; il m'a dit que ma petite nièce me ressemblait et qu'elle était fort jolie, mais qu'il ne fallait pas me formaliser de ce compliment, car il y avait quelque temps de cela. Il me dit cela avec un mélange de naïveté et de finesse dans le regard, que je ne pouvais m'empêcher d'en éclater de rire, car il avait l'air tout choqué de me voir si vieille.

Adieu ma chère sœur ; dites mille choses pour moi à votre cher mari. Je n'ai point de nouvelles à ajouter à ma lettre dont je suis bien fâchée, car j'aimerais bien vous en annoncer de bonnes.

Adieu je suis &c.

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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

118. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Itchenor, 26 d'aoust, [1778]

Ma chère sœur,

Je ne puis rien vous mander de votre fils, sinon que je le crois à Plymouth où notre flotte est, et dont on dit qu'elle doit partir incessamment. Notre cher Amiral a été malade à Mount Edgecomb, d'où il écrit à sa mère qu'on l'a si bien soigné qu'il est en état de partir. Vous voyez que votre fils appartenant à une frigate n'a été que spectateur du combat.

Je vous prie de me dire si c'est les Français ou les Anglais qui ont eu la victoire, car c'est une nouvelle que je suis curieuse d'apprendre, et je trouve charmant que chaque côté s'en glorifie, avec cette différence, que nous sommes en tous temps plus modeste que les Français, et nous nous contentons de bien faire, sans chanter *Te Deum* pour si peu de chose. Comment doit on juger des événements de l'histoire ancienne quand de nos jours nous ne pouvons savoir la vérité ?

Mon frère est retourné à son regiment à Brighthelmston ; il s'est un peu reposé ici, mais il est *cosi cosi* à l'égard de sa santé. Charles Lennox est enseigne dans le regiment et fait *très très* bien, et ce qui est assez remarquable c'est qu'il n'a jamais si bien étudié que depuis ce temps ; il a la rage de servir, et son oncle lui a dit : " Bon, pourvu que vous ne quittiez pas vos études. Si vous voulez travailler bien fort, et étudier quand les autres s'amusez je le veux bien." Il l'a mis donc dans sa milice. On se leve à 4, 5 heures, et on fait l'exercice ; après déjeuner il se met à la leçon, jusqu' à dîner, et puis vient l'exercice, et puis la leçon ; il a tout l'exercice nécessaire pour la santé, et la lecture le repose.— s'il se plaît au métier de la guerre il sera tout prêt à 16 ans d'avoir une commission ; si non il n'a qu'à quitter au bout de 3 ans (c'est le terme) ou à la fin de la guerre, et il n'y a pas de reflections faite sur la retraite d'un officier de milice, on me dit. Si fort au contraire que mon frère me dit qu'il a un officier de 21 qui doit être prête à 24, et en attendant il s'est fait officier, disant qu'il peut étudier tout aussi bien en bonne compagnie qu'en mauvaise, et mon frère l'approuve beaucoup. Si vous avez quelqu'un à recommander à mon frère pour servir sous lui, parlez d'abord avant que le régiment soit complet.



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Je n'ai aucune nouvelle à vous mander, excepté le triste état de la pauvre Lady Hollande ; elle est dans une consommation fixe, et je m'attends chaque poste à apprendre sa mort. La violente fièvre qu'elle a lui a presque tourné la cervelle, car elle perd la mémoire et le jugement, ce qui rend son état si triste qu'on ne peut souhaiter qu'elle y résiste longtemps ; et son aimable frère Monsr FitzPatrick a gagné tous les cœurs par son affection pour sa chère sœur ; il ne l'a pas quittée, il l'a veillée comme une nourrice depuis deux mois qu'elle est dans cette état ! je crains qu'il ne gagne son mal, en vérité c'est un plaisir de penser qu'elle a eu tout le soins qu'il est possible d'avoir ; car vous savez bien que ses parents ne sont pas renommé pour leurs attentions ; mais il a si bien fait qu'il a écarté tous ceux qui venaient par cérémonie, et il s'est fait garde malade.

Adieu ma chère sœur ; mes amitiés à votre cher mari et à tous vos chères enfants.

119. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Itchenor, 6th of September, 1778

My dear sister,

I received yours of the 15th of August within these two days, and return you a thousand thanks for it ; but pray never trouble yourself about not writing oftener to me. You don't say a word of your health in your letter—a fault I don't excuse—but I hope, as from Paris you told me it wanted only quiet, that Aubigni has given it to you. As I've nothing to tell you of dear Charles, my letter is of no consequence supposing it should be lost, and therefore I shall write it in English, and the people at the post office in France will have some trouble in deciphering the character of a certain friend of ours—the master of Stoke<sup>1</sup>—whom you speak so sensibly about. His character is grown quite an enigma to me from the same earnest desire I have of thinking, as you do, of his good qualities being at bottom. You say it is easier to talk of how one should act ; and so it is. For I defy anybody not to be drawn into mistakes relative to him. And that is a bold defiance, as there are certainly plenty of sensible people in the world who know

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<sup>1</sup> Lord George Lennox.

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how to deal with difficult characters. But his is like nobody else's. I do believe the only right judgment to make of it is that it is an unfixed point, from which one draws circles without end, and so they never answer right. If he was a complete hypocrite and acted upon a plan, it would give one some light. If he was only a weak man and entirely guided by others, that too would help one.

If he could be guided by any one main fault, foible or feeling it would be a clue to his conduct. But he is all things and nothing so alternately that it's in vain to try to form a judgment of him. And all one's experience ends in teaching one that the less one has to do with so odd a character the better, unless one means to have no further connection than outward goodwill, which it is the easiest thing in the world to keep up with him (in my mind at least), for he requires only attentions, liberty and civility. I could, I think, live for ever in his society without disputing or ever having the least uneasiness, if I was a stranger. But there are three bars to it now: first, he has put confidence in me, and he is dissatisfied with my return for it, so that I cannot be an object of indifference to him—he is always coaxing or abusing me. I have *tried* to convince him that as he and I differ a good deal in opinions in essential points, it's best to forget all such conversations and begin upon a new score, living together only as friends, without naming any one subject that is interesting, but this don't please him. If I enter into conversation we quarrel, and he abuses me; if I decline it he accuses me of having no confidence in him and treating him like a stranger. If I have confidence in him he betrays it, and then when I complain he reproaches me with all my faults, and says that he has been betrayed by everybody, and so he shall think himself justified to retaliate upon me. If (as I have done more than once) I put up with all this and tell him that I attribute it all to his fits of ill humour, which I don't mind, and that I beg to live in peace and quietness with him, then he agrees, he cries with seeing me cry, he grows noble, generous and full of good sentiments, acknowledges his faults and doves me so completely that I enter into all his grievances, pity him, love him and grow to think everybody manages ill with him. In the midst of this kindness, which is always excessive when it is



at all, his wife tells me that he is continually abusing me to her and telling her he suffers me only for her sake. And he evidently shows the greatest fear of her seeing he is kind to me, to that degree that he will come and kiss me and take hold of my hand in a frank open way on my first coming into the room, and the instant he hears her foot he darts back and scarcely takes notice of me. I tried to guess what could induce him to this, but it was beyond my reach; and so I contented myself with receiving his marks of attention when they came and not seeming to miss them when he avoided them, and I never hinted to him that I heard he abused me. But in the midst of all this seeming good humour he sets his wife upon me with complaints of my abusing her to him, in which he assures her he defended her cause; *je tombe des nues* with astonishment, and on an explanation I find my words have been reassembled, disjoined, added to, or diminished till they have been made liable to different meanings, and that he or she have given them *that* meaning best suited to please her. If I defend myself he says I make no scruple of lying to pay my court to her; if I only refer him to his conscience he tells *her* I am mean and cowardly and dare not support my words, and he tells *me* that he never said any such thing, but that she perverts all his words. I tried the means which my nature most inclines me to—that of speaking to both at once; but she positively forbids it, and refuses it. She treats me with the greatest kindness. He tells me she abuses me to him, but I go on as if I did not believe him, for I am very dubious about it and choose not to believe it till by her conduct she gives me reason to believe it. So that during the endless and eternal *tracasseries* that are so interwoven in their *ménage*, it is quite a folly for me to pretend to keep clear of them if I am with them much. For the faults of my character are just those made to fail in such a society: I cannot be on my guard against his apparent truth, nor can I enter into the system she adopts, with that constancy she expects. I grow so tired of it all that I appear to her unkind, cool and even partial against her at the very time he accuses me of such unjust prejudice against him merely because I say it's wrong to be cross to her and to abuse his brother, for I never blame him for anything else.

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I must also add that to such people as me who are *au fait* of all that has passed, and have been treated in a confidential way by both, it is no very easy matter to know exactly how to deal with her if ever I pass the line of conversation beyond a common acquaintance. It is true, indeed, that her character is easily traced and followed, so that I know how to please her very well, and I find but one difficulty in it ; she has established a fixed rule of never uttering a single word before him that comes naturally into conversation, and makes the most trifling things matters of importance to deceive him about ; if the girl's cap is crooked, it's a law not to take notice of it before him ; if their hair is blowed one must not allow it before him, one must not advise them to wear gloves before him, one must not joke with them about a dog before him, one must not ask them if they have or have not read a book, and if one takes notice they look pale, or speaks of a cold or a sore throat they had, it's ruin, for then it discovers to him that they have not been well, which was secreted. These rules I ought to observe, I confess, because it's no business of mine, and as I know her rules I ought to follow them. But, in the first place, I'm of old *une peste publique* and forget them for ever ; secondly, I do think it so very, very foolish and more than foolish, that I cannot cordially give in to a system so opposite to what I not only think right, but what experience proves to me to be so in his case. For he is for ever making me complaints of that very system of hers. He says, "Is it not hard upon me that I am to hear of the complaints of my own children from strangers, who, not suspecting the ignorance I am in, come out with them by accident ? And why ? What do I do to deserve to be treated so ? If I do make a fuss about it, why must I not be permitted to do so ? I am not the only person who has the foible of making an unnecessary fuss. And if I do, surely it's a reason the more for not deceiving me, for 'tis owing to that very deceit that I never am satisfied. Are not these complaints unanswerable ? When I tell the wife of them, and entreat of her to alter her plan, she turns it all into ridicule, and says she knows best how to act."

From all this, you may conclude it requires a very cautious disposition to know all these rocks and not split on some one or other, and I who am the very reverse of it am for ever in



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

a scrape. He never forgets or forgives the least error when it's towards *him*. She both forgets and forgives very freely, but she expects one to be entirely of her opinion or else supposes one no more fit to be treated as a confidante, which arises from the violent prejudices she has imbibed. These are kept up by toad-eaters, in whose company she delights in, and whose judgment she holds so high, because it is only re-echoing her own. If any of *us* differ from her she don't take it ill, but she drops all sort of confidence in us. I should be very well satisfied to have it rest there, for to say the truth I hate being made a confidante of ; but unfortunately such a coolness follows her loss of confidence that it's quite distressing. For I see her fish for subjects of conversation with me, and seem so eager to leave me to go to her gossips that it gives me at first a great awkwardness. However, it is upon the whole the best footing I can be upon there. For the more I am treated like a stranger the less chance I have of displeasing them ; and therefore I am very well content to do it, because I shall at least keep up that sort of connection with her for me to be of use to her whenever it happens to suit her to want me. And that she may want me, poor soul, is possible any day. For however much she has increased her circle of what she calls dear friends, those very dear friends are by no means proof against all events in my mind, and they are not always at hand. So that for want of better she may possibly want me, for she cannot live alone. And whenever she does she will find me as sincerely desirous to give her every attention in my power as those friends do who profess violently, and who now lead her into a thousand erroneous ways (in my mind at least). One friend she has that is very deserving of all her confidence, and that is little Mrs Smith ; but unluckily she is but little at home. Adieu, my dearest sister. This subject has filled my letter, but I was willing to explain to you that I am no loss to her ; for if she was in distress for a friend no consideration should tempt me to keep at all away from her if I could go to her. I hope my next letter will be a short account of the return of dear Charles into harbour, for you must expect to hear of him soon.

Pray send your letters to Charles to me and I will take care of them.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

120. *Lady Sarah Lennox to William Ogilvie*

Itchenor, 21st September, [1778]

You will with reason wonder at me, my dear Mr Ogilvie, for being thus long without answering yours with the account about the inoculation, which believe me is a most interesting subject to me. But I was tempted day after day to defer writing in hopes of making my letter welcome with some news of dear Charles. But it's in vain to wait, since the French fleet is *incognito* somewhere or other, and as Admiral Keppel can't find it I must write my letter without news. But I hope it cannot be long before I shall give you a good account of our fleet, Admiral, and of dear Charles. In the mean time I long for news from your little hospital, and to know how my dear sister bears such anxiety. I hope in God she will go through it well, and take courage from the good omen of dear Edward's recovery. I am very sure your care will save her all possible vexation, but yet her poor nerves I dread will suffer from the exertion of them. The weather continues charming, and your account of your physician gives me every hope ! How happy I shall be when it's all over.

I have seen my brother but once this age. He is gone to his militia again. He is so-so as to health. He tells me a letter I sent him to send by the Brighthelmston packet to my sister was a long time delayed, so don't be surprised at the time of its being coming ; and you will see it's of no consequence, being only a gossiping letter.

You can't think how I please myself with the hopes of your coming over next spring. But as *my Louisa* says, " Lord ! what signifies Aunt Leinster's intentions ? We shall never see her ! " I fear it is too near true. And yet I can very easily account for all the delays there has been and think they were very right. But every year lessens those difficulties, as it's more the elder set than the young brood which may be prejudiced by moving.

There is no news stirring in our family, but that my poor brother George will fret his temper till it boils over. And I hear he is now threatening to declare to all our relations that it is not his fault he don't make up his quarrel with his



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brother. Now it will be a little hard to prove this without entering into a detail of the cause. This he can't in honour do because it brings in some circumstance that he can't tell, and which few men wish to tell ; but he, I believe, does wish they may come out, though he knows *he* can't tell them. So he is driving others to be provoked, and hopes they will come out with it. But he has mistaken his man, for his brother won't be provoked to do wrong, and all that will happen from this poor manoeuvre is that it provokes the eldest to grow intirely indifferent to the youngest and to break off all manner of connection with him. So that after all his floundering he must follow the hook at last, and will learn that if one will do wrong one had better do it with courage than meanly screen oneself under the excuse of being drove to it by the faults of others. For that is exactly the balance he is now in : he longs to make *un éclat*, but he would have others take the blame of it, and there is no trick he has not tried with all of them to drive them to it. Poor soul ! I pity him, for he suffers much the most by it. Adieu, my dear Mr Ogilvie, love to my dearest siss. Yours ever, etc.,

121. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

London, October the 22nd, 1778

My dear sister,

I ought before this to have informed you of poor Lady Holland's death,<sup>1</sup> who is at last relieved from a most wretched state of misery. Poor soul ! her illness wore her out, and she died very easily. She had recovered so much before that I came to town with an intention chiefly of seeing her, but she died the very day I came. And I am glad I did not see her, for her loss affects me sufficiently without the addition of seeing her suffer, poor soul. The dear little children have been with me a good deal since ; Caroline is a sweet girl, a pretty likeness of her mother, but so like her in manner, sensibility and countenance that it is very moving. She

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<sup>1</sup>Mary, Lady Holland, d. of consumption in Oct. 1778, at Holland House, leaving one dau., Caroline (1767-1845) ; and a son, Henry Richard, 3rd Lord Holland (1773-1840).

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

is very natural and unaffected I think because I know her poor mother's manner was not affected, although some people called it so. She let me into the secret that she did not like Lady Ossory, and that she *did* like my sister Louisa vastly; so I suppose she has heard something of there being a talk of her living with her, for I believe it is as yet only a *talk* and not fixed. My brother wants to have her and the boy too, who by the by is a very fine child and yet the image of Ste, of course ugly, but seems a very pleasant child. Poor Caroline is not reckoned to be as much hurt at her mother's death as was expected; but I think I never saw anything seem more like feeling in my life, for she talks of her all day, and seemed to like to tell me all she said and did; and when it made me cry she hugged me so tenderly I could swear she feels most sensibly her loss. But her feelings are of that delicate sort that the servants and common eyes don't perceive it. They are going to Lady Ossory's in the country now.

Louisa writes me word she comes at the meeting of Parliament—that is, next month—which you may be sure delights me not a little, for when once we can get her over early we can find reasons to keep her. I don't know if she has trusted you with her not being quite well, but the hot weather and sudden change did not agree with her, and brought on a little feverishness on her that hangs about her. This makes me the more impatient for her arrival, for change of air is the best thing for that; and besides I don't feel *à mon aise* if her finger aches at a distance from me.

Thank God, my dearest sister, all your troubles are over about your dear children. What a happy thing it is to have over. I wish I could tell you I've seen your dear seaman, *mais c'est un enfant perdu*; for the fleets are exactly the two armies at Brentford, and lie quite snug; for nobody knows anything of them here, except now and then Admiral Keppel sends in a little boat to say how do you do? and away it's gone again. I fear the dear Admiral's rheumatism is not the better for this autumn dawdling at sea. As for Charles, I don't *pity* him a bit as long as he is safe, though I dare say he is cursing and swearing at being kept out so long.

I have been getting my teeth doctored. I have got a cold, I am very cross and a little low-spirited, so that your charming



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

long letter, which I received yesterday, did me a great deal of good, and I shall answer it fully.

Your account of the partridges is charming. Pray, do you shoot the pretty creatures? If you do, pray save the feathers of the red-legged ones and give my little Louisa a muff of them some time or other; for she has a rage for pretty feathers, and keeps all the dunhill cocks' feathers she can find.

You ask me how I think my brother's spirits, and very naturally suppose them hurt by the conduct of *the cross gentleman* (which I think is the best name I can find for him). But to tell you the truth I don't think it lowers his spirits now; it provokes him, and has banished love, so that he acts *en philosophe*. And having been thoroughly convinced no good can be done, he really contrives never to think of it; and when he is drove to it by some new event he goes through his letter or conversation as he would take a dose of physic; chucks it down and away he goes to something else directly, so that he don't allow it to sour his mind. I think his spirits remarkably good this year, but his poor bowels are ailing for ever. The poor Duchess has been excessively low at the loss of her friend, Lady Thanet,<sup>1</sup> who died rather suddenly ten days ago.

Lady Louisa's mother has been dangerously ill, and sent for her express. So that we all have had something to vex us lately. I don't think Lady Lothian would in herself be a loss, but yet poor Lady Louisa would think so, for she is growing vastly fond of her again, and ill as Lady Lothian has used her she now has made Lady Louisa forget it completely.

I am very glad to find you approve of my intention of keeping *clear* of all parties in a certain family for the future. But I need not give myself any airs of what I *intend* to do, for I believe *he* has settled that matter for me by not allowing me to go there, which is a subject now *sur le tapis* between us, and I wait for his decision on the subject every day. The substance of my last letter to him is this: "I entreat of you "to explain to me clearly the cause of your forbidding me "to see your daughters. Is it merely from anger to me?"

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<sup>1</sup>Mary, dau. of Lord John Sackville; m. (1767) Sackville Tufton, 8th Earl of Thanet.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

" If so, I can only repeat what I have always endeavoured to  
 " convince you of, which is that if I have offended either you  
 " or your wife it is unintentionally, and I sincerely ask your  
 " pardon for it, and am ready to clear myself, whenever I'm  
 " called upon, from doing any mischief. Is it merely out of  
 " prudence with regard to your daughters as they are now  
 " coming into the world? If so, I have nothing to say; I  
 " only wish you would have accepted my repeated offers of  
 " avoiding it by degrees long ago, as it would have saved me  
 " the mortification you now give me if you put it on that  
 " ground. But if it is both together, then all I can say is that  
 " I am very grateful for your past goodness to me and cannot  
 " complain that you make it cease when the interest of your  
 " children appears to you to require it. I beg you answer  
 " to these questions, that I may have it in my power to shew  
 " you by acquiescing to your desire that I shall ever think  
 " myself obliged for the past, and remain very sincerely and  
 " affectionately yours, etc."

Perhaps, my dear sister, you will think that he can't avoid  
 sending a clear answer to this? And yet I will lay any bet  
 he sends one from which it will be impossible for me to find  
 out his intentions, for he has the knack of puzzling a question  
 beyond all description.

But to go to a more amiable subject—dearest Louisa! How  
 does she contrive to keep out of all scrapes? Why, by holding  
 her tongue to be sure. She is closeness itself, for the deuce  
 a word will she utter that can be turned into any form but  
 that she gave it; however, even *she* is not proof in that  
 family, I promise you, if she was once launched into the sea  
 of *tracasseries* that reign there. But I dare say she would  
 stem the tide better than anybody else, for I never saw any-  
 thing like her prudence—it is beyond all imagination. For  
 example: "All you tell me of the Bellamonts is Greek and  
 Latin to me. All I ever heard of it was one night at Lady  
 Roden's (the house of commiserating scandal). Lady Harriet  
 began sighing to me about Mrs C. Ponsonby. I cried *Anan*  
 and stared." So it comes out that they had been telling Louisa  
 for an age of this affair, and she had never hinted it to me.  
 You may guess how I admired her for this *retenue*, which I  
 should never have thought of. But you must know that



such is my aversion to the Jocelyn style of scandal that my dislike of it got the better of my dislike to Lord Bellamont. And so I set off defending him, and insisting upon it was no such thing, and told the whole sisterhood that it was such moanings as theirs that created harm where there was none; that they would bring it to Emily's ears and then they must take all the mischief that followed upon their consciences. For that if once Mrs Ponsonby found herself abused she would then not think it worth her while to save appearances even; and that the more a woman was abused the more the obstinacy of human nature made her stick to her love, and made a fancy often take the form of an attachment; that it was good people's lamentations that did all the mischief, not ill-natured people's abuse. In short, I believe I frightened them a little for the time, for they said, "Lord bless me! do you think so? Good God! how sorry I should be if I was to do any mischief." From that time to this dear Louisa has never named it but in the most slighting way laughed at Emily's adoration for Mrs Ponsonby. And we agreed, as I dare say you do, that if it don't vex her it is no business of anybody else's. And I am sure you are one of those whom it don't provoke like the Jocelyns, Crosbys etc., etc., and many other good folks that I know in this world who are upon thorns if two people love each other, as if it robbed them of their share. I've no patience with that style. I allow one's friends to be really vexed if they see one doing wrong; but for common acquaintances to be so vastly anxious about what don't concern them puts me past my patience.

I am very glad you have taken so good a turn about Lord Bellamont, for indeed, by all accounts, his character is too despicable to be hated. And you, unluckily, gave him a field to act upon that made him appear to have more mischief than he has head to execute. Whereas if you had wisely left Emily with Lady Kildare when you came to England, and had wisely stayed till she *was* married, you would have had no *démêlés* with him. But you did not take it up with a high hand at first, but you must be meek, and Lady Barrymore would add what I've too much respect to say of so good a head as yours. But, in short, you misplaced your meekness, and Lord Bellamont trampled upon it and despised that very

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humility in you which I've heard my brother say was the greatest proof of your good sense that it was possible to give. In short, it is quite right that Lord Bellamont should make a bad use of what my brother commends you for, the same sentiment must be felt diametrically opposite by those two men.

There is no talking to you about Emily because you must know her best. But it seems to me as if prejudice had entirely absorbed all her faculties, which lie dormant while she is governed by him; and whenever she changes her teacher she will be as absurd the other way. But pray how came you to let a child of yours be under the power of prejudice? That is what amazes me most. As for her unkindness, I do believe that one moment of seeing you would upset the whole fabric he has been building against you. But, indeed, I fear it would at the same time open her eyes to his bad heart and make her miserable, so that one can hardly wish you to meet. Because I hope you leave her place in your heart vacant to receive her whenever she does return to it, as she certainly will the moment the deception is over, poor thing. I am glad she is with Lady Charlotte Talbot<sup>1</sup> as you say it will please her. If she meets Lady Cranbourne<sup>2</sup> there her rigid virtue will make her try to open Emily's eyes perhaps, and then they will quarrel or poor Emily will be miserable; you've made me curious about their history, which I fancy is quite new and entertaining and I will make Louisa tell it me.

I am a sad body to recommend you story-books, for I've left off reading them, not from any reason but the want of somebody to recommend them to me, as none of my Sussex friends ever read one except the Duchess, and she has, I think, a very bad taste, so I don't follow it much. But as I'm in town I'll try to enquire for some. I conclude you get all the English books of note, such as Mr Gibbon's,<sup>3</sup> Phillip the Second, and the History of America by Robertson.<sup>4</sup> I admire Philip

<sup>1</sup> Lady Charlotte Hill (d. 1804); 3rd dau. of Wills, Earl of Hillsborough; m. (1776) Hon. John Chetwynd Talbot (later Earl Talbot).

<sup>2</sup> Lady Emily Mary Hill (d. 1835), dau. of Wills, Earl of Hillsborough; m. (1773) James Cecil, Visct. Cranbourne (later 1st Marquess of Salisbury).

<sup>3</sup> Edward Gibbon (1737-94), the historian. The 1st vol. of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* had been published in 1776.

<sup>4</sup> William Robertson, historian (1721-93).



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

the Second of all things (I mean the history, not the man, as you may guess), and think the Prince of Orange's character very like my brother's.

I have enquired for books and can hear but of one story-book worth having, which I will send to my brother's to send to you.

Since I began this I find the little Foxes are not to belong to any of our family, to my great sorrow. Lady Warwick<sup>1</sup> has desired to have Caroline and so Lord Ossory has agreed to it. She is well spoken of, and I hope will be careful of that sweet child. I suppose you know she is the eldest of Mr Vernon's daughters. Good God! how old I feel to remember Mr Vernon *before* he was married, and that his daughter is now going to take the care of a girl! I suppose that nasty Lady Ossory has plotted this scheme in order to have the direction of the girl by proxy at least, for Lady Warwick I've a notion is meek and gentle. The boy is to be with Lord Ossory. I believe Lady Dowager Lothian is given over, for my brother, George, is gone down to Milton Abbey, where she and Lady Louisa are. The newspapers of to-day assure me that you are come to your house in Upper Brook Street for the winter. I wonder who they mean—does not Lord Bellamont live there? Perhaps it's them, and as you were the last tenant of his house it passes for you. I have no news or gossip to tell you, for there is none stirring, and if there was I see nobody to tell it me. The old Duke of Queensbury is dead and Lord March<sup>2</sup> succeeds him, and has proposed himself to the second Miss Churchill. You know the eldest married Lord Cadogan,<sup>3</sup> I suppose. I don't admire misses who marry men old enough to be their fathers; it may be very prudent but it is not natural, and yet those girls are vastly liked in general. *C'est un établissement*, but not of *convenances*, in my mind, *car rien ne se convient si peu qu'une*

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Vernon, dau. of Richard Vernon; m. (1776) (as his 2nd wife) George, 2nd Earl of Warwick. She was step-daughter of John Fitzpatrick 1st Earl of Upper Ossory.

<sup>2</sup> William Douglas, 3rd Earl of March (1724-1810), grandson of Lord William Douglas, 2nd son of William Douglas, 1st Duke of Queensberry; He succ. as 4th Duke in 1778. He was latterly known as 'Old Q.'

<sup>3</sup> Mary Churchill, dau. of Col. Churchill; m. (1777) 3rd Lord (later 1st Earl) Cadogan, from whom she was divorced in 1798.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

*jeune fille et un vieillard*, which after all Lord March *is*. By the by, do you know the story of George Selwyn and his child? If you don't, it will be no news to you to tell you he has got her at last. Her history is a comical one: a Monsieur and Madame la Marquise de Fagniani, of *great* family in Italy, arrive in London about eight or nine years ago; Lord March is *le galant de Madame*, and she produces a little girl,<sup>1</sup> and soon after returns to Italy leaving this child in Lord March's house because it was too young to travel; Mr. Selwyn saw it neglected and took pity of it; and pity is akin to love, you know, so that by degrees he takes such a fancy to this child that he makes himself its nurse; (*nota bene* that he is of a most attached disposition and loves children naturally). The world said he made this fuss only to brag of Lord March's having a child; others abused him; and all laughed to see the famous George Selwyn airing twice a day in a coach with the nurse and child and nursery maid. Whether opposition made him grow fonder of it I can't tell, but he took it entirely into his care. And when, about a year ago, the father and mother wrote for it to return, he wrote to the minister at Florence or Milan (I forget which) to propose to them to give it him and to promise to settle all his money on it. The minister answered that it was a sort of thing he could not venture to mention to so great a family, so he was forced to send her to Paris to meet them. But he could not bear her absence, and so he got a passport to go to Italy, where he has been, and has obtained his dear Mimi, as he calls her, and is now at Paris. Is it not a comical story? It's a pity she is ugly, which she is.

I have run on with Mimi's story till I've filled my paper and have only room to add my love to Mr Ogilvie and the dear boys, and to Sophia if she has any idea of her godmother, who thinks she should like her vastly by what she hears of her. So Lucy sighs for English dolls, and the children in England sigh for French ones—it's the way of the world. Adieu, my dear sister, ever most truly and affectionately yours,

S. L.

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<sup>1</sup> Maria Fagniani (afterwards Marchioness of Hertford), born in 1771. Selwyn adopted her, and left her a considerable sum of money at his death.



[1778]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

122. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Friday, 30th October, 1778

My dear sister,

Admiral Keppel is arrived safe and in tolerable health, considering twenty-five days of bad weather at sea; and dear Charles is expected every hour. But I don't find the *Arethusa* is yet come in, though I've sent twice to the Admiralty to know. However, I hope that by next post you'll receive a letter from him, as I've wrote to him to Portsmouth to tell him the post day that his letter may be in time, if he arrives in time to write it. I can tell you no news but the general talk, which is that the Admiral has been very ill used. But this is not from *him*, for if he has he will not say it but in a proper manner. Lord Howe is returned and gone into the country without coming to town. It's the Howe fashion to be silent. One would imagine that their services deserved some little applause for playing a losing game so well, but as they were not blood-thirsty they are fallen into oblivion and their names as little thought of as if they *were not*.

If *words* will pacify them His Majesty says all sorts of civil things of them and of Admiral Keppel. But we shall see at the meeting of Parliament if Lord George Germain<sup>1</sup> and Lord Sandwich<sup>2</sup> don't do as I've read a Persia noble did in the reign of some tyrant, viz: touch his head every time he went out of his court to see if it was safe upon his shoulders—for if *theirs* are safe they have more luck than merit.

I believe that it's since I wrote to you that Lady Louisa Lennox is come to town with her poor mother, who is still senseless. It is a most dreadful situation, and nothing but Lady Louisa's resolution and natural spirits could go through the task she did in bringing her to town and settling everything in the noble way she has done. For as Lady Lothian *may* recover her senses and health everybody was afraid of

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<sup>1</sup> Lord George Sackville (1716-85), 3rd s. of 1st Duke of Dorset, took the name of Germain (1770) on succeeding to Lady Betty Germain's estate of Drayton, and was cr. Visct. Sackville in 1782. He was well-known both as soldier and politician.

<sup>2</sup> John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich (1718-92).

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

taking upon them to act as if she could not recover. But Lady Louisa, foreseeing the danger of the roguery of servants in such a state, has sealed up every individual thing, and given the keys to Lady Emily,<sup>1</sup> who, poor thing, is meek and too miserable to act for herself, and Lord Lothian is not quite well with his mother and declined doing such things. So Lady Louisa did it, and says, "Why, all that can happen is that if she recovers and has left me a legacy she will cut me off of it, but my sister will have it and that's all I want to secure." I can't say I think this likely, for Lady Lothian is a woman of too much sense to be so wrongheaded. But I do adore Lady Louisa for her running the risk of it for her sister's sake, as it may make a great difference to Lady Emily. Indeed, the intrinsic worth of Lady Louisa is beyond all comparison, and whenever circumstances call it out it shines like a bright sun and disperses all the little clouds of prejudice so completely that she seems to have had foibles only to give one the pleasure of overseeing them the moment she exerts herself. Her kindness to me since she has been in town is unspeakable. And her mortification (at his never having come near her since her first going to Milton, in Dorsetshire, where she went to first, which is now a fortnight) makes her kindness so moving that I love her better than ever, I think. I wish Mr Ogilvie or you would write her a few lines to express your concern about the melancholy and affectionate task she undertook of bringing her mother to town, who was expected to expire every hour in the coach with her. Nothing but the most affectionate and resolute mind could have gone through it. She does not think or wish her mother to live, for she is very *unlikely* to recover her senses. Adieu, my dear sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

S. L.

I can't get any *new* novels; have you got these old ones: *Nourjahad*, *Memoirs of Mrs Williams*, *Man of the World*?<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Emily Ker.

<sup>2</sup> *Man of the World*, by Charles Macklin (1697-1797).



[1778]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

123. *Lady Sarah Lennox to William Ogilvie.*

London, November 3rd [1778]

I shall certainly not address myself to her Grace, since she meant to serve me such a trick, but thank *you*, my dear Mr Ogilvie, for your little letter. And so I have not deigned to do more to the letter I sent than write (*par Gien*) upon it; but I'm afraid she will be in such good humour at that same letter that my revenge will be lost upon her. I guess it's from Charles, but like mother like son; for though I've wrote the rogue two letters he has not added a single word in the cover that enclosed his, and it's only by the Portsmouth mark that I guess at its being his. But I suppose he was in such a hurry not to miss the post night that he forgot it, and so I returned good for evil and have sent him my sister's letter by the return of the post, and an invitation to Goodwood, where I'm going this week. Lady Louisa and I go together as far as Rooks Hill (for her mother remains in the same state), and there we part. Did I tell you my Louisa is at Bright-helmston bathing in the open sea, and diverting herself with three companions whom the Duchess has got the care of for a time: Miss Campbell, her cousin, and the Ladies Tufton, Lord Thanet's daughters? It was excessively good of the Duchess to offer to take so much trouble, but she was desirous to amuse Louisa and at the same time do her good, so she proposed this jaunt for her. I brought her to town, had her teeth put in order and sent her. But I own I feared a little for the riot it would make in her little brain, as I had no servant of authority to send with her, and she is in the care of a maid of the Duchess. So I expect to find her run wild at her return, and yet I am not a little proud of the appearance there is of her being to be depended upon; for I've a very good account of her behaviour from the Duchess. And Louisa has not missed once writing to me three times a week since she went, which I think is much to her credit. And my vanity makes me enclose a letter of hers, which I beg my sister's opinion of, who is so used to children, she is a good judge if I am too partial when I say that a girl who at ten years old is in a manner left to herself, writes constantly three times a week,

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

it's a sign she is to be depended on, although she is naturally giddy and irregular. And her letter, though neither well wrote nor well spelt, is very well for being entirely her own. I don't think that at fifteen I either wrote or spelt so well—but I flatter myself Louisa will never resemble me in anything. I am very happy to hear all the little ones are so well and my sister so lively—but pray put her in mind that dancing don't agree with her. And if she has forgotten it I have not, that dancing with Eddy many years ago did her mischief. And although I don't take the liberty of saying she is breeding, yet you know one may suppose such a thing without offence.

I hear from servants that Mr Bolle is getting a house for the Duke and Duchess of Leinster for the winter. You will come in the spring, won't you? And we will keep Louisa by force here till you come. I have not heard from her lately, but expect a letter every day to say when she is to come.

There was a report that Lady Bellamont was come to London, so says Lady Albemarle to me "If she is, I hope she will let me know. For I shall leave my name with her (though I don't approve of his conduct) for her mother's sake, who, I am sure, would desire me to do it. But then she must tell me when she comes, for I can't be routing after their lodging."

She is a delightful old lady, and never gives up those she loves. You asked me what she did at S.? Why, she sees, is sorry, and does her utmost to keep everybody in good humour; and is often of use to others. But it lowers her spirits, for she is too old to bear being agitated.

124. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 28th November, 1778

Ever since I heard of Charlotte's accident I have been very much averse to writing to you, my dearest sister, from the fear that any expression of mine should make you fancy you were not very truly informed of every circumstance. But as I now find from a letter of Louisa's she has been perfectly sincere with you, I cannot any longer delay expressing my anxiety about you.



[1778]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I will say nothing relative to poor Charlotte, as I know how foolish it is to argue against fears, and how impossible it is for you not to have them. But only let me tell you that a servant in this house was given over in the same case for many weeks, and is now perfectly well; it's some years past and therefore is a cure to be depended on, and you see I can vouch for the truth of it.

I have received your letter for Charles and one for myself, in which I was very happy to find you seemed so well. You bid me nurse Charles if he will let me; that's just what he won't do. For the moment I heard he was ill I wrote to him to come to me, or go to London; or if he could do neither to follow my physical prescriptions which were *not* to be blooded, to drink wine, to live high and send for leave to go to town.

I hear he is gone to London and is better. But I don't hear it from *him*, which I intend to scold him for, as I had much rather he had wrote to me in one stupid line that he was well, than two entertaining letters he wrote me without it. I took care that his modest request to you (to thank rather than ask Admiral Keppel for favours) should not be lost; and so I wrote Lady Albemarle word of it, who was all eagerness to tell it the Admiral. When the Admiral first arrived (before I had heard this) he told Lady Albermarle that he wished Charles promoted, but that he kept the little interest he had for those who had no other friends but him; and that he wished Charles would get the Duke of Leinster to get him promoted. I fancy Charles will rout his brother about it, and I hope succeed.

It seems odd that I should write to you about your poor daughter Emily *pour vous égayer*, but I really think it will make you smile to hear that she was going to Lady Charlotte Talbot's, but being willing not to part with her dear Mrs Ponsonby she wrote such a letter as made it almost necessary for Lady Charlotte to ask Mrs Ponsonby. But the deuce a bit. Lady Charlotte's answer was that when she had left Mrs Ponsonby she should be glad to see her. So now poor Emily is biding at Kensington with Mrs Ponsonby, and my Lord's in Ireland. I've a notion this *débüter* of hers into the world seems odd. Lady Louisa told it me with a sly, odd look in naming Mrs Ponsonby, by which I guess there is some story. But I would not ask the particulars, as I

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

suspect poor Emily makes but a foolish figure in it all. And, though *I* never despise any mortal for being imposed upon, ever so grossly, yet as I know Lady Louisa *does*, I would not enquire.

You say I never told you my brother George's answer to my letter. Why, then you don't know the snail's pace in which all transactions with him proceed. He only sent me word he could not send one because he was going to Lady Louisa, who was with her mother, who was taken ill. He never went during five weeks of her absence, and is just gone to town now she is come down (on Lady Lothian's death) with her sister. But he has not answered my letter a bit the more for that. Lady Louisa is, as I told you, very good to me. But her affection for me is gone, I fear, entirely. Perhaps I have nobody to blame for it but myself, and therefore I will not allow myself to lay any blame on others; though one is always inclined to think one's disgrace owing to enemies in some measure, even if one has been to blame. This idea and the seeing her cooled to me has very much cooled my wish to being reconciled to him unless he is inclined to it; and I wait with patience.

Lady Emily Ker is Lady of the Bed-chamber to Princess Emily, which she likes, so one can't pity her. And her mother has left her £1400 a year, I mean in all, her fortune included; so she is very well off.

I long to hear the event of this year's Parliament. But I'm afraid war, war is the only certain consequence of it. The Dutch war is now grown but too probable. We are weak and they are glad to oppress us; and we are not only weak but obstinate, too, which is our ruin. I never heard of impeachments but from you. I can't think it very probable and not to be talked of beforehand, unless they are kept secret on purpose. I don't wonder you are shocked at her account of the London world, for it sounds very bad indeed. And as a poor ignorant country gentlewoman I can't but say it makes me stare a little. However, I keep my judgement in suspense, because I don't find everybody agree in the same story, and I perceive prejudice and pique often makes a great difference in accounts. The gaming is certain and a certain evil. But as to gallantry, my brother tells me what I must



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

*express à la française, viz., que le physique n'a que très peu de part parmi ce monde là; les apparences et la galanterie tiennent lieu de l'amour, on s'affiche, on se passionne, on se perd, mais ce n'est tout que pour rien.*

Dress, parade, *tracasseries*, gaming and quarreling take up too much time to do anything else. And, besides, the gentlemen are as perfectly indifferent about the ladies as the ladies can possibly be about them. All the men abuse the women's characters *à tort et à travers*, and it passes for nothing; their character does not suffer the least by it, as nobody believes them, and they forgive the men, who do just as well *pour figurer* as if they had some little degree of honour.

So Mr Ogilvie reads plays very well in *your* mind; I don't at all doubt it, and I know of nothing more agreeable than that talent. I love being read to vastly, and in most of my imaginary dreams of the happiest state in life I always represent to myself a husband, wife and children living in a pretty country house, with just neighbours enough to make them enjoy Madame Sévigné's<sup>1</sup> pleasure of being rid of them, and friends enough to draw them from home now and then; but the chief part of their life being spent just as you spend yours at Aubigni, busy with education, and amused with reading in a family way in common in the evening—I must not forget a little planting and improvements, just to keep one out a good deal and make one fancy one has a great deal of business which enlivens one.

I am very glad Eddy's eyes are well again, indeed, for you know one always dreads your children's eyes being sore. How happy you must be to have passed over all the smallpox so well! A poor unhappy mother of my acquaintance has just lost a child by inoculation, and unhappily she did it, I believe, against her husband's opinion. She suckled it, too, herself, so that everything contributes to make my heart ache for her. Besides, I'm convinced it's by ill management of the surgeon that it died.

I think your good luck will give you courage about the rest of yours, particularly if you come to England, where the physicians will tell you the complaint in their blood will not

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<sup>1</sup> Marie, Marquise de Sévigné (1626-96), celebrated French letter-writer.

[1778]

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

the least affect the smallpox. You never name your little Emily<sup>1</sup>—does she promise to be a beauty? I hear your granddaughters are beautiful, and like you: is it not very impertinent of them to have robbed their aunts of their share of beauty? I'm glad to hear the little Duchess improves, and I don't doubt it, for she only wants *fashioning*, not *qualities*, I do believe; at least, I like her vastly.

I'm made very happy by your approbation of my dear little Louisa. I showed her your commendation in which you said she would be the comfort of my old age; she coloured, her eyes glistened with tears and she said, "I hope so, Mama." If her temper was as good as her heart and her head I should not have a wish left. But she is a little self-sufficient, easily affronted and does not easily forget it, so that she is liable to mortifications, and they will hurt her. But I have great hopes that even this turn to sulkiness will be subdued; for she hides it to strangers, and overcomes it when she sees me hurt at it. But upon common occasions she gives way to it. And it's very troublesome to us in our lessons, for if I find fault she mutters for the rest of the time. But I dare say it's as much my fault, perhaps more; for I'm the very worst governess that ever was, and yet it's neither for want of pains nor wishes to succeed, but for want of the talent of teaching, which ends in her being terribly backward. Adieu, my dear sister, my love to all yours. I long to hear how you are. I am ever yours,

S. L.

125. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 12th December, 1778

I most heartily wish you joy, my dear sister, of Charlotte's entire recovery, and write to you now with some degree of comfort. I had a letter from Louisa informing me of it, and also of Charles walking in one night to Castletown, with his ticket of leave, upon which is wrote inveterate scurvy en-

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<sup>1</sup>Emily Charlotte Ogilvie, to whom Emily, Duchess of Leinster, had recently given birth.



[1778]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

titling him to the hospital, which is seems is a form. But he looks, she says, *rien moins que cela*, and seems vastly well and in spirits. I enclose you a letter for Mercadié as you *bid* me make you pay for it, and also a letter I got from Lady Albemarle, which will tell you the news of Admiral Keppel's impeachment in a way that won't alarm you, if indeed you could ever be so at any attack on him, who is so above them all. Pray, what newspapers do you get? Not the *Morning Post*, I hope, for it's full of lies and no news. The *General Advertiser* has the best intelligence and gives, as I am told, a very correct account of the speeches in the debates, which entertains me vastly.

I sent my brother Richmond the story-book for you, and with it a doll for Lucy, dressed *à l'anglaise* by my particular direction. But I'm afraid it's at Brighthelmston still, so don't tell Lucy of it till it comes. I mean also to send you the *Annual Register*, which is reckoned very good, as the account of the war is supposed to be written by Mr Burke. There is also a book of all the debates of last year—I should think Mr Ogilvie would like it. I shall send it at a venture.

You will see by Lady Albemarle's letter the *début* that poor Emily makes in the town of London. I have not heard from my brother what he has done about her and her Lord; but I suspect he has done *nothing*, and I'm not sorry for it if it will mortify his Lordship. I would almost lay a wager that if my brother Richmond does nothing about him my brother George will be civil to him, for that is commonly the case. The latter has taken it into his head to be quite rude to the Sussex militia, who are now quartered at Chichester; by which he shows more personal pique to my brother than I thought he would ever do, as it cannot do any sort of harm to any mortal but himself. Charles is lieutenant in this same militia, but I don't find his genius is at all military beyond the red coat and the shew of it, and I fancy he will consider of it before he engages in the army. He is grown quite a giant, and broad in proportion; and what is odd he grows handsome too, for his eyebrows are growing dark which gives him a most animated look, and his complexion is so brilliant that he really is handsome. His sisters improve too. Indeed, they are a very handsome family altogether.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I hope Mr Ogilvie gets good hunting. We have had incessant rains for a month. The party here is to begin next week, but it won't be large, I believe. I suppose you know that Mrs Damer, who had brought Madame de Barrè over, has with the most proper attention carried the poor soul back again, being determined not to quit her till she had delivered her safely into her relations' care. What a shocking event it was ! There is a still worse event of that sort in the loss of Mr Ackland,<sup>1</sup> who was killed by a fall on his head in a duel. 'Tis not that *he* is a loss, but poor Lady Harriet<sup>2</sup> is, I hear, quite distracted. You know what a time she passed in America, and her lying-in at Saratoga? She was just come home, and enjoying the comforts of it, when this event happened. I often hear from her sister, Lady Susan, who is very comfortably settled in Dorsetshire, under the protection of the Dowager Lady Ilchester,<sup>3</sup> who is uncommonly good to them, Mr O'Brien<sup>4</sup> and she go on very happily if they had but a little more money to live on. Adieu, my dear sister. Ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

Love to Mr Ogilvie and the children.

126. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

London, Tuesday, 15th December, 1778

My dear sister,

My brother has been very ill, but is now, thank God, out of danger. I was so much alarmed as to come to town, for I could not rest in peace at so great a distance. I came to Lady Albemarle's for fear of alarming him by my sudden appearance, so I have not seen him yet. But before night I shall, and will finish my letter with an exact account of him.

<sup>1</sup> Col. Ackland (d. 1778), el. s. of Sir Thomas Ackland, Bt. He had died as a result of wounds received in the American War.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Harriet Christian Fox-Strangways (1750-1815), dau. of Stephen Fox, 1st Earl of Ilchester, and sis. of Lady Susan O'Brien. She m. (1770) Col. Ackland.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Strangways, (1722/3-92) m. (1735-36) Stephen Fox, 1st Earl of Ilchester.

<sup>4</sup> William O'Brien (d. 1815), an Irish actor. He had m. (1764) Lady Susan Fox-Strangways.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Richmond House

I have seen my dearest brother, who says he is so much better that I am not to mind his being as weak as water, which he is. His complaint is what they call spasms in his bowels, which occasioned a bloody flux with such violent pain nothing ever equalled it. But as there was no inflammation or fever attending it the danger is past, provided he is careful of himself, and he promises he will be so. Doctor Heberden has attended him and says he need not come any more, so I hope in God he looks upon it as quite over.

I tell you the *facts*, for as to my own judgment I can give none. I'm frightened, flurried and not yet used to the idea enough to judge, so that my letter must not alarm you if it's not satisfactory, because everybody says he is safe that know anything of the matter.

I will write every post. Don't be alarmed about Admiral Keppel, for all his friends are in good spirits. The court martial is to be the 7th. Adieu. Yours, my dear sister,

S. L.

*Postscript in the Duke of Richmond's handwriting—*

I must add a line myself to tell you that I feel the grounds of my complaint removed, and that I have only now those uncomfortable feels of soreness and lassitude and weakness which are hourly mending. Yours ever most affectionately,

Richmond

127. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

London, 22nd December, 1778

My dear sister,

My brother is well according to *rule*, for he had a pretty good night, has a tolerable stomach and goes out now. But yet he is very unwell indeed; he has a languor, a lowness, and some little pains left. I wish to God he was gone from this town which worries him sadly, but he is not impatient to go. The Duchess is not quite well; the agitation she has been in has made her bilious. And my brother won't go till she is quite well. I hope by next post to write you word he is the better for being at Goodwood.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I would not have you make yourself too happy about my brother George, for I own my heart fails me a little about being too sanguine in my hopes. I think the pros and cons are in a balance, and I cannot find cause to expect the reconciliation will or will not last. My brother George is in some things wonderfully odd, for he not only expects one to do what he wishes, but if one did not do it of one's own accord he won't take it as the least favour. So that unless one has the good luck to have been inspired by the same thought, one can't always please him. On the other hand, he is so inclined to make it up, and my brother so very desirous to please him, that I think it cannot fail of success—but it's a lottery. I hope the first comfortable visit at Goodwood will settle all this with the help of the dear girls.

I have the pleasure to inform you of the perfect good health and good looks of your sons, Charles and Henry. The former is at last grown quite handsome in *my* opinion. I know he has been so in his own a great while, but he never was so in mine before. He looks fat and comfortable and clean and well dressed.

My brother has undertaken to physic Henry nine times, and to see it done, so you may be quite easy about him. He never has had any cough at all and looks vastly well. I assure you my brother is excessively attentive to him, for yesterday he did not return quite so soon as he expected from the play, and he was in high fidgets about him. Henry went to-day to dine with Emily at Kensington, but he is gone to the Opera, so I don't know anything of his visit. I hear from Mrs Close (that was Miss Waring) that when they were in Lancashire his Lordship received all the civil offers of the country gentlemen and visits by his steward; and he borrowed all the people's things for his use while he stayed, and yet kept a grand equipage, so that meanness and show were wonderfully united. I hear they are to have a house in London soon.

I am sure, my dear sister, that you will be pleased because I am pleased with Sir Charles's<sup>1</sup> kindness to my dear little Louisa. He has sent for her, and likes her vastly, and has given her a general invitation to his house. I believe this

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Bunbury.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

will surprise you. But you will stare much more when I tell you that he desired to see me, and I have seen him twice. My part of the interview is soon told, for I cried the whole time. But his manner is too uncommon not to be explained fully. His sensibility at seeing my distress was very great. But instead of trying to console me by his manner of talking over the past, he took quite another method. He talked to me exactly like an old friend whom he was rejoiced to see, he conversed precisely in the same manner we used to do (love being left out of the question); for he told me all his family affairs, consulted me, advised me, treated me like a person whom he had the greatest confidence in. In short, his manner was so completely friendly that, though nothing could at the time compose me, the reflection of it now puts me more at my ease than I ever thought it possible to be on his account. He told me, and he seemed to speak very truly, that he had not a grain of resentment, that he was very happy, that he liked me so much he should be miserable if I was not happy, and that the seeing me has given him infinite pleasure because I assured him I was happy and content. Indeed, the seeing him look so perfectly well in health, so satisfied, so forgiving and so cheerful has amidst all the remorse (I feel now more than ever) given me a satisfaction which no words can express. I am sadly hurt to find Louisa so dreadfully afraid of him that she cannot surmount her terror of seeing him. It is the oddest fear, for nothing could give it her but some odd imagination of her own that has taken possession of her mind and which she won't communicate to me. She is an odd child. But this fear she has vexes me sadly, and the more she sees it hurts me the more she feels it increase, I believe.

Adieu, my dear sister. Ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

128. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, Saturday, 26th December [1778]

My dear sister,

I have given Henry a commission to write to you every post about my brother because I am going to Itchenor. In

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

the meantime, I will tell you how he is as far as to-day. The journey I do not think hurt him, for he was remarkably well yesterday evening after it ; but he went up to the water closet, the cold of which struck his bowels, gave him pain and a purging in the night ; he slept ill and is by no means well. He is gone out in the chaise, the day is sunshine and a slight frost, so I think it was the best thing he could do. I hope Henry, who will write to you again on Monday, will tell you that he is right again. The Duchess who had made herself ill by attending him, will be down to-night. I really believe Goodwood will do him good because the sort of company (for the party is to come) he has here suits him : they divert him without worrying him with business. And I assure you he wants amusement, for he dare not employ himself as he likes to do, and being idle makes him want variety.

He delights in your boy, as indeed every creature does. It's no news to tell you how he chatters, I suppose, and how he rattles sense and nonsense. But it may be news to you to tell you that the moment his back is turned my brother says, "It's impossible not to love that boy, for as he comes out with everything he thinks, one sees every minute he thinks exactly right about everything." You see what a favourite he is by that.

Charles is at Portsmouth ; I told you how well he looks. Henry is physicked at a fine rate poor fellow, but not easily worked, so he is well dosed.

Adieu, my dear sister. I only wrote you these few lines that I might be sure you knew the state of my dear brother's health once more from me. If there should be any material alteration I am sure he will write to you himself. Love to Mr Ogilvie. I am ever yours most affectionately and sincerely,

S. L.

The Admiral's affairs are in the same way, still fixed for the 7th.



[1779]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1779

129. *Lady Sarah Lennox to William Ogilvie*

Goodwood, January 14th, 1779

Dear Mr Ogilvie,

I received yours for which I return you a thousand thanks, and can never often enough repeat that I write to my sister only upon condition that my letters are looked upon as journals of any events she is interested in, and not as letters that require an answer. Not but that I am always very happy when I get them, or that she makes you her secretary, which I reckon the same thing. Her anger and indignation about the Admiral's infamous treatment can't exceed that of all those who know him. I wish it was in my power to give you the most regular accounts of the court martial,<sup>1</sup> but I cannot, because that when my brother has left Goodwood my news must be picked up here and there, and you may guess the surprising *lies* that go about ; and those I don't choose to write, as they give me the trouble of contradicting it again. As I foresaw this difficulty I wrote to Lady Albemarle to desire her to cut out the newspapers' daily account and enclose it to you, to see if they would let it pass, which will tell you all the facts with but small additions of lying. As for the general turn of the affair, circumstances alone can point them out, and those I will inform you of when I hear them.

As yet the trial has an exceeding good appearance. The president, Sir Thomas Pye, and the members all appear to act with great propriety, and no foul play has appeared except in a Captain Hood of the *Robuste*, whose log-book (journal) has been altered since Mr Keppel's affair came into question ; and the general disapprobation it has met with shews that the very few who are base enough to think wrong dare not own it. Your son Charles's Captain Marshall is the first who gave evidence, and so much in favour of the Admiral that it was charming. I hear Charles himself is to be an evidence, but

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<sup>1</sup> The court-martial of Admiral Keppel began on 7 Jan., 1779, and lasted 32 days. Admiral Keppel was acquitted. The court-martial had been demanded as a result of Keppel's apparent failure to engage the French fleet decisively in the naval actions the previous year.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

I conclude it's on some trifling circumstance, as I can't suppose so young a seaman's opinion will be asked, only relative to some fact. I dare say that *if* his opinion was asked, as it was of his Captain, he would make the same answer, viz: "I do affirm the Admiral did his utmost to beat the French, so help me God!" Don't you love such a warm heart?

Captain Digby has been very shuffling and full of compliments—a nasty toad! Don't you hate him for it? A compliment where truth alone is praise is a sure mark of design.

The Admiral is, thank God, well, and I believe in good spirits from the joy everybody must feel to find themselves so adored. All the first men in the navy publicly declare that they will never serve again if he meets with the least disgrace. All the Scotch are for him to the no small surprise of most prejudiced English, and it does them great credit it is true, for it is not the way to pay court.

The trial may last an age, and it may be shortened according to the will of the court, who will probably grow tired of Sir Hugh's<sup>1</sup> tediousness which all appears to no purpose; for he has asked leave to look over the log-books for information relative to his charge. To which the court said that was quite unnecessary, as they concluded he would not have made his charge before he was fully informed. In short, things look vastly well. But I own I can't recover my surprise at the idea of ministry venturing to expose themselves to get such a scandalous name without surer grounds of revenge. I do them the honour to have too good an opinion of their sense to suppose they will shew their teeth and not bite, so that I feel afraid without knowing of what. Now for my dearest brother: he is delightfully well, considering. He returned for a few days here to rest himself, finding it went on so slow; and I really don't think it has done him any harm. His bowels seem now in their former state, only that we are easier alarmed at a little gripy now and then than we used to be; but, indeed, we have no reason to complain.

Henry merits the greatest praises, for he is, I believe, very eager to go to Portsmouth, both out of curiosity and to be with Charles. But he himself thinks that it is better not to

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Hugh Palliser, Admiral Keppel's second-in-command.



lose precious time, and he sticks very closely to his mathematics and Latin with Mr Kempson. He is a very *odd* boy, I think, and very *young*; both which he is a little affronted at me for saying. But, as I tell him, the latter is a mendable fault, and the other is a perfection sometimes. I never saw a pleasanter temper and disposition and such a naivety and quickness mixed. He does Charles a great deal of good, for he is the very opposite character and yet vastly amiable too. But he is so very reserved, so very secret of his opinions, so very much prejudiced in them, that Henry gives him a charming rumble and draws him out in spite of all his caution. What particularly delights us (his aunts) in Henry is his perfect freedom with my brother, for he dashes away all his nonsense before him rather in preference to doing it in his absence. And this, you know, is such a charming security that he does not take a wrong *plî*; whereas I fear dear Charles may take many, for it's quite impossible to know his ideas but by accident. Henry does not take much to Stoke, which grieves Charles, and yet is not wonderful as he knows them so little. For they have been here but once to dinner and once in a morning ever since my brother came down from London, which is near three weeks. I very much fear that though there will be no more open quarrel, there will not be that cordial friendship I wished, but which I own I did not allow myself to hope for, as I knew a thousand circumstances that would prevent it. But, however, one may hope much from time.

The Duke and Duchess of Leinster are to come by the 1st of February. Lord Sandwich has declined advancing Charles FitzGerald and says he is too young. One could not suppose he would give any other answer just now; perhaps he won't keep his place much longer and some better person will make him captain, I hope. For I own I feel a sort of dislike to his being obliged to the worst enemy of his Admiral at the moment he is trying to destroy him. Henry had a letter from Charlotte, who is still weak and unwell, poor soul. Perhaps that if she bears the journey well it would be of service to her health to go to the south of France immediately, as it agreed so well with her health before. I should suppose that she might go to you and rest a week or ten days, then go on to

[1779]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

Marseilles and get Mrs Wilkie to be her chaperon for two or three months, and then she might return to wherever you are. This is upon a supposition that there is no sort of danger left of her fall, and that her lungs are affected by the excessive lowering she has had. And if so, a good climate might in time be of service to her, I should think.

Adieu, my dear Mr Ogilvie, my most affectionate love to my dearest sister and the rest of your family. I hope you are well, for I generally think I hear of your complaining in winter; this fine frosty weather will do everybody good. My Louisa begs to be remembered to you both, and is vastly charmed at being taken so much notice of by you both; she is a dear little idle puss, for idle she is, I am afraid, to an incorrigible degree; but yet I'm very well satisfied with her on the whole. Yours,

S. L.



[1779]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

130. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 18th January, 1779

My dearest sister,

My brother and Mr Burke returned both last night from Portsmouth, so I can tell you all the Portsmouth news, in case that the paragraphs from the papers, which I desired Lady Albemarle to send you, should not reach you. In the first place, though, I shall tell you the bulletin of the family, which is not quite so well as I could wish. My brother's bowels growl a little, though he is not ill, but much in his old way before his illness. The dear Duchess has had one of those unpleasant accidents that always distress one, because there is no medium in them—they are nothing or very serious; she has been overturned, and felt a little uneasy since, as her head was hit. But she is so well to-day that we hope and have reason to think that her bleeding, her fright and her general nervous and bilious complaints (being both brought on by it) are the only cause of the uneasiness she feels. My brother seems quite easy about her, so, I think you may [be]. She is not now at all alarmed herself, from which, I trust, the uneasiness will soon be removed and we shall be fairer judges of the truth.

Your Charles and Henry have both got the gripes; but Henry, who is here, has slept very well and is much better. He goes to his brother to Portsmouth with my brother, who saw Charles yesterday and says he did not say a word of his gripes. But you may be sure he will look after him by his care of Henry, for last night he mixed up some very, very weak negus for him himself, went to see him in bed, ordered a *remède* to be ready, and, in short, acts nurse just as you yourself could do. So pray don't be troubled at this gripes, which is not arrived at the height of colic yet, nor won't in all probability. Henry has taken nine doses of physic, too much in my mind, but however it's over now, and if his gripes don't continue I shall think nothing of it, for I was only a little afraid it might have routed his bowels a little too much. I shall bid Henry write to you from Portsmouth next post. Charlotte continues much the same. The Duke of Leinster's journey is uncertain, not upon her account but from mere

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

dawdling, which I believe is better for poor Charlotte, as the longer she is quiet the better; and I can't comprehend how a person can be quiet in London.

Now for my news: everything goes on delightfully for the Admiral, to the utter confusion of his enemies. I believe I told you of a Captain Hood, who altered his log-book since he knew of the court martial. The general abhorrence this fraud has created has so frightened all the rest of the crew of rogues that they dare not now do wrong; and the perfect uprightness of the court keeps them in such order that they dare not be dishonest so publicly. And you know that truth is all we want for our dear Admiral. He is very well, although fatigued a little as you may guess, but vastly pleased [by] the great figure he makes in the eyes of [the] whole world, for the more he is persecuted the brighter he shines. The poor devil, Sir Hugh,<sup>1</sup> *ne sait où donner de la tête*; his extreme wickedness, folly and despair moves me a little now he suffers for it so much. I send you enclosed a copy of a thing in the papers that is a fact, and that will at once show you the wretched state of a man who founds his accusation and defence on lies. Louisa is not a little proud of being my secretary as I'm in a hurry. So adieu, my dearest sister.

[Postscript in Louisa Bunbury's handwriting].

Dear Aunt, I cannot get the paper ready, but you shall have it the next post. Excuse the bad writing, for I am in a great hurry.

131. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 21st January, 1779

My dear sister,

I've the pleasure to assure you that the Duchess's overturn proves of no sort of consequence, if her being quite well is a proof of it; even she, who is the most fearful of people about health, is no more alarmed, and my brother has never been so the least; so that you may be quite easy about her. Your two sons, too, are quite well. Charles was here, but it was public day and I went to Halnaker, so I missed of him.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Hugh Palliser.



[1779]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

The court martial goes on so well that my brother thinks it needless to attend it any longer, and is still here; [he] talks of going to town next week. He is so-so, just as he used to be before he was ill.

I want to ask you, my dear sister, a question, that I may not do a thing unknowingly that you would not like; Henry, you know, is of an open disposition to what he loves, and he fancies he loves me, because he says I put him in mind of you. And that sort of family likeness has given him the most sudden feel of confidence in me as a person that he looks upon as his friend. And therein he is not mistaken, for I must be the friend and affectionate friend of *your* child; if besides *that* claim I did not love him for his own good qualities; so that I hope his confidence is not ill placed, though his youth has made him give it more from fancy than on reflection. I perceive a vast many erroneous ideas that are in his head—whether they are his own or other people's I can't tell—and my ignorance of their origin makes me very careful not to oppose them violently. For, after all, one can perhaps persuade a person they have been wrong advised, but one can't persuade people out of their own feelings. And therefore it's lost time to argue against ideas which I'm unacquainted with the foundation of. Add to all this that I've no very good judgment of my own—it's plain by my own silly conduct—and if I had, I've no eloquence to persuade, nor powers of reasoning to convict. To say the truth, I know but one person in the world from whom advice is acceptable and convincing, and that is my brother. I don't say that he is more perfect than others, but he has the knack of convincing beyond anybody I ever saw.

Now, if it's agreeable to you and Mr Ogilvie, I will use all my interest with Henry to drive him to an entire open confidence in my brother. And will endeavour to get him to consult him upon everything—to tell him all his little grievances, all his ideas, and, in short, contrive to put him wholly and solely in my brother's hands. I have no doubt of your thinking my brother very capable of advising him, yet I don't like to put him upon speaking so openly to my brother without you wish it, for fear that you should feel

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

a moment's uneasiness at the idea of Henry's putting it into my brother's head that Mr Ogilvie don't love *him* (Henry), which is an idea the dear boy has got, I very plainly see. He can't give any good reason for it, but he can't give it up neither, which I take to be owing to his being one of those complaisant-obstinate tempers, who give up a thousand things, but now and then take a *travers* upon some one subject which the d--l won't turn them from. Perhaps I am wrong; but, if I am right, the best chance there is for Henry's coming to a right understanding about it, is to let him entirely alone. For diversity of opinions, arguments and talking on any subject always creates obstinacy. Whereas if my brother alone undertakes him I will answer for it that in two months' time he arranges all Henry's ideas in perfection in his mind. For 'tis not only this but many ideas he has about his brother that are fully as erroneous. In the first place, he has a very high idea of dear William's understanding, which, though I do not mean to depreciate it, certainly is not uncommon. Another thing is his being so terribly open to flattery, without suspecting himself of being so. In short, he has many of the failings of youth, and wants nothing but to be set right by one he thinks impartial. I believe you need not fear my brother's giving in to his idea of Mr Ogilvie's not loving him, for he is not apt to judge against proofs, and Mr Ogilvie's attachment to your children is pretty well proved. Indeed, I should scarce think it worth asking you about this, but that it's always safer to know from people if they approve of one's naming them in what concerns them. I was vastly pleased with one thing, though, in Henry, which is his excessive attachment to you, which nothing ever makes the smallest difference in, a proof of which he gave me one day that diverted me much; I said something one day about you, and presumed to wonder at some idea of yours (I've forgot what), so says Henry, "My dear Aunt Sarah, never wonder at any idea of Mama's, for you may be sure if it's not exactly right it's not her own; it's Mr Ogilvie has put it into her head." "No, indeed, my dear Henry," said I, "I can't possibly agree to that. Your mother *may* be wrong just as well as other people. And I certainly will not allow that she never misjudges, for



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she is just as likely to do so as Mr Ogilvie." Henry could not quite allow it was possible you could make a mistake, although I tried to convince him how foolish and unfair it was to carry prejudice to such excess as not to allow you could make a mistake, and how unfair to charge it on another. I like him for this adoration of you, but I know too well the dangers of such strong prejudices to wish him to give in to it, though in so charming a cause as his mother's.

Adieu, my dear sister. Love to Mr Ogilvie. I'm called away, but must assure you how sincerely I am ever your affectionate sister,

S. L.

132. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Goodwood, February 6th, 1779

My dear sister,

The court martial and my brother's health go on as before. I will send you the trial when it's printed, if you don't get it at Paris—that is, if I can. It won't last much longer now, I fancy. My brother and [the] Duchess go to town next week. The latter is quite well, or rather never was ill by her overturn, but is at times very bilious and nervous. I fancy my sister Louisa won't come at all this winter. I wonder if my sister Leinster will? If I dared give my opinion upon that subject I think I could give some very good reasons why it would be a very good scheme to come and pass a couple of years in England. But I *suppose* I shall be told that it's only for the pleasure of seeing my sister, and I don't deny there is a little truth in that, but it is not all. I hear the Duke and Duchess of Leinster seem doubtful of coming over because the Duchess is with child—as if she could lie in nowhere but in Dublin! But I suppose the Marquis must be an Irishman. We worry Henry about all his Irish ideas, of which he has plenty. And whenever he is a little proud we tell him he heard that in Ireland, for we do a little suspect he has met with some flattery there. By the bye, my dear sister, don't you ever betray me to him that I mentioned a word of his conversations to you, for if you give him the least hint of it I shall not only lose his confidence but his friendship, too, for ever. For

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I've a notion that you don't know how prejudiced the gentleman is, for perhaps he don't let out all his opinions quite so freely before you. I heard him t'other day talk quite with horror of a person for saying a thing which I from experience knew was quite a trifle. And when young people get those high-flown notions, you know one must be very careful not to let them see that one don't think things so important as they do. Don't you know a childish idea that they are apt to get that a person is very ill-natured for having told a thing that they said or did, and if Mr Ogilvie and you don't promise me not to betray me to Henry I shall be quite vexed.

He is a very amiable boy in many things, and altogether there is a *je ne sais quoi* about him that is very captivating; and yet one longs to have a thousand things set right. His head is good, but it's so green a head as yet that one trembles for it. He and Charles are the very opposite of each other and do one another good. Mr Kempson commends Henry's attention to his Latin and mathematics very much. To say the truth, Goodwood is a very dull place for young people; the master and mistress are always busy, and hunting is the only amusement. So that Henry, who is fond of [a] variety of amusements is forced to study *pour se désennuyer*; and it puts me in mind of what my brother said about Geneva, that one was so *isolé* in doing nothing there that one learnt in self-defence. But this lucky circumstance has no effect on Charles, who from habit has the knack of diverting himself in dawdling at his business, and Henry does more in half the time.

The subject of these boys whom I interest myself a little about has led me from my intention in writing, which was all about chimney-pieces. Henry tells me you have several pretty ones at Marseilles intended for the Black Rock. Now I want to know if you who are experienced about [it] could write and get me one made by a drawing (well done), and sent to England by any means during the war. Would it be worth while to have it come round by Ireland? Can you be so good as to give directions about it, and let me know what it would all come to? For I want a pretty chimney for my drawing room, and they are so dear here that I had



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rather have a French one and have the rest of the money laid out in something I care more about than an expensive chimney-piece. If you would send me word all about it, as far as you know by your own, my brother then could judge if it was worth while to send for one. I trust to your taste for their being pretty if you gave the design; and you know if they are tolerably well done or not, and their price.

I sent a little box with Lucy's doll, a story-book and the collection of the *Heroic Verses*, besides an *Annual Register* with the American War written in it by Mr Burke, all by a man that promised to deliver them to Monsieur Girardot, to whom I made Henry write to beg he would keep the box till he heard from you. So pray let M. Girardot know how he is to send it you.

Adieu, my dear sister, my love to Mr Ogilvie, whom I mean to trouble to answer me all about the chimney. Yours most affectionately,

S. L.

133. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Thursday, 24th June, 1779

You will see more of my brother by staying in town, my dear sister, than if you had stayed<sup>1</sup>, I do believe; for he is going again, and it depends more on the French and Spaniard than on him, I believe, to fix his return. I hear Charles Fox says some great event will certainly happen between the 1st and 10th of July—I hope you won't be on your voyage at that moment. I own I wish you gone now, for I'm sure you are impatient to be gone.

I have not much news to tell you of [the] Goodwood family, but having no other but that I must inform you that Charles is gone to Moldcomb on duty and Mr King with him; Henry learns of Mr Baily very regularly; my brother is mighty well, *considering*; Lady Albemarle sits out all day long till nine o'clock at night in spite of the dew, and says she never was better in her life; the Duchess strolls down to the garden as

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<sup>1</sup> Emily, Duchess of Leinster, accompanied by Mr Ogilvie, had visited England this summer for the first time since their marriage.

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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

usual to gather her roses ; poor little Henriette is very peaking indeed.

The route is come for one division of the militia to march soon, so I suppose my brother will live in a perpetual bustle till he goes too, but of course that can't be till some news comes from the fleet. I have had a long letter from Louisa with a long account of her health by way of pacifying me about it. She says, as you do, that she thinks it is obstructions from not having had children that will at times affect her in different ways, that she assures me that she treats herself with all possible precaution, does not catch cold, takes exercise and attends to all that is right, and that she feels the good effect of her care so that I ought to be satisfied she is well ; that we use Mr Conolly very ill in accusing him of her not coming over, that it was her own fault, and that she is so punished for it by not seeing you that we must not be angry with her. Nor (I will add) should we express any anger at Mr Conolly, for I'm sure he complains of it to her, and it vexes her poor soul.

I'm very happy to hear the Duke of Leinster continues so well after his frightful fall. Pray be so good as to remember to tell me if you know anything of Lady Roden. Tell Mr Ogilvie that he is a violent favourite with Lady Albemarle, who tells me that everybody in London who has made acquaintance with him is of her opinion. He will, therefore, be very ungrateful not to like London a little. Adieu, my dear sister, ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

134. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, August 12th, 1779

My dear sister,

I hope you have not attributed my silence to inattention, for I assure you it was owing to the dearth of news I had to tell you that made me defer writing till I could say something worth your hearing.

I went to Itchenor about a month ago, and it is literally being buried to be there, for one is so totally forgot that I



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

never heard for a long time of your release,<sup>1</sup> which was all the news I did care about. I am now returned and can give you some account of the family's proceedings in my absence which I could not have done before.

My brother George very kindly and in an affectionate manner desired the Duchess to take his daughters to Lewes races, which delighted all parties. For I find Louisa and Emily were as well pleased with their jaunt as my brother and [the] Duchess were to have them. My brother George went also, and was all attention and all charming, so that nothing could have answered better. They are returned to Stoke; Lady Albe-marle is there. My brother and [the] Duchess also are returned, one from Lady Ailesbury's and t'other from a jaunt all along the coast examining the strength of it, with which he is perfectly satisfied. He says that he has had bad beds, dirty sheets, noises, stinks, etc., all the way, and yet has been better, on the whole, than he could believe. He is very, very much tired, but not particularly ill, just now. He is in daily expectation of a march route to Exeter, as one division is gone there. In the mean time he is getting small canon and camp equipages, as busy as ever, never losing time. When I returned from Itchenor I found Henry flown to Ireland, but no letters are come from thence since that time. I see by the papers he will be quartered at Derby when he returns. You know that Charles F. is also in Ireland, pressing to man the *Tapageur*. We have not heard a word from Harry Fox lately, but he is not yet gone to America. I say nothing to you about your being taken, as I suppose you are tired of hearing of it. But I was happy to hear my brother say that he had just received a letter from Paris of the 18th saying you were arrived safe there. I long to hear how you do after you are once comfortably settled at Aubigny. Lady Margaret Bentinck<sup>2</sup> has wrote to me to enquire much about your *malheur*, which I have satisfied her about.

Henriette has been with me bathing at Itchenor, and it

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<sup>1</sup> On her return journey to France, the Duchess had been taken by two French privateers in the packet going from Dover to Ostend.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Margaret Bentinck (d. 1779); m. Charles John Bentinck, Count Bentinck. She was 2nd dau. and co-heir of William, Earl Cadogan, and therefore an aunt of Lady Sarah Lennox.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

agreed so well with her she was not ill nor pale a moment ; it also agreed with Louisa very much.

Charles has persuaded Mr King to come into the militia too, so he is Ensign King, tutor to Lieutenant Lennox. It sounded odd at first, but it answers very well. He is trying to be as military as possible, you may guess, and looks very well in his red coat. Charles's excessive eagerness to have him come in is a proof of his liking him vastly.

Moldcomb goes on charmingly out of doors : the soldiers leave it this week. It is a little slow within doors, but still I hope to get into it in spring. I mean to pass the winter at Itchenor if the weather will permit me. I think I have told you all the family and Sussex news, and will try and collect public news for the use of Mr Ogilvie, to whom I beg my love, and thanks for his letter from Dover. The newspaper positively assures us that he is a clergyman whom you married. I think if he had stayed we should have drawn him into the fashion of the times and put on him a Sussex uniform. I dare say you know as much of our fleet as we do, for we are in daily expectation of news. In the mean time Lord Mulgrave<sup>1</sup> sends volumes of complaints against Sir C. H.,<sup>2</sup> so that we are likely to go on well when the inferiors complain of the superiors during service. It is true that Sir C. deserves his new name of Sir C. *Tardy*, for he took four days to give an answer to a captain who sent him word his ship was leaky, and three to answer another who had a putrid fever on board and wanted to have the sick removed. Our Jamaica fleet is returned : all but five which the French have taken and five the Americans have taken. There is a great talk about an invasion, and a great bustle with the preparations, but yet nobody is alarmed enough to take any necessary precautions—the unnecessary care is thought sufficient, viz., the frightening people by a great talk of it, and doing nothing.

Lord Egremont's<sup>3</sup> match is still in *statu quo*. Poor Lady

<sup>1</sup>Constantine John Phipps (1744-92) 2nd Lord Mulgrave ; a captain in the Navy.

<sup>2</sup>Admiral Sir Charles Hardy (d. 1780). He had recently been drawn from retirement to succeed Keppel in the command of the Channel Fleet as no one else would take the post ; he died of apoplexy the next year.

<sup>3</sup>George O'Brien Wyndham (1751-1837), 3rd Earl of Egremont. He had succ. his father in 1763.



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Horatia has been very ill with her grief for the loss of the Duke of Ancaster<sup>1</sup> to whom she was to be married immediately. She mourns for him and is treated by his family with every attention that would have been due to his widow ; poor thing it is a sad stroke so early in life, but I think one may almost see it was for the best. Which is what I always believe of every misfortune, but it is not always so visible. He had some very good qualities, but drank so hard as to ruin his health if he had lived ; and in that case she has many years of sorrow swallowed up in one great affliction.

I must tell you a story of a Lord Hinton,<sup>2</sup> son to Lord Paulet, because it is so much to his credit and makes him to be admired by those who never saw him ; and is in itself a fine *trait* of the character of a young man who could scarcely be expected to have so much coolness. There is a Lord Vaughan,<sup>3</sup> son to Lord Lisburne, who went mad at one of the camps and exposed himself and others to danger. Lord Hinton, who was his acquaintance, wrote Lord Lisburne a letter to acquaint him with the sad necessity of his being confined ; upon which Lord Lisburne sends the letter to Lord Vaughan ! He was, as you may guess, still more *mad* at the reading of it, and went up with a stick to Lord Hinton who was upon duty on the parade and struck him several times with a stick, shewing him the letter. Lord Hinton parried the blows for a long time as well as he could. At last he drew his sword and said, " I pity your madness, but you will put me beyond my patience and if you dare to touch me again I'll run you through the body." And with a menacing look he pointed the sword at him. Upon which the poor creature trembled and fell at his feet. It is a moving story, and makes as much against Lord Lisburne as it makes for Lord Hinton, who had firmness enough to bear being beat in public from his compassion to the poor wretch. I suppose Lord Lisburne is mad too, for I can see no other excuse for him. I think Lord Hinton has given a greater proof of real courage by receiving blows, than most people

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<sup>1</sup> Robert Bertie, 4th Duke of Ancaster (1756-1778).

<sup>2</sup> John Poulett, Visct. Hinton (1756-1819) succ. his father, Vere Poulett, 3rd Earl Poulett (1710-1788) as 4th Earl Poulett in 1788.

<sup>3</sup> Wilmot Vaughan, Lord Vaughan (1755-1820), succ. his father, Wilmot Vaughan, 1st Earl of Lisburne (1730-1800), as 2nd Earl of Lisburne in 1800. He died insane.

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do who give them, don't you think so? The word camp puts me in mind of a little one that is to be made here; the men's tents are come, and in order to teach them to pitch them they are to make a camp here, and Charles is ordered to act as quartermaster to measure out the ground and fix it according to a book that has been wrote on the subject. It is a very good practice for him, as it's a task that must be well performed, as it will meet with many critics if there is the least error in it. Mr King, Nicholas and Charles are all very busy at it, and it's not an easy thing to do, it seems. I hope and I believe Charles will succeed well in it. Henriette bids me tell you her shoes are almost worn out, and she asked me if I did not think you would when you heard it offer her the other white pair? Louisa begs her love to you both. Adieu, my dear sister, ever yours most sincerely,

S. L.

135. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 29th August, 1779

My dear sister,

Mrs Damer is returned from Spa and says the posts are so uncertain that there is no dependence on them. I therefore have troubled Lady Margaret with this letter that I may know if I can be certain of your hearing by the way of Holland from us, as I imagine you will be very anxious to hear at this time all the intelligence I can give you. The combined fleets sailed into our Channel a week ago, and kept off Plymouth for some days during a north east wind, which they knew would keep off Sir C. H.<sup>1</sup>; but the wind shifting they sailed off again, but *where* is more than we can tell. We know Sir C. H. knew nothing of their being in the Channel, but probably now he knows something of them as he is not returned to the Channel, nor can we tell what he proposes doing. If they mean only to parade between us and Ireland and set us on our guard, they have succeeded very well; everybody (except the ministry) has prepared for them and nobody expects an invasion; most people laugh at the idea of one still—*nous verrons*. To be

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<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir Charles Hardy.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

sure, they have lost a fine opportunity. My brother goes to Exeter to-morrow. Charles is gone with the regiment. The Duchess goes too, for she has obtained leave to be as near as is safe, in case of any service. My brother<sup>1</sup> has in the name of a great majority of the gentlemen offered to raise four new companies to the militia by subscription, provided they are sent back to Sussex to guard their own coast. And another subscription has been unanimously agreed to, to raise twenty-four companies, called the Sussex Association, that are to be a local militia on a plan that is executed in London by the Duke of Northumberland,<sup>2</sup> and which the King has accepted of and thanked him for. But perhaps he may not consent to *anything* which my brother proposes. My brother says, he is of no use as Lord Lieutenant, and may be so as colonel of his regiment, and so he goes to it. General Conway is still at Jersey. Lord Amherst is most generally disliked. General Keppel<sup>3</sup> is not employed, nor General Howe, nor any of name. And the King is to head his troops if the French land. So we are, of course, very safe.

Whenever I hear news from Ireland I shall write it to you. Pray let me know how I had best send my letters according as you receive them. I don't suppose you have written to me yet, but if you have I have not received any letters from either of you since you went to F. I sent two letters of Mr Ogilvie's to Henry. Yours etc.,

S. L.

Gibraltar is besieged by sea and land.

136. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 29th August, 1779

My dear sister,

I have written you a letter and enclosed it to Lady Margaret<sup>4</sup> to see if you will get it quicker by Holland, for Mrs Damer,

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Richmond became Master-General of the Ordnance. It was he who erected the Martello towers that extended along the Kent and Sussex coasts.

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Percy, 1st Duke of Northumberland (1714-86). He had been Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1763-65.

<sup>3</sup> Gen. Hon. William Keppel (d. 1782), 4th s. of William-Anne Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle; a distinguished soldier.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Margaret Bentinck.

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## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

who is returned, says the posts are so uncertain that I've no hopes of your getting this by Ostend at all. And yet I write for the chance of it to tell you that we are not yet invaded, and some people think we never shall be, although the French and Spanish fleets are joined, and all last week rode in the Channel in full view of Plymouth. But they are gone without doing us any other damage than taking such of our ships as run in among them, which was the *Ardent* (Captain Boteler), whose fate we do not yet know for certain. My brother and Charles are gone, and going to Exeter with the regiment, and, if the French do land, they will be on service at Plymouth I fear. The Duchess goes too. We are all preparing for an invasion, but yet don't expect it. I believe Ireland is more likely to suffer. I will write you all the news I can hear from thence. Henry is not returned yet. I have had no letters from you since you went. I don't say this as a reproach, my dear sister, for I expected none when others hear from you, and as there was two letters for Henry you mean them for us all. But I mention it to let you know they are lost if you did write.

I am monstrously out of spirits at many things, and not a little so at my brothers' going away. If there is an invasion my lowness will increase most exceedingly indeed. I do not mean any fear for myself, but war is horrible enough at the distance of America without having one's brothers and nephews in it at home. God bless you and all you love, my dear sister, and preserve all you love in health and happiness! Ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

137. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Goodwood, 5th September, [1779]

My dear sister,

I have nothing new to tell you but that our fleet came sailing into Portsmouth on Friday last with the greatest peace and quietness. They say the two fleets are returned to their own homes: these great storms make it very probable.

My brother has been very ailing for these few days past, but to-morrow he goes to Exeter for a short time, as he con-



[1779]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

cludes there will be no invasion this year; we look upon everything as over now. The ministry have been so busy about this threatened invasion that they forgot America quite, and nothing is gone over to them of any sort, and bad news come from them. So I hope the war there is wearing itself out.

I hear nothing from Ireland and I grow quite impatient. When I do I will let you know. At present I only write to tell you we remain in *statu quo*, for I've no great notion my letter will reach you. If it does you will at least know that none of the pretty stories the French may tell of us are true; for if they invent but half that are invented here you will think us ruined and undone. One moment they tell us the French are embarked, another that the fleets are at our heels, another that Cork is invaded—in short, it's endless. Adieu my dear sister. It's horridly uncomfortable never to hear of you, for I'm convinced you have written to somebody, though nobody has heard of you here.

Ever yours most affectionately,

S. L.

My love to Mr Ogilvie and the children.

138. *Lady Sarah Lennox to William Ogilvie*

Goodwood, 29th of September, 1779

Dear Mr Ogilvie,

Your letter of the 14th, which I received only yesterday relieved me from much anxiety; for you will not wonder that, as nobody had heard from you since the first letter, one feared that the letters did not go. But yet you are not the least to blame, as your letters to Henry would have been quite satisfactory, and you could not guess he would leave us so suddenly. Besides, I do assure you, my uneasiness has been for you, whom I feared would hear the French accounts of our near danger of an invasion, and be very uneasy about your friends.

Charles FitzGerald has been out with Sir John Ross,<sup>1</sup> doing nothing, and is now well at Portsmouth. Henry I know

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<sup>1</sup> Sir John Lockhart Ross (1721-90); he saw much naval service and rose to the rank of Vice-Admiral.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

nothing of: he may be with his regiment at Chatham, and I hope he is, for he seems to me to have been losing time in Ireland in raising a company, which in the mean time the regiment raised for him here. For it has been complete this month, and Harry Fox told me they would draw on Henry for the money, and so his Irish company would remain on his hands. I wrote him word of it directly, but have never heard from him. And I fear that there has been some mistake, or he never could be raising men when the regiment was complete and on duty, as he must lose so much money by it.

My brother George has not been well. He has suffered a good deal, I am afraid, poor soul, with boils. And I don't think that they are of the wholesome sort which carry off the humours that gather for want of exercise, for they came in consequence of over exercise, and from heating his blood in shooting. But they are now mending very fast, and he and Lady Louisa are both satisfied about them; so much so that she is gone out for ten days, and would not have done so if he had not been almost well; for she put off her jaunt and has been all attention and kindness to him, and he on his side has been all good humour, I hear. The dear girls are very well, I hear. Lady Albemarle is come here in their absence. My brother and [the] Duchess are still in the west; he is so-so. You have not guessed right about his success, for all his proposals are refused plump, although others are *thanked* for the same.

Mr Conolly has been very busy in the north of Ireland, taking an active part, and Louisa talks of staying there a great while.

I am very happy with your good account of all the dear children and of my dear sister. How happy she must be to find them so well! Thank God for it!

Louisa and Henriette are both much pleased with your enquiries. The former is remarkably well; the latter is now taking medicines for worms, and I hope will benefit by them, for she looks very ill.

I have not been well for some time with some very bad colds which prevented me writing lately. Otherwise it is my intention to write once a week to you or my sister, while all



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

our family is so dispersed that I can't tell when you hear from them. Adieu, dear Mr Ogilvie, my love to my sister.

Ever most truly yours,

S. L.

139. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, 3rd of October, [1779]

My dear sister,

As I mentioned knowing nothing of Henry in my letter to Mr Ogilvie, I now write to tell you that I've just heard from the Duke of Leinster that he is marched with a most noble company of Irishmen, who will do honour to their country, he says. So that my fears of any mistake having happened are groundless; for it was Lord Harrington's<sup>1</sup> fault they were not got sooner. The poor Duke of Leinster says he is ruined by the recruiting of his two brothers, but that he loves them so much that he would sacrifice all his own pleasure to their interest. It's very pleasant to see him so affectionate, but he says he cannot afford to come over.

My brother George's boils are all mending very fast; but he is still confined, and physicked for ever for them, as he can't walk to carry off the remains of them.

The fleet is still at St Helens; one day it's ordered to be ready, another it's forbidden to go; so you know as much of it as we do. I am very sorry my friend, Lord Macartney,<sup>2</sup> whom I've a great regard for, has talked so foolishly as to get himself worse off than other prisoners.

I forgot to tell you that I have not seen Mrs Damer since she came, but know how she arrived; she came to Ostende and found no packets there, or none that dared venture, so she took a Flushing vessel that lay there and came in it quite safe and snug. Lord and Lady Spencer<sup>3</sup> and the Duchess of Devonshire,<sup>4</sup> who came in a packet, were pursued by two

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<sup>1</sup> Charles Stanhope, 3rd Earl of Harrington (1753-1829). He had succ. his father, William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington, this same year.

<sup>2</sup> George Macartney, Baron Macartney (1737-1806); (later cr. Earl Macartney)

<sup>3</sup> John Spencer, 1st Earl Spencer (d. 1783); m. Margaret Poyntz. She d., 1814.

<sup>4</sup> Georgina, dau. of John Spencer, 2nd Earl Spencer; m. (1774) William Cavendish, 5th Duke of Devonshire. She was the famous Duchess of Devonshire.

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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

privateers; but the captain of the fly frigate who convoyed them saved them. His name is Garner. Is he *your* convoy? You know that we all accuse your packet captain of your disaster; for it seems that your convoy gave you signals to come back, but that you did not obey, and so he was forced to leave you to yourself. Tell Mr Ogilvie that I did not hear of the gentlemen's being afraid, but all the newspapers in the world would not persuade me that *he* was so, for I think one can give a very good guess at people's courage though it has never been tried; and he seems to me to be one of the determined, cool people that are always at their ease when there is danger. But Mrs Damer commended my sister's courage as more doubtful rather, I suppose than her husband's. I assure you it did not surprise *me* the least, as I know very well that you have *un fond de courage* which you lay by till it's wanted; and though you disdain to waste it on a mouse you think an engagement at sea worthy of it.

There is a report to-day come of great news from America, but it's a secret.

There is a sort of a pirate called Paul Jones<sup>1</sup> who has played the deuce in the river Hull, and still goes unpunished, for we have no ships to spare for him, as we have none to spare for Gibraltar which remains in the same state. Adieu, my dear sister; love to your family. Believe me most sincerely and affectionately yours,

S. L.

140. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Spring Gardens, 15th October, 1779

My dear sister,

I am come to town with dear Lady Albemarle who is now, I hope, in no danger, but who has alarmed me much. She was alone with me at Goodwood, and was seized with a paralytic stroke on one side of her face, which, it seems, is entirely external and of no dangerous consequence for the present. But her age makes one dread lest a more dangerous kind of attack should ensue. Doctor Warren, who attends her, has given me great satisfaction for the present, and my mind is more at ease about her now, as I have done all that I could,

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<sup>1</sup> John Paul Jones (1747-92); naval adventurer.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

and find that nothing was left undone on my part that was necessary. You may guess, my dear sister, that I'm a little nervous (for that's the only word I know of to express my sensations, though in fact they come more from my mind than my body). I brought Lady Albemarle to town in a momentary dread of her losing the use of her limbs or of her understanding, for the country doctors had alarmed me greatly. I did not dare shew her my fears, and had everything to answer for, as my brother and [the] Duchess are still at Exeter, and my brother George and Lady Louisa, though at Stoke, were but of little comfort to me, you know. However, I am impatient to do my brother George the justice to say that he has behaved most kindly to me (comparatively speaking), for he has allowed me to correspond with him about Lady Albemarle, and permitted me to ask his advice, which I followed exactly. They came every day to see Lady Albemarle, but wished me still to keep out of their way, which I did. I am come to Lady Albemarle for a few days without my child or my maid, and am but in an uncomfortable situation, for I don't like to leave my poor aunt, who may in a moment be so helpless; and as I hear the invasion still hangs over us, I don't feel easy away from Sussex while my children are there, for my pretty little Henriette is my child now while she is in my care. You cannot think how uneasy I am about her health, poor little angel! She has now been taking calomel for three weeks, besides filings of tin and rhubarb, which, if she had worms, must bring them away. But no worms appear, so that it seems evident her complaint is billious or from some fault in her bowels; and it is such a vexatious idea to foresee such bad health that it goes to my heart. She is not now, thank God, ill, having nothing unusual to complain of. But her pain in her stomach, her breath smelling and her bad looks are certain proofs she is not as she should be. My daughter, Louisa, is remarkably well, thank God! I hope my sister, Louisa, is so too; but your letter makes me fear she tells me lies, though she swears she is careful of herself. Thank God you are so well, my dear sister! It would be hard to have you complaining, and you so seldom are well that one might expect you to have been the worse for all your

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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

adventures. Your son, Charles, is still at Portsmouth, where you may be sure our fleet will stay till after the combined fleets are out; for it's the fashion here to be a day after the fair in everything. We hear that D'Estaing is gone to New York.

I have not seen Mrs Damer since she came over, but I fancy she did not like Spa as she so soon returned. She is not now in town. My brother is as usual by the last letters I had from Exeter.

I cannot think what you mean, my dear sister, by talking of your dull letter; for there was enough in it to give me great pleasure, exclusive of your news that Monsieur D'Aranda insisted on the invasion, which is more authentic intelligence about it than any I've had yet. I hope they won't pull down Moldcomb.

I wrote to my brother immediately about Eddy. I see the Duke of Ancaster's<sup>1</sup> regiment is in being, for it is recruiting at Chichester, but in whose name I can't tell; I shall enquire, though, and let you know.

Yours, my dear sister, most affectionately,

S. L.

141. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

London, October the 25th., 1779

My dear sister,

I leave town to-morrow with the Duchess who came in her way from Exeter to Goodwood, where we shall find my brother. I have great hopes that dear Lady Albemarle will recover, for she mends gradually. And now that the subject of palsy is often talked of I find numberless instances of old people's recovering outward strokes, for many years. But still, her age throws a damp upon my hopes. Her son, the General,<sup>2</sup> is come to town to-day, so I leave her with some satisfaction as he is with her.

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<sup>1</sup> Brownlow Bertie, 5th Duke of Ancaster (1729-1809), 3rd son of Peregrine Bertie, 4th Duke of Ancaster, had succ. to the title in 1778.

<sup>2</sup> General William Keppel.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I had a most delightful letter from Henry, from Chatham, which has gained him the approbation and admiration of his two aunts, Albemarle and Richmond: first, because he tells me of his promise to you not to come to town, and secondly, the lively, agreeable style of his letter, which took their fancy. Charles is, I suppose, sailed with the fleet, which is at last gone out. I am dying with impatience to get home, for *j'étouffe ici*; the weather is sultry absolutely. You may guess I have not many engagements, but yet I assure you I have a great deal to do, and therefore shall not now enter on any subjects that are uninteresting, which I'll keep for when I get home and if I remember them, I will try to write you some chit-chat nonsense that will do for Aubigny, perhaps, for want of better.

I wish I could tell you anything certain about the Irish affairs, which are very serious; but you must wait the event. Some say it cannot be decided till our Parliament meets; others say it must be answered sooner. I don't know if you know the particulars of the Irish business in detail; *en gros*, it is that they will have a free trade, [and] that they are almost unanimous in [the] House of Lords and Commons in asking for it. N.B. There are two ways of asking in this world—one with arms in one's hands, t'other without them. And it is amazing how much more the first sort of request is listened to than the latter.

The King has taken to hunting, which now wholly engrosses his thoughts. The Middlesex election is coming on, and they will bully the Ministry in it and have a free independent man. This is all the news of the week. Adieu, my dear sister, ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

Mrs FitzGerald has been dangerously ill of a fever in the country in Ireland, 150 miles from Dublin. Lord B.<sup>1</sup> would not let Lady B. go, because (Mr Walpole says) there was no post-chaise lined with velvet and ermine; others say because it cost too much. So Louisa went, like an angel as usual, and has gained the rest of the little heart that was not hers in the family. Lady Anne worships her. And dear, dear Louisa is content with her usual reward, viz., that she has pleased others. And I hope, is now returned.

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Bellamont.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

142. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Goodwood, November the 5th, 1779

My dear sister,

I received your letter of the 24th from Aubigny, in which you give me so good an account of all your family, poor Eddy's eyes excepted. I wish I could give you in return as good a bulletin of my dear brother's health. He has caught colds upon cold, and is by no means well. He has permitted the Duchess at last to send for Doctor Brocklesby, who will be here to-morrow, so that I shall reserve my account of my brother till the day this letter goes, which will be on the 8th, and you must now skip and read the additional sheet I shall add, as in the meantime I shall write only about more indifferent subjects.

You have not, I find, received my letters about Lady Albemarle yet, and will, I'm sure, be much hurt at the idea of her illness. But, thank God, it is, I hope, entirely removed; for she writes me word she mends every day, all but a great weakness in her eyes. She now goes to her card parties, which I was very impatient for, as passing whole evenings alone is not the thing for her age, spirits, or complaint. I passed my time with her mighty pleasantly; in the first place, I flattered myself I was of some little use to her, as there was not a creature in town for the first week; afterwards there came Mr Walpole, the Duchess, Mrs Damer, and old, agreeable Lady Jernigan,<sup>1</sup> Mr and Mrs Dayrolles,<sup>2</sup> and the Duchess of Bedford and old Lady Townshend.<sup>3</sup> These people calling in, in the evenings, made a very entertaining society to me who have not seen anything like them of some years. The Duchess of Bedford was all gracious, and amused me much with *débuteing* some of her curious speeches. She told Lady Albemarle that the Duke of Bedford<sup>4</sup> had left school because he did not like it;

<sup>1</sup> Mary Plowden, (d. 1785) el. dau. of Francis Plowden; and wife of Sir George Jerningham, 5th Bart, of Cossey, Norfolk.

<sup>2</sup> Solomon Dayrolle (d. 1786); diplomatist; m. Christabella, dau. of Peterson, of Ireland (d. 1791).

<sup>3</sup> Ethelreda Harrison (d. 1788), dau. of Edward Harrison, had m. (1723) Charles Townshend, 3rd Visct. Townshend. She was mother of 1st Marquis Townshend and Charles Townshend, the statesman.

<sup>4</sup> Francis Russell, 5th Duke of Bedford (1765-1802). He had succ. his grandfather in 1771.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

and that she had intended going to Utrecht this winter to be with him while he went through his studies ; but that now that Paul Jones went there it would be a place of sad company, and it was impossible to go there. She then said that she had proposed being neuter on the Middlesex election, but that the Duke of Northumberland assured her her interest would turn the scale and prevent an opposition, and *so* she had promised him her son's votes. I could not help laughing, even before her, at her fears of a contested election and an invasion together, which she talked of with such dread, as if she really feared it. But she was very good-humoured with me, though I laughed ; and the next time she came she told me I had prophesied very right, for that the Duke of Northumberland had given up his friend, as the patriotic party were so much stronger. I have formerly heard her Grace hold forth sentiments so contrary to her own that I was not surprised at her wanting to make Lady Albemarle believe she meant to pass the winter at Utrecht ; but not having seen anything in her style for so long it quite diverted me. Lady Townshend, in another style, made me laugh most excessively ; and I conclude she was pleased to see a new body taste her wit so much and therefore displayed it very much. Mr Dayrolles seemed very glad to see me, and he put himself into two passions ; first, at Lady Camilla Fleming's having married a Bath apothecary, who came with her to the front boxes at the play in a true apothecary's wig, and Lady Camilla leaned her arm on his shoulder ; which enraged Mr Dayrolles to such a degree that we all told him he was jealous of the man to be sure. The next subject was Devil's Mac's keeping such a great house at Bath, which provoked him. And Mrs Dayrolles told us a story of a certain ram that fed in the Crescent on the green, and was quietness itself to everybody but Miss Mac, but to *her* he took such an aversion, or affection, that he regularly followed her about, and into her house. And she threatened to have the people it belonged to prosecuted for the damages it had done her. But the lawyer said it could not be done as the creature hurt nobody else, and could not be supposed to do her any mischief. At last, one day it came into the house, she run out screaming, the ram pursued her

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

with its two paws upon her shoulder, tore off her handkerchief, dragged down her chignon, she roared, called for help, and all the standers-by (the gentlemen) laughed and would not help her, till her servants rescued her from the assaults of the ram. And now she can prove the assault, and is going to law with the butcher to whom it belongs, who is supported in his defence by the whole company at Bath for fun.

Lady Albemarle charged me to tell you this story.

Mr Walpole looks very old, but he was in great spirits, and was very entertaining. Mrs Damer, I thought, looked well, but Mr Walpole says she is not. I gave her Mr Ogilvie's message, and she says she will vouch for his being a gallant knight. The news now of most importance that keeps everybody in anxiety is your Irish friends proceedings,<sup>1</sup> God knows what will be the event ! They are right at present. But when people demand a right—though a just one—with arms in their hands, they are not always calm.

God knows what will be the consequence, but the wise ones do not doubt a near rebellion. Your son and Mr Conolly will have a troublesome part to act, I fear, but they seem by all accounts clear of their opinions. Louisa, who probably will influence Mr Conolly, is more warm, more agitated than you can conceive. Her system is that much ought to be borne rather than risk so shocking an event, but that if drove by ill usage they ought to assert their right ; and you know that what she thinks is right she will do. Indeed, my dear sister, bad times are coming on apace for us all. Louisa is doubtful about coming if there is no hopes of good to be done for Ireland. And I find the ministers mean to negotiate and gain time only. But I hope she will come at least to the meeting of Parliament which is the 25th of this month, although I believe they will go back at Christmas. It's strongly reported we have lost Jamaica. Surely all these combined evils will do more mischief than the combined fleet, or rather more good, for, in fact, the worse off we are the nearer we are to mend.

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<sup>1</sup> William, Duke of Leinster, had been appointed General in Chief of the Volunteers in Ireland, whose principal demand was for Free Trade. This was granted by the English Government early in 1780.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

The Volunteers' companies of Dublin asked to have the 11th Regiment sent out of Dublin and the duty given to them, and Lord Buckingham granted it. He will be in a fine scrape here for it, but I suppose he could not help himself. Your son takes the lead very much, I wish he may keep it, but I tremble lest he should be persuaded to act in any way different from what he thinks right. For diffident as he is of his own judgment, he may be led by others whose private interests will guide them, and in a matter of such importance any doubts may create difficulties. God grant it may all end well ! I suppose you know it is a certain fact that if Monsieur D'Orvilliers<sup>1</sup> had come into Plymouth there was not *one* cannon that could be fired at him, so little were they prepared for an enemy. Lord Amherst is detested and despised by all parties ; he sent two orders to Plymouth by the same messenger to the same people, one as Master of the Ordnance and one as Commander-in-Chief, and they contradicted one another.

Lord Sandwich has had a paralytic stroke ; perhaps it may save him a worse.

I suppose Louisa wrote you word of her going to see poor Mrs FitzGerald, who was dying. She is dead at last, poor creature, of rheumatic fever. But Louisa very justly observes she had no great chance of long happiness here. And at present Mr FitzGerald was all affection and kindness to her. So she died satisfied of his love and care, which was very great by all accounts.

I've another death I fear to announce you, for it is now past hopes, and that is of poor dear little Caroline Fox, who has been ill, it seems, a long time with the stone, an uncommon disorder for a child. Lord Warwick writes my brother word he has no reason to expect her to live, as she is given over by all the physicians that attend her. Poor Lady Warwick is to be pitied most excessively. As for the dear little angel herself, it would be cruel to wish her to live with so dreadful a disorder so young, but it goes to one's heart to think of her dying so young. It's now very evident how happy it was for her poor mother to die so soon, for this dear little angel's bad health and death would have distracted her !

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<sup>1</sup> Count d'Orvilliers commanded the French Fleet.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Pretty little Henriette has taken calomel and tin with rhubarb at proper intervals for three weeks, but no worms have appeared, and she looks as ill as ever. Her breath don't mend, and she has a pain in her stomach. Doctor Brockesly has now ordered her asses' milk and bark—we shall see the effect of it. But he fears it is some obstructions or habitual complaint in her bowels.

I am sorry Charles has not wrote to you, but perhaps I am a little to blame for it ; for before I knew that letters went safe I told him he had better write by the Hague as well as by Ostende. And perhaps this doubt of their reaching you made him not write at all.

143. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Goodwood, 15th November, 1779.

My dear sister,

My brother is mending, but he has still a little slow fever hanging about him, which I believe bark would throw off if he took it regularly ; but, though it agrees with him, he don't take it as he should do ; sometimes he forgets it till so near dinner time that it sickens him, at others he has not time or forgets it quite. He is, however, very tolerably but still weak. He has just got a fresh piece of business, viz., the local militia, which his Majesty has condescended to appoint after having refused it. They are to be independent companies under so many captains who have King's commissions ; and are only to learn to fire ball by practising once a week now, and in case of an invasion they are to be embodied. Mr Leeves [and] Mr Smith are each of them captains in it as it requires no trouble till an invasion happens ; and then of course every gentleman will be glad of having something to do.

Lady Albemarle continues delightfully well, she writes me word. I do believe her recovery is owing to her hardy way of life, and her exerting herself so much. For people who resign themselves to old age grow older much sooner. Dear little Caroline Fox is better. I hardly know how to rejoice at it, as I can't find out exactly how she is better ; but as they say she is out of danger, I suppose it is by voiding a stone. Poor little soul ! What a dreadful illness for her age !



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I know nothing of your sons since I wrote to you last. But I conclude that one is in Torbay and t'other at Chatham. I'm in hopes Louisa will come from Ireland at the meeting which is next week. She is monstrous eager about the Irish affairs, and writes me word she cannot bear to find the English accuse the Irish of rebellion, which is not true, and that it's dreadful to have lies told of one. You may guess by this how serious she is if she can be hurt at the newspaper talk, and at the ministerial paper, too, which is the only one that blames them. I wrote her word she had better do as C. Fox says he does, never read but one paper for fear of seeing what he don't like ; for, as he is determined not to alter his conduct, he thinks it very foolish to give himself the *désagrément* of reading abuse of himself. Louisa must do so too, if she is as great a patriot as I much suspect she will turn out ; in a week or ten days' time this business will become serious.

We have not lost Jamaica yet. I don't know what we may do. They talk of Lord Amherst's going out for fear of the enquiry about Plymouth's being so neglected last summer, and General Conway is to take his place. His friends fear for him, as it will end in his being only lieutenant to the real Commander-in-Chief, who is his Majesty, and that's not quite so pleasant.

Yours, my dear sister.

Lord Hillsborough is to be Secretary of State.

144. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Itchenor, 1st of December, [1779]

My dear sister,

Your son, Charles, is at Portsmouth, fitting out the *Tapageur* to go to the West Indies to carry orders, I believe, but I don't know exactly where. This intelligence I got from Henry in a letter dated Portsmouth, where he tells me that he volunteered escorting a party of 400 impressed men from Chatham in a transport under the command of an old officer, as he thought that it was a good thing to know how to acquit himself of such a charge if he was ordered on the business. He was

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

a week at sea, and was waiting to be relieved every moment at Portsmouth or would have come to Goodwood. He was (he says) paid for his trouble, in seeing dear Charles, during the short time they both have to stay at Portsmouth who was well. And so he says he is himself, which I am very happy to hear ; as of all unwholesome things he could not, I believe, have found one equal to being crammed into a dirty transport with these men at this season of the year. But a good action never hurts one. And it was a very good one in him, I do think, who loves his ease so much, to volunteer this upon the idea of learning something. Whether it is of use or not I don't know, but I'm sure the motive is of use, and I hope you will write to him in praise of it.

My brother and the Duchess and Henriette are gone to London. The first is so-so, the second pretty well, and Henriette a good deal mended. But I hope there will be a serious consultation of physicians on the state of her health, for she is not right, and the cause ought to be ascertained. I have mentioned your prescription of castor oil, which the doctors will decide upon. But the point that is doubtful now is whether she has worms or obstructions to remove, or if her complaint is an habitual weakness within her. It is a very difficult point to decide. She has taken glysters of aloes and milk, which cleared her bowels of some slime. She then took calomel at a week's distance of time for three weeks, taking tin and rhubarb in the intermediate days. All this purged her moderately, but it lowered her to such a degree as to have all her flesh fall away and pains in the calves of her legs. Yet no worms appeared. She has since that taken asses' milk and recovers her looks very fast. But yet none of her old symptoms of worms disappear. Her breath smells, her colour changes, and yet her spirits, appetite and sleep are good. I must own I think it of the greatest consequence to ascertain the truth, for if she has worms they will prey upon her till a fever ensues, and if she has not and they physic her for them they will throw her into a consumption. My brother seems perfectly sensible to this doubt, and proposes to have a great deal of consultation before he determines on what she is to do. She is grown to read French and English quite pleasantly, to work



a great deal better that you or I do, and, *pour s'amuser*, she draws plans of houses. It is a most engaging little creature.

I am settled here for the winter, which sounds a little dismal, as the wind has not ceased roaring since I came. But I was determined to secure Louisa some bathing, and my going to town with Lady Albemarle and afterwards my brother's illness detained me till now. Besides, it is not ill suited to my temper, which at this time is very sulky, for dearest Louisa don't come over this year. I don't find fault, because I dare say it's very right Mr Conolly should stay in Ireland; and I'm sure it's right she should be with him. *Mais tant il y a* that time wears, we all grow old, and we see each other less and less. It is now the second year I have not seen her. The Irish affairs may grow worse, and I shall not see her perhaps for some years more if a rebellion should ensue. *Il y a bien là de quoi réfléchir en noir* even if I was at Moldcomb, much more at Itchenor. I shall not tell Louisa how vexed I am, for I'm sure she is not well, and I dread lest anything one says to vex her should affect her. Her expression about herself is that she must *rub on* as well as other people and that her constitution is as good. This makes me suspect she is not quite well. But I won't plague her about it, as I believe she really does take care of her health. Since she does not come I want you, my dear sister, to be with her, for I think you would take care of her. If you mean to visit Ireland you had better go soon before any troubles begin there, for it will be very unfit for you to go afterwards. And whatever may happen hereafter it will will be some time before the flames burst out.

I can't write you any public news, however interesting for I get my letters so uncertainly here that it's old news before I hear it, and the French paper will tell it you as soon. But I must tell you some private news, which probably you will like better to hear from good authority than merely in a paper.

There is a foolish Mr Adams who made a foolish speech in the House. Charles Fox made a fine one in answer, wherein he said that if ministers were to adopt Mr Adams's ideas and act upon them they would be execrated by the nation, etc., etc., etc., etc. Mr Adams after two days came to Charles

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to desire he would contradict this speech in the papers when it was printed. Charles refused, and explained that it was not *personal*. The man was satisfied, but some enemies of Charles were supposed to set him on to return to the charge, and to insist on satisfaction in lieu of contradicting it. Accordingly, he challenged Charles, who met him in Hyde Park. Mr Adams bid Charles fire first, who told him, he had no quarrel with him but was ready to stand his, Mr Adams's, fire since he chose to fight. Mr Adams fired and the ball went through Charles's clothes, and grazed the skin on his side. Charles then took a long aim and missed Mr Adams. The seconds proposed to make it up then, but Mr Adams still insisted on the contradiction being signed, which Charles refused to do. Mr Adams then fired again and missed Charles, who took aim a long time (just to frighten Mr Adams a little), and then fired in the air.

Mr Adams was then satisfied. And the result of this (which is my brother's account of it to me) is that he says Charles has got the greatest credit by it, having behaved perfectly coolly, reasonably, generously and bravely throughout. He has not been confined even a day, so very trifling is his scratch, as they call it, for they say it cannot be called a wound. Thank God it is so well and so safely over.

I had a letter from Lady Margaret Bentinck, in which she enquires much after you, and is very uneasy about your staying in so uncomfortable a situation in France during war time. She says she has not heard from you since she wrote to you and enclosed you a letter from me. I wrote her word that as you [had] not particularly answered me about *that* letter, perhaps you never got it. So pray write to her, my dear sister, for she seems hurt at it.

Louisa Lennox is in London with Lady Holderness.<sup>1</sup> My brother George, is there too. The Duchess is to carry her to Court, and will, I fancy, see a good deal of her, for Lady Holderness is very fond of my brother and [the] Duchess, so there will be no difficulty in their being often together. I wonder if Louisa will acquire a taste for town or not. Her

<sup>1</sup> Marie Doublet, Countess of Holderness (d. 1801); widow of Robert Darcy 4th Earl of Holderness.



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stay is to be short, only till Christmas, and then she is to come on a visit to Goodwood during the party there. Lady Holderness's is a pleasant house if she can now afford to make it so, which I don't know anything of. But I am sure she will be charmed with Louisa's sweetness of manners and temper, by comparing them to the ungracious manners her daughter had so long used her to. By the by, that same daughter (now Lady Coniers<sup>1</sup>) is married to Mr Byron, and lives a great deal at her mother's, who says she is happier with her than ever, as she now shews her so much attention ! Poor soul ! How she must doat upon her to be so very much pleased with so small a merit, for though one would not depreciate Lady Conier's merit, to be sure, her situation obliges her not to be quite *rude* to her poor mother, as they say she used to be.

Lady Albemarle goes on delightfully and recovers very fast. Poor little Caroline Fox is still in a very low, weak way, and her case very doubtful. Harry Fox is still at Cork waiting a more uncertain thing than winds, for he waits the ministers' determination about going to America.

My brother promised me to see about Edward's ensigncy as soon as he got to town. I am glad Lucy likes the doll, and me for sending it to her, for I had great pleasure in the idea of her joy in undressing it and finding its pockets full. I certainly sent you books with the doll, but they are luckily of no great value : it was the *Annual Register* with an account of the American war written by Mr Burke, some poetry, and *Evelina*,<sup>2</sup> a novel. Adieu, my dear sister, my love to your children, *j'embrasse mon beau-frère*, and am ever most affectionately yours,

S. L.

Louisa begs her respects to her Uncle and Aunt, and is mightily pleased at the idea of the amusement Lucy has with the doll. She is just now in family grief, for she has lost her tame bird, and Chiffon has lost an eye.

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<sup>1</sup> Amelia, *suo jure* Baroness Conyers (1754-84). She m. (1773) Francis Godolphin-Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen (later Duke of Leeds). She left her husband in 1778; was divorced in 1779; and m. that same year John Byron, son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron.

<sup>2</sup> *Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, by Fanny Burney, was published anonymously in Jan. 1778.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

145. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Itchenor, 15th December, 1779

Since my tidy letters are so welcome, my dear sister, I shall continue them, even from this desert. For such is now this place. The violent rains have rendered the roads impassable, so that not a creature comes but now and then a servant from Goodwood, if there is any letter franked by my brother. You may, therefore, judge that I cannot even entertain you with discoursing on *la pluie et le beau temps*, for the latter part of the subject don't exist, and Louisa and I are literally prisoners. But, thank God, we pass our time as merrily as if we were not. For I cannot tell why, but my spirits have been remarkably good, which proves to me what I've often thought, viz., that good or bad spirits are much more constitutional than one is aware of, for I've no sort of cause for good spirits, although, thank God, no immediate cause for very bad ones, just at this moment, not at least to my knowledge, as I've had accounts that some friends of mine were safely arrived at New York.

I've sent your letters to your two sons, and desire you will make no sort of excuse for giving me the pleasure of pleasing them. But I hope you don't scold poor dear naughty Charles, although he may deserve it, for then I will not thank you for making me your messenger.

My brother is very tolerably well, and returning to Goodwood for the hunting party. Dear Louisa (our dear sister, I mean) has had the epidemical cold, and has not been well, but she says she is recovered. I leave you to believe her or not as you put confidence in her truth or not. I've not heard from your sons, so suppose they are at Chatham and Portsmouth; the latter I'm sure of, as [no] ship could leave port for these last ten days, the wind being full against them.

I can give you no other account of Louisa Lennox in London, but that she looks very pretty and as yet has been only moderately admired, which I think promises that she will be properly admired, that is, upon acquaintance, will charm all those who know her and who have taste, and will escape vulgar admiration.



[1779]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Adieu, my dear sister, my paper won't allow me even to lament Mr Ogilvie's poor finger, but I must find room to assure both him and you of my most sincere affection.

146. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster*

Itchenor, 26th of December, 1779

As I sent you a letter of your son Charles's last post, my dear sister, I conclude he told you more of himself than I can. Nor have I any news to tell you of anybody, unless you have not heard from Ireland. And in case you have not I will repeat to you my dear Louisa's cheerful account. She says that they think the concessions of England are so great that if they are passed in the Parliament here as pure as they are proposed, the Irish are quite satisfied; that she revives at the thoughts of removing a sand-bank at Ballyshannon, which is to open a port for the trade; that she understands the good effects of this trade is to be felt in ten years, and she hopes to live to see all the misery removed which has so dreadfully shocked her; that she now enjoys Castletown, since she may hope not to have all their throats cut, and that it won't yet awhile belong to the French or Spaniards. I am sure the peace with Ireland is a blessing, if it did no other good than give Louisa joy.

In my last letter I bragged of my good spirits. But bragging is never good, for they met with a shock the very next day, by a horrid accident [which] happened at Goodwood among the servants; they went out in the Valdoc wood in pursuit of poachers, and the poachers murdered one of the poor stable-boys (not a Louch, so don't let James be frightened for his brothers), his name was Thomas Hewet; and they almost killed one whose name is Robert Godden, a gamekeeper; the third, a gamekeeper, being a very strong man, saved Godden's life and his own; the poachers are all taken and will probably be hanged. The day it happened I went over to Goodwood just to see something at Moldcomb, and was so surrounded with all the horrors of such a scene of distress that I have not yet recovered the impression of it. To avoid it all I hastened back here, and if one can mention such a thing

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## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

as the death of a dog after the death of a person, I have not mended my spirits by the loss of my poor dog Ranger, who died after three days' illness, between Louisa and I, just as we were watching him ; and my spirits having been so agitated were quite weakened and did not bear his death with heroism, I must confess. But to leave that subject for a brighter one ; I hear my brother is in very good health and spirits at Goodwood with his company. I hope to see them in ten days or so. There is a fine frost just come to brace up all our nerves after the uncommon rainy weather we have had, which makes Itchenor less horrid. Louisa bathes with great courage in spite of the cold, it agrees very well with her. She has a little complaint which, as you know I respect your physical knowledge, I beg to consult you about, though those whom I've spoken to make slight of it. It is swelled glands round her nipples ; they don't pain her but are hard ; as she is but eleven years old, I fear it is some humour and want to know your opinion of it, and if it's common, as they tell me. I know nothing particular of Henriette's health, but that they say she is well in general ; she has borne the parting with her maid mighty well, which surprises us all, for we dreaded it would vex her sadly, and hurt her health. She has got the Duchess's little maid about her, so that her French will go on the better for it ; and she seems a very clever little body. Lady Albemarle, who is in perfect health, has sent me a model of the famous box given by the City to the Admiral<sup>1</sup> ; and even the model is beautiful, though in paper, as it so perfectly shows the ingenuity of the artist, who has paid the Admiral every compliment he deserves in the prettiest form. If they were to see it at Paris they would allow we can compliment as well as they can, only we choose an object worthy of it ; and the allusions on the box would furnish conversation for a month at the least at Paris. My best love to all your family ; ever yours, my dear sister. I don't sign my name, not out of conceit, but that it would come so exactly at the edge of the paper that it stares one in the face if one takes up the letter.

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<sup>1</sup> Admiral Keppel.



[1780]

LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1780

147. *Lady Sarah Lennox to William Ogilvie.*

Goodwood, February 18th, 1780

It is a shame, my dear Mr Ogilvie, to return yours and my sister's kind letters with the neglect I have done. But, indeed, the hopes of being able to name dear Charles to you has long delayed my writing. I hope you have heard from him, since I find others have, and that he is well. But as to his luck, my sister may take her choice of being glad or sorry as she pleases, for the day before Sir G. Rodney<sup>1</sup> met the Spanish fleet Charles was sent off to the West Indies, so he lost an engagement and being made a post captain. I dare say he swears at his bad luck and forgot the arm or leg that might have gone too: So, in my humble opinion, there is where-withal to be comforted, though to be sure it is provoking to have missed the only brilliant advantage we have had this war.

Henry is still at Chatham and is not to go to the West Indies, thank God, for he would not bear it like Charles, who has been inured to it. Before I thank you both for your letters, let me rejoice you both by the best news I can tell you, I believe, if nobody else has informed you of it, and that is that my brother has mended in his health in so extraordinary a manner that it's like witchcraft. He has recovered his looks, health and spirits like a new man, having only the most slight feelings of his former disorders. This change began during the company's month here, and lasted till he went to town, which was not much above a week ago, for he stayed as long as he could here. How London has agreed with him I can't tell, nor can I say what is the cause of the change, but so it is. And now I believe I have fulfilled my promise of giving you the best news in the world. Poor Lady Louisa Lennox is with great reason just now in very great affliction, her greatest friend and her constant companion, poor Mrs Smith, was taken suddenly ill at Stoke and died in three days. Her loss is irreparable to Lady Louisa, and indeed a more excellent

<sup>1</sup> Admiral Sir George Rodney, on his way to relieve Gibraltar, met the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent on Jan. 16th, and defeated them. Having attained his object, he then set sail for the West Indies.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

woman is seldom to be met with; her friendship, truth, sincerity, good sense and good temper were remarkable; and she is a general loss to us all who knew her, but to none of her friends like poor Lady Louisa, who is most truly to be pitied. Mr Smith has shewn a degree of grief that is a proof of his feeling, for he loved her as a friend beyond what it is possible to imagine. And the generous will she made in his favour has affected him very much; she wrote it in her own hand, and left all her fortune to him for ever! I believe he now regrets every hour that he ever passed that could possibly give her a moment's uneasiness.

Louisa Lennox has taken another trip to town with her father, for a great ball at Lady Lothian's, and Charles writes me word she has been everywhere and vastly pleased with everything. I am mighty glad to find my brother, George, is so inclined to take her with him, for as he is kept very tight to the House of Commons now, it gives her charming opportunities of going; and as she is *recherchée* by the Duchess, Lady Holderness, and Lady Lothian, *c'est à qui l'aura*, she can't miss of being entertained and having every advantage. I forgot if I told you or my sister a thing that I shall venture to repeat again rather than not tell it you; my brother George's behaviour to my brother and the Duchess is so uncommonly kind, so affectionate, so pleasing that it exceeds anything you can conceive; they do nothing but talk of it with the most warm gratitude and sincerest joy. And by their accounts he seems as happy to find he loves them as they are to find it on every occasion.

Lady Louisa is not quite the same, I don't know the reason of it, but she never came here (except on public days) all the two months I was absent. But my brother, George, who brings his girls here, makes up in double kindness to the Duchess and my brother for the loss of Lady Louisa's affection.

Lady Albemarle is as well as ever, and the better for being electrified, which agrees vastly well with her.

I had a delightful long letter from dearest Louisa lately with an account of the Irish politics, which are much more spirited than were represented here. For we were very angry with them for their ingratitude to their patriotic friends here.



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LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

But it seems they are not so elated with their advantages as to forget the main chance and keep the thirty thousand men in arms, a precaution that will always give them a wonderful advantage over those they petition to. Our petitions are not so well backed, and so they lie on the table in the House of Commons. Don't you think the compliment paid to Charles Fox is very flattering? And if he gets elected for Westminster, as it is thought he will, it is a reward due to his very steady political conduct; as he has been offered bribes over and over again. He who wants money to such a degree has surely great merit in refusing it.

I am now come to my sister's letter. I assure you I did not send any scold to her sons with her letters, only a hint, which I'm sure is all they want. She asks me how Charles goes on with Mr King; as to learning, I cannot tell, as I have nobody to question on the point *apporté* to answer me with any precision. But, so far I can see, that instead of waiting to be driven to lessons Charles is alert to propose going; that perfect harmony reigns between them, and that they are like two brothers, the younger having an attention to the hints of the eldest. Mr King is infinitely more steady than he was formerly, and seems wholly occupied with teaching Charles, or playing with him, which is never interrupted but by politics, which he is patriot mad about, and which *ennuient* Charles a little. I am sorry to return for answer to your account of our dearest sister's having had a second cold, that she has had a third, but she does say she is well again and in such spirits it's quite charming. I did not know the Duke of Leinster abused Lord Hillsborough. I believe, as you do, that it may not be quite so regular, but one cannot be sorry for it. I am mightily obliged to you for putting me in favour with Eddy, but I desire you won't give me the mortification of seeing him disappointed in me, for perhaps he thinks one aunt ought to resemble another in some degree at least; and alas! black and white are not more different than my sister and me. I am very sorry you have any fears about change of climate for George. You cannot, I suppose, leave him, too, a little longer, for he is too old to be in the care of women only unless he was ill. Mlle Cecile<sup>1</sup> I do long to see, but still

<sup>1</sup> Cecilia Margaret Ogilvie, el. dau. of Emily, Duchess of Leinster, and William Ogilvie.

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

more Lucy, whom I have formed a partiality to long ago. Our pretty little Henriette is an object with chilblains: I never saw or could conceive they could look so formidable as hers do. She is otherwise very tolerably in health, improving daily in all learning, and reading Molière's plays with such eagerness that it's charming. I can't possibly finish without saying a word of Moldcomb, which begins to give me hopes of being habitable soon. I am very busy, and of consequence very much amused in contriving to get just the necessary furniture to get into it in the most economical way (economy is in fashion, you know), and my revenues are by no means adequate to contracting for my furniture with a London upholsterer; and as I can raise no taxes I must be very frugal in my first setting out, and it requires much contrivance to direct country workmen.

I have been reading over your letters, and, to answer them regularly, I must begin by saying how happy I and my Louisa would be at your balls at Aubigny, for her rage for dancing is as great as anybody's can be who never has seen it much; and to dance is her constant plan of amusement in all her little schemes. And I, who think it the best thing in the world for girls in a country house in a reasonable way, would give the world to see her so happy. But unfortunately she has neither the opportunity of learning it, and when she does dance I shall not see her, which I assure you is a great misfortune (of the small kind) to me.

You say you are coming and shall *pass* only through England; *tant pis* for us. But dearest Louisa will rejoice, and I trust you will return for *good* here.

I don't believe a word of your leaving little Emily at Aubigny—*les entrailles de père* will begin to be moved at parting with her. Your next subject is about Mr Adams's attack upon Charles Fox. I find it's the fashion to call it a Scotch or ministerial act, but I own I think all that violence is unjust without better proofs, and I had rather think Mr Adams a foolish fellow that knew not his own mind, than suspect men of so infamous a design; and as I never heard any of our friends say it I dare say there is no reason for it. It has, however, as you say, turned out against them. If you see the



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ministerial abuse of our petitions in the House of Lords, you would not call us tame ; for according to Lord Hillsborough all the petitioners are rebellious disturbers of the public peace and enemies to their country. He has been finely abused for this. I saw in the papers that they wondered how this new minister could give himself such airs, for that he had no property in England, and was nobody till he obtained a peerage, his name, parentage and birth being very obscure. This put me in mind that, well as I know him, I never knew who he was, and knew him only by the honour he has had of marrying the sister of a man noble in every sense of the word. I beg, therefore, you will satisfy my curiosity about him<sup>1</sup> I saw to-night in the papers some unpleasant warm words from Lord Fairford<sup>2</sup> to Charles Fox in defence of his father, which vexed me because the cause is good of both sides, and the parties amiable, but I hope it's nothing. I also saw a ridiculous speech of a Colonel Onslow's about my brother, and I enclose you the debates out of the paper, taking my chance of their being permitted to pass, as I think they will divert you.

As I have made this letter abominably long I will enclose my newspaper paragraphs to my sister, that the packet may not be too large. Your dear Lord Bellamont has been shining forth in all the glory of ridicule in Ireland ; Louisa writes me word that many people have tried, but nobody has succeeded, in understanding him. His inconsistencies were very well paralleled in the papers. I hear the little Duchess of Leinster improves every day, as Louisa writes me word. I am sure there is a great deal in her character which time will discover, which her extreme diffidence hides. Don't you love their calling the daughter Geraldine?<sup>3</sup> If the poor girl turns out ugly they must drown her, as Lady Barrymore used to recommend to my sister to do by the least pretty of her litter, for the fair Geraldine not handsome will be too bad ; however I hear she promises well. Adieu, dear Mr Ogilvie, and dear sister, too, for my letter is to both. My love to Sophia, Eddy, etc., etc., etc., believe me ever very sincerely  
yours,  
S. L.

<sup>1</sup> James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Hill (1753-1801) Visct. Fairford, el. son of Willes Hill, 1st Earl of Hillsborough (afterwards Marquess of Downshire), whom he succ. in 1793.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Geraldine Mary FitzGerald, dau. of William Robert, 2nd Duke of Leinster ; b. 27 Aug., 1779 (d. 1790).

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

148. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Goodwood, 26th February, 1780.

You must excuse me, my dear sister, if I don't feel so sorry for the death of poor dear Lady Kildare<sup>1</sup> as my regard for her seemed to demand, but, indeed, I have been so terrified by a report her death occasioned that there were but few things in this world that could seem to me a misfortune by comparison. The vile newspapers had announced her death as yours, and, though I knew it was impossible for the papers to know anything about you sooner than me, yet I could not have a moment's peace till satisfied of what the event was that had given rise to such a piece of news. I was sure something had happened wrong somewhere, and my confused ideas of what it might be made me very wretched indeed; though you were very unlikely to be the person ill in question, as the news came from Dublin. The week before they put down the death of poor little Lord Holland, who is, thank God, very well. I dare say I am not the only person alarmed about you, for many of your friends who had no right to expect to be wrote to as I have, must be frightened, though the story was ill told, as it said you was in Dublin. Poor dear Henry flew up from Chatham to Richmond House, terrified to death for an hour only; which, however, he spent happily in hearing the truth, poor fellow! He has probably written to you himself. I am afraid he is going somewhere, but my brother thinks it is only to Jersey or Guernsey, though it's kept a secret.

To return to Lady Kildare. I am indeed sorry she died before she had the satisfaction of seeing all her grandchildren. But as I don't think her disposition led her to be very anxious about children it was no great loss to her, I believe. I hear she died very easy; and I am sure she must have had all the satisfaction that reflecting on a long and well spent life can give, which is too enviable a state to pity or regret her. I hope this will make no alteration in your scheme of coming over. As the time draws near it is not amiss to tell you that you will find my brother and [the] Duchess here, I fancy, by the 25th of March for a full fortnight, as Easter is the

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<sup>1</sup> At the age of 88.



## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

26th, and they generally have good holidays from Parliament at that time. My brother I expect here to-morrow for a week. He is not so perfectly well, I hear, as he was. I shall trouble you with my commission for china in a short time in case that if you stay at Paris at all and have leisure I may not lose the opportunity of your choosing it for me ; but I've no guess how it's to arrive here, and as I am in no hurry for it, I had rather have it laid by for me till there is an occasion of sending it without plaguing anybody with it.

I am more busy about furnishing the necessary articles for Moldcomb than you can imagine ; and, now my terror is removed, I am alive again about it. And, indeed, I only wrote this to you to satisfy the *envie* I had of writing to you, and I hope you will satisfy my still greater *envie* of hearing from you your own dear self. God bless you, my dear, dear sister, and long, long preserve you to us all ! My best love to Mr Ogilvie, and *j'embrasse toute votre famille*.

Ever most affectionately and tenderly yours, my dear sister,

S. L.

149. *Lady Sarah Lennox to Duchess of Leinster.*

Goodwood, 28th of April, [1780].

My dear sister,

I have been much more dilatory in thanking dear Mr Ogilvie and you for your kind attentions to me in the pretty presents you sent me than was consistent with my gratitude to you for them ; for I do indeed think it most excessively good in you both to take every opportunity of shewing me your kind remembrance. I must also say your choice is as pleasing as your gift, for you always send me just what I should have picked out for myself. I have not yet tried my inkstand, for Louisa was what is not very usual to her, both giddy and puzzling ; and after having explained to me how to use it, she found she knew nothing of the matter, so I wait till some clearer head explains it to me. Indeed, I must say in excuse for her, that she is so well bothered when she comes here that I wonder she ever remembers anything, we all beset

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

her so unmercifully among us all. I am sorry to find her account of your health is so indifferent, but I hope it will mend the moment you lie in.

I believe it's unnecessary to tell you how pleased she was with you. But you won't dislike, I fancy, to hear the account she gave me of Mr Ogilvie. This is it: "For many years I thought only about his sense, his principles, and attention to the boys; and finding him so exactly what I wished I examined no further into his character. When he married my sister, I grew all anxiety to know every individual part of his character, however trifling. But the times were too interesting to allow me so exact a scrutiny. And when I found he acted nobly, generously and disinterestedly in all that affair, I was satisfied. As to the attention and love he showed her, it seemed to be so, of course, in gratitude for her love for him; and that besides it was impossible for him to help adoring her, that I own I did not see half his merit in his conduct. But *now* that the first violence of love may be supposed to be a little calmed, now that people's eyes are no more fixed on his conduct, now that as a father and master of a family it is natural for him to act in the most unconstrained manner, now is the time to judge him, and to my excessive joy I am convinced that he is exactly the character I should have chosen for my sister; now I am perfectly satisfied and contented." I am sure this will give you pleasure, my dear sister, in proportion as it interests you by the joy it gave me. But though we are charmed with Mr Ogilvie's love for you we are not at all charmed with yours for him: for, pray, why must he not look a little yellow as well as his neighbours without its putting you in such a fidget? We do not permit you to *faire l'enfant*, but entreat of you to consider that if he is billious, he luckily has the means of keeping it off better than most people by leading whatever life suits his health the best. So pray don't make imaginary evils to yourself, *hélas! nous en avons tant de réels!* Let him look a little yellow now and then.

I suppose you are enraged at Louisa's wasting her time here which she might have spent at Paris, and 'tis indeed very provoking. I am glad you liked L. L.<sup>1</sup> so well, to say the truth I was *sure* you would; and I can assure you there is

<sup>1</sup> Louisa Lennox.



no liking lost. She says: "To be sure, I can't say I was *glad* poor Aunt Leinster was ill, but I was glad that it obliged us to stay at home, for it was so pleasant at home I hated the going out or company coming in." She says Sophia is a sweet girl; Henry a very, very pleasant boy. And I think she is quite partial to him. Edward also she thinks very agreeable. Lucy, she says, is the cleverest and most agreeable child she ever saw. George she raves of, and Cecilia she talks of for ever and repeats all her *bons mots*. Robert, she says, is very good-humoured; and as for Gerald, she excuses his being less agreeable because of his deafness. In short, she is so inclined to like you all (for Mr Ogilvie and you are her first favourites) that in talking you all over she makes you all out as perfect in your different ways, or at least has so many excuses ready for the most trifling foible that it's next to allowing you have none. She does not well know how to fight off Henry's being a little of a coxcomb, because it's against her own nature, but yet she supports it. And all her mother's little comical attacks of I suppose this, and I suppose that, won't make her allow of anything that is not charming among you all. I think both my brother George and Lady Louisa are quite satisfied about her improvement, at least they ought to be, for she has learnt all she could learn in so short a time, and indeed, I think *he* seems quite so.

I suppose Louisa wrote you word of seeing dear Charles at Stoke, who will have the honour of being reviewed by his Majesty at Portsmouth next Saturday and then sailing on a cruise as 'tis said.

My brother is really vastly well, considering all he has gone through in politics, and all he is to go through about the militia, which is to be soon embodied. He is Colonel. He has about five officers and the rest are country gentlemen. So my brother and Captain Jones are to be drill sergeants to the officers and 800 men, to make something of them in three months. *Jugez s'il travaillera!* For fear he should not have trouble enough on his hands he has taken Mlle Le Clerc, the little protégée of Mr Jones, and he chooses to educate her himself. You might have fine crowing over him, I assure you, for although he does not spoil her I confess (for he makes her

## LADY SARAH LENNOX TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

obey instantly), yet she gets so about him that, do you know, she has liberty of staying in his room while he is busy, she always will sit next him, be helped by him and in short, she makes a complete nurse of him. All I can say in his excuse is that I defy any mortal to have the resolution of not doating on her when she chooses to like them, for 'tis the most engaging child I ever saw, and vastly in the style of Charles FitzGerald at the same age, only vastly good and meek besides violent spirits, eternal little French prate, and a great deal of sense and sensibility, *ce qui forme tout ensemble un fort amiable sujet*.

The Duchess is as fond of her as he is, and every mortal takes to her. If she turns out half as beautiful as she promises to be, the Lord help her poor lovers; for with her beauty, sensibility, grace and agreeableness *il y a de quoi tourner la tête* to the wisest man; and Mr Jones has already vowed he will cut any man's throat who dares to think of any foul play with his protégée, though he should be 70 years old. I assure you we think him vastly improved with his French education, for he is grown much better humoured.

Adieu, my dear sister, my best love to Mr Ogilvie and to all your dear children.

Ever yours most sincerely,

S. Lennox.

[May 5th]

PS.

Long as I was in writing my letter, I have added to its delay by leaving it safely locked up a week when I thought it gone, I must therefore add, that it goes to-day, May 5th; that my sister Louisa is at Portsmouth, where she took my girl and Miss Staples, and that we expect them home every minute. The King is ill received at Portsmouth, because he delays the work which the fleet is waiting for; the principal thing is small beer, of which they brew sufficient for 17,000 men a day, and there are 21,000 to drink it. There are twenty-nine large ships and innumerable others all ready to sail in a week, they hope. Charles has excuses made him for his bad accommodation from the Admiral's captain, to which he answered anything was good enough for him. And he has gained great favour with the Admiral, who shews him as



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his fine midshipman who can lay by all his airs and lie in a cot among the sailors ; which is the case, for he has only a curtain to separate him, and a gun for his *seat*. My brother asked him where his *valet de chambre* lay, and he answered he left him to take care of his gold earrings, so that he turns all the jokes in his own favour.

[1787]

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1787

150. *Lady Sarah Napier<sup>1</sup> to Duchess of Leinster.*

Castletown, March the 3rd, 1787

My dear sister,

I am both sorry yet flattered that you missed my letters among the millions you and yours must receive. For besides your six children in Dublin there are three persons in this house that correspond with your family, and Mr Ogilvie's letters, which I guess are constant, make the tenth correspondent (exclusive of me) from hence, and indeed, the fear of your being oppressed with letters kept me from writing.

But since you are so kind as to *complain*, I am encouraged to begin one of my monthly magazines; for I think my letters are very like them, a compound of unconnected stuff and a little sense *par-ci, par-là*. I need not tell you that we had *more* than our share of anxiety about Mr Ogilvie's return, for Mr Napier and I love him so sincerely for his own sake, perfectly exclusive of you, that we grew quite hard-hearted about you, and wished most anxiously for his return to dispel that little lower, which you know one can spy out in the political weather long before the storm begins, by the experience one must make in observing the variety of impressions which variety of matter, circumstances and situations, produce in the political world. Let it comfort you, my dear sister, to think that Providence gave you this trial to bring about a certain good to your husband and sons; for had they stayed people would have thrown out ill-natured hints that they acted unkindly to their friends here, and that would have vexed and materially hurt the feelings of both. If your sons had come alone, Mr Ogilvie would have been thought to differ in opinion with them; and by all coming, they have proved a zeal exemplified by actions, not words, which (comparatively speaking to the general conduct of politicians) is very glorious.

I can tell you nothing very satisfactory in the political way. Mr Ogilvie will explain much better why Charles

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<sup>1</sup>Lady Sarah had married, on Aug. 27th, 1781, the Hon. George Napier, 2nd s. of Francis Napier, 5th Baron Napier. He had married, first, Elizabeth, dau. of Capt. Robert Pollock (d. 1779), leaving one dau., Louisa Mary, who d. unmarried in 1856.



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LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

think that *too* long a visit to those who are so kind to one brings such continual ideas to one's own mind of taking advantage of their kindness, that even the comforts of their kindness grow a sort of reproach to oneself.

Ever yours, my dear sister, most affectionately,

S. N.

151. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, March the 9th, 1787

My dear sister,

Although Louisa writes to you on the same subject, and that her letters (particularly where kindness is concerned) are worth so much more than anybody's, yet I cannot enclose Mr Ogilvie's speech to you without adding all I hear in favour of it, from Mr Conolly and Mr Pakenham as hearers and from every reader besides.<sup>1</sup> It is generally talked of as uncommonly good, full of information in the beginning and of fun in the latter part about Orde.<sup>2</sup> And (what delights Mr Napier) spoke exactly his long determined opinions relative to trade by exemplifying Carthage and Holland's ruin by their following it to excess. The only point Mr Napier differs with him in is the possibility of Ireland's receiving good ultimately if England is hurt; although it very evidently is the case at first. But Mr Napier says it's like making separate interests between man and wife, convenient and pleasant enough perhaps for the present, but hurtful in the end. However, nobody else joins Mr Napier in this, as the present good blinds everybody and makes them like the Treaty. Your husband's journey, indeed, is repaid by marking his return on the minds of politicians *par un beau côté*. I've seen nothing of him or of your sons these ten days, but they are not without their triumph, too. You must know that [the] Government allows £7,000 a year to be laid out in making new canals over Ireland, and, having vested this in a navigation board's hands, they

<sup>1</sup> William Ogilvie's maiden speech in the Dublin Parliament was delivered on the occasion of the debate on the Commercial Treaty of Sept., 1786, with respect to its influence on Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Orde, (1746-1807); Chief Secretary for Ireland. He was cr. (1797) Lord Bolton.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

make the Grand Canal and broke for debt.<sup>1</sup> [The] Government now wants either to pay their debts, or to give the income for canals to favourites in different counties. But Sir J. Blaquiere<sup>2</sup> chooses to make the Grand Canal go from Monasterevan through his estate, which happens to be very right and proper and which is particularly good for my Lord Castlecomer, as it will mend the estates of the FitzGerald and Pakenhams to a very great degree when done. But Mr Pakenham, who exerted himself much about it, said that Sir J. Blaquiere taking the lead would ruin it, he feared. However, it was tried yesterday, and hides some mystery of a quarrel between the ministerial people; for Sir J. on one side, Mr Fitzgibbon<sup>3</sup> and Mr Beresford<sup>4</sup> on t'other, with Mr Orde, had such a set-to together as quite amazed and overcame gentlemen. All our friends sat by, voted, but would not let their voices be heard in the Billingsgate language going on. There was the fullest House known, forty-five or [forty-] six divisions, tricks played to lock out people. Mr Hubbard, who had asked the Duke and some members to dinner on purpose to avoid voting, had a special messenger sent to order him and his company down to the House, and the Duke taking part in it he was forced to go. Mr Fitzgibbon had company and wanted to get rid of it, but all to no purpose. Even Sir John's talking such amazing nonsense that he puzzled the cause could not avail. They all stayed till two o'clock in the morning and carried

<sup>1</sup> An account of the construction of the Irish canals is provided in Constantia Maxwell's *Country and Town in Ireland under the Georges*. Between 1778 and 1812, aided by grants, first from the Irish, then from the British Parliament over £2,000,000 was expended upon the Grand and Royal Canals, which connected Dublin with the West.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Blaquiere (1732-1812), politician. He had been Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1772-77, and was a member of the Irish Parliament for many years. In 1800 he was cr. Lord de Blaquiere.

<sup>3</sup> John Fitzgibbon (1749-1802); Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1789-1802. He was cr. (1789) Lord Fitzgibbon; and (1795) Earl of Clare. He m. (1786) Anne, el. dau. of R. C. Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, Co. Wicklow. He maintained throughout his political career an uncompromising resistance to all popular movements in Ireland, and especially to attempts to improve the position of the Catholics.

<sup>4</sup> John Beresford (1738-1805), Irish statesman. Son of Marcus, Earl of Tyrone, he m. (1774) as his 2nd wife, Barbara Montgomery, a celebrated beauty. This marriage greatly strengthened his political influence, and Beresford wielded immense power in Ireland. He was in fact, indirectly responsible for the repressive policy pursued by the British in their dealings with Ireland during the later years of the 18th century.



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the point, to the no small triumph and joy of all those who are to be benefited by it. To-day there is a new business comes on, viz., a new bill of navigation sent from Lord Hawkesbury<sup>1</sup> (late Jenkinson), the meaning of which is to recover to the English the power of extending their laws over Ireland. And this navigation law most particularly enforces the two famous articles of the old propositions so opposed last year. Mr Conolly says he supposes it won't be debated to-day and that the opposition will be very, very strong, *if* there are people enough collected to make it. And you may guess one is anxious to know if the same people will take the alarm who did last year, and whether as strongly—but I own I doubt not. The Irish politics are too like champagne, and people dwindle down to stupid port here for ever. I believe that many friends were displeas'd at Conolly for voting with [the] Ministry about the Riot Act; and because he (it must be confessed) shewed the power of the Bishop of Cloyne too evidently in the House, they concluded him what is called gone over a little. But *you*, I think, know him too well to mind these appearances, and I think (so ought others *entre nous*) you will not doubt he acts upon his old usual plan. I hope there will be a strong opposition to-day to put them all into good humour again. By the way, I fear the south rioters are not likely to subside, for you know I conclude that Mr Trant wrote a pamphlet<sup>2</sup> in a manner under the inspection of the Bishop of Cloyne, that he abused Sir John Colthurst in it, who insisted on fighting him, and was killed by Mr Trant, who, poor soul, suffered dreadfully from great feeling on the occasion. It is now said that Sir John's corpse was carried in form to the south and attended by thousands of people without their hats, which all vow vengeance on Mr Trant. From this I conclude there is ill blood stirring still there, and it seldom goes off in smoke. I have had a letter from Mrs Greville<sup>3</sup> from London, or rather Richmond, where she has taken a house to attend poor Catherine, who is in a very bad way.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Jenkinson (1729-1808) had been cr. (1786) Lord Hawkesbury. He held various parliamentary posts and possessed great influence with George III. He was cr. (1796) Earl of Liverpool.

<sup>2</sup> "Considerations on the present disturbances in the Province of Munster, 1787"

<sup>3</sup> Frances, dau. of James Macartney. She had m. Fulke Greville, and was the mother of the celebrated Mrs. Crewe. She died in 1789.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Mrs Greville is low. Nothing is settled, but I hope if poor Kate dies, she will be able to live in Ireland, which I see is what she has set her heart upon most. George Byng<sup>1</sup> is just gone, and I cannot tell you how much the tears of a spirited, manly character as his is, affected us all at parting; for it showed so strong a sense of gratitude and an affectionate heart, that all his little failings disappeared, and I feel to love him most excessively. Indeed, he has great merit, and you may trust *my* word for it, who am not blinded by his being my nephew, as some folks are, who are not taken in by his attentions (for he is not at all given to have them), who am not complaisant enough in my temper to excuse petulant manners and ill-bred contradictions (particularly when they are from a boy to my husband), nor indeed at any time, and who am (if I may say so without being accused of insufferable conceit) not to be imposed upon except by very good sense or cleverness. All these things secure my impartiality and, what is much more, my husband's; and yet we both agreed that his faults arose from motives that made not the smallest impression against him in our hearts. His petulance is from a warm heart and quick temper, and over in an hour. His subjects of dispute and manner of treating them, all from his education, uncorrected by sense; for had he as much as he is supposed to have by his relations, he would long ago have discovered that the old George Byng is suffered at fifty in the House of Commons for his past faithful services and tried honour; yet a second edition of him in young George Byng at his uncle's house and table won't do. Here he is seen by *all* as the representative of Conolly and as such adored by Louisa; seen, only *rather* partially, by his uncle, and blamed by every other creature, who, in drawing the comparison, see a cold, important air *vis-à-vis* a plain frank and warm friendly welcome; who see an appearance (for it is no more) of impertinent neglect, and an overbearing imposition of his tastes, ideas, and opinions on the company. And no sort of attention to his uncle's ways, with often flat contradiction. All this tells against the youth, and yet it ought not, for it only proceeds from his

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<sup>1</sup> George Byng; m. (1761) Anne, 2nd dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly.



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horror of toad-eating, which makes him contradict improperly from his love of French manners, and contempt of everything he don't think *comme il faut*, which is very natural, but very imprudent to shew. And, as to his conversation, it is no fault of his if it can blind nobody but his uncle and aunt to his little ways. But the truth is he is as dull *au fond* as it's possible to be, and fancies he is lively like his uncle, so that he tries at repartee with the women, and prosés, or rather twaddles, beyond measure—he is the prince of twaddlers. Mrs Fitzgibbon told him so, he hates her, and now Louisa hates her, too, for saying it, although said with fun. For he asked her what she meant by it, and she said, "Look in the glass and you'll understand it in perfection." Remember this is *entre nous deux* positively, for dear Louisa colours and almost cries at the mention of it with rage, so don't answer it even for fear of<sup>1</sup>

152. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster.*

Castletown, 3rd of April, 1787

My dear sister,

I wrote to you twice since Mr Ogilvie arrived, chiefly about him, I wrote by him to Sophia, and by the same packet that he sailed in I wrote to Charlotte at Nice; but I fancy by yours of the 15th of March to Louisa, which she got yesterday, you will have left Nice. I therefore write again to you, merely that if your journey deranges your letters you may get mine, at least, which are of so little consequence that it's worth risking their being lost rather than not try to let you hear we are all well.

Mr Ogilvie and Edward left Dublin the 29th of March, and as probably the delays of London and Paris must keep them a little, this letter will arrive first. They were both well; Mr Ogilvie had got his escaping look, like the face he had when he went to you before, merry and impatient. Edward was consulting us how he should do to be sorry to part, for he could not compose his face to proper sorrow towards brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, loves, fancies and engagements of another nature, from which if the truth was know he was glad to run away, *car my Lord s'ennuie à la mort.*

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<sup>1</sup> The remainder of this letter is missing.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I say nothing to you about poor Emily, as Mr Ogilvie can best tell you that after a long time of expectation, which she bore with great composure, a fit of impatience has seized her, and she will have some crisis to all this; which probably will end in their living together again—but I know none of the particulars. The little Duchess is going on very well, I believe, but everybody knew she would not lie in till May, and, 'twas her own fancy that it would be in March. I don't think pretty little Isabella<sup>1</sup> was quite well when last I was in town.

You inquire about Emmy.<sup>2</sup> Oh! Why, Emmy is fairer, more blooming than any blossom, grown tall, thin and elegance itself; every motion is like a picture, and her sense, fun and tyranny don't fall short of their former brilliancy. Dear Louisa will spoil her, that's a clear case. But there is no help for it, as it is only in things which Louisa don't think wrong and that I do. But, knowing it's in vain, I say very little about it; for the good so far outruns the little defects of her education that I don't know if I could succeed, whether I would run the risk of altering some things for fear of altering others. For, after all, the faults I find are that Louisa has an erroneous system, and this I cannot alter, for it's her own; so I not only don't try to alter it, but I don't allow myself to be the least uneasy at it.

Dear Louisa is pretty well; a little nervous at times, which I perceived more from her warmth about the Bishop of Cloyne than anything else. I believe Conolly is out of humour about politics, and he has made her so too, but if she was not nervous she would not take it in that way. But, thank God, whatever goes wrong it is not with regard to your husband, who is in great favour, and whose visit from Nice has been most gratefully accepted by Conolly.

You ask where *we* go to: why, to Stretton,<sup>3</sup> my dear sister. For we can live cheaper there than anywhere, and the journey

<sup>1</sup> Lady Isabella Charlotte FitzGerald (1784-1868), 5th dau. of William Robert FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of Leinster; m. Louis, Vicomte de Chabot.

<sup>2</sup> Emily Louisa, dau. of Lady Sarah and Hon. George Napier. Born in July, 1783, she was adopted by Lady Louisa Conolly, and lived all her life with her, until Lady Louisa's death in 1819. In 1830, she m. Sir Henry E. Bunbury, 5th Bart., and nephew of Sir Charles Bunbury.

<sup>3</sup> Stretton Hall, nr. Wolverhampton.



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LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

is nothing. I want to go in May, because of the summer before us.

I have taken up the pen entirely to say what my heart is full of upon hearing all you say, and which Mr Ogilvie had told us about that sweet little Dalrymple, and I was resolved to say all that might divert you better first. But I cannot stop any longer, and must own that your feelings work upon my very heart and soul, and I would give anything to be so deluded into imaginary happiness for a moment, though it must end in greater pain. My dear, dear sister, your poor heart has ached more than your body, and yet you have suffered much of pain! God Almighty relieve you from both soon, for my mind misgives me that this journey will hurt your health, although it may do good to others. I hope by your account that sweet Lucy has nothing the matter with her lungs. Poor Charlotte's not getting better is dreadful. Adieu. Ever most affectionately and tenderly yours, dear sister,

S. N.

Many thanks to Ciss for her pretty letter. I hope Mimi's *toes* are recovered?

1790

153. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster.*

Celbridge, 18th November, 1790

My dear sister,

In proportion as our mind is relieved from all anxiety about dear Mr Ogilvie, our thoughts return to dear little Ciss; pray tell us something about her and her lover; does he continue as strongly attached?<sup>1</sup> Is he not very impatient at delays now that there is no reason for them? If he had not put off all thoughts of marrying while you were all in grief I should not have liked him half so well, but now I hope to hear of his being what is commonly called unreasonable. Indeed, my dear sister, I wish it more than seems reasonable in me, for somehow my mind misgives me that some difficulties may arise in the course of a long courtship which none of us are aware of. I think I see the seeds of mischief in a thousand concurring circumstances that come to one's ears from all quarters, and when put together form not an absurd ground for suspicion, though I trust it will prove erroneous; but such as they are I cannot help laying them before you. Mr Ogilvie's and your quick judgment will of course point out *my* errors, and perhaps be more guarded by my suspicions. For you are to consider that *we all see* through the plain medium of common envy, common roguery, common mischief [and] common events; but you and Mr Ogilvie see through that nobleness of sentiment which your own interest brings first up into your hearts. Be assured you would be sharper sighted in the cause of any other object.

The first and indeed great subject of fear is the universal bad character of Sir C. Talbot; from all quarters abuse of that man reaches our ears. And I understand from the second Lady Donegal's<sup>2</sup> friends that she was forced to make a bargain with him after long difficulties, by which she secured to him

<sup>1</sup> Cecilia Ogilvie was engaged to Lord Chichester, son of Arthur, 1st Marquis of Donegal. But the engagement was subsequently broken off.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte, dau. of Conway Spencer, and widow of Thomas Moore; m. (1788) Arthur Chichester, 5th Earl (cr. Marquis) of Donegal. She d. 1789.



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one thousand pounds a year, out of what I cannot tell, but I suppose ultimately out of poor Lord Donegal's estate ; for it is said that in the north Lord Donegal is nobody. It is Sir C. Talbot to whom the tenantry, and gentry too, look up ; so completely has he taken the lead and bound them all to him that he is complete master of the estate, and I believe, of its political influence. Such a man must hate the word settlements, and will not easily make them without a gain, or at the very worst without a security for keeping what he has. I dare say he trusts to time and to youth and to a little fear in Lord C. from the prejudices of education, and if once he delays the match he may hope to marry him to some little cipher whose relations will enter into all his wishes to gain a title. That such are to be found anybody can guess ; but that such will be found among your acquaintances (I had nearly said friends) is perhaps only my suspicion and perhaps that of many more than me. But here are my causes. Lady Torrington<sup>1</sup> is the devil incarnate, and revenge is sweet ; if she can't get him she will at least rob you, she hopes, and Lady Leitrim is a fine cat's paw.

I happened to write to the latter about a maid lately, for I'm not in correspondence with her, which makes it the more odd for her to seem to solicit *me* to give *you* advice. Her words relative to the match are : " Cecilia's match seems quite a joke, seeing her literally in her frock the other day ; but she has good sense to equal one of twenty-five. *My cousin* is much more childish than her, but he has a good heart which promises much happiness to both. However, they will have full *time* to get more experience, as I understand from Lord Donegal the settlements cannot take place these seven or eight months ; *he won't hear of articles*, and I hope they won't press it, as it would only vex him and I am *certain* will be to no sort of purpose. We were at his wedding ; Lady Donegal is a charming young woman and Cecilia will find great comfort in her."

I have put the dashes where *she* put them, and from the tenor of the whole I think it was intended as one iron in the fire towards delay.

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<sup>1</sup>Lucy, Viscountess Torrington (1744-92), dau. of John Boyle, 5th Earl of Cork ; m. (1765) George Byng, 4th Visct. Torrington.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

You know she is at Bath and so is Sir C. Talbot. You know Lady Torrington writes *comme quatre diables*. But perhaps you do not know that *la chère amie*, Madame Damas, is now made the excuse for my lady and her daughter's remaining in England, while my lord is coming to Ireland. Oh! how Lady Torrington and Lady Leitrim will *tracasser* this winter and ferret till they hatch something; I wish they may find some *new* subject besides the dear little innocent unsuspecting Ciss.

I believe I asked Mr Ogilvie what could tempt him to employ my brother in such a negotiation. And I repeat the question to you, for does he ever forget his politics (I mean in business), and will he not let Lord Donegal see that he is not at all anxious for anything but the match, which will of course give *beau champ* to Lord Donegal to do nothing but consent to the match? Which certainly is the first and main object. But it would be a pity to have Lord Chichester think he owed all his happiness to my brother, and look up to him only for present support by means of some place which my brother may hold out to Lord Donegal as a lure; and consequently Lord Chichester is bound to my brother and his politics by the strongest hold of gratitude.

If the match really could not otherwise take place, then it is better to submit to an evil to avoid a greater; but political genius, you know, consists in forming the evil to have the glory (and the consequent power given by that merit) in one's own hands. And a negotiator has a fine field for exerting political manoeuvres in; particularly one to whom such conquests as young men in Parliament are meat and drink, triumph, glory, and interest—in short, everything!

If once the young ones were married, with or without articles, having no sort of obligation to a soul but to Mr Ogilvie for giving at present her fortune to her in trust, till some settlements are made, then there is no fear of any enemy: they may threaten, talk, and even *do* wrong for a time, but it will all come right at last, with a little management; provided they have no hopes of breaking off the match. The evil being done, there may be fury, rage and revenge; but time and the opinion of the world will at last bring all to a right level.



[1790]

LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I *suspect* that if Lady Corke,<sup>1</sup> who is *l'âme damnée* of Lady Torrington (with as much cunning in intention but less power of practising it from immoderate love of talking), will let out something more about all this when she comes to this neighbourhood of gossips, where her words circulate very fast; and if I hear anything of consequence I will tell it you. For the present, adieu in a great hurry, for my letter is just called for and I've not time to read if it is sense. I know it is sincere, and therefore can only lose me in your judgment, not in your heart. Ever yours,

S. N.

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<sup>1</sup> Hon. Mary Monckton (1748-1840), dau. of 1st Visct. Galway, who had m. (1786), as his 2nd wife, Edmund Boyle, 7th Earl of Cork. She was famed for her literary parties.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1791

154. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster.*

Celbridge, 8th March, 1791

My dear sister,

If Louisa has written at all, I am sure she has given you an idea of his having been very ill, which you must not say; I deny, for it is really so odd a fancy of his, and so rooted, so much adopted by her, that I'm convinced both of them would think me very unfeeling, if they hear how lightly it is treated by every soul. He had a House of Commons influenza with some fever; James's powders met with so little to act upon that they insensibly carried off the fever, and contributed to a violent spitting. I grant that without care it might have been dangerous, but with it, it was not the least so. However, he says he had a violent fever, lost his appetite entirely, did not shut his eyes for nine nights, and is so reduced by the immense spitting that nothing but so strong a man as him could have outlived it; and still talks of his feebleness in consequence of it. The fever was a quick pulse two days, the sleep was interrupted for four nights by coughing, the appetite stopped four days; his weakness admits of three hours' ride and two of walking every morning, and the spitting increased by what he terms want of appetite,—viz., two plates of soup, three pork steaks, half a chicken and tart. Dearest Louisa is deaf; but why she should be *blind* I cannot guess, but so it is. For the next day to this meal (which Harriet helped him to herself) Louisa told me it was by no means his old spitting colds, but a serious attack on his lungs; that he was weak and quite lost his appetite, having a dislike to meat. If one attempts to represent a few facts, she colours and says we have no idea of how ill he is. We made a bargain with her, viz., that if he was the least low, or in want of a companion to dinner, or after dinner, she would send for Donny,<sup>1</sup> as it was obliging us to know we should be sent for if wanted, and not *de trop* if he enjoyed being alone.

She promised this, and I'm certain has followed hers and our idea; for she never sent for us during a whole week, but

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<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah's nickname for her husband, Hon. George Napier.



I evidently see that Conolly thinks we neglected him. He has been quite alone except on Sundays, when she made him promise to dine in his own room ; and he has regularly marched into the dining-room when we were all sat down, and seemed to delight in talking over his danger etc. and ate of everything. It is really a very delicate point to know how to trim between the pains he takes to persuade her that he hates company, and the pains he takes to procure it, and to say it is forced on him. The fear of seeming the least ungrateful to him checks one, or of all things the being made a cat's paw of to dearest Louisa is the most painful thing. So we hazard the first, as dear Conolly's warm heart never leads him wrong about his real friends when his little fancies are over. Don't answer all this part of my letter, for fear Louisa asks to see it. She had another sad fright about his choking, but not so bad as the former. The weather is so fine at last that I'm sure it will cure her completely of all her complaints occasioned by colds, frights, anxiety and company ; for, excepting the week she put off company, Castletown is besieged, I think. Poor *mad* Mrs Beresford<sup>1</sup> comes flying down there every two or three days, with three sisters and a brother, and a thousand other people for various reasons. Poor Lady FitzGibbon<sup>2</sup> was there yesterday, at Louisa's own desire, for her health ; and indeed it is very bad ; unless bathing in the sea recovers her, I am sure she will fall into a decay by next winter. I conclude you have had all proper contradictions to the strange story set about London and written over here in everybody's letters, of her having an intrigue with Lord Westmoreland,<sup>3</sup> and the Chancellor being to fight with him in consequence. The origin of this story has not yet transpired, but I make no doubt it will prove Mrs Stratford or a Castle hack, either of which are capable of any invention to serve their purposes. Mrs Stratford's is, to make her dear friend Lady Fitzgibbon's

<sup>1</sup> Barbara Montgomery, wife of John Beresford, Irish statesman. She was a celebrated beauty, and, with her sister, Lady Mountjoy, and the Marchioness Townshend, was depicted as one of the 'Graces' in the Sir Joshua Reynolds painting.

<sup>2</sup> Anne, el. dau. of R. C. Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, Co. Wicklow. She had m. John Fitzgibbon (afterwards Lord Clare) in 1786.

<sup>3</sup> John, 10th Earl of Westmoreland (1760-1841), had been in 1790 appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in succession to Lord Buckingham. He m. (1782) Sarah Anne, only dau. of Robert Child.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

character as infamous as her own, to lessen the terrible contrast now subsisting between them ; the Castle hacks have some political view. But the truth is, Lady Fitzgibbon sees no more of Lord Westmoreland than as Lady Chancellor she must see of the Lord Lieutenant, that she thinks of him, speaks of him and treats him with the cool contempt blended with civility, which he has a perfect claim to, as a dull cipher of a Lord Lieutenant. So little appearance of acquaintance even exists between them that nobody at first understood the letters written till somebody was explicit enough to leave no doubt, and then all the world stared, and are still at the greatest loss to guess what could produce so extraordinary an invention. Your son is still the only suspicious person, and for fear the world should only do her justice in calling it a partiality her dear friends are so good as to report by innuendoes that her lowness and illness is not at all for the death of two children, the last dying in the inoculation which *she* unfortunately pressed, but all owing to H. not visiting her, and being in love in England. And so they *pity* her to all their gossiping friendly devils in secret, to try and destroy her fame in every way. I could see such devils hanged with all my heart. Adieu, my dear sister, ever yours,

S. N.

Love to all. If Lord Chichester must come and levy fines before he marries, he must be in Dublin by the 9th of May, the day on which term begins, as Mrs Richardson says, who knows all about it.



[1792]

LADY SARAH NAPIER TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1792

155. *Lady Sarah Napier to William Ogilvie*

Hotwells, 11th July, 1792

My dear Mr Ogilvie,

As I can only give you news at second-hand, I should not write but that it is a gratification to myself to endeavour to satisfy you in the smallest degree about my dear sister, by assuring you that I can perceive by her letters she is very, very nervous; and, however terrible her feelings are, still it is to be considered as a temporal evil, and not to guide your opinion about her fears for Lucy, which have taken possession of her so strongly. By every letter I have received from my sister since she was at Cheltenham she appeared to me in constant uneasiness and anxiety, to which I contributed very much, I fear, by my own letters. I hope that all this arises from the feels that naturally attack a person who has been in constant dissipation for many months, when of a sudden it ceases—no matter how pleasant the change may be the effect is the same and requires a friend's company to make the vacuum of hurry not turn to lowness. I, therefore, particularly regret your absence at this time, but still more for you than for her; as I trust those nervous feels have not alarmed her reason which she can always call to aid, knowing how much her imagination was the cause of anxiety, and that she was within a few hours' drive of Lucy. But you may have given way to fears about them both which the distance prevents your removing so quickly, and I am most anxious to hear of you. A thought is just come into my head that I mention to you to turn it in your mind. If Lucy is to go to Ireland would not a sea voyage be of use to her? We go on the 24th, perhaps a week later. Suppose she came down here, and if she finds herself able and willing, she and her maid might go with us; if this could satisfy my sister, and she would stay at Castletown till my sister's arrival. If the waters here agree with her, which a fortnight can decide, there are ships going every month from hence; and I do assure you that the care, accommodation and attention paid by a Captain Jones of the *Mary* (now

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

in Dublin) to *us* was equal to all one meets with in the yacht, if my sister likes it for herself and family. That Captain Jones is expected here every day and will return the end of August; but there will be one [which] sails sooner, besides the *Bristol* in which we go.

Mr Napier is getting wonderfully well this week, and George<sup>1</sup> coming downstairs and getting strength daily, thank God! A thousand thanks for your kind visit to our little ones. Donny and I join in the sincerest love and gratitude to you, and believe me ever your affectionate sister,

Sarah Napier.

P.S.

Poor Mrs Sheridan<sup>2</sup> was buried last Saturday at Wells. Her death was very moving and sublime. She took leave of every part of her family for the four last days of her life according as her weak voice would admit of. She told her father that, instead of grieving, he should be *proud* of her *now*, when she really *had* something to boast of in the perfect resignation with which she left a world that smiled on her. She said to Mr Sheridan, on seeing some mark of his emotion, "Don't let me see so much kindness, for it will weaken my fortitude, I fear." She desired him to go if he could not bear the sight—but if he could to stay to the last, and grasping his hand died so gently it was like a shudder and no more. His grief is very affecting because quite free from ostentation and his whole thought and conversation are recollections of all her wonderful, *good* mind. He dwells sadly on the idea that if he had led a regular life suited to her cast of character she would not have died. And reproaches himself most cruelly for a thousand things—not that ever he used her *ill* as Mrs C.<sup>3</sup> assures me he never did, but neglected her.

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<sup>1</sup> George Thomas Napier, Lady Sarah's 2nd son. He was born on June 30th, 1784. He served all through the Peninsular War, and was knighted for his services in the army.

<sup>2</sup> She d. on 28th June, 1792. See Lord Edward FitzGerald's letters.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs Canning, Mrs Sheridan's greatest friend.



[1794]

LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1794

156. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster.*

Celbridge, January the 8th, 1794

My dearest sister,

There never was so kind, so affectionate [or] so pleasant a letter as yours to me, and my most grateful thanks are due for it. Your alluding to my beloved Donny's *first* letter gave me an inexpressible pleasure, for it is to *that* letter, and to *your* opinion of it, I owe all my happiness. I saw you so struck with the *truth* of his character that I no longer doubted myself, and was not obliged to call my reason partiality, as I had been persuaded by others to do. Now, dearest sister, see how right I was to fight my battle through miseries created on purpose to conquer my just opinion of my dearest Donny. And allow me to enjoy my triumph among those who judge only on experience of success.<sup>1</sup> From the same reasoning I triumph in his great perseverance about the army when no prospect offered to support him, and I feel he deserves his present good fortune doubly by having earned it so well. I believe it is from hence that I feel so different to most people in my situation; other wives find their pleasure, their fortune [and] their schemes all broken by service. I, on the contrary, see such prospects of success to our long wished-for views, that it is the absence and the danger simply that I feel at all about—the first I flatter myself is short, at any rate, and the latter I begin to think won't be in question at all. So that my spirits are perfectly good and cheerful, and I enjoy society very much, although I like being at home better. This Sophia will tell you, for I assure you I am quite at my ease. I receive letters twice a week in general from my dear Donny, full of spirits about his situation, society, and business, talking of his health as perfect. Think how different this is from what has for years past lowered my spirits. “Sally, I'm not well.

<sup>1</sup> Major Napier had been appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General to Lord Moira's army in Holland. He left immediately to attend to his new duties. Lady Sarah settled her younger children at Celbridge, then followed with the two eldest to Southampton. Shortly afterwards, her husband left to join Lord Moira abroad; Lady Sarah remained on at Southampton.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I feel an inward lowness and constant complaints that make life not worth having if it was not for you, who are all to me. Sally, I can never be well or happy while I am so poor as to owe money. Sally, my life is useless to all my fellow creatures—if I lost you for whom alone I live I would not live twenty-four hours.” And then: “Sally, I am wrong to despond, I have more blessings than I deserve, I ought only to be thankful. For you alone are sufficient to make me worship the goodness of God as beyond all power of description merciful to me.”

Thus, my dear sister, has my beloved Donny passed years in the uncomfortable state of mind which a high and active spirit must feel when kept out of its natural course by his own conduct, and for the sake of what he loves still more than those objects he sighs after. For had he never married he was free to follow fortune’s call, and being married he attached himself too strongly to give up home without such strong reasons as counterbalanced his wish to stay. But these reasons have come, and he has followed them with the strongest emotions of affliction in parting with me even for a short time. But in the hope of meeting soon he has let himself go to the natural bent of his disposition, and his health is influenced by his content of mind; so that I look on him at this moment to be as happy as it is possible for him to be without me. For these are his own words, and I believe them sincere, at least I hope so; for if he deceives me I shall detest myself for the peace of mind he has given me by false assertions of his being comfortable. I have a thousand pleasant circumstances to keep up my spirits, and they *do*; for I am building castles in the air all day long and endeavouring to realize them, which employs me much. My first castle is his *brevet* of major, which I hourly expect to see in the gazette. My next to get him *real* major, and Colonel Doyle gives me hopes of it in *his* regiment by the most friendly and generous conduct of his. You don’t understand these things, but Mr Ogilvie does, and ’tis to him I try to explain it, or rather to get him to explain it to me. Doyle told me: “Napier is eldest captain now, and such men as him are such credit to a new corps that I would not take hundreds to let him off. He shall have the



[1794]

LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Grenadiers because it pleases him. And now let us see how we can manage the majority. If I can raise the 1000 men, there will be two majors. Lord Dungarvan, of course, claims the first with his money—each man puts in his quota for promotion—and Napier has nine good reasons for not putting in his. But, in short, we must not pass him over. And all I can say is that he must pay me when he and my brother have made all the money they must make together.”

Nothing is handsomer than this in Doyle, but I fear Donny will think it too handsome and cannot take it. For I have this day heard from him that Mr Pitt<sup>1</sup> has put in such heaps of commissaries that he must return as poor as ever. And if we don't secure this majority all our castles will vanish into air. I know he gets already good health, a good friend and rank by brevet, and therefore I will not complain but be thankful. However, this majority is my object, as it is the ready *rhino*, you know. They are selling in Dublin in the *new* regiments for £3,500. And as Doyle was offered £1,200 for eldest Captain and preferred giving it to Donny, you know Donny cannot sell it to help out this majority, but must give it up to Doyle to sell; which so far lessens the sum to £1,500. The deuce take Mr Pitt and his commissaries, for without them £1,500 would soon have been run up. My next castle is a little job of my own in which I fancy I shall succeed; little Charles Napier<sup>2</sup> wrote a letter to his friend, Lord Hobart,<sup>3</sup> to ask him to get him made an ensign, and Lord Hobart, in the midst of his immense business in London, finishing the business of all Ireland, learning that of all India and settling his own affairs, was so excessively good-natured as to put me in the way of getting it. And I am manufacturing this business in a little quiet way—you may guess how pleased I shall be when I have accomplished it.

I tell you nothing of Castletown, as I conclude dear Sophy writes you all the gossip. But I must mention dear Conolly's

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<sup>1</sup> William Pitt, the younger; at this time First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

<sup>2</sup> Charles James Napier, (b. Aug., 1782), was Lady Sarah's eldest son. He became the famous General, conqueror of Scinde, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Hobart, Lord Hobart (1760-1816), son of George Hobart, 3rd Earl of Buckinghamshire, whom he succ. (1804) as 4th Earl. He was Governor of Madras, 1793-98.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

perfect health, and Louisa's very good spirits. I see them all now and then, but while the mob is there I go my own puddling way at home. The little Carton boys are, thank God, safe, but have been dangerously ill, and William still far from well, though safe. Dear Edward is more charming than ever, but very low, I think—he has had the bad luck to ruin a fine horse that the Prince gave Conolly, and the good humour of one keeps pace with the grief of the other. Pamela is so-so with a cold. There are balls in plenty in the neighbourhood, and the girls all pleased. Sophia much admired for her genteel and fashionable air.

Lady Fitzgibbon mentioned Frescati to the Lord Lieutenant for his children, and he burst out crying, and said he could not part with them. He has no resolution, no nerves; but in a little time perhaps he might *hire* or borrow it, and take a fancy to it; but he will hardly stay long enough to make it worth his while to buy it, I fear. Mr Douglas is sent to drive him out by worrying him, but he is not inclined to move. Poor little Louisa Pakenham<sup>1</sup> is dreadfully low at home and cannot bring herself to come even to Castletown—she has shown a most wonderful degree of sensibility far beyond what I suspected her capable of, and such strong sense, prudence and character she amazes me. I have no hope to give her, for I fear dear Thomas will not be allowed to come home or even stay in port long enough for her to go to him. He is in great grief about his mother—her death was quite comforting to her friends, for she did nothing but request of them to rejoice in her good fortune, a long healthy life! a short easy death! Thus she termed her illness.

Adieu, my dear sister, I am so glad you continue at Malvern still, it's so much good health saved in the funds, and you may spare a little of it in winter. Did I tell you I am Siddons mad? Nothing but her sublime style could have corresponded with my sensations on a first acquaintance.<sup>2</sup>

How pleasant it would have been to have had you all over here this Christmas! Jephson says Pamela has frenzies of

<sup>1</sup> Louisa, dau. of Rt. Hon. John Staples had m. (Admiral Sir) Thomas Pakenham, 2nd son of Thomas Pakenham, 1st Lord Longford.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Siddons (1755-1831) played in Dublin on several occasions in most of her famous parts.



[1794]

LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

fondness for Edward, and he takes her off, throwing her arms round his neck, and then he grunts like the old Archbishop. I was provoked at him for saying it to the Chancellor. Ever yours,

S. N.

157. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Celbridge, 6th February, 1794

My dearest sister,

I received your kindest of letters about my dear Donny, who has at last given me leave to take my chance of seeing him while he remains in the Isle of Wight. For this purpose I am preparing for my departure, and shall go by London, not only as the shortest but best way for me to compass all my views; one of which is to see you and your family if possible, to get a peep of my brother and the Duchess, to see Mrs Johnston, General Johnston and settle some business of Mr Napier's in town. I am in hopes he will meet me. If he don't, my stay will indeed be short; but if he does, I fancy it will not exceed one week—and then we go on to the Isle of Wight. Dear Sophia has been so kind as to endeavour to *aplanir* my difficulties about where I am to sleep, for I have no scruple of deciding I am to be subsisted by Mr Ogilvie and you. And Sophy says that unless Henry's<sup>1</sup> house is by accident engaged to anybody there can be no objection to your giving us quarters there for a week, as two bedrooms *quite* upstairs is all we want, and one room on the ground floor to receive visits in. And we shall not uncover a chair or do the least mischief to the furniture. My plan is to carry Louisa Napier and Charles (and no maid), in a post-chaise. Mr Conolly lends me Richard Rowland to attend me, so I want no other help, unless you will borrow an honest maid to attend me for a week in town and to wash my small linen and iron it. Sophy and I have settled that I shall trot about all morning to visit friends only; that your coach shall pick me up as it returns from its morning's work and carry me to your house; and when you set out on your fine expeditions you are to drop me at home, to go to bed. By this means I shall do all I wish

<sup>1</sup> Boyle Farm, Thames Ditton, Surrey.





LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD (PAMELA) AND HER DAUGHTER

*From the painting by Mallary*





## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to do in one week, and I hope be no trouble to you in any way whatever. I do, indeed, propose great, great joy in seeing those I love. And if Donny meets me, I am not sure I shall not go wild between joy at the present happiness, nervous sensations of past circumstances, and the emotion of having left my little angels behind me—but I have well weighed it all, and I know I am *right*.

I write this now to give you time, my dear sister, to inform me if you approve of my being at Henry's and think *they* won't dislike it. I propose leaving this the 20th of this month, supposing all things to answer my plans. But I must request you will make a little degree of mystery about this for a time; although I hate mysteries and think it impertinent to suppose anybody cares what I do. But here are my reasons.

First, Donny's allowing me to come looks as if *he* thought *he* should not have anything to do, and it is not his duty to suppose any such thing; so he wishes me to take it on myself, and to say I chose to come and see you and take my chance of seeing him. So pray announce me upon that footing when you *do* name me at all; but not yet, for Lady Anne would have time to write poor dear Conolly a cross letter, for fear he should let me be at her house; and he has plenty of them, without me. My brother also would have time for second thoughts, and with him I know by experience first thoughts are all his own and second thoughts are others, so let me take him by surprise. You see now there *is* a cause for mystery, so pray keep my secret. Get our beds *aired* and receive me, my dear sister, with all your usual warmth of heart; being certain of finding mine most truly corresponding in the sincere and tender affection I ever have for you and yours. Most truly yours,

S. N.

Conolly is pretty well, but he terrifies dearest Louisa with his croakings. And when she wakes she expects Robespierre or Danton to guillotine her before night. Dearest little Pamela was better when she left Carton, but I fear her nerves will not soon recover the shock.<sup>1</sup> *Répondez s'il vous plaît.*

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the execution of the Duc d'Orléans, which had taken place in Paris the previous November. The family contrived to conceal the news from Pamela for some time.



[1794]

LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

158. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Sunday, 16th February, 1794

My dear sister,

Six or seven packets due leave me so much in the dark since I first thought of my journey that I can affirm nothing. But *my* wish and *my* intention of doing exactly as I proposed; and [I] believe I shall sail on the 23rd this day seven-night. But I beg of you not to tell Donny one word of the day, for I have set my heart on his not working his poor brain to powder, in conjectures. So I have not even told him which way I mean to go, by the Head or Park Gate—that he may not expect me, poor soul, and tremble at every wind.

Louisa *had* written to my brother of my going, so I have now done so myself. Adieu, my dearest sister. When my eyes fill with tears with the sounds of “May I Mamma? Mamma do this, Mamma do t’other,” I am forced to think of you all and Donny as fast as I can, to drive such thoughts from my head. Adieu, ever yours most affectionately,

Sarah Napier.

Conolly is quite well. I hope I shall find my dear brother so. Perhaps I may be sooner with you, which I mention because of the beds being aired. For I don’t grudge a bushel of coals to secure an aired room for my boy and girl, both being now rather delicate. Dap has looked ill a long time, and I trust to the journey to do her good; she is an odd girl, for she is afraid of you all, old and young, fancies everybody will have an aversion to her, proposes no pleasure in seeing London, and only longs to see her Papa and Mrs Johnston. I hope Lucy will shake off this prejudiced turn of mind, for it is not a happy one. ’Tis not want of loving the world neither, but fear of not being liked. Charles is always a poor, pale-faced, thin dismal looking wight, like a little old man with a cough.

159. *Lady Sarah Napier to William Ogilvie*

Celbridge, Saturday 22nd [February] [1794]

My dear Mr Ogilvie,

A million of thanks to you for your kind and charming letter! The Prince, the hotel, all delightful, but Lord Moira’s

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

speech about Donny worth it all ! How I long to see you all in Harley Street, but my impatience is sadly subdued at this dreadful moment of parting with my children and the dear Conollys.

I sail to-morrow at 5 o'clock for Park Gate. I allow myself time enough at sea and mean to be at Chester on Tuesday night, to go on Wednesday to Mr Monckton's in Staffordshire, to get on to London by Friday or Saturday at the latest, allowing a day at the Moncktons.

Don't tell Donny one word of my plan, for I would not even tell him which way I went, for fear he should listen to the winds with terror. I fear he cannot meet me in London, and in consequence of that I wrote to General Johnston to know if it was proper for a lady to be at an *hôtel* without her husband. Louisa Napier says I did it to give him a hint to invite me to his house, and I am not sure I did not. But since I got your letter I have recollected that you probably know from Donny that he don't come, and will have settled it accordingly. And, to speak [the] truth, I prefer that same little apartment you have offered to get to anything, for it exactly suits me, and I beg you to secure it, unless you hear the Johnstons have settled to have me with them, which I very much doubt. Adieu, my dear Mr Ogilvie, ever yours in a great hurry,

S. N.

Love to all. A *bit* of a maid will do for me. Louisa begs her thanks to my sister and you for the offer of taking her, which she would gladly accept, but that she must be with me if her Papa is not.

160. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Southampton, Thursday, 20th March, [1794]

My dear sister,

Donny and Dap have both been quite invalids with the same complaint ; such an accumulation of bile in both threatened a jaundice till to-day, when a dear little doctor Morris that belongs to this army, by his persevering attention and care, has hit on the proper medicines, and has saved them



both a severe illness, I trust. They both begin to look clearer for the first time since we came, and feel no pain in their bowels, and less sickness, so that, having turned the corner, all seems to be mending. But I have by no means been easy about them, as from common complaining of being unwell it has gradually amounted to serious illness; and I now find Donny was very, very ill indeed when first he came here in consequence of fatigue, both of mind and body. Doctor Haye's expression to me to-day was: "Indeed, he was quite broke down with illness, fever, bile, and fatigue. And had not his business ceased a little he could not have held it out." And yet you see he wrote me word constantly that he was in perfect health—what abominable fibs these husbands tell one! I see he is not to be depended upon, and wants an old woman to take care of him, so I doubly rejoice at my coming.

He has just received dear Mr Ogilvie's most affectionate letter, and if he has not time to answer it desires me to do so, which I most readily undertake, having my full share of the obligation, and it is not *small*. But we need not avail ourselves of his kindness, for if the 150 men cannot be got for [the] government allowance it will by no means answer to us. The great advantage of this is that it is a step, free from all expense, favour or difficulty, and leaves us to try favour for a future event. We are quite sure it will answer, and all we trouble our friends for is to help to hasten it by collecting odd recruits *par-ci, par-là*; which, being thrown into the mass, collects like a snowball by the time they come to Chatham. For example; George Byng (who I beg of you to thank in our names most sincerely for the kindest letter I received from him on that subject) may bid his people at Barnet to pick up what recruits they can—Irishmen coming for haymaking or any idle vagabond—and keep them merry till they can find a safe person to march five or six or ten to Chatham barracks, there to receive the twelve guineas for all expenses included. Many an ale-house keeper will undertake that; and if he receives the twelve guineas when the man is passed will get him cheap enough. And *such* a party as that, coming from different quarters within a reasonable distance of Chatham, helps amazingly. We only wait for beating orders to send

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

out the same to those who will undertake it, but we have two sheet-anchors much to be depended on. Our friends near Dublin [are] collecting many there, which are to be sent to Liverpool, there to meet a person appointed to take charge of them, and who has a certainty of recruiting with success in Manchester, Birmingham [and] Nottingham, which are in fact the only secure places. And so he rolls towards Chatham, making up his numbers, and carries them in a body there. Now the more have come there from different quarters the better first—so that Mr Ogilvie will see that all we want is the interest of servants who pick up many a fellow servant out of place who will be glad of ten guineas, and the person who chooses him of two guineas, all which they are *sure* of at Chatham as soon as the man is passed, and no other expense than his walking down to Chatham with a promissary note for the money, if approved of. And if Mr Ogilvie hears of more than one or two disposed to enlist, he will have an order for the promissory note near the time of passing, which at soonest will be in May, I suppose—for I can hardly think they will be collected before. I have great hopes in the Irish that come to look for haymaking, because if one knew their first *débarquement* one could go and coax them into a bargain: “Paddy, when you are tired of making hay repair to such a place, and you may serve your country and get ten guineas by it, if you choose it. But be sure you come to Chatham on the appointed day or you’ll get nothing, not even whisky.”

I had begun this letter in the full hopes of chatting a little with you, my dear sister, but am prevented. For we have a new acquaintance here, a Mrs Dickson, a Scotch woman, sister to Sir James Baird, an old friend of Donny’s, who is married to a sensible East India rich man. And the medley of old friendship, Scotch hospitality, Indian profusion and natural goodness of heart, with a silly head, binds me to a degree of intimacy, gratitude and trouble that leaves me not a moment to myself. Her rage is to drive me about in her chariot and fine horses to see every place, everybody and to *air* in the bargain, because she says I mope at home. And to avoid this airing I have got her to stay and dine in a family way, which delights her but puts an end to my settling to



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write this day. I can, therefore, only add what I have to say by way of business. Pray let me know what we owe your servants for letters. Pray thank Mr Strutt for the very obliging way in which he receives and franks all sorts of letters for me, and pray let me know how he does—and give my love to Charlotte. I have seen Colonel Strutt,<sup>1</sup> but he don't call on me, and he don't live here, so I could not ask him to dinner till the weather is fine enough to ride home after dinner. Pray tell Charles Fox, if you see him, that instead of wondering he did not answer my letter I am in admiration of his writing so soon; but still more of his kindness, which has pleased Mr Napier much, and me, of course.

I want you also dear sister, to find out for me if the Marchioness of Buckingham<sup>2</sup> intended me a visit, and how in the world she poked me out in Vere Street; because if her ticket, which I found among my papers here bundled up with others, was meant for me, I wish of all things to thank her, for I quite delight in her.

I have troubled you with this heap of commissions because in public places you may perhaps make them, *chemin faisant*, without trouble, or I would to plague you. I hear comfortable accounts of my dear sister and children, thank God! I fancy Mrs Pakenham will be in town as [from] to-morrow if she sailed the day she expected—will one of your dear girls have the charity to tell me all about her, because I know *she* will be too nervous to write herself, and I am very, very anxious. Adieu—I must go to my company. God bless you all. Ever most truly yours,

S. N.

161. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Southampton, April 6th, [1794]

How much, my dear sister, do you add to that confidence I have in your true affection by not forgetting that family compact we three have made of never deceiving each other on subjects of such importance as health. I most fervently

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<sup>1</sup> Joseph Holding Strutt, M.P., who had m. Lady Charlotte FitzGerald in 1789.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, only dau. of Robert, Earl Nugent; she m. (1775), George, Marquis of Buckingham.

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hope you have taken too sudden an alarm about my dear brother, and yet your account of him gives me no cause to doubt the justness of your fears, except the swelling of his legs, which, while gout flies about, is a good symptom. You don't mention if you see him often enough to judge yourself or on report. I trust to your giving me further particulars, for it is quite out of my power to stir from hence at present ; which seventy miles and poverty would not prevent my doing were my dearest brother in danger. But my poor Louisa is very ill, I fear, I know not what her complaint is ; fever, bile [and] weakness are the apparent symptoms. Whether they will settle into a regular jaundice or not, I cannot yet guess. Our physical attendance here is the best in England, and we are perfectly satisfied with their care. I think they lean to supposing it bile, because one pill of calomel recovered her much and she is since grown ill again. I hope they will continue it as well as her strength will bear, for I am sure it is lurking bile. I don't think Donny [is] alarmed much about her, which is a great comfort ; and she is not so herself, which is still better. But I must own I am very uneasy about her, and would not stir for any consideration whatever that was not of more immediate danger. My little Charles has one of his bad coughs. My cold and cough is mending by means of a blister on my back, which makes writing very uneasy to me I had a smartish fever for seven days and it left me abruptly, and I think I am now really as well as one can be in this rainy weather, sadly lodged for health, though well for quiet and cheapness ; for our room is over the kitchen and always too hot or too cold, which hurts my breath sadly.

Donny, thank God, is wonderfully mended of his bile by persevering in some medicines given him by a Doctor Morris belonging to this army. He is the son of a famous Doctor Morris, and has his father's education, with the best heart and most attentive manner I ever met with, so that he is a great comfort to us all in this sick house, where he attends to *all* with a degree of kindness that's very pleasant from a stranger. His two brothers, Charles and Edward Morris, are very well known to the Sheridan family, being men of letters. The family are all pleasant, I think, and Donny



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doats upon them ; so that I feel as if this man was an old acquaintance.

Pray tell me something of Mrs Pakenham, dear soul ! I hope she will physic away her milk, or I fear she will fall ill with hurry and anxiety. Give my love to her and say how we all are, for I cannot write more. I am not satisfied with Mr Ogilvie's account of *you*, my dear sister, you are not so well as I could wish. Adieu. Ever yours,

S. N.

Love to all.

162. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Southampton, 12th April [1794]

My dear sister,

When I consider that I've been writing fourteen letters in two days, I wonder at the possibility of having omitted *you* to whom I am most anxious to write, both from gratitude for your kind and pleasant [letter], from the pleasure I have myself in chatting with you, and from the certainty that you like to hear from me. But those same fourteen letters all about recruiting are in themselves fourteen reasons. I wish I had not a worse, but indeed I have one that causes me the greatest anxiety and makes me too nervous to write, except when a quiet moment offers (as now), to those whom I love.

My poor dear Louisa Napier is not well. She is in no immediate danger, but it is hovering over her, and it will be a week or ten days before I shall dare to speak with certainty of her situation.

I believe the cause of her illness to proceed from the general carelessness of all girls, her in particular. You are to know that originally she was very regular and right ; but by strange ways, which girls only are capable of, she is grown, though not irregular, to have that business in so slight a way that it is evident to common sense that no person can be in good health who has so slight a degree of it. And the doctors tell me that the new fashion of being so thinly clothed in our damp climates checks nature by degrees and gives it another course ; and that already they perceive a great increase of complaints

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

on the breast among young women. Now, if this is observed in England, think what it must be in Ireland ! And as Louisa chose Christmas for clothing her body with a shift and two thin calico petticoats (gown one of them), and unclothing her breast by cutting down her stays and going literally naked ; and that she also danced during Christmas frequently till she complained the next day of inward fatigue in her stomach ; that she also went to *open* windows frequently at these balls, and never wears a cloak to come home in—all this considered I may, without being an old cross stepmother, venture to say she herself has deranged her constitution by slow means of repeated ill management. At Christmas she was to all appearances threatened by a complaint in her breast, and loaded with bile—the journey did not agree and did fatigue her—she, however, recovered by medicine and was well at the Isle of Wight and several days after. But, being of a costive habit, and obstinate to a degree about medicine, she was a whole week so, which created the fever and is the immediate cause of illness. But her blood is *thin*, her stomach totally deranged, her bowels not right without medicine, a short cough and a constant heat and headache ; excessive weakness added to all this.

The last opinion formed of her this morning by Doctor Hayes is that she is in no immediate danger, but that the most watchful eye must be kept over her by physicians to ward off the danger of an *hectic*, which her pulse is not yet ; but at the same time frequent accesses of fever, and other things point to a delicate disposition, which *un rien peut faire un soufle*. In short, he leaves her chiefly to nursing, giving no other medicine than cooling the heat and keeping the bowels free. If in two days the fever don't go completely he puts on a blister, and if that don't answer, I shall talk to my dear Donny more seriously on the subject of moving her into air or sea or climate best adapted to her case ; for nothing shall again tempt me to lose time. For the present, I rest satisfied that everything is done that can be done. She is attended twice and often three times a day by persons of skill, all aware of the danger, and all the best judges what steps to take, so that my mind is at rest that no neglect can ensue. I don't alarm Donny because his alarms



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are always in the extremes and would hurt her, for she knows him *so well* that he cannot deceive her if once frightened himself. And as there are no steps to be taken till she is able to crawl nor till ordered by the physicians, I may as well wait for the order before I propose any plan. Bristol is one that suits us much. Sea air I can get from hence with ease by going with her on the coast—a different climate is more difficult but if necessary it shall be done. I must now observe the good signs—she is not *low-spirited* though weak and whimsical; she has *no pain* in her breast or side, no sweats to signify, and her cough is gentle and not frequent.

My present business is to watch her and give food of some light, nourishing kind every two hours, and medicines by order; to keep up her spirits and ideas in their present good state, which is to call herself an invalid weakened by fever who a week will re-establish, and who is *nursed* but not made an object of, as I leave her frequently for air and exercise, and only sit with her because she is in my room, where I like to be. This keeps the attention to her in its natural course. Donny is, thank God, vastly well, and Charles's cold is better; my coughs lessened. Will [you] have the goodness to tell Charlotte, whom I have not time to write to to-day, that we have got her child and her letter; that we like him vastly, have got him a room at seven shillings per week near us, and he lives with us; so, for the present, he is safe. I will write to her more about him when I can form some judgment of the time of his promotion. Lord Moira<sup>1</sup> is just come but I see nobody yet, and in some days I shall, and of course be wiser about what's going on. I have written to the Bournes of his arrival.

Mr and Mrs Pakenham are together at Portsmouth. I long to have spirits and time to write Lucy a letter full of fine folks, for this place swarms with fine men. But it will take some time to think about them, and more to write. I must, however, tell her that in my illness, with my blister on, I went into breakfast and found a tribe of officers in greatcoats there—Colonel Strutt one of them. I was too ill to speak or make

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Rawdon, 2nd Earl of Moira (later Marquis of Hastings). Lord Edward FitzGerald had been his A.D.C.

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

tea, so I asked my neighbour (whom I knew) to help me, and he did—quite nursed me, seeing I could neither move nor speak out. I took little notice of the rest and they none of me; but a bright-eyed, white-toothed animal of a boy was *vautré* in the chair near me with a careless, saucy look. I eyed him with a glance; thinks I: "That's a London beau of the first order of incivility, I am sure; but what is he doing here? No matter, I shall not trouble myself about him. But there's a soldierlike looking man next that may think my illness impertinence, so I will speak to *him* at all events, for I would not neglect an officer for the world." When breakfast was over and Donny had rattled away with all these men on many subjects, he says, all of a sudden, "Sarah, Major Paget,"—the name so precisely answered my own idea I was near laughing, but bowed to him and said nothing. I happened to name Charles Lennox's being sailed, Major Paget honoured me with his opinion that Charles would be very sorry to go to the West Indies. I told him he did not know Charles if he thought that, for that it was his own seeking—and there ends our acquaintance. But Donny says he is a fine boy and very civil and not fine. But Donny never finds out finery—he talks them out of it before they have time to be fine. However fine or not, he is a very pretty boy—and that's enough for eighteen, which I suppose is his age. Louisa, who was in her bed, was vastly diverted with this appearance of the ghost of a Paget in our *petit ménage* so *roughly* treated as Donny does finery.

Sunday, 13th.

I have the happiness to find sufficient amendment in Louisa to hope she is throwing off the fever, although very slowly. Dr Hayes says her pulse, which was yesterday 108, is to-day 96 only; and he has hit on some medicine that keeps her bowels in order and loosens the phlegm with which the coat of her stomach is covered and which creates the fever, as he thinks. And today he seemed quite triumphant that he proved right in supposing it originated from phlegm and not from the lungs, which yesterday he had begun, I saw, to doubt—pray



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God he may prove right. You may guess this gleam of hope gives us great spirits if it does but go on to be ascertained.

I hear constantly from Henriette about my brother, and this morning find that he has not yet fixed the gout in his foot ; but as he has determined to try so to do, and not to oppose it, I trust in God he will soon have a fit of it. For by Henriette's account it is all owing to his own mismanagement. He checks it for ever, and till it is fixed he cannot be safe, I fear. He is vastly diverted, he sends me word, with a letter I wrote him quite in a rage at his folly. Only think what he does ! He gets wet, he takes laudanum, he takes salts, he takes emetics, all out of his Grace's own head ! I hear a very good account here of Dr Hunter. I have not heard a word from Ireland this age. The misses write volumes to Louisa, but alas ! not a word of my dear babes ! It's all about balls and beaux and nonsense—your friend, Mr. E. Blythe, coming by Castletown and being shown all manner of civilities but not scarce returning them ; but, what is worse by far, not letting his officers dine at Castletown instead of at Coyles at Celbridge, because, forsooth, he was too genteel to bring such company. Pray don't recommend such an animal as that, dear sister.

Lord Moira is come ; he goes to Lyndhurst for headquarters, which robs us of all our [fine] folks. I am not sorry, but I dare not own [to] the contrary. I pretend despair to Louisa, and if she gets well will treat her to a week or fortnight there, for I like it vastly when I'm among them, but somehow or other I like home always best of all—it's a foolish prejudice but I cannot conquer it. Adieu, ever yours most affectionately,  
P.S. S. N.

Pray be so good as to send our little parcels to George Ellis Esq., Abingdon Street, Westminster, to the care of Doctor Morris, with my compliments to be written on a card to Dr Morris. If they are not too large to bring he will do it ; if they are, he will send them by the stage he comes in.

163. *Lady Sarah Napier to Duchess of Leinster*

Southampton, Tuesday, [April, 1794]

I am persuaded, my dear, dear sister, that our silence this week is owing to the aversion we mutually feel to begin on the

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

dreadful subject, and we wait for each other as if putting off the day made it less irksome. I am, therefore, determined to begin, for I don't feel right till I have opened my heart to my dear sister: the smallest shadow of reserve between us affects me with a sensation I remember forty-two years ago. I felt miserable till I had talked to my sister about it, let what would be the circumstance. I begin now to recover my surprise in some measure sufficiently to collect my thoughts, and much, much has one to think of, much to reflect, much to say on so moving an event! But I have no time to set my thoughts down on paper; the only time in which I am ever composed is early before breakfast. And at 9 o'clock we are besieged with officers, notes, messages, all which I am forced to attend to, as Donny is either out, or asleep. His fatigue is so great, I have not the heart to wake him when I can settle about waggons, blankets, carts, etc., with the clerk who happens to be so intelligent he does it all as well as Mr Napier himself, and is an old trusty friend of his who was in the 25th, so may be depended on.

From the moment I am up this room is a coffee-house. At twelve the Doctor comes; at one we go out airing till three, when more messages are to be answered; at four we dine (never quite alone); a few men drop in in the evening and I send them all away at ten to go to bed. I never quit Louisa if possible without leaving a guard over her to prevent her hearing a word that could alarm her. And, thank God, I have happily brought her to a perfect state of convalescence by making her lead the only life that *could* answer for her. Had I left her to mope her lowness would have kept on the cough, which is chiefly nervous; for she cannot bear to read or be read to, so that a little gentle society has been necessary for her. Had I let her see all that came she would have been agitated, heated by a hot room, and late hours; but now she is mending *à vue d'œil*, and has at last been free enough from fever to take bark, and to drive out in a jaunting car, which by good luck is here. She is *just* beginning to enjoy her returning health, poor little soul! And I am going to destroy her happiness! Good God! What a task! No words can express the dreadful sensations we go through in hearing her



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speak of her that's no more ! In hearing her plan parties, and show an impatience to get strong to begin them ! She is looked at here with universal interest and pity ; everybody is so anxious about her—they all want to hurry me to tell it to her. But I wait a time which I think ought to be passed first, if possible.

I was interrupted in this letter yesterday, and have got a sad, fresh cold and pain in my chest (a new difficulty about writing), so that although I have received your most comforting charming letter this morning, my dearest sister, yet I am quite unable to answer it before night, having ten people at dinner. For we are hurrying over our civilities before we tell poor Dap. As she don't dine with us, it is the best time to have company, and it is necessary, I find, to ask all the different departments once, as Donny has met with such uncommon civility from all.

I concluded you would hear from our angel yourself, as I know writing to *you* was a relief to her mind. I have also had a letter exactly similar to yours in every perfect sentiment. Your reflections on the consolations she must receive are, thank God, so true that it returns to all of us for that beloved best of beings. But for ourselves my feelings, I confess, are very uneasy, for I certainly never did justice to that most excellent character, although I loved her ! But my love was more because she belonged to those I loved than for her own sake. And all her odd ways provoked me, which now preys on my mind and vexes me more than I can say.

Her will is a sermon from which may be gathered a variety of proofs how various the characters of human beings are and how Providence dispenses lessons to us through the means we least expected them. Every word of that will is filled with matter of thought ; but none so exalted as her legacy to Emmy, whom she *more* than disliked, who professed hating her, and for whom no emotion of tenderness could arise ! It was all love [and] adoration for her aunt ! And reflected love, for the first thousand she might think her aunt would please herself with, and she might suspect her aunt would leave it Emily. But this legacy was saying " Aunt, your pleasures become mine. Take that to gratify them. Don't refuse it from scruple, for I have willed it in form to prevent you. And you need

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not fear Lady Anne's or Lady Buckingham's<sup>1</sup> reproaches about poor Emmy, for it's not my uncle's money you give her, but mine. I have left you enough to give to others if you like it, and she (Emmy) has her share, and you will be pleased, my dearest aunt, without a scruple." I think I see the dear, good girl saying all these things, and triumphing in the power of pleasing her dear aunt—can anything be more touching? I declare that my admiration can never cease on that score, nor indeed on others. But it is more common to be just, kind, friendly, generous and charitable, than to seek out an unexpected way of proving the *utmost* extent of tenderness.

You may guess I am quite, quite miserable at the idea of my Emmy's not having loved her, (although perfectly natural because of little *picques* between them), and I long to hear that Emmy has felt this in the strongest manner and reproached herself, or I shall, I confess, not feel happy about Emmy, because I took such pains to set her right about that poor girl. As for the legacies themselves, I would lay a wager they never get them—but the intention is the same.

Friday morning.

Here is my letter still unfinished, dear sister. I went to Lyndhurst yesterday to see Lady Ailesbury, being a *devoir*; and she received me so kindly, as indeed all the Moira family do, that it was quite pleasant. I dined with the Doyles, who, if ever they come in your way, you may venture to be as civil to as you please; and take my word for it, you will never repent it, as he is a soldier in the best sense of the word, having every merit of one, and is, besides, a most pleasant, *worldly* acquaintance. She is a fine lady, having all the pleasant ways of a fine lady and none of the disagreeable ways. She has an odd, good, wild Irish sister that we are very fond of, and who would be Lucy's delight. In short, their kindness to us naturally makes us partial, but exclusive of that, you would like the Doyles; and I fancy my friend, Mrs Doyle, would not hate to be acquainted with you all. So I wish it may take place, but those things are all chance.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, Dowager Countess of Buckinghamshire (d. 1817). She was 3rd dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly; m. (1770), as his 2nd wife, John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire.



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I have just time to chat for ten minutes, and must tell you something of our plans. There is a move among us. I fancy it is to be in readiness lest a sudden success of the Duke of York's<sup>1</sup> should make our landing in France of use. And if it should, you know we must be ready. And we are to encamp immediately to teach the new levies and young officers what they do and what they do not want. So that you must watch the Flanders army as the compass by which I fancy we steer. Don't say you heard this from me, for, though I hear things in the streets, yet if I were quoted as a newsmonger don't you know how it would tell against me? Lord Cathcart<sup>2</sup> writes his wife the tittle-tattle of the day, and all Lord Moira does, says or looks. Lady Cathcart<sup>3</sup> tells it to the Princess Royal, she tells it Lady Ailesbury, Lady Ailesbury to Mrs Doyle, who tells it me, and we divert ourselves with the stories we expect will be told on slight foundation, and are curious to hear how they will be *dressed* by the time they return to us. It's one of my reasons for not being sorry to be only a visitor at headquarters, not of it. For Lord Moira makes such a fuss with Donny and us that, although it is from the warmth of his heart that leads him to redouble his attentions to those who don't push themselves into headquarters, yet it almost creates envy already, and Donny is supposed such a favourite that he is downright toad-eaten—think of that? Poor Donny toad-eaten—it is too ridiculous! We believe they think us mad for keeping aloof, for we are going away to Bristol, if nothing occurs to stop us, about the 4th or 5th of May. It is not seventy miles off, will very much suit poor Dap on her first information, as we stop all the towns recruiting, and shall make it three days; which is the *only* way she will at first be persuaded to go out; and out she must be positively for her health. I mean to visit my brother while Donny goes recruiting to the neighbouring Welsh towns; and in the end of May we shall return here to the camp which will

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<sup>1</sup> Frederick, Duke of York and Albany (1763-1827) 2nd son of George II. He became Bishop of Osnaburg and Commander-in-Chief of the army.

<sup>2</sup> William Cathcart, 10th Lord Cathcart (1755-1843); a distinguished soldier. He was cr. (1807) Viscount, and (1814) Earl Cathcart.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth Elliot, Lady Cathcart (d. 1843); who had m. (1779) William Cathcart, 10th Lord Cathcart (later Earl Cathcart).

## LADY SARAH NAPIER TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

then be formed, and probably it will be known how soon it marches—at that *sad* time I shall know what next I am to do. At all events, our expedition thus far has done us some service and may do more. If we get these 100 men the Lieutenant Colonelcy will in time be worth selling, which is at least better than selling a Captain's commission for £1,500, so that we have committed no folly hitherto. But all this is *so* uncertain that I only mention it to you as the line of my thoughts.

When does Mr Ogilvie go? I don't wonder you hate it—poor dear Sophia, how I pity her for having just formed a friendship to lose the person!

My dearest sister, your serious letters do me so much good, pray, when you feel disposed, write them to me. I keep this last as a consolation to my poor dear Dap in proper time. She is wonderfully mended within these three days, but I am forced to check her wish of going out for fear she should reproach me afterwards. I expect Mrs Pakenham the moment he is sailed.

Will you give my love to dear Charlotte and excuse me from writing to her, for at this instant I have letters to write to Ireland, and my face is so red with my spectacles, that I ought to leave off, and I cough sadly too. Tell her her child is safe with us but he wants a mentor, and Donny has begun to-day to speak to him, which I am sure he will mind, for he is excellently well-disposed. I have written to consult Mr Bourne what he wishes us to do with him when we go, stating all the pros and cons, so that I hope soon to hear.

Adieu! I have had a letter from Mr Conolly this minute. He says Louisa is *nervous*. I am sorry for that—I liked the crying so much better. Thank God, all well. Poor Hazy still stupified. He tells me our good friend, Colonel Hewett, has got Charles a Lieutenantcy for nothing; which we keep a secret from the boy and from others too; for it *ought* not to be bragged of. And we are going to exchange with a *half pay lieutenant*, by which means there is nothing wrong done, and he has £35 per annum, and rank.



[1771]

WILLIAM OGILVIE TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

*Lord Edward FitzGerald to Duchess of Leinster, in handwriting of  
William Ogilvie*

Black Rock, Monday.

I am very sorry my dearest Mama that you do not come to the Black Rock to-day, for it is a long long time since I saw you, and I doat upon you and I long to see you. I rode to town to-day with M<sup>r</sup> O. and I saw Grandmama going to take the air in her coach. I am very busy learning Tom Thumb<sup>1</sup> and will be soon ready. When shall it be acted? Our French servant is come, and I like him very well, he played a good deal with us last night. I do not know what to say about Sophia. I believe she goes on well enough with the French woman. But the French woman does not go on very well, for she does nasty tricks and empties her pot with . . . over her window into the garden on Brother Charles's side very cunningly to make M<sup>r</sup> O. believe that it was brother Charles. But M<sup>r</sup> O. knew who it was and was in a great fury, and scolded all the women, and called them nasty B—s, and Mama, with all her dirt the French woman has spoiled the horse chestnuts. We have been working very hard at the fields, and picking off the weeds and we made a great many bonfires of them, and all the spots that the fires were on will be the soonest green. Dear mother I was so hungry in Dublin that I eat a whole roll and two crackers. The floor tiles of the Dairy have been rubbed, but cannot be painted until they are quite dry. There are to be Ringsend Races this week. I wish Mr O. would take us to see them. If we are very good, I dare say he will. I have got a bill of the Races which I can read myself. I'll keep it for you till you come. That's all I have to say. Oh about Geography! I have learned the lakes and mountains and seas and straits in Europe since you was here, so have the rest too. Give my love to dear Aunt Louisa, and to Papa, and to Emily, and Charlotte, and a kiss to Fanny and Lucy for me. I am my dearest Mother,

Your most Affectionate Son,

EDDY FITZGERALD.

Why didn't they send us some fruit? We got nothing but a few apricots.

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<sup>1</sup> Play by Henry Fielding ("Scriblerus Secundus"), 1730.





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