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EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY

From a portrait by Allan Ramsay

COIMISIÚN LÁIMHSCRÍBHINNÍ NA hÉIREANN
IRISH MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER
(1731-1814)

VOL. III

LETTERS OF LADY LOUISA CONOLLY AND
WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE (2ND DUKE
OF LEINSTER)

EDITED BY

BRIAN FITZGERALD



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PREFACE

This Volume consists of 185 letters written by Lady Louisa Conolly to her sister, Emily, Duchess of Leinster (including one letter written by Lady Louisa's husband, Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly) ; and also 107 early letters written to the Duchess by her eldest surviving son, William Robert, Second Duke of Leinster (including one letter addressed by the latter person to his aunt, Caroline, Lady Holland). One letter (241) that had been incorrectly dated by the writer has been correctly dated ; and two letters (236 and 247), that bear no date, have been properly placed in the series.

The practice pursued in the editing of the Letters follows that of the two earlier volumes. My wife is associated with me in the editorship of this volume, and is mainly responsible for the historical and topographical footnotes to the letters relating to the Grand Tour made by the second Duke in 1766-9. The portrait of Lady Louisa Conolly is reproduced by kind permission of the Earl of Ilchester.

BRIAN FITZGERALD

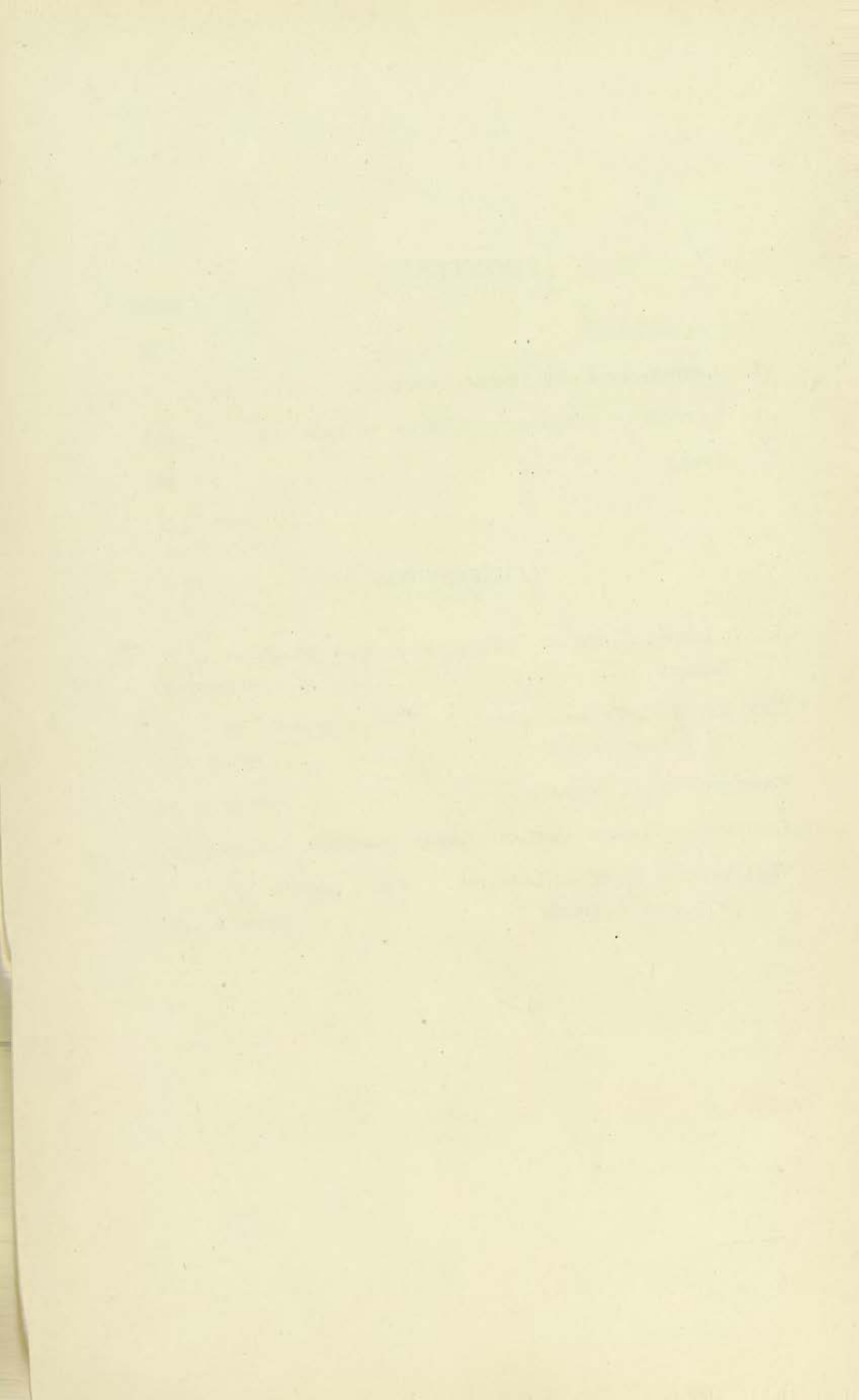
London, *September*, 1954.

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INTRODUCTION

THE LADY LOUISA AUGUSTA LENNOX was born on the 5th December, 1743. Her father was Charles, second Duke of Richmond; her mother, Lady Sarah Cadogan; and she was their fourth daughter. Her early years were passed at Goodwood, Sussex, and in London; for her father was much about the Court of George II. But, in 1750, the Duke suddenly died; and, in the next year, there followed the death of the Duchess, when Lady Louisa was eight years old.

The future of Lady Louisa and her two younger sisters, Ladies Sarah and Cecilia Lennox, was settled by their father's will. They were to live with their elder sister, Emily, Countess of Kildare, in Ireland till they reached the age of fifteen; and thereafter with Mr. and Lady Caroline Fox at Holland House, Kensington, for the next three years. But she was married (30th December, 1758) to Mr. Thomas Conolly, of Castletown, County Kildare—a close neighbour of the Kildares at Carton. Lady Louisa was just fifteen years old. Thomas Conolly, a young man of twenty, was the son of William Conolly, and of Lady Anne Wentworth, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Strafford. This William Conolly was himself a nephew of the Right Honourable William Conolly, for long Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and the builder of Castletown.

At this point, something may be said concerning the building of Castletown, which Lady Louisa came to love so much, and from where so many of her letters to her sister were written. It was sometime during the reign of George I that 'Speaker' Conolly began work on the house at Castletown. In 1722, the celebrated Bishop Berkeley wrote: 'Mr. Conolly is building a stone house at Castletown, 142 feet by 60, and 70 feet high.' Castletown is the first house in Ireland in point of size. It was also the first house in Ireland to be built of stone in the classical—Palladian—style. And in both respects it set the fashion for Irish country houses during the eighteenth century. Its architect was Colonel Thomas Burgh, of Oldtown, County Kildare, the chief designer of his day,

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though it seems that he was assisted by (Sir) Edward Lovett Pearce, then a young man of twenty-one, who was subsequently to plan the Dublin Houses of Parliament.

Lady Louisa Conolly was to make Castletown her constant care. It was she who completed the interior decoration of the house. It was she who, by her charm and amiability, caused the place to become famous as being 'the receptacle for society, comfort and friendship.' A contemporary (Lady Caroline Dawson), who visited Castletown in 1778, describes it thus :

'The house is the largest I ever was in, and reckoned the finest in this kingdom. It has been done up entirely by Lady Louisa, and with a very good taste ; but what struck me most was a gallery, I daresay 150 feet long, furnished in the most delightful manner with fine glasses, books, musical instruments, billiard table—in short, everything that you can think of is in that room, and though so large, is so well filled, that it is the warmest, most comfortable-looking place I ever saw ; and they tell me they live in it quite in the winter, for the servants can bring in dinner or supper at one end, without anybody hearing it at the other ; in short, I never saw anything so delightful.'

After their marriage, Mr. and Lady Louisa Conolly did not immediately settle in Ireland ; and the first letters of Lady Louisa in this Correspondence were written from London. In April, 1759, Thomas Conolly gave a great ball that is chronicled by Horace Walpole. A few months later, Conolly entered the English House of Commons as Member for Malmesbury ; he subsequently sat for Chichester (1768-84). In 1761 he was returned for County Derry in the Irish Parliament, which he represented till the Union. As a politician, Conolly was undistinguished ; he had no great ability, and was an indifferent speaker. Yet he came to occupy a unique position in Irish politics. Because of his great territorial possessions his love of sport, his genial personality, and his independent views he became the champion of the country gentry. He was the richest man in Ireland ; intensely honest and intensely patriotic, he could be neither bribed nor coerced. Thus, in spite of lack of ability, in spite of his inconsistency ('he fancied he was a Whig because he was not professedly a Tory,' declared Barrington), he achieved

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great popularity. But his popularity all vanished in 1800, when he voted in favour of the Union. Three years later, on the 27th April, 1803, he died. He was a great sportsman ; the hardiest man of his time ; and far-famed for his hospitality. And it is as a just and generous landlord, living an admirable life in the midst of his people, that ' Squire ' Conolly will go down to Irish history.

After her husband's death, Lady Louisa lived on for nearly twenty years at Castletown. She devoted herself to the education and well-being of the poor, erecting brew-houses, bakehouses, and an industrial school. She also interested herself in a chip-hat manufactory at Celbridge. In 1815, Maria Edgeworth visited Lady Louisa, describing her as being ' the most respectable, amiable, and even at seventy, I may say, charming person I ever saw or heard.' Indeed, Lady Louisa had always been admired for her good looks—all the Lennox sisters were beautiful ; but, even more, was she admired for her charity and goodness of heart. Perhaps her most endearing characteristic was her devotion to the members of her family. She had no children of her own ; but she delighted in the society of her nephews and nieces, one of whom, Miss Staples, lived almost entirely at Castletown. But, without doubt, her favourite of them all was Lord Edward FitzGerald, whom she visited in Newgate Prison, Dublin, after his arrest, when he was dying.

It was in August, 1821, that Lady Louisa Conolly died. She died, as she would have wished, at Castletown, seated in a tent which she had erected on the lawn in front of the house. She was in her seventy-ninth year ; and everyone mourned her, for she was greatly beloved by all classes.

* * * * *

WILLIAM ROBERT, second Duke of Leinster, the eldest surviving son of James, first Duke of Leinster, and Emily, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, was born in Arlington Place, London, on 2nd March, 1749. On the death of his elder brother, in 1765, he became Earl of Offaly, and when his father was created Duke in 1766, he became Marquis of Kildare. He succeeded to the dukedom on the death of his father in November, 1773.

In 1757, he, with his brother, Lord Offaly and his cousin, Charles James Fox, who was his own age, went to a school at Wandsworth,

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of which Monsieur Pampelonne, a Frenchman of some celebrity, was master. They afterwards went to Eton. While he was there, some fifty boys, amongst whom were he and Fox, revolted and went in a body to the Salt Hill inn. They feasted there for some days till they had spent all their money; then the boys were obliged to return to the school, where they were all flogged. But this incident is not characteristic of young William; unlike his distinguished brother, Lord Edward, his was by no means a rebellious nature. But he was always notable for his loyalty to his friends, and that, doubtless, was the cause of his taking part in an action so untypical of all that we know of his personality.

When William left Eton, his father arranged for him to spend a few months at a military academy near Paris; and thereafter to join Lord and Lady Holland in the south of France and spend the winter with them in Italy. (The Letters of Caroline, Lady Holland, were published in Volume I.) At the time these arrangements were made, William was in love for the first time with Lady Caroline Annesley; but amiable as always, he readily fell in with his father's schemes. Lady Holland describes him at that time as being 'genteel, polite, and pleasing.' in manner, and if only he would hold up his head, 'exceeding handsome.' She trusted that his stay at the academy would see to that. Early in July, 1766, he took leave of the Hollands in England and set out for Dover, having 'delightful weather and a fair wind' for the crossing to France.

So William, Marquis of Kildare (as he then was), accompanied by his tutor, the faithful Mr. Bolle, set out to make the Grand Tour of Europe. He did not return to England till the summer of 1769, having visited Lyons, Naples, Rome, Florence, Turin and Venice, and later, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin and other German and Swiss cities. He describes his progress across Europe in the long journal-letters to his mother, which are published in their entirety in this Volume.

After his accession to the dukedom, William settled down to a life of undisturbed domesticity at Carton. His portrait by Sir Josua Reynolds represents him as a quiet, amiable, and rather languid young man, leaning back in a fur-tipped coat. He was destined—one might almost say doomed—to live through stormy times; and it was his popularity, and his rank, rather than his political ability

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which thrust him to the fore when he was chosen as Commander of the Irish Volunteers in 1779, and, four years later, was instituted first of the original knights of the Order of St. Patrick. But he stood by his people when he voted against the Act of Union. He proved himself, moreover, a model landowner, and in 1800 set on foot numerous improvements on his many-acred demesne in Co. Kildare. He married, in 1775, the Hon. Aemilia Olivia St. George, only daughter and heiress of Lord St. George; by whom he had five sons and eight daughters. The Duke died on 20th October, 1804 (the Duchess having predeceased him in 1798). He was succeeded in the title by his eldest surviving son, Augustus Frederick FitzGerald.



[Copyright Country Life

RT. HON. THOMAS CONOLLY

From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

LETTERS
OF
LADY LOUISA CONOLLY

1. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Chester, March the 13th, [1759]

My dear sister,

We¹ landed this morning at 10 o'clock, for we could not come ashore last night for some reason that the yacht could not come in within four leagues of Parkgate.² Though we had a charming passage of thirteen hours in the night air, it would not have been so prudent to have landed last night. We have both been sick, but are now as well as ever. A most disagreeable thing as ever was has happened, which is that we are obliged to send poor Tallant³ back for my jewels which Dantan³ left behind, and my dear sweet Mr Conolly is so kind that he is not angry with me for it; for though I spoke to her to carry them down, yet you know such a sort of thing as that is very inexcusable, as I naturally should have asked if they were put in the coach. He has been so good, too, as to let Dantan stay with me, though I own such negligence as that is unpardonable. I need not, I suppose, say how much I regret the loss of my dear sisters. Mr Conolly begs his love to you all. I hope dear Lord Kildare⁴ is better. And believe me, my dear sister, your very affectionate

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Mr Thomas and Lady Louisa Conolly; they had been married on 30 Dec., 1758.

² Parkgate, in Cheshire, was the usual port of disembarkation from Dublin.

³ Servants.

⁴ James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1722-73); cr. (1761) Marquis; (1766) Duke of Leinster. He had m. (1747) Lady Emily Lennox, sis. of Lady Louisa Conolly.

[1759]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

2. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

[Stretton,¹ March, 1759]

My dear sister,

We arrived here yesterday about 2 o'clock, both in perfect health. My journey agrees with me vastly well, for I have not got the least cold, nor am I at all heated. We propose staying here till Friday seven-night, as Mr Conolly has a little business. Mr Conolly received a letter from Mr Fox² at Chester, to propose to him being in Parliament, upon his own terms. He is to pay four or five hundred pounds for it, but then he will be independent and not obliged to anybody for it. Mr Fox wrote, indeed, a very obliging letter. He mentions that poor Ste³ was just then extremely ill. I am vastly afraid he will not recover soon. I own I am very glad to stay here so long for many reasons, but particularly for one, which is that I hope by that time that Tallant will be come back with the diamonds, for I dread seeing Lady Anne⁴ without them. You know she must think me such a careless creature. Don't you, my dear sister, easily conceive the distress I must be in about them? Indeed, I shall be in a great fidget till I get them safe into my own hands again, from whence, I believe, they will never stir hereafter; for the uncertainty of what is become of them has made my blood circulate so well that I shall never forget it, the longest day I live. Now I must proceed to the description of Stretton, which is really a sweet, dear, lovely, pretty place as ever was. The house is charming comfortable. There are three very good bedchambers, besides our own, upon the middle [floor] to put anybody in, and in the garret you may almost put anybody, it is so comfortably furnished. Upon the middle floor there are these three bedchambers I told you of, our own and a green damask drawing-room, where there is just such a bookcase as one of them at Castletown. The chairs are Lady Anne's work. Then, below stairs, there is a very good hall;

¹ Stretton House, Staffordshire; the seat of the Conolly family in England.

² Rt. Hon. Henry Fox (1705-74); cr. (1763) Baron Holland. He had m. (1744) Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest sister of Lady Louisa Conolly.

³ Stephen Fox, eldest s. of Henry Fox (afterwards 1st Lord Holland). He m. (1766) Lady Mary Fitzpatrick. He succ. to the title in 1774, and died the same year.

⁴ Lady Anne Conolly, dau. of Thomas Wentworth, 3rd Earl of Strafford, was the widow of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown (d. 1754), and the mother of Mr Thomas Conolly.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

at the right hand of it there is a wainscoted dressing-room for Mr Conolly ; and at the left hand of the hall there is also a wainscoted dining-room ; and, at the back of it, a pretty, india-paper drawing-room that looks to the garden. At the back of Mr Conolly's dressing-room there is a steward's parlour and pantry ; and out of doors are the offices. Now I proceed to the garden, which is a sweet, pretty lawn, vastly well kept, planted here and there with clumps of trees, a gravel walk quite round. And, at the left hand of the house, a sweet little shrubbery with an immense quantity of American cypresses, taller a good deal than myself. Then about half a mile from the house—not so much—there is a little summer house, of which I will send you the plan ; for if we ever build we cannot choose a prettier plan in my mind, that is to say with a few alterations, as it is not quite large enough. At the left hand of the house there is [a] wood ; it is in the garden. I have not been in it, as it's grass all the way to it and in it. There seem to be some very pretty fields. At the front of the house you have a most delightful prospect all round you. I have got so wretched a pen I can scarcely write, but I would not wait for any others as I was in a hurry, for the weather is so fine and I am so well and so impatient to see every corner about this place, that I sat down to write the first moment I could ; though I believe I need not tell you, my dear sister, that I don't grudge the time I spend in writing to you, so far from it, I assure [you] I think it a great pleasure which I never did before to anybody. You can't imagine how odd I feel travelling about so without you, Sarah¹ or any of your family. I hate to have Mr Conolly leave me at all (which, poor soul, I must do him the justice to say is very seldom), for then I feel quite forlorn, as if I wanted somebody. You have no notion, my dearest sister, how happy I am to have so sweet a picture of you as I have to wear constantly ; it's the greatest pleasure almost I have, to look at it so constantly as I do. I assure you Mr Conolly and I often talk of you all, and Mr Conolly is for ever thinking of little, dear, dear, lovely Charles,² and of everything he used to say. Pray, my dear sister, whenever you are so kind as to let me have the pleasure of

¹ Lady Sarah Lennox (1745–1826). Young. sister of Lady Louisa Conolly. She m. (i) (1762) Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart ; (ii) (1781) Hon. George Napier.

² Lord Charles FitzGerald (1756–1810), 2nd s. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare. He was cr. (1800) Baron Lecale. He m. (1808) Julia, widow of Thomas Carton.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

hearing from you, never forget to tell me how all your sweet children do, as it will make me infinitely happy to hear they are well. I hope Lord Kildare is now quite well again. Pray tell him I am asked at every inn I go to, how the Earl does, and whether he intends to come over, and wish me joy of his place. By way of news I must tell you that Mrs Pierce is dead. Sir Harry Cavendish¹ and his son have been very agreeable good company upon the road as far as Newport, where we parted, as they took the Bath road and we this road. This morning two brothers named Egington came to hunt with Mr Conolly; one is almost as fat as Mr Hartstone. They both kissed me and wished me joy. They live about six miles off and seem very good sort of people. To give you a little notion of the outside of the house I must tell you I think it very like Park Place, with the front, though a great deal better than General Conway's.² I think the inside is a little like it too, so comfortable. But Mr Conolly tells me the garden at Castletown may be made just like this; he says it's a finer prospect there, too, than here—that I don't understand. But, however, am glad to find he thinks so. I have seen the mare I am to ride: she is bay, and vastly well shaped—I shall long to ride. They say she is very quiet, but too soft-mouthed, which I think is no fault at all. Our good neighbours think we have nothing to eat now we are come for so few days, for which reason they have sent us turkeys and fish already. And I hear that when one comes in this sort of way they always send enough to feed a regiment. Mr Conolly desires his love to you, Lord Kildare and Sarah. I beg mine to the two latter, and hope, my dear sister, you will always remember me to Lady Dowager Kildare,³ and our friend Mrs Walsingham, whom I will write to when I get to London and that I know anything worth troubling her with. I will write to dear Sarah next week if I have time. Mr Conolly has got a picture here, which he bought at Bruxelles, of a Madonna making a child read, which child is the image of pretty

¹ Probably Sir Henry Cavendish, 1st Bart. of Doveridge Hall, Derbyshire, and his son, Sir Henry Cavendish, 2nd Bart. (d. 1804), the well-known reporter of Parliamentary debates.

² General Henry Seymour Conway (1719-95); 2nd s. of 1st Baron Conway, and husband of Caroline, Dow. Countess of Ailesbury. They lived at Park Place, in Berkshire.

³ Mary, Dow. Countess of Kildare (1691-1780). She was dau. of William O'Brien, 3rd Earl of Inchiquin; widow of Robert FitzGerald, 19th Earl of Kildare; and mother of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Charles when he is looking very attentively at anything. There are two or three more pretty pictures in this green drawing-room. As soon as I go to London I hope I shall see your pretty boys. I have had a letter since I came here from George,¹ they were both very well. If Lord Kildare does not come here this summer, sure, my dear sister, you might just come here and meet all your friends—it is but three days' journey from Dublin. However, I flatter myself we shall see you both here in May. Adieu, my dear sister. Believe me, yours very sincerely and ever affectionate

L. A. Conolly.

3. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Grosvenor Square, April 2nd or 3rd, [1759]

My dear sister,

I have just been made so happy by that good-natured creature, Lord Powerscourt² (who always takes pleasure in telling one a thing that pleases one), that Mr Cunningham had a letter from the Primate³ to tell him that Lord Kildare had that minute sent for the warrant of the yacht, but did not name for what day. I flatter myself to hear you are set out by next post, for my sister Caroline⁴ told me this morning in confidence that Mr Fox had had a letter from Lord Kildare to say he believed he should come. You would be so good as to excuse this scribbling, but really I'm so excessively overjoyed to think I so soon shall be so happy as to see you that I really don't know what I'm doing or what I'm about. This is so charming a surprise. I really want words to express my joy. I will if I can tell you all that the Royal family said to me. First, the King⁵ talked to me a great deal, so did all the rest. And particularly Princess Emily,⁶ [who] called me *my dear Lady Louisa*. But I really

¹ George FitzGerald, Lord Offaly (1748–65) ; eldest son of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare. He was at Eton with his bro., William FitzGerald.

² Edward Wingfield, 2nd Visct. Powerscourt (1729–64). He died unmarried.

³ George Stone (1708–64), Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland since 1747.

⁴ Lady Caroline Fox (1723–74), el. sister of Lady Louisa Conolly, and wife of Rt. Hon. Henry Fox (afterwards Lord Holland).

⁵ George II (1683–1760).

⁶ Princess Amelia (1711–86), dau. of George II. She died unmarried.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

am so full of your coming that I can think of nothing else, so will put off telling how I am liked and what I have done with myself till I have the happiness of seeing you. Though I must not omit telling you I went to see your little angels yesterday, who both look charmingly, grown very tall and just the same faces, same good humour, same spirits, and, in short, just what they were when we saw them last. I must only say George does not look so pale as I expected to see him by Mr Bolle's¹ description. I will answer dear Sally's letter next post if I possibly can. I am going presently to the Opera, but I fancy my thoughts will be much more taken up in thinking how happy I shall be so soon than at the songs. I hope to have this pleasant news confirmed next post. I am perfectly well. My best love to Lord Kildare, Sally and the dear little girls. Mr Conolly desires not to be forgot. Do, my dear sister (if the wind should detain you), let me know whether 'tis certain or not that you are coming. And believe me, with the utmost impatience to see you, for it seems an age since. Yours ever most sincerely and ever affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

I have a thousand things to tell you if I could collect my spirits to write them, but I'm too happy to do anything.

4. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

10 April, 1759

My dear sister,

I received your obliging and very kind letter yesterday, and was as much disappointed as vexed to find you was not to come with Lord Kildare. I own (though I shall be vastly happy to see him) I shall feel not a little mad with him for coming without you. I am just come home from Lady Ailesbury's,² where I dined. It would be endless to mention all the compliments and loves and kind enquiries that are made after you; in short, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that everybody is interested about your

¹ Tutor to the FitzGerald boys.

² Caroline, Dow. Countess of Ailesbury, widow of Charles, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury, and wife of Gen. Henry Seymour Conway.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

health, about your coming, and about everything belonging to you. Your sweet boys lodge with us ; I need not tell how happy that makes me. They look charmingly. This instant Mr Conolly asked George what he would give to see you. His pretty answer was, *all he was worth in the world if he could be so happy as to see you*. I have not done with my presentations at Court ; all though, except the Duke,¹ which I should have done yesterday if I had not had a violent cold which is better to-day. I got it by being caught in the rain. The King, Princess Emily, Princess of Wales² and Lady Augusta³ enquired vastly after you ; the Prince of Wales⁴ and Prince Edward⁵ only asked how you did—don't be affronted at that. You will hardly forgive me writing so much without first acquainting you of a thing that will please you vastly, and that is that my sister Caroline, intends letting dear Sally stay with you till next December. Mr Conolly has business next winter here which will oblige him to be here at that time. We think of going to Ireland next September and returning in December, and then my sister Caroline thinks Sarah may return with us. I told her I would let you know this, this post as I knew it would please you, though there was no hurry. I have been at three operas and two plays, and at one ridotto which I like of all things. I danced two dances with Prince Edward—*was not that a great honour ?* I must tell you of a thing I'm sure will divert you, and that is that Lady Coventry⁶ says she was vastly uneasy till she saw me for fear I should be too handsome ; but that when she saw me she lifted up her hands and eyes to Heaven and said " Well, thank God ! she is not near so handsome as Lady Kildare." To be sure, I need not tell you of my brother's Ball, as you must have heard of it. The Duchess of Richmond⁷ is most

¹ Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (1721–65). He was 2nd son of George II.

² Princess Augusta of Wales (1719–72), widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and mother of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George III).

³ Princess Augusta (1737–1813), eldest dau. of Frederick, Prince of Wales. She married (1764) William, Duke of Brunswick.

⁴ Prince George of Wales (1738–1820). He succeeded to the throne as George III in 1760.

⁵ Prince Edward Augustus (1739–67), cr. Duke of York ; son of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

⁶ Maria, Countess of Coventry ; she was the more lovely of the two—or, rather, three—Gunning sisters so famed for their beauty.

⁷ Mary, Duchess of Richmond (d. 1796) ; youngest dau. of Charles Bruce, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury ; and wife (1757) of Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond.

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prodigiously improved; her features are all refined, and she is beautiful. My brothers were very kind to me. The Duchess of Hamilton¹ is lovely, and more like you than ever; numbers of people say her only merit is having a small resemblance of you—Lady Anne,² for one. Lord! sister, how she adores you. She is so good to me, nothing ever was like it. I love her mightily, and all my sisters. But particularly Miss Conolly,³ who is, without exception, the best creature in the world. In short, I like all my relations; and it is surprising among so many not to find some either ill-tempered or cross, or huffy or disagreeable. I believe, my dear sister, I can never say all I have to tell you—I have such numbers of things to say. Now for news: Lord Poulett⁴ is to be married to the famous Kitty Fisher,⁵ who is really a most beautiful creature of her kind; and Lord Waldegrave⁶ is certainly to be married to Miss Maria Walpole.⁷ I know of no other matches. You desire a particular account of Ste. I really think he is a shocking sight, but his understanding is certainly as clear as possible; one thing is a clear proof of it, that is he knows in what way he is, and that they apprehend an alteration in his sense which makes him avoid all company. I hear the same account from everybody that I do from Mr Fox and my sister. Mr. Fox desires his love to you, and says he loves you as well as ever; he only wishes he could tease you about all the fine things that are said of you. I wish the same. Sarah desires to know how I'm liked: why, I think upon the whole I am pretty well liked. Poor Lady Essex⁸ is very ill—they apprehend her child is dead. I went to see her, she looks shockingly. She is not pleased with your never having wrote to her since you have been in Ireland. She complained to my brother

¹ Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton (1733-90); the second of the beautiful Miss Gunnings; she m. (i) (1752) James, Duke of Hamilton, (ii) John, 5th Duke of Argyll.

² Lady Anne Conolly.

³ One of the unmarried sisters of Thomas Conolly.

⁴ John Poulet, 2nd Earl of Poulet (d. 1764). He never married.

⁵ Catherine Maria, known as Kitty Fisher (d. 1767), a lady of the town, several times painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. She became the 2nd wife of John Norris, of Hempsted Manor, Benenden, Kent.

⁶ James Waldegrave, 2nd Earl Waldegrave (1715-63).

⁷ Maria (1736-1807), dau. of Sir Edward Walpole, m. (i) as his 2nd wife, James Waldegrave, 2nd Earl Waldegrave; (ii) (1776) Prince William, Duke of Gloucester.

⁸ Frances, Countess of Essex (d. 1759); dau. of Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams; m. (1754) William Capell, 4th Earl of Essex.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

George also, and we agreed to swear ourselves black in the face that we had seen you write to her. And I told her you had particularly read me a paragraph in a letter you had wrote; and then I sat and joined with her in wondering and thinking how the letters could have miscarried—was not that proper? Lord Kildare will return to you loaded with things. You should have had your pot of blue paint and your blue paper if that tedious Brumigum had not disappointed me. I shall send over Sarah's gown that my brother gave her. The jewels are all safe. Mr Fox has made me a present of two sweet, lovely, charming, pretty Chelsea vases, the pretty blue and gold and pea green they are composed of. I hope the dear Lord is recovered. Do you know that that impious wretch Lord Powerscourt is of the same party as Colonel Sandford!¹ They both deserve to be poisoned. Pray remember me to all my good friends in Dublin who are so good as to enquire after me. Your boys are admired almost as much by everybody that comes to the house as they are by me. You can't think how good they are to me. Mr Conolly likes them of all things, and I think they like him, if I am not mistaken. I have bought some pretty pearl bracelets. I am mighty prudent and never am out of my nest at twelve, except t'other night at the Ridotto; but that, you know, was not to be avoided. I scarcely see sweet Lady Barrymore² at all—is it not a curious misfortune? But our companies are so different, except at Lady Anne's sometimes, though she bestows but little time there. I have been at Bedford House³ once; it was very pleasant. The Duke⁴ and Duchess of Bedford are prodigiously civil to me. The *She Grace* looks very ill, but she has been so almost all winter. Lady Harrington⁵ shook hands openly with me at Bedford House, and was very much charmed to see me. She looks, without exaggeration, to be past fifty: she has two wrinkles in each cheek and I don't know how many in her forehead. She is

¹ Henry Sandford (1719-77), of Castlerea, Co. Roscommon; m. (1750) Sarah, dau. of Stephen Moore, 1st Visct. Mountcassel.

² Margaret, Countess of Barrymore (d. 1788). She was the widow of James Barry, 5th Earl of Barrymore. She was a renowned card-player.

³ Situated in Bloomsbury Square; it was the residence of the Dukes of Bedford.

⁴ John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford (1710-71); m. (1737) Gertrude, dau. of John Leveson-Gower, 1st Earl of Gower (1719-94). The Duke was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1755-61.

⁵ Caroline, Countess of Harrington (1722-84); dau. of Charles Fitzroy, 2nd Duke of Grafton; m. (1746) William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

now, in my opinion, a very plain old woman. The present fashion of putting on caps is a monstrous high toupee and the cap perched up three miles high, and puffed lappets set hollow from the head in order, I believe, to look like wings; and a white short cloak to wear constantly is also the fashion. Such are dressed My Lady Coventry, Duchess of Grafton¹ (who is directly a painted doll) and almost everybody in the town of London. Lady Caroline Russell² is ten times handsomer this winter than the last. Most people here wear red, I'm told, but really I'm so stupid that it's few I think has it. I ride out constantly; it's mighty pleasant. And if perchance I catch the least cold, poor dear Flea³ is accused of having been the cause of it—you know how unjust that is. He desires his best and most affectionate love to you and Sally, to whom I beg mine. I am invited to a thousand Drums, but have sent excuses to most out of prudence, because 'tis so difficult to get out. We are to give a ball in about a fortnight. I go to Bellbar next week, the Duchess of Richmond and my brother, George,⁴ are to return from their expedition in about a week. They found Mr Bentinck and Lady Marguerite⁵ both in fevers. If I can prevail on my brother, George, to go to Ireland I certainly will; though my opinion is that if he can he certainly will, as you have no notion how much he loves you. Pray, what does Lord Kildare come to England for, for so short a time? Is he a discontented subject, or what other reason has he? You are vastly good to give me your advice about Lady Harrington. I believe I may safely assure you how ready I shall always be to follow it, as much on Mr Conolly's account who bids me always follow you in everything, as well as my inclination would prompt me to it, knowing nobody to be a better judge than my dear Sister in every particular. As to my sister Caroline, I think she is very capable indeed of giving good advice, and shall certainly consult her in anything I am doubtful of.

¹ Anne, Duchess of Grafton (1738–1804), wife of Augustus Henry Fitzroy, 3rd Duke of Grafton. They were divorced in 1756.

² Caroline (1742–1811), dau. of John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford. She later married George Spencer, 4th Duke of Marlborough.

³ Lady Louisa's nickname for her husband.

⁴ Lord George Lennox, you. bro. of Lady Louisa Conolly. Later this year he married Louisa, dau. of William Ker, Earl of Ancram. He was now serving in the army.

⁵ Lady Margaret Bentinck (d. 1779). The wife of Charles John Bentinck, Count Bentinck. She was a daughter of William, Earl Cadogan, and aunt of Lady Louisa Conolly.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

You never mention your girls or either of the angels ; pray let me know something about them. Tom Conolly threatens to burn my letter if I don't end now, for he says 'tis a shame to trouble you with so much nonsense. Indeed, I agree with him ; only as you desired a whole account how my time passes I could not think of not doing it when my dearest sister desires it. I will now conclude. Your ever sincere and very affectionate sister,

L. A. Conolly.

P.S. : Pray excuse bad writing and nonsense, for, added to a wretched pen, I am pestered to death all the time I was writing by your impertinent little boys and my saucy husband to end.

Adieu once more, my dear sister.

5. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Bell-Bar, April the 20th, 1759.

What words, my dearest sister, can I make use of to say how excessively obliged to you I am for your charming, kind, agreeable, long letters, and to my dear little Sally ? I received hers of four sheets and yours of two yesterday morning. How I come to receive them together I can't imagine. I have not seen Lord Kildare yet, but I hear he arrived in good health last Wednesday. I long to see him to know all about you. It would be needless, my dear sister, to express my disappointment at your remaining in Ireland, therefore had better not think of troubling you with saying it ; as besides I am sure you know me so well you may easily conceive it. Carton¹ when finished will be vastly comfortable. I envy you almost the description of the comfortable life you and Sarah will spend at your work and book. I am very glad to hear you go to Dundalk and to Lord Jocelyn's,² as I know what pleasure it will be to you and how happy it will make them. Your sweet boys will be delighted to go see you ; it is astonishing how they love you. I can never repeat too often what charming, lovely, sweet-tempered boys they are,

¹ Carton, Co. Kildare ; seat of the Earl of Kildare.

² Robert Jocelyn, 2nd Visct. Jocelyn (1731-97), cr. (1771) Earl of Roden. He had married (1752) Anne, dau. of 1st Earl Clanbrassil.

and how obliging and attentive they are to the least trifle I beg of them to do. You are so good to me, my dear Siss, in your last by all your kind expressions that I wish I could say enough to thank you ; but I hope to shew the greatest proof of my gratitude, love and affection that I have for you in following your advice continually (which I know without any sort of flattery can't be wrong). And, in short, in every part of my behaviour I know I need not be afraid to say this shall always be the case, as I flatter myself—nay, am sure—our love to each other will ever be the same and never alter.

Pray assure that dear sweet Emily¹ how I love her and how obliged to her I was for remembering me in so pleasing a manner. I am glad to hear the Morningsons² are so great with you, indeed, I like her mightily. I really think it shameful of my gardener to make interest for his mistress so openly (for I really make no scruple of believing it)—and to think that pretty creature Woodward should suffer for such a wretch. You can't think how vexed I am to hear poor Mrs Macmanus is in so bad a way. Ugly *Ish* is arrived. I saw Lady Barrymore, who dined here yesterday, that told me she had seen [*Ish*]. Lady B. bids me tell you you must learn loo to be in the fashion. She has rather won by it, and says one can't lose if you play with caution. I have not learnt it yet. Tormenting Flea desires his love to you. He left me here yesterday to go finish his presentations. I have always made your compliments to Lady Anne ; she likewise has desired me never to omit hers, but as that will be so continual a repetition, pray imagine it always—the Miss Conollys, Lord and Lady Strafford³ likewise—and then I may tell them I have sent them. As soon as ever I go to town I will execute your commissions with the greatest pleasure. I have told Lady Anne of them ; she and I are to employ a couple of mornings in hunting out for them all. She fears she will not be able to get the blue and white gauze, as she has wanted that herself these two years. I think I have now answered your letter, therefore will tell you all the news I know. In the first place, Lady Barrymore and Lady Anne desire that if Mrs Cunningham finds fault with everything in Ireland, you are to say, "Lord, Ma'am, how can you say so when

¹ Lady Emily FitzGerald (1752-1818), eldest dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare ; m. (1774) Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont.

² Garret Wellesley, 1st Earl Mornington (1735-81) ; m. (1759) Anne, eldest dau. of Arthur Hill-Trevor, 1st Visct. Dungannon.

³ William Wentworth, 2nd Earl of Strafford (1722-91) and his wife, Anne, Countess of Strafford (d. 1785), dau. of John Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyll.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I was assured you liked everything here and detested the English : their customs, their hours, their diversions ; and, in short, everything you saw except Lady Mary Cooke "¹—which is really the case. But we imagine she will find fault with everything there, as she told Miss Clements, whom she met upon the road, that everything was so charming here, and especially the plays, that she should not be able to support them in Dublin nor anything there ; for that, to be sure *London, London was the thing*. This Miss *Ish* told Lady Barrymore, who told it us. Only think of Mrs Fortescue's disliking Mrs Cibber, and saying she has a squeaking voice. What affectation ! Now, though one may be partial to Ireland, as I am, yet one need not find fault with this place, which really don't deserve to be found fault with ; at least she should stay to be at t'other side of the water to give her opinion. Are not you of my opinion, my dear sister, that one should not try to make oneself disagreeable to any nation, which she and her sister have done here ? In case you did not see it in the newspapers I send it you now to divert you, that is an advertisement for a husband which Miss Conolly had answered very cleverly ; I also send that to you. But it's a secret her having writ it, and most people think it was wrote by Mr George Selwin.² Lord Coventry,³ I hear, has done My Lady the favour to let her stay for the ball at Bedford House, which she was not to have done. He told everybody that if they could prevail on her to stay he would let her, to which the poor soul answered in tears that she would stay with all her heart, but that after she would repent it so much, for that my Lord would lead her the life of a dog in the country when once he got her there. I am afraid we shall miss her at ours, for she is, to be sure, a charming woman *to grace* a ball, both by her figure and her dancing. Somebody was telling Lord Strafford that Flea kissed you incessantly ; to which he answered, in his odd way, " I'm sure he's very happy that he can." I tell you this, my dear sister, because I think it's pleasant to know who likes one, which he does you most prodigiously. I am sorry to hear Lady Drogheda⁴ is not well. Lady Anne says she does not like

¹ Lady Mary Coke (1727-1811) was dau. of John Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyll, and widow of Edward Coke, Visct. Coke. She was a noted eccentric.

² George Augustus Selwyn (1719-91), the celebrated wit.

³ George William Coventry, 6th Earl of Coventry (1722-1809) ; m. (1752) Mary Gunning.

⁴ Bridget, Countess of Drogheda (d. 1767), widow of Edward Moore, 5th Earl of Drogheda.

her nor her wit, but I find she hates that delightful sort of dirt. But, however, she bore very patiently what Lady Barrymore said yesterday ; and that was just after dinner that she begun thus, " Well, I vow to G—, I can stay no longer here. I am dying with the gripes, want to s—t most dreadfully and stay letting it bake out of civility to you, Lady Anne. Jane, Jane, this instant, child, shew me to the little house or I'll break your head—run, I say." So away she took to her heels, and when she came back shocked poor Lady Anne with the description of her expedition to the house of office, how charming, how comfortable and how happy it made her. We expect my brother, George, and the Duchess of Richmond very soon. She is monstrously improved since you saw her. I have been downstairs since I begun this letter, and Lady Anne, knowing I was writing to you, desired I would not make her compliments to you, but her love ; as she was in some measure allied to you, she said she might take that liberty, and chose it because she had a real love for you. So suppose a love in every letter. Pray desire Sally to send me her length in paper, for Miss Caroline Conolly¹ and others are particularly desirous to know how tall she is. I must say I believe she is as tall as my sister, Caroline. I don't think I have seen much alteration in people's dress, excepting the setting out the lappets most furiously, and the cap without now any sort of exaggeration three inches higher than your forehead. I join with you in wishing Mr Bob Clements's² affair may take birth in England if ever it is so to do. This is but Friday, but as I have time to spare here at Bell-Bar while Lady Anne retires, I thought I might write to you for to-morrow's post, though 'tis not my day. This shall not hinder my continuing to write to Sally next Tuesday to give you a whole account of the Bedford Ball. I have fixed Tuesdays for the pleasure of writing to you or Sarah, but when anything prevents my doing it that day you may depend upon the week's not passing without hearing from me. I believe I forgot to tell you that poor Talent and the jewels arrived safe and in perfect health, none of the members lost. But I really fancy the plague has seized all the

¹ Caroline, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, and sister of Mr. Thomas Conolly. She married John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire. Sometime Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

² Robert Clements (1732-1804), el. s. of Rt. Hon. Nathaniel Clements ; cr. (1783) Baron Leitrim. He m. (1765) Elizabeth, dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massareene. In this letter, Lady Louisa refers to Clements's affection for her sister, Lady Sarah Lennox.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Custom House Officers, for I can't get my French silks out of the Customs House at Park Gate. They took them because they said they were French silks; the reason of that is because, unluckily, *French white* was wrote on them; and the stupid animals refused a handsome tip. I am vastly diverted to hear of Sally's tame mouse. I continue in perfect health in every respect, as much so as I could possibly wish and in the manner that Doctor Nesbit¹ said would prevent any return of the pain in my bowels. I take a good deal of exercise, never wet my feet and have had but one cold since I left Ireland. I have seen poor old dear Mrs Calcot; she looks as well as ever, and very happy. In case I did not mention to Sarah the price of that *peau de grèbe* stomacher, I let you know now it's two guineas; and if you don't like it you may make somebody buy it from you. But they are much admired here. I send you enclosed Mrs Sandford's² Bill to Dutan, with the receipt in full as she desired I would get it. Mr Agar³ is still here. I am afraid it won't be as I wish for our friend. I wish it for her as I think she likes him. Otherwise I think her so happy as she is that I would not have her change her present happy situation for an uncertainty; though marriage in general is an uncertainty yet I have all the reasons in the world to think it the happiest situation. If you could but see, my dear Sister, how good dear, sweet Flea is to me you would love him better than ever. Good to me he has been since I know him. But what I mean is if you could but know all the little attentions and desire he has to give me one moment's pleasure you would think me the happiest being in the world. And, since I am so happy as to deserve such blessings from God Almighty, at least I flatter myself I do in some degree. Though, to be sure, I never can deserve all he does for me, yet I hope to merit the continuance of them by doing all that lies in my power to serve him. And if he should (as I must expect in the course of my life) inflict any calamity on me I shall bear it with the greatest patience when I shall reflect on all the mercies he has bestowed on me in such a husband who loves me so dearly as he does. Pray, my dear sister, let me know honestly what my sister, Caroline, and Mr Fox say and

¹ A Dublin doctor.

² Sarah, dau. of Stephen Moore, 1st Visct. Mountcassel; m. (1750) Henry Sandford, of Castlerea, Co. Roscommon.

³ James Agar (1734-89); cr. (1776) Baron, and (1781) Visct. Clifden. He m. (1760) Lucia, widow of Hon. Henry Boyle-Walsingham—an event to which Lady Louisa is obviously referring.

think of Mr Conolly. I shan't be the least angry if they don't like him. My reason for asking is I have a great curiosity to know. And, though I have watched them, I have not cleverness enough to find out how it is with them. When I left town Ste was rather better upon the trial of the musk medicine. I must say I do not believe they flatter Mr Fox and my sister about him, for I hear the same thing from everybody ; that is, that he will get the better of it.¹ There is a Mrs Cornwallis who knew a young woman who had it till she was fifteen or sixteen years of age, most dreadfully, and that she is now entirely recovered. I was vastly vexed myself the first time I saw him, for I entirely forgot him and did not know him the least in the world, and was passing by him when my brother, Richmond,² spoke to him ; upon which I could not help shewing my surprise, which shocked my poor sister terribly. He is grown monstrously thin, and his face totally changed ; his poor mouth has just the look of a fool or somebody very deaf. You tell me Lord Mornington's picture is like Mr Conolly. If that is so, my dear sister, you can never persuade me it has the least resemblance or even look of Lord Mornington. Mr Fortescue had a bet with some gentlemen about some horses, and they agreed to run at the Newmarket. His horse was called Ireland and the other gentleman's England, and, to my great joy and comfort, Ireland won. One is so glad to [take] pride in any little foolish thing of that sort, I think it makes one so happy. I will not trouble you with saying it in every letter, but I must beg of you to make my compliments when any of my friends ask after me. There is a nasty Lord Eglinton³ here, my dear sister, whom you will detest. He is a toad-eater of Prince Edward. But, do you know that he told Mr Conolly that as he was so young he supposed he should not be constant to his wife, and that if he had a mind, in order that I should not find it out and that nobody might hear anything of it, he might come to his house and pretend to sup with him and so meet anybody there he chose to appoint. What a pretty character here is for a man of his rank to be a p——p, for that is his proper name. He

¹ Stephen Fox, who was terribly fat, suffered from St. Vitus dance.

² Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond (1734–1806), el. bro of Lady Louisa Conolly. He had married (1757) Mary, dau. of Charles Bruce, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury. He was to have a distinguished career in politics, diplomacy, and the army.

³ Alexander Montgomerie, 10th Earl of Eglinton ; he never married, and was murdered by an excise officer in 1769.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

wanted to debauch pretty Duchess of Richmond for Prince Edward and told her there was no harm in listening to his Royal Highness. But her answer was very good : she told him he was very wicked, but that, besides, if there was no harm in it, did he think she would not prefer the Duke of Richmond's pretty figure to Prince Edward's nasty white face ? And my dear, sweet, good Mr Conolly told me of it himself, and hates Lord Eglinton for even proposing such a thing to him. Was there ever so good a creature ? Really, whenever I think of Lord Eglinton I grow to work myself up into such a fury with him that I could with great pleasure horse-whip him. Wicked creature as he is to think of such a thing in cool blood. My love to all the dear little creatures. Adieu, my dearest sister, believe me yours ever most sincerely, for no one can love another better than I do you my dear sweet sister. I beseech you believe this from your ever loving and most affectionate,

L. A. Conolly.

I can't get the advertisement.

P.S. : I will let you know in Sarah's letter whether Lord Kildare's journey has done him good, for I have a notion it will.

6. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

May the 1st, [1759]

My dear sister,

I received your obliging letter of the 16th, and would not put off answering it now, though I should have wrote to dear Sally. I had begun before, but my brother George, who came in, was just going to write to you, and therefore I put it off. But dear Flea had a mind for his company and persuaded him to walk off, so I *retake* my pen to assure you, my dearest sister, that I can't express how happy you do make me by your frequent and kind letters. You are so good that I don't know how to thank you enough—indeed, I don't know, my sweet sister. I have almost executed all your commissions, which I hope you will approve of as well as Lady Anne does. You know she has a good taste. I was at Bedford House ball last Monday ; it was vastly pleasant, a great deal of

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

company. I danced with a Lord Torrington¹ and Lord Powerscourt. The Duke and Prince Edward were there. I saw charming Lady Coventry dance a minuet; indeed she does do it charmingly. Our ball was much admired, I hear. Prince Edward was there. My brother George and Mr Conolly are come up *so drunk, I believe*, that they are writing you all sorts of stuff and nonsense and lies, so pray don't believe a word they say. I am so bothered by their noise that I must conclude with assuring you how very affectionately I am yours,

L. A. Conolly.

I will write again next post. Duchess of Richmond heard from my brother yesterday: he was perfectly well.

7. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Thursday night, [May 24th, 1759]

My dearest sister,

It would be too tedious to think of answering your dear, kind, sweet, lovely, long letter at this time of night; and, as I'm afraid not to find time till Tuesday for that pleasure, I only follow your orders in not missing a week if I have not time to write a long letter. This is, therefore, only to let you know we are all well, that Lord Kildare goes a Monday, that he carries your painted taffeta in his own trunk, and has paid sixty-five guineas for it, which is less than I thought it would come to. I got it for six guineas and a half the piece. I send also Mrs Walsingham's² cloak by him. Love to dear Sal. Ever yours, my dear siss,

L. A. Conolly.

The boards of the Wor'd³ are not yet finished.

¹ George Byng, 4th Visct. Torrington (1740-1812). He married (1765) Lucy, dau. of John Boyle, 5th Earl of Cork.

² Lucia (1732-1802), widow of Hon. Henry Boyle-Walsingham; m. (1760) James Agar, afterwards Visct. Clifden.

³ *sic*.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

8. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

[Monday, May 28th, 1759]

My dear sister,

I received your kind, obliging, long letter, in which you confess yourself a bad correspondent, and which I by no means think is so, for I hear from you very often, and more so than I ever had any reason to expect, my dearest sister. I don't know how to express my obligations to you for such kind advice as that you give me in the beginning of your letter. Indeed, I take it so kindly, and feel so happy with it, that I read over your letter with the greatest pleasure imaginable to find you still continue the same goodness to me you always had and which I never shall be so ungrateful as to forget. You know, my sweet sister, how sincere I always [am] in any professions of love or gratitude towards you. Your advice as to looking and knowing what is done in the house has already made me think a great deal about it. As to improving myself in anything of amusement, inclination will prompt me to that when I have another winter to myself, and which I hope will be the next in Dublin, but this I am not sure of. I must only tell you that I am so happy as to be sure we shall spend the summer together. For Mr Conolly has determined that, let what will come of the winter, he will go settle his affairs in Ireland, and stay a good while. For he is as well convinced as possible of what consequence it is to him to mind them and look after them properly. And you, my dear sister, must know me well enough to be sure I always encourage him in these thoughts. You ask me what sort of a housekeeper we have. I believe really she is the best that ever was. She has lived with Lady Anne a great many years, who only parted with her for her advantage, thinking ours a better place than the one she had with her. I am very glad you have ordered the gardener at Castletown to send you all the flowers you have a mind for, pray continue to do the same. Mr. Conolly and I are excessively diverted at Franchini's¹ impertinence, and if he charges anything of that sort to Mr Conolly, there is a fine scold in store for his *honour*. Dear

¹ Paul and Philip Franchini, two Italian brothers, who were engaged on stucco-work in Ireland in the mid-eighteenth century. They modelled the Saloon ceiling at Carton; and had also been employed on work in Bath and Dublin.

Tom and I beg you will send for everything that is there that you choose, and beg Mr Lombeek will not take any more denials from Franchini or any of the rest. I am vastly glad you like our chimney-pieces. We have sent by Lord Kildare the designs for finishing the gallery. I have always forgot to tell Sarah that I have sent her by Lord Kildare the gown my brother, Richmond, has brought her from Cherbourg. Lord Kildare is gone this evening looking better than ever he did. I find he has not given up his place, which I am glad of. But I own I feel a little mad with our Lord Lieutenant¹ not to have complied with what he wanted for I'm sure he only desired his due. I hope, though, with all my heart, the King will let him have it his own way. Don't, I beg, imagine your sweet boys were the least troublesome to Mr Conolly or I. Indeed, they were not. You want to know which is his favourite of the two ; I rather think George is. George has not been whipped. I am glad our ball was approved of. I danced with Lord Powerscourt, Prince Edward, and a few more that I don't recollect. At supper I sat between Prince Edward and a Mr Morrison, a toad-eater of his Royal Highness. It was all little tables. At our table sat the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Susan Stuard,² the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Elizabeth Keppel³ and a great many men. We have a very tolerable house for a ball. It's exactly such a house as Mr Clement's⁴ old house, just that size, only hung with red paper. There were five card tables, two loo ones, two quadrille and one cribbage. Lady Anne helped me a little in that, but not in anything else. We had too many people, but there was no help for it.⁵ I assure you I did not see half as much of dear Lord Kildare as I wished to do. You ask me about Lady Strafford : I like her of all things. She is, and so is my Lord, very partial to me. I like her vastly, she is so good-humoured, and so unaffected and clever. You might be sure that if there was any foundation for my brother, George, and Mr Conolly's letter you would have heard of it from me. Dantan goes on very

¹ John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford.

² Lady Susan Stewart (d. 1805), dau. of Alexander Stewart, 6th Earl of Galloway ; m. (1768) Granville Leveson-Gower, 2nd Earl Gower (afterwards Marquis of Stafford).

³ Elizabeth (1739-68), dau. of William Anne Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle ; m. (1764) Francis Russell, Marquis of Tavistock.

⁴ Rt. Hon. Nathaniel Clements ; a prominent member of the Irish Parliament.

⁵ Horace Walpole was at this ball, which he found by no means delightful. He describes the house as being small, and hot, and " full of young Irish."

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

well with me. She is in raptures with England. I am very sorry there is so unlucky a correspondence begun between Lady Anne and you, as I fear the ending of it. Do, dear siss, write to poor Lady Essex, for she is miserable about your not doing it ; she takes it seriously ill, and says she has not heard from you at all. I will as soon as I see Duchess of Richmond ask her about the ten guineas and let you know about it. She is excessively handsome, but giddy and thoughtless. As to her behaviour about my brother, I don't think anything of it, for she is the oddest, but yet the happiest, character that ever existed. For she doats upon him and won't go a step out of the way if she thought by that to lose receiving a moment sooner a letter from him, and all them sort of things. But then the thing is she has no notion he can be in danger. Prince Edward does like her, but she gives him no sort of encouragement. Lord Eglinton is such an animal that were he to find the sensiblest person living, he would propose vile things to them were he in the humour. So the Duchess is not to blame. I am not sorry Mr Agar's affair does not go on with Dainty, for I can't help thinking her so much better off. I was vastly diverted at the fuss poor Sal was in about her washing gown. I think, my dear sister, I would not be so scrupulous as you are about Sally's remaining in Ireland, as my sister Caroline seems to wish it. You can't think how unhappy I am that sweet, dear, little Emily should be ill. I feel to doat upon her so much. I would this moment give a great deal to mumble that heavenly Charles ; I figure him to myself in his utmost perfection. I like the description of Mr Poole's. I hope all these little jaunts have kept up your spirits during your poor husband's absence. Apropos to Mrs Fortescue, she is gone to Bath to have her ankle pumped, I believe it is ; she is a few degrees less affected than Mrs Cunningham, that's all. I with great reason like Miss Conolly. To give a short sketch of her temper and character, she is just her lovely, dear, amiable, sweet brother—now you can't wonder at my praising her so much. You never can tire me with too long a letter, I assure you. I wear powder when much dressed. I play at cards at every assembly almost. Cribbage¹ is my game, two rubbers is as much as I play, for three would put me to sleep. Then I march off. I am very sorry it's fated you should be ruined at loo. Lady Barrymore wins a little at it. I see Lord Powerscourt very

¹ Quadrille superseded ombre c. 1726 and was in its turn superseded by whist.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

often. Think of the good creature's making me a present of a beautiful, quiet, bay mare. I am so happy to hear I'm liked by my good friends in Dublin, whom I shall never forget. I should be tempted to visit Lady Ekclin to satisfy my curiosity. I think I see Lord Clanbrassill¹ so fussing and so busy about Poitier and Mrs Dancer.² Who could tell you Mrs Yates³ was handsomer than Mrs Dancer? She is very handsome, but not to be compared to Mrs Dancer. She is a very good actress. I am delighted with Garrick,⁴ but next to him I like Barry,⁵ Mossop⁶ is grown a bad actor. I saw Lady Fludyer⁷ to-day; she begs ten millions of loves. Mrs Vesey⁸ I see sometimes. Lady A. Dawson⁹ looks very ill; Mrs Dunbar not well. Lady Molesworth¹⁰ I see also, but she is not married to the Duke of Devonshire.¹¹ Lady Albemarle¹² is in very good spirits considering Lady Caroline's¹³ match. As for her, I have not seen her, for she has desired me not; but I have wrote to her. I have not seen Lord Fitzmaurice,¹⁴ but I don't fancy he'll ever marry Miss C. Dear Tom says Mr Coote¹⁵ must be the man Miss Mac¹⁶ makes such a mystery of to you, as

¹ James Clanbrassil, 2nd Earl of Clanbrassil (1730-98); m. (1774) Grace, dau. of Thomas Foley, 1st Baron Foley.

² Mrs. Anne Dancer, the actress (1734-1801).

³ Mrs. Mary Anne Yates (1728-87); a great tragic actress.

⁴ David Garrick (1717-79); the famous actor.

⁵ Spranger Barry (1719-77), Irish actor-producer.

⁶ Henry Mossop (1729-74), actor.

⁷ Caroline Brudenell, who had married (1758) Sir Samuel Fludyer, a former Lord Mayor of London.

⁸ Elizabeth, dau. of Sir Thomas Vesey, Bt., Bishop of Ossory; and wife of Rt. Hon. Agmondesham Vesey, Accountant-General of Ireland. She was one of the Blue-stocking coterie in London.

⁹ Lady Anne Dawson, dau. of Thomas Fermor, 1st Earl of Pomfret, and wife (1754) of Thomas Dawson (cr. Visct. Cremorne).

¹⁰ Mary, dau. of Ven. William Ussher, and widow of Richard Molesworth, 3rd Visct. Molesworth. She was burned to death in a fire at her house in London in 1763.

¹¹ William Cavendish, 4th Duke of Devonshire (1720-64). He had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (1755-56), and Prime Minister (1756-57).

¹² Anne (1703-89), dau. of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond, and widow of William Anne Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. She was Lady Louisa's great-aunt.

¹³ Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of Anne, Countess of Albemarle, had married Robert Adair, a surgeon—to the horror of her family.

¹⁴ William Petty, Visct. Fitzmaurice (1737-1805). He succ. his father as 2nd Earl Shelbourne (1761), and was cr. Marquis of Lansdowne (1784).

¹⁵ Probably Charles Coote, afterwards (1764) 1st Earl of Bellamont (1738-1800), who married (1774) Lady Emily FitzGerald.

¹⁶ (?) Miss Macartney.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

he knows him to be that sort of man as to tell a woman, (who is ever so old, ever so ugly and ever so disagreeable), he is dying for her. As I have now answered all your questions I will leave off now and tell you another time what I have to say. I go to Lord Strafford's a Wednesday, so adieu.

Since I wrote this I have been in Northamptonshire to Lord and Lady Strafford's, where I was in hopes of finding time to finish my letter; but not having been able I think it better to let it go as it is. We are going to dine at Vauxhall. I must only tell you I have just received Sarah's letter about the pearl caps; hers I have here and will get it done.

9. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Stretton Hall, July 28th, [1759]

I was, as you may easily imagine, my dear sister, very much concerned for dear Lady Kildare's illness,¹ but am very happy to find she is recovered. Luckily I received Sarah's letter of her being out of danger the same post as I did yours with the account of her sickness. How happy I am to hear of the painted taffeta's being got out of the Custom House. How busy you must now be at dear, sweet, lovely Carton. I long to see it. We are to have that pleasure the eighteenth of October at farthest, Mr Conolly having so much business to settle there. I am vastly happy to find you sometimes go to Castletown. I am rejoiced about the yellow roses. In one of your letters you mention that Mr. Conolly had forgot to send over some of the finishing for the great room. He says they were to send the rest of it afterwards, or else Mr Chambers,² the architect, had explained it to Mr Verpaille. In short, he says it was all right. I shall not, I believe, bring over India paper for the bedchamber and dressing-room, as they will not be done this year, and then perhaps there may be something new. When I was in London I

¹ Mary, Dow. Countess of Kildare.

² Sir William Chambers was never actually in Ireland, though he designed a number of buildings in Trinity College, Dublin, and planned the exquisite Casino for Lord Charlemont at Clontarf.

[1759]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

saw Lady Harvey's¹ new house. It's charming. I hope sometime or other we shall have such a pretty room as hers. How unlucky it was that I did not receive my dear sister's letter sooner about her dear boys staying longer with me, for now they have been lost between us, neither of us having enjoyed their company. I heard with pleasure of their safe arrival. I am now sitting in [the] small closet next to my bedchamber that is going to have a window down to the ground and hung with pretty paper and pictures, and my things for writing, and all litter in it. The closet is not larger than Mrs Vesey's little tidy one at Lucan.² Miss Conolly and I have taken it into our heads to bathe ourselves in the river; and we have had a wooden house made that rolls into the river. And then we undress ourselves under a tent, and go across a plank to the bathing house, open a little door and go down steps, which carries us down about four foot. And this hot weather you can't think how pleasant it is. I have not done it without advice. My love to Sally. And believe me ever yours, my dearest sister,

L. A. Conolly.

10. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Wentworth Castle, August 24th, [1759]

My dear sister,

We have not yet left this sweet place but intend it next Monday or Tuesday and are to go to the Duchess of Norfolk's,³ and from thence to Chatsworth⁴ to the Duke of Devonshire's. At these two last we shall not stay above two days a piece. Lord and Lady Strafford go with us to Worshopmanor. I like them of all things.

¹ Mary Lepell, generally known as 'Molly Lepell' (1706-68). She had married (1720) John Hervey, eldest son of John Hervey, 1st Earl of Bristol, whom he predeceased. She had been a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Anne, and the friend of Prior and Pope.

² Lucan House, near Dublin, where Rt. Hon. Agmondesham and Mrs. Vesey lived. Mrs. Delany speaks with delight of the prints and books she saw there, and of the Veseys' methods of framing pictures and decorating their windows with transparent Indian figures and flowers in imitation of painting on glass.

³ Mary, dau. of Edmund Blount; m. (1727) Edward Howard, 9th Duke of Norfolk.

⁴ Chatsworth, Derbyshire; seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I really can't commend them enough, they are so obliging to Mr Conolly and I. We spend our time very agreeably. We breakfast at ten, go out a little, and then work till dinner time. We should ride out, only that Lady Dalkeith,¹ Lady Strafford's sister, is here, and she never rides; so we don't, upon her account. After dinner we go drink tea at some pretty building, walk till it's dark, and then sit down to bragg, which I like of all things. We sup at ten and are in bed before twelve. There has been some company here but some have left us; there is Mr Townshend and Lady Dalkeith and two Mr Pennants and Mr Harenc. There has been Lord Thumont,² the Duke of Devonshire, Lord George and Lord John Cavendish.³ The latter I like of all things, he is so like Lord Frederick,⁴ but Lord George is very stupid. I assure you I don't see the least partiality to a certain person (that some malicious people reported) from the D. of D.; there is just the same attention paid to everybody from that sweet amiable woman that there is to that particular person, and everybody that knows her must be convinced how very scandalous people are. But you know, my dear sister, that the most amiable people are those that in general are most found fault with merely out of envy. I really don't think there can be a person so entirely amiable as sweet Lady Strafford; when I say this I always except my dear sister, as she knows the vast opinion I have of her. I must say, though, I think Lady Strafford very like you in her manner. She desires her compliments to you. Lady Dalkeith is a mighty pretty sort of woman. I hear just what I wish about Lord George Sackville⁵; that is, that he will certainly be disgraced. I have heard such stories of him since I came to England that really astonish one. I pity the

¹ Caroline (d. 1794), eldest dau. of John Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyll; m. (i) Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of Francis, 2nd Duke of Buccleuch; (ii) Rt. Hon. Charles Townshend, 2nd son of Charles, 3rd Visct. Townshend. She was cr. Baroness Greenwich.

² Percy Wyndham-O'Brien, 1st Earl of Thomond (1713-74). He had been raised to the Earldom in 1756.

³ Lords George and John Cavendish were sons of William Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Devonshire.

⁴ Lord Frederick Cavendish (1729-1803); youngest son of William Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Devonshire.

⁵ Lord George Sackville (1716-85); 3rd son of Charles Sackville, 1st Duke of Dorset. He was court-martialled for the part he played at the Battle of Minden (Aug. 1st, 1759). He held many offices, and was created Viscount Sackville of Drayton in 1782.

[1759]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Duke and Duchess of Dorset¹ and Lady George,² but I don't pity him at all. We have gained another complete victory ; the account came yesterday of the Prussians having killed twenty thousand Russians. My love to Lord Kildare, Sal and your sweet boys. Adieu, my dear sister. Believe [me], ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

II. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Countess of Kildare*

Goodwood, the 19th September, [1759]

My dearest sister,

Our journey is now fixed for next month, we take Miss Fanny Conolly³ with us. She is to return in spring with any family that Lady Anne knows ; that I think will be very pleasant, for in winter we may perhaps get her married, and then you and I will have our summer comfortably alone ; not but [that] I like and love her vastly, but still you know what I mean—about being alone. We bring a Mr Harenc with us. We are at present at Goodwood. We have passed a very pleasant week at Holland House and are to go from thence to Stretton next Saturday, and in about a fortnight after we go to Ireland. How happy I am to think of seeing you in three weeks ! This is the account of what we are to do. I have not time to say any more than to assure you, my dear sister, I am yours ever most sincerely and affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Charles Sackville, 1st Duke of Dorset (1688–1765) ; a former Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His wife was Elizabeth (d. 1768), dau. of Lt.-Gen. Colyear. She had been in the Courts of Queens Anne and Caroline.

² Diana, 2nd dau. and co-heir of John Sambrooke ; m. (1754) Lord George aft. Viscount, Sackville.

³ Frances, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sister of Thomas Conolly. She married William Howe, 5th Visct. Howe.

1769

12. Mr Thomas Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Goodwood, March 7th, 1769

My dear Duchess,

As I am very sensible of your anxiety about your brother Richmond's and poor Louisa's health, since the dreadful misfortune that has befallen us all,¹ I can with pleasure assure you that your brother's health, which indeed was not very good before, is not made worse by his feelings and unhappiness upon this occasion; and poor Louisa is very well in health and has almost recovered her old looks, and her deafness is, I think, quite gone.

I would have wrote to you or the Duke of Leinster before from London, if Lady Holland² had not done it; and I waited till the Duke and Louisa had been settled here for some days, to see whether the country air and exercise would at all take off from that settled melancholy which had taken possession of them both, and which I at first feared would injure their healths. But Providence has taken care of that, and they are both well.

Your brother, however, is determined to go abroad for some time. He first goes to Lady Margaret Bentinck's at the Hague, and then means to pass his summer at Geneva. He has made me promise to let Louisa go with him, at least for some time; and as I think he does not feel happy without her, and she seems desirous of going with him, I have consented to it; as I think the variety of objects may be a relief to her mind, which I do not think will be strong enough even to bear an interview with you, for some time; as hitherto she has not been able to bring herself to write, though she hopes to be able to undertake that task soon. Indeed, my dear Duchess, were you to see these two unhappy souls together, you would soon be convinced that their company was necessary to each other; and though I should wish to follow Louisa the world

¹ In February, Lady Sarah Bunbury (*née* Lennox) had eloped with Lord William Gordon, 2nd son of Cosmo George Gordon, 3rd Duke of Gordon. This event caused great distress to the members of her family, and Lady Louisa was almost distracted with worry and grief.

² Formerly Lady Caroline Fox.

[1769]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

over, yet I can perceive that the Duke takes no pleasure in any company but in hers and the Duchess's. I must, therefore, do the thing in the world I most detest, and give her up to your brother till July; about the end of which month I will go and fetch her home from Geneva, and hope to be in Ireland with her by the end of August. The Duke, Duchess, and Louisa will leave England in about a fortnight, at which time I shall return to Castletown, and stay there till I set out for Geneva.

Louisa desires I would assure you of the sincerity of her love for you, which I am sure you cannot doubt. Pray give mine to the Duke and Emily. I am, my dear Duchess, yours most sincerely,

Thomas Conolly.

13. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*¹

Goodwood, March the 14th, [1769]

My dearest, dearest sister, what to say, or how to begin writing to you, I don't know! For I am one of the most miserable creatures in the world, and my feelings under this misfortune are so different from what I ever felt under others. For where things afflict one by the hand of Providence, one has the satisfaction of knowing that all is for the best, and that all you can regret is the loss of a friend whose company is dear to one. But in this unhappy case, my dearest sister, one has the misery of reflecting that it has all been brought on by human frailty and passion getting the better of every virtue in a disposition formed to be amiable. There is no consolation in such a case, nor can I have any peace of mind while her madness continues, for such I may call her present infatuation; and really 'tis the only thing that supports me—for I do think that her brain is disordered—and trust in God that He will accept that

¹ This letter refers to Lady Sarah Bunbury's elopement with Lord William Gordon, which followed the birth of their child, Louisa. Lady Louisa Conolly rushed down to Knole, at Sevenoaks, Kent, where the lovers were staying; and within two days of the elopement she had persuaded Lady Sarah to return to Holland House. Soon, however, Lady Sarah fled from Holland House with her baby, to Redbridge, near Southampton, where Lord William Gordon joined her. Later, Lord William left her; Lady Sarah returned to Goodwood, with her child; and her brother, the Duke of Richmond, took her under his protection.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

as some small excuse. And yet I love her better than ever I did, or at least have discovered how much I love her. She increased my love for her by giving me a striking instance of hers for me : seeing my distress was the only thing that seemed to affect her, and that prevailed on her to come back with me from Knole. My sister, Holland, I fancy, has given you an account of all that has happened. She certainly has strong notions of virtue, justice, and honour, but they are all got the better of by this unfortunate passion. I am not yet out of the amazement of it, for so little did I suspect what was passed, that the surprise is beyond description. Good God ! my dear sister, how it frightens one to think what goodness may be brought to. My poor brother is very much hurt and has, added to that, the Duke of Dorset's strange behaviour¹—think of that wretch knowing their intentions, and never telling. My poor brother's health is very bad, and much increased by this unhappy event. I am glad he has taken the resolution of going abroad ; I think 'twill be of service to him. He has prevailed with Mr Conolly to let me go with him for three months ; I think I am of use to him, and therefore like to go. As to myself, I have no choice where I go. In all places I shall love you, my dearest sister, most tenderly. I resolved to write to you, though I own my thoughts are so unsettled I scarcely know what I do all the day long. But I know you wish to hear from me, so begun to-day ; though I believe I have not said all I meant to say. I really cannot, it appears to me such pain to collect my thoughts to tell you all I think upon this subject. Some time hence I hope to have some pleasure in writing to you, it will be one of the first things that will. My dearest sister, what you must have suffered ! I long to know how you do, and yet quite dread to hear of you. The sight of letters have quite agitated me, for fear of receiving one from you. And yet, my dearest sister, I beg you'll write to me soon, for I do wish to hear that you are better than I now flatter myself you are ; I dread your nerves and the weak habit of body you are in. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ The Duke of Dorset was the great friend of Lord William Gordon, and it was to his seat, Knole, that the lovers had hastened. By an unfortunate coincidence, the Duke of Dorset was staying at the time with the Duke of Richmond in London.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1770

14. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, January the 7th, 1770

My dearest sister,

I did intend writing to you upon the road, but it was not in my power, for we were up so early, and could not get in at night till ten o'clock. The roads were so excessively bad—I never saw anything like them—'twas all we could do to get here last night; which was so late that I could not set out for Goodwood to-day, as I originally intended. But I hope to get there to-morrow, if the snow does not stop me. Mr Conolly enclosed me many letters from my brother, Sarah, and the Duchess, which I got at Chester along with one from Mrs Knight, which was to tell me that she had got into Lady Mary Fox's¹ family. She is about Miss Fox,² and has thirty-five pounds a year; Lady Mary offered her more, if that would not do. And my sister, Holland, had pressed her to take that place, before she left Paris; and she was so desirous of not quitting the family that she was glad to accept of any place in it. She did not imagine that you could want her, as she imagined Mrs Marshall³ settled with you—'tis very unlucky. But I am determined to look out for somebody for you while I am in England. I am as vexed as possible that you have missed of her. I have sent to her to come and speak to me; I have a thousand particulars to ask her about, which I am sure you and sweet Emily will like to have an account of; and I will write to you or her from Goodwood. The Duchess's letter was to tell me that she did not think my brother better. Sarah's letter was to beg me to see Sir Charles⁴ in my way through London, to speak in her favour as she thinks I

¹ Lady Mary Fitzpatrick (d. 1778), eldest dau. of John Fitzpatrick, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory; m. (1766) Stephen Fox, eldest son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland, whom he succeeded in 1774.

² Caroline, dau. of Stephen Fox (afterwards 2nd Lord Holland). She died when a child.

³ A servant of Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

⁴ Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury (1740-1821), son of Sir William Bunbury, 5th Bart., whom he succ. in 1764. He had married Lady Sarah Lennox in 1762. They were divorced in 1776.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

have influence over him ; but you, she says, have still more than anybody, and if you were to write to him she thinks it would be of more service to her than anything else. My brother's was to say that he thought we might reasonably beg Sir Charles not to go on with the divorce, and these are his reasons : he thinks it cannot be unjust to his brother while things remain in the present situation (for the divorce that has passed in Doctors' Commons would disinherit any child she might now have), and he thinks that the hopes of being forgiven by Sir Charles is so necessary to Sarah at present that he has wrote to Sir Charles to the following purpose : " That the hope of living with him again, though ever so distant, nay, if in the end it should turn out vain, still he thinks the prospect necessary to keep her up, in her resolution of making herself worthy of his forgiveness. The divorce would entirely destroy this hope, it would either deprive her of all passion, and drive her to despair, to superstition and frenzy, or else it would make her take to Lord William again and perhaps marry him, when the custom of the world would authorize it." This he fears might too likely be the case, and Sir Charles he thinks, no more than us, could ever bear that. That even if he should pursue the divorce on his own account, we should wish much for Sarah that it should be deferred till a year or two hence, when time, reflection, and reason will have settled her more to her present way of life. This is all my brother wishes to obtain at present : a delay of the divorce. And he thinks that when a long and severe trial has been had of her resolution and steadiness it would be cruel not to pardon and receive her again. That latter part must depend on Sir Charles's own feelings. But, indeed, I quite agree with my brother that a delay of the divorce is much to be wished, and it certainly cannot injure Sir Charles or his brother in any shape whatsoever. My dear sister, if you think as we do, perhaps a letter from you to him would have great weight. He is now at Bath, which I am very sorry for, I wished much to have seen him, but I shall write to him to-day, to entreat of him to delay it ; that certainly can do no harm, and may do great good to our dear, unhappy Sally. I know that you don't wish her to live again with Sir Charles, but this way, you see, we should gain so much time that one could easier judge afterwards what was proper to be done, and we should at least secure a year or two of proper behaviour ; during which time I trust to God we should have His assistance to dispose her mind to live as she ought, independent of

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Sir Charles or anybody else. But such a thought as this would be dangerous to let her think we had now, for I do suppose she is very far from being reasonable, poor soul! We must not hurry too much, we shall undo all. Sir Charles, not seeing her of so long a time, might grow indifferent as to the ever doing it, and it might then remain a separation, and a divorce not necessary. A divorce is certainly not requisite unless he means to marry again. Anything that you say to me, that you don't wish her to see, pray write it on a separate paper; for as we shall be so much together she will be eager to see your letters; I am so sure that the sight of your handwriting will be such a happiness to her. My dear sister, through me you may convey your thoughts, which I am sure will be of such infinite service to her. I must not forget to tell you that my brother's letters were so kind to you and the Duke of Leinster, wishing so much to hear of his being recovered, and charging me not to leave you while you remained in anxiety about him. The number of mails that were due occasioned my receiving these answers to old letters that I had wrote when the Duke of Leinster was ill. I hope he is well; pray give my love to him and dearest Emily, whom I think I shall write to from Goodwood. Pray send me your waistcoats by Mr Conolly. When you see Lady Clanbrassil¹ and Lady Jocelyn,² pray give my love to them; I shall write to one of them from Goodwood; I did not upon landing, as they could hear from you. Thank God! I have got no cold, though this is just the weather for it—snow, and a black frost, which is such a sudden change from the fine weather that we had latterly. I have, and shall, take great care of my ears, and hope to escape any complaint in them. My sister, Holland, is still at Paris; they are all well, I hear nothing of their coming home. Adieu, my dearest sister, ever yours most affectionately and sincerely,

L. A. Conolly.

I have opened my letter to tell you that I was prevented going to Goodwood to-day, as I intended, by my brother, Richmond, and the Duchess coming to town last night. He is not better, but is

¹ Henrietta, Countess of Clanbrassil (d. 1792); dau. of William Bentinck, 1st Duke of Portland, and widow of James Hamilton, 1st Earl of Clanbrassil.

² Anne, Viscountess Jocelyn (1730-1802); dau. of James Hamilton, 1st Earl of Clanbrassil; m. (1752) Robert Jocelyn, cr. (1771) Earl of Roden.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

very happy at having obtained from Sir Charles a stop to the divorce; so that this long letter upon that subject is useless. But as I have wrote it, I will send it. I am to go to Goodwood to-morrow; my brother will follow soon. He inquired much after the Duke of Leinster and you, and, I assure you, is not the least influenced as you apprehended. You will, I am sure, always find him kind and friendly to you; he just thinks about it all as I was sure he would. I saw Lady Albemarle, who is confined to her bed with a fit of the rheumatism, and she mentioned how unhappy she was at the quarrel, but told me that my sister, Holland, had never named you to her. Sure, my dear sister, that looks prudent; I have great hopes that she will be as quiet about it, as I know you are, and wish to be. Mrs Knight is at Winterslow.¹ My brother gives me a comfortable account of dear Sarah, but you shall soon hear more.

Ever yours.

15. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, January the 15th, 1770

My dearest sister,

I am impatient to write to you about dear Sarah, as I can give you a still pleasanter account of her than I did to Emily in my last, wherein I told her of differing with her about many things. And certainly one is apt to expect too much on all occasions. But really since that we have had a great deal of conversation, and I have received much pleasure from it. I have been lucky enough to change her opinions upon two or three subjects; but the essential point I am persuaded she thinks upon just as we would have her, and that is, in regard to Lord William; whom (from all I can pick up about her way of thinking) she has quite given up. Let her live with Sir Charles or not, I am sure he is out of the question. And really her resolution seems entirely founded upon wishing to do right. And I do think that her great eagerness to live again with Sir Charles is owing to the misery she feels at having used him so ill; and wishes to devote the rest of her days to make him all the amends in her power, by attention and kindness. She

¹ Winterslow Lodge, near Salisbury, Wiltshire; the residence of Stephen and Lady Mary Fox.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

thinks he has affection enough left for her to make him wish it. And it is to contribute to his happiness that makes her so anxious. For if he should change about it, and not wish to see her again, she says she shall not have a word to say, and can't desire it. But as yet he does express great fondness for her, and says he wishes to have a long trial of her. This is very reasonable of his side, and I do think 'tis just the lucky situation for her. All her notions are mighty natural, and great goodness of heart throughout them all. She accounted for her spirits being better than she expected from the feel she has that now she is not doing wrong ; and, poor soul ! she says that is a feel she has not had for so long that she feels relieved from a great burthen. She tells me that if ever she was in the least spirits she was so immediately checked by that idea, that she could never enjoy herself. And now she says 'tis so different, for though she knows she does not reflect enough, and is not in the perfect way that she could wish, that idea of not doing wrong makes her feel happy, and enjoy the amusements she has. Surely, my dear sister, this is a great progress ! And I hope she will insensibly find what is so true, that it is our interest to do right, all other considerations out of the question. I am also sure that this does not proceed from being indifferent to Lord William—poor soul ! She is but too easily moved at the least thing that relates to him. I am very glad to find for his sake as well as hers that I had quite mistaken his character, for instead of corrupting her mind and heart as I feared he would, he has encouraged her to do right, I pity him very much, and sincerely hope he will find the benefit of acting right. His family, I hear, are very kind to him. You may easily suppose how many questions she has asked about you ; I have repeated to her very often how kindly you are disposed towards her. My brother and the Duchess are still in town, but we expect them to-morrow. My brother writes me word that he has wrote to Mr Conolly to beg of him to come over directly ; I can't help feeling very glad, for I have been vastly uncomfortable at the notion of his not coming till February. My spirits were very low upon first coming here, I cannot describe the sort of feel I had ; but having been here before anything was found out, the having seen Lord William here, when I so little suspected anything, and all the very unpleasant things that were the consequences, crowded so to my imagination that I felt quite miserable, and could hardly keep up at all, which I knew would be so wrong on poor Sarah's

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account, that it still added to my uneasiness. But, upon further conversation, she said so many things that pleased me, that it gave me courage; I felt she wanted me. One great proof to me of her wishing to bring her mind right is this: though people have acted contrary to her notions, she does not blame them, and is very ready to be convinced that she was wrong, and is persuaded that she has had wrong ideas about many things. My advice to her has been to amuse herself as much as possible with her child, and to employ herself and not to sit down and say, *I will think*, but let it come upon her imperceptibly. I think, my dear sister, this seemed to be your opinion, and I do think it is the most suitable to her present situation. I long to hear something of you all. The packets are all of this side, and I have had no letters since I came, which is excessively unpleasant. I hope the Duke of Leinster continues well; I beg my love to him and Emily. I hope he has thoughts of Bath. My brother is advised to go. It would be very pleasant to have them meet there. My brother, I must say, is as bad as the Duke of Leinster—he won't fancy it's to do him good. We have heard nothing of my brother, George, but he is expected. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

16. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, January the 23rd, 1770

My dearest sister,

I pretty nearly answered your kind letter of the fourth in my last to Emily, for writing to her is so much the same thing as writing to you that I write to each of you by turns. I hope soon to have an answer from my sister, Holland. I said all that I could to shew her that William¹ could not do otherwise than he has done, and yet at the same time, from loving her, was miserable about it; so I hope she will take it as I wish, and not take anything ill of him. They are gone to Nice, so that probably it will be some time before I hear from her. I told Emily about my brother's having consulted

¹ Lord William Robert FitzGerald (1749–1804), 2nd son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster. He succeeded his father as 2nd Duke of Leinster in 1773. He m. (1775) Aemilia Olivia St. George, dau. of 1st Lord St. George.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Doctor James, and finding himself the better for his medicines. He was only here four days, during which time he continued better, but that is not time sufficient to judge whether he is materially better. The Duchess and he went to town last Sunday, and I fear will not return here before I go to town, for I expect Mr Conolly now in about ten days' time. My brother has desired us to settle a drawerful of old papers in his absence, which I have been very busy in doing; and there are many letters from my mother to my father, which have entertained us vastly, particularly some about your naughtiness, which are excessive comical; you was just Eddy.¹ But my mother always concludes, *but Emm was so very pretty I could not scold her*. By her account we were all sweet children. Poor soul! how kindly and tenderly she does talk of us all! Some of the letters to my father affected poor Sarah very much, where she expresses great fondness for him and the duty she owes him. Upon the subject of dear Sarah I am very happy indeed. I keep up as much as possible the sort of plan we agreed was best; but sometimes affecting conversations will happen; and whenever they do, I have received pleasure from them. The other night, after supper, my brother fell upon the topic of futurity, and this brought on a serious discourse upon religion; and you never saw anything more proper than dear Sarah was, she humbled herself so much that one could have no thought but that of comforting her. She expressed such gratitude for her friends' kindness, nothing is lost upon her, and she seems so sensible of her duty, and so determined to do what is right, that I do think it is injuring her to suspect a change. She likes this quiet life of all things, and seems to have attention to the most trifling things. One thing is her dress; she means to study whatever is cheapest and plainest. And she does dress quite plain, no sort of conceits of any sort. I had a mind to try to paint in oil, and it came into my head to get Mr Smyth,² the painter, at Chichester, to come and give me some instruction, which she liked the thoughts of vastly. But she had the prudence to ask me if he was a smart, fine gentleman, because,

¹ Lord Edward FitzGerald (1763-98), son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. (1792) 'Pamela,' the reputed dau. of Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orleans. He was Lady Louisa's favourite nephew, and she visited him when he was dying of his wounds in Newgate Gaol, Dublin.

² George Smith (1713-76); landscape-painter. He was the 2nd and most gifted, of the three brothers, who all practised painting and were known as 'the Smiths of Chichester.'

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if he was, she thought it would not be so proper for her to see him. But, luckily, he is not; he is a plain, good-humoured, ugly old man. So he came here yesterday morning and I began a little picture with him, which amused her very much. She thought she got a great deal of instruction, and it will set her to work, which is a good thing, as being employment for her. But I named this little transaction that you might judge of her notions. It pleased me, as it proves a desire in her to be strict in everything, and that, surely, is so becoming and proper in her now, that it makes me happy. I told Emily how happy your kind expressions about her made her. I need not say anything to you from her, you know her heart enough to be very certain of all she feels for you; and, what is uncommon after such a long absence, she retains with as much warmth as ever the sentiments she always had for you. Her poor little girl¹ has got sore eyes, I believe it is owing to her teeth, but she is not ill with them. I am very glad you assured Lady Clanbrassil² from me that I took nothing ill of her; no, indeed I did not, it was impossible to do it when she shewed nothing but kindness. We differed a little in opinion, and I did not like to argue with her, because I think I could not explain exactly my meaning; but that was the only thing that could give me an awkwardness, and I am sorry she perceived it. But pray assure her again that I know her too well ever to think she means to be harsh, nor indeed was she so in the least. As you justly observe, it is not in her nature. I am very happy to hear you are quite comfortable again with Lady Jocelyn, poor soul! I long to know how she does, I was so sure everything would be right again when you went to see her. Emily in her last tells me that you were going to the Black Rock³ for the last time. I hope you are by this time comfortably settled in your bed; I grow mighty impatient to hear of your being brought to bed, this is about the time you should lie in. Pretty Eddy, I think of it for ever, and all its dear enchanting ways; do pray always say something to it from me, not forgetting dear Charles and Emily. How have your plays gone off?—the grand play and the Black Rock play? Mr. Ogilvie⁴ would

¹ Louisa Bunbury. Lady Sarah's child by Lord William Gordon.

² Henrietta, Countess of Clanbrassil.

³ A seaside place near Dublin, where the Duchess of Leinster had a villa.

⁴ William Ogilvie (1740–1832), the Scottish tutor of the FitzGerald children. On the death of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster, he married (1774) Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

be so pleasant about the last, that I hope you have had the entertainment of it. I beg my compliments to him. You rejoice me by telling me of dear Emily's going to the play by her own choice ; I hope she will think of amusing herself, I know you wish her to do it. I hope the Duke of Leinster keeps well, but that he has still thoughts of Bath ; my love to him. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever most tenderly yours,

L. A. C.

17. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, February 1st, 1770

Last night, my dearest sister, I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind letter of the 22nd of last month, and must begin by telling you how excessively happy I am at finding that you are so much better. I had not flattered myself that you would be better before your lying-in. I am growing very impatient for that time and hope it will not be long now. You will then be prevented writing to me yourself, my dear sister, so that I say nothing at having received two such charming long letters in your own handwriting, or else I should beg of you not, for indeed it is not good for your eyes, and the pleasure is taken off by thinking so all the time. I wrote Emily a few lines yesterday just to tell her that Sarah was much better ; her sore throat is quite gone, but she has still some remains of cold, and her blister is very sore and teasing. I do believe that blisters are particularly painful to our family, we are all so miserable with them. My brother and the Duchess are still in town, and I fancy I shall find them there on Tuesday next, the day I propose leaving this place, to meet Mr Conolly, whom I fancy will get to London that day. I shall be very glad to see him to be sure that he is quite well, for I think that a bruise on his ankle is a bad thing ; for I don't think his blood is very good, and then a bad bruise on such a sinewy place is dangerous. I heard from my brother yesterday, who had got a cold and a pain in his ear, and found himself rather worse for the hurry of London. I had not heard of his speaking, as I had heard from nobody but him, but I dare say he spoke well, and agree with you how much happier we

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should be to have his health mended. Indeed, upon the whole, he suffers so much from it that 'tis vastly unpleasant. I wrote him word of your message, and as to the explanation about shewing the letters, I cleared it quite to him. And what we agreed must have given rise to it was my poor sister, Holland's, warmth, who had talked it over so often, and so many things were repeated back and forward, that there was a complete confusion and puzzle about it all. My brother writes me word of the Duke of Grafton's having resigned and Lord North's¹ succeeding him, which they think shews the Ministry not to be very strong; and that 'tis not probable they can last long. If a change is likely it will cause great warmth and dispute, of course much attendance on the House, which I am so sorry for, as I hoped to be little in London. I feel mighty sorry to leave dear Sarah, for, indeed, the more I see of her the more reason I have to be pleased; and I do feel so contented and happy, that I can hardly believe that it is so, when I look back at the time I thought this happy situation so distant. My first letter to you was in very low spirits, and I could not then be so good a judge of Sarah; and our meeting I did not recover for a little time, but ever since we have had comfortable conversations, and she is really just what I wish. You may imagine how often we fall upon the old subject, and 'tis not possible for anything to have behaved better than Lord William. He certainly has very good principles and a good heart, and as thoroughly repents his faults as one could wish him. Think, my dear sister, what a charming security this is, for them both to behave well, for the future! And what comforts and happiness are in store for them hereafter; for let faults be ever so great, when so sincerely repented of, as he does, (and as I am sure she does), one has not any concern about their future happiness. Halnaker² is not quite ready yet, but will [be] soon. However, nothing can be more retired than this place, and Sarah likes this retired quiet life so much that she will always endeavour not to have it interrupted. I would give anything that you could see her, for, indeed, there is no such thing as writing half what one has to say. She thinks so too, and wishes she could have that happiness.

¹ Frederick North. As Lord North (1732-92) he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, 1767; First Lord of the Treasury, 1770.

² Halnaker House, in Goodwood Park; where the Duke of Richmond installed Lady Sarah after she had left Lord William Gordon. She lived there, in comparative seclusion, for the next eleven years.

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Perhaps, my dear sister, something may bring it about sooner than we imagine, at least I will hope so. You say you are proud of your two children, and the appearance they made at the birthday. No wonder! For I believe few people can produce two more thoroughly amiable and lovely. My love to them and the Duke of Leinster. I am glad to hear that sweet Emily goes about. It was unlucky that my letter arrived the birthday, which I find it did by the date of her answer; for though I know it could not do her any essential harm (rather the contrary), yet it would affect her, and I wished her not to be unnecessarily so on such an occasion. The weather is very pleasant, rather damp, but I am out very constantly. The little Lennoxes¹ are all here, they are fine lively children, but so riotous and noisy, that it's hardly possible to write while they are in the room. Sarah's little girl already begins to speak; it calls me *Aunt*, very plainly; 'tis a pretty little soul! The Eddy, how does it do? You did not name it in your last—what a wonder! But it's a sign it's well. I went the other morning to visit Mrs Conway; she enquired much after you, seemed so fond of you, and begged I would let her know when you was brought to bed. I don't remember your talking of her as if you was much acquainted with her. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

18. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, February the 10th, 1770.

Think how delightful it is, my dearest sister, to have a letter of yours to answer, wrote on the day that you were brought to bed!² It is a sign of your having been so well. I am sure when you lay in of Augustus you could not have wrote for some days before you were

¹ Lord and Lady George Lennox's children.

² Lady Fanny Charlotte Elizabeth FitzGerald (1770-75), 8th dau. of James, 1st Duke of Leinster.

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brought to bed. I received last night two letters from Emily, for which I thank her very kindly ; but Mr Conolly came so quick, that as yet his are the latest accounts of you, and I trust in God you will continue well. Pray don't be got the better of, about being quiet, for indeed you are not strong enough to bear hurry. Emily says the little girl is like you ; how very pleasant that would be to us all ! I never, my dear sister, can express how much I feel obliged to you for all your kindness to me, and at no time of my life did I ever love you better, or feel more thoroughly comfortable about you, than I do now. And I cannot help often reflecting upon the great happiness of my own situation. I am now situated in my family just as I wish, they all know exactly how much I love them, and I have the pleasure of having it returned. But such is the necessity of nothing being perfect here, that I cannot fully enjoy my whole happiness when I know those I love so much to be deprived of the same pleasures. The month I spent at Goodwood has given me a satisfaction that I can only describe by the great change I have found in myself ; from an anxiety, doubtful and troubled thought, I find myself contented and quiet, so cheerful, and ready for all the sort of amusements that used to take me up, and such happiness, that I only wish everybody to partake of the same. I know, my dear sister, what you must feel on account of my sister Holland ; but then you are otherwise so happily situated with your family. And the pleasure and comfort you must enjoy from your little angels I think must make you feel a very great share of happiness ; and I hope your health will allow you to enjoy it ; I know how thankful you are, if you are but able. I have described Eddy to my brother, who thinks he must be an extraordinary child, and said how much pleasure you must receive from him. My brother is not better ; Mr Conolly, the Duchess and I think he looks very ill, but everybody else says he looks much better, so perhaps our anxiety about him make us think him worse—I heartily wish it was the case. He has had a very bad cold ever since he came to town, which has increased the hoarseness he has all along had with his complaints. He sits at home most evenings, and I go to him, which is very comfortable. I fancy he will go out of town some time next week, which I shall be glad of, as I think it will do him good. I hear from everybody that he has spoken so well in the House ; he seems very eager about the politics, and I believe has great hopes that it will turn out to the wish of his party. Was not you sorry for

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Mr. York¹? 'Twas quite melancholy. His sufferings from remorse of having done (as he thought) wrong, they say was really the occasion of his death. I do think his poor life is vastly to be pitied. The Duchess of Northumberland,² they say, resigned because the Queen³ left her out of her private parties; and Lady Holderness,⁴ I hear, is very happy to succeed her. Lady Strafford diverted me with a thought of hers: she was saying she wondered at Lady Holderness accepting of the place of Lady of the Bedchamber, as she loved indulging herself so much; she did not imagine she would like to be sent for at five o'clock, when in the act of eating an ortolan, to attend the Queen at the Play House. And that is likely to be so often the case that one shall always think, when one sees her at the Play House, that she has left a good morsel at home. There is to be a masquerade next Monday fortnight at Soho. Sixteen gentlemen are to manage it, so I hear that the King's leave is not to be asked, and it's to be all very proper. I saw Lord Huntingdon⁵ this morning, who enquired vastly after you; everybody that I have seen as yet have. I have not yet been at Court, but I heard of Lady C. Hill⁶ being there, and more admired than anything ever was. Mrs Howe told me that she really thought her one of the most beautiful creatures that ever was seen; and her manner, I am told, is so unaffected and equally pleasing. There were two balls last night, one at Almack's and the other at the Mansion House. They were party balls; everybody belonging or wishing well to Government was to go to Almack's, and the opposition to the Mansion House. To be sure it does seem odd that men should carry party as far as a ball; one has heard of women doing those sort

¹ Hon. Charles Yorke (1722-70), 2nd son of 1st Earl of Hardwicke. In Jan., 1770, at the urgent request of George III, he accepted the office of Lord Chancellor in Lord North's administration, an office which he had twice refused at the bidding of his party. In consequence of the bitter reproaches of his friends, he is supposed to have ended his own life three days after taking the oath of Lord Chancellor.

² Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland (1716-76); dau. of Algernon Seymour, 7th Duke of Somerset, and wife (1740) of Hugh Smithson (Percy), 1st Duke of Northumberland.

³ George III's Queen, Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; whom he had married in 1761.

⁴ Marie Doublet, Countess of Holderness; she was wife of Robert Darcy, 4th Earl of Holderness.

⁵ Francis Hastings, 10th Earl of Huntingdon (1729-89). He was Groom of the Stole, 1761-70.

⁶ Lady Charlotte Hill, dau. of Willes Hill, Earl of Hillsborough (created Marquis of Downshire). She married John Talbot, 2nd Earl Talbot.

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of things ; but, in either, I do think it is ridiculous. Lady Anne¹ has had a party since I came to town, which I was at, but did not see any new people. Lady Mary FitzGerald² was there, [and] asked after you, as you may guess. Lord Bristol³ has been very noble in offering Mr Fitzgerald and Jane⁴ either plate or jewels ; they have chosen the former. We have had two days' frost, which has been very fortunate as the physicians say, for it has cleared the air, and, before, the town was so remarkably unhealthy that it was really frightful. As yet, I have kept to walking out every day, which I do believe is the safest method to avoid illness. That pretty creature, Lady Augusta Campbell,⁵ I fear, is in a bad way ; she is a little better this morning, but has been so ill that Lord Lorn⁶ and the Duchess have been miserable about her ; they are to be pitied. Since I came to town I have seen Sir Charles, and Mrs Soames ;⁷ he has been very ill, but is better. They are both mighty reasonable about poor Sarah. But in my own opinion I rather imagine that it will turn out as you wish. I do believe it will remain a separation and perhaps 'tis better. Certainly nothing can be better than the present, and please God it lasts one need wish for no alteration. And that it will last, I own I cannot form a doubt of. My love to the Duke of Leinster and Emily and William. Mr Conolly recovers the strength in his ankle surprisingly fast ; in a little time I hope he will feel no more of it. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most tenderly and affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Lady Anne Conolly.

² Mary, dau. of John, Lord Hervey, and wife (1745) of George FitzGerald, of Turlough, Co. Mayo. Their marriage was not a happy one, and Lady Mary lived in England. She died in 1786, aged 88 years.

³ George William Lord Hervey, 2nd Earl of Bristol (1721-75). Son of John, Lord Hervey ; he never married.

⁴ George Robert Fitzgerald (1748-86), better-known as 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' on account of the duels he was always fighting ; he was the son of George FitzGerald, of Turlough, Co. Mayo. In the midst of an adventurous life, involving him in heavy debts and wearing him with dissipation, he married (1770) Miss Jane Conolly, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, and sister of Mr. Thomas Conolly. But the marriage did not turn out happily, and a few years later they were separated. 'Fighting Fitzgerald' ended his wild career on the gallows.

⁵ Lady Augusta Campbell, eldest dau. of 5th Duke of Argyll ; m. Lt.-Gen. Henry Clavering.

⁶ John Campbell, Marquis of Lorne (1720-1806), son of John Campbell, 4th Duke of Argyll, whom he succ. in 1770. He m. (1759) Elizabeth Gunning, widow of James, Duke of Hamilton.

⁷ Mrs. Soames was Sir Charles Bunbury's sister.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

19. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, February the 19th, 1770

My dearest sister,

I received two letters last Saturday from Emily, giving me, upon the whole, a very comfortable account of you; but said you was not quite so well as you had been. Towards the end of your confinement I know that always to be the case, but as you was stronger in the beginning than usual, I hope you will sooner get well now. But I am so provoked at their having managed the play so ill that you should miss it. But make them act it over again for you. They certainly ought, for William and Charles being performers must make you wish to see it. I am delighted at Lady Clanbrassil's going, and Emily's account of her, about it all. There is a great fuss here preparing for a masquerade this day seven-night at Soho. I thought we should have been at Goodwood, but Mr FitzGerald is not come, and therefore we can't leave town. I hear it will be a very pretty sight, as the rooms are so very pretty at Soho, which I never saw, so that I intend going; but I did not feel inclined to give myself any trouble about a dress, and so have bespoke a white Domino trimmed with gold, and sable colour chenille, which I fancy will be pretty; and it will divert me to see other people's dresses. My brother and the Duchess are to go out of town to-morrow, so that they will miss of it. I don't know what to tell you about his health; he is some days better, and other days worse, and his looks are very different; but I cannot say, upon the whole, that I think him at all mended. We have had lovely weather till within these two days, that there has been quite a hurricane, but I have a notion it will clear the town and make it much healthier. I was at a party Saturday night at Lady Lucy Howard's,¹ where Paoli² was; but it was too mixed a company to get acquainted with him, so that I only saw him. He is a fair man, and not at all answerable to the idea I had formed of him. But one should never take him to be a foreigner, he looks so English, and you might see him very often without taking the least notice of him; but I hope to get acquainted with him. I have just been to see Dowager Lady Barrymore, who

¹ Lady Lucy Wentworth (d. 1771), wife of Gen. Sir George Howard.

² Pascal Paoli (1725-1807), leader of the Corsicans in their struggle for independence. During his sojourn in England he enjoyed wide popularity and was the friend of Dr. Johnson.

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looks charmingly, and says she is quite well. Lord Bristol was with her, and she told him how much you and she drank of champagne at Castletown. She was, as usual in her charming spirits, and Lord Bristol, with all his delicacy, seems to admire her properly. Poor Lady Massereene,¹ I hear, is not well; she was gone out. Lady Catherine² is grown, and looks very pretty. I saw Mrs Grenville³ the other day, she enquired after you. I said something civil from you, and she desired me to tell you she was afraid you had forgot her, but was happy to find not, and loved you vastly. I see Sir Charles very often; he looks miserably ill, but the physicians say that his disorder is not dangerous. He loves talking of poor Sarah, and is very good-natured about her. I hear constantly from her, and she tells my brother and I everything she feels and thinks, and is so desirous of being set right where she is wrong, and very ready to accuse herself of doing wrong. She has now been a fortnight alone, and, though she has been low-spirited, she does not want company, she assures us. She tells me her little girl hardly ever sleeps, and yet is healthy and lively; she wants to know the reason of it, from some wise people about children. No news yet of my brother, George. Lady Albemarle is better, and out of her confinement. As I write constantly I forget whether I have told you things or not. But I often meet Lady Ailesbury and General Conway at Richmond House. And that puts me in mind that the Duchess told me General Conway had been hurt, when he was in Ireland last summer, at the Duke of Leinster and you taking so little notice of him; and he thought that perhaps you took something ill of him. The Duchess wished me to find out, and I think it's better to tell you at once what she told me. I forget whether I mentioned this to you before or not. Tell me what you would have me say. I did so far say that I was sure it was not intended. I am so glad to hear the Duke of Leinster continues so well. My love to them all. Adieu, my dearest sister, I cannot help wishing that I could divide myself, and just see how you do, for though I depend on your accounts, seeing would be still better. Ever yours most tenderly and affectionately,

L. A. C.

¹Anne Eyre, Countess of Massereene (1716-1805); widow of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massereene.

²Lady Catherine Skeffington, dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massereene, m. (1784) Francis, Earl of Landaff.

³Margaret Banks, m. (1757) Hon. Henry Grenville, son of Countess Temple.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

20. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, February the 28th, 1770

Last Monday was my day for writing to you, my dearest, sweet sister, but I could not find time that day, having Mr Staples¹ and Mr Conolly to dress besides myself; and yesterday I dined out, so that this is the first minute that I have had to tell you how happy I am to hear from Emily that you continue so well. I received hers of the 18th the day before yesterday, and she tells me you are as well as one could possibly expect; and she often has mentioned your spirits being good, which I really think is the chief thing. At least, I can't help being most anxious about them, as your own comfort and ease depend so much upon them. And your feeling happy is of such consequence to my being so, for indeed, my dearest sister, (though it's an old thing to repeat) I do feel so excessively uncomfortable if I don't think you are quite happy, that I am always anxious to hear of the things that contribute to make you so. And though you have many things to vex you, yet I know how very reasonably you can view them, and submit to unpleasant things; yet you lose that power when your health affect your spirits, and that must make all those who love you earnest to have them kept up.

I have received an answer from my sister Holland to the letter I wrote her relative to William; and her message to him is so kind that I will transcribe it exactly. I wrote to her yesterday, to tell her how happy she had made me by putting it into my power to make him easy about a thing that had vexed him so much; and I told her I was very certain of making him very happy. "The latter part of your letter which relates to the dear Marquess, to whom I desire you will send my kindest love and affectionate compliments, I foresaw (though he did not) when I had last the pleasure of seeing him. Any correspondence between us in the situation of our family would be improper of both sides, so pray assure him I take nothing ill of him in the least. I shall always love and regard him as an absent son, whom whenever time or *le chapitre des accidents* should bring back to me again, I shall receive with the

¹ Rt. Hon. John Staples. He married, as his 1st wife, Miss Harriet Conolly, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sis. of Mr. Thomas Conolly.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

same affection I ever had for him ; and, in the meantime, interest myself sincerely in his happiness." And concludes with saying, " pray transcribe my message exactly to my dear Marquess."

Dear William, to whom I beg my love, I hope will be quite easy now about my sister, Holland. She writes me word that the weather is charming ; that and the journey both have contributed to do her good. Her spirits are vastly better, and Lord Holland keeps mighty well. She says she is glad she is at Nice ; though she is separated from all her children, she thinks she shall pass the winter there, better than any where else. The Duchess of Beaufort,¹ Lady Spencer,² and Lady Charlotte Finch³ are there, all people that she likes ; and there is an agreeable French family besides, so that her society will be pleasant to her. I heard from Sarah lately, and by her letters I find she keeps in the same sort of spirits and the same ideas as when I was there. And I do think that time will confirm her in them all. My brother and the Duchess are there at present, and he always does her good. She is (I am sure with a great deal of reason) most excessively fond of him, and has such an opinion of him that I am persuaded he alone is sufficient to make her do right. He has her mind so at heart, and is so capable of talking to her just in the right way, that I do think it is the most fortunate thing her being settled so immediately under his protection, poor soul ! I wish his health mended, but I cannot say that it does ; Sarah writes me word of his being ill with a fresh cold. I am afraid you will find that my constant accounts of him are every now and then a little better, and then worse. Everybody says he looks so well, he has a colour. But, indeed, people who are used to his face must, I think, see a visible alteration in him for the worse ; and I cannot say that I think him a bit better than he was last year, and continuing the same, I fear, is losing ground. My brother, George, is not yet come, which I am very sorry for, as I think my brother is vastly impatient to see him, and everything that affects him lowers his spirits so much. Mr Conolly is quite well, but has been vastly teased and fretted about Mr FitzGerald's match. Lady Anne has been so odd about it that I don't compre-

¹ Elizabeth, dau. of Admiral Hon. Edward Boscawen ; m. (1766) Henry Somerset, 5th Duke of Beaufort.

² Margaret Poyntz, Countess Spencer (d. 1814), wife of John Spencer, 1st Earl Spencer.

³ Charlotte, dau. of Thomas Fermor, 1st Earl of Pomfret ; m. (1746) William Finch, son of Daniel Finch, Earl of Winchelsea.

hend her. She has been very unkind to Mr Conolly, who has had his sister's interest at heart, and I really once feared a quarrel ; but this is quite between ourselves, for I have such a notion of a child's duty to a parent, that I have done all I could to persuade him to bear it all. He has been much cooler than I expected, and seems now determined to say no more about it, and to leave it entirely to his mother. Indeed, I think it is all he has to do, for he has done his duty in giving his opinion. She don't mind him, and so she must take the consequences upon herself. I have not been near her these some days. As I have no business and could do no good, I thought it better to stay away, particularly as it will not now be a quarrel, we may meet again as usual. Lady Anne has been so very good-natured and kind to me upon Sarah's account, that I had no merit in trying to prevent Mr Conolly's quarrelling with her, for it would have vexed me vastly. The match, I believe, will take place in a few days now, and when that is over, I hope everything will be quiet again. I was at Lady Harrington's last Sunday evening, where I saw the Dowager Lady Barrymore, Lady Massereene, and Lady Mary FitzGerald. They none of them played at cards, so that I got into a chat with them that was very pleasant, Lady Barrymore in great spirits and like herself. Mr Faulkener, a very handsome young man, interrupted us, by coming to talk to Lady Mary, and anything so *drôle* as Lady Barrymore was you never heard, with all her remarks upon *coquetish Mary, who loves a fellow so dearly that she will talk to a boy rather than her old friends*. She scolded her and diverted us, as you may imagine. Lady Massereene has been ill but is better. She and Lady Katherine were at the masquerade, Lady Katherine looked like a little angel ; she was very fine, but I don't exactly know what her dress was. I never was more diverted than at the masquerade ; it was one of the prettiest sights I ever saw. The house at Soho is so well calculated for it, there were 800 people, but not the least crowd, scarcely too hot. I can't say that I saw an ugly dress, and most of them so becoming, a great number of very fine dress, and some plain ones, very pretty ; some very ridiculous ones, which added vastly to the show ; some witty characters well kept up, a singing mungo, who acted very well, a mad Wilkes, very clever, some men in old women's clothes, very entertaining, and what you'll see in the papers, a double man vastly well managed. And having room enough made it very pleasant, as one could see everybody with ease. Lady

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Molyneux¹ and the Duchess of Buccleuch² in Eastern dresses, they were the finest ; the latter I did not see, but Lady Molyneux I did not think became her dress so much as one should imagine. Lady Pembroke³ looked beautiful, hers was a fine dress. The Duchess of Marlborough was dressed after a china figure, a pedlar in blue and brown, I never saw her look prettier. Lady Charles Spencer⁴ in the *fille de Patmos*, all in white, and very pretty ; Mrs Byng⁵ and Mrs Howe⁶ in the same dresses, but pink silver and fur, they also looked remarkably well. Caroline Conolly in a vestal's habit, white with beads, very becoming. Mr Conolly was a Spaniard ; it became him of all things ; he looked quite pretty. Mine was a Lady Abbess, white corded tabby, gauze and beads, a black veil and scarlet knot to tie the diamond cross ; it was so plain that I had not any notion if its being taken notice of, but Mr Walpole⁷ and several people admired it vastly, and said it was very pretty. I could not well tell how I liked it, for it was only finished just time enough to put on, and by candlelight I could not see sufficiently whether it had a good air or not, but it did very well. And I was vastly diverted, stayed there till five o'clock in the morning. Give my love to Emily ; her gown is pressed and looks beautiful. As soon as the trimming is ready I will send it, and also some tambour work for you, six pairs of shoes, two work bags, two washing waistcoats, one for William and one for Charles, so you'll have employment enough. Gold and silver I shall send you, that you may take your choice. Love to the Duke of Leinster. Adieu, dear sister, ever yours,

L. A. C.

¹ Isabella, dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington ; m. (1768) Charles William, 8th Visct. Molyneux (cr. 1769) Earl of Sefton.

² Elizabeth, dau. and heir of George Montagu, 1st Duke of Montagu ; m. (1767) Henry Scott, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch.

³ Elizabeth (d. 1836), dau. of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough ; m. (1756) Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

⁴ Mary Beauclerk, dau. of Lord Vere of Hanworth ; m. (1762) Lord Charles Spencer, 2nd son of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

⁵ Anne, 2nd dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sis. of Mr. Thomas Conolly ; m. (1761), George Byng, Esq., M.P., for Middlesex.

⁶ Frances, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sis. of Mr. Thomas Conolly, and wife of William Howe, afterwards 5th Visct. Howe.

⁷ Horace Walpole (afterwards 4th Earl of Orford) (1717-97) ; the well-known letter-writer.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

21. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, March the 4th, 1770

My dearest sister,

Whenever I have leisure, I make it a rule to begin a letter to either you or Emily. I am waiting for my brother and the Duchess and then we are to go and sup at Lady Ailesbury's. Therefore, in the mean time, I will thank you for your kind letter of the 23rd, which I received two days ago. It is indeed, my dear sister, very needless for you to express the return you make to my affection for you; I have proofs enough of your goodness to me, and never do doubt it a single instant. And I think it is as needless for me to tell you the pleasure I had in receiving a letter from you in your own hand. I cannot describe how happy it makes me feel, and its not being long was so much the better. I do beg that you will not try your eyes. I don't want to hear news from you, just a few lines about yourself, your dear children, and how your spirits are, content me. I long to hear of your having been at the Black Rock, as that I think must complete your recovery after your lying-in. I shall go in a day or two about your carpets, and will observe all your directions. If I can't get Wilton carpet all in shades of green, I know I can at the Spitalfields manufactory, and 'tis not dearer than Wilton. I don't think my brother is the worse for his long day in the House of Lords on Friday last. I hear that he spoke vastly well, something about the naval forces, and proved a better sailor than the Duke of Bolton.¹ Lord Chatham² was very violent, and made his whole complaint of the treatment he had met with; and, they say, proved Lord Bute's³ power to have been always the same, and at this time so great, that he is entire Governor; and added that he had been duped and deceived when he had thought it otherwise. There is to be business in the House of Commons next Wednesday, but on Thursday we hope to go to Goodwood for a few days; that is a gain, better than not going at all. My brother talks of going to-morrow or next day. Mr

¹ Harry Paulet, 6th Duke of Bolton (1719-94), admiral; he was Governor of the Isle of Wight, 1766-80 and 1782-94.

² William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-78); the great parliamentarian.

³ John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute (1713-92); George III's political adviser and first Prime Minister.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

FitzGerald was married to-day. I am glad it's all over, for nothing could now stop the match. And while things remained unsettled there was nothing but disputes. Mr Conolly was so provoked at some of the last agreements that he had determined not to go to the wedding; but I found it was likely to make an open quarrel, and therefore prevailed on Mr Conolly to go. He told them very fairly that it was quite against his consent and advice, so that he may be very easy at having done his duty in declaring his opinion. And he only went to the wedding in obedience to Lady Anne's commands, who, as Jane's guardian, had only the power to prevent it; she did not choose it, so nobody else could. I sincerely wish it may turn out well. But you may imagine how very vexatious it must be to Mr Conolly to have old FitzGerald prevail so with Lady Anne that he has carried all his points that they have been squabbling about the whole summer. Bad as it is, I think it so much more creditable (besides all other good reasons) that Mr Conolly should not quarrel with his mother, that I am glad to have it as it is; though I suppose there will be a coolness for some time, but that will more easily wear off when it is not public to all the world. General Sandford stopped my chair yesterday to enquire after you, and he cried, "The sixteenth child? God forgive her!" He looks very well; I hope we shall see him often, for he is an entertaining creature. We dined yesterday at Lord Bessborough's,¹ and I went in the evening to a party at Mrs Walsingham's, where Paoli was; but they had the barbarity to set me down to cards the minute I came in, and I had no opportunity of getting acquainted with him, which is what I long to do. I saw Mrs Dunbar there, who enquired after you. She told me she was to go to Ireland in the summer. She looked in great beauty. Mrs I. Pitt² was there; I am not enough acquainted with her to judge of her spirits, but I was glad to see her look well. I am to be at her house next Wednesday and at Lady Egremont's³ on Wednesday, which I shall like, as I hear that her house is very fine, and I shall observe all the furniture, to inform you of, for your new rooms. By playing a little at cribbage I have got into a round of card-parties, and have not yet been able to go and see Garrick act, which is a great loss to me,

¹ William Ponsonby, 2nd Earl of Bessborough (1704-93).

² Sister of Mrs. Dunbar.

³ Alicia Mary, Countess of Egremont (d. 1794); dau. of 2nd Lord Carpenter, and wife of Charles Wyndham, 2nd Earl of Egremont.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

but I am determined to see him if I can. I own I have rather a malicious pleasure at some of the cribbage parties, for I often play with Lady George Germain;¹ you know what a cross little toad it is, and I have found out that nothing puts her so out of humour as my happening to be her partner, (I suppose because I play ill); but she snaps me up at everything, and I confess it diverts me. I will leave this letter open till to-morrow night as the post does not leave London to-night, in case I should have anything to say. I have been reading over your letter since last night, and find nothing more to answer but your enquiries about my brother George, who is not yet come; and, indeed, his idleness about writing amounts to a fault towards you, it is very wrong, as he is so constantly separated from his family that you have no way of hearing but from him. I wish I could give you some intelligence of him, but my brother Richmond has heard nothing of him since the 8th of December, and then he was to set out in the first man-of-war that came and which they expected the week following. My brother Richmond is quite uneasy at his not coming. When he does, he is such a dear soul that one shall forget all his neglect of one, and be happy to see him. I wish you were among us, to have the same pleasure. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

22. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, March the 11th, 1770

My dearest sister,

I missed writing to Emily last Thursday, and as your day is come round again, I shall begin my letter to you. I intended writing to her the day after I came here, but I got into so much conversation with Sarah, that I missed the post hour, which is twelve o'clock in the day. Poor Sarah had a great deal to say, and to hear from me, about Sir Charles, and Mrs Soames; and I think from the account I brought her that she is quite satisfied, and thinks her situation is the best that she could have wished for herself at present. She

¹ In 1770, Lord George Sackville assumed the name of Germain, pursuant to the will of Lady Elizabeth Germain.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

has been very much out of spirits, but she assures me that it was no more than she could well bear ; and she felt able to submit to it upon the recollection of how much better it was than the misery she has felt when remorse at her conduct constantly checked every moment of cheerfulness. And from her own account of herself, moments of cheerfulness was the most she could brag of ; for happiness she had not, and the idea of wrong was so constantly present to her thoughts, that she could never drive it away. I own I feel great pleasure when she relates all she suffered, for I have the happiness of discovering such a perfect good mind throughout it all, that it must secure one's real comfort about her. Poor soul ! it is incredible what her sufferings have been, but I trust in God that there is now an end of them. When her spirits are low she has such an aid from her present conduct, that she is able to bear it. She is very well in health, and tells me that she likes this retirement very much. I have told her of all your kind expressions about her ; she begged me to assure you that she had never doubted your affection one single instant, that your repeated assurance of it gave her great pleasure, and at some distance of time she does look forward with the hopes of hearing from you ; seeing you is a happiness she dare not flatter herself with the idea of. We came here on Thursday. My brother, the Duchess and Mr Conolly are to return to town on Tuesday next, but I stay here about a week longer. Mr Conolly is in hopes to come back for me ; if he can't, I shall go. And then shall stay about three weeks in town, at which time Mr Conolly proposes returning to Ireland, I shall come here. I hope he will not be away above three weeks, at which time the Parliament probably will be up. He will then stay here, till a fortnight before we return to Ireland ; which we propose spending in London in order to see my sister Holland, who will be returned by that time. And the beginning of June I hope we shall return to Ireland. These are our present schemes and I see nothing likely to interfere. By this plan I secure a good deal of time here, and not much more than a month, or five weeks in all, in London, while I stay in England. I think my brother is rather better. He has at last heard again from my brother George from Minorca ; he was waiting for a ship, and says he hopes to be at home in March or April. That leaves us at an uncertainty about the time that we are to expect him. But whatever accounts do come of him I shall certainly let you know of, but I think it most probable that we shall

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

now see him instead of hearing from him. We are all going, except Sarah, to dine at Mrs Frankland's¹ at Chichester and to make visits in the evening. My love to the Duke of Leinster and Emily. I hope he keeps quite well. This is a trying month, the weather is very seasonable, of course not pleasant, this month being seldom so; however I walked out yesterday after dinner. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly

23. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, March the 19th, 1770.

My dearest sister,

I am just arrived in town from Goodwood, where I left dear Sally quite well. I spent ten days there very comfortably, and the more I see of her, the more reason I have to be satisfied with her. She is, indeed, just what I wish, and the life she leads I think must entirely settle her. She seems to have a very thorough knowledge of her own character, and no fault in it that ever she had, I believe, now escapes her. For she has in a manner made a review of her whole life, and very properly sees where she was to blame. She has often talked of you, and is so eager to hear from you, and write to you, that she consulted me about a great desire she had of writing herself to the Duke of Leinster to ask the favour of him to let you. I own I did not discourage her, and hope he will not think that I did wrong but whenever he has mentioned her to me, I thought I perceived a remains of affection for her, which would not make him object the receiving such a letter from her. But she had it so much at heart, and seemed so very desirous of doing it, that, anyway, I think I could not have found [it] in my heart to dissuade her from it, it seemed so great a pleasure to her. I beg my love to him; I am very glad to hear he keeps so well. I have two of dear Emily's letters to answer, one of the 5th, the other of the 9th of March, in which she tells me of the dear little Black Rock² family being quite recovered of their colds, which makes me very happy, as I was uneasy about them, so many children have been so very

¹ Wife of Dr. Frankland, Prebend of Chichester Cathedral.

² The Duke of Leinster's younger children were now settled at Black Rock, near Dublin, under the care of their tutor, Mr. William Ogilvie.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

ill with it. I can't help being very glad to find that Lady Mary Hill¹ is not to blame as I imagined ; Lady Charlotte I never suspected, but I will own that my resentment to Lady Mary was so strong that I had resolved to say nothing to Emily about it, nor indeed to you (at least till I saw you) as they are so nearly related ; but I was quite shocked at so unnatural a behaviour in a young person. I won't ask dear Emily any more questions, but I think 'tis pretty easy to guess *where* the fault lies. I had told my brother and Sarah of Lady Mary ; with the latter 'tis already set right, as I received Emily's letter at Goodwood, and the first time I see my brother, shall do the same by him. I am going to sup at Richmond House. I have not seen Mr Conolly yet. Dazarin upon my coming to town told me, *qu'il y avait un terrible tapage à la House of Commons que Monsieur y devait rester toute la nuit*. I hear it is about these remonstrances from the city, and that this is to be a very busy week. I had not heard, till Emily wrote me word, of all the turnings out in Ireland. I am sorry for young Mr Ponsonby, but, as far as I am a politician, it strikes me they deserve it. My next letter to Emily will have more news in it, for as yet I am ignorant of what is going on in London. I think I will venture to send your tambour gown to Mr Smyth at Chester, for I do not hear of anybody going ; if I don't within these few days I certainly will, but luckily Easter is not till the 15th of next month, and you would not, I hope, think of wearing a *demi-saison* till then. At the same time I shall send you some work for the tambour, and a novel, which I like mightily ; probably you have got it, but as it is wrote by Mr Goldsmith,² I dare say you would choose to have the London edition of it ; *Sir Charles Beville* is the name of it ; there is an elegy to Castle Buildings in it, that is such a pretty thought, I am sure you will like it. We have had a frost these two or three days, very cold, but fine sunshine. I never kept, upon the whole, so regularly to going out as I have done this winter, and think it has answered, for I never was more hardy, and have not had one bad cold. After this month one may be pretty secure. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Emily Mary, dau. of Willes Hill, Earl of Hillsborough (afterwards Marquis of Downshire). She married James Cecil, Visct. Cranbourne, afterwards 7th Earl (cr. Marquis) of Salisbury.

² Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74) ; Irish novelist, poet and playwright.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

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24. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Whitehall, March the 26th, [1772]

My dearest sister,

I wrote to Emily last Sunday after I arrived here and told her I should not go to Goodwood for some time, but I received a letter yesterday from my brother Richmond, to tell me that he should not come to town this week, and begged I would go to Goodwood as soon as I could. I therefore propose to set out to-morrow, and my stay there will depend on Mr Conolly's coming to England or not. I am sorry to tell you from all the accounts I have of my brother, that I must expect to find him vastly worse. Doctor Brocklesby¹ was with me yesterday morning, and I find he thinks him very ill. I will now tell you all I have done since I came here. Monday morning my sister Holland came to me, who I think is very well in health and spirits; she has returns of little complaints, which I hope will all end well, as she is going on in a good way in a certain particular. She has some little thoughts of going to Bath for a fortnight, which if she does soon I shall meet her there; but it's only a scheme she talks of, and very likely may not take place. By the by, I must tell you that I have taken upon me to answer for you that you won't refuse Ste and Lady Mary being godmother to their last daughter. Ste and her according to custom forgot to write in time to you, and your answer cannot be back at the usual time for to have the christening, which occasioned some distress; but I took upon me to say I was sure they might venture to depend upon you, and so the christening is to be next Sunday. My sister Holland stands for you, and I find that your being asked was her desire. She told me she should like to have her two granddaughters Caroline and Emily.² Lady Waldegrave is to be the other godmother, but it's to be called after you. I dined Tuesday at Holland House, Lady Susan and

¹ Dr. Richard Brocklesby (1722-97); a surgeon.

² Daughters of Stephen and Lady Mary Fox (afterwards 2nd Lord and Lady Holland).

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Mr O'Brien¹ and other company were there, so that I had no talk with my sister till yesterday, when I dined there again, and left her this morning. We were quite alone, and walked out a great while together, when she began to enquire vastly about you, very kindly and affectionately, and asked me if you had any thoughts of coming to England. I told her the wish you had often expressed of coming for a couple of months in the summer, just to see all your friends, which naturally led to the discourse of your meeting, and in which there would not be the least difficulty I find, for time has cooled all the unpleasant things very much. She went so far as to say she supposed then you would not take any lodging or house in London, but come to Holland House and Goodwood. I said I was sure that would be what you would like; and she appeared to me to like the thoughts of such a scheme mightily. Indeed, I must say she gave me a great deal of pleasure in all she said about you. Lord Holland looks exactly the same as he did last year, but I think his spirits are better, and upon the whole better, though other people don't seem to think so. He still talks in his gloomy melancholy style, but also jokes more than he did I think. Mrs Greville² was at Holland House the first day; poor woman, she looks ill, and I am [sure] is so. She complains sadly of her fever, but she was as agreeable as it was possible. You may be sure she made many enquiries after all her friends in Ireland. Mrs Crewe³ is with child again, which she is happy at. The Dowager Lady Albemarle mighty well, and in good spirits. Lord and Lady Albemarle⁴ I also saw to-day; he looks ill, she is to lie in next month. I was also honoured with a visit from Charles Fox this morning, which is a very great favour, as the creature leads such a dissipated life 'tis not possible for him to see any of his relations scarcely. However, I have no reason to complain, for he is always vastly kind to me and [I] feel vastly obliged to him for it. It is reported that he is again in the Admiralty, but I asked him and he told me it was no such thing. I hear from every creature that he has been very great about this Marriage Bill,

¹ Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, eldest dau. of Stephen Fox, 1st Earl of Ilchester; m. (1764) William O'Brien (d. 1815), a young Irish actor. Their elopement, which caused a great stir, is utilized by Thackeray in his novel, *The Virginians*.

² Wife of Fulke Greville.

³ Frances Anne Greville (d. 1818), dau. of Fulke Greville. She had m. John Crewe, cr. (1806) Baron Crewe.

⁴ George Keppel (1724-72), 3rd Earl of Albemarle, m. (1770) Anne, dau. of Sir John Miller, 4th Bart. He d. 22 Oct., 1772.

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which is at last carried by the King. The Princess Emily has been furious about it, told Lord Bessborough that she would never speak to him again if he did not vote for it, which he did. I have heard of several ridiculous things said upon the occasion, but Mr Crawfurds diverts me most, whose reasons for defending it in the House of Commons was that all marriages should be prevented, as they invaded the natural privileges of mankind. Bishop Warburton,¹ they say, was quite indecent, enough so to charm Lord Pembroke,² who it is said has made a friendship with him upon this occasion. Charles Fox proposes next Thursday to move for the repeal of the Marriage Act; some say it will be done. Lord North has got the vacant Blue Ribbon, which is a great mark of honour, being only the third person that sat in the House of Commons that has ever had it. The King is thought to have frisked about *very* much since his mother died, and the poor Queen can hardly contain her joy; some people go so far as to say it was almost indecent. She has a German woman that it seems she is vastly fond of, and whom it is thought has vast influence with her; I suppose we shall hear something of her [in] time. They say that the Princess of Brunswick³ was very well with her family, and the Princess of Wales⁴ did send for the Duke of Cumberland, and sent him her blessing and forgiveness, but did not see him from being so ill, she could not bear the being disturbed just at the last. As to the Queen of Denmark, 'tis impossible to know the truth; there are two stories here about her. Some people don't seem to doubt its being a revolution in the Government, and accuse the Dowager instead of the young Queen for poisoning the King; and other people tell you that the young Queen is as bad as possible, and that our Royal Family have known it this twelvemonth. I wrote Emily word of the violent storm of thunder and lightning on the evening that I arrived here; only think of the lightning coming into the Foxes' house! Lady Mary heard the thunder, and all at once saw the lightning shine prodigiously in her room, run along the wire of the bell, which it melted, and then drop down upon a chair with a linen cover, where it burnt

¹ William Warburton (1698-1779); Bishop of Gloucester, 1759-79.

² Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke (1734-94). His elopement (in 1762) with Miss Hunter deprived him of his place at Court for some time, but he was ultimately restored to favour.

³ Princess Augusta, eldest dau. of Frederick, Prince of Wales; m. (1764) William, Duke of Brunswick.

⁴ Princess Augusta of Wales, the Queen Mother, had died on 8 Feb., 1772.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

several holes. It was a mercy nobody was sitting there—they must have been killed. Mr Selwyn says that *now* indeed lightning is much to be feared, since it has taken to come into good company; formerly, when it only was felt by the vulgars, there was no danger. I have seen no beauties or fine people yet, but Mrs Crewe and Mrs Bouverie; and the latter, I think, is sadly altered. Lady Craven,¹ your likeness, is the *ton*. All Mr Conolly's family are delighted with Louisa, and I must tell you what a command that child has over herself: the day we left Dublin she looked into a closet, and said she would leave all her crying there. And in a manner she has, she has scarcely cried at all, and does take such pains to do everything I desired her; and sets herself off at such a rate, as would make you laugh; her vanity is of great use to her, it has absolutely improved her. I enclose a pattern of a ponceau French silk which I have some notion is a thing you want. If you like it ('tis 15 shillings per yard), I have an opportunity of getting one from France for you. We have had some mild weather, which I hope has done angel Fanny good, and that it strengthens you. I long now to hear something of you all. My love to Emily. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely and affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

I hope there are not many mistakes, for I have not time to read over my letter.

25. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, April the 10th, [1772].

My dearest sister,

'Tis a fortnight since I wrote to you, however you have heard from me by Emily and Charlotte, which I know is the same thing, or else I should not have been so long without writing to you. I am really quite unhappy about my brother, I think him so ill; and what is worse for himself, poor soul, than our apprehensions for his life is what he suffers from his complaints (whatever they are) being

¹ Elizabeth, dau. of Augustus Berkeley, 4th Earl of Berkeley, m. (1767) William Craven, 6th Lord Craven (1737-91).

[1772]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

grown so much worse, that now, unless he suffers a great deal of pain, his nerves are so oppressed that he is quite miserable. Ever since I have been here his spirits have been as bad as ever yours were at the time you had the lodging in Conduit Street, excepting once or twice that he had a great deal of pain in his bowels, and those evenings he was better in his spirits. What he says himself, I believe, is the case, that there is some humour about him, that sometimes wastes itself in pain, or else falls upon his nerves. But, besides that, I fear there is too great a probability of his liver being attacked. Undoubtedly there is no one complaint that you can particularly point out, but there are symptoms of several, which altogether make a very bad jumble, and I fear cannot end well. I wish him to go abroad, because cold weather, it seems, affects him, and makes him much worse, and it is the only thing remaining for him to do ; for, as to physicians, I am sure they will do him no good. To give you an idea how bad he is, I have not yet found an opportunity to talk to him about poor Cecilia's¹ things that he has, or about the fortune (which I shall do before I go), for anything of business seems to wear him to death. I have seen [him] write a letter or two about business, and you can't think what an operation it was, and how much the worse he was for it. He says himself that he wishes he had nothing to do ; certainly his eagerness about his works is vastly gone. He often seems to have no pleasure in the things that amused him, and this love of music, I think, is nothing more than that he is glad to have the company amused independent of him ; it's something going on that takes up everybody without any trouble to him. He likes singing, and sometimes seems amused with it, at other times not. My sister Holland was vastly struck with the great alteration in him ; she had not had an opportunity of seeing so much of him this great while. She thinks him as ill as possible, but does not think his life in immediate danger. We were very sorry to part with her, she stayed here four days, and was as comfortable and as pleasant as it was possible for anything to be. My brother and we all agreed that nothing could be more lovable or charming than she is, when herself, which was the case while she was here ; she was pleased with everything, and shewed us all as much affection as we could wish.

¹ Lady Cecilia Margaret Lennox, youngest dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and sister of Lady Louisa Conolly. She had died, unmarried, in 1769, aged 20 years.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

But as my brother says, when she goes back, if Lord Holland happens to be out of humour with us, all will be changed, and everything will have a different turn given to it from what she herself would do. But I have hopes that his ill humour has wasted itself a good deal, for in the three days that I saw him, he was in vast good humour. And from my sister Holland's conversation I fancy her family are pretty well with him, at least with respect to you and Sarah she was quite comfortable. Poor man, he has met with a great deal to vex him; and that, together with his illness, did fret his temper for a time, but I hope it's wearing off; if it does, one's natural partiality to him, would bring one quite right about him. I ought not to lump myself with the family, for he has always behaved just the same to me, and I have always been partial to him, though at times very angry with him. My sister Holland talked constantly of you, and before Mrs Frankland (who was here) named the Duke of Leinster and you in common conversation, as if nothing had happened; indeed, very little now would set all to rights again. How happy I should be to have it so! If you were to be in England, that would at once do. I hope this fine weather is of service to sweet Fanny. Think of this long letter without a word of dear Sally, who is mighty well, desires her love to you, and so far there is little to say about her, as she is going on as well as it is possible. Yours, my dearest sister, most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

[1773]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1773

26. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, January the 14th, 1773

My dearest sister,

We arrived in town yesterday, after having spent a couple of days at Mr Byng's¹ in Hertfordshire. We dined with Lady Anne, where we met the Straffords and Buckinghams,² all very happy to see Mr. Conolly again. Lady Anne, poor woman, is not well, and I believe very uneasy about the FitzGeralds, who are going on in a sad way, I fear. His being arrested was very true, and a most strange report now prevails (which I can scarcely credit), of his having invented all that fine story about the legacy; that he had won money at play, and in order to deceive people about his gambling said Mr Walsh had left him this money. He is also reckoned a sad liar, so that I foresee a great deal of uneasiness to the family on Mrs FitzGerald's account, which I am very sorry for. Mr Conolly will do all he can for him, but I fear he is in those circumstances that it will be difficult to serve him. The Howes are not yet in town. Though you live so much away, you are constantly enquired after, and have many friends who would be very glad to see you. My sister Holland came to me in the evening, and I had the pleasure of finding her mighty well and in very good spirits. She is vastly fallen away, which she is not sorry for, and says she is pretty well of late. She enquired after yours and the Duke of Leinster's health, and made me tell her all about your children, and particularly pretty Fan, whom she interests herself particularly about. I told her how you gave up your time to the three little girls, and that you were accused of spoiling them, which she thinks you are quite in the right of; as she says, what company can be so agreeable to you? And as you lead the life that suits the children, she does not wonder at you. She is very glad to hear that William is coming over.

¹ George Byng, Esq., M.P. for Middlesex; m. (1761) Anne, 2nd dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sis. of Mr. Thomas Conolly.

² John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire (1722-93); m. Caroline, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, and sis. of Mr. Thomas Conolly.

[1773]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

January the 15th

I began this letter yesterday morning, but could not finish it till to-day, so will tell you all I have done since. Mr Conolly and I dined at Holland House. Lord Holland is much the same, I think ; Mr Conolly, who has not seen him for two years, was shocked at seeing him so changed. His health is good, but his nerves and spirits very bad indeed ; it is quite grievous to see a person suffer so much. My sister Holland and I had some very pleasant and comfortable chat about you and the Duke of Leinster. I think she likes to hear of the Duke of Leinster having forgot most of the disagreeable things that happened, which I tell her from believing it to be the case ; and also that he is ready to go half way. When I say *that*, she does look as if she longed to do the same, and I am sure will, some day or other ; and I believe now is coming round again to think of the Duke of Leinster as she used to do ; so that when once she sees him again in his real character, I am persuaded everything will be set right. She said one thing which I think is a strong proof of what I have been telling you ; and that was, " I hope my sister considers my situation and understands that my thinking that the vexation contributed so much to hurt Lord Holland and put him in the miserable way he is, has made me feel more about it than I should otherwise have done." And I really believe that it is that idea that has prevented her making it up. Poor soul ! one cannot wonder at anything she feels upon that account, for there is no describing the miserable way he is in. I was sure you would be pleased with this account, and therefore wrote it while I had it in my head ; for I have a dread in all these transactions of making mistakes which may do so much mischief ; so that I don't love to write in general upon these subjects. But I think it would not be fair to my sister Holland not to tell you how extremely softened she is about it all ; and unkind to you in keeping from you what I know will give you so much pleasure. I begin to long for a letter, to hear what progress the little teeth make ; I hope to hear that they are cut, and that the little angels are all well. You would not guess that I was so frisky as to go to Almack's last night. Lady Buckinghamshire tempted me to go. 'Twas very thin ; so much so, that the ladies were obliged to dance together ; I danced one dance with Lady Buckinghamshire. After-

wards it filled, but I did not stay supper. I saw Lady Hillborough¹ and the Lady Hills. The girls looked vastly well. Lady Charlotte, did look beautiful, but I hear that they wear rouge. Lady Charlotte I was a little staggered about, she had such a high colour; and to say the truth it does not become her, it gives her a little fierceness, so that if she does do it, Emily had better advise her not. I rather felt sorry when I saw it, for I like Lady Charlotte, and cannot approve of rouge for young unmarried women. I think it is so apt to set men against them. The Duchess of Argyle² looks as pretty as ever; the Duchess of Bedford just the same; her waist and ankle belong to a girl of fifteen. I did not speak to either of them, we were at too great a distance. Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick³ is grown a pretty girl, and a fourth Miss Wrottesley⁴ is produced who is prettyish. Miss Proby is pretty, Lady Sefton⁵ in great beauty, and Lady Harriet Stanhope⁶ I am always partial to. I am to go to the new play of *Elfrida*⁷ to-night with my sister Holland. Mr Marlay, Mr Skeffington, Mrs Vesey, Lady Ancram⁸ and Mrs Crofton have all been with me this morning. Mrs Crofton has been very ill, and looks wretchedly. Mrs Vesey is delightful; if I am in town I am to go next Wednesday to a blue-stocking meeting at her house. Mr Marlay is in great spirits but not well; he tells me he has a charming story about Mrs Oliver, Susy and the Duke of Devonshire.⁹ Mrs Knox I hear has got another son, which is a disappointment. I saw poor Lady Albemarle yesterday; she seems but very in-

¹ Mary, *suo jure* Baroness Stawell of Somerset (1726-80); m., as his 2nd wife, Willes Hill, 1st Earl of Hillsborough (created Marquis of Downshire).

² Elizabeth Gunning, widow of James, 6th Duke of Hamilton; m. (1759) John Campbell, 5th Duke of Argyll.

³ Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick (d. 1789); dau. of 1st Earl of Upper Ossory; m. (1779), as his 2nd wife, William Petty, 2nd Earl of Shelburne (cr. Marquis of Lansdowne).

⁴ Dau. of Revd. Sir Richard Wrottesley, 7th Bart.

⁵ Isabella (d. 1819); 2nd dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington; m. (1768) Charles William Molyneux, 1st Earl of Sefton.

⁶ Harriet, dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

⁷ A tragedy by Mason, produced at Covent Garden Theatre on Nov. 21, 1772.

⁸ Elizabeth (1745-80), dau. of Chichester Fortescue, of Dromiskien, Co. Louth; m. (1762) William John Ker, Earl of Ancram, who (1775) succ. his father as 5th Marquis of Lothian.

⁹ William Cavendish (1748-1811), 5th Duke of Devonshire; m. (1774) Georgiana, dau. of John, 1st Earl Spencer.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

different, however her spirits are a little kept up by the Admiral's¹ being better. She enquired, as she always does, most kindly after you. I can tell you nothing of the Goodwood people. The Duchess, I hear, is to be in town to-day, so I hope to hear from her my brother's intentions, and will then settle my schemes accordingly. The town will be very full next week, as the Parliament is to meet on Tuesday; but I hear 'tis to be a quiet session. Mr Burke² is gone to France for five weeks, to settle his son at an academy. You have heard by this time of Lord Townshend's³ and Lord Bellamont's quarrel, which is, however, made up, to the satisfaction of both parties. And I hear that Lord Charlemont,⁴ who negotiated, said that it was honourably made up, and he and Lord Bellamont went the next morning to see Lord Townshend. Poor Lady Mary Cooke cannot support the misfortunes of the Royal Family, and she is going abroad again. She cannot think of living in London, so while she is in England chooses to be retired in the country, and wonders how the Duke of G⁵: could be so base as to marry Lady W: when *she* knew that he had promised the King⁶ he never would. As my sister Holland says, how little uneasiness she must have of her own to be able to make herself so unhappy about the Royal Family. I must go and dress, so adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours with the sincerest affection,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Admiral Hon. Augustus Keppel (1725-86), 2nd son of William Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. A distinguished sailor, he was cr. (1782), Visct. Keppel, and held the post of 1st Lord of the Admiralty from 1782-84. Previously, he had commanded the Grand Fleet. He died unmarried.

² Edmund Burke (1729-97); the great statesman and political writer.

³ George Townshend, Visct. Townshend (1724-1807); cr. Marquis (1786). He fought a duel (2 Feb., 1773) with Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont, in which the latter was badly wounded.

⁴ James Caulfield, 1st Earl Charlemont (1728-99). Irish statesman. According to Burke, he was 'the most public-spirited, and at the same time the best-natured and the best bred man in Ireland.'

⁵ Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1743-1805), had married Maria Walpole (1736-1807), Dow. Countess of Waldegrave in 1766; but he did not formally notify his marriage to the King till Sept. 1772. Countess Waldegrave was dau. of Sir Edward Walpole; the Duke of Gloucester was a brother of George III.

⁶ George III (1738-1820).

[1773]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

27. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, January the 21st, [1773]

My dearest sister,

I wrote to you last Friday, and did not know then that I should come here so soon, but the Duchess arrived in London, and brought me word that my brother desired me to come down to Goodwood as soon as I could, as he should not stay very long. So I came here on Sunday last, and had the pleasure of finding dear Sally vastly well and in good spirits, and not at all low with the prospect of returning to her solitude after having been a good deal in company for her. On the contrary, she seems to think of it with comfort, and says she has so much business that she quite longs to be at home. Next month, I believe, she will have a trial of it, for I don't imagine that any of us can well come down, as 'tis imagined there will be some business in the House of Commons. My brother Richmond is to go to town next Sunday. I am really quite happy at seeing a change in him for the better; at least his nerves are better, and that, I think, is of the greatest importance. The day before yesterday he over-fatigued himself a-hunting, and had a fainting fit in the evening; he had a little return of it this morning, but upon the whole I think him better. He is always the kindest, dear creature that can be, and so affectionate, that 'tis impossible not to doat upon him. He interests himself so good-naturedly about everything one loves. His first enquiries are always about you, the Duke of Leinster and your children; he makes me repeat everything about the family every time I come to England. My brother, George, and Lady Louisa¹ were at Stoke.² They went yesterday to London, but my brother Richmond, Sally and I, spent two days there before they went. I think they both look vastly well, and not the least altered, which is surprising in five years' absence. I am sure you will be glad to hear that he is quite kind to Sarah, and invites her very often to Stoke. You are the greatest favourite with my brother George, that ever was; he says you were always so good to him, and he reckons himself so obliged [to] you. He enquired

¹ Louisa, dau. of William Ker, 4th Marquis of Lothian; m. (1759) Lord George Lennox, youngest son of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond, and bro. of Lady Louisa Conolly.

² Stoke, Sussex; the residence of Lord George Lennox.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

very particularly after the Duke of Leinster and wrote a list of all your children's names, which he had not arrived at the knowledge of before. Lady Louisa is a delightful, pleasant, entertaining creature as ever was; she is just the same, and you know how *drôle* that is. Their house is one of the most comfortable houses to be at you can imagine, and the place is sweetly pretty; I could not go over it all, as one of the days was very bad. This place is still quite unfinished, but I do think 'tis in a way of being otherwise now; the library is doing, and to my taste is one of the prettiest rooms I ever saw; if Mr Conolly approves, I shall wish mightily to finish our gallery in the same manner. By the by, about our glasses, I hear it won't be amiss to remind Lord Harcourt¹ of writing about them, for that he is apt to be very civil in offering to *execute* one's commands, but is also apt to forget them; however, though I don't believe he will serve us so, a little hint would do no harm. My brother, with his love desires me to thank you for the dogs, which are arrived safe and well; he thinks that they are quite the true breed, and likes them vastly. We had them in the dining-room yesterday, which they perfumed not a little; if there are any directions about them pray let us have them soon. William, I hope, will soon come; his friends here long to see him. I have had no letter yet from Ireland; I long to know how the little teeth come forward. My love to Emily; I expect soon to have the pleasure of hearing from her, and therefore put off writing till I had a letter to answer. I shall write my next, I fancy, from London, as I propose going there next Wednesday, the 27th. I cannot conclude without saying a word of the little girl, for 'tis such an engaging, charming child, that everybody takes to it, and therefore 'tis no great wonder if I like her. Sally is in the room with me, and begs I will give her most affectionate love to you. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Simon Harcourt, 1st Earl Harcourt (d. 1777); Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1772-76. He had held previously various important offices. In 1761, he was Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Mecklenburg, when he escorted Princess Charlotte to England on her marriage to George III; Ambassador to France, 1766.

[1773]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

28. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, January the 30th, [1773]

My dearest sister,

To be sure, I do feel to have used dear Emily like a dog, in not having wrote to her yet, which I was going to do upon my return from Goodwood ; but a letter in your own handwriting makes it impossible for me not to address my letter to you, to thank you for it, and to tell you how happy I am to hear that dearest Lucy¹ is so well ; but I am grieved to hear about yourself that you have bad nights. I hope the cold weather will do you good. Within these two days it has been cold, but before that, the weather was bad for you. I heard yesterday a charming piece of news about weather, and that was a prophecy of Sir Isaac Newton's, which said, that in the year '72 the world would change its situation, which for about 17 years would give us much finer seasons than what preceded it. You and I have such veneration for Sir Isaac Newton that I imagine you will feel as I do about it, quite secure that it will be so ; and of course mighty happy in the prospect of such fine weather ; undoubtedly the last summer was uncommonly fine. I have desired Bell² to get a duke's coronet marked upon a bit of linen, which I will send you when done. I enclose a bill of your Moorfields carpets, which the man brought me the other day. I returned from Goodwood Wednesday evening, left Sarah and her little girl, both quite well. I am sorry to think that she is to be solitary all this month at Halmaker, but Mr Conolly has business which will keep him in town till the beginning of March. The day after I came, I dined at Lord Farnham's,³ where I met Lord and Lady Clermont.⁴ She does look very ill, poor woman, and I should be afraid she was in a bad way, she is so much altered. Yesterday I dined at General Howard's,⁵ a family party, and went

¹ Lady Lucy Anne FitzGerald (1771-1851), 9th dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster. She m. (1802) Capt. (afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas) Foley, R.N.

² Lady Louisa's servant.

³ Robert Maxwell, 1st Earl Farnham (d. 1779).

⁴ William Henry Fortescue, 1st Baron (later Earl of) Clermont ; m. (1752) Frances, dau. of Col. John Murray.

⁵ General Sir George Howard, K.B. (1720-96) ; m. (i) Lady Lucy Wentworth (d. 1771) ; (ii) Elizabeth, Countess of Effingham. He became Field-Marshal in 1793.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to the Opera in the evening, with the Duchess of Richmond and Lady Louisa. I liked the opera rather better than usual, as there was a good deal of chorus, which I like better than the fine songs. Mlle Heinel¹ is charming, she does dance most delightfully, and so much better than what there has been for some years, that I hear Mrs Garrick² is a little jealous of her. It is said that the King admires Mlle Heinel, and has a mind to have her for his mistress; but the Queen has taken fright about it, and prevailed on him not to go to the opera. The Dukes, his brothers, are angry with the Queen, as they think that the King's treatment of them is owing to her, and therefore are determined, whenever they can, to get him a mistress, to take him from under the Queen's influence. Poor little woman, think how barbarous they are to her! for she doats upon the King. I feel quite sorry at the plot they have against her, and hate them for it; for I should think her happiness with her husband they might let her enjoy, for her situation in other respects is not so very enviable. I am to go to Court to-morrow, for the first time since I came. I dined to-day at Holland House and carried Sir Charles Bunbury with me; as usual, he asked me about Sarah and her child; he seems in good health and spirits. Charles Fox³ is confined with a sore leg, and eyes; I went to see him to-day; he always talks of making you a visit in Ireland. There is a match talked of, between Lord Lincoln⁴ and Lady Frances Conway.⁵ My sister Holland asked me if you would not be curious to hear something of him, as he is son to the Duke of Newcastle, that she declared to-day that you and she were both in love with. Everybody now calls him queer, but she can't help retaining a partiality for him from her old acquaintance with him, and she hopes you do. Poor soul! she has got one of her violent colds, and has not been at all well, but she was in good spirits to-day. I told her and my brothers that you envied me the pleasure of seeing them all; and upon my saying that it was so difficult for you to leave the little brats, my brother Richmond says, "She don't suckle

¹ Mlle Heinel, Flemish *danseuse*.

² Eva Maria Violette, a Viennese dancer, had married David Garrick in 1749.

³ Charles James Fox (1749-1806); the great statesman. He was younger son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland.

⁴ Henry Fiennes-Clinton, Earl of Lincoln (1750-78); son of Henry Fiennes-Clinton, 10th Duke of Newcastle. He died within his father's lifetime.

⁵ Frances, dau. of Francis Seymour-Conway, 1st Marquis of Hertford; m. Henry Fiennes-Clinton, Earl of Lincoln.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

them, she don't wean them herself, and she can't cut the teeth for them—why won't she come?" Thinks I, this is pretty language to a person who knows what little treasures they are. But the thing is, they want to see you, and from not knowing the little dears, have no idea of what it would be to you to leave them. But they all concluded in desiring their most kind love to you. I saw Mrs Crofton this morning; she said she was pretty well; but who is she in black gloves for? I was afraid to ask, though she seemed in pretty good spirits, which made me hope, that it is for some relation of her husband's. When you see Lady Clanbrassil tell her that my brother has got a picture of Mr C. Bentinck so strikingly like that I would advise her to have a copy of it. I hope I shall hear when Lady Roden is brought to bed. The House of Commons is so quiet that one scarcely hears it named; Mr Burke is still in France. Mr Conolly desires his love to you; mine to all at Carton, and I remain, my dearest sister, most affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

29. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Whitehall, February the 9th, [1773]

My dearest sister,

I had the happiness last night of receiving your kind letter in answer to my first from this place, and am so obliged to you for writing so often yourself; I hope it is a sign that you have not wanted Mrs Grey, which Emily threatened me with in one of her letters. You may guess if I was not happy with your letter, which contained such a comfortable account of *yourself, Emily*, and the health of all the family; I am sure you have passed your time pleasantly, and that is always a most inexpressible satisfaction to me, my dearest sister. Pray thank Charlotte¹ for me for her letter, which I shall answer soon. I dined yesterday at Holland House with Sir George and Lady Jane Macartney;² we all stayed there

¹ Lady Charlotte FitzGerald (1758–1836); dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. (1789) Joseph Holding Strutt, Esq., M.P. for Malden, Essex. In 1821, she was cr. Baroness Rayleigh.

² Sir George Macartney (afterwards Earl) (1737–1806); diplomatist. He m. (1768) Jane, 2nd dau. of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute (1742–1828).

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

the whole evening, and Sir George is vastly more agreeable than I thought; he condescends to talk a little nonsense, and to sport subjects that are odd and entertaining. He has said a vast deal about Mr Marlay. Lord Holland and my sister have desired us to carry him to Holland House. My sister has met him twice, and likes him vastly; for she had taken it into her head that he was a *pert parson*, and that, you know, he is not. He is flattered at her liking him, and begged I would write you word that she did; you told him she would not, and he is quite proud of your being mistaken. I have seen Mrs Greville;¹ she is but so-so, poor soul; her spirits are very low about the complaint in her eyes. She is going to France, to try what climate will do before the spring comes on, which generally gives her feverishness. Only think of my not yet having seen Lady Barrymore! We have called at one another's doors in a morning, but without being lucky enough to meet. I am sure you will be glad to hear that poor Lord Bellamont is out of danger; the ball is found, and luckily 'tis in a safe place, but they doubt yet, whether it can be extracted. What a sad thing it was! I am sorry, also, for Lord Townshend, for I think his situation must make him uneasy; he could not avoid fighting, I am told; but the whole concluded honourably to both, everybody says, so I hope there will be an end of it. Our poor friend Lord Charlemont is vastly blamed about the first message, which I am sorry for, as I have no doubt of his good intentions upon all occasions; but I wish he had had more prudence. Lord Holland says that he always said he *looked like a goose*, and now *he has acted like a goose*. Lord Holland was in good spirits yesterday; he diverts himself now about Emily and Mr Gardiner, and bid me tell her that he would *pray* for the match, notwithstanding Lady Holland, who is so ill-natured as to wish her not to marry. They are all enquiring about William, to know when he will come. I do wish so that dear Charles had been within reach, for they want to see him also. This morning the letter I wrote him to Deal was returned, so that I fear I shall not see him while in England; but I hope the *Southampton* will go to Ireland this year. I spoke to Lord Howe² about him according to Charles's directions and recommended him. Lord Howe asked me many questions concerning him, and said he thought he had gone

¹ Frances, dau. of James Macartney and wife of Fulke Greville.

² Richard, 4th Visct. Howe (d. 1799). Admiral of the Fleet; for a series of gallant services he was cr. (1788) Earl Howe.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to sea quite early enough ; and that the education he had had before going was of much more use to him than what he would have learnt at sea. And his reason for it [is], I think, a good one ; as for example, when a man was to have the command of a fleet in the Mediterranean, he said it was very necessary to have the education of a gentleman, who could be a good minister as well as a good seaman. When he has been two years at sea, he would recommend it to you to send him abroad, for about half a year. Mrs Vesey I meet sometimes ; she does not seem quite in her usual good spirits, though she lives among the blue stockings. I was at a party at Mrs I. Pitt's the other night, which was pleasant, though there were none of the great wits. Only think of Lord Strafford, that has given Louisa a silver coat ! The poor child is out of her wits with joy ! But I do think it was a ridiculous present to make her I have seen the Duchess of Norfolk, who made all possible kind enquiries after you and your family. My brothers and their wives are all in town. I shall sup with them to-night, and give your love to them. My brother is not so well this cold weather, which I think plainly shews that a warm climate would do him good. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

30. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Whitehall, February the 22nd, [1773]

As Bell¹ says, " one always thinks of My Lady Duchess when one sees Lord Charles, her Grace would be so glad to see him." But as my dearest sister cannot have that happiness at this time, the next thing to it is the hearing of him from me. Last night he arrived in town, to my very great joy, (for I was vastly discomposed at the thoughts of not seeing him), and looking so delightfully well, as you could wish, his face not the least full, and his lively look. But as to size, a great creature indeed, two inches taller than William, and his limbs look as if he would be very large. He is to stay in town only till Saturday, but by having him sleep at our house, I get him at breakfast and supper, and other little odds and ends of

¹ A servant.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

time, which are very precious to me. I am so happy to see him, but I would not confine him to go to all the places that I do, for fear of being tiresome to him. I have had a bad cold and a sore eye, and was yesterday quite confined, but my brother made Charles sup at Richmond House with him, where William supped also, who tells me that Charles was not shy, but chatted away with my brother. My sister, Holland, called here this morning just after Charles went out, which she regretted as much as I did, but she begged I would carry him to dine at Holland House next Friday, when we all do, and was very fidgety for fear he should be engaged.

Tuesday evening. I was prevented from finishing this letter yesterday, and therefore can give you still further accounts of Charles. William took him yesterday to dine at General Pearson's, and in the evening to Lady Hillborough's assembly, where I wished to go, for the sake of his company, but my cold was not well enough to venture. But I had them at supper, and after William left us, Charles and I sat up till near one o'clock *prosing*. He was quite in his agreeable humour, and every now and then saying, very heartily, "upon my honour, I am very glad to see you." He is sea mad, nothing but a ship, the wind, lieutenants, etc., are in his head: I had an account of every ship, captains, how near the wind each could go, the punishments, and all the discipline on board, sailors' songs, a little account of some of the ladies of *moyenne* virtue, which is his phrase, and, in short, an account of everything. How I did wish for you and Emily to be of the party, and Mr Ogilvie, for you would have liked our comfortable little supper. But I must tell you a charming thing of him, which is that with all his veneration for the sea, 'tis the *ton* with him to despise being a blackguard and a tar at land; he says "oh no, that's foolish," and is angry with Tom Pakenham for being a blackguard; he doats upon Captain MacBride.¹ William took him to-day to dine at Sir William Mayne's; tomorrow they are to be with us, and I have made a little party in the evening, that I might have Lord Howe to introduce him to, which he wants to be. His eyes sparkled when I told him of Lord Howe's having drunk his health, which he did the other day when I dined at his house. My brother, unluckily, to-morrow and the next day is to be taken up

¹ Capt. John MacBride (d. 1800); son of a Presbyterian minister in Co. Antrim. He saw much naval service in the Royal Navy, and rose to the rank of Admiral.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

at the India House all day, so that we have no opportunity of carrying Charles to dine there, which my brother regrets exceedingly, for he came here yesterday to tell me that he liked Charles, and wanted to see as much of him as he could ; so we are to sup there. I found to-day all my paper in my inkstand drawn over with ships, so you may guess how his dear head is taken up. He likes the being in London for a few days, for a little variety, to see the cox-combs ; he is gone to-night to the play to see Garrick act Sir John Brute. He talks of *mother*, and it comes out how glad he would be to see you all ; but he makes no speeches about it. He gave me a ridiculous account of the Queen of Denmark, of her short petticoats, and kicking up her legs like Captain MacBride to get into her cot, and of her dancing. What an unfeeling creature she must be, to be in such spirits, after leaving her children and the horrid executions that were upon her account ! But I suppose she was glad to escape with her own life. My brothers, their two wives, my sister, Holland, and I have been to see the Duchess of Gloucester ; she is at home every evening. The apartments are lighted up, the Duke and she receive everybody very graciously, and desire some to come again to play at cards, in which number we were. My sister Holland and I are to go again next Thursday. Upon coming into the room, she comes up and salutes the ladies, and the men kiss her hand ; she then retakes her seat at the upper end of a couch, which is turned to the fire. There are two ladies, wives to some of the gentlemen of the Duke's family, who seem to officiate like ladies of the bedchamber ; for one of them comes every evening at seven o'clock and stays while the company remains ; and her seat is the lowest at the end of the room. You are announced by a page, who comes some time into the room before you do, and are shown in by an upper servant. She looked vastly confused and out of countenance, which one likes her the better for ; she is very big with child. The people of the opposition are chiefly those who have been to see her, which I hear the Duke and Duchess are a little distressed at, as they don't wish to engage in party, which I think they are vastly in the right of. Lady Sondes¹ went to Court since she was at Gloucester House, and the King was vastly civil to her, which makes people imagine that he loves the Duke of Gloucester so much as to wink at the civilities shewn him. The

¹ Grace (d. 1777), 2nd dau. of Hon. Henry Pelham ; m. (1752) Hon. Lewis Watson, son of 1st Lord Monson ; he was cr. Baron Sondes, 1760.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Cumberlands¹ are in town, but I don't hear of anybody going to them. I think it is time to thank Emily and you for your last letter of the 11th, which brought me the comfortable account of your being all well; busier you are than anything ever was! Happy Mrs McNeale,² I wish her joy. I hope Mr Owens will turn out clever, for then he will be an amusement to the Duke of Leinster. I am very much obliged to you for giving an eye to little Harriet Staples,³ and am glad to hear she is so well. I am sure that your having called has kept Nurse in order, for fear you should find fault with anything. Long before now you will have heard of Lord Bellamont's being out of danger, but I am afraid, poor man, that he will have a tedious confinement of it. I meet Mr Gardiner⁴ very often, and Mr Marlay; we shall all go to Ireland, I believe, about the same time. Sir Michael set off to-day; he is charmed with Paris, but has taken up a new character: instead of the *gentle knight*, he is all impetuosity. He told us to-day he believed he should travel all night. We naturally asked him if he was so much pressed in time as to make it necessary; upon which he said, "no, but that the natural impetuosity of his temper would make him." Pray, make my excuses to Charlotte, but I have not used my eye much yet, and therefore have not wrote to her. The Nine-and-thirty Articles⁵ are debated upon to-day, but the House of Lords, they say, won't pass it, so that 'tis of no great consequence what they do about it in the House of Commons. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours with the tenderest affection,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Prince Henry Frederick (1745-90), cr. (1767) Duke of Cumberland; m. (1771) Anne, dau. of Simon Luttrell, 1st Earl of Carhampton. She died in 1803.

² Mrs. McNeil, a servant of Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

³ Henrietta (d. 1847), dau. of Rt. Hon. John Staples and his 1st wife, Harriet Conolly.

⁴ Luke Gardiner (1745-98), son of Rt. Hon. Charles Gardiner, of Dublin; he was cr. (1789) Lord, and (1795) Viscount Mountjoy. He m. (i) (1773) Elizabeth, dau. of Sir William Montgomery, 1st Bt.; (ii) (1793) Margaret, dau. of Hector Wallis.

⁵ A petition against subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles had been presented in 1772, but was rejected.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

31. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, March the 7th, [1773]

My dearest sister,

I have two letters of Emily's to answer of the 21st and 28th of last month which I shall answer to you, as I have not wrote to you lately. The last, which gives me an account of Fanny's cold, has alarmed me, as I hoped she was strong enough to bear a cold without so violent an attack, but, thank God! the bad symptoms are over, and I hope by this time that she is entirely recovered. I shall long for the next letters to know that she is well. I hope that sweet Lucy's scabby face has been of use to her, and that when the two teeth are cut that she will have rest for some time and get quite strong again. To be sure, you must doat upon Louisa, since she is so fond of you; I am happy to hear that she is so well. I have received a letter from Henry¹ with a comfortable account of the family at the Black Rock. It was a charming well-written letter and a pretty one, for which I will beg of you to thank him for me, with my love to him. I think 'tis most likely this letter will find you at the Black Rock, and if I can find time will answer him, but our stay in England will be very short now, as we propose to leave London this day month, and three weeks of the time I shall spend here. Mr Conolly will be backwards and forwards between town and Goodwood. I hope you will manage to be brought to bed before I go. Pray, have you spoke to Harriet's nurse? I hear she grows very big, and should hope that she would be time enough for you, if you like to have her, and that she is likely to come time enough; perhaps you had rather she lay in at our house in town to be near, in case you should come near together. I mean to let her lie in at our house, therefore 'tis much the same to me, whether Castletown or Dublin. Some of our servants are to leave London next Thursday, among which number is Hamilton, who can take care of Harriet, so that Nurse will be immediately at liberty. Pray tell the Duke of Leinster that Bell has got some good red cambric for his pocket handkerchiefs, but begs I'll let him know that two pieces will run to make near ninety handkerchiefs, and she wishes

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

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to know if he chooses so large a quantity. The sort she has got will wash to be a brighter colour than what it is at present, and therefore took it in preference to those that are now of a better colour, and that she knows will fade in the washing. My brother Richmond, Mr Conolly and I came here last Friday. The East India House has engaged my brother so prodigiously that I fear he will be obliged to return to town in the course of the week to attend some business relating to it. The Duchess stays a little longer in town ; so does Lady Louisa and my brother George, which I am sorry for. I wish we could have been all together here, but my brother George is taken up with his Minorca business, and can't leave town yet. I fear he won't succeed in the redress that he expects, but he has had the satisfaction of finding that many officers have come over to his side, upon hearing his story, that were against him before. The King has heard but one side of the question, therefore perhaps he may do as the officers have done ; I wish he may, or else my brother George, I fancy, will quit the Army. Since I came here I have had a letter from Charles from Dartmouth, quite a sailor's letter, only an account of their sailing from Portsmouth thither. But I like such letters, and entered into the history of the people on board while he was with me, that I might write to him on subjects that engaged him. My brother Richmond (who has taken to the sea and sailing, and has bespoke a boat that will cost him £200) was delighted with Charles's letter, and said he should begin a correspondence with him, in order to learn something about sailing. All the family liked Charles prodigiously, reckon him handsome and like my brother Richmond. But I forgot to tell you that the last day he was in town he dined at Holland House ; William, my brother George, Lady Louisa, and I were the party, and I have never seen Lord Holland in better spirits or pleasanter these some years than he was that day, joking and as good-humoured as possible. He and my sister Holland both admired Charles, said he was very pretty, and traced his face to be the same as that he had when a child, and scarcely saw any alteration but that of a child grown to a man ; they think him like my brother, and I saw that they liked him vastly. William is also a very great favourite with them all. Lady Louisa says, *he is the right thing, she must work him a tambour waist-coat*. I do think she is delightful, and the more one knows her the better one loves her, she has so many real good qualities. George, I think, looks as handsome as ever. My brother Richmond is

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

certainly mended in his health for the better this year. It's now time to tell you something of Sally ; and what I have to say is very comfortable, for her health and spirits are very good, and enable her to live as retired as ever. She has now been about five weeks alone, and regretted to me the being obliged to spend some of those days in company with her neighbours, people she likes very well too, but that she had so much to do at home, after having been so long away, that it was an interruption to her. The little girl is a dear thing, 'tis so very lively, comical, and engaging ; she, and Louisa Staples¹ agree rather better than they did. We have had most lovely weather, but within these two days March weather seems to set in ; 'tis what one must expect, but not pleasant. All here desire their love to you. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Louisa Anne Staples, dau. of Rt. Hon. John Staples and his 1st wife, Harriet Conolly ; m. (Admiral Sir) Thomas Pakenham.

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32. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Holland House, July the 1st, [1774]

My dearest sister,

I arrived here last night, to a most melancholy scene indeed, for I found my poor sister very much altered for the worse, and Lord Holland so ill, that his death, which happened this morning, was in a manner expected. He had been ill for a few days of a fever which affected his breathing, but he happily went off without suffering more than what he has done a great while past. We have not been able to tell my poor sister yet of it. Lady Mary and I have been preparing her in as gentle a way as we could, and this evening she is to be told of it. But I do flatter myself that she partly guesses it, for she was in a prodigious agitation at hearing of the possibility of its soon coming to a conclusion, and exclaimed about what would become of her, she was so incapable of doing any business, and begged of us to take care of her. She has repeated this several times, and this evening ordered Mr Mann to send for Doctor Hunter¹ that she might ask him how long she had to live. My own opinion is that she cannot suffer long, for the alteration in her face quite shocked me, and her voice, I think, fails her very much; her strength they say also does, but as I have not seen her move about, cannot judge of the difference since we saw her, but I hear that she still moves nimbly. I have wrote thus far before Doctor Hunter comes, but will add at the end of it what he says, when he has been here, and also how she bears the certainty of Lord Holland's death, if we can find an opportunity of breaking it to her this evening. Lord Holland's will is to be opened to-morrow evening, so that you shall hear from me on Monday how the affairs of this family turn out. We stayed two days in Staffordshire, which was the reason of my not arriving here till yesterday. I am happy at being come just in time to be of use, if I can be of any, God knows; I fear I can't, but there is a satisfaction to myself from being here, and hope

¹ John Hunter; surgeon.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

it will be some to you that I am, for I know what you feel, and my accounts will be more satisfactory to you than anybody else's can be. I long to hear, my dearest sister, that you are quite well ; do let me hear often, while I stay here. Just as you imagined, my sister asked a thousand questions about you.

She does know of Lord Holland's death, and bears better than we expected. She is to try the blister ; Doctor Hunter says that her pulse is regular but very low, and is apprehensive that this event will hasten her end. God bless you, my ever dearest sister. I write with a great degree of confusion, this day has given me such a shock upon my poor sister's account. Adieu, and believe me ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

33. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Holland House, July 4th, [1774]

I told you in my last, my dearest sister, that I would give you an account of Lord Holland's will to-day ; but William promised to do it, therefore I shall not repeat it, but proceed to tell you how my poor sister does. She has been wonderfully calm and composed ever since Lord Holland's death, and looks upon it in the same light that we all do, as a happy deliverance. She says she can't feel as if it had happened now, but as if it had happened a great while ago. There is so much left in her power that it is necessary for her to make a will, and speaking to her about it has fallen upon me to do as Lady Mary and her two sons have a delicacy about mentioning the subject to her, being parties concerned. I have got her to declare her intentions, but she is so weak, that one cannot speak to her for above a quarter of an hour at a time ; and 'tis necessary to manage her prodigiously, for she is so ready to be alarmed, and to think herself in danger. She distressed me vastly last night by asking me if they thought her case hopeless. I was obliged to deceive her, which grieved me, as I should take it so excessively ill to be treated in the same manner, but having always heard that it was her wish to be deceived, I did it. Ste and Charles both are satisfied that I should speak to her about the business, and to save their delicacy about it, I do it ; but I feel so very unpleasant in meddling in affairs

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of such consequence. She has taken great care of Harry.¹ You would love Charles as much as ever again, for his feeling about his mother, and indeed about his father, for I am sure he feels (what I always imagined he would) to reproach himself for many parts of his conduct towards him, and very much hurt that one should suspect he did not love him. We all dine here together every day, 'tis very melancholy indeed. Lady Mary continues her attention, and is as good-natured as ever, and shewed so much delicacy as is very pleasing. I must say that Ste and Charles have shewed the same in every little instance that has occurred, it shews their hearts to be good, and I am sure they are. I hope for the future that they will be wiser for their own sakes. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

My sister's sickness and pain continue much the same, but having dosed a great deal for these few days past, I hope she has suffered something less. Her face, hands, and one foot are much swelled, which I should imagine looks as if she was drawing very near her end. God bless you once more, my dear sister. Charles begs I will give his love to you.

34. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Holland House, July 8th, [1774]

My dearest sister,

Pray thank Emily for her letter of the 27th of June which I received t'other day. I am disappointed at your not getting quite well, for I thought that the rheumatism was leaving you for good, but I hope it will soon. I am glad that you continue your bath, and hope it is not unpleasant to you. My poor sister continues just the same, that dreadful sickness wears her to death, and she grows much weaker; Mr Justamond has now no hopes of her, but as her constitution is so good naturally, she may hold out still sometime longer. I find that she apprehends herself in danger, for

¹ Henry Edward Fox (1755-1811), 4th son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland. He had entered the Army in 1770, and was to rise to the rank of General.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

she told her maids yesterday that she should not live many days, but she never says anything of the sort to us. I have had a most unpleasant task with her, but it is over, and I am very happy about it. It was to get her to make her will, for was she to die without one, her sons would be involved in a great deal of trouble and confusion; and the difficulty of making her understand the business has been great, she would only transact it through me, which you may imagine put me in a great fright; but it is at last all well settled. And I must tell it to the credit of Ste and Charles, that though they knew of what consequence it would be of to them her not doing it, they begged I would not run the least risk of distressing her, which made it doubly my business to get it done. I find it did alarm her a little about herself notwithstanding all the management I had about it, but it was necessary, and I hope she will think no more about it. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

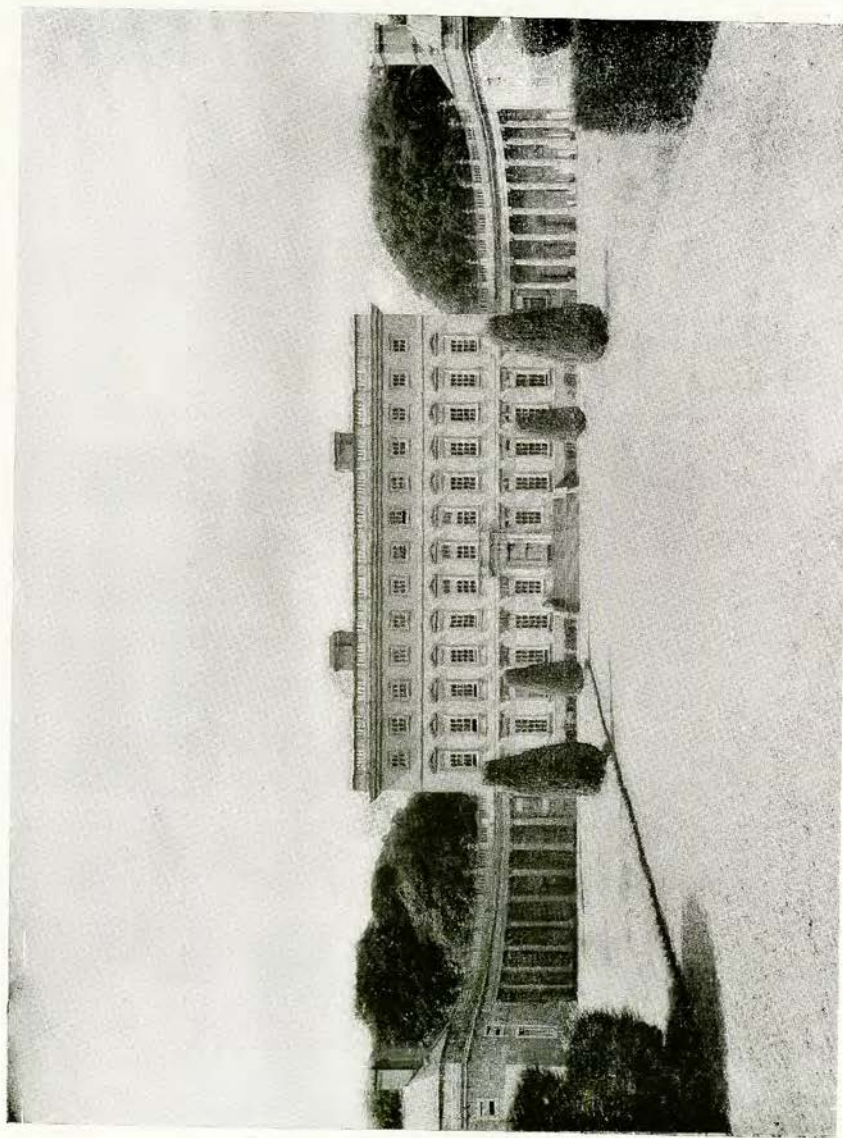
L. A. C.

35. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 1st, [1774]

How this southerly wind does fret me, my dearest sister, for I doubt that you are sadly tossed about with it, and very sick, I fear.¹ Charles was with me this morning, and told me that he feared you could not have cleared the Land's End by this time, so that in all probability you may have put into Bristol. I can't help fancying but that you will be drove back to Dublin, which I should be sorry for, as it would dishearten you so much. I have done nothing but watch the wind and weather since you sailed, for you have not been out of my head sleeping or waking. I dined yesterday at Lucan; little friendly Vesey's fidgets about the wind were very pleasant to me, because we were so interested about the same thing. Dear William was with me to-day, and the little he said was very pleasant about making the best of things upon all

¹ On the 19th November, 1773, James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster, had died. Emily, Duchess of Leinster, married for the second time, this year (1774) Mr. William Ogilvie, her young sons' tutor. After her marriage she travelled abroad, and settled at Aubigny.



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CASTLETOWN, CO. KILDARE

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

occasions. He advises strongly the not telling anybody else,¹ for what he says is very true, that there are so many friends belonging to Lady Kildare that would hear a little bit, that in all probability it would get about. He thinks that Lucy Crosbie² would be questioning and make herself very busy about it, so that I will hold my tongue, and leave it to you to write her word whenever you think proper. Lady Clanbrassil is returned from Dundalk. I am to see her soon, and will let you know what passes between us. I have had two letters from Emily, wrote in raptures of the place, very cheerful, and not entering upon anything that has passed.³ I must tell you a story that Mrs Vesey has picked up of him which I do not think an improbable one, and that is, that *he thinks there is great indelicacy in having children by one's wife, 'tis making such a mere serviceable creature of her.* Is not it a good one? I am sure if it is his opinion, poor Emily will acquiesce, as being perfectly right. How I do wish that a little bird could bring me an account how you all do, and what you are about. Poor little Fanny and Louisa, I fear, are uncomfortable; Lucy, I imagine, is happy at being so much with dear Mama, and that monkey George,⁴ I do suppose, is as troublesome as ever he can be. When I go to my comfortable bed at night, I do feel so sorry to think of your prison; and, in short, the whole day long I think of you; I don't think I shall enjoy myself till I imagine that you are landed. Monday or Tuesday next I hope you will see Bordeaux. This is bad weather for your rheumatism, but Mrs Vesey tells me that you will not have it at sea; I hope she is in the right. Give my love to Charlotte; poor thing, I fear she suffers dreadfully; and the dear boys who were so happy to go, I fancy by this time think that being on shore is as well as being at sea. Bless you all; what a precious cargo the *Nelly* has on board—I hope Captain Power is sensible of it. I propose dining with Lady Kildare on Saturday. I shall write on to Bordeaux till I have your other address. I hate to think that it must be so long before I can have the happiness of hearing from you, to be satisfied of so many things I want to know; particularly

¹ The news of Emily, Duchess of Leinster's marriage to Mr. Ogilvie.

² Eldest dau. of Arthur Crosbie, of Dublin.

³ Lady Emily FitzGerald had married recently Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont. The marriage did not turn out a happy one, and by 1789 they appear to have been separated.

⁴ Lord George Simon FitzGerald (1773–83), youngest child of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

how your spirits are, my sweet sister ; I hope in God they keep up. Remember me to Mr Ogilvie, and believe [me] ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. C.

36. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Temple Oge,¹ September the 13th, [1774]

My dearest sister,

I received your two very kind letters from Waterford, where I hope you recruited yourself for your long voyage, the end of which I long most impatiently to hear of. I had been very uneasy about you, the wind blew so violently for two days ; and since you sailed from Waterford it has been so stormy that I am very uncomfortable about you still. But I trust in God he will take care of you for the present and the future, and that I shall be so blessed as to see you return home with health and happiness. My dearest sister, I do think continually of you, and wish I could express all I feel in a letter, but it is not possible. However I will (as concisely as I can) tell you all the *delightful* things that have happened. In the first place Lord Inchiquin wrote Lady Kildare an account of all the reports, which Lady Inchiquin² endeavoured to prevent, calls My Lord a sad man, and says that he shan't be in favour with her all day for what he has done. Poor Mrs Nicholson, knowing of this, goes to Lady Kildare, where she stayed some time before she was spoke to about it ; and at last it came out that she had heard such a thing but that she did not believe it, and what a strange man Lord Bellamont was, and what was it to him ? Mrs Nicholson³ behaved like an angel, I shall always love her for it ; in short, she set it in such a light by her cleverness that Lady Kildare is so well prepared as not to be vexed when she hears it. Mrs Nicholson did not join with Lady Kildare when she said she did not believe it, so that we imagine she must suspect it. In short, she commended

¹ Templeogue Castle, near Dublin. The original house, built early in George I's reign was pulled down at the beginning of the 19th century.

² Mary, dau. of Stephen Moore, 1st Visct. Mount Cashell ; m. (1761) William O'Brien, 4th Earl of Inchiquin.

³ A friend of Mary, Dow. Countess of Kildare.



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CASTLETOWN—INNER HALL AND GRAND STAIRCASE

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Mr Ogilvie so much, and loves you so much, that I am quite easy upon that score. She said she was very sure of one thing, that whatever you might do, she would answer for it that it would not take place before the proper time. She afterwards spoke to William, who made her an excuse for not having told her before of Lord Bellamont's behaviour, which he then gave her a whole account of, and said had been intended by the family to be kept secret. She approved of his reasons, abused Lord Bellamont *pis que pendre*, said that he hated William and the whole family, and that you would do a wiser thing than Emily had done for herself. In short, it is beyond our best expectations, and there is now nothing more to be done than for you to write to her yourself whenever it is proper, and I am sure all will be right. At *this* house all is right likewise ; but Lady Barrymore's letter, which I enclose, explains the matter fully, so I won't take up any of my paper with it. I hope to set all right in a few days at Brockley Park.¹ You understand that William, Lady Barrymore, and I say we *suspect* that things may be in time, from what we have observed since the wedding day, *your composure*, and not taking *any steps to stop people's mouths at once*. This we tell in *confidence* as our own opinions, but positively assert that things are not yet concluded. Lady Barrymore says, denying would be ridiculous and hurtful to you, because whenever it is known people would then choose to believe all the devilish stories which Lord Bellamont sets about. I am very sure he has not done with you yet. William is vastly exasperated with him, and nobody will *soften* him about him, I suspect. I flatter myself that dear William and I are upon the best terms. I don't believe that he will go to Bellamont Forest. Lord Bellamont's family set it about that it was a masterpiece of policy to bring things to light; the fracas that he made on the wedding day. Emily writes to me very kindly, but will not (I believe) answer any part of my letters that vex her. I do think it is a comical way in her ; I shall see whether it goes on, for it has been but one letter as yet. Lady Barrymore is herself, and that is saying everything. She is now bent upon keeping up Lady Kildare's aversion to Lord Bellamont. She is very angry with me about Emily, and also for being *lukewarm* in not coming to her the minute she wrote me word she had something delightful to tell me, which was this conversation of Lady Kildare's and Mrs Nicholson. And

¹ The seat of the Earl of Roden.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I am vexed about this, for I am afraid she won't love me so well as she did. But I was satisfied myself about its being Lady Kildare's taking it so well, and did not consider her eagerness enough, which longed for the pleasure of telling me what was to please me, but gave way to a reason which you will understand, and which I believe I must tell her to make her forgive me ; for I am sure she was provoked with me (which I don't at all wonder at), and it really makes me miserable, because I really love her so much. Mr Conolly was to go to Kildare for a week, and if I had set off for town upon the receipt of her note, could not have seen him first to tell him and *settle it* ; which, though it sounds such a trifle, you know is one of the sort of things that might have discomposed him a little. You know him so well that I am not afraid of saying it to you, because you will love him the better, as those feels in him all arise from his uncommon love for me, and you would condemn me for not attending to them. Dear angel, he doats upon you, and has said as little as possible to those that have spoken to him. Lord Farnham¹ and Lord Clermont are the only people that have, and they were good-natured. The whole world, I believe, join in abusing Lord Bellamont. Mr Conolly assured them you were not married, and said little else. He tells me that he does not imagine that people are inclined to be ill-natured about it. I have heard nothing, but from Lady Clanbrassil and Lady Barrymore, and they did not tell me anything new. Sally wrote me an account of the reports, which she does not believe ; and tells me that Lady Louisa has had a letter from Carlow about it, Lady Ailesbury² told the Duchess of it, says nothing of what my brothers say to it, and her *own* opinion about what may happen is so like herself that I wish her letter was not too bulky to send you ; but you would doat upon her for it, it is so natural and affectionate. She thinks it *possible* though *improbable*, and accounts for the possibility of it in the true manner. One would think she knew Mr Ogilvie and the exact progress of your heart. I consulted William about the answer I should make ; he begged me not to own that we knew it for certain, so I related pretty nearly Lord Bellamont's behaviour and mentioned my suspicions,

¹ Robert Maxwell, 1st Earl of Farnham (d. 1779).

² Caroline, Dow. Countess of Aylesbury (1721-1803), only dau. of Gen. John Campbell (4th Duke of Argyll) ; m. (i) Charles Bruce, 3rd Earl of Aylesbury ; (ii) Hon. Henry Seymour-Conway, the famous General and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

which I begged of her and my brother not to speak of again to anybody. I believe, my sweet sister, it will be better now for *us* not to do any more about it, as letters from yourself to Lady Kildare, my brother and Sally will be better than from us, not that I think there is any hurry for them; and you may make yourself easy, as I do think that most things are in a *good* way for you.

And now, my angel of a sister, that I have told you everything about other people, I must say a little word for myself. You bid me write openly to you: indeed I can, for I have nothing in my heart that could vex you. For my feelings about it have just been these: two or three days at most, I believe my pride was a little hurt; I am not quite sure that it was my own pride, I rather think it was the prejudice of the world which one imbibes insensibly more than one thinks. But the more I consider it, the less I have to say about it. I agree with Sally, who says that one thinks it more desirable for you not to change your situation at all, but if you do, I am clear in my opinion that it is the best match you can make. And what is for your happiness I am sure you are the best judge of yourself, so that my thoughts are now turned on the pleasant side of the picture. I figure to myself your happiness, which is so essential to me, my sweet sister, that if you were doing wrong, I fear it would be a struggle with myself before I could give that up, though I would try at it, from duty. I have really no unhappy feel about it, and the little mortifications that may attend it, I shall not hear of and don't think about. My sweet sister, when I look back to six years ago, what would not I have given to have had Sally in such a situation as yours! I assure you that the serious light in which I consider it takes off any vexation about it, for it would be ungrateful in me to be unhappy without a cause. Give my affectionate, sisterly love to Mr Ogilvie, for whom I feel it; and assure him of what is really true, that that little unreasonable feel against him did not last above a quarter of an hour; and before my conversation with him was over it entirely vanished. I must call that feel, though a natural one, a very unreasonable one, for if there is any *blame*, I don't accuse *him*. I know you'll forgive me that little *cut*, as Lord Russborough¹ calls it. God bless you, my dearest, dearest sister; I do love you with all my heart and soul.

¹ Joseph Leeson, Visct. Russborough (1730-1801); he succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Milltown in 1783.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I have been twice at the Black Rock. Mr Owens is slow ; I have enquired about Mr Pery's sashes, they are very good, and at a reasonable price, so that I will battle with Mr Owens for your having them unless you forbid me. Miss Hayward you have forgot, Mrs Dixon begs to have your orders about her. Mrs Howel¹ is gone. Inventories, etc. all finished. Mr Owens uses some of your beddings, having none of his own. What would you have done ? Lady Clanbrassil begs her kindest love. Mine to all the dear creatures. Yours ever,

L. A. C.

37. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, September the 30th, [1774]

My dearest sister,

We came to town yesterday with Lord Holland,² who proposes leaving us to-morrow, and we saw Lady Kildare, who told me that she had wrote to you, and asked me if I disapproved of what she had done. I said *certainly not*, for that I knew you loved her too much ever to take anything ill of her. I could say nothing else, as the letter was gone ; but I am miserable, my dearest sister, to think of the distress it will give you to answer it. Mrs Nicholson did all she could to prevent her writing, but it proceeded from her affection for you, which makes me hope that she will take things better than we expect. I find she will not believe it, but yet is not violent or high when one seems suspicious. I have said a great deal about your having no such intention *now* ; that is the part that naturally hurts her the most. But when I have said, " that I don't know what to think of it, that sometimes the possibility of it comes across me," " very true," she says, " nobody can tell ; she is not the first that has done such things." And never once finds fault with *him*, always speaks of him with the greatest regard, and says that parting with him would be an irreparable loss, and such a one as she thinks could not be repaired. I would give

¹ A servant.

² Stephen Fox, eldest son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland, whom he succ. on his father's death.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

anything that all this had happened a year hence, and then I think she would not have minded it. I don't know what you can do ; I do pity you most sincerely for the distress this must give you. She asked me what you had said the day of the wedding when you were told of it, I said that you positively denied being married, but that we were all so angry with Lord Bellamont that we thought of nothing but his impertinence. And that I was very sure that he had originally spread the reports ; that now they were got so much about I could not tell what might be the consequence. For that I was very sure you would be very unwilling to part with *him*, and that after all that had been said, if he continued *worse* would be said. She answered that she differed with me, for that if there was no truth in it, the reports must drop, and that it would be very hard to part with him on account of reports. I have seen Lady Bellamont, but it was in company, so that I have had no talk with her. I have not been yet at Brockly Park. I have this instant received Mr Ogilvie's letter from on board, wrote on the 13th when you expected to land at twelve o'clock that day. Thank God you were all well, and your spirits, my sweet sister, I hope will get up. I know how much you have on them, but I hope they won't sink, you are of too much consequence to so many, that I trust you will be kept up. I do feel vastly happy at the idea of your being on shore. I shall now long to hear of your being settled comfortably somewhere. Mr Conolly desires his kindest love to you. It has been very pleasant to us the having Lord Holland here a fortnight, he is very agreeable and so pleased at being with us. Dearest Charles sets out very soon now ; he is a delightful creature. He has had a very affectionate, moving letter from Emily, working on his heart to go and see her ; and you never saw anything so charming as his conflict is. He has not determined upon going ; he came to consult me about it, sweet angel ; his distress is so amiable that I doat upon him for it. I told him I thought he might go, if he determined to have no conversation with the Devil ; but it's not fixed. Adieu dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

38. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 9th, [1774]

I have been made very happy, my dearest sister, by the receipt of three letters from Charlotte, of the 13th 17th and 20th of September, and likewise one from Mr Ogilvie, of the 13th, just before you left the ship. Thank God you are all safe on shore, which is an infinite satisfaction to me, for I was at times very *uneasy* about you, and never felt *comfortable* as I knew that you could not be so while on board. I long to hear again about your eye ; I feel frightened at its being sore when Mrs Gray is so entirely out of your reach. But I hope that the chief cause is owing to the confinement you have had, and that the regular wholesome life you lead will set all right again. My dearest sister, how I do grieve at your spirits being so low. Your fidgets about the dear little children I know cannot be avoided, but I hope you don't fret yourself about the things that passed here. Indeed, I flatter myself that you have little reason to do so, as everything promises better than we could expect. Lady Kildare's letter to you is what I pity you most for, for it will distress you so much, my dear angel, to know how to answer it. I don't know what to advise you. This *present* time is the thing that affects her the most, I am sure, a year hence I do not think she would mind it. I have not seen her since I wrote to you last. Charles went for two days to Bellamont Forest,¹ but had not a word's conversation with either of them upon what has passed. The Devil only said, that he hoped his Lordship was convinced that his sister was happy, and that for his part he could assure him that she had made him the happiest of men. Charles says that she does seem very happy, and that they are very *fond* ; that it's a beautiful place, and that he likes the lounging life they lead, but did not seem full of what he had been doing there, so that I don't think they have done you any mischief with him. They are to be in town this week which discomposes William and me very much, for as we parted upon decent terms, one does not know now how to begin an open quarrel ; and yet one's heart is quite ready for one, for I declare I hate him the more I think of him. I have a notion that they will stay all winter

¹ Co. Cavan ; the residence of the Earl of Bellamont.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

in town, though they talk of coming only for a fortnight about some law business.

The Parliament of England is dissolved, and is to meet the 30th of November. My brother writes word that we must be there at that time. I shall live in hopes that we may put off going till after Xmas, though I fear it is unlikely. The Elections came on so quick, that there was no possibility of our getting there in time, which I am glad of, as it would have been such a disagreeable hurry. I have had letters from Sally in answer to mine about you. They are all disposed as you could wish. What my brother says she does not particularly mention, but I have no doubt of him. The Duchess and Lady Louisa in their different ways say all that you could wish. They know nothing as yet but my *suspensions*, but I dare say they guess. However, they have not the least idea of its being *now*. I shall write you a full account of all they say when I have seen them. Pray give my love to Charlotte, with many thanks for her pretty description of what she has seen. I have not seen Lady Bellamont lately; she is in town. I have stayed here, chiefly diverting myself with doing the Gallery, and doing the civil thing in having women here, which has been but tiresome, but however is over. I shall go to Brockly Park in a day or two; I shall not be sorry to have that *talk* over, for I suspect I shall find *her* very unhappy about it, poor soul, and that will grieve me; but seeing that I am not so, I hope will be of service to her. Lady Anne wrote to Mr Conolly, but in so good-natured a manner that I answered the letter, which has produced one still more kind from her. I am surprised you have not yet received my first letter, which was wrote two days after you went away. I will number my letters. Direct on to Dublin, if you please, as our going to London is a little uncertain. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

39. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Brockly Park, October the 16th, [1774]

I have received yours of the 24th of September, my dearest sister, and am vastly sorry that you have not yet got any of my

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letters. I wrote to you the first of September, which ought to have reached Bordeaux long before the 24th, so that I fear it must be lost. I was too full, my dearest sister, not to feel to want to write to you, almost the minute you were gone, and my first letter was wrote only two days after you left Dublin. I did not write to Waterford, but some of your friends did and had their letters returned to them. It's very ill-natured of me not to be sorry that Mr Ogilvie and Charlotte have had little complaints in their eyes, since you have had one ; but it comforts me a little with the hopes that it is something in the air, which in all probability will not last ; whereas your old complaint at such a distance from Mrs Grey would have alarmed me. I am very happy to hear they are better, and that your spirits pick up again. The novelty of everything must amuse you. The little I saw of the country people struck me as they do you, vast cleanliness ; but then I was told that it was only their persons and not their habitations, which I saw nothing of, and therefore can't say how they were. You seem so comfortably settled at Bordeaux that I fancy you will be sorry to leave it ; I wish you may be lucky in getting a place to your mind. I shall be glad to hear of your being settled, for a journey must be very troublesome with all those little creatures. Dear angels, I hope they will all keep well, and not give you the anxiety that I know you must have when anything is the matter. I honour the people for their good taste in admiring George ; dear creature ! how glad I should be to mumble him this minute—I commission you to do it for me.

I came here on Friday, and you may be sure have had a great deal of *talk* with that good soul,¹ who is as good as possible, and who does love you most affectionately. She asked me if she should mention the subject to you, and I advised her not. I told her my suspicions, and in short, enough to make her believe the thing, which was better I think, to prevent her saying anything unpleasant about it. She is now vastly sorry she said anything that could vex you, and says she shall always look upon you as much as ever in the light of a friend. She is *vexed*, and blames herself for being so much so, but she loves you so sincerely, that you may make yourself easy about her ; poor thing ! she is not as well as I could wish her. And, about you has taken a very good resolution, which is not

¹ Lady Roden.

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to talk about it. I fancy *we* shall not have any more conversation about it, and, indeed, it is the best way. She desires her love to you. Mine most affectionately to *all* that are with you. I expect Mr Conolly here to-day ; he does love you, I know, most tenderly Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever, ever yours,

L. A. C.

40. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 22nd, [1774]

Since I wrote to you from Brockly Park, my dearest, lovely sister, I have received from Charlotte, Mr Ogilvie and yourself letters, of the 27th, 29th and 30th of last month, and of the 4th and 8th of the present. I cannot tell you how frightened I was at the idea of my sweet Eddy's being so ill as to give you serious alarms. Good God ! what you must have suffered ! Thank God, though, the very last account says that he is much better ; I hope it will not turn to be an ague, for that is a most weakening disorder. By Mr Ogilvie's last account you are all now pretty well, but, indeed, you have had a great deal of sickness among you that I fear has worked your poor nerves sadly. I have been, and continue to be, very anxious about your answer to Lady Kildare's letter, it must be such an agitation to you that I dread it for you. What would not I give that I could help you in your distress ? I am so afraid of any flurry for you, as I think it must either bring on or increase that palpitation that you have been so subject to lately, and that gives me uneasiness. My dearest angel, what can it be owing to ? And that rushing of the blood into the head sounds very odd. I shall be very anxious to hear of your having got the better of these two complaints. I must now thank you *all* most sincerely for *all* your very kind letters, but must begin by answering one part of Mr Ogilvie's directly where he says, that he feels what an aversion we must all have to him. Now, though I believe I could answer for that not being the case with those that you care most about, I have no right to speak for other people ; but I do beg to answer for Mr Conolly and myself, that it is not the case with us. Mr Conolly, who not only loves you but has always admired you, says very

honestly that he cannot wonder at Mr Ogilvie, does not blame him ; on the contrary, thinks that he behaved in the handsomest manner from what I told him. And as to me, my lovely sister, you know how I always felt about Mr Ogilvie, and I can only feel sorry, as I should do, at some disorder spoiling your pretty face that would make the world say, " what a pity it was that you were not so handsome as you were," which might mortify me upon your account, but give me no other uneasy sensation. You hurt your rank in the world, in my opinion ; that is all that you do ; and if you gain happiness by it, I am sure you make a good exchange, and it would be very hard indeed if your friends were not satisfied with that. Your brothers and sisters have really no right to act otherwise than kindly to you ; and it delights me to find that they will all do so.

And now, I will begin by telling you a great many pleasant things. I have had a very long letter from Sally, a most delightful one ; indeed, I wish I could send it to you, but it's too much to send, and I will in few words tell you the purport of it. In the first place, they are all *convinced* that it will be a *match*, and fancy that I believe it, though I don't allow it. My brother says, that you are the best judge of what is for your own happiness, and therefore he can say nothing about its being right or wrong, your marrying. He thinks you had it in your head, when in England, and is provoked at the report being raised at this time. This is all he said, and Sally attributes his saying so little to his spirits and health being so bad that he attends hardly to anything. Next comes the Duchess, who is your champion beyond description. Lady Ailesbury wrote her word of the report, in a *worldly* way, which she would not let my brother see, for fear of his being angry with Lady Ailesbury. She therefore answered the letter unknown to him, and shewed her answer to Sarah, who says, that it was a sensible, noble defence, and, in short, said everything that Mr Ogilvie in his letter to me wishes should be said by your family. To be sure she is not a little in favour with me. I forgive her many frippery ways, for being a noble friend. She, Lady Louisa, and Sarah carry it so far, as to want you to come over in the spring to be married at Goodwood, in your brother's house, *dans la face de l'univers*, and not *smuggle* the marriage abroad, as if you were ashamed of it. My brother George was surprised to hear of Lord Bellamont's behaviour, and said he was sure you did not think of

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such a thing now, but if you did hereafter you would do quite right to please yourself. Lady Louisa (who doats upon you) is *fidgetty* about what the world will say; though her own opinion is, that you are the best judge after all, and that if you have really an attachment for Mr Ogilvie it would be the height of folly not to make yourself happy when there is no one real objection to it. This is Sally's account of my two brothers and their wives, and her own little opinion, as she calls it, takes up a folio sheet, that makes me love her better than ever I did if possible, though I don't know how that can well be either. Her loving you is not extraordinary, but her knowledge of the human heart is a little so, I do think. Do you know, that from what she picked up from me, some years ago, and from you, when you were in England, the thought of *his* being in love with you had come into her head more than once; and when she told me the last time I saw her, that *we* should *spoil him* she meant it for a hint. She has wrote me a long account of all her thoughts which she was very angry with herself for having, and therefore never communicated them to mortal, but so far, from any disadvantage to you, that I do verily believe. She knows the exact progress that your heart made, and understands how this attachment came about as well as if she had read your mind; and she concludes with saying that she loves you too much to differ from me in opinion about the affair; and adds that she is clear in wishing you most heartily to marry, if you will be happier by so doing, she says, that Mr Ogilvie, could not but fall in love with you, when he saw your character in the brightest light, which he had an opportunity of doing more than anybody, as you talked to him about your children. Upon reading Sally's letter again, I have not done justice to the Duchess, for she said a great deal more than what I have told you; but this you may be sure of, that she has taken your part, as warmly as you could wish. In short, my sweet sister, everything promises as well from your own family as you can desire, and Lady Kildare, I do think, will be better than we had any reason to expect. I must now come to Lady Roden, whom I flatter myself that I left very well satisfied; that she should be grieved, you don't wonder at, I am sure; you know her tenderness, and bad nerves, but, indeed, she was very reasonable, and seems mostly anxious to show you kindness. When you saw her, she did not believe *it*; but she had not left you three hours, before somebody told her, that *it* was to be. She bid me not ask her who told

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her, as she had promised not to tell ; I have been racking my brain to know who it could be, William I know would not, Mr Conolly was at Kildare and I came here, so that I cannot imagine who it was. Lady Barrymore, I am sure, would not tell her. But, in short, when I found that she was so sure of it, I gave her to understand that from some words that had dropped from you, I had taken it to be a hint to me. She questioned me so much about every particular, that I could not have told her my suspicions without giving some reason for the foundation of them ; and it was necessary to tell her that I believed it, before I could enter into arguments to reconcile it to her. She expected me to be out of spirits, whereas I was not the least so, and *that*, added to her partiality for me, I flatter myself put the affair into a better light. The morning I left her, she shewed me the letter she had wrote to you, to know if I thought it kind enough ; I thought it quite so, and that she touched very properly on the subject. She said that in all probability she should not write upon that subject again, and therefore wished to say something kind, that you might know that you could depend on her friendship. She is really a very sincere friend, and has pleased me very much about you, because I see how much she loves you. I must now say a little word about Lady Anne Conolly, who is in violent favour with me ; she has wrote me the prettiest, most sensible, and kind letter that could be penned. She pities you from her heart about Emily ; and about yourself only forms a wish for your happiness ; says everything that is kind to me, with her approbation of mine, and your other friends' conduct towards you. Lady Barrymore advised me to write to her in confidence, which I did in some degree, as far as mentioning my *suspicions* and made no scruple of exposing the Devil, whom everybody detests, I do believe. I don't like to begin about *him* when the rest of my letter is so full of pleasant things to you, but I want to say one thing about Emily to Mr Ogilvie in answer to that part of his letter about her. I agree with him that there is no seeing her behaviour to you in a favourable light, turn it which way you will ; for it undoubtedly is a crime for a child to treat a parent as she has done you. But I can't agree with him in *never* forgiving her, for this reason, that as I have not been tempted to the like sin, how can I be sure that I should have acted better ? Not having been tempted, I can scarcely conceive how it could happen, but still I cannot be so presumptuous as to say that I should not have done the same,

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and therefore would not be too hard on her. Consider what a Tyrant she had to deal with, her head turned, and in constant fear of losing him, and how very blind she was to his ill-treatment of herself. They are now in town to my sorrow, for fear they should stay the whole winter ; I wrote her word that I would go to town to see her, which I mean to do just before they go away, in hopes by that means to prevent their coming here. I shall not ask them certainly. I wish I may be lucky enough not to see him, I long to pick a quarrel with him, and should very soon I believe, if my cowardice did not make me fear his wrong-headedness about Mr Conolly, who might be drawn into a scrape by it, and that I do believe it is better to keep him at a vast distance than even to quarrel with him. I must tell you a *bon mot* of Mr O'Hara's about Emily, whose violence in love has quite astonished him ; he says that it was a rash upon her brain that came out with a madness that surprised you, from that composed gentle countenance. Mrs Byng and Mrs Howe, have both expressed their indignation at Lord Bellamont from the reports they had heard, for I have not said anything to them about the matter ; I only wrote back a short answer, that they might believe every bad thing they heard of him. I am to be in town next week for a few days, and will then give you some account of the Black Rock and of all your friends that I shall see. Mr Conolly desires to be most kindly remembered to you all, I join him in the same. I shall take care of the list of plants, and dispose of them accordingly when they arrive. I thank you for mine, and am, my dearest, dear sister, with unalterable affection most sincerely yours,

L. A. C.

41. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, November the 1st, [1774]

I have yours of the 11th, and Charlotte's of the 14th, to return you my most sincere thanks for, my dearest sister, and beg Charlotte's pardon for not writing to her (as I have wrote to her but once since she went), but this letter must be to you, as I am this minute come from Emily ; of course my heart is too full not to want to give it vent by telling you all my feels during my visit to

her. I came to town to-day, and invited myself to dine at Lady Kildare's, where I met Lord Bellamont and Emily. I had settled my plan of behaviour in my own mind, which I observed strictly towards him ; but when I felt her warm embrace and affectionate squeeze of the hand, the idea of the dear sweet Emily that we have so long loved came strong into my mind, and I found how much I love her, notwithstanding my opinion of her conduct, which remains just the same. I went to her in the evening when Lady Kildare went to cards ; *he* was not at home, so that we had a vast deal of conversation. You may guess that you was the entire subject of it. I took an opportunity of telling her my opinion again about everything, and told her also all that I have said to people upon the subject. I persist in my opinion that he meant to be off, which report is got about, with that of Charles having called him out, and his wanting to be off, of the settlements. The latter I had never heard. What was said of Charles, I contradicted, but that part of his wanting to be off, I have made no secret of, as I think it was the case, and this has vexed her, and brought him to town, I find, to have these reports cleared up. He has not yet attacked me about them, I don't know if he will. I cannot tell you what I suffered while I was with her ; to think that that was the same person whom I had so long loved, that I would have done anything for the pleasure of her company, that I would have gone miles to have had her at my house, and that now, I could not ask her without failing in my love and friendship to you. The idea of you, my dear angel, so miserable and so ill-used, cut me to the heart amidst all my feels of affection for her, which I found to be very strong at the sight of her only. Good God ! what a change, and what an incredible one it is ! It is really past comprehension if one did not see it. We both cried a vast deal, she has certainly a great deal of tenderness for you, but that Wretch, I am sure, will pervert her understanding. I endeavoured to make the thing strike her in a religious light, and hope that in time that may have some effect. I must do her the justice to say that she is very just about Mr Ogilvie, she speaks of him as he deserves ; and I fancy that Lord Bellamont does the same by what I can find from her. She looks very well, seems perfectly happy, and, I believe, is breeding. Lady Kildare was very snappish to them, and I hear was so before, the time that they dined with her. I think her pretty well again, she has recovered that great weakness, and goes up and down stairs as usual. I am to go to Temple Oge

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to-morrow for a day. Lady Clanbrassil has lost her eldest brother, 'tis a shock to her, but not near so great as it would have been if it had been Mr Charles Bentinck. I am so happy to hear that all the dear children are well again, and that your spirits are better. For God's sake, my dearest sister, enjoy yourself ; all the vexatious part of your situation is over, don't lose the good by regretting what cannot be now helped. Love to all, and Mr Conolly's, in the most kind manner; I ought never to forget. Charles is to go in a very few days now. He is a charming creature, I do doat upon him. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours with the truest affection and most sincere love,

L. A. Conolly.

42. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 3rd, [1774]

Though I only wrote to you the day before yesterday, my dearest sister, I must write again to give you an account of a very extraordinary conversation I had to-day of three hours long with Lord Bellamont. I say extraordinary because he was really reasonable upon many points. I told you I had had much talk with Emily, and had in the course of the evening repeated my opinion that Lord Bellamont's behaviour was owing to his wanting to be *off*, and that I had given it as *my* opinion to my friends. It seems that this has hurt them both very much, and he begged to shew me a letter which he has wrote to my brother Richmond upon the subject, where he states his conduct, and reasons for acting as he did. 'Tis a proper letter, and I see no sort of objection to its going, but that it exposes Emily's unkind treatment of you, which I am sorry for her sake should be made public ; and this I told him was the only part that I could object to, because I love Emily ; but he means to send it, and I hope my brother will answer it. He began again about honour. I was very civil, but begged he would explain what he meant by it. He gave a very just description of honour, upon which I began again about Miss McDermot, and to my astonishment he shut my mouth, for he gave me an account of that proceeding, without the least attempt to justify himself, and ended with saying

how much in the wrong he had been, how sorry he was for it, and [to] what lengths he had gone to make what reparations he could. In short, I could not have believed that he would have acknowledged his faults with humility, but he really did. He then proceeded to tell me that his manner of acting by you was not perhaps what he would have chosen, but that the shortness of the time did not admit of any other method, and if he had not thought Emily's character at stake he would not have sacrificed you as he did. I again begged to know how it affected him and Emily. To which he answered that if she had been but sixteen she might have escaped censure, but that at her age, with the known confidence that subsisted between you and her, if your marriage had been made public the next day or two, according to his expectations, the world would have said that she had been privy to it, which at that time would have been so improper; therefore, he thought it necessary for him to take some step to shew the world that he and Emily were clear of it. I told him that I did not think either of them in any shape could be called upon to act in that manner, and that instead of getting credit for what they had done, the whole world blamed them both. He said not, but I said yes, and so we went on differing about everything almost. He then said, that *now* he had done, for that Emily's character about it was safe, and he had no further business with what any of the family pleased to do; that he wished you most sincerely well, and had taken the step he did with regret, on your account and Mr Ogilvie's, for whom he professes the highest regard and esteem; does not in the least blame him for doing the best for himself, and says that it is only in the opinion of the world that such a marriage signifies; for that your children's morals and fortunes cannot suffer by that alliance, Mr Ogilvie, having acquitted himself so faithfully with regard to the children. He then commended him of all things, said how much he liked him and took to him, and how much against his inclination he had latterly fought shy of him, which he would never have done if it had not been to keep clear of what might happen. That he should always wish you well, and should not now interfere, or pretend to give his opinion, that he had no right to do so. That he honoured *me* for my resentment to *himself*, that I ought to love you, and to take your part in the world, and to influence my friends to do the same; that he was far from wishing to make a party about it, that he should remain quiet, and have his doors open to any of the family

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

or friends that pleased to keep up any intercourse with him ; that he wished to shew you all the respect due to you, and when once your being married had been disavowed to him, he had taken the first opportunity of writing you the most respectful letter in his power from Bellamont Forest, and means to treat you so. That if when you came back you did not marry Mr Ogilvie, he should be the first to rejoice at the ill-founded panic he took about it, and own it to have been so. That if you did marry, he could not say what he should do, as he had not thought the matter over, and that as your return was at some distance of time, there was no occasion for anticipating disagreeable things, and that for the present he thought it better for Emily and you not to correspond, as it could only be a restrained one. I put Emily in mind that you had said you could not bring yourself to write to her. She has not wrote to Charlotte because she did not know where to direct, but will write immediately. I told her that Charlotte wanted to know if she was to hear from her. It is surprising what he bears from me, for though I was very civil, I told him again all I thought of him. I went so far back as to mention my dislike to him always for being a coxcomb, then how much I disapproved of his character, how often you and I had talked him over, that you were partial to him, *for (says I) she even liked you.* He took it very well. I then told him of his neglect of Emily, how I should have quarrelled with him in her situation. He asked me if I was serious, I said yes. He then endeavoured to justify himself, and took great pains to convince me, how much he loved her. I hope I have piqued him to do it, if he did not before. What an odd mortal it is, to act so devilishly, and to talk sometimes so reasonably. I told him that I was still very sore about the malicious, cruel treatment he had given you, and that nothing but length of time and his making Emily happy could soften me to him ; for that I felt his treatment of you as much as possible, and had the highest resentment, that it grieved me to be upon that footing with Emily's husband, but that he had brought it upon himself. He and she agreed in neither wondering at me nor blaming me. I do not know what to make of him. They are going away now for a year, and by that time one may perhaps guess at what he means. I have not asked them here, and believe they understand that I cannot bring myself to the seeing him much. He told Emily that she ought to love you and interest herself about you, and never presume to give her opinion about you *now*, let you

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do what you will. Can you understand why she was to behave ill to you before she was married, and now is to behave so well? In short, there is no comprehending him. God grant he may always make her happy, poor thing! I told him he would make her so strict and harsh that there would be no living with them. He endeavoured to clear himself from that accusation by saying that it would very ill become him to be so. But I will have done with him, for it is impossible to give you our whole conversation. However, I am glad I had it, because I think that he now understands the footing I mean to be upon with him, which is, just that of civility for Emily's sake, and as I told him that my present opinions were founded upon reflexion since I had seen him, they will carry more weight than they could at the time that I was so agitated, particularly as I was not in a passion to-day, but very civil and cool.

I dined one day with dear Lady Kildare. She is vastly well again, and does as usual. I was also with Dowager Lady Clanbrassil, whose spirits are better. Corporal Campbell brought me a bill to-day of four pounds for coals by Mrs Dixon's orders, which I signed for Mr Underwood to pay, and also the bill for your bed, and two pound's worth of tea that I saw Mrs Howel's orders for, which had been forgot. Corporal Campbell enquired so kindly after you all. I shall go and see your building very soon. I thank Charlotte for hers of the 17th of October, which I received to-day. I will write to her soon, for I have been abominable about writing to her, poor soul. My love to all your family. I shall long to hear of your being settled at Marseilles, where I hope you will be comfortable. Adieu, my dearest, dear sister. Ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. C.

43. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 23rd, 1774

My dearest sister,

I am quite uneasy at not having received Mr Ogilvie's letter with an account of your answer to dear Lady Kildare, which I wish to have before I see her, in case that you have given me any directions as to what I should say. Having had company in the house, and

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seven packets due, I have postponed writing in hopes of receiving this letter first, but having just got one from Charlotte of the 25th October from Toulouse, I will no longer defer thanking you, my dearest sister, for your very kind letter of the 20th, which I received a fortnight ago by Captain Power, whom I find has sent the work bags according to your directions ; all the rest of the things have been sent to me, and distributed accordingly. I am so happy that your eyes are better ; Charlotte does not mention your spirits in her last, but I hope that travelling has done them good, instead of fatiguing them. Indeed, my dearest, lovely sister, you have so many friends, that I hope they will make up in some degree the loss of one that was so dear to you. Good God ! how it does shock me to think that you must endeavour to forget Emily for your own peace of mind ! Could one have believed a few years ago that such a thing could ever come to pass ? Lord bless me, what creatures we are, that can be so changed ! Though I try to put that *horrid day* out of my head, I cannot help thinking of it continually, and it has lead me to consider Emily's conduct in every light ; and one thing has occurred to me, that I think is in her character, which is the being easily led. If you remember, you thought her much altered from the time of that visit to Hillsborough ; the Lady Hills at that time got such an entire ascendancy over her, that you could not help being hurt at the visible partiality she had for them even when you were in question. And she surprised us very much (you may recollect) when she grew so fond of Lady Cranbourne,¹ whom we thought she could never love, after she had lost our sweet Ciss.² But I remember we agreed then that she was easily led. However, I am sure she could never have been so misled as she has been, if she had not been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the most tyrannical, vile wretch that ever was born, and for whom she has a most uncommon passion ; all which circumstances put together takes off a little of one's astonishment, though not an atom of one's disapprobation. I consider her natural disposition as amiable, a very great degree of prudence, which gives the appearance of more sense than I believe there really is, but certainly that easy concurrence in other people's opinions prevents her being a friend on whom

¹ Lady Emily Hill, dau. of Willes Hill, Earl of Hillsborough (cr. Marquis of Downshire), had married (2nd Dec., 1773) James Cecil, Visct. Cranbourne, later 7th Earl (cr. Marquis) of Salisbury.

² Lady Cecilia Lennox, sis. of Lady Louisa Conolly.

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one can have any dependence. To say the truth, her being married to that Devil will always be a bar to one's living in any degree of comfort with her, as it is absolutely impossible for anybody to keep well with him. I am in daily expectations of its being my turn to quarrel with him, for I suppose William has wrote you word what has passed between them. However, lest he should not, I will in as few words as I can. The settlements were to be signed, at which moment *he* carelessly threw out, "that by a flaw in the will, Emily was entitled to £12,000, but that as he was sure it was never intended he passed it over, and did not mean to ask it." Upon which William said "that he would never be obliged to him for two thousand pounds, and that if it was his right he ought to ask it, and that if such a flaw did exist, he did not think himself at liberty on his part to pass it over, as it would be the difference of £14,000 to his brothers and sisters." Upon which Mr Wolfe's opinion was got, and enclosed to Lord Bellamont with a charming proper letter from William to desire him to take every method of satisfying himself; and ends with saying that they must have no further intercourse after this affair. Emily endeavoured to justify Lord Bellamont from any bad intention, but William persists in not seeing him, and I hope never will; for the plan is very clear, that he meant to lay William under an obligation; and as they must contradict one another if they do meet, I am very anxious they should not. Dear William is so good as to consult Mr Conolly and I, who both advise him strongly to be quite off with him. All the meanness of the transaction can scarcely be put in a letter, but you know him enough to imagine it all. I expect very soon to hear that I am a w——. Well, God bless you, my ever dearest of sisters; comfort yourself that if you have lost a daughter you have found a son, in whom you have a warm, and (if I am not much mistaken) a most steady friend. We doat upon him, and all of you. Dearest Thomas begs to be kindly remembered, don't forget me to Mr Ogilvie, and believe [me] ever yours

L. A. C.

44. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 29th, [1774]

I received yours of the 6th this evening, my dearest, dear sister, and sat down immediately to answer it, to tell you how glad I am that you have taken the resolution of leaving dear little Louisa at Montpellier with Doctor FitzMaurice. You are pretty certain, I believe, of the share I take in everything that costs you a tear, or gives you a moment's anxiety; and therefore, my dearest sister, you may be sure that I grieve at your having had any; but as this step (I trust in God) will save you many a painful hour, I cannot help at this distance being glad that you have taken a resolution which promises so well for the little angel. I must say, that I have for so many years been prepossessed with the idea that carrying all your children to a good climate and foreign surgeons would be of such infinite use to them, that I used to wish it ardently, and I hope in God that your journey will answer. For my part, I shall be much disappointed if it don't. You talk of two easy days' journey from Montpellier to Marseilles. My dear sister, that is nothing. You may go to her upon the first fidget you take about her, and if it answers I do hope that you will have courage to send pretty Fanny. What a vexatious thing it is, to have Sophia's¹ beautiful face disfigured, since they think that it might have been prevented; but I suppose it was for the best, since every means in your power were tried, it was all that you could do. Within two days' journey of Marseilles, I reckon you quite at home. However I shall be glad to hear how you like your house, that the sea bathing is begun, and that you are got into a settled, comfortable way. I am very sorry to hear that your eyes are so indifferent; perhaps you have been heated by travelling so much, and, therefore, hope that they may be better when you are arrived at your journey's end. Pray give my love to Charlotte, whom I thank for her letter of the 4th. I have never yet got Mr Ogilvie's letter, which makes me very fidgety. I beg my kind love to him, with many assurances of friendship and esteem. I have intended at least fifty times to sit down and write to him, to thank him for his obliging long letter from Bordeaux; but it is the same with him as with Charlotte, the

¹ Lady Sophia Mary FitzGerald (1762-1845), 7th dau. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster. She died unmarried.

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moment I take the pen it so naturally runs off to *my dear sister* that I put off every other person that I intended writing to, and when I have finished my letter I recollect about a dozen things that I meant to tell you. I forgot in my last to tell you that Lady Roden had spent a week with me, and was so comfortable and so very *friendly*, that her being here was a very great pleasure to me. I never loved her more than I do at this time. Poor soul, she has had an alarm about Lady Charlotte, who has been ill of a fever, but not dangerously so. I mean to go and see them to-morrow, but shall return to dinner, as the Bellamonts are still in town. I don't care to see poor Emily much at present, it distresses me to have an eternal talk about her husband's brutality. And yet things are so wrong between him and William, that I am sure she would speak to me about it. And between them, one must be more cautious than where a poor woman is concerned, whom they know can't *fight*. Perhaps I wrong him when I fancy that it is he that has set about a most ridiculous story about Mr Conolly and me, that we are going to part; but I can't help fancying that he has done it to vex me. Our Leixlip and Lucan neighbours are all in London by this time; we shall go soon after Xmas, to stay a great while, I fear. Your letters are twenty-three days coming from Montpelier, from Marseilles they won't be much longer, I suppose, so that when our time is absolutely fixed about England, I will calculate, and let you know when to direct to London.

I also always forgot to tell you that Dean Marlay had been to see me, and that he is as good-natured as possible, and more outrageous than anybody against Lord Bellamont. He wishes to have been at your elbow to have dictated the bitterest letter that could be framed to have met him here, instead of yourself. Poor man, he looks very ill; he is gone to Bath, where I hope he will get benefit by the waters. His spirits have been vastly affected about Mrs Cuffe, whom I do believe is a mad woman and innocent. Mr Scott positively denies everything, and gives good reasons for one's believing him. Her first accusing poor Mr Hussey did look so like madness. It is said that she was determined to be parted from Mr Cuffe, and could not bring it about but by confessing herself guilty, which in my conscience I do not believe she is, from all I have picked up. Mr Conolly's kindest love to you all. Adieu, my dearest of sisters. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

45. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 8th, 1774

I cannot, my dearest sister, enclose this letter to Mr Ogilvie without adding a few lines to tell you how I love you, and how earnestly I pray and wish for your happiness to the end of your life. This black wax and paper are for poor Lord Holland, who died the 26th November of a dropsy, rather suddenly, as his illness did not last above a few days. I pity sweet Lady Mary most sincerely and she is so helpless I don't know what will become of her. His visit to us in September makes me regret him the more now. I do feel very sorry for him. I have given Mr Ogilvie a long detail of dear Lady Kildare but have left it to him to show you the letter or not according to your spirits. You bid me write good and bad, which has made me tell him what passed. She has never got your letter, which is so unlucky, but I assured her that you had wrote to her in full confidence. She does love you very sincerely, and she is an angel. I quite adore her. I have wrote to my brother and Sally, and am going to do the same to my brother George, but have desired them not to speak of it yet, on Lady Kildare's account. We propose going to England the 14th or 15th of next month, therefore your answer to this had better be directed to Whitehall. Poor Emily is so angry with me, that I am quite vexed. I did not think I loved her so much. I fear we are to be upon very cool terms. Mr Conolly desires a thousand kind loves to you. Remember me to Charlotte and the rest, and believe me, my dearest, dear sister, ever most unalterably yours,

L. A. Conolly.

46. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 25th, 1774

I must begin, my dearest sister, by wishing you and all your family a merry Xmas and a happy new year; and to assure you of my most fervent wishes for your happiness, which I trust in God will continue to the end of your life. And now I must thank Mr

Ogilvie for his kind letter of the 3rd, Eddy for his of the 27th, and yours, my sweet sister, of the 29th of November, all which I received lately, and which it is needless to tell you gave me a pleasure I cannot easily describe. The idea, my dearest sister, of your being so happy, gives me a *feel* that goes to my very soul. I would give anything to have a *peep* at you, though I have a very good notion of the comfortable way that you are in. Many a time, my dearest sister, I have seen you in distress, and scarcely ever without an anxiety, so that your present happy situation would be a blessing to me to be witness to, and is one that I reflect on with satisfaction, and (I confess) far outweighs the objections there were to your marrying. I hope it is not insensibility in me that makes me so indifferent to the world's opinion, but from this argument (I am totally careless about it), viz : , that it would be absolutely seeking a *distress* to have *one* about you that you are not sensible of yourself ; and God knows we have too many real ones without fishing for imaginary ones. I go still farther, for I think it would be the height of ingratitude to go and make myself miserable, and of course my dearest Thomas, about a thing that is not wrong in the eyes of God, at a time that I enjoy every blessing that a human creature can have. When those that one loves do wrong it is impossible to be happy, it has the effect upon one that one's own faults have ; and any feels of that sort, that I may now have, are for Emily, whom I think has offended God in a very essential point ; but I hope she will not continue to do so. I am sure you could never meet her without a multitude of *feels*. I know I cannot, and did feel miserable at her treatment of me one night at the Park at one of Mr Gardiner's plays where she was. She sat five or six rows above me, but I looked at her as usual, and she scarcely acknowledged me by her countenance ; I beckoned to her to go into another room when we were all moving, but she took no notice of me, and I believe means to give me quite up. I own it vexes me sadly. I likewise saw Lord Bellamont, whom I just spoke to in the cool manner that I mean we should live in. The reason that she does not write to Charlotte is because she thinks that what I have said of Lord Bellamont has been at your instigation ; I told her it was not. What she has done since I can't tell. I have not seen dear Lady Kildare since she knew of your marriage, which is now publicly known in Dublin, and the talk, I hope, will soon be at an end. Nobody has said anything to me about it, therefore I cannot tell you in what way it may have been mentioned ;

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

and my poor husband has not been in the way of hearing anything, as he has been confined to his couch this week with a lameness occasioned by a bruise on his foot, which I hope will not confine him much longer. He is very patient and, thank God, out of pain now. I should have wrote to you before, but that I have been nursing him. To-morrow I expect our Xmas party, and the 12th of next month we propose sailing for Parkgate. I am very sorry for what you tell me of Charlotte's temper, and as she is well in health am puzzled to think what it is owing to. Can it be *pride*, or any *feels* about her father? Young people are apt to love a distress and are not always guided by their reason. But you'll soon find out if her temper is affected by any of these motives. You make me very happy by telling me that I need not mind her accounts of you, for indeed her letters often made me very uneasy. I thank you for the *detail* of the dear children and all your family affairs, but am disturbed at your living at so great an expense; pray stop that if possible. I cannot get sight of Mr Owens, but I was lately at the Black Rock, and am sorry to tell you that it is little advanced, and you are quite in time for any alterations you please to make. I am very glad that the redness in your face is gone; indeed, my sweet sister, your feels about it, are very natural, surely no age can exempt one from the desire of pleasing one's husband! It would be sad indeed to have one's happiness depend on one's looks, though it must be confessed that *pleasing* is a very great addition to it. It has been said that I have no vanity, but I have been often conscious of it with regard to Mr Conolly. My love to Charlotte, Mr Ogilvie, etc., and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. C.

[1775]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1775

47. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 8th, 1775

Ten thousand millions of thanks to you, my dearest sister, for all yours and Charlotte's kind letters of the 8th, 13th, 14th, 18th and 22nd of last month, which I received within a few days of one another. Your most comfortable letter came in sixteen days, and whenever you are inclined, or able to write yourself, pray don't be afraid of *ruining* me by the length of your letters; they are much too precious for me ever to think of what they cost. I cannot tell you how happy I am to hear that your spirits are better. How I envy *Ogy* and Charlotte, that have the happiness of seeing you cheerful and happy. I have so often thought when I have seen you otherwise, that I would give anything to make you comfortable. Indeed, my sweet sister, it is an interested motive that makes me so anxious about you, for I find that I cannot say to myself that I am perfectly happy unless I think that you are. I don't wonder that you are fidgety about dear Lady Kildare. I feared you would when once I found that your letter was missing; it certainly has been lost, for I have never received Mr Ogilvie's to me, wrote at the same time. But you will find by our former letters that we have done just what you wish about it. I am to dine with her tomorrow; Mr Conolly's lameness, and company in the house, have prevented my going to her as soon as I wished after she knew of your marriage; but I wrote to her, and her answer was kind, at the same time expressing her concern at your marrying so soon, and the imprudence of it; but ends with saying she cannot withdraw a friendship she has so long had for you, and that she believes you could not have chosen a person who would be more tender of your children, as he had proved his care of their education, morals and health. I find that she is not the least angry with *Ogy* and does him the justice she always did him, so that I hope she is not so much vexed as one feared she would be; and with regard to you, she has never said the least harsh thing. I imagine that she does not even disapprove of you, and that all her feels proceed from her love to her

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son, which are so amiable and so natural that one can easily understand them and not be surprised at her having them. She is a noble, charming woman, and throughout it all she has put herself so much above the generality of people that I doat upon her. I shall take care to enquire whether your letters have been received when I go to London; some letters, I am sure, have been lost. Lady Elizabeth¹ imagines that one of hers is missing. She and Mr Clements dined here yesterday, and also Colonel Luttrell² and Captain Eustace, Lord Bellamont's two intimate friends; and who do you think exerted themselves purposely to talk of you? Bobetti Bob, I assure you, made such enquiries after you and the children, as shewed that he interested himself warmly about you. I felt to love him vastly for it, for I should not have expected his friendship to be more than *passive*, but it really was quite otherwise. We have in a manner so entirely done with the Bellamonts that I shan't name them any more to you, unless anything particular happens about them. I would not have thrown Emily off, but she chooses to give me up so that I can't help it. She stays in town for the Birthday; he is gone to Bellamont Forest. Dearest Charles wrote to me from Portsmouth; I am happy that you have had such kind letters from him. He told me also that I must not expect to hear from him for many months; but, thank God, he is under the divine protection wherever he goes, and that does satisfy one, when one reflects on it. You quite distract me with the idea of George. What would not I give to devour him this minute, sweet creature! And Eddy and Lucy, and, in short, all the dear creatures. Your account of them all makes me long to peep at you all. Pray give my love to *Ogy*. It is such a pretty name and brings dearest Lucy so strong to one's mind that I shall call him nothing else. But tell him that I hope he will not humour Mrs Hemphill so unreasonably at your expense. I am troubled at your expenses; I wish *Ogy* would be stingy. I am very sorry the servants plague you, but, indeed, I would get rid of them, without further ceremony if I was you. Think of little shy Bell picking up such a pretty husband for herself! But she does not leave me, to my great joy. I have had a great

¹ Lady Elizabeth Skeffington, dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massareene; m. (1765) Robert Clements, afterwards cr. Earl of Leitrim.

² Henry Lawes Luttrell (1743-1821); succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Carhampton in 1787.

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many women here this autumn : Lady Farnham,¹ Lady Chetwynd,² Lady Stavordale,³ Mrs Burgoyne, Lady Drogheda,⁴ Mrs French, Mrs Woodward, Lady Roden, and now Mrs Gardiner, whom I like prodigiously, and so would you. She is quite unaffected, very good-humoured, lively and sensible, and, I believe, clever ; she has been here a fortnight, and is so pleasant a person to have in the house, that she is not the least trouble. *He* is, you know, always a great favourite with me. Their two plays were the prettiest things I ever saw, and incomparably well acted. Mr Jephson and Mrs Gardiner, I think, are equal to any actors (Garrick excepted) I ever saw. Colonel Burton, William Gardiner,⁵ Robert Gardiner,⁶ Mr Ned Malone, Miss Graham and . . .⁷ Gardiner all very good, which made the plays go off vastly well. Our gallery is finished all to Mr Reily's⁸ part ; I shall bring him when I return from England. I think it is really very pretty, but the French glasses are very bad and imperfect ; however, they look handsome up. We propose sailing next Thursday the 12th, so that my next letter will be from London, where I fear we are likely to stay some time. I beg my love to Charlotte and the rest. I am obliged to Sophia for her letter. The little Staples's I think improve, Mrs Bordes is just the thing I wanted for them. When I saw Mrs Dixon last, I desired her to let me know if there was any business for me at the Black Rock, but have not heard ; therefore conclude that Owens is deadly slow, but I shall write to know for certain before I go. The Black Rock does look so melancholy that I quite hate the sight of it, and the last impression of it is not pleasant to me. I saw you so miserable there, my sweet sister, but I trust in God that your

¹ Sarah, sis. of Dudley, Lord Sydney, wife of Robert Maxwell, 1st Earl of Farnham.

² Susannah, youngest dau. of Sir Jonathan Cope, Bt., m. William Chetwynd, 4th Visct. Chetwynd.

³ Maria Theresa O'Grady (d. 1790) ; m. Henry Thomas Fox, Lord Stavordale, who became (1776) 2nd Earl of Ilchester.

⁴ Anne (d. 1787), dau. of Francis Seymour, 1st Marquis of Hertford ; m. (1766) Charles Moore, 6th Earl (later Marquis) of Drogheda.

⁵ William (1748-1806), 2nd son of Rt. Hon. Charles Gardiner ; m. (1777) Harriet, dau. of Sir Richard Wrottesley.

⁶ Robert (1749-1808), 3rd son of Rt. Hon. Charles Gardiner ; he died unmarried.

⁷ Page torn.

⁸ Thomas Riley, the little deformed pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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vexations are now all over ; we must not look back, but forward with hope and cheerfulness. God Almighty bless you, my ever dearest sister,

L. A. C.

48. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, January the 15th, 1775

Upon my arrival in town this evening my dearest sister, I found Mr Ogilvie's kind letter of the 31st of December and Charlotte's of the 4th instant, which has come so quick comparatively with those that went to Dublin, that it seems nothing at all, and takes off in some measure the feel of that immense distance. If you saw Charlotte's letter to me, I think you must have been pleased with it ; I am extremely so, and shall thank her very soon for it. As to your poor eyes being sore, the account of you and your family is charming, and as I have it from *Ogy*, whom I don't imagine is *easily* satisfied about you, I depend very much upon the truth of it, in consequence of which I am very happy. I find that William has wrote you word about Emily's conversation with him, which I may as well tell you the purport of, since you already know that it's something very bad ; in short, (upon William's arguing that you had not done a wrong thing) she hinted at her fears of your having acted improperly above a year ago. I know, my sweet sister, how natural it is for you to wish to know every circumstance respecting yourself, and therefore I tell you what William told me (since you already know so much) ; or else out of pity to Emily I meant to keep this from you because I am persuaded that the time must come that she will repent of her conduct, and then the fewer things that have been told the better. I think that William was vastly in the right to give his reason for quarrelling with her, that if she should say the same thing to other people, there should be his opinion of the contrary to contradict what she says. Though to say the truth, anything between you and Lord Bellamont will not be credited to your disadvantage. I wrote thus far last night, and have since seen my two brothers. My brother George said he hoped you would be happy ; that he was sorry it had been so soon, but supposed you were drove to it ; that he felt for Lady Kildare, your son,

and Emily, who must have unpleasant feels at your marrying again so soon ; but that as to your brothers and sisters, they had no right to find fault. My brother, Richmond, says the same, and judging by his own heart how Emily *ought* to have behaved, has reconciled himself to her conduct in this manner : that, seeing your partiality to Mr Ogilvie, she naturally felt that her father was too soon forgot ; and her love for Lord Bellamont made *him* the person that she naturally opened herself to and that she never meant but to lament it, not to use you ill, and that what happened was all owing to *him* ; and that she now takes it all upon herself to esculpate him, as she could not prevent his acting in this manner. From what we have all told him of Emily, I don't wonder that he should settle this for her. Would that it were so ! I find that its happening so soon is the great point with them all ; I am sorry that it strikes them so. My knowing it some months ago, has taken off that feel to me ; but notwithstanding the hints I had given them, they did not believe it, and the thing is in a manner new to them. My brother ended with saying a thing that was very natural, viz.: that very likely this might turn out the happiest thing for you and your children, contrary to the common rules ; but that not knowing Mr Ogilvie, he could not help having his fears about the common objections that attend such a match, such as age, and the difficult card Mr Ogilvie would have to play. He is very anxious that you should be happy and comfortable. The Duchess I saw for a minute and had no talk with her. I have told you everything that my brothers said because I know you like to be told the truth ; but I should do them both great injustice if I did not tell you that they talked of you with the greatest affection, and Mr Ogilvie and you will both find them such to you, I am very sure. Dowager Lady Albemarle has been with me, and was charming about it all. Dearest Lady Barrymore tells me that it has all done delightfully in London. I dined with Lady Kildare, three days before I left Ireland, and told you how kind she was. Indeed, my dearest sister, the worst is all over now, and the good is to come ; think of that, and keep up your spirits. But I promise to tell you everything good and bad, because I should like to be treated in the same manner. My love to all, and believe me, my dearest sister, ever, ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

49. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, January the 26th, [1775]

As I have now seen all my friends, and talked over matters with them all, except the Duchess, I can sit down, my dearest sister, with pleasure, to assure you that they are very pleasant about you, and by no means foolishly prejudiced ; but my brother, Richmond's, letter to you, I hope, was a comfortable one, and convinced you of what I say. I wish I could tell you of half Lady Louisa's ridiculous ways when I gave her a whole account of Lord Bellamont's proceedings. 'Tis a pity she was not with us on the wedding day, she would have turned all that distress into such a joke as would have removed it. When I told her that Lord Bellamont could not sleep for thinking on your conduct, she says, " Why the devil did not you sing to him, ' the parson kissed the fiddler's wife, and could not sleep for thinking on't, tolde riddle rol,' etc." I fancy you have heard the song before. And when he kept such a rout about chastity, she says I was a great fool for not making him explain himself, for that according to her comprehension it consists in so small a spot, that it had nothing to do with the fuss he made. Don't you wish she had been there, to have asked him all the pretty questions, to have sung to him ? I do imagine that he would think her a very abandoned woman. It is in vain to attempt telling you how comical she is about it all, but you know her enough to have a very good idea of how much she made Sally and I laugh, every word I spoke she had such a ready answer, as would have been excellent to have made to Lord Bellamont. She desires me to make a thousand loves to you. She is pretty well in health, but not so well as we could wish her. Sally you have heard from, but without that, you could be pretty sure of her heart. I have great hopes that I shall persuade my brother to let me have her in Ireland this next summer, it will be such a pleasure to me. My poor brother is very indifferent in his health, and I believe has serious thoughts of going abroad. Lady Anne desired me to say everything that is kind to you, and I find not only to me has talked in that good-natured way, but to Mr Conolly, and I dare say everybody else. I can't be surprised, my dearest sister, at your meeting with friends, but very much so at your meeting with enemies. However, the latter are confined to a very, very small

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

number indeed, and I find from Lady Barrymore and Lady Holland¹ that the world have been very good-natured about you. Lady Holland and Charles Fox desired I would say a great deal to you from them. By the by, I must tell you of a scheme of Charles Fox's for Lord Bellamont, which I think would be an excellent one ; and that is, that he should pretend to be mad, have a fever, take medicines, be shut up for a few months and then to come out very penitent for what he has done, and let all his behaviour be attributed to this mad fit that was coming on. He thinks his friends ought to advise him to such a step. My dearest sister, I can't help wanting to justify Lady Roden to you, whose letter I saw, and feared would vex you from not taking the least notice of Mr Ogilvie ; which I remarked to her, but she declined it, for a reason that I will endeavour to make you understand, though I differ with her about the feel. She sets out upon this plan, viz., that to every mortal she takes your part, and is so *high* about you, that nobody dares say anything the least slighting ; but as she would to *you* own that she disapproved of what you have done, she felt as if it must have the appearance of falseness if she said every [thing] that she would have said upon a match that she approved of. She therefore contented herself with expressing her affection to you, and good wishes for your happiness which she really does feel, and is very sincere in. I have heard from her, since she wrote to you, to tell me that she was quite come round to my way of thinking upon the subject. I find that Lady Clanbrassil has been vastly hurt about it, and has got a little notion into her head that your behaviour to her last summer, which was that of the greatest kindness, with professions of *openness to her*, was a little inconsistent with your intention of marrying Ogy. But I flatter myself that I have explained that, to Lady Roden, who was the person that told me of it (for Lady Clanbrassil to me said all that I could wish), I imagine that you acted in this manner by her to tempt her to speak to you, that you might open yourself to her. I think there was nothing so natural, and I understand perfectly your meaning in it. But, my dearest sister, I don't think it fair to tell you all these things (only that you wish to know them), for they are all momentary feels, I promise you ; and I can answer for it, you will not find any traces of [them] when you meet again. Indeed, my sweet sister, they are too

¹ Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, widow of Stephen Fox, 2nd Lord Holland.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

valuable to give up, for *little ways*. And 'tis so very difficult to judge of other people's feels, that when one is sensible of their having essential good qualities, 'tis better to set down satisfied, that they may be very right without one's understanding them. According to my ideas of friendship, when once a thing is not wrong, I imagine we are at liberty to do everything that is kind by one's friend, for though they may not do exactly what I wish, I don't see any reason for altering [my] behaviour to them. Nothing but their doing wrong seems to require that ; and even then, one's love need not be withdrawn, though one may think it one's duty to oppose their inclinations. In short, my dear sister, we can only act for ourselves to the best of our judgement, and suppose that others do the same, and take them accordingly. I can't conclude, my dear sister, without entreating you, not to have any fidgets ; indeed you have a great prospect of happiness, which I trust in God will never meet with any interruption. Mr Conolly's kind love to you all, mine to Ogy. My pen is so bad that you will scarcely be able to make this out, but the conclusion you can never be at a loss for, as you must know, how tenderly and sincerely I am ever yours,

L. A. C.

I have wrote this in company, which I fear will make it a little puzzling.

50. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, February the 17th, [1775]

My dearest, lovely sister,

My heart is absolutely so full with your kind, affectionate, charming letter of the 1st instant that I feel it quite impossible to write all I feel about it ; but the pleasure it gave me is not to be described. I received it just before I went to bed, and could not go to sleep, my head and heart were so full of your kindness to me. Indeed, my dear sister, if loving you beyond the power of words to describe can be any sort of return, I do make it, and the notion of your being so happy gives me an inward contentment and satisfaction that puts me above the rest of the world. I go about, hear a great

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

deal, see a great deal, and return to my own happy reflexions that there is a little corner in the world, namely Marseilles, where everything is to my wish, and I enjoy the thought. Indeed, (thank God), there is not a happier creature living than I am. Emily's having committed such serious faults, and in my opinion of so offensive a nature towards her creator, that it does distress me often in a serious way; but, unaccountable as her conduct has been, I flatter myself she has had temptations that we can have no idea of, which will be some atonement for what she has done. I often think of her with such amazement that it frightens me and makes me feel the humblest creature on earth, to think that perhaps I might have done the same in her situation; I think I should not, but the possibility of such a thing shocks me to think of. Her example I hope will be of this use, that it must be a warning to all those that have known her conduct, to beware of one's passions blinding one. My brother Richmond thinks it so impossible that she could behave to you in the manner she has done, that he still lays it all to Lord Bellamont's madness, which would have frightened her into any desperate act. Though, to say the truth, I have put him *au fait* of all their proceedings, and told him all those circumstances you mention, and all those that I could recollect, except about Lord Bellamont's forbidding Emily to go about with the Duchess and your being obliged to go to his house in Hertford Street to avoid Holland House. You bid me I must not mention them, but as I find that some people are so surprised that you went to his house, when he has been so unpleasant about everything, I long to tell the reason, and have gone so far as to say that there were good reasons which I could not tell, and that Lord Bellamont was obliged to *you*, for going to his house, and not *you* to him; but you will give me leave to tell all, won't you? The breach among us all is now so wide and the public know so much of the transactions, that I have no idea of keeping any terms with them; but I propose writing to Emily to let her know in form that I desire to have nothing more to say to her; for at present 'tis *she* that throws me off, and that won't do for your character, which believe me, my dearest sister, I am as tenacious of as my own, and am ready to do everything you bid me about it. I propose writing to Emily when I have seen the Hills, etc., because I have a little *business* to settle with them before I speak openly. I am watching for odious Mayne, to whom I am determined to speak to. I saw Mrs Greville last

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

night; she is thoroughly your friend. Indeed, my dear sister, except the Maynes and Hills, all are your friends; and with the happiness you possess, you may laugh at the world, and bid them *good-bye* if they are saucy. Dear William is expected in town to-day; Mr Daly and Mr French come with him and are to dine with us. I shall tell him Mrs Greville's advice. My brothers are so pleased with his behaviour to you, that he will be encouraged to go on, and they won't, I am sure, say anything to renew any of his *feels* about it. I must now *scold* Ogy. How can he say that he wishes that, for my *own ease*, I *had left you entirely to your fate*? Can he know *me* and think *that* possible that I could forget you, for *that* is what I must have done to have grown indifferent about you. And pray, why am I to lose the happiness of loving you, and being loved by you, for your doing a thing that don't vex me? I find that it is not in my nature to cease loving what I have loved very sincerely. I have never yet been tried in that worst of all trials, being ill-used by those one loves, but all other faults have never erased my affection entirely. Emily, whose fault is to me the worst I ever met with, I am obliged to soften to myself, by a thousand different ways, the affection I had for her is so rooted. I do feel most excessively angry with her, and could not bear now to be with her, but yet I can't hate her. I dined with Lady Holland yesterday; she enquired again about you, and begged I would mention her kindly to you. Her little boy is the image of poor Ste, but is very pretty; he has light curling hair, and a fine colour with the little neat features that you remember. She doats upon him. I hope in God, he will live and do well. Mr Jephson's new tragedy of *Braganza*¹ is to be acted to-night for the first time; I am to go, and am rather in a hurry as one always is in this vile town. How different your letter to me is from what mine is to you; you are all comfortable and quiet, and I am hurry and bustle, and such a vile pen that I can scarcely write with. Ogy tells me so much of Louisa's beauty that he forgets her health, which, however, I flatter myself is mended by his not naming it. Mr Conolly's love and mine to dear *Ogy* and yourself and the rest of the family. God bless you, my dear sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Robert Jephson (1736-1803), dramatist and poet; Irish born and Dublin educated. His tragedy, *Braganza*, was produced with great success at Drury Lane in Feb., 1775.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

PS.—I believe you forgot to leave orders for the payment of poor Mercadie's money ; a year will be due in March. I propose speaking to William about it. Suky is at last put into a private Mad House.

51. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, February the 24th, 1775

Just after I had sent off my last letter to you, my ever dearest sister, I received yours of the 6th, which I meant to have answered last Tuesday's post, but had two or three others to write that day, which prevented me. However, I have not often so good an excuse as that, of having other letters to write, but generally some tiresome necessity of dressing, going out, or some other foolish hurry, which certainly does attend a town life, and therefore I hate it ; so that nobody can better understand your being obliged to leave off your letter to me *to go to the play*, which I am very glad you did, for I would not have you give up the world, because it is not right to do so, though, I confess, 'tis very tempting. But you write me the most comfortable letters in the world, and when I sit down to answer them, I know I have millions of things to say, and yet omit half of them. I agree with you that nobody's judgement is better than Mrs Greville's, and I shall give dear William the hint ; I have already done that to our good old aunt, who will *puff* for you to the utmost of her powers. Pray give my love to *Ogy*, and tell him that he need never fear that I should mistake his meaning upon any subject. I think I know him too well ever to be deceived about him, unless that he should turn out *good for nothing, vain, and unfriendly* ; then, indeed, I will allow my judgement to have been quite wrong, and that I was *deceived* about him. You may perceive that the '*proud*' slipped from my pen after '*vain*,' but I scratched it out ; as, upon recollection, dear *Ogy* has pride, and who would be worth a farthing without a degree of it, directed in the right channel ? which I am sure his is. I can have no doubt of those *loving* him that know him ; but I am glad to find that, added to that, his superficial acquaintances take to him, as it is certainly a pleasant thing to meet with civilities wherever one goes, though the want of

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it cannot affect one's happiness. But, pray, don't grow too fond of France and its inhabitants. I don't wonder that for a time the whole idea that attends the thoughts of Ireland should be unpleasant to you. You have met with too many things there of late to give you a pleasing recollection of it ; and therefore, I wish you not to think of it for the present. Time, thank God, softens everything. I like to hear of your being so much *indulged*, and I don't think that it will *ruin* you. In return, I humbly hope and beg to know if poor Ogy is *scolded* at the rate he used to be ? I think you must not do *that* ; I don't suppose you do. I hope you have told him how much I was his friend upon those occasions. You are very right when you say you are sure that my head is full of your affairs ; for, indeed, it is, and my rage against Lord Bellamont makes me rather unfit for the management of them, as I can never even *think* on the subject, without growing hot. I experienced it a little last night in talking to Lady Charlotte Hill, to whom I said very little, but just told her that she was not to believe all she heard. She naturally spoke well of Emily, but did not defend her with regard to you, said nothing impertinent, and ended with saying it was better to avoid the subject. I liked her manner, and, to comfort her, told her I was in charity with her father for having behaved so well. Lady Mayne has been dying, so that I have had no opportunity of scolding her. As Lady Charlotte Hill was reasonable, I shall drop doing anything by Emily, whom I told her I had quarrelled with upon your account. I have at times told my brother everything about Emily that you mention in your letters, excepting what I asked your leave to tell, and which, in your last, you agree with me may now be told. I shall take my opportunity and the Duchess will be in a fine rage. We are to go to Stoke next week for a little time, where I am sure we shall be comfortable. I am in hopes that your account of dear Louisa promises well. I must leave off, to go and dress to dine at Richmond House ; and 'tis past four o'clock, so that I have not even time to read over my letter, only to assure you that I am ever most truly yours,

L. A. Conolly.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

52. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, March the 17th, 1775

I received yours of the 25th of February my dearest sister, the day before I left Stoke, and was made very happy by it, as you may imagine. I don't like to hear of your eyes being weak, they should not be so now, according to the old custom of their being well when you were with child. And apropos to that same event, I want to know when you are past the chance of miscarrying, for Lady Barrymore and I agreed that as (most likely) people would be ill-natured upon that subject it would be as well not to talk of it while there was a possibility of that happening ; but that after the time you quickened, it would be as well to talk of it, and I judge that by this time that must be the case. Some people have chosen to say that you are lying in now. I went yesterday to Lady Barrymore's to consult her, but she was out, and for the present is taken up about the young Lady Barrymore,¹ who has talked so much of her match with Mr Daly, that it has made a *to-do*, in London. Mr Daly, I suspect, has been encouraged by Lady Barrymore's manner to imagine that he might have an affair of gallantry with her, which she has interpreted as a proposal of marriage, and he foolishly let her be deceived too long, and I blame him for that ; for, though I don't believe she had the least right to expect a marriage yet, as she did, he ought to have undeceived her. But he did not till he found her so much in earnest as to tell the Dowager of it ; and then he wrote her a letter to declare that he did not mean to marry her, which has put her into real, or pretended, grief ; and she has confined herself ever since he left town, which he did immediately upon writing her that letter. Dowager has advised the story to be given out that she would not live in Ireland, and that he would not give it up ; and that is what is said. Mr Daly is at Stretton, and, as he writes Mr Conolly word, upon the stool of repentance for his folly, which I do believe is the case ; but I don't fancy he will muster up courage to return to London. I pity him for getting into such hands as hers, but don't see how he could well help it, from what I saw of

¹ Emily (1749-80), dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington ; m. (1767) Richard Barry, 6th Earl of Barrymore.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

her manner with him at Castletown, as she seemed quite determined to make him in love with her, and I wondered at him then for not being so. You want to know *what* Lady Mayne has said ; I believe I wrote you word before, *that she and Sir William should wash their hands of the family*, shewed yours and Mr Ogilvie's letter about, and their *wise* answers to them. I have been out of town this last fortnight, and have not yet met her, but I have not forgot what I intend to say to her. I have heard from Lady Roden, who is very uneasy (as she has not heard from you) lest you should be angry with her ; in answer to which I have told her that you did think her letter was cold, formal, and unkind in answer to your having wrote to her *à cœur ouvert* ; but that as you would not meet very soon, she had better not vex herself ; but hope when you did meet that you would be very good friends again. Poor creature, she is with child again, which I am sorry for. I have not heard from Lady Clanbrassil since I came, but a few lines to thank me for writing to her from Park Gate ; but I hope that your letter to her has brought you back a kind one from her. Lady Barrymore never told her that she *knew* of your intentions, only mentioned her own suspicions. I gave your love to Lady Louisa, who is a comical creature. She wrote to you the night before I left Stoke, and shewed me what she had said to you about her scheme for going abroad, to know if it was proper. To which I ventured to answer for you, that it was very proper, and that I knew you would not think it any trouble to serve her. I wish she may either go abroad, or come to Ireland, as she seems anxious to be with some of us if my brother Richmond goes abroad, which I believe he will do in the autumn. She begs you will not speak to anybody about her writing to you upon that subject. She is so fond of Sarah, and is so good to her, that I almost scruple the taking her from her ; and yet my heart is so set upon her going to Ireland with me that I have prevailed upon my brother Richmond, to consent to let her go. It is now all settled, and I hope we shall leave this town the 15th of April. I know you won't grudge her to me, because it will be such a real happiness to me ; I have wished it so much that I hardly yet dare hope that it will be. I am well assured, my dear sister, that your reasons for rather wishing her to go abroad instead of Ireland are from prudential motives ; I know there are many, but I hope to outweigh them by my attention to her. Mercadie received your letters safe and sent them to Sally. How pleasant it is to me to hear that you are well and in

good spirits. I like to hear of all your fine doings, and think it charming for the boys, who will have all the advantages of being abroad while their other education goes on. My love to dearest Eddy, whose very pretty letter I will soon answer, and also give my love to *Ogy*, if he is not too *angry* with me for having said that he was in his senses. Well, I beg his pardon, and henceforward will agree to his being *mad*. However, I thank him very much for his comfortable account of all the children. Indeed, my dearest sister, I can scarcely have a greater pleasure than in those accounts from Marseilles which give me the satisfaction of knowing that you are happy and well, and God grant that you may continue so. I am very sorry that your expenses are *so-so*, but agree with you and *Ogy* that your reasons on account of the children are so good that it would be a pity to lead a more retired life. How delightful it is to think of the happiness you possess at home, and *that* being the case I hope will enable you to bear the many anxieties that must attend so large a family. I always think that when that *main wheel* is right, one feels courage to battle through almost all other distresses in life, however severely they may affect one for a time. I am very glad you have put *Ogy* under an *arrest* about writing to Sir *Willy*, for though I take him to be a *bully*, it would be foolish to risk anything *only* to punish his impertinence, which nobody can care for. Dear William dined with us to-day in a comfortable manner. His eyes are quite well again, and he seems to amuse himself very well in town. I find that he talks of making you a visit this spring, which I am very glad of, as it will make you so happy. He and I have been agreeing that we should enjoy Lord Al. Percy's¹ marrying Charlotte to mortify Lord Bellamont. I don't see why that should not be a match, and somehow or another I can't help fancying but that it may be. *Ogy* need not be afraid that Harriet is *terribly* whipped, but indeed she often deserves it; she whines, and cries so perpetually for nothing, and when you can't give the least guess at what it is, which would make one imagine it was feeling ill, if she did not sleep and eat perfectly well, look so, and be in great spirits the rest of the day. Louisa was so, but is quite cured of that crying way, and really improves in everything, which makes me hope that Harriet will leave it off also. Lady

¹ Lord Algernon Cecil, son of Sir Hugh Percy, 1st Duke of Northumberland; cr. (1790) Earl of Beverley. He m. (June, 1775) Isabella Susannah Burrell.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Fludyer is to have an assembly this evening, where I am going. I have had a most charming letter from dearest Dowager, who writes so kindly to me, nothing can be more pleasing. I wrote her word of the Mayne impertinence, in answer to which she calls her 'that little vixen, Lady Mayne,' and, in another place, 'that little ——' and leaves me to fill up the blank with what I please. Was there ever anything so comical as she is? Her letter consisted of a sheet of paper and part of the cover, wrote very cheerfully and agreeably, as you may imagine. Bobetti Bob, and Lady Elizabeth¹ are expected every day in town; I am sure you are glad that she is to have the amusement of coming to London, which she likes mightily. I forgot to tell you that I had a letter from Lady Margaret Bentinck, who mentions you in the kindest manner. Mr Conolly desires his kindest love to you, *Ogy* and all the rest, to whom I beg mine. Adieu, my dearest of sisters. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

53. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, March the 31st, 1775.

My dearest sister,

I have yours, Mr Ogilvie's, and Charlotte's joint letter of the 9th to thank you for; and likewise Charlotte's of the 16th, which I received the day before yesterday, and am sorry to hear that you have got a cold, but I hope it won't turn out to be one of your bad ones. It's charming to have had you so long without any, which Charlotte says has been the case since you were at Marseilles. I am very happy to hear that it agrees so well with you all, and that it is such a fine climate. I often *think* of you, you may be sure, and please myself with the hopes that you are all doing yourselves so *much good*; what a blessing it will be to have you all come back strong and healthy. Pray, my dear sister, let me know about what time you expect to lie in; I have calculated that the end of July, or beginning of August, will be the time, as you have never been

¹ Robert and Lady Elizabeth Clements.

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the French lady since you were married. But I find people inclined to laugh a little about the time, which makes me want to know when the time is over that you might miscarry, as it will then be better to talk of it before I return to Ireland. I mean to tell William of it, as I fancy you will feel awkward at writing him word of it yourself. I like the description of your Ball, which must have been very pretty ; I only wish that lovely George had exhibited his pretty little naked person in the midst of the company. I cannot help wishing that all these Balls and places of amusement may furnish Charlotte with a husband. William fears that poor Percy's heart is already engaged here to a Miss Fleming ; but, if it is not, we do both hope that something good may happen ; it would be such a triumph over Lord Bellamont. Somebody has told me that the Duchess of Northumberland talks of it, and wishes it ; poor woman, she is extremely ill, and I fear not likely to recover. We dined t'other day at Mr Coghill's, *Batty* Cramer, that was, where, to my mortification, I met Sir Willy. He bowed to me before I saw who it was (as his back was to the light) ; but before I had concluded my curtsy, I let him see by my face that I *knew* him, and lost my roast mutton at dinner, because he was the person that must have helped me. William also dined there, but his manner to him was *very* cold. Little vixen (as Lady Kildare calls her) was not there. I have never met her since I knew of the airs she had given herself. I must tell you of a little way of William's, that I think is so pretty and kind to you, which is that of talking of you before *those* whose pride makes one doubtful of their sentiments about you ; and as it is always some little kind thing that he says, it is impossible for people to mistake his behaviour to you. It may have been accidental, but I have observed it so often that I can't help thinking it is done on purpose. Anyway, it is very pleasant to me to see his affection for you. Mr Conolly and I do absolutely doat upon him. He is mighty well this winter, and his eyes not at all the worse for sitting up, which he does sometimes. I don't think he is in a marrying way, and as he is happy, I cannot eagerly wish it, lest we should be unfortunate enough to get another Devil among us. Sir George Warren's¹ daughter is handsome, and something very fine and pleasing, and, in my opinion, is in poor Cecilia's style, in dark. She is very young, looks modest, unaffected and good, and will have an

¹ Sir George Warren, K.B., of Poynton, Cheshire.

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immense fortune. I saw her at Mrs John Pitt's¹ Ball last Wednesday, where we had a very pleasant party, and a merry supper, with Mrs Greville (who is in charming health and spirits this winter), Dean Marlay, and Lord Newnham,² whom you would like of all things, he is so full of fun and good humour. Mrs Greville was in spirits and that is saying that she was everything that is charming ; but she is sure that Marlay has lost all chances of a bishopric, for that *we* talked that night such *abominations* that Miss Finch retired from Mrs Greville, and she is sure will tell Lady Charlotte Finch, who will tell the Queen ; but I hope he won't lose any preferment that way. I am to meet Mrs Greville again this evening at Mrs Vesey's, who I dare say will have a pleasant party. Mrs Carter is to be there, but I fear I shall not get forward in my acquaintance with her. I told Dean Marlay that I would tell you of his *pretty doings*, which are those, of going to sit *tête-a-tête* with Lady Craven for hours together. Mrs Crewe³ told me, that when Lady Craven was out of spirits or lazy about going out that she sent for the Dean, and consults him about her writings, some of which I hear are tolerable, as she is flighty. Mr Marlay is charmed with Mrs Crewe ; he thinks her the next handsome woman to you, and admires her good humour, cleverness, and character altogether. She is certainly very pleasing. I have had Miss Waring in town with me a fortnight, and shall keep her about a week longer. I don't like to have the appearance of neglecting her, after her having been with me so long in Ireland. And yet I don't think it a good thing for her to bring her to London, it diverts her, you may be sure, and that's pleasant to me, and so far, I am not to blame, in having originally brought her into company she never should have been in, for the Duchess had done *that* long ago. The Duchess looks in great beauty this winter. My brother was very indifferent some time ago, but I hope he is better ; he went out of town last week to hunt, and is expected soon in London. My brother George and Lady Louisa possibly may visit us in Ireland this summer, which would be extremely comfortable. I propose going to Sussex next week, and bringing Sally back to

¹ Marcia Morgan, wife of John Pitt (d. 1787).

² George Simon, Visct. Nuneham (later 2nd Earl Harcourt) (1726-1809) ; son of Simon Harcourt, 1st Earl Harcourt ; m. (1765) Elizabeth, dau. of George, Lord Vernon.

³ Frances Anne Greville (d. 1818), only dau. of Fulke Greville ; m. (1766) John Crewe (cr. Baron Crewe).

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town to see her friends for a few days before she sets out for Ireland. I have had a letter from Lady Roden, mighty sorry that you should be displeased with her, but hoping that it won't last, as she does (she says) love you very sincerely ; and indeed, my sweet sister, she does. But there is no occasion to *worry* you about that now, as you won't meet very soon. I find by her that Lady Clanbrassil was much pleased with the letter you wrote her, and therefore I hope that her answer to you was a comfortable one. I have seen her daughter-in-law, whom I like very well ; she is shy, but looks sensible, and I dare say is pleasant when one knows her, as everybody does like her that knows her. My Lord is just the same ; but worthy as he is, I should hate to be his wife, he is so tiresome. I am very impatient to get home, and hope we shall not be detained here beyond the 14th of next month. This town has not agreed with the children, they have not been well since they came. Poor little Harriet frightened me one day ; I was sure she was going into a decay. But, thank God, she is well again, and her complaint turned out to be worms. Lady Elizabeth seems to like London vastly ; she is in very good looks, and looked remarkably well at Court, in a white gown, a good deal trimmed with white gauze, and purple gauze in her head which became her vastly. She is very angry with Mr Daly about Lady Barrymore, whom I hear still wishes to marry him. He is returned to London, and 'tis imagined will marry her ; but I can hardly think it, after all that he has said about her, but that's no reason neither. Yours, my dearest sister, ever most affectionately,

L. A. C.

54. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, April the 31st, [*sic*] [1775]

My dearest sister,

How I do wish that you were *here* at Castletown, for nothing ever was so comfortable as Sally and I are ; at least, I answer for myself, and believe that I may for her, as she seems quite happy at being with me. My poor dear Tom, I hope, will be here in a few days, and then I shall want nothing but you. My dearest sister, how happy it would make me to have you and Sally together,

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but we must not have everything ; and so, I will think of your being happy in your part of the world, with your husband and children, which is, after all, the happiest situation of any ; and, therefore, I will not regret your not being here, hoping that your healths are all profiting by the fine climate of Marseilles. I took Sally to Carton the other morning, which she longed to see ; it was a party, to me, mixed with pleasure and pain. I like to think of all the pleasant times I have spent there, and love the place ; but yet can never see it without the recollection of those happy times being over, which bring so fresh to my mind all the events that have brought about the change. Seeing Waterstone¹ with Sally sent me so many years back : the state Mr Nelson had left [it] in, the making it all, poor Cecilia's spinning wheel, the many pleasant days we have passed there since with Emily ; and lastly, that terrible wedding day which was spent at Carton never fails to come into my head, and your ill-treatment, my sweet Siss, is what I never can forget or cease to feel for. Indeed, it is upon your account only that I don't try to be friends with Emily, for notwithstanding her very great anger to me, I love her still so well as to wish to be friends with her. I cannot tell you how unpleasant I feel at the notion of her being so near me as in Dublin, and not to see her ; and I feel hurt at her not having taken the least notice of me. To be sure, she must be very angry with me for all I said to her about Lord Bellamont, but my answer to that is that he brought it all upon himself. However, it is natural for her, and I don't feel angry with her in return. She is to lie in next month. I mean to go to town (at the time I expect Mr Conolly) to dine with Lady Kildare. We went one day to Temple Oge. Lady Clanbrassil was a good deal overcome with seeing Sally at first, but afterwards seemed cheerful and easy. Poor soul, she is not well, and very low about her leg, in which she has got some complaint like Lady Portland's, which alarms her. By her description of it I should hope she had no reason to be apprehensive, but she confesses that she is very much frightened about it. Dear William, I have a notion, sets out to-morrow to go to you. I believe I told you that he came as far as Woodstock with us, and two little things that dropped from him in the coach I thought at the time of mentioning to you. One was about your French glasses

¹ A cottage within the Carton demesne, now known as the 'Shell Cottage.' Emily, Duchess of Leinster, had devoted much time to its restoration.

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taking up so much room, that he did not know what to do with them. I thought you had given them to him, but I did not say a word, because I thought that perhaps you had changed your mind. The other was (when he was asking me the price of a dessert service of china), that there was nothing of that sort left at Carton. So it came into my head that you had two sets, and that the giving him one might please him. One knows of what consequence trifles are sometimes, and that makes me mention every little thing that strikes me, and I am sure it is what you like I should do. We propose soon going to the Black Rock; Sally longs to see it, and I hope to be able to give you a good account of what has been done there. I really think it is very likely that my brother Richmond will make you a visit in the autumn. Dear Lady Barrymore I also think will spend the winter where you do. I have a very great notion that you will go to Naples, for I know that Ogy has a hankering after Italy; and, to be sure, it would grieve one not to see it, when one has been so long in the neighbourhood of it. I suppose you have by this time received Lady Louisa's letter. It went by Colonel Rigby, but hers and my brother George's intentions of going abroad are by no means fixed; and I would not advise you to put yourself out of your way for that chance. Besides, I believe they would like Italy as well as France.

I have brought Mr Reily over to paint our gallery, but it is all finished to his part, so that we shall now live in it. I do think it looks very comfortable, and the breakfasting there to-morrow I shall like much. Sally is vastly pleased with the house and place, and admires the view and spot about my cottage, as she did at Carton; but *the cottage* itself she is not so charmed with as we are. She says all that is proper about them, for she cries, "they are very neat pretty cottages"; but then she does not think *that* so great a merit as we do, and likes better dining in our great dining room, which she likes very much. We both beg our loves to Ogy, Charlotte, etc. Our weather is lovely, but we want rain very much. Lady Margaret Bentinck has wrote to me about Coustette, a French woman, whom it seems you gave a pension to, that was remitted to her by Mr Palairet; but he is dead, and she begs to know what person she is to apply to for it. Adieu, my dearest sister, ever yours,

L. A. C.

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55. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, May the 17th, [1775]

My dearest sister,

Though I have two letters from Charlotte of the 16th and 27th of April, I must thank her through you for them, as it is ten days since I wrote to you. You may easily imagine how happy I am to hear of your being so well, but I know that writing must grow very troublesome to you now, and I beg you won't think of it. Sally has wrote Mr Ogilvie a long letter with an account of us all and of all we do, so that my letter must be about *business*. In the first place, I wish I had an answer about Mrs Coustette, as Lady Margaret Bentinck's letter to me remains unanswered till I know what to say. In the next place, I have only to confirm the agreeable account Mrs Nicholson gave you of Lady Kildare about *Ogy's* letter; for she spoke of it to me, as of a very respectful proper letter, which she had answered (she hoped) to your satisfaction, as she had expressed her good opinion of *Ogy*, which she always is the same about. I took the opportunity of telling her that you were with child; she is only sorry for your sake, as she says that you had enough. Mrs Nicholson thinks she has entirely got over every little unpleasant feel about your marriage. She is quite well, and to me appears just as usual. I dined with her twice, and she was in great spirits and looks charmingly. I am sure you are sorry for poor Mrs. Nicholson in the mortification she has met with about her son's marrying the daughter of the innkeeper at Dunleary; she is vastly hurt about it, and I grieve for her. I am quite fond of Mrs Nicholson, she is so friendly. Now I must come to the poor Halls, who I find have very awkwardly contrived to appear ungrateful to you, which I am persuaded is not the case. Mrs Nicholson told me of it. But the greatest proof to me of their not intending to act otherwise than they have always done was their manner to me, which was exactly the same eagerness about you that they always had; enquiries about everything concerning you, lamenting Emily's behaviour to you as much as possible, and commending Mr Ogilvie as he deserves; mentioning their friendship and acquaintance with him as having given them an opportunity of knowing his worth, which they rejoiced at on your account; and

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expressed their wishes for both your happiness as much as friends could do. It was a mistaken delicacy in them the not naming him in their letters, but I can easily understand it, as your marriage was often reported and contradicted ; and when it took place they were in the country, and did not know it for certain, and perhaps thought it awkward to say anything about it, when it had been over some time ; indeed, if you saw them you could not doubt their friendship. I must now tell you that Emily and her daughter continue well ; she is to nurse it herself. It sounds ill-natured but I can't help being pleased at hearing of Emily's low spirits, which certainly (I am told) proceed from her family's having given her up ; for that *he* really and positively does make her very happy. But she dare not own what she feels, and so, we shall not be the better for it ; but it does give me hopes that in time we may be happy with her again. God send it may be so, for it is dreadful to have quarrelled with her. Adieu, my dearest of sisters, ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. Conolly.

56. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, May the 23rd, 1775

My dearest sister,

I had the happiness and pleasure of receiving your dear kind letter of the 5th two days ago, but beg that you will not think of writing to us yourself, as Sally and I very well remember of old how troublesome it is to you to write when you are very big. I am sorry to hear you say that you only enjoy yourself a little for a little while. I fear, by that, that heartburn, uneasiness, etc., are as usual ; which I sometimes flattered myself might be better. And yet climate can have no effect upon *that disorder*, so that it was foolish in me to expect it. Dear Ogy I trust and depend upon for the first intelligence about you, and for a fortnight after very constantly, as you know my fidgets about you till the tenth day is over. And the distance I am at, my dearest sister, will increase them. I must write Lady Barrymore word that her complexion is safe. *She* perhaps might scold you for not being blooded, but

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I rejoice at your managing yourself your own way, which has always succeeded so well, and reasons of prudence ought certainly to give way to those of health. After all, my dear sister, the world *now* signifies very little, for I do believe that the generality have as much forgot last year's transactions as if they had never been, and I am sure it is very foolish to fret oneself about it. Even the great Earl of Bellamont is forgot, for I never hear him named upon any occasion. I hear that she goes on very well, and, as soon as she is recovered, is to go out of town with her child. I often think that this little girl of hers will make her know what a mother's *feels* with regard to a daughter *must* be, and perhaps may make her see things in their true light. God send it may! I cannot help being pleased at hearing of her low spirits; it looks as if she had the *feels* of our dear Emily again. I hope it is so, and that time will bring her back to what she was. I hear from everybody that he is very fond of her, and spends the greatest part of his time with her, which looks like it; so that it is not him that is the cause of her low spirits. I am quite impatient for a letter from you after you have seen dear William, as I am sure it will be such a pleasure to you to see him; and hope that all money matters will be settled to your satisfaction, as I am sure that nobody can mistake the meaning of the will, which allotted £400 a year for each child; and I never heard of anybody that understood it otherwise. Your taking half was your own act; and you must certainly be the best judge of what will do, after having kept all the children a twelvemonth. To William it can make no difference as he must pay it equally; the children are those that will benefit by the savings, if any can be made, and of that I am sure I am no judge. I am very glad that you tried with less the first year because it will shew the world your desire of saving for them if possible; and the Trustees may be made sensible of what their real expenses are, which will be a satisfaction to you and Mr Ogilvie. The unhappy circumstance of bad health is a very great addition to their expense, not only by doctors and servants, but horses, equipage, and travelling to places for health. The only thing that would make one wish to save for them, would be the having a little spare money upon any occasion that required a lump, such as purchasing in the Army for any of the boys, or wedding clothes for the girls; as to savings for adding to their fortunes, it would really be nothing, for they are so well provided for that a small addition is not worth thinking about; and the

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savings I mention would not be worth so much thought if William was not as much encumbered as he is. But his debt is so large that he can never have any money to spare, which makes one wish to have all the children quite independent of him in that particular. And for that reason I should think it better for you to receive all the money and make the savings, than letting any part of it remain in William's hands, upon whom it would fall very heavy at last ; and I have an idea that he thinks so, and that it would be pleasanter to him to pay regularly the stated sum. I have no doubt that when you come to talk to him about it, that you will have it all settled to your satisfaction ; and as to your losing by the children, I am sure it would make him miserable to think that possible. As to Mr Conolly's debt, pray take your time, as there is not the least hurry ; one time of the year may be more convenient to you than another, and when that happens, let it be paid. So much for business. I must tell you that we have been at Carton twice ; the cottage is more beautiful than anything ever was. Mrs Howe and Sally admire it so much that they want to spend a day there, so that next Thursday, when Mr Conolly goes to Kildare, we intend carrying some cold meat there and spending the day. The place is so lovely that it will be a pleasant party to them, but I do not expect it to be so to me, who have spent so many a happy day there with you, my dearest, dear sister. It made me very melancholy the two mornings I walked over it, though I love and admire the place to the greatest degree. When William is there, he is so fond of it, that it gives one pleasure ; but to me it can never be what it has been. Sarah is *abominable* ! She grieves that instead of the cottage there is not a beautiful Italian building in that lovely spot, which she thinks is the loveliest she ever saw ; and works herself up to *die* to build a house there. I gave her your message about your not answering her long letter, but did not shew her yours, and will observe your caution about poor Dean Marlay, which I believe is prudent, though I cannot say it from my own observation of him ; and, in general, shall avoid all conversation of that sort for her, as I agree with you that she has heard but too much of it. She must see rather more people than I could wish, but still flatter myself that her occupations here will fill her head with innocent amusements ; she is now as busy as possible making a little garden for the children, drawing plans of cold baths, busy about the flowers and hot-house, entering vastly into my amusements about the place,

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not forgetting some partridges, and a tame hare that she is nursing, which at any time, you know, is an employment sufficient for her. She rides double, bathes in the river, and reads with me; so that you see, she is taken up with the sort of things that I trust in God will keep her from being too much taken up with any company that comes here. Men seldom stay a great while in the house, so that I hope there will be no time to fall in love; give her her due, she is easily amused with whatever is put in her way. She went to dine at Waterstone one day that we had company at dinner. She desires her love to you. Mine to Ogy. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever, ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

57. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 8th, 1775

I need not tell you, my ever dearest sister, what I felt at receiving Mr Ogilvie's of the 18th of May; not [on] account of the change that that little angel has made from suffering to ease and happiness; but very, very much indeed, my beloved sister, for what your tenderness and affection must have endured. Charlotte's of the 21st, which I received yesterday, made me easier by telling me that you were so. I should have been afraid in your situation of your seeing the remains of your pretty child, lest it should have struck you with a kind of horror. I am happy that it had another effect. And since your nerves could bear it, am glad you did; as I know by experience the calm that it leaves behind. And, far from hurting one, I think is of use, and reconciles to the necessity of burial by shewing one the state of a body when life has left it; and which (in idea) I could never figure to myself sufficiently to be satisfied about that ceremony. I shall be very impatient to hear of you again soon. They don't tell me whether you cried much; but I hope you did, that your poor nerves may not be loaded for the want of that vent. I fear that this hot weather, which must be so much worse at Marseilles, makes you more uncomfortable than you might otherwise be. 'Tis natural, my sweet sister, that I should have a thousand fidgets about you at this time, if you would not be the

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better for my being with you, but yet I wish I was at this moment. I comfort myself with the thoughts of the good care and tenderness that Mr Ogilvie will have for you, and you cannot receive it from a person you love better, which I know must make it the pleasanter. I beg my love to him with a thousand thanks for his kind letter. Charlotte's pleased me very much, it was so natural. I have a notion that she improves very much, whether reality or imitation I can't say; but her letters are sometimes wrote with a warmth that I think must proceed from a good heart. I long to hear that Eddy's ague is quite gone, for it is a sad, wearing complaint, and the strength of his constitution I should fear would make it more stubborn. As the doctors don't think the Barège waters necessary for Lucy I think it a great pity that you should be deprived of her company, and hope it may be settled for her to stay with you. She will amuse you in your lying-in, and is now of an age that it is possible to make her quiet. I beg my kind love to Charlotte and the rest. I will write to Mr Owens to tell him that he must not draw for money without an order from me. I hope soon to go to the Black Rock. I have been prevented lately by company in the house; the Stavordales, Aclands, Woodwards, and lastly, the Halls, good souls; I was glad to see them, and enjoyed the recollection they gave me of the Carton parties. I spoke to them about you, and you cannot think how sorry they are that Mr Ogilvie and you should have mistaken them, as they do profess and feel what they always have done, the greatest friendship possible for you, and acknowledgements of your goodness to them, which, I assure you, they express all possible gratitude for. My love to dear William, whom I suppose must be with you by this time. Adieu, my dearest, dear sister. Ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

PS.—Emily continues well.

58. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 16th, 1775

It was so kind in you, my dearest sister, to write to me yourself, as you know what a pleasure it is to me to know exactly how you do after such a trial as you have had, and yet I am afraid you made

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yourself uneasy to please me. I beg of you not to write any more, for I am sure you must be very, very uncomfortable now with your load this violent, hot weather, and which probably is ten times hotter at Marseilles. I don't like the accounts of poor little Louisa, and hope, my sweet sister, that you do not set your heart upon her too much. I hope that Barège may do her good, and think you much in the right to try, but I confess I am alarmed about her. Thank God that pretty George has got his weaning over well, and I hope will continue so ; and Lucy by all accounts is growing very healthy and strong. I am vastly happy that Eddy has got over his ague so soon, for 'tis generally a most tedious disorder. I assure you, my dear sister, that it has been with pleasure that I have thought on Mr Ogilvie's tenderness for you, which you have wanted so much lately, and which I doubted not you would have. Give my love to him ; I depend upon him when you lie-in for constant accounts the first ten days. I am sure you enjoy my having Sarah with me. It is really a very great pleasure, and I flatter myself that all will go on well as yet it promises so. Lady Clanbrassil made me a visit of a few days ; she was very kind to her, but I see that she is a little uneasy at her natural *lively* manner, which I don't wonder at, because I know that one always expects a person to be reserved after such an affair. But when one considers it, 'tis not to be expected, for let misfortune or grief be ever so great for a time, your natural disposition and manner will remain with you and appear as usual when you are tolerably easy. It is a disadvantage to a person in Sarah's situation to have so lively a manner, but she *cannot* help it ; and when she attempts to be *reserved* she is really so affected that I don't know whether it is not worse. Therefore, I believe it is better to give up little things and attend to the greater, which I trust in God will all go on right. I believe one's efforts may become useless by attempting to reform too much. I own (from my experience in the world) I think it better to patch up and mend and make the best of what one has. Insisting upon one's friends being too perfect often makes one overlook their many good qualities, which would be a great pleasure to one if one would content oneself with them. My brother often tells me that I spoil Sarah, and I fear that Lady Clanbrassil is inclined to think the same ; but if I do, I gain her confidence, and put it into my power to be more useful to her, by not letting her be afraid of me ; tell me if I am wrong. Emily is quite recovered and

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her child is well. I cannot help telling you that I hear from everybody that her spirits are miserably low, and that she cries incessantly. Mr Johnston told a person that she often took several wet pocket handkerchiefs from under her pillow, and that certainly it is no bad behaviour of Lord Bellamont that makes her so unhappy. And I hear that she is really the picture of melancholy. I have had many hints given me of her loving us all with the greatest tenderness, and the grief she is in at having quarrelled with her family. I am also made to understand that she is *so circumstanced* as not to do what her heart dictates. And indeed, my dear sister, I do lay all her behaviour to that Tyrant's fault. She *would* have him, the consequence of which, I believe, was a necessity of plunging into everything he required; and every wish of his, I fancy, is a very severe command. Her love for you is always expressed to me. Adieu, my dearest sister, Ever, ever yours,

L. A. C.

59. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 25th, [1775]

My dearest sister,

I went to the Black Rock last week, and found the upper floor very near completed; the lumber room and bedchambers at the West end were to be finished the night of the day that I was there, all to the sashes, which were glazing, so that they must be up by this time. The plasterers were likewise to be out of that floor that day, and the carpenters work was to be soon done; they were laying the floors, and Mr Owens assured me that all the doors and architraves were ready. He was to proceed on repairing the old part of the house this week. The corner chimney in the room over the long parlour is the one that you give up, I find; and is certainly the best to stop up. But Mr Ogilvie did not mention in his letter to Owens whether the brickwork was to be pulled down; he spoke to me about it, and I desired him to take it away, if it was not attended with great inconvenience or expense; as it is to be only a child's room, and that you don't go to the expense of new windows, etc., I told him only to brick up the opening in case

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that it was troublesome to take away. I shall go there again next Tuesday to meet Mr Ward, who wrote me a very obliging friendly note telling me that he should be happy to be of use to you, and saying that he had been twice at the Black Rock, and thought there was very little done, but supposed it was by your orders. He did not find Owens there, and therefore could not ask him about it. He has desired me to let him know what money Owens has had in all, which I shall send to Mr Underwood for information about, and hope in my next letter to be able to send you a satisfactory account of the money you have spent. I find that people seem to think that Owens has been idle about your house, and I am sure I am no judge whether that is true or not ; but I hope it is not, for I have actually seen a vast deal of work ready, and hope that the chief necessary expense is over ; but without Mr Ward I won't pretend to decide. I could not walk out the day I was there, but from the windows could see a good deal of planting between the rails and the walk, I don't know by whose orders, for I had given none, it not being the season for it ; but Owens told me that a vast number of trees had been sent from Carton, about 1,500. The early season was so dry that there is no loss in not having planted them at that time, and the showers we have lately had I hope will make them thrive. I went yesterday to make Mrs Latablere a visit on horse-back, and rode with Mrs Howe through the fields to Carton, making that my way to Maynooth, and saw the visible traces of my dearest sister's not being there ; for the road is all overgrown with grass, and the locks of the gates rusty. I never do go that way without being melancholy ; it recalls so many pleasant and unpleasant remembrances. But one must look forward to other pleasures, which, thank God, daily arise when others leave one ; or else the enjoyments of this life would soon be at an end. And you, my dearest sister, I hope will find it so, who have had so many changes in your life. The little Ogy, I hope, will fill up that vacancy in your heart that your poor little angel has left by being removed to happiness. I long to know, my dear sister, how your spirits are, I feel suspicious of your having had a greater shock than you allow yourself to think, for I well know how affectionately you loved that pretty creature. Mr Conolly got a letter from the Duke of Leinster from Paris, which vexed me sadly, as he tells him that he has put off his journey to Marseilles, and is coming back to Ireland immediately. I will still hope that he has been able to go to you, for I know

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that the not seeing him, will be such a disappointment to you as will make me very sorry indeed, and I should fear would be inconvenient to you, as you had some business to settle with him. The Bellamonts are still in town, but as the christening is over, I suppose they will soon leave town. Lord Harcourt, Lady Kildare, and Mrs Coote were sponsors. I am diverted at Lord Harcourt being godfather, only two years ago, to the *Uncle* of Lady Mary Coote. Think of George being an Uncle! Pretty wretch, how does it do? It can't have a notion of what a niece is, but Lucy, I dare say, is very *proud* of having one. We have had Lord Russborough here two days. Mr Conolly was at Kildare, so you may believe he was in his element having no other man here; though he really does like Mr Conolly, who also likes him, and tastes his humour as he *should* do. He made us laugh from morning till night, and entertained poor Mrs Howe very much, who had never seen him in his agreeable ways. He was very good-natured about her, and seemed happy to divert her. His old passion for Sarah is quite renewed, and he doats upon her, as upon her child, who, being a Lennox, is diverted with him. He told us a number of odd new stories, and has promised to come again, to our great joy. Poor Mrs Howe is really one of the most moving objects I ever saw, for she suffers as much as it is possible for anybody to do; but so patiently, so meekly and with so little fuss, that her distress goes quite to one's heart. And the misfortune of it is that one can say nothing to her, for she has but too just grounds for her fears.

The Americans seem more resolute than it was expected they would be; and if the accounts are true that New York has taken part with the other colonies, I hear everybody say that it will be a very serious affair indeed. Mr Vesey is come over, and said that it was expected the Parliament would meet the 19th of July, and perhaps the Ministry would be changed. I most heartily wish anything that would put a stop to this civil war, which of all others is the most dreadful. I hope Mr Conolly will not be obliged to go to England; but if the Parliament meets I doubt he must, which would be very uncomfortable, particularly to us now, as our summer must be broken into by a disagreeable expedition to the county of Derry, where we shall go in a week's time for a fortnight or three weeks. But I take it to be absolutely necessary, and therefore don't grumble.

My brother has not wrote to us yet about going to England, and

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I hear still talks of going to France in August ; when once he is so far from home I hope he will go on to Marseilles. I shall write for Lord Clanbrassill's ceiling, and let you know what Mr Riley will do one for, of the same kind. I don't imagine it will be more expensive than a middling stucco ceiling. He is now painting our gallery in a most beautiful way, Sarah's taste in putting the ornaments together, and mine in picking them out, so that *we* flatter ourselves that it must be charming, as Mr Riley executes them so well. I told you of Mr Vesey's being in Ireland, but Mrs Vesey is not come. The house at Lucan is almost pulled down, and I hear won't be habitable these two years, which she will not regret, I dare say, as she is to pass that time in England. The Perys are also in England, and I am the only person that is left of the *old* neighbourhood, though Mrs Vesey was always sure that I would not stay. Carton, Leixlip, Killadoon, Lucan and Edmonsbury are all empty. I do miss them, that is certain, but am not sorry to lose Killadoon this summer, as I think dear Lady Elizabeth¹ is gone on such a pleasant party to herself. I suppose you have heard of her going to Spa with old Mr Clements² [and] Lord and Lady Ross,³ who are all to return in August when the two countesses proceed on their southern jaunt. Bobetti Bob is here ; I like him for letting Lady Elizabeth go to Spa. Mr Conolly is in great spirits for he was so lucky last week at the Curragh, as to win all his matches, particularly two that were considerable, and one of them against an English horse. He desires his kindest love to you, Ogy and Charlotte. Sally and Mrs Howe likewise send their love to you, pray remember me to them all. Adieu, my dearest, dear sister. Ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. C.

¹ Lady Elizabeth Clements, wife of Mr. Robert Clements ('Bobetti Bob').

² Nathaniel Clements ; a Teller of the Exchequer, Privy-Councillor, and Deputy Vice-Treasurer for Ireland. He was father of Robert Clements.

³ Alicia, youngest dau. of Rt. Hon. Nathaniel Clements, m. (1773) Ralph Gore, 1st Earl of Ross. He was a distinguished soldier and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1788.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

60. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, July the 28th, 1775

My dearest sister,

The day I returned from the North I had the pleasure of receiving your dear, kind letter of the 7th, and yesterday was made very, very happy indeed by Mr Ogilvie's, which brought me an account of your being so well, and my new niece's arrival into this world in perfect health. Thank God, my dear sister, that you are so well; I shall long to hear that you continue so, and hope that your successful experience in lying-in will bring you as well through this confinement as in your former lyings-in. I will pay Mr Underwood the ten guineas, which I must beg of you to pay for me at the christening. Mr Ogilvie tells me what a good nurse he is, which I don't in the least doubt; and makes me very *happy* by telling me that you are so much so. Indeed, it is an infinite satisfaction to me to know that you enjoy a happy state of body and mind, and may God keep you so for ever, my dearest sister. How kind it was in you to write me so very comfortable a letter, but the invalids of the house that you give me an account of, I don't like, and hope to hear soon of their mending. I am not sorry that Madam Lucy, agreeable as she is, should be away just now, for she would worry you. I hope Charlotte's eyes don't threaten to be as yours used to be. As to Mr Ogilvie's complaint I won't mention it, since he won't allow it, but hope that he may be well. Give my love to him with a thousand thanks for his last letter and that of the 26th of June, which I received in the North. But I wish to answer yours first, on account of your being vexed at my brother, which I am troubled at, as I fear that I am in fault. My brother gave many reasons for your living in England, but you seemed to be so much his object in it, that I could not say anything against it, only that *I* did not like it; and kindness to you so entirely guided his opinion, that I had not much to say but that it would vex me sadly. Upon William's coming to England, we began talking about you as we had often done since you left Ireland; for you must know that we are in such friendship that he spoke his mind very openly to me, and I to him, which was a great pleasure to me, as I found how much he loved you. And so, in the course of conversation, among the rest

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of the things I had picked up in London, I told him my brother's opinion, thinking he would speak to him about it ; but I afterwards found that my brother did not think it right to speak to him without first knowing your sentiments, and he bid me not speak to William, saying that perhaps you would not like his doing so. But it was then too late, so I made my brother no answer, but told William that I found I had done wrong, and desired him not to begin the subject to my brother, and hoped that it would have dropped there. Whether William has given you my brother's opinion upon this information of mine only, or that he has had some conversation with my brother, I cannot say. If he has not, you see that I am the person to blame, and sadly vexed I was at having done it ; and should not, if, at the time, it had occurred to me that it was possible to bring any uneasiness upon you from it. And miserable I shall be if it does, but I don't foresee that it will, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you happily settled and enjoying the Black Rock, the worst of the expense being over now, I do think. Holland House is let for £350 per year during the minority of the little boy¹ ; which I hope won't be a disappointment to you, as I fear it would have been too expensive a place, the house is so much out of repair. Your having such a scheme looks as if you did not think of Ireland next summer, and I can't help looking forward to the seeing you here. I beg you will tell me honestly whether Sarah's being here is any distress to you about Charlotte, because all that may be so easily settled, as I flatter myself now that Sally will make me many a visit, and one year does as well as another. I hope William has settled all your money matters to your satisfaction. I am vastly concerned at your having been so cheated, abominable Fiaschi, I should never have suspected him of any thing but bad temper. I will certainly do all I can for good W. Wignal's wife, and hope to get her a place. I will endeavour to find Governor Ellison, though fear he is gone to England by the North ; I think I heard something like it. I shall soon pay the Black Rock a visit, but must stay at home for a little while, to get rid of a cold that I got in the North. Mr Conolly's love, and Sally's, to you all. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most tenderly and affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Henry Richard Fox, 3rd Lord Holland. He had succ. his father, Stephen Fox, 2nd Lord Holland, on 26 Dec., 1774. In 1797, he m. Elizabeth, dau. of Richard Vassall (whose marriage with her former husband, Sir Godfrey Webster, Bt., was dissolved).

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

We expect William every day, and will take care to say what you desired me, about not meddling with his affairs or politics ; but I have already said it, and often, it being my opinion that you would not.

61. *Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie*

Castletown, August the 6th, [1775]

I return you a thousand thanks, my dear Mr Ogilvie, for all your letters about my sister since her lying-in ; particularly the last of the 22nd July, where you give me so particular an account of every little complaint. I am very sorry that her nerves have been so much affected, and had flattered myself that all that sweating would have prevented it ; but I hope long before now that she is quite well, and also the little creature, whose gripes I hope did not last. I have no doubt of her being beautiful ; I am apt enough to think my sister's children the loveliest in the world, so that I don't want much persuasion to make me think her the little angel you describe. Indeed, your good accounts of my sister have come at a lucky time, as all our spirits are depressed with the bloody action in America, where, thank God, our friends have escaped ; but so desperate an engagement as they have had is really a public calamity. General Howe's¹ attendants were all wounded and some killed ; he himself had a narrow escape. You may imagine poor Mrs Howe's situation ; she has such just cause for her apprehensions that we dare not offer comfort ; we only *hope*, which she is as much inclined to do as we are. But her poor little weak frame and nerves suffer cruelly. Mrs Pitt, General Howe's sister, is here also, whose spirits are likewise affected, and Mr Conolly, who is apt to foresee the worst, is very low about it ; so that we are but a dismal house, for Sarah and I cannot help partaking of their distress. I love General Howe so much, that if Mrs Howe was out of the question, I must be very anxious. I am sure my sister will think with me, that my poor sister, Holland, is happily placed out of this state of anxiety ; she would have been one of the sufferers, as Harry Fox

¹ Gen. William Howe (d. 1814) ; later 5th Visct. Howe ; m. Frances, 4th dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sister of Thomas Conolly.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

was in the hottest part of the fire, but, thank God, escaped unhurt. General Howe was so good as to name him in his letter. I hope that the Colonel Abercromby that was killed was not your friend. I suppose you have had the whole account of the action in your papers, or I would send you ours.

General and Mrs Pitt are soon to leave us. Mrs Howe returns with them to England in a week or ten days' time, so that I shall put off going to the Black Rock till they are gone. Owens is very tiresome, for we cannot get a plan of the cellar floor which Sarah wrote to him for a month ago. However, we will be on the spot to determine about the kitchen. Mr Ward will take care not to have the windows out of proportion, but seven feet won't be too high for the back of my sister's hat, or *feathers* if she should wear any at her return. However, they need not be quite so high. I began this letter before Church, and was agreeably surprised just before dinner to see dear William arrive in good health and looking remarkably well. All our loves to my dearest sister and yourself, and believe me, dear Mr Ogilvie, yours affectionately,

L. A. C.

62. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, August the 29th, 1775

You will be surprised, my dearest sister, at not having some account of the Black Rock when you see the date of my letter, as I seldom come to town but for some business there. However, I shall not visit it till next week when Sarah will go with me to settle about your kitchen. The windows she writes to you herself about, as she has got the glass book, and has calculated accordingly. Mr Conolly and I came to town with Mrs Howe and the Pitts, who all left us this morning. I gave all your kind messages to Mrs Howe, who begged I would thank you with a great many loves to you. General Howe's being appointed Commander-in-Chief gives her great hopes of his safety for the future; please God he does not meet with any accident between this time and his receiving the commission! We dined to-day with dearest Dowager, who is as well and in as great spirits as ever she was. Doctor Clements's neighbour Montgomery and Mrs Betty Southwell dined there; they had all

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

been at Clontarf this morning with Lady Kildare (to visit Lady Southwell)¹ who did not seem the least fatigued with her jaunt. She is to lend her coach to the rest of the party to come to Castle-town, and I really think seemed to have a little inclination to go herself, though she declared she could not think of such a journey. Lord Bellamont's importance, conceit, etc., did not escape some little dabs; she does not think Emily is well, but says she hears from her that she is better. She seems to like the thoughts of Miss St George vastly.² She talked a vast deal about Charles, whom she wishes to have near Mr Ogilvie, as she thinks he would have influence over him, to keep him in a right way. She talked of your little girl, and told me that she had heard of her being called Cecilia from Lord Inchiquin, and laughingly told me she got all her intelligence about you from him; she is vastly pleased with the boys and Sophia writing to her. She also asked after Sarah, and, I believe, means to visit her, owing to dear William's kind offices; but her reason to him for not having done it diverted me, she fears *that people will imagine she is doating and is governed by everybody to do just what they please*. I have just had a letter from Mrs Greville to tell me that she and her second son, the little old man, with Miss Lyttleton and her governess are to be in Ireland the middle of October. I shall be rejoiced to see Mrs Greville, but our party is sadly broken to what it was, neither you nor Marlay here, are sad gaps. Poor Lady Longford,³ I doubt she will have little good of, as her spirits must have received a vast shock with two such misfortunes so close on one another, as Mr Bob Packenham's death followed Mrs Fortescue's. Mrs Staples is to be her *Lady Bab* in town. However, for a wonder I believe we shall be a little in town, for Mr Conolly is very warm about the American affairs, which he thinks threaten Ireland; and of his own accord has desired me to paper and furnish a little our house in town. Your pretty commode I am afraid to send to the Black Rock, and therefore it shall ornament the best room, which I think is the safest way of disposing of it; but if any accident or damage should happen to it, I will take

¹ Sophia Maria Josepha (d. 1796), dau. of Francis Walsh, Count of Serrant, France, m. (1774) Thomas Arthur, 2nd Visct. Southwell.

² Emilia Olivia (1759-98), only dau. and heiress of Usher St. George, 1st Lord St. George. She married this same year William Robert FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of Leinster.

³ Elizabeth (d. 1794), Lady Longford; dau. of Michael Cuffee. She m. (1739) Thomas Pakenham, Bt., Lord Longford. She was cr. (1785) Countess of Longford.

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it off your hands then, or now, if you choose it. My love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., with many thanks to the former for his last letter and constant accounts of you during your lying in, which he was very good in never omitting. I rejoice with him at your being a little fatter, for I don't think it natural to you to be thin, and of course imagine it bad for you. Corporal Campbell has got his discharge for ten guineas. I have heard nothing of Owens since the £200 he got. Yours ever most affectionately.

63. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 4th, 1775

Yesterday, my dearest sister, I had the happiness of receiving your dear, kind letter of the 18th of August, which gave me very great pleasure indeed, as you tell me that you are quite well, your spirits good, and your eyes well, and the good accounts from Barège to crown all. Dearest Robert¹ not being well is a vexatious thing, but I trust in God, that his complaints will not signify. What a creature George must be! And the dear little Cecilia² I long to see, I was glad to hear of her having that name. I am very sorry, my sweet Siss, that your nerves were so much affected in your lying-in; 'tis really a miserable disorder that I would give anything you could get rid of. I am sure Mr Ogilvie's tenderness lessened your uncomfortable feels as much as they would admit of, but I know that they are not to be overcome at those times! For the first time in my life I had a little experience of what nervous feels are with the bad cold I got in the North at an unlucky time, which affected my head very much and gave me (I believe) a slight kind of hysteric. But so it was that I felt very odd, very miserable, as full of strange fancies, which ended in tormenting my poor dear Thomas, whom I frightened out of his wits one night. And I should be ashamed to own how I vexed him from my ill humour; but, dear angel, he attributed it all to the real cause, my not being well, and therefore did not mind it. But it has vexed me sadly to think I could be

¹ Lord Robert Stephen FitzGerald (1765-1833), 6th son of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster.

² Cecilia Margaret (1775-1824), elder dau. of William Ogilvie and Emily, Duchess of Leinster. She m. (1795) Charles Locke, of Norbury Park, Surrey.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

capable of teasing him. However, it had this good effect, of making me take care of myself, for I sent to Mr Power directly, who has given me things that have made me quite well again ; and I persevere in bathing and riding, the two best things in the world for me. I am vastly obliged to you about the Black Rock, but it's so little a way from Merrion Street, that I shall bathe when Mr Conolly is obliged to attend the Parliament, which I fear will be more than I shall like, for I do hate going to Dublin more than I can express. I grow intolerably lazy about moving, and nothing but you will easily move me from Castletown ; but I hope to see you and Ogy here very, very often. I confess I am disappointed at your not returning next summer, though my mind had always misgiven me that you would not. I shall certainly never name what you say to me, as I know how horrid it is to be pinned down ; and people do love so dearly to meddle and settle for one, and to be so surprised that one does not do *so* and *so* ; and think you much in the right for not saying what you intend. As to Aubigny, I cannot well answer your questions. Sal knows little about it, but that there is a little wood by it, *qui assurément fera les délices de Mde. la Duchesse*, as was said to the Duchess of Richmond ; but as to what town it's near, whether there are gardens and fields we cannot tell, but they are things easily known, and I will enquire without mentioning your scheme. I cannot wonder at your desire to see Italy ; it would be a charming scheme for Charles to go with you. I confess I shall be impatient for his leaving Ireland when we have feasted our eyes with the sight of the dear boy, for I dread his spending a winter in Dublin. William happily seems to have the same dread, and talks of sending him to you, which plan I hope may take place for his advantage as well as your pleasure, Mr Ogilvie would be of such infinite use to him. Dear William and I are upon a very pleasant footing, but we have had no confidences but what I may communicate to you, and certainly will, my dearest sister, as I think they may be of use to Mr Ogilvie and you. In the first place, I am quite convinced that he has a most sincere affection and regard for you, and that he loves yours and the children's company. I am also thoroughly persuaded that he has as good an opinion of Mr Ogilvie as it's possible, but I think he does not know him in some things, and that is about politics ; for he seems to imagine that Mr Ogilvie is so naturally inclined to them, that he could not avoid meddling. Now, though I think as he does, that they are a natural

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

taste of Mr Ogilvie's, yet I think that if he puts himself out of that *line* he will never trouble his head about them, but be entirely taken up with you and the children. Dear William and I used to talk for ever about you, for we thought so exactly the same, and were so full of all the transactions, that we seldom met without a long prose ; that part of course has dropped, but he frequently mentions you with all the affection that you could desire. He has never spoken to me about the money matters, but I hope they will be settled to your satisfaction. We are to go and visit the Black Rock to-morrow, to settle about your kitchen with Mr Ward. Sal desires her love to *Ogy*, whose fine, long letter she will soon answer. Pray don't forget me to him, for if I had never known him before, I must love anything that makes you so happy. God bless him for it, and may your happiness long continue ! The certainty of your home being so happy reconciles me a little to your absence, as I know that one cannot be in want of anything when one's husband makes one so happy ; but still I shall have the greatest pleasure in being an eye witness of it, and hope it won't be very long before I shall. Mr Conolly's kind love to you both. Mrs Howe left us last Tuesday, poor thing, to be nearer news, though I doubt she won't be any better. Mrs Massey is within a month of lying in and, poor creature, has been obliged to part to-day with Colonel Massey, who is gone with his regiment to America. We are just returned from dining at Killadoon with Lady Elizabeth, Boberty Bob and Mr Vesey. They are very obliging to Sarah, who, dear soul, goes on as I could wish her ; and flatter myself that we have avoided every cause of abuse. In general people are good-natured about her. Old Betty Southwell, Mrs Lushington, Mrs Montgomery and Doctor Clements all spent a day here and were remarkably civil to her, which I hope looks well. Adieu, my dearest, dearest sister. Ever yours.

Bell is not with child, and I don't intend she should breed.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

64. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Kildare, September the 13th, [1775]

My dearest sister,

I received yours of the 25th of August just before I left Castletown, and dearest Charles is arrived, as Sarah will have wrote you word, looking charmingly, and prodigiously spread about the chest ; he holds himself much better, and, as Mr Conolly told him, bids fair for a life of seventy or eighty years, he looks so strong. He tells us that he has not had a day's illness since we saw him ; his spirits and ways are just what they were. I only regret that he does not like to continue his profession, but the *visiting* his estate I did not hear of. Dear creature, I shall soon wish him gone again, agreeable and pleasant as it is to see him. William, I think, doats upon him more than ever. Sarah was to enclose the plan of the kitchen for the Black Rock, which Mr Owens brought the evening I left for Castletown. I desired him to make me drawings for the finishing of your two large rooms, but when I named an Ionic door case, he held me so cheap and said it would be so heavy and ugly that I doubt whether you'll get one. I spoke to him also about sending Mr Ogilvie the account, which he said he had done three months ago ; however, now you will get six months' account. I wish the house was done and paid for ; the ordering such sums to Owens always frightens me, but I hope Mr Ogilvie reckons it up as I inform him of it. Mr Owens has now had, since you left Ireland, £1,385-2-0 ; and I imagine must have about £500 more before it's done. He does go on, but not so fast as I could wish. The only comfort is that Mr Ward says it's well done. Mrs Dixon is in a pack of troubles because she has heard that somebody has wrote you word that she does not take care of your furniture, which she made me look over, and I must say that it seems in good order. The beddings look tossed about, but that cannot be helped, as they are moved continually, and I don't know that they are the worse for it. She also told me that her dusters were worn out and asked my leave for ten old things that were inventoried as glass cloths to supply their place. I looked at them, and truly they were such rags that I desired her to take them, but fear they will be of little use, they are so very, very bad. I put 'L C' in the inventory where they were put down, that at your return you may

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know what they were. I was surprised to see so little linen ; but Mrs Dixon told me that you had taken a great deal with you. I gave her a great charge about your linen, for Corporal Campbell had given me a hint that she used your best table cloths when she had company. Without betraying him I asked her what she used, and she told me, only the steward's room linen, and that she had towels of her own, so that I can't say who tells the truth. Somehow or other I think she looks snuffy and dirty, but your furniture is really in good order, so that I have no reason to say so.

My love to Mr Ogilvie, and thanks for his letter with the exact account about you ; I am very sorry you have such hot weather, you might spare us a little, which would be better for us both. But I hope soon to hear that your nerves are stronger, for I agree with Mr Ogilvie that that is the most distressing circumstance. I am just returned from Brockley Park where Lady Roden is lying in of her 7th girl ; she is now better, but was in danger, and had a bad time from the child being misplaced and uncommonly large. She desired I would give her love to you. By the time you get this letter I hope the little girls will be returned from Barège. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours.

65. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 28th, [1775]

My dearest sister,

I am very impatient to write you an account of Miss St George, whom I went to wait upon this morning for the first time, and imagine that you are as desirous to hear what sort of a girl she is. She is of a middling size, a slight, genteel figure, and moves lightly. Her eyes are good, and her complexion blooming ; the upper part of the face very well, the lower part not so well, her cheeks are too much swelled towards the bottom and make the shape of her face ugly. She has a quiet, reserved look ; but, as she scarcely spoke, I could not observe what her countenance was, nor see her side face to know the shape of her nose, but it appears *retroussé*. I am told she dances like an angel ; she seems perfectly well made and genteel, *et se présente bien*. This is all I could find out

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

in my first visit, particularly as I did not dare stare at her. She was dressed in a pink Polonoise, trimmed with silver lace, without a cap, a small feather, and not the least *outrée*. Lady St George¹ and the Chevalier de la Tour received me most graciously, and said all sorts of proper and fine things. Lady St George, I think, is a pretty woman, and very pleasing in her manner, and the Chevalier an unaffected, agreeable foreigner. I hope you will like this match ; I do, from seeing dear William very happy about it, and really much taken with the young lady. I wish you could see dearest Lady Kildare, for anything so delighted you never saw ; she is in such spirits, and talks so fast, is so comical and so happy that it gives one pleasure to see her. She went *frisking*, the minute William was accepted, to see them, her impatience was so great. And she is much pleased with Miss, whom, she says, is a very fine young woman. She likes the Chevalier, whom she told me she had made a conquest of, for she heard that both him and Miss St George liked her mightily. I was not much surprised at that ; they would have shewed their bad taste if they had not. William hopes to be married in six weeks. His part will soon be settled, but her father's estate was divided among so many that they have a good deal to do. No settlements have yet been proposed, but I find William disposed to settle very handsomely in every particular, and as soon as they are fixed will let you know. I long to hear what you say to it ; I have a thousand *feels* about it. I am very, very glad of it, as I love William so sincerely that I wish him to be happily settled. But the notion of a Duchess of Leinster at Carton, or Leinster House, that is not *you*, is what I cannot use myself to the thoughts of. I am sure I shall feel very queer, and think everything looks very odd, exclusive of what my affection for you and those that have been must make me feel ; but as one advances in life these changes must happen, and (happily) by degrees they reconcile one to the course of nature, which very great youth seldom looks forward to. I find that Lady Kildare has a very great mind to bring about a reconciliation between Emily, William and I, and thinks this joyful occasion the best time for bringing it about, thinking it a pity that Miss St George should come into a family where there is a quarrel to begin with upon her first setting out. I agree with her that 'tis a good opportunity to

¹ Elizabeth, heiress of Christopher Dominick, Esq., and widow of Usher St George, Lord St George ; married, for the 2nd time, the Chevalier de la Tour.

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begin a negotiation, and she approves of William's resolution, that, if it should be made up, it must be upon a promise that the past is never named; for, as he says, the *old subject* must ever be an inexhaustible dispute, which must for ever keep up the quarrel. What the Bellamonts will do, I don't know. Lady Kildare knows my affection for Emily, and how much I wish to make it up; but still, if you think that it is not right by you in the eyes of the world, I will not come into it. As to your own feels, my sweet sister, I know your heart too well; your tenderness for your daughter, and your affection to me, would lead you to let me follow my inclinations about it; and 'tis my opinion that nobody can suspect for a moment that I would do anything unkind by you. Lady Kildare's wishing it appears to me so good a reason in itself, as well as to the world, that I confess it would decide me (if you had no objection), besides the reasons on Emily's account; which latter, my dearest sister, I fear are of serious consequences, for she is certainly miserable at having quarrelled with us, though she *dare* not own it, and though *he* was so angry with me for saying he did not care for her. I am very apprehensive of being a true prophet. His attentions to her are *visible* to the public, but I doubt they don't extend much farther, in which case she is forlorn, for she will not have the courage to come to us, unless we are upon some terms beforehand, for which reason I do really wish to be so. *Comfort* from her I do not expect; indeed, she shewed a hardness of heart that must for ever change my opinion of her. But I love her, pity her, and wish to be her friend, in case she ever wants me. I have been told positively by those who must know that she dare not answer the most indifferent question without looking at him first, nor even answer a common message without his knowledge. Those who talk most of his great attentions are persuaded of his tyrannizing over her to a degree that they could not have believed; surely her implicit obedience and patience must wear off a little with her infatuation, and then what is to become of her? I am told that her fear of him is beyond any description, God help her! And the more miserable she will be, for having brought it on herself. My love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., and believe me, my dearest of sisters, most affectionately and most sincerely yours,

L. A. C.

[1775]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

66. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, October the 9th, 1775

My dearest sister,

Two days ago I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind long letter of the 15th of last month, which was a most comfortable one, in the account you give me of all the dear little creatures ; Eddy's naughtiness into the bargain, which is extremely natural, but surprises me a little, as I always thought him so remarkably tractable with everybody. However, you are right in discouraging him in his little ways, for it would be a sin to let such a precious jewel, as his heart and disposition are, be the least sullied ; but, by beginning now, you will give him a habit of governing himself a little, which is all he wants—sweet creature. I am very happy indeed to hear that dear Robert mends, for I was very uneasy about him ; he has been a great while a favourite of mine ; I do think him a most charming boy. Dearest Lucy, I doat upon her, but need say nothing in her praise, for I am sure her *trumpeter* is not dead. The little Ciss sounds lovely by Charlotte's description, and pretty George I think of very, very often. I like vastly to have so particular an account of the whole family, and was grieved at nothing, my dear sister, but your being vexed. I am very sorry that dear Sally ever wrote at all upon that unpleasant subject, but you do her justice in attributing it to her good nature, from whence it all proceeded, upon her ears (as well as mine), being constantly rung with Emily's unhappiness ; which indeed is in everybody's mouth, whether at her desire or not, I can't say. But it is moving to hear of her unhappiness and his tyranny, which *his* best friends don't deny to us, and excuse her in consequence of. However, my sweet sister, whatever my affection for Emily may be, you are out of dispute my first object, and shewing my affection to you is my pride, as well as my inclination. Lord Bellamont I detest so completely that I never mean to do anything more than to treat him like an antichamber that one must pass through to visit Emily. And as to her, I cannot say that I expected much satisfaction. It was more for her sake than my own that I wished to be upon terms with her, and a little feel I have always had about family quarrels, which I look upon as wrong things, if one can possibly help it.

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Sarah has answered Mr Ogilvie's letter, which I would not dissuade her from sending, as she gives you an account of what I believe William is likely to do ; and tells you of all the different things that operate with him that I dare say he would never take the trouble of explaining. However, pray don't vex yourself any more about it, and Mr Ogilvie need not answer it, for I told her that as you could not take any steps, it would be pleasanter to you to hear no more about it. And so I shall quit that subject to tell you that the Chevalier de la Tour, My Lady and Miss made me a visit at Castle-town the other morning, in which I did not improve the acquaintance with Miss, she is so reserved. But one judges sometimes by little things, and a little obliging expressive look she gave me, when she told me she should be happy to see me at any time, pleased me much. She does not seem the least set up or pert, and William says she is a sweet creature. Her backwardness is certainly a fault on the right side. Mr Conolly is vastly taken with the Chevalier ; he seems agreeable. I long to know what you say to this match. I hope she will be pleasant to you. The Parliament meets to-morrow. We are come to town for a few days, during which time I shall certainly visit the Black Rock. I am impatient to have Owens out of it, that you may know the worst of your expenses. William is fitting up Leinster House, and wants to know where to put your glasses. I do believe it would be better to frame them and put them up, for I think that ours suffered by lying so long upon their sides, the silver ran a little at the edges. Sally I left at Castletown, where I hope to return soon. Love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours most affectionately.

67. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, October the 11th, 1775

It is not very fair, my dearest, dear sister, to sit down and write to you, because my heart is full, and wants a little vent, but I can't help it, as you are so much my object in what I feel. I am just come from Lady Kildare's, where I dined and spent an uncomfortable evening which (since I came home) has ended in a hearty fit of crying, and now I want to tell you what has passed. Yesterday

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Emily dined at Lady Kildare's, who wished William and I to meet her there as by accident, and to be herself the peacemaker. But I declined going; William was also prevented by the House of Lords sitting late. However, at the Castle in the evening he went up to her, and presented her to Miss St George, and Lord Bellamont to the Chevalier. He went to see her this morning; I have not seen him since. But Lady Kildare told me all this to-day, and seems very happy at it, and hopes in time to bring about the rest. I told her, that as to you, I was sure that it depended upon Emily; for that if she wrote you an affectionate letter, and confessed herself sorry for what had passed, you loved her too much to withstand the return of her affection. That as to your taking any steps, you could not, since Emily had never even answered any of Charlotte's letters, a circumstance she did not know before, which surprised her much, and agreed with me, that any steps towards a reconciliation must proceed from Emily; but added she believed she did not dare. I then told her that what regarded me, must depend upon you, as it was natural you should be my first object; she said, *Undoubtedly*. I also told her that I had wrote you word that it was her wish we should be reconciled, but could not yet have an answer; however, was thoroughly persuaded that that reason above all others would weigh with you, to which she answered that she was much obliged to us. Lady Cranburne and Lady Charlotte Hill dined there. It was before them and Mrs Downes she told me that she believed Emily did not dare think, act, or speak without Lord Bellamont's leave. The Hill family, you know, are never pleasant to me, and, to complete the evening, just as my chair was carrying out of Lady Kildare's hall door, Emily's coach drove up to the door. I did not see her, but you may guess how my heart jumped, but not for joy. O, my dearest sister, it is sad that one cannot blot from one's memory past things that have vexed one so much. I don't foresee how they can mend, and yet I am miserable at having them upon the footing they are.

Dearest Charles is very well, and I understand is to make you a visit before he goes to the Academy at Turin; but this winter he spends here, on account of the elections, which are to come on in Spring, as he is to be one of the members for the county of Kildare. But William, I reckon, tells you what he determines about him, for I don't know that anything is fixed. I do not wonder, my dearest sister, at your anxiety about him, 'tis impossible not to have them.

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Charles's disposition is such as must keep one in hot water, he is so very lively. I am sure you will be pleased to hear that Mr Conolly was quite charmed with his behaviour at the meeting at Naas about naming the members, it was so modest, so sensible and so proper. He is a most charming creature. I hope your Italian journey will turn out pleasant to you. 'Twould be a pity not to see Italy when you are so near it. I should be very glad indeed to be of your party, but I despair of ever going now, Mr Conolly would dislike it so much that I have not the heart to press him about it. What time are you likely to return to Marseilles? The House of Commons sat yesterday very late. Mr Conolly spoke often upon a point he is much interested in, which is that of not involving Ireland into the dispute with America, which the Lord Lieutenant's¹ speech (he thought) threatened to do. My love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours.

68. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 22nd, [1775]

My dearest sister,

Yesterday I received yours and Mr Ogilvie's joint letter of the 1st, where he certainly begins by what I like most to hear, that *you are well*; and am happy to hear that the weakness in your eyes is trifling. But you frighten me and surprise me about Owens, and cannot think why he tells me so many lies, or is so unfortunate as to have all his letters lost; for he assured me that he had lately sent you all his accounts up to Michaelmas, and the drawings for your chimney-pieces ages ago, as likewise that for your kitchen and scullery. And not directing your letters right he has no excuse for, as Mr Ogilvie, I fancy, has received all mine where I have given him notice of having given Owens orders upon Mr Underwood for money. And those letters have been immediately wrote and sent to town by Owens, who has put them in the post, so that I don't understand his own letters not going safe. William never let me into the secret that he had a bad opinion of him, as often as we

¹ Simon Harcourt, 1st Earl Harcourt, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1772-77.

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have talked over your expenses at the Black Rock. And whether he has cheated you or not, God knows, and is quite out of my power to know. Mr Ward's approving of the work is my only comfort, and he did seem to think you had the worth of your money. However, at Xmas I hope (as I told you in my last) that Owens will have finish'd so as to be dismissed. And Mr Ogilvie's scheme for Captain McDonald is a very good one, and I hope he will come to take possession. At any rate, he shall do so before I leave Ireland, if Owens has not done all he promised, and what bills are to be paid, I shall get Mr Ward to look over, and let you know what he says to them.

I wish you joy of the little girls' return, whom I hope are all better for the Barège waters. I had a very pretty letter from Sophia from thence, for which I thank her. I imagine this letter will find you somewhere in Italy, where I think you must be much amused. Alas! my dearest sister, I do thoroughly understand your anxieties about dearest Charles, and wish there was the smallest probability of his going to sea again, but I find that he won't hear of it. Going to the Academy at Turin next Spring I find is the scheme, which I hope is a good one. The passing the winter in Dublin I could not bear the thoughts of at first, but fear that it cannot well be avoided on account of the vile elections. Sir Kildare Burrowes's opposition to him and Mr Pomeroy in the county of Kildare cannot signify; but still I doubt it will be necessary for Charles to be here. And William being married I hope and think will give Charles a home that will keep him from idle Dublin suppers, for the creature is quite domestic if he has a place to go to. He flatters me with the hopes of being much with us. He made us a most comfortable visit lately, and comes again to-morrow. Mr Conolly absolutely delights in him and thinks he will answer all your most sanguine wishes, and I am sure will be of all the use in his power to him. Charles assures me that he *studies* in a morning. I am very sorry he did not go to Italy with you, but now fear it is too late; but in Spring I trust nothing will stop him. William is to be married next Wednesday, and a few days after is to be at Carton. Love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., and accept the same from here. Yours, my dearest sister, most affectionately.

69. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, November the 23rd, 1775

My dearest sister,

Yours of the 29th of October, with Mr Ogilvie's plan for your kitchen, I received, and will send for Mr Owens to give positive orders to, to have it finished as you direct. I am vastly glad that you have resolved upon the manner of doing it, as I do long very much to have that *leech* Mr Owens turned off, who really sucks your *vitals*, and the drains from your poor pocket are a great trouble to me. So far, for the Black Rock. I now come to that part of your letter addressed to me, out of Sarah's of the 2nd instant, for which, my dearest sister, I can never thank you enough; it is so very kind to me, that it could not but give me the greatest pleasure. I am sure I have not deserved half the kindness you express for me, being very conscious that I did not take any *marked* step, and you're little obliged to me for *loving* you, which I promise you ever has been and ever will be my guide for my conduct towards you. I am more obliged to you than I can express for the liberty you give me with regard to Emily. Alas! it is to little purpose, as she will not make the least answer to anybody who speaks to her about me, but *that it is impossible*; and I am told is much agitated whenever the subject is mentioned to her. However, the liberty you give me puts it into my power to do all that I think is right on my part; which will be a satisfaction to me, as I have always felt that in a family quarrel one side should try to make up matters. It is a general remark that those who are least to blame are the readiest to be reconciled; I take that to be the case between us and the Bellamonts. I shall once more try what the assurance of my affection for her will do; if I don't succeed, I must make up my mind about it. And at any rate shall make Lady Kildare sensible that my trying it again in a stronger manner is at your desire. Mr Ogilvie's reasons and yours never struck me before; but I am quite of your opinion that the appearance of a division in the family would be a disadvantage to us, so that it shall be entirely their fault if it is not made up. There is no great danger of my being inconsistent upon this occasion, for I can never be more consistent upon any point than that of detesting Lord Bellamont, which I do to a degree that

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does not subside in the least. I suspect that he will insist upon my unsaying what I said ; which, if he does, a reconciliation cannot take place. Because doing it, at the expense of truth, is a compliment that is not in one's choice to pay to anybody. I will now have done with myself, and answer that part of your letter about William, about whom you express yourself as I expected. Sarah and I both feared that the part he took would vex you, which made her write upon the subject to prepare you for it, as we foresaw that it would happen. I cannot tell you what passed on Lord Bellamont's side, as Lady Kildare never told me particularly what Emily's answer was to her letter. I should say *his* because I know that he wrote the rough copy for her, and therefore cannot say how far Lord Bellamont may think the concessions were made to him. But this I am sure of, that William hates Lord Bellamont so completely, that his reconciliation with him is mere outward form, and entirely upon his sister's account, whom he thinks may want his friendship. Lord Bellamont has never even dined with him in town, and has not been at Carton to visit him upon his wedding ; so that the Beast cannot triumph much about it. And I believe everybody sees through it, and know exactly how it is ; for I have heard it said that they had only made it up by halves. Pray, don't be in any pain as to what Sarah is to think of you from your letter, for she knows you perfectly, and knew very well that you felt what you at last let out, and what I have been expecting in almost every letter ; in answer to which I have but two things to say. The first is that I am grieved at your being vexed ; I wish you vastly not to be so, and hope Mr Ogilvie, who sees it all in its true light, will persuade you out of being hurt by these things. The next thing I have to say is that you cannot change *things* or *persons* from what nature has made them ; and, since you have spoken your opinion, will own to you that I think just as you do about that dear soul ; for he is a dear soul ; his ways make me love him when with him, and living in his neighbourhood upon the pleasant footing we do, will always keep up that affection I feel for him. But with regard to you, my dearest sister, there is more activity required than I believe he possesses ; and will take this opportunity of stating to you a few things I wish you to consider of. The most material point is so important to me that I have disliked mentioning it to you, lest it might have some effect that would vex me ; and yet it has often come across me that I ought to make you the judge, by laying

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everything open to you, than decide for you myself according to my wishes. I believe you guess that this relates to your living in Ireland, which, to tell the truth, William is so averse to, that it vexes me sadly. He mentions you always with affection, says he should like a visit from you very much, and could answer for behaving in a manner that would please you ; but your settling here he dislikes the thoughts of very much. I am sorry to say that this has been his language ever since you left Ireland ; but at first I did not mind it, and never mentioned it, hoping he would change about it. But I find him still more inclined to that idea than ever, which has at last put me upon considering the matter ; and two things appear to me necessary to be considered which must be determined on afterwards according to your own feels. You have lived so long in Ireland that nobody is a better judge of the place, and ways of the people ; and how far do you think that (supposing William to be displeased at your settling in Ireland), his influence would affect your comfort with regard to other people ? Secondly, if the only unpleasantness came from his own manner, how far you could bear that ? At the end of these two considerations, I hope you will put me in one scale, to whom your determination is of vast importance. I cannot also omit one in favour of Ireland, which I have always thought should be a powerful one ; and that is, the justness of living in the country you belong to. I wish mightily I could peep into the St Georges' opinion, as 'tis natural to suppose that the little Duches will be influenced by them, and William of course by her. My Lady St George, who has been condemned by some for her marriage, may think it right to defend yours. On the other hand, the Chevalier may counteract that, by his foreign high notions of blood ; and the little Duchess, whom I have a notion is sensible, perhaps will be wise enough to see that she cannot possibly do a thing that would be more to her credit than behaving kindly to you, and I think must see, that that will be her best way of making herself agreeable to her husband's family. Time must shew this, as she is much too timid and young now to take anything upon her. She looks very good-humoured, colours incessantly and has something that makes me think I shall like her. The seat in the borough I was sure would mortify you, but I am not a little proud at my *knowing* Mr Ogilvie the best ; for I said I was almost sure he would not take it, and wished it very much to be offered. Lady Elizabeth told Sarah that everybody reported it,

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and that William was approved of for it ; which, you may be sure, she told him directly, and said all she could, but to no purpose. I believe you may guess what *my* wish was, in consequence of William's declining it, which was natural, but imprudent, as Mr Conolly made me sensible of. Ballyshannon has been a long time in my head, but Mr Conolly said what is very true, that it would be such a reflexion upon William as must occasion a quarrel between them two, which not only would vex Mr Conolly, but you also, who must be involved in it. And so I gave up saying anything more about it, from thinking that the gratification it might have afforded was not to be put in competition with a family dispute. Sarah desires me to tell you that she questioned William relative to the St Georges' opinion about you, and his answer was that they had spoken very much in commendation of you, had no high notions, and approved of William for his behaviour to you, which so far secures any unpleasant thing from them, a circumstance I did not know before. You surprise me about the money. I did hear from William that you overdrew yourselves, and the last £500 he sent you he gave us to understand was his money, which he would not refuse from a delicate fear that stories should go about of his refusing your drafts. But he said it was very inconvenient to him, and that he could not possibly pay you quarterly. Supposing you were paid every half year, which is the usual manner, from the rents coming in at those times ? Lady Kildare spoke to me about your extravagance, which I did not contradict, from thinking the thing very possible. The Black Rock I knew cost you much, and you were never *famed* for your good economy, so that I easily gave credit to it. I was pleased to hear her say that she thought *Mr. Ogilvie ought to take upon him*, and encouraged her in that notion. As to Charles, I hope you will soon see him. William is very desirous to send him abroad, and there are preparations making. As yet Charles has been little in Dublin, and I really think has not been in an idle way. I shall long to hear of your all being well, and wish you may escape the influenza, as I have done. Love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc. Mr Conolly's and Sally's to you all. Yours ever, my dearest sister, most affectionately,

L. A. C.

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70. *Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie*

Dublin, November the 25th, 1775

Dear Mr Ogilvie,

I have just given Mr Owens an order upon Mr Underwood for fifty pounds, and also have settled with him about building your kitchen, etc., according to your plan ; but he will take three feet from the coal hole to add to the kitchen, which cannot be finished by Xmas, as the rest of the house will. But he will have the foundations dug immediately, and the materials laid in, and will proceed with it as fast as possible. But I beg to know what you choose to do about Mr Owens going on when I go to England, which he must do with the kitchen. You had desired me to stop all the works when I went, which I fancy will be early in January. However, as this kitchen must be built, I will let him go on unless I hear from you to the contrary, and will desire Mr Owens when the kitchen, etc., is done to send me an account of all the bills, which I will inform you of, as I know pretty much what they will come to ; I shall desire him also to send you an account of them. I am in a great hurry, so adieu. Yours affectionately,

L. A. Conolly

71. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 29th, [1775]

My dearest sister,

Since I wrote to you last I have seen more of our little Duchess, whom Sarah and I both take to ; she is so very good-humoured, merry, and unaffected, and seems so obliged to us for liking her. I fancy she has sense enough to make herself agreeable, for she asked me yesterday when you would come over ; she hoped soon, for she quite longed to see you, she had heard so much of you, she was quite impatient to be acquainted with you. I told her I was sure you wished as much to see her. She told me she had wrote to you, which I doubted a little her thinking of for she is quite a girl, skipping and hopping about the room ; Lord Russborough has

christened her Fidget. I must tell you that she has good taste enough to be vastly diverted with Lord Russborough, and seems disposed to like all that we do. My brother Richmond has wrote her a very pretty letter, which she is quite delighted with. She wanted to shew it to Sarah, but upon routing over her drawer where sleeve knots, papers, etc., were all huddled up together she could not find it; but she says "it's charming, for it commends William so much, who deserves it all." She does seem vastly fond of him. Sarah and I dressed her for the Castle. I can tell you she likes her jewels vastly, and was very busy in dressing herself, though she let Sarah put what she pleased in her head. She had a very pretty white and silver [dress], and was well dressed I think. Her dancing is really the finest thing I ever saw; 'tis the most perfect, graceful minuet that a woman of fashion can dance. When she had finished it, Lord Russborough asked her if she was not frightened dancing the first time as Duchess of Leinster; her answer was very honest: *not a bit*. She does seem to have all the *sang froid* about it that I used to have at twelve years old, vastly taken up with the thoughts of performing well, but no shame, and yet she is a great colourer. It being her first appearance we had a most brilliant ball; which could not be very agreeable to me, you may be sure, my sweet sister, as you were not out of my head a minute the whole day that I passed in a manner at Leinster House. But I smothered all I felt, and so far was flattered at William's wishing me to dress his wife and go with her, and which she seemed so obliged to me for doing. I can't finish with her without telling you that the poor little woman lies under sad disadvantages upon your account, as everybody will think of *you* when she is named, which is hard upon her. And last night I am told that it was remarked she did not fill your place. Dean Marlay has seen her, and likes her very well, for a wonder; I was afraid that she was too plain for him, who generally insists on so much beauty in a woman. He has been here for some days with Mrs Greville. Nothing could be pleasanter than we were, till poor Lady Clanbrassil was taken ill, of a paralytic stroke, which, thank God, has turned out a slight one; but it makes one apprehensive for her for the future. She has got the influenza, which, I suppose, helps to make her worse; but I hope she will recover the excessive weakness she has in her limbs. You may guess how ill she feels when I tell you that she lies a-bed all morning by choice, and, when up, can do nothing but play at cards a little in the

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evening. She is recovering, but whether she will ever be what she has been God knows ; indeed, one could not wish to keep her without a prospect of her enjoying herself. Poor Lady Roden, you may guess, is vastly unhappy about it, and yet tries to keep up her spirits before her mother not to alarm her. Lady Clanbrassil had a vast mind to be acquainted with Mrs Greville, and came here to meet her ; they took vastly to one another, and if this illness had not come in the way, they would have been very well acquainted. Mrs Greville and Mrs C. Macartney complain vastly of the effect of wicked Mac's power, which is so great that it has influenced people's behaviour towards them, which provokes me to the greatest degree, and is a sort of meanness I have no patience with. Mrs Greville is not in her right spirits ; she misses you sadly. Oh dear, how comfortable it would be to have you here ! Mrs Staples is a good deal with us ; she is a very pleasant, cheerful woman, that I feel quite easy and free with. I have had a letter from Lady Margaret Bentinck to tell me that Mrs Coustet once received her money from Mr Muyson, banker in London, and wishes to have it remitted by him again. I don't know who he is, but suppose you do. Poor Mr Charles Bentinck has been in vast affliction for the loss of his nephew, the sea officer, and has been ill most of the winter. The sea puts me in mind of dearest Charles, on whose account I don't wonder you should be in the fidgets ; but for your comfort he has not got into any idle Dublin set of people. William does not settle in town till after Xmas, so that Charles spends his time between Carton and Castletown ; which latter place he is most heartily welcome to, for Mr Conolly and I absolutely doat on him. I saw Lady Kildare to-day, and told her that at your desire I should make another attempt about Emily, which she seems to think is very kind in you, and I find is determined to try to make Emily write you a proper letter ; but, the Devil being in town, we agreed it was better to stay till he went home, lest he should think we took advantage of his absence. Lady Kildare seems thoroughly sensible of your kindness about it. I saw Lord Bellamont at the Castle looking shabby and dirty. I believe he bowed to me, but I was not sure, and was so afraid of seeming to beg one from him, that I did not return it. It is not to be expressed what a horrid feel the sight of him gives me. My love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours,

L. A. C.

[1775]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

72. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, December the 7th, [1775]

My dearest sister,

I had wrote to you a day or two before I received yours of the 16th of November, but will begin by asking you two questions that I have constantly forgot to do. The first is about the Charter School at Maynooth, the master of which has been often with me for your subscription; the next thing is Devil Gray, who is perpetually worrying me for the allowance she says you promised her. Be so good as to let me know if you would do anything about them. I have got a long letter from Mr Ogilvie about the Black Rock, whose directions Sarah and I will follow. I fear we shall be obliged to go to England the very beginning of next month, so that it will be impossible for Owens to have finished at the Black Rock by that time; which I am very sorry for, as I have quite a dread of giving him an order for money when I am in England, after what Mr Ogilvie says of him. And yet, as the house must be finished to a certain degree, I don't well know how to stop him, particularly as I have never heard anything of Captain McDonald, I don't know who could be left in the house. I shall soon answer Mr Ogilvie more particularly about the money part, which I will make an agreement with Owens for, before I leave Ireland. I should think the composition chimney-piece would do very well for your large room, as well as I can recollect the size, when I saw it in London. Before I go to England, I will know positively from Mr Owens what more expense is wanted to finish the house as you direct, which if you approve shall be proceeded with, and for the present will only let him go on with the kitchen. You desire to know what William's sentiments are with regard to the Black Rock; my last letter but one, my dearest sister, will have explained them. He always talks of the very great expense of it, which he thinks is to little purpose, as he does not imagine you will ever like to live there. I don't know what sort of hints he means to give you about it, as he has never said anything but disliking the thoughts of your settling there. Did any of his hints look like intending to take it off your hands entirely, if you gave up living in Ireland? Because I have some notion that that is an idea of his, not that I ever heard him

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

directly say so ; but, in short, that subject vexes me so much that I have always avoided it, and trusted to the chapter of accidents which often does much for one when an event is at a distance. Besides, people change so much that I think it very likely he may, particularly if he sees you ; he loves you so much that I think he could not part with you again.

Before this time you will have heard that Charles is not to wait for his election, and that he is very soon to leave Ireland. Mr Conolly has talked to him a good deal about reading, and I believe he does when at Carton ; but no learning can go on in a regular way without being under some sort of regulation, and of this Charles seems very sensible of, and is desirous to get away, which I hope will be very soon now. The *misunderstanding* between William and Blaquiere was owing to the former's being very much worked up at his entrance into the House of Lords the first day of the session, by a thousand provoking hints of his belonging entirely to Government, which provoked him to abuse Blaquiere¹ in stronger terms than were proper for one gentleman to use to another, which William was sorry for, and very properly made an apology the next time he went to the House. There it ended, and they have since been upon very civil terms. I don't very well understand William's politics, and therefore won't attempt to explain them ; but, upon the whole, I understand that he thinks he can be of greater consequence by supporting Government than opposing it ; and therefore inclines to them, without binding himself. Mr Conolly is quite in opposition (though we have made up our quarrel with Lord Harcourt), upon a general system that it is now become necessary, the measures of Government being so arbitrary, and particularly with regard to Ireland the English (he thinks) mean to encroach too much. Sir Kildare Burrow's opposition will not signify, and 'tis silly in him to give so much trouble for nothing.

You say you wish you could peep at us at Carton this Xmas, my sweet sister. I wish with all my heart that you could at Castle-town, where I hope we shall be comfortable ; but, to confess the honest truth, poor dear Carton does not go down with me. I cannot feel pleasant there and do not love to go there, though I love it, am happy to think that dear William enjoys it as he does, and

¹ Sir John Blaquiere (1732-1812) (later Lord de Blaquiere). He was Chief-Secretary for Ireland, 1772-77, and was a member of the Irish Parliament for many years.

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should be miserable to have it neglected ; but I don't think I shall ever like to be much there, at least it must be length of time that reconciles me to it. This is quite between ourselves. Our little Duchess gains vastly upon me, she is so *caressante*, and has taken so much to me, that I must love her ; besides she spoke to Sarah about you, like a little angel. I have a very great notion that she is very sensible ; but she is quite a child in all her ways, which, I fear, will make people find fault with as a Duchess, but which she is not a bit the worse for. Lady St George I think is a little vulgar and, of course, could teach the Duchess very little, but I am sure she will improve. We all dined at the Castle t'other day, and wicked Mac was there, which I thought rather odd, but imagine she invited herself there. The abominable things she has done about her sisters are not to be told ; but you know her of old, and therefore cannot wonder at anything she does. She is a most hateful creature, though she chooses just now to profess a violent friendship for you. Next week I expect Mrs Catharine Macartney, Miss Littleton,¹ her governess, Mrs Greville, her son, Dean Marlay, Lord Russborough, William Skeffington, and Mr Jephson to read us his new play. Don't you think we shall be pleasant ? Oh ! what would I give for you. But you shall certainly have a letter. I will propose the writing you a joint letter from the company. Mr Conolly is to be at Kildare with his hunting friends, which delights Lord Russborough to a degree, as he hates the hunters. The week following Lord Harcourt is to be with us, and I hope to get Mrs Greville here at the same time, to spite wicked Mac, whose influence with Lord Harcourt is really something ridiculous. There are various conjectures about the *connection*, but I am persuaded that he imagines she can be useful to him in politics and fancies he gets a great deal of intelligence from her. That part I don't doubt, for as she loves meddling, she tells him a *great deal*, I dare say. The dirty court people pay her would make you sick, she is absolutely upon the footing of Madame Pompadour, and has as great levées as a Minister could have. I am sorry you had any interruption to your Italian journey, as I think it would amuse you, and if you put it off, late in the spring, the hot weather will stop you, and you will repent having missed the opportunity when so near it. God bless all your dear children ! you set me wild with the account of them. I am happy to hear they

¹A niece of Mrs. Greville.

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are so well recovered. The Bellamonts are not in town, that is to say *she*, for *he* lives in Dublin. I meet the creature for ever at the Castle, which is a drawback to my going there ; but I fancy I shall go there no more now, having dined there, been at one drawing-room and two balls. You need not fear my telling everybody that it is at your desire I endeavour to be reconciled to Emily, which I think of attempting by letter, that I may have a copy by me, a necessary precaution when one has any dealings with My Lord Bellamont ; you shall know the issue of it. My love to Mr Ogilvie and Charlotte, etc. Mr Conolly's and Sarah's to you. I must leave off, supper being on the table. In the gallery where we live 'tis the most comfortable room you ever saw, and quite warm ; supper at one end, the company at the other, and I am writing in one of the piers at a distance from them all, but must wish you a good-night, my dearest, dear sister,

L. A. C.

73. *Lady Louisa Conolly and others to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, Monday, December 14th, 1775

[*In Mrs Greville's handwriting*]

My dear Duchess,

They say you have ordered us all to write you a silly letter whilst we are gathered together here, but for my part I don't know how to be silly without you. I hope you got that I wrote you in the month of September from Wilbury ; it was very long, and, as I recollect, a kind of tragi-comical farce, that you will have had a great loss of, if it did not reach you. Your son and daughter are at present the most enjoyable people under the sun, and I really think you would be pleased with the Duchess, for if you had made her yourself she could not have been much better. The Duke and Duchess of Leinster are making such a noise with kissing and bustling at the end of the Gallery, that it is impossible to write a regular letter.

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[*In Another handwriting*]

The Humours of the Gallery

Dramatis Personae

Men

Lord Russborough

A man of wit and humour about town, much admired by the ladies, affects to laugh at gallantry, declares his resolution of living a bachelor, but is secretly in love with Mrs Catharine Macartney.

The Duke of Leinster, *alias*
Mr Honeycomb

Passes his whole time in kissing the *Duchess, alias Mrs Honeycomb.*

Mr Greville

A young gentleman of Cambridge who makes Miss Bannister read to him at night to cure his sore eyes.

Dean Marlay, *alias* Doctor
Moutch

A divine of the Church of England, of an amorous, farcical disposition, he is said,

“To pass his easy time instead of prayer,

In Madrigals and phillising the fair,” flirts openly with Mrs Greville, but is supposed to have a private design on Mrs Catharine Macartney, to whose estate he is much attracted.

Captain Skeffington

An handsome, modest young gentleman of gentle manners and tender disposition, the friend of Lord Russborough, the confidante of Mrs Catharine Macartney and beloved by all the ladies of the Gallery.

Women

Lady Louisa Conolly

A beautiful lady of the sweetest and most amiable manners, yet with much composure and skill contrives to

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY AND OTHERS TO DUCHESS OF
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display the characters of the ladies and gentlemen of the Gallery and to set them in action.

Lady Sarah Bunbury

A beauty of the very first class, who, while she captivates all with whom she converses, seems totally ignorant of her own charms and her own power; at present forsaken by Lord Russborough, her former admirer, who now openly avows his passion for Mrs Honeycomb, though privately carrying on his wicked schemes against Mrs Catharine Macartney; this falsehood and base ingratitude of Lord Russborough is borne with much seeming calmness and philosophy by Lady Sarah, while she in revenge is endeavouring to ruin him with Mrs Catharine Macartney, to prevent her from marrying him and to get to consent to take Dean Marlay for an husband.

Mrs Greville

A celebrated wit and much admired writer, pretending to despise her writings and, like Congreve, to scorn the title of wit; is courted and caressed by all the Gallery. Dean Marlay, *alias* Scarrafung, declares passion for her; she seems to encourage him, though she is deeply in love with Lord Russborough and joins with Lady Sarah in endeavouring to break his match with Mrs Catharine Macartney.

[*In Lord Russborough's handwriting*]

Translated for the benefit of the vulgar

Il ne sera pas dit que l'on a
hatte cette lettre à la chère

Never shall be said throughout all this
great nation,

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Duchesse sans donner quel-
que légère signification, bons
jours ou bons soirs se sera
l'heure que vous recevrez
ceci que je serais heureux si
je pouvais vous dire Moi
Meme, que personne ne sera
jamais plus à vous que

Russborough

By bachelor, matron and spinster,
That a letter without some slight
signification

We sent to her sweet Grace of Leinster.
As this shall arrive or good-day or
good-night,
Though others may make a great fuss,
Sure none to be near you would feel
such delight

As your slave and admirer,

Lord Russ.

P.S.

Monsr M et Madame G . . .
et ses beaux esprits me
morde de chaque côté. Je
ne sais pas comment me
defendre.

The satirical Dean and the bright
Mrs G.

On each side me so cruelly bite ;
From their gibes and their jeers shall
I never be free ?

Defend me, good Lord, with Thy
might.

[*In Another handwriting*]

Mrs Catharine Macartney

A lady of distinguished merit and
great fortune professes a violent
aversion to matrimony, yet cannot
conceal her passion for Lord
Russborough, whom she is determined
to marry without consulting her
friends ; at the same time, she is
throwing amorous glances on Dean
Marlay to win him from her sister
Greville and place him in the train of
her admirers.

[*In Another handwriting*]

A Night Scene in Mrs Catharine Macartney's Bedchamber.

'Twas in the quiet noon of night,
When fairies trip by Cynthia's light,
The Viscount from the gall'ry stalk'd,

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Quite lost in thought as on he walk'd.
Behind him march'd his trusty squire,
Who, load'n with his night attire,
Wonder'd for why he wou'd presume
Into the stranger lady's room
With vacant face and absent air
To go : unless expected there !
And more he marvell'd as he mus'd
For why he had all light refus'd !

At last the chamber door appear'd
And female voices straight were heard.
The Viscount envious drew more near
And soon these words salute his ear :
" It's very late : I'm quite unwell,
But sure Lord Russ : by wondrous spell
Makes time so light, so swiftly fly,
He'd make me laugh tho' death stood by."
Betty, meantime, with ghastly haste
The handkerchief and pins displac'd ;
And in soft accents kindly said :
" Dear Ma'am I wish you was in bed ;
I would not for the wit or wealth
Of Lord or Squire destroy your health."
Just then they heard a mighty bustling
Of people walking, curtains rustling,
And saw Lord Russ with bows advance
Stamm'ring excuses—" by what chance
I'm here—I beg you would believe,
Dear Madam—I cannot conceive.
But pardon me this rude intrusion ;
I vow—I'm in such vile confusion,
What I'm about I scarcely know ;
But haste—as *I came in*—to go."
Then to his valet, all enrag'd,
" Why am I in this scrape engag'd ?
Why did I wander in the gloom
So distant far from my own room ? "
" Ah ! blame not me ! " poor Jolland cried ;

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"Bus'ness I thought your Lordship's guide."
 "Bus'ness! What cou'd I have to do
 In such a room?—at midnight too!
 Nor can I guess what this can mean
 Unless in secret lay the Dean.
 It must be so—now is reveal'd
 The mystic meaning, long conceal'd,
 Of what my Grandmama often said,
 While erst she strok'd my infant head:
 'My child, in future times beware!
 Avoid,' she cried, 'the well-laid snare.
 Thy shining parts, thy beauteous form
 Full many a frozen heart will warm.
 But steady thou still on the wing
 Refuse like captur'd bird to sing,
 Nor wit nor malice shall prevail
 Till ancient maid and priest assail;
 And then may heav'n and earth defend!
 My charms must at that moment end—
 Ah! Jolland, what will be my fate?
 What worse thy blunders may create?
 Such pangs perhaps I must endure
 As *Daffy's daughter cannot cure!"

* Daffy's elixir made only by his daughter, which Lord Russborough takes for physic.

[In Another handwriting]

Though Honeycomb by name, and by nature, yet not so tiresome
as Mr and Mrs Gardiner, for we retire to a corner.

[In Another handwriting]

Nesuna brami pu sinceramente di vedervi chi.E.O. Honey Comb.

I

Come, come, my little cat,
 Oh! come, and do not tarry;
 All day we'll laugh and chat,
 But oh! we'll never marry.

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2

If you be sick at night
I'll send for Doctor Barry;¹
And, when he sets you right,
We'll chat, but never marry.

3

Sweet cat, be kind and true;
My love you shall not parry;
What joy to bill and coo,
But oh! what pain to marry.

Answer

1

Wedlock's detested chain,
Like you, I scorn to carry;
An emperor I'd disdain
If me he sought to marry.

2

I banish'd from my sight
Will, Tom, Dick, Ned and Harry,
Who press'd me morn and night
To go to Church and marry.

3

Tho' Russboro' loved by me
As Mossop² was by Barry,
Like you I will be free,
And die before I marry.

[In Another handwriting]

You must not be surprised, dearest sister, if we only send you the plot of the play, for it's in imitation of Mr Jephson, who does the same to Mr Garrick, and *we* therefore beg you won't expect the play yet. Pray take notice of *we* when I am writing in the name of the Beaux Esprits. I cannot let this letter go to my dearest

¹ Spranger Barry, the Irish actor-producer.

² Henry Mossop, actor.

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sister without a few lines, in which I must give her an account of a frolic of ours last night. Lord Russborough dined at Killadoon, upon receiving a most *kind* note from Lady Elizabeth begging him to supply Mr Clements's place, to entertain the Duke and Duchess of Leinster. At our dinner Mrs Catharine Macartney produced the foregoing verses, which we all agreed ought immediately to be sent to Lord Russborough and accordingly we all set out in masquerade dresses, and surprised Lady Elizabeth and the little Duchess, whom we alarmed a little, though she won't own it. We are not a little afraid that our young Marquess's face should suffer, but hope not, as she has just been here, and looks very well. Miss Littleton dressed as a Flora presented the verses to Lord Russborough upon her knees; we then proceeded to Colonel Marlay's, whom we surprised with Miss Littleton's pretty figure, Mr Greville's playing upon the fiddle, and Sarah dressed up like a gipsy with her child upon her back. Mr Marlay like Lady Brandon,¹ Mrs Greville Hostess Zuckley, Mrs Catharine Macartney like a priest, Miss Planta (Miss Littleton's governess) and I like nuns. In short, we were very merry, and wished for you as we always do. They are all gone this morning, but Mrs Greville, I hope, will come again next week, to meet Lord Harcourt, which will provoke wicked Mac. Mrs Catharine Macartney was very happy here, as we paid all proper attention to her and admired her verses, which are really good and well made upon the occasion of the adventure, which happened just as she has related it. We shall soon go to England, but will let you know when 'tis absolutely fixed on. Lord Russborough, Mr Marlay, Sally, etc. all desire their love to you and to Mr Ogilvie, to whom I beg mine. I believe I am writing a good deal of nonsense, for there is such a noise in the room I don't know what I am doing, and Lord Russborough is hurrying me, to carry the letter to town. Adieu, my dearest sister, what would not I give to have had you amongst us this Xmas! And think you would have liked it. All I can say is that you were continually thought of by us all, and that we all are most affectionately yours but none more sincerely than your faithful

Louisa.

¹ Ellis, Countess of Brandon (1709-89); dau. of James Agar; she m. (i) Theobald Bourke, 7th Visct. Mayo; (ii) Francis Bermingham, Lord Athenry. In 1758 she was cr. Countess of Brandon for life.

[1775]

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LEINSTER

Castletown, December the 16th, 1775.

[*In Another handwriting*]

Lord Russborough has told the Duchess in French how much he wishes to see her. I declare in plain English that nothing would give me greater pleasure than seeing your Grace, and that one of the warmest wishes of my heart is that the Duchess of Leinster and all connected with her may *enjoy* every happiness this world can afford.

[*In Another handwriting*]

Do you remember the hat you made me pay——

Tit for Tat.

[*In Another handwriting*]

Lord Russborough complains we write of nothing but him. Can there be too much said of him to you? Lord Russborough hopes you like his *tit for tat*. He says he was *knocked* all of a *heap*, by the frightful thing put into his bed last night. He was quite at an *amplush*; all the company here are alike, not a *barrel the better*. Herring.

[*In Another handwriting*]

A thousand compliments to Charlotte, I request, and Mr Ogilvie. I set out for England next month and then am to go abroad. I had seriously like to have been ravished last night by Mrs Catharine Macartney. Pray enclose me a line wrote with your own dear hand in Lady Louisa's next letter. . . .

[*In Another handwriting*]

Lord Russborough, though I do not always believe you, I do now declare you speak truth. You were ravished last night by Mrs Catharine Macartney. She rushed on you as an hungry lioness rushes on a young fawn. She sucked his blood and this day he has nothing but bare bones remaining.

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[*In Another handwriting*]

Dear Mr Ogilvie, you are a scholar and understand Latin ; tell us what is the meaning of an optical policy ; when applied to a tea pot, Mr Malone¹ can't tell.

[*In Another handwriting*]

End, end it ! God bless you ! End it !

Some fun for your money

[*In Another handwriting*]

Excuse tautology, and that we have not stroked the t's, nor tittled the i's.

¹ Edmund Malone (1741-1812), the critic.

1776

74. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 5th, 1776

Many happy new years to you, my dearest sister, and all that belong to you, is my sincere wish, as you may easily believe, your happiness being a very essential point to my own. In the midst of our Xmas party I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 11th of December, which is so kind and like yourself, that it gave me a heartfelt sort of satisfaction, which you understand better than words can express. And pray let me here thank Mr Ogilvie for his kindness to me, which I don't in the least doubt, and am very sensible of. Apropos to these same diamonds, I am curious to know what was said to you upon receiving them, because I am quite sure that William was vastly obliged to you for them, but perhaps he has not told you so. He and his little Duchess are now at Leinster Lodge, where we have thoughts of making them a visit ; I really wish to do it, I have taken such a fancy to her. Indeed, I don't know how I can do otherwise, because she has (I am told) conceived quite an unhappy passion for me, even admires my *beauty* so much as to like me better than Sarah. Her encouraging, engaging ways to me really please me, and I am sure I shall love her, and be sorry if other people don't like her as well, which your fine people will not do, for she certainly has but little knowledge of the world in her manner ; but then she will acquire it, and the *essentials* seem so good that one can scarcely wish her otherwise. She does everything she is bid, with the greatest good humour and complaisance, very lively, or rather merry, with a great deal of sensibility if she thinks she has done an awkward thing. I have a very great notion she is sensible. They seem vastly happy, she has a perfect admiration of him, and he seems very fond of her. God grant they may continue so. Mr Charles I find has been very remiss about writing to you, but I really believe the cause is what you say, not knowing how to answer that part about the sea ; however, I believe he has wrote long before this time, as I gave him a hint that you wished to hear from him, but did not take it ill of him the not having wrote

[1776]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

which you did say in a former letter. He expressed great pleasure at hearing you were not angry with him, seemed conscious of being in the wrong for having neglected it so long, and said he had wrote just before. I fancy that his cold letter to Charlotte must have been when he had fifty other things in his head, and not owing to anything that Emily has said to him ; for I did not find him in the least set against you, on the contrary, he expressed himself about you and Mr Ogilvie as I could wish, when we talked of you. He loves Emily, but he never defended her to me, and I don't believe she talked to him about you. We are going to England in about a fortnight's time, and Charles I believe goes with us, but I have not seen him very lately, as he is at Leinster Lodge. I shall settle about the Black Rock before I go ; but Mr Owens is so tiresome, that there is no getting anything from him, I have been daily expecting the drawings I bespoke of him for the cornice and finishing of your large rooms, but have not yet got them. I enclose you a bill of Charlotte's that Mr Collins the mercer sent me ; would you have it paid ? I received a letter from her this morning without a date, letting me know that the children are all well, but that you have been ill. I am very sorry for the cause of your illness, as I don't think that colds at those times are easily got over. I assure you I don't think I have quite flung off the effects of the bad cold I got in the summer, but I hope to hear soon that you have.

I must now give you some account of ourselves. My last letter to you, I believe, was that at the end of our nonsensical one wrote by all the company. Mrs Greville passed two more days with me in her way to Packenham Hall, and is more friendly than ever. She has all our reputations so much at heart, that she even would not let Emily suffer in the opinion of the world if she can help it ; and hearing me say that at your desire I should write to her to endeavour to be reconciled, she was struck with the blame that would fall on Emily if she still declined a reconciliation ; and therefore begged of me to let her feel the ground first, which she has done in some little *by-way* of her own, and I fear she has been rightly informed as to Emily's positiveness about it. However, I believe I shall still do it, that it may be an answer for me to give to so many people who are for ever telling me of her unhappiness about her family and love for them, which she is obliged to suffer in silence. When I hear all this I cannot stand it, and therefore wish to know the truth ; for if I could be satisfied that her obstinacy is owing

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to herself, and not to Lord Bellamont's positive command, I should endeavour to make up my mind about it, and persuade myself, as my poor sister Holland did, that the fewer people one loves, the better for one's peace of mind. I don't think it is a thing easily brought about, but I would try it in Emily's case, if I find that she really does not love me. I find that the Dowager Lady Longford is vastly your friend. Mr and Mrs Burgh have been with us this Xmas. She is just the same good-natured, pleasant woman she always was, and enquired kindly after you. She and Mr Burgh seem as happy and comfortable together as ever. I do think he is a most remarkable, pleasing man. The Gardiners are still here; the more I know of her the more partial I am to her, and cannot feel provoked at her fuss with her husband, as many people are. In the first place, he is so much to be liked, and she does like him so very much that it is natural to her to keep a rout about him; and one very great good I see in it, which is, that it occupies her so entirely, that she never meddles with other people's business; and never have I heard her abuse one single person, and God knows, others would be hard enough upon her, if she liked anybody else. The Staples's, Lord Harcourt, Lord Russborough, aides-de-camp, etc., to the number of eighteen have been with us this Xmas, for near three weeks at different times, so that I have had no time for writing to you, which has discomposed me; for I hate to pass my week or ten days at farthest. Our gallery was in great vogue, and really is a charming room, for there are such variety of occupations in it, that people cannot be formal in it. Lord Harcourt was writing, some of us played at whist, others at billiards, Mrs Gardiner at the harpsichord, others at work, others at chess, others reading, and supper at one end; all this without interruption to the different occupations. I have seldom seen twenty people in a room so easily disposed of. Charlotte tells me that you intend going to Montpellier to see Lady Barrymore and Lady Massareene, if you can't persuade them to go to you. I hope you have met, as I know what a pleasure it will be to you. Pray give my love to them, Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc., and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

75. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 7th, 1776

Though I wrote to you very lately, my dearest sister, yet I must thank you for your long letter that I received this evening with an account of what you have wrote to Lady Kildare concerning William, which I think you were in the right of, as there is nothing so useful in a family as a *right* understanding among them, which cannot be without a knowledge of the sentiments they are in, with regard to each other. In many things dear William is not so pleasant about you as I could wish; but, indeed, you do him injustice if you think he holds Mr Ogilvie cheap, or is insensible to his very great merit respecting the children; for I really have always heard him express himself quite warmly upon that subject. He is mighty queer about money, and his distress about it is, I am sure, the foundation of all that he does. I propose going to town to-morrow or Tuesday, and shall see Lady Kildare, whom I will speak to upon the subject of your letter. I did not know that she was melancholy at the thoughts of perhaps not seeing her grandchildren again, and think you so much in the right to be prepared to come to her, if she wishes it. My chief business in town was the Black Rock, and hoped to have met Mr Ward there, but he is to be out of town. We are to leave Ireland the 20th of this month, and I want to settle your affairs before I go. Dear me! how pleasant it is to hear you talk of coming over! I flatter myself your house will be so pretty that you will resolve to settle there. I don't like Mr Ogilvie's saying that he never thought of the *Irish* Parliament, as it looks as if he thought of *another*, and that would be ruin to us here. I am vastly diverted at your account of Lady St George; to say the truth, I suspected she was a fool, but never having heard anybody say so, I did not know what she might be. Mrs Anne Pitt is very comical indeed; I don't know better company and am glad you have had such pleasing accounts of our little Duchess from her; and also of the St Georges being the *sort* of people they are, for I had taken it into my head to be afraid of them, and to fancy that William was to be swallowed up, and directed by them, and so settled they would make him do disagreeable things. Take [no] notice, though, all a fancy of my own, for I have not seen anything like their doing so. I don't very well understand what Mr Ogilvie

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

means by giving Mr Owens £60 on his own account, and therefore will do nothing about it without further directions. Mr McDonald is at Boston still; I had a letter from him to-day. He does not mention anything about coming over, so that Owens may as well continue to live at the Black Rock till all is done. I am very glad you have wrote to Lady Roden, for she really loves you. Lady Clanbrassil is better and I hope will entirely recover. I shall tell her how kindly you interest yourself for her. Lady Roden spent a day here, and left us this morning. Poor Dean Marlay, why do you accuse him of loving a Duchess? For I do not think that is his fault. I am quite troubled at what you tell me of dear Lady Elizabeth and shall go to her to-morrow morning, to tell her how much she mistakes in thinking that I can mean to let our intimacy decrease; indeed, my not seeing her has not been my fault. She came over late in the summer, was a great deal at the Park, soon after she came, and since the 10th of October till my Xmas party confined me at Castletown, I have literally lived upon the Dublin road, not missing being in town three or four days every week. My conscience is really so clear, that I must make her sensible of it, and I love her so much that I can't bear she should suspect me of what I can never be guilty of towards her. It was very lucky you told me. I have just got rid of all our company, which has been pretty numerous these three weeks past. My love to Mr Ogilvie; Mr Conolly's and Sally's to you all. Direct your next to London, and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. C.

76. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, February the 15th, [1776]

I thought to have wrote you a comfortable letter to-day, my dearest sister, but I am hurried out this evening sooner than I intended, therefore can only write you a few lines to inform you of our arriving here this day seven-night. But Sally was impatient to go back to Goodwood, I therefore took her down immediately, and left her at Stoke, as my brother Richmond and the Duchess

came to town. I have found them all well, my brother the same as to his health, but not worse. Mr Conolly's family are in great affliction for poor Lady Buckingham's distress, who has lost her two little boys in the space of seven weeks, of the same disorder, water in their heads; she is, poor thing, in the most violent affliction, and Lady Anne very unhappy upon her account. But I hope she will grow a little more calm; she is gone into the country quite by herself, and will see nobody. Mrs Howe is in better spirits; she has had comfortable letters from General Howe, and for a few months hopes he is safe. I have not yet been anywhere, so can tell you little of this town. Dearest Charles came with us, stays about a week longer in London, and does not seem to wish to stay longer. He is vastly good to me, he lets me see so much of him; 'tis a very dear boy, whom I must interest myself for very warmly, I think him so promising and charming. I was vastly obliged to you for yours of the 4th of January; I am sure you spent a pleasant week at Montpellier. I long for Lady Barrymore's arrival to hear a great deal about you. Your next letters, I fancy, will inform us of your determinations about Italy; I don't know what to wish about your going, because I like you should be diverted, and I *like* you should come home. Lord Russborough came with us; he and Charles lodge at William's house, and the torment poor Lord Russborough endures with Charles is not to be described; he plays him all sorts of tricks, and very ridiculous ones, but Lord Russborough loves him, and can't live without him; and 'tis the same with Charles, who cannot let him alone, and yet is always with him. Charles is gone to-day to the House of Commons with Mr Conolly, as there is to be business on the subject of Ireland; 'tis expected to be a very late day. Sir John Blaquiére is thought to be in a very great scrape, having promised 4000 Hessian troops (to be paid by England) to Ireland, without the least authority. However, 'tis imagined he will be supported, which is very extraordinary after so much presumption. I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc.; Mr Conolly's also to you all. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

77. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

London, March the 1st, 1776

Just after I had wrote to Charlotte, my dearest sister, I received yours of the 28th of January from Ireland where it was directed, and was very happy to get so good an account of you all. I am vastly sorry to find that your spirits are low at times. I had flattered myself that the insensible perspiration that a warm climate gives would have carried off that sharpness in your blood, which you reckoned fell upon your nerves, but they will grow stronger I hope. The dear Lucy, how lovely it is in it to remember me ; but I believe I may thank some *folks* for that. Nothing can give me more pleasure, my dearest sister, than thinking I am dear to you, and shall ever be happy to give you proofs of my affections for you. Mr Ogilvie's letter of the 12th of this month that I received lately tells me that you were expecting Lady Kildare's letter in *fear* and *trembling* ; but from her manner of speaking to me, I flatter myself you will not have been vexed by her answer. I am vastly happy to find by Mr Ogilvie that you intend trying the Black Rock upon your return from abroad, and then I think we shall keep you. However, I must do the fair thing, and tell you that my brother Richmond imagines that Stansted in Sussex would suit you. The rent is £500 per annum, but there is so much land and venison that a great part of the rent would return to you ; the house is within a mile of a good bathing place, and by all accounts is charming. But now I have told you what he says about it, you must not expect that I shall argue in its favour ; though Mr Ogilvie says that Sussex is the country you incline naturally to settle in, but, on the contrary, I shall endeavour to find out all the objections to this scheme. I am vastly glad to hear that poor little Louisa has been strong enough to throw off the jaundice, and that pretty Ciss has got her teeth. Eddy's letter to me was vastly well wrote, and prettily expressed ; I have no doubt but that you will make those boys charming. I do not suppose that there can possibly be a better plan of education than that which you pursue, taking the advantages of two countries ; and that makes me almost wish (considering your own entertainment, too) that you should go to Italy, where I think that Charlotte, Henry and Edward must acquire useful and agreeable knowledge. I hope Charles will add to your party ; he is to leave this town next week.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I don't suppose he has gained anything here, because he has not been studying ; but I do not believe that he has got any taste for London, he seems tired of it, and has lived chiefly with us. I hope Paris will not be more agreeable to him, for I long to have him settled at Turin, from whence he proposes visiting you wherever you are. I am vastly anxious to have him settled where he has employments to fill up his time, for he is a charming boy. William and his little Duchess are settled for some months in Dublin, where I hear he is making some figure upon his marriage. He was to give Lord Harcourt a dinner, at which Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Catharine Macartney were to be asked ; I am glad he has been so stout about leaving out wicked Mac. Lord Russborough is soon going abroad, and vastly happy with the kind message I gave him from you ; he will certainly see you. Dear little Vesey as usual enquired kindly after you, but is a little hurt at your not having wrote to her ; but I soon comforted her, by assuring her that you loved her very much, and did not write very often yourself to anybody. She is to have a party soon, where Mr Le Tessier¹ is to read, his character now being a sheet of white paper, 'tis so clear. Loruagay, I hear, has behaved very shabbily and had no right to say what he did of him. I have been at three Assemblies and a ball, where the heads are more odd than anything you can conceive. Lord Villiers' house is just finished and beautiful. Mrs I. Pitt has furnished a room with a flock paper of the Barré colour, which one should not expect would look pretty with a great deal of gilding, but it does, lights remarkably well, and looks gay and warm for the winter. Lady Granby² is the bride of this year, but she has not yet made her appearance ; there is a Saxgotha mourning that confines her as yet, I imagine. I have not seen Lady Fludyer, which makes me conclude she is out of town. Mrs. Crofton I have seen ; poor woman, she has suffered more than usual, she tells me, but is rather better of late. Lord Clare³ is vastly happy at the thoughts of a grandchild ; he told me that Mrs Grenville expected to lie in every day. Whether 'tis the joy of having her settled and in so

¹ M Le Tessier, a French actor.

² Lady Mary Somerset ; youngest dau. of Charles Noel Somerset, 4th Duke of Beaufort ; m. (1775) Charles Manners, Marquis of Granby (afterwards 4th Duke of Rutland).

³ Robert Nugent (1720-88) ; cr. Visct. Clare (1767), Earl Nugent (1776) ; he was a wit and a poet.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

thriving a way, I can't tell, but he seems quite recovered and to be almost as well as ever. I had to-day the pleasure of seeing poor dear Bolle, who looks charmingly, and I have some hopes has buried poor Mrs Bolle, for he was in deep mourning, but I was afraid to ask after her. She had been so long ill, poor woman, that it was happy for her to die—if she is dead. Mercadié has been to see me, and begs her *respects*, etc., as usual. She is settled near Hoxton, where she can put her daughter at times when she grows too unruly for her to manage, and when better, takes her out again, which seems to satisfy Mercadié, that at least she does her duty by her; that indeed she has always done. I hope we shall go to Goodwood next week. My brother I think much as usual. I am very glad he wrote you a comfortable kind letter. I dare say he always meant to write so, for he is certainly a most affectionate brother. Sally is at Stoke. Mr Conolly's love to you all, with mine. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

78. *Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie*

London, March the 10th, [1776]

Dear Mr Ogilvie,

I fear you will *hate* the sight of a letter from me, as I generally address you when 'tis about money matters. However, the present sum is but trifling, as it is for Mrs Coustet's allowance, and two dozen bottles of Maredant's drops. Mrs Coustet had a year due to her last November; £10 per annum is her pension, as Lady Margaret Bentinck writes me word. She has appointed Monsieur Müyson, banker here, to receive her money, he is to call upon me for it and bring me her receipt. Lady Barrymore is not yet arrived, and as Charles is to set out to-morrow or next day, I would not lose that opportunity of sending Maredant's drops, which are six shillings a bottle, so that the two dozen come to £7 : 4 : 0. I will, therefore, trouble you to give me an order upon Sir Robert Herries for £17 : 4 : 0 and to desire him every November to pay Mrs Coustet's pension of £10 to Monsieur Müyson, whose direction I will give him, as soon as I know where he lives.

I must now thank you, dear Mr Ogilvie, for yours of the 25th of

February, which I had the pleasure of receiving two days ago ; and must say that it is by far the most *agreeable* letter I have got since you went abroad, because you do write as if you had thoughts of returning home. This time twelvemonth I hope we shall see you here. Though I am sorry you should lose the entertainment of seeing Italy, I cannot be very sorry as it brings you home a year sooner. Pray don't fancy that the sea air will disagree with my sister or that the Black Rock is too much confined ; the former I hope is rather wholesome for her, and the latter I am sure is *so* for your pockets ; and whenever it's dusty and hot and that you want more space, come to Castletown, where you will find a hearty welcome, and thanks for your company. But, in short, I will not allow myself to think of it yet, for fear of something happening to make a change. I think your scheme a very good one of saying you don't mean to settle in Ireland, and I shall take care to talk in that style. But the Black Rock House will be so pretty and so odd, that I hope you won't find [it] in your heart to leave it. I shall attend it with double pleasure at my return, now that there is a prospect of your enjoying it ; but as yet, to say the truth, I have had a *hopeless* sort of feel about it, that has prevented my setting about it with eagerness. I am very glad you understand the accounts I sent you ; I was quite fidgety 'till I was mistress of them. I will write to Mr Owens to carry the bills to Mr Ward, and to him likewise to beg of him to be so obliging as to cast an eye over them. Owens is tiresome to the last degree, but he has really executed the work well ; and I should not think the work was dear, as the whole sum for the house does not amount to more than one should expect for such a house. I understand by your letter that you are going to write Mr Owens word of the alterations in the book room, and also to give him final directions to finish the dining-room according to his section, only with the addition of a false door ; and the chimney-piece you bespeak yourselves. I have, therefore, only to repeat the same to him, and to tell him to proceed with the cornice and mouldings of the drawing-room, and the ceiling to be done flat and plain. But you will be pleased to remind my sister of what Sarah told her, that little Ryley can't work upon his back and upon his belly, as Mr Dean did at Carton many years ago for her Ladyship ; and, therefore, it will be necessary to have some sort of slight mouldings that the painting may be done on canvas, and so pasted up in the different compartments like my brother's.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

Very slight work will do, but it must be settled in order to go on altogether. I must introduce a little scold here to you in answer to my sister's part where, poor soul, she writes herself with her sore eye, to give me her commission, because you 'scruple to trouble me.' Oh fye! are not you ashamed of yourself? I am sure you ought. However, to *oblige* her, I will take the very great trouble of trying to get her a pretty chimney-piece for the drawing-room to her mind that won't ruin her. The price of Mrs Knox's I don't know; Lady Roden's two chimney-pieces were about fifty each. Lady Barrymore's tapestry chairs, which we have got, are the Moorfields tapestry where the carpets are made; they make a great variety of pretty chairs for a guinea and guinea-and-half per chair. The hangings I will enquire about. Mrs. Damer's tapestry I am almost sure is French, but will ask her the next time I see her. If you have your drawing-room chimney-piece bespoke here, you will only want three more: your dining-room, book-room, and long parlour, for the composition chimney-piece which is now at the Black Rock would do for my sister's dressing-room. It might do for the long parlour as to size.

As I have now answered all the business part of your letter, I must tell you that I saw Lady Fludyer this morning, who was vastly eager in her enquiries after my sister. Poor woman, she has spent a miserable summer, with apprehensions about her eldest son, who was for many months so ill she did not expect him to recover, but he is now very well again. She begged I would say a great deal to my sister when I wrote, and her compliments to you. She talks of my sister with so much affection that you would love her. Dearest Charles goes to-morrow or next day; I shall miss him sadly, having had a good deal of his agreeable company. Lord Russborough and he dined with me to-day. You cannot think what a favourite Lord Russborough is with Mr Conolly and me. Mr Conolly quite tastes him; and I flatter myself Lord Russborough likes him; we are all best of friends. Lord Russborough has very friendly good qualities. I have a great regard for him, and entertaining he is to be sure to the last degree. He told me that our two countesses were arrived at Dover. And to-night Dazarin informed us that they were detained there for want of money, and had sent a servant up to town to Lady Anne Conolly to send them down some, by which means they can't be in town before to-morrow. I long to see them. But think of their being so giddy as to let their money run short!

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Charles is tempted to stay to-morrow to dine here, to meet the Garricks ; I wish he may, though I did not attempt to persuade him. My kindest love to my sister, Charlotte, etc. Mr. Conolly's to you, etc. Believe me, dear Mr Ogilvie, yours very sincerely,

L. A. Conolly.

79. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, March the 15th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

This evening I received your very kind letter of the 3rd, and thank you most sincerely for it ; and cannot delay one moment telling you how happy you make me by your eagerness to see me. Indeed, I have no reason ever to doubt of the satisfaction it would give you ; but still it was vastly pleasant to me to read such pressing entreaties for to do a thing that would give me so much comfort and happiness. Your letter is come so luckily as I was just sitting down to tell you of a project I had of compassing (if possible) to see you, at the same time that I was to do rather an unpleasant thing. You must know then, that several attempts have been made to get Sir Charles to live again with Sarah, which for a long time I had great hopes of ; but this year 'tis finally determined that he will not, in consequence of which Sir Charles, my brother Richmond and I have had many conversations, and upon the whole have agreed that it is but fair to Sir Charles to set him free, and, therefore, that a divorce should take place. It has already gone through all the Ecclesiastical forms seven years ago, and the House of Lords is only to pass it ; however, it will still revive talk which is unpleasant, which made my brother Richmond and I talk of carrying Sarah to France for a little while. And the minute I heard of your having thoughts of Aubigni, I have been *twisting* it and *turning* it in my mind to contrive to see you. But as all our projects are very uncertain, I would not upon any account have you put yourselves out of your way ; but as soon as possible should be glad to know at what time you mean to be at Aubigni. The Irish elections pin us down sadly, and are so uncertain that we must be so too ; so that I *won't* give way to the excessively happy prospect of seeing you, till I think it more probable than I do at present. Do you

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

think you shall be so early at Aubigni as the beginning of May ? Pray let me know as soon as possible. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

PS. I spent four hours with dearest Lady Barrymore talking of you, and was so happy at the very, very pleasant account she gave me of you ; but she made me long to see you. I will not write more (positively) on this subject, for if I let myself *go*, I shall be so cruelly disappointed if I can't go after all, and it really depends on so many circumstances that I hardly hope it. So don't, my sweet sister, be too eager about it, for I know that you would be equally disappointed. There is one thing would prevent me, and that is Mr Conolly's being obliged to go to Ireland ; I confess I should not have the courage to let him be at such a distance from me. *Two* horrid seas between us would be such insurmountable difficulties if he was to be ill. I grow old in regard to cowardice, and have not the courage and resolution about things as I formerly had, but the little *pas de Calais* does not seem so terrible. God bless you once more, and pray let me hear soon.

80. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, March the 28th, 1776

My dearest sister,

I sit down to write to you because I am *sorry* and because I *must* ; as it is not fair to keep you any longer in the expectation of a pleasure which I find from various reasons I must give up ; in short, the going to Aubigni, which my head has been full of for sometime. All the little reasons that muster up the objection are too long for a letter, nor can they well be explained, but the chief is this. The abominable Irish elections are still uncertain, but to all appearances will be over the end of May, at which time the Parliament is to meet to choose a new Speaker, and Mr Conolly means to be at *that* election without dispute. Nothing but sickness would prevent his trying to be there to assist Mr Ponsonby,¹ and therefore any

¹ Rt. Hon. John Ponsonby (1713-89), 2nd son of Brabazon Ponsonby, 1st Earl of Bessborough. He was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 1736-71, and six times one of the Lords Justices for Ireland.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

thoughts of his going to France must be out of the question, in consequence of which I turned it in my mind whether I could not go. My brother and Sarah are to set out the 19th or 20th of April. If I went with them, I must be back by about the same time in May to be ready to set out for Ireland with Mr Conolly ; who very possibly in the interim might be obliged to set out for Ireland, if the Parliament should be dissolved sooner than they now expect, which one day we hear is to be, and another day it's contradicted. And for certain I could only be absent four weeks ; which, taking the two journeys out of that time, would reduce my visit to you to ten days at the most, besides the chance of delays, and your not being at Aubigni so soon as you expect. All this, added to the very great dislike I have of leaving Mr Conolly when I can possibly avoid it, have determined me to give up a very great pleasure indeed ; but I think I could not well do otherwise, and hope you won't be as sorry as I am about it. I am vastly happy at my brother's making you a visit, as I think that will be very pleasant to both Mr Ogilvie and you. Now, you dear, dear soul, don't colour up, and be huffed with Conolly, for it is not his fault ; for I absolutely could obtain no other answer from him than "just as you please, don't think of me, but make yourself happy." Before I determined I felt miserable at the thoughts of his going to Ireland, and my going so far from him ; and *now* I think perhaps there would be time, and, in short, am in that uncomfortable way that one must be, when one wants to accomplish two things that are incompatible. So that I will try to think no more about it, but look forward to this time twelvemonth when I hope you will be in England.

I enclose three drawings of Mr Carter's for chimney-pieces ; he says that Corinthian capitals are much the most expensive part of the chimney-piece, so that in another order you may have as showy a chimney-piece for much less money. I enclose a letter from Mr Owens, for though he says he has wrote Mr Ogilvie the same account, what he tells me about the bills seems reasonable. I have sent him an order for fifty pounds and will give him one next month for one hundred more, and pay nothing more till my return to Ireland, when I hope to find all things finished, and will then carry Mr Ward to the Black Rock, and shew him the bills I am to pay. He desired I would present his best respects to you, and to tell you that he was happy in any opportunity of serving you.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

By the by, I had a letter from William, who mentions with pleasure that he had a kind letter from you. The little Duchess's diamonds are all going to be metamorphosed. I am so sorry to part with the fine knot that I have admired for so many years, but, in short, a very, very fine pair of earrings and necklace is the thing, and the latter must be a single row of fine diamonds. My love to Mr Ogilvie and Charlotte. I am happy to hear from the latter that you escape breeding again. I saw a Mr Spiller who told me a great deal about you, and whom I questioned very much. Dear Lady Barrymore is not at all well; she has had a cold ever since she came and won't take care of it. I am really very uneasy about Lady Elizabeth, though they say she is not in danger. My dearest sister, yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

Lady Kildare writes me word she is sorry Emily did not look upon my writing to her as a condescension, and only says I was *severe* upon her Lord afterwards, which is not true; for I could not be so silly as to seek a reconciliation and do the very thing that was to prevent it. So that I look upon that as an excuse, and am very much hurt to find how little she loves me. But my heart is so perfectly *clean* towards her that I hope that will comfort me. I thought to have saved a cover which has made me write in this queer way.

81. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, April the 1st, 1776

My dearest, dear sister,

Why would you write me such a kind letter as yours of the 22nd of March? It sets me quite wild to see you, while I think there is a possibility of having so great a pleasure; and, since I had taken my resolution about giving up all thoughts of it, I had been finding out so many good reasons for not going, when your letter this evening has unsettled them all again. And yet I know that if it was to come to, I should feel vastly unpleasant at leaving Mr Conolly, particularly as there is a chance of his frisking off to Ireland before I could return, and the thoughts of *two* seas I cannot bring myself

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to. I really think I am growing old, for I have not the courage about things I used to have ; and, in truth, do not think I am so reasonable as I was. For I remember when I could sit down and weigh matters, and act according to my determination ; whereas now I often suffer from feels that draw me different ways. But I dare say it is so best, by degrees to have this life made less pleasant to one. Nothing, my dearest sister, can be more sensible than I am of your kindness to me ; and 'tis a very great pleasure to me to reflect on the steady friendship that has always subsisted between us, and which I hope will prove a mutual comfort to us both. I assure you, I have often thought back with regret on the time of Sarah's affair, which made me appear for a time different to what you had seen me. But, indeed, it was more owing to the turn of my temper than want of openness to you, for I do declare there is no confidence that I would not repose in you, let it be ever so distressing to myself. But when my mind is occupied with vexation I do not love to speak of it to anybody ; and I really believe it is a lucky turn for me, as most undoubtedly I have very great violence in my nature, which is mixed with all my feelings, and, of course, should always be kept down, or else I know too well what it carries me to, and think my safest way upon most occasions is to hold my tongue. I am aware that it is not the pleasantest way towards one's friends, but when one knows oneself, 'tis but right to have a guard over a known fault in one's composition. I do remember many and many a day when politics have cost me many tears, but the subject was too delicate for us ever to have named with propriety ; but Mr Ogilvie knows a little what I felt about it, and I knew you did the same. As to its interfering with my friendship for you, that was impossible ; but I may safely say it did not elsewhere, for I loved and respected that person as they deserved, and was always sensible of their goodness and affection to me. My brother had told me of your intention of selling £1000 of your jointure, and thought William was the best person to buy it. I have wrote to him to desire him to answer you upon that subject, and will speak to Lady Barrymore. I am no judge of those matters, but Mr Conolly tells me that there are fixed rules about annuities, which make it no favour on either side. I am vastly glad William has wrote pleasantly to you, and has given up to you his title to Cecilia's money. He writes me word also how happy he is at receiving very kind letters from you and hopes soon to settle everything relative to the children and you, and that you

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

will not attribute to want of affection his not bringing Mr Ogilvie into Parliament. I dare say he will behave very pleasantly to you when you go. I won't *allow* that anything is *necessary* to Mr Ogilvie when he has *you*, which I believe he agrees with me in. However, it will be a very great pleasure to Mr Conolly and me, to contribute in any shape towards his and your comfort, and am happy to think you feel that we can. I shall be so glad to have you settled at the Black Rock. And really 'tis large enough, for there is a very good tolerable walk round the grounds, and the house will be so odd and pretty, that you cannot be better lodged. I enquired at Moorfields about the tapestry which they have not yet made for hangings, but some bunches of flowers I saw, would be beautiful, in my opinion, and would come to about seventeen or eighteen shillings the square yard. If you don't meet with anything charming in France, I think you will please yourself here, but then you must bespeak it. I thank you for your account of all the dear children. I am sure they must be vastly improved by the very perfect system of education they have been in the way of. I am happy to hear they are all so well, and hope little Ciddy will be better at Aubigni. That creature George, I am sure it's lovely. Apropos to Ciddy and Mr Ogilvie, you may expect a letter from my brother, if he hears of your buying pictures, to scold you, as he has no notion of your not saving money for them. I told him I was very sure you intended it, but that it was not the nature of you to *save*, that you had never been used to business and I was afraid you would not do much that way. He then ask'd if Mr Ogilvie did not manage the money. I said I believed he did, but that he would deny you nothing, upon [which the] Duchess said she understood that delicacy in him . . .¹ him for it. But my brother said *that* . . .¹ *and Mr Ogilvie must be taken care of, I shall* . . .¹ *advise him to take all the money, and* . . .¹ *sister £200 : a year pin [money]* so you see what you [are to] expect. I encouraged him to write to Mr Ogilvie . . .¹ himself about him, I know . . .¹ and I don't think there is a *great* risk of . . .¹ Mr Ogilvie hard to you ; but I am diverted at . . .¹ £200 a year pin money who could not make . . .¹ I can't finish without telling you what William tells¹ in his letter of his little Duchess whom he is uneasy about, as she grows tall and thin, and loses her appetite, which will carry him to Carton

¹ Page torn.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

early to nourish her with asses' milk ; for that she is "an angel from Heaven ; so sweet a temper was never seen and studies nothing but to please me, dear little soul." It's mighty pleasant to have him so happy. There is no saying that she has *this* or *that* to make her agreeable, but yet one likes her, and 'tis impossible not to be partial to her. Mr Conolly's most affectionate love to you all ; mine also. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely and unalterably,

L. A. C.

82. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, April the 23rd, 1776

My dearest sister,

I returned yesterday from Sussex, and within these two or three days have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr Ogilvie, Henry, and you ; the last, your long one from Lyons, where I find you have received mine, which told you of my having given up (very reluctantly, I promise you) the French journey. But you will find, when you see my brother and Sarah, that it was as well to do it. I was afraid that in your own mind you would be angry with Mr Conolly about it, but am very happy that you are not, and won't *make mischief*. I thank you a thousand times for all your kind letters ; that written before you left Marseilles, one from Avignon, and the last with the charming account of your expedition to the Château de Grignan, which I shall carefully preserve, and make myself worthy of, by reading Sévigné's¹ letters again, for it is so long since I read them, that I have almost forgot them. I am vastly diverted at the thoughts of your nightly expedition to see this same château, and don't in the least wonder at you, as I should certainly do the same, for to see anything I was as eager about. I am happy to find you did not get cold by it, and vastly pleased to find you so eager and taken up with it, as it is a proof of your spirits being good ; for if one has anything to affect one's spirits, one cannot be amused with a thing of that sort. I shall long to hear of pretty George being better, and can't help being alarmed at his having a cough, but trust in God it will not last. I hope you have alarmed yourself unnecessarily about him, but cannot wonder at you. About this day I imagine you are arriving at Aubigni, where

¹ Marquise de Sévigné (1626-96) ; celebrated French letter-writer.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I hope you will be comfortably lodged ; and in less than a fortnight's time I suppose you will see my brother and Sarah there, as they propose sailing the 1st of May. The seeing my brother I know must be a great pleasure to you, and I am happy to think he is going to make acquaintance with Mr Ogilvie. I returned from Sussex yesterday, after spending a week at Goodwood and one at Stoke. I left them all well, but Sarah, who has got a most violent rheumatism in her head, and a kind of rash ; but still I hope she will be able to go with my brother. Lady Louisa is very happy with her regiment being quartered at Winchester in her neighbourhood, where she and my brother George are gone for some time. He looks vastly well, and enquires always very kindly after you. Charles Lennox¹ goes to France with my brother, and Mr Kempson,² the gentleman that has the care of him. I think you will be glad to have your family all settled at Aubigni ; it must be a vast moving the taking them all. I shall long to hear of your all being arrived safe and well. I have not wrote to you this great while not knowing where to direct my letters, but shall now go on regularly sending them to Aubigni. I am vastly obliged to you for your offer of executing any Lyons commission, but I won't trouble you, as I think it hardly worth while sending so far for clothes. I saw Lady Massereene's embroidery, which I thought very pretty. When you go to Paris I think I shall *amuse* you in commissions in the china way, as I want some to make out our dessert set of the Sèvres china ; but [I] shall write particular directions from Ireland where I long to be, but fear it will be the end of May before we get there ; the tiresome Parliament confines us sadly. I am writing at Richmond House, and therefore can't tell whether I have answered all your letters, but think I have mentioned them all. Give my love to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him I have received the order for the money. I have not heard from Owens since March, but hope he is going on well. The Duchess of Kingston's³ trial ended yesterday ; her Grace is condemned to be Countess of Bristol, and what is to be done with her

¹ Charles Lennox (1746-1819), son of Lord George Lennox ; he succ. his uncle, Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond, in 1806.

²A tutor.

³ Elizabeth Chudleigh m. (1744) Augustus John, 3rd Earl of Bristol, Vice-Admiral of the Blue. The marriage was a private one. On 8 March, 1769, she publicly married Evelyn Pierrepont, the last Duke of Kingston, during the lifetime of her former husband. She was tried by her peers in Westminster Hall, when the marriage was proved to be illegal (22 April, 1776). The Duchess retired to the Continent, where she died in 1788.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

money is yet to be determined by law. She has received no punishment this time, but is to be hanged the next time she marries during Lord Bristol's lifetime. I am told it was a curious trial. I am sorry I came a day too late, as I should have liked to see one day of it. This talk is lucky for us at this time, as it drowns Sarah's Bill of divorce, which is to have the second reading to-morrow. I feel very awkward at being in town while [it is] going on, but did not expect it till Monday next, when I shall be out of town again. I do not wonder that you wished it not to take place, but my brother will explain all the reasons to you that made us think it necessary to give it up; and imagine you will agree with us that it could not be otherwise. Adieu, my dear, dearest sister. Ever yours with the sincerest affection,

L. A. Conolly.

I shall write to Sophie and Henry next, to thank them for their letters. I enclose a bill Mr Giles, from the Worcester Warehouse, brought me to-day; be so good as to send your orders about it.

83. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, April the 30th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

I have been at Twickenham two days, which I spent very comfortably with Mrs Howe; and at my return this morning found your very kind letter of the 21st from Lyons, which I must thank you for directly. I am very sorry indeed, my poor soul, to find that your nerves are so bad at certain time, and that the illness occasioned by it lasts so long. 'Tis really dreadful to be so ill so long a time out of every month; one almost thinks that another little Ogy would agree better with you, and yet when one thinks there have been twenty, your stock must be out surely. I hope, my dearest sister, that your spirits being weak makes you think lovely George worse than he is. His having a cough is certainly very unpleasant, but as the summer is coming on, I flatter myself he will soon get rid of it; the change of air most likely will carry it off, and wish that travelling may throw his rash out cleverly. Pretty creature, I don't wonder he should keep you in anxiety.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I suppose you are now at Aubigni, where I am glad you should arrive before my brother gets there, as being flurried is a very unpleasant feel, and I understand yours perfectly though it is to be mixed with pleasure. Pray give my kindest love to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him how very sorry I am not to be present at his meeting with my brother; and you must know that I had been vain enough to think that he would wish for me upon that occasion, and should have been very glad to take him under *my* wing; though I do not think there is the smallest occasion, as I know my brother to be one of the most unprejudiced men living and one of the most reasonable. However, I understand Mr Ogilvie's feels about it, and shall be glad for his sake to have the meeting over. I am vastly sorry for your disappointment about Charles, but as it is not a long journey, he may soon go to make you a visit; and in the meantime 'tis pleasant to think that he reckons his time precious. My brother is still at Goodwood, but in the course of this week will go to Brighthelmston to sail for Dieppe, so that in ten days' time I reckon you will meet.

I am sorry I alarmed you about our little Duchess, for I find she is better; I had a comfortable letter from William to tell me she was recovering her appetite and flesh a little. He was settled at Carton so early as the 17th, which looks comfortable, and as if they enjoyed a domestic life. I understand from him that you don't approve of his manner of paying the children's money, not that he tells me how it was to be; but says he thought it would have been better for you both, as neither you nor him could be call'd to an account afterwards. He adds that he supposes he did not write clearly, which I imagine was the case, as I dare say Mr Ogilvie and you wish as much as he can do to have all money matters clearly adjusted; but you will have good help in my brother, who is so very clear, and by whose decision William is quite satisfied to abide by. My love to Charlotte, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister. I know your partiality for me, and, therefore, don't answer that flattering part of your letter with regard to me, which, though I know I don't deserve [it], I like you should think I do; and 'tis a very great blessing to me to think how much you love me, I can only add that
 am not behindhand with you upon that score, and that I am most sincerely and affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

84. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Goodwood, May the 5th, 1776.

My dearest sister,

I returned so late from Portsmouth last night and Mr Conolly is obliged to set off for town so very early this morning, that I can only write a very few lines just to tell you that I have had an answer from Lord Buckinghamshire telling me that it is not in his power to grant Henry's leave of absence, that it must be asked of His Majesty. And adds that I must "excuse his suggesting that when there is a prospect of service, perhaps, it were better for a young soldier not to solicit it." I conclude, my dearest sister, that you would not have any steps taken towards making the King this request, therefore shall take none. I saw Charles yesterday as we passed his ship, but could not ask him if he was promoted to the dignity of a Lieutenant, which we hoped the King's visit on board the *Prince George* might have procured. I went on board his ship the evening before, where I found him much distressed at Mr Ogilvie's letter, as it mentioned your being displeased at him for not having wrote to you. He made but a bad excuse about being lazy. But what was better was the really being vexed at your displeasure, which I told him I would undertake to *make up* for him. Dear creature, he is very well, and in great spirits, and approved of for his diligence by his officers. He can't leave his ship, and is so desirous of seeing Henry, for ever so short a time, that he begged I would beg the favour of you (if he came to Dieppe) to bid him go to Portsmouth on board the *Prince George*, or the *Victory* (which latter ship they are to go on board of, if it comes round in time) just to see him. Love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

85. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, May the 17th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

I have a letter of yours to answer from Aubigni, and, therefore, ought to write; but being a little hurried just now, I should postpone it if I had not received this evening a letter from my brother

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to tell me how much he likes Mr Ogilvie. You may be sure that *je n'ai rien de si pressé que de vous le dire*. He tells me that in one day one can judge but a little, but as far as he can do it, he likes him very much indeed. He seems not only sensible and attentive to you, but very agreeable and pleasing in his manners; that to him the Scotch tone, especially in French, is not pleasing, and that a little want of ease, which is seldom obtained unless in the very early part of life, were such trifles against a man of sense, learning, good humour, and real merit towards a sister he loved so much, that they were nothing. I should not have believed the pleasant things my brother tells me, if he had not mentioned Mr Ogilvie's want of ease, because I am very sure Mr Ogilvie was very far from being at his ease. His eyebrows, I dare say, met his wig, and his mouth was pursed up upon seeing my brother. My brother, I know, does not like a Scotch voice, and, therefore, if he had not mentioned it, I should have thought that he said a few kind things to please us, and had not wrote his real sentiments; but now I am sure he has told me just what he thought, and it makes me happy to a degree to think of the pleasure it will give you. In another part of his letter he says that he verily believes that, excepting some awkwardness that it must cause in the world, you will be as happy with him as you could be with any man. He then tells me of the health of the children and talks of that beautiful George. I find he has wrote to William about the allowance; I am very glad to have him the person employed between you. I shall go to-morrow morning to Dowager Lady Barrymore to shew her my brother's letter, as I know how much it will please her. I heard from Sally yesterday; she is better. Poor soul, it has been a sad disappointment to her the not going to France. The bell is ringing, so I must send my letter to the post instantly; only assure you of my being, my dearest sister, ever yours,

L. A. C.

86. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, May the 21st, [1776]

My dearest sister,

I received Mr Ogilvie's yesterday of the 11th, and am mighty glad to hear you did such a good thing for your health as to saunter

out a whole evening and tire yourself so as to go to bed very sleepy, which he gives as an excuse for your not writing to me. You may be very sure, my dearest sister, that his letter was a very great pleasure to me, as you and he are both so pleased with my brother's reception of him. I had not the least doubt of its being so, because I do look upon my brother as a most remarkable, unprejudiced man. And where that is the case, Mr Ogilvie's merit and good qualities will have their weight. I have seen a letter of my brother's to Lady Louisa Lennox, where he expresses himself in the same style he does to me. I flatter myself that this visit of his will prove a very agreeable one to you in every respect, and in the *amusement* way not a little so, for making you go to Paris with him. I won't trouble you now with commissions there, as I don't know till I get to Ireland what I want in the china way; but when you take it in your way home next winter I will then trouble you. I am vastly sorry that Mr Ogilvie took the trouble of explaining to me about the Duke of Leinster's method of payment; for I did not imagine that you or Mr Ogilvie were in the *wrong*, and concluded that it was some misunderstanding which I mentioned that Mr Ogilvie might know what William thought of the matter. But I dare say it must be set right, for the will is the clearest of all things. Give my love to Mr Ogilvie and thank him for his letter, which is very like himself; but I beg he will have no more *regrets*, at least upon *my* account, for what is over long ago; and which from henceforward I think must give me pleasure, as I expect to have the satisfaction of seeing you very happy, and you know, my dearest sister, how material that is to me. I began this letter this morning hoping to write a little comfortably, but this abominable town never allows one to do what one likes, and now the post is just going out, so that I can write but a few lines more. Mrs Howe dined with me, who begged I would give her love to you. Poor soul, she keeps up her spirits wonderfully considering the summer is before her, during which time she must expect that something will be going on in America. That creature, Charles, to stay so long at Paris! I imagine that Lady Barrymore kept him there, for she is but just arrived in London, and I hear gives a most entertaining account of Paris. I have not seen her yet. Our dear Dowager has never thrown off a violent cold she brought with her from the Continent, and looks thin, but her spirits are good, and the air of Leixlip I hope will do her good. She sets out for Ireland the 26th of this month. I hear

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LADY SARAH LENNOX AND LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO
DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

that Lady Elizabeth is better, but not well enough yet to leave Dublin. Lady Kildare as usual writes me the kindest letters that can be, but in her last does not name Emily at all. I hear that we are to keep Lord Harcourt another year in Ireland, which I am glad of, as I should have been sorry to have had Lord Buckinghamshire he is too near a relation, and yet should have disliked Lord Hillsborough; and those, I understand, were the two in question, as Lord Rochfort,¹ I hear, declined it upon its being determined to keep a resident Lord Lieutenant. So that I have nothing disagreeable of that sort now but the neighbourhood of Mac at St Wolstans;² but I fancy I shall be stout in keeping her from Castletown. I have had Miss Waring with me this last fortnight in her way from Bath, where I don't think she received any benefit from the waters; she is vastly fallen away, and is ill, but keeps her good looks in the face. She begs I may present her compliments to you all. Lady Charlotte Hill³ is married, but I have not seen her or Mr Talbot since, but have done the civil thing of leaving my name at all their doors. I am going to Goodwood to-morrow to make Sally a visit before I return to Ireland. She has been better since my brother went, but is now not quite so well again, so that I shall bring her to town unless I find her much mended. I hope you have entirely got rid of your rheumatism. Well, I must have done. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

87. *Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of
Leinster*

Halnaker, May the 26th, [1776]

⁴I have altered the date of my letter because I kept it till Louisa came and goes again, and she takes it to town. I don't go to London now at least, for I am better; and Guildford Races are this week

¹ William Henry Nassau de Zulestein, 4th Earl of Rochfort (1717-81). In Dec., 1776, he was appointed Secretary of State for the Northern Department.

² St. Wolstans, Co. Kildare; it exhibited some of the finest garden scenery in Ireland.

³ On 7 May, 1776, Lady Charlotte Hill married John Talbot, Lord (afterwards Earl) Talbot.

⁴ End of a missing letter of Lady Sarah's.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

and I should meet Sir Charles and all the world on the road. If I grow worse I must get the Duchess to take me. I leave the rest of the sheet for Louisa.¹

As I go to town to-morrow and set off this day seven-night for Ireland, my dearest sister, I shall not probably have much time the few days I spend in London, to write ; therefore, take the opportunity of the remains of this sheet of paper to tell you that poor Sarah is better, enough so not to make it necessary for her to go to town at present, considering the awkwardness of the time. But I think her very far from well, and fear she is likely to have a tedious illness ; for she is just as you were two summers ago, now and then tolerably well, and then very ill indeed. I wish you could see all the letters my brother [has] wrote about Mr Ogilvie ; they would please you, and you may be very sure have been no small satisfaction to me. I hope you will divert yourself at Paris, from whence I do not expect to hear from you, because I know how you will be taken up. My love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister. Believe me ever sincerely and most affectionately yours,

L. A. C.

88. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Kildare, June the 12th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

The day before I left London I received your two kind letters of the 15th and 26th of May, and thought to have answered them comfortably upon getting home to Castletown, which we did last Thursday the 6th. But Mr Conolly was taken ill the day after we came home, and last Sunday was so ill as to alarm me a good deal. Thank God, he is wonderfully mended, and felt so well that I could not keep him from coming here, which I don't think has done him any harm. But I shall be glad to get him quiet at Castletown after the meeting of Parliament, which comes on next Tuesday. Mr Conolly has neglected a feverish complaint he has had on him for some weeks, which has put his blood into a bad state, and occasions a

¹ End of a missing letter of Lady Sarah's.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

bad attack upon the slightest indisposition. Mr Power (whom you know I have a great opinion of) has ordered him a decoction of the woods to sweeten his blood, which he is going to take, and after that a little sea bathing, I hope, will set him quite right again. I thought to have visited your house at the Black Rock this Curragh week, but as Mr Conolly would come here, I came too, as he requires a great deal of care, which I know he won't take without I am with him. I have seen William very often, who told me of my brother's letter to him, which he says is as kind as possible and friendly, that nobody has a greater influence on him than my brother has, he has so high an opinion of his sense and principles, and thinks him partial to him, all which things, he says, must give him great weight with him. You cannot think how often I read over your letters in general, but particularly that from Aubigni, where you let yourself run out about my brother. In this world there is nothing so pleasant as having those one loves love each other; and the happiness it has given me that you should love my brother as I do, is not to be told. I don't think you ever did know him rightly before, and the idea that you would find him such a treasure as he is, was one of the things that pleased me so much in this visit to you. I am so sure that nobody is more to be depended on; and where he can shew friendship and kindness, I am always *sure* of him. I really think he is one of the first characters in the world, and have always thought so since I first knew him, which I don't reckon was the case till seven years ago; but since that time I have indeed looked up to him, and have met with the sincerest friendship from him. He is vastly pleased with you all, and wrote the Duchess word that you were so pleasant he was quite loath to leave you. After telling me a great deal about you all (particularly Mr. Ogilvie, whom he really likes very much indeed; 'tis needless to repeat what he says about him, but I can in [a] few words satisfy you when I tell you that nobody can know him better, and sees him just as he is; which I hardly expected would be the case upon so short an acquaintance; but he wrote me word he hoped Mr Ogilvie was losing his fears of him, which I suppose he did, and that made my brother get acquainted with his character)—but to return to what I was going to say. My brother tells me I shall *hate* him for that he recommends strongly your living in England, that Mr Ogilvie would like it, and that the only bar to his determining on it or at least his greatest objection is *me*. He then tells me how kindly

Mr Ogilvie speaks of me, for which I beg to return him a thousand thanks, and pray tell him how obliged to him I am. My brother allows that the parting you and I is a great objection ; but proceeds with so many reasons that I wrote him word that I would not upon any account be a bar to any scheme that might be advantageous to you ; that I had always loved you too disinterestedly to prefer my satisfaction to yours, and hoped I was not so selfish. Indeed, my dearest sister, that is the case, and if it should turn out your wish or advantage to settle in England, I must not be considered, because I could not enjoy myself if I thought you and Mr Ogilvie lost anything upon my account. I hate the subject and therefore have never listened much to the reasons for it ; but as Mr Ogilvie is so very kind as to consider me, I must consider him, and not suffer his goodness to me to stand in his way of an agreeable or advantageous situation ; so remember, my dearest sister, I *will* not be considered. My brother tells me that you have only a lease of sixty years for the Black Rock, which I did not know. That alters the case much as to your keeping *that* particular place on account of the *Ciddy*, but you may meet with many other pretty places in Ireland. According to your orders I always talk of your coming to Ireland as for a visit. The worst of saying that is that it vexes your friends sadly. Lord Harcourt often drops hints about country places that Government ought to buy for the Lord-Lieutenant. Your house would be the thing. I shall go there next week, and let you know what has been done. Mr Owens tells me he never received any orders from Mr. Ogilvie about finishing the new rooms till the day before I landed ; but that he had all materials prepared from what I wrote him word from London, which directions were not very exact, as I referred him to the letter Mr. Ogilvie told me he had wrote him. 'Tis very odd that so many letters between Mr Ogilvie and Mr Owens should be lost, and scarcely any of ours since you left Ireland. He tells me he sent some accounts Mr Ogilvie never received. I gave him an order for £100 ; he complains of my having kept him very bare of money. As I told you in the beginning of my letter, I only got your two letters the evening before I left London, so that I could not pay Mr Giles's bill, for Mr Conolly was out that evening, [and] did [not] come in till I was gone to bed ; and the next [morning] we set out too early for me to do *any* business. But the next time I see Mr Underwood I will settle it with him. Mr Popham is in Ireland, so that I could not have got the copy from

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

him, had I received your letter sooner. But Mr Conolly's Law Agent in London is John Palmer, at Serles Coffee House, Lincoln's Inn, a man of very good character. If Mr Ogilvie writes to him, probably by that time Mr Popham will be returned to London, and can give Mr Palmer the copy that is wanted. I believe you are quite right in employing another attorney than Mr. Popham. I have had a letter to-day from dear Sally, telling me that she is a little better, but that she has had so violent a purging (that nothing would stop) so as to alarm her. I cannot help being uneasy about her, her state of health seems so bad; I dread her getting into such sort of health as my poor brother's. I imagine he is by this time returning to England.

Castletown, the——¹

We came home last night, that Mr Conolly might take physic. [He] is better, and I hope will soon entirely throw off his fever. We return to the Curragh to-morrow where William and his little Duchess go. They dined with us to-day, and she looks in perfect health again. They seem as happy as possible. Lady Barrymore is come. Poor Lady Elizabeth still continues very weak, and is going to Bristol. But I have seen nobody yet, as I dare not leave Mr Conolly to himself. Next week you shall hear again with an account of all our friends. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. C.

89. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 27th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

Since I wrote last I was at the Black Rock, which I really think will be finished the 1st October next, according to Mr Owens's promise. The offices below are all finished, and remarkably good ones. The kitchen is almost done, and answers better than could have been expected. Your dressing-room, book-room, passage and large room are yet unfinished; the book-room, I find, you

¹ Page torn.

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have ordered should be finished quite plain, and Mr Owens was going to do it without a cornice ; but as I imagine it cannot be amiss to any finishing you may hereafter make, I have desired a very small neat one, and hope I have not done wrong. Your dining-room is doing, and all the bedchambers above stairs ready for papering. I fancy we shall inhabit some of them this summer, as I fancy it will be necessary for Mr Conolly to bathe. He is recovering his fever very slowly, and is still very weak and low at times, and so easily hurried with company that I keep him as quiet as I can. It is an ugly lurking fever that has taken great hold of him, but he is certainly so much better that I flatter myself it is going off.

Lady Clanbrassill comes to me to-morrow for a few days ; she is but an invalid, and, I fear, owing to her beginning to break. Lady Roden, I fancy, is by this time gone out of town ; her spirits are easily lowered and the loss of her little girl affected them ; I spent one evening with her. She always asks me if you name her to me, and thinks you mean to drop her ; which I have endeavoured to prevent her doing, as I don't fancy you have any such intention. I dined with Lady Kildare, whom I think is growing very weak, but she says she is well, and looks so. Mrs Nicholson and Lady Elizabeth were out when I called on them ; the latter is going immediately to Bristol, and was much worse upon William Skeffington's illness, whose life was despaired of, but is now out of danger. Lady Elizabeth is also better. Poor William Skeffington caught a fever at those vile elections which had very near cost him his life, but he is recovering. You cannot think how sorry everybody was for him, particularly as it affected dear Lady Elizabeth so much. I flatter myself she is not in danger, as her complaint is only weakness, from miscarrying in that tedious way, and the long confinement she has had. I hope Bristol will recover her, and pretty Mrs Ponsonby, who is going for a complaint of the sort. I must tell you how affectionately Dean Marlay behaved to William Skeffington. Lady Massereene told me that he never left his bed-side, and not only was content to give the medicines, but made his whey, and all his drink ; in short, was quite a nurse. So you must allow I am not wrong when I think him friendly. Mrs Greville and Musky are still in Ireland, and stay for some time, so that I shall see them again here. Lady Barrymore has at last flung off her cold, and looks charmingly ; I hope to see her very

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

often this summer. Wicked Mac is at St Wolstans, and Lord Harcourt has never dared visit us since she came. I am very *proud* at her not venturing to come to see me, for she forces herself everywhere else. By this time I reckon you have lost my brother, whom I am sure you miss. My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister ; believe me most affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

90. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, July the 11th, [1776]

It is so long since I have wrote to you, my dearest sister, that you'll begin to think I am dead. But the thing is I have had constant company in the house for this fortnight past, and really have not had time. Dear Lady Clanbrassil stayed ten days of the time, and you know she don't love being left alone ; and at this time, being an invalid, required still more attention, it being summer, and that *same walking* that I don't like giving up, nor Mr Conolly for me, took up all the time I could spare from her. However, I could not regret my want of leisure, she is so charming and so pleasant, was remarkably so this time and comfortable to a degree.

(*The 16th*) I wrote Mr Ogilvie word, my dearest sister, last Saturday that I had begun a letter to you which is this, as you will see by the two dates. Mrs Greville spent above a week with me, Musky Pusky happily only breakfasted with me in her way to Summerhill¹ to my great joy, for surely she is more disagreeable than anything ever was, and yet has many materials to make her otherwise. 'Tis very pert of me, I must confess, to think her so disagreeable, but I cannot help it ; her niece, Miss Littleton, is a sweet girl in figure and manners. Miss Plante, her governess, is really a treasure and the only person I ever saw in that station that I should like ; she is so exactly what one wants that I cannot help having an eye towards her for you, if ever you should want such a person. Miss Littleton

¹ Summerhill, Co. Meath ; described by Bishop Pocock in his *Tour of Ireland* as resembling a grand palace built in the Vanbrugh style, for the Rt. Hon. Hercules Langford Rowley. Its architect was Richard Castle, a German, the designer of Carton and many other Irish country houses.

is between thirteen and fourteen and, of course, will want her a few years ; but Mrs Macartney has talked of her being such a treasure to anybody that can get her, when Miss Littleton has done with her, which shews that she does not mean to keep her always. I don't think you are likely to want such a person, but if ever you did, I think I could answer for your liking this young woman. We have had Mr Cary, Lady Jane, and their two neices, an electioneering civility, you may suppose. But Lady Jane is so remarkably good-humoured that 'tis impossible to dislike her. After naming Lady Clanbrassil and Mrs Greville you may be sure I have had agreeable company, but the succession and length of time tires me. I sometimes fear that I am an unsociable sort of animal, I do enjoy so prodigiously the being alone. Mr Conolly and I begin to feel that we are not quite as young as we were, and don't like so much company as we are obliged to see here ; but I hope by degrees to break through it. I think poor Mrs Greville is in a very indifferent state of health, her nerves are wretched. She desired I would give her love to you, and tell you that, *miscreant* as you are in never having answered her long letter, she loves you dearly ; indeed, I'll answer for it she does. How sensible she is about everything ! By the by, she and I are so diverted at a thing wicked Mac said about you that I must tell it to you. Sometimes you are in vast favour, at other times not ; that changeableness in her is not new to you. However, in one of her humours she was pleased to find vast fault with you about your marriage, and said " what a sad thing it was that you should fling yourself away when she knew what a marriage you might have made for that Lord Harcourt admired you so much that he had had it in his thoughts to marry you." So you see what a *loss* you have had. But I fancy it's *made up* to you by the diversion this account will give you. 'Tis a matter of doubt with many whether she is not married to him herself, but I hope not for the sake of the Nunehams and Colonel Harcourt, who all hate her. The Gardiners were here part of the time that Mrs Greville was ; they took mightily to each other. From us they went to Carton where William was vastly pleased to see them. Mr Gardiner is such a very worthy man, that he is a valuable friend to anybody ; and Mrs Gardiner has got into favour with William, which I am glad of, for she is a favourite of mine. She has three such good qualities for an intimate : first, that of never troubling her head about other peoples' business ; being vastly good-humoured and cheerful ; and

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always amused. The little Duchess and I went to visit Mrs Luttrell t'other evening, but did not find her at home. I suppose you know that I am speaking of Miss Boyd that is married to Colonel Luttrell. It seems he has liked her for above three years, which I hope is a good omen of his constancy hereafter. We afterwards went to Mrs Theophilus Clements,¹ who has got into their new drawing-room, and is one of the prettiest rooms I ever saw, upon the plan of Mr Pery's bow-window room, but still prettier, though not quite so large. I went with Mrs Greville to Summerhill, where I found Lady Langford² better than in winter; though she is confined to the house chiefly by a weakness in her bladder. Mrs Rowley has got a thumping girl so much bigger than herself that it is ridiculous; but it has improved her complexion; I never saw her look so well. She remembers how kind you were always to her, and enquired much after you, as did Lady Langford; and, indeed, all those you care about do the same. I had a very lively note from Lady Kildare in answer to one of enquiries after her; she gives but an indifferent account of herself, says her legs swell, and are like two logs of wood to drag after her, and shooting pains that lower her, but that she amuses herself with her card parties. Lady Barrymore is gone to spend a week in town to be with her. I intended going to make her a visit, but am confined with a painful boil near my mouth, which obliges me to keep a poultice on in the day as well as the night. 'Tis provoking that so trifling a thing should tease one as it does, but it is really a vast deal of pain.' We dined one day at Leixlip while Mrs Greville was with me; she and Lady Barrymore liked each other. I must tell you a *drôle* conceit of Mrs Greville's about Lady M. She says she gives her the idea of the little parrots that have had their tongues slit to be made to prate. But, talking of dinners, my dear sister, you have been the cause of some painful ones at Carton. While Lady Clanbrassil and Lady Roden were with me we met the Leixlip people there, and though they are all partial to William and his little Duchess and liked going to dine with them, they all told me how dreadful it was to them. And as Lady Clanbrassil said, she could not look at the little Duchess (who by the by quite forgot to offer the soup about) without thinking of

¹ Catherine, dau. of Rt. Hon. John Beresford; m. (1773) Henry Theophilus Clements, M.P. for Cavan, and a Privy Councillor.

² Elizabeth, only dau. of Clotworthy Upton; m. (1732) Hercules Langford Rowley. In 1766, she was cr. Viscountess Langford.

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your looks at that table. In short, it was all so different that it was dreadful. Luckily we were sixteen at table, so that it was easier for them to carry it off. Though dear William must be sensible that one don't love him a bit the less for all the feels one has, yet I had rather he did not see them for fear of its hurting him. Mrs Catherine Macartney and Mrs Greville likewise dined there, and lay one night, and were so melancholy about it, that they were not sorry to come away; though the Duke and Duchess have been remarkably civil and kind to them, and they are very grateful for it, and like them both very much.

After giving you such a long account of ourselves, I think it is time to tell you how glad I was at receiving Charlotte's letter of the 30th of June the day before yesterday, which tells me of your being so well recovered. I hope to hear soon of your being returned to Aubigni; for being confined at this time of year in so noisy a town must flurry your nerves, which I hope the country will set to rights, since you won't hear of Spa. I think Mr Ogilvie is very good to give up so much to you; but if Spa was necessary for your health, I wish you would not be such an absolute queen. Consider that you are probably leaving off having children, which must be a critical change in the constitution. For God's sake, my dearest sister, let your health be your first object (in your plans of moving, at least). I am vastly happy that you have had so much comfort in my brother's visit; he was so good as to write to me from Goodwood, and I fancy is as much pleased with his visit, for he tells me he hopes to go back in August. Love to all. Mr Conolly is almost quite well again. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours.

91. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, August the 23rd, [1776]

A week ago, my dearest, dear sister, I intended thanking you for the kindest, most comfortable letter that ever was wrote, yours of the 26th of July. But as I was coming here the next day *thought* I would defer it for one day to tell you all about this place; when, instead of having time, I have lived upon the road, and not had an hour to sit down till now, and will write about your business before I answer your letter. In the first place, I am sorry to tell you that

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your pictures are not arrived ; the two parcels that came were a box with four picture frames, and a trunk with books, a carpet and some blankets, two riding habits and the cover of your pillion. The frames disappointed me, as the box was large enough to have contained a good deal more than the frames ; and [I] wonder at whoever packed them being such *bad managers* as not to send something in the middle, which was a large empty space. The frames are a little damaged, by the rings of one pressing against another, but they will be easily repaired. For the present I shall put them in the bedchamber, but will see them cottoned and papered up before I go away. The books I shall take a list of ; the carpet and blankets I have desired Mrs Dixon to open and air, for fear of bugs or moths. The trunk was broken open at the Custom House, I therefore thought it better to see what was in it, and take an account that if anything is missing, you can better recollect now what you sent in it, than some months hence. There are also some wines and liqueurs come, which I have begged Mrs Dixon to see put up in the bins, which she did before with the wine that came. Apropos to liqueurs, pray thank Mr Ogilvie a thousand times for those he was so good as to send us. We have got forty bottles. Pray is not that more than should come to our share ? If by mistake, let me know, and I will distribute them to the owners. We shall taste them to-morrow as we go home for a day to meet a large party : Lady Clan, Lord and Lady Clanbrassil, Sir Abram and Lady Hume¹ (Lady Sophia Egerton's daughter), Lady Roden and her three daughters, Lord Clermont, etc. I am just returned from town, where Mr Conolly and I went to dine with Lady Kildare, who is delightfully well, and I fancy will live these ten years. Lady Clanbrassil, with whom we breakfasted t'other morning, is also well, in great spirits, and very happy with her company. But I must not run from the subject of this house. First of all, your bedchamber, which we live in, is without any sort of exception the very prettiest and pleasantest bedchamber that ever was. I only wish you would make your little closet next to it into a warm bath and water-closet, and then 'twould be the most complete apartment I know of. You know you have another closet next your dressing-room. When your pictures come I mean to hang them in the

¹ Sir Abraham Hume (1749-1838), 2nd and last Bt. ; M.P., F.R.S., and a collector of minerals, precious stones, and old masters ; m. (1771) Amelia, dau. of John Egerton, Bishop of Durham.

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bedchamber, as it is perfectly dry, and a north room is safer for paintings than a sunny room. The long parlour has got the new mouldings and architraves round the windows. I shall therefore move all the little *knick-knacks* out of your old bedchamber into it, as Mr Owens wants now to make recesses on each side of the fireplace, to put those bookcases in that came out of the long parlour. The stone staircase is very pretty, the irons and hand-rail are not yet up. The cornice in the dining-room is finished; 'tis a noble room, and the drawing-room, I hope, won't be long about, as many of the mouldings are prepared; but the stucco man is now plastering the outside of the house, which he tells me won't be finished sooner than a month. The passages are all done, and the book-room won't be long in doing. Your dressing-room and the circular room, I understand, are to wait till you come home. I am worrying to get locks on all the doors in the bedchambers, that I may move your furniture into them. Nothing can be in better order than your nice furniture, and what Mrs Dixon had in the room she lived in; but the common things that have been lumbered in heaps into one room want a little cleaning. Your chest of books I doubt must have got a vast deal of dust, but I shall look into it. There is an oak chest of drawers of Mrs Rowley's that she imagines she locked, but upon moving it, Mrs Dixon tells me the top and bottom drawers came out, which have clothes of yours, and a large parcel of keys, which I have now locked up. Mr Owens thinks it's time to write to London for the plate glass for the windows in your drawing-room. Will you have the sashes all of plate glass, or only the lower frame? It is just come into my head that Corporal Campbell applied to me for getting him clothes, as his regimentals are wore out; but I told him that without your orders I could not. Pray tell me what you would have done. The trees do grow most delightfully, and very few suffered in the severe winter we had; but those that are hurt I have spoken to Mr Smyth about cutting off the dead tops and branches. He also tells me that he cannot get any fruit trees in Dublin, and as that is a thing not to lose time about, without waiting for your orders, I will bespeak some from Smyth and Hewit at Brompton to come over in October with some that they are to send us. I hope you approve. I cannot tell you how I *hate* and how I *love* this place; it's odd to have those two feels about the same thing, but so it is. The first in consequence of missing you, and those little impertinent brats that used to be

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strewed over the whole place ; and the latter feel of loving the place in consequence of thinking that I shall have the happiness of seeing you enjoy yourself here, and so busily employed in furnishing and finishing, which I think will be a vast amusement to you. Your plantations absolutely want a great deal of thinning.

I don't know where to begin to thank you enough for your charming letter ; indeed, my dearest sister, you do me but justice in saying you are sure my thoughts are employed about you and yours, for they are most certainly ; and do not believe that many hours don't pass without thinking of you. The day of our meeting I think of at times with so much impatience that I am obliged to put it out of my head, and always send off the idea to a distant date, that I may not grow too eager, but shall not enjoy it the less when it does come. I think I see little *Ciddy* such as you describe her ; she is just now of the favourite age with me, I am very sorry to lose so much good mumbling of her ; though you don't allow her to be a beauty, I hear she is a very great one, and the George, and, in short, all of them. Dear creatures in their different ways, I do long to see them, and I am happy to a degree that your alarms were groundless about Louisa and George. I wish I could hear of your growing stronger and, of course, your spirits would be better. A quiet, regular life always agrees with you, and, indeed, is so pleasant, that I believe it is best suited to everybody that is not quite young. At least, I find it so, who have no bad health to plead. But pray don't lose your good custom of getting up early, as I am sure it is the very best thing you can do, and particularly agrees with you. I am vastly sorry at what you tell me of Charles's manner to Mr Ogilvie. I had flattered myself that he was quite *right* upon that subject, and have no doubt but he will be so. But in the mean time it vexes you and Mr Ogilvie sadly, I fear, because I know how you both love him. You do make such just allowances for him, that I hope it will keep up the affection you have always had for him, but it is vexatious. All your remarks are so true and I take to be so exactly what is the case, that I hope you think no more about it. His character is certainly a charming composition, and must settle into what is right at last. You may depend upon it that I will never mention a syllable of what you have said, and would not have Charles suspect that you found any alteration in him. Dear boy, he would have vexed me if I had seen it, because I am so fond of him ; and from my conversations with him, thought

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I *had* him such as I wished. But twenty is not *exactly* the *steadiest* age of a person's life, and so one must not expect it. I am sure he has a good heart, and a great deal of affection in his nature, but I am a little afraid that *amiable inflexibility* has worked on him. That same commendation of a person strikes me in so ridiculous a light, that I have it for ever upon my tongue's end. I think I know your dear heart so well, my sweet sister, that it would be difficult for me to misapprehend you, especially where one of your children are concerned. You have but *one bent* with regard to them, that I can never mistake and can never cease wondering that *one* should have been so unfortunate as to [be] alienated from you. By this time you have got my brother again, whose spirits, I fear, will be much shocked with three things that have happened since he left England : Mr Damer's¹ death, Mr Conway's paralytic attack, and the death of a poor little girl that he and the Duchess had taken into the house, whom perhaps he may have told you of. There was a mystery about where she came from, but my brother and the Duchess were kind to her, and I think he will be very sorry for her. I shall write to him soon. I am sorry the Duchess did not go abroad with him. I know that she does like your company better than almost anybody's. As to my brother's flirting, she don't mind it one bit, provided 'tis with what she reckons creditable and genteel. She is vastly comical upon that subject, for jealousy is not in question, but her pride is, & she is discomposed if she thinks he likes anything frippery or vulgar. Now for my part, 'twould be the same whether kitchen-maid or Empress, provided I could imagine I was not the first object, but she is very sure of being *that* with him, and therefore don't mind his flirting, and since she don't I am very glad he diverts himself, poor soul, for his spirits often want a little amusement. I am sorry poor Mme Geoffrin² was not of your acquaintance, for she is a favourite of mine, for a *very* good reason : she liked me. Mme du Deffand³ I don't know ; Mme La Vallière⁴ I think very

¹ Hon. John Damer (d. 1776) ; eldest son of Joseph, Earl of Dorchester. His wife was Anne, dau. of Gen. Conway and Caroline, Dow. Countess of Aylesbury.

² Marie Thérèse Geoffrin (1699-1777) ; widow of a rich manufacturer ; she presided over a *salon* in Paris for many years.

³ Marie de Vichy Chamrond Marquise du Deffand (1697-1780) ; for 30 years her *salon* in the Convent of St. Joseph in the Rue St. Dominique was famous as a meeting-place for the literary and aristocratic celebrities of Europe.

⁴ Anne Julie de Crussol ; dau. of Duc d'Uzès, and wife of Louis César de la Baune le Blanc, Duc de la Vallière.

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agreeable. But why does my brother say Mme Geoffrin is disagreeable? I cannot think her that. I rejoice at Mr Ogilvie having left off his wig, for I cannot be reconciled to a wig. I wrote you word long ago that William Skeffington was recovered, and Lady Elizabeth, I hear, allows herself she is vastly better; she can ride a few miles, eats and sleeps better, and thinks the waters will cure her.

I am now going to answer your last kind letter of the 1st of this month, which I received three days ago, and must begin by thanking you for the offer of the dearest Georgy's picture, which I long to see, but cannot think of robbing you of, except the time of your absence. I shall like to see your pictures very much. Immediately upon the receipt of your letter I wrote to General Howe about Lieut Innes, whom I dare say will get leave to sell. The last news from America are good, and seem to promise peace; God grant we may have it. I shall really be out of my wits with joy, I think, if it should be concluded; having seen so much of the distress attending this cruel war, interests me amazingly about it. General Howe on the 9th of July was landed safely with his army at Hatén Island, off New York, where he was favourably received, and some of the provincials were deserting to our army. We are all impatience for the next news, and have great hopes from Lord Howe's having power to treat with them; he and the foreign troops were duly expected by General Howe. How comfortably you describe passing your time at Aubigni; the half hour at cards I don't think at all amiss. Whist is the only game that has ever taken my fancy, and I really rather like playing it than not, but play it so ill, that I hardly dare venture it yet in company. I am glad I did right about Lady Roden, and hope you will write to her soon. It was Lady Selena, her youngest girl, that died. Mrs Greville is still at Packenham Hall, where she has passed most of her summer. You cannot regret more than she does the having missed you during the long residence she has made in Ireland. She is to be in town in a few days, only to stay a couple of days, and then to England. Musky Pusky is in Dublin, but upon the move. Wicked Mac plays them tricks without end, and is insufferable. She and Lord Harcourt have made up their quarrel; she is to be at St Wolstans to-morrow. I don't know who's to be our Lord-Lieutenant, but Mr Conolly and I tremble for fear it should be Lord Buckinghamshire,¹ whom we

¹ John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire, did in fact become Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1776-80.

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fear would come upon the same plan that Lord Harcourt has done ; and in that case, we are in opposition, which would be vexatious to the last degree. Mr Conolly has done everything he can to dissuade Lord Buckinghamshire from accepting it, if they offer it to him, and has told him he should most likely oppose him, but I fear he is likely to come. Mr Conolly thinks the situation of England and Ireland so bad that he is very warm in opposition, to which he has been reduced so contrary to his natural inclinations that I think he must have strong reasons for being so. The addition to the pensions is scandalous ; indeed, old Simon¹ has fleeced us pretty handsomely, and I really believe hardly knows it himself, Blaquiére does so entirely manage everything. Some people think Lord Harcourt will stay a year longer. You scold me for not telling you news, and really I am the worst person in the world, for if I hear any I am so apt to forget it. I heard a piece of news yesterday that you will be sorry to hear on account of our good-humoured neighbour, Mrs. Donellan, whose son has run out near £30,000 ; and, to complete all, has married four different women, which has obliged him to run away to France, from whence he can never return to Ireland. He first married Mr Moore of Sailstown's chambermaid ; secondly, a Miss Walpole, an actress ; thirdly, Cullen the box-keeper's daughter ; and fourthly, Miss McNamara, an attorney's daughter, who, being a gentlewoman, her marriage was more in form, and known, which has brought on the discovery of the rest, and her father is so enraged that he is determined to prosecute him. This is the story Councillor Spencer told Mr Conolly ; perhaps 'tis not so bad, and hope it may not be true. Mrs Crofton is come to Ireland for a month ; I have not seen her yet. And that old agreeable sinner General Sandford is here, looking very well. I saw my Leixlip neighbours last week ; they are all well. Lady Barrymore is going to build a house, I hope by a plan that I am drawing for her, which I think will be just what she wishes for. My love to Mr Ogilvie ; Mr Conolly's to you both. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

¹ Earl Harcourt.

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92. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Black Rock, August the 28th, [1776]

I had just sent you my last long letter from this place, my dearest sister, when I had the happiness of receiving yours of the 9th, for which I thank you a thousand times, and the comfortable chit-chat which lets me into all you do. But, my poor soul! how I do pity you for what the sight of Emily's handwriting cost you. I am sure I have experienced what you felt, for so many of those sort of things have occurred, that I know what it is. She is an ungrateful creature to those that loved her best; and yet I cannot shake off the affection I have for her, which surprises me, because I thought that being ill-treated by a person one loved would do it, and I imagine time will; but as yet it has not done it, and there is no saying how much I feel about it at times. I cannot account for my loving her now, but to the long habit of having done it, which has taken too deep root to be easily removed. Since you say that parting with this place will not make any difference as to your living in Ireland, I am not sorry that you think of it, as I verily believe you must live here a great while before you would get over the many unpleasant feels relative to her that it would recall; at least I find it so, both here and at Carton. The dear old print room always recalls that horrid wedding day, and I don't love going into it; but, indeed, as to Carton in general, I do not get over the remembrance of old times, and 'tis not pleasant to me, the going there, nor do I think it will ever be until I have been there with you. I do assure you that I am always in that sort of way, that the turn of a straw would set me a-crying. Mr. Conolly and I dined one day with the Duke and Duchess at Waterston, and I could hardly bear it. I generally take upon me to talk at a great rate, that I may not think.

I must now come back to the subject of this house, the finishing of which I rather set about heavily now I think that you won't keep it; and yet your reasons are so good that I don't wonder at you. Ever since my brother told me of your having but a sixty years' lease it has discomposed me sadly for the sake of little *Ciddy* that you should lay out money here. Did you know you had so short a lease? I did not till my brother wrote me word of it from Aubigni. By the by, I hear Mrs Parsons *concerns* are to be sold; will you have anything to do with them? Lord Harcourt says he

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shall recommend it to the King to buy a place for the next Lord-Lieutenant. I should think this place would suit them very well, and if Lord Buckingham should come and be the person to buy the place, why should not we try to make him take this? Think about it, and let me know if you would have me do anything about it. Lord Harcourt was speaking about it t'other day, and I told him I thought this house was exactly the thing. If you part with this place I should never wish to have ours back, so that they might have as much ground as you have, and Mrs Parson's, which would give them a little more elbow room. The Duchess of Leinster's place I hear much of, and should think would answer to you, as they tell me 'tis a very good house; but I shall go and look at it. I agree with you that the situation of the Black Rock and the Jimmy Rogans are horrid, and in the county of Wicklow you will probably get something beautiful. You will find by my last that I have taken care about your fruit trees, which there has been a sad neglect about; and I can't think how I came to overlook them so long. But you shall have what you desire planted this very season.

We dined yesterday with Mr David Latouche¹ beyond Rathfarnham, and to-day with Mr John Latouche here, where we met the Jephsons. He is in better health this year than usual, and, of course, very agreeable. Mrs Jephson is a very pleasing woman. You can't think what a pleasant family the Latouches are; both the wives are vastly pleasing, and such lovely fine children as they all have, is quite a pretty sight. I saw a beautiful boy to-day, not much above a year old, and not unlike George; so [you] may guess if I did not like him. Mrs Greville, I hear, is come to town; I shall go and see her to-morrow. But I suppose she goes immediately to England. She, Dean Marlay, Mr and Mrs Jephson dined at Colonel Marlay's one day this summer, and Mr Jephson has wrote the account of their tour in the style of Johnson, which I hear is clever and well done. I am to see it, and will send it you if possible with the physic book and your gloves, which I will bespeak according to your directions. Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*² is the title of the book Sarah sent me, which I like much, and think very sensible.

¹ David La Touche (d. 1805), of Marlay. He was head of the Dublin banking family.

² William Buchan (1729-1805), Scottish physician; his *Domestic Medicine, or the Family Physician* appeared in 1769, at the low price of 6s. It was the first work of its kind in Great Britain, and had an immediate success.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

We had a large party at Castletown with Lady Clanbrassil and her company, but they did not sleep there. We shall go to Brockly Park soon, and then to the North. Poor Lady Roden ! What a *passion* you are in with her for *poking* her nose. However, I did not tell her all I thought upon the subject. But there were so many reports that she could not *rest* till she spoke to me, so that I was obliged to tell her part of the story. Give dear Lady Clanbrassil her due, she never asked me a syllable, for which reason I told her what I had said to Lady Roden, as I did not choose to appear to have less confidence in her. Poor Lady Roden, with the best intentions in the world, undoubtedly does distress one prodigiously at times when she questions one about things one has no mind to speak to her of. But to return to my *old patch* maxim of *taking people as they are* is all I can say in her defence. She has never had anything to conceal from those she loves, has an open disposition, and finds relief from talking over with them whatever is upon her mind ; of course, concludes that others must be the same, and has not an idea of distressing one. Undoubtedly, those are the natural feels of an open disposition, and nothing but very good sense, a great knowledge of the world or experience, teach one to be otherwise. In distress at the loss of a friend I don't know a more tender pleasant person than Lady Roden would be ; but on other occasions she does distress one. However, that is not a reason for giving up a person who has good qualities, and whom chance has flung in one's way from one's childhood, that it becomes a sort of kindred duty to bear with *their ways*. However, I am glad you *abused* her, because I fancy it did you a great deal of good. From her I must go to dearest Lady Barrymore, which is not quite fair to Lady Roden, because of all human beings I look up to her as one of the first. I always thought of her as you do, always liked her, and do doat upon her ; and think her so much the *thing* to be adored, that if I thought you loved her better than me, I don't think I could take it ill, as it strikes me that everything is due to her. I hope you, she and I shall pass many happy hours together ; I form twenty schemes of the sort. So you do think a governess a terrible thing in the house ; indeed, I do, and could never bear it ; t'would destroy all my comfort, and am glad you have no thoughts of taking such an animal. I am vastly well with the Perys. Mrs Pery I heard was a little angry with Mr Conolly, but it has not appeared to me, and he is just the same to us as usual. I wish I could see little Vesey

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to tell her all you say of her, it would make her so happy. I do miss her in the neighbourhood and hope next summer we shall have her. The house I hear much commended, but I have not been to see it yet. All you say about William and his little Duchess is so true; they will I trust be very happy, and do a great deal of good, by living in the country, and what can one well desire more! At least, I am sure 'tis unreasonable not to be satisfied with that. Indeed, my dearest sister, a little experience of this world soon satisfies one as to dignity, etc. Their charms possess no essential happiness, I am convinced. How pleasant it is to me to read that part of your letter where you say that your *mind* and *heart* are *quiet* and at *ease*. May God keep them so, I pray, and your nerves, I hope, will grow stronger, which at present seems to be the only thing not quite right [with] you. I rejoice to hear Mr Ogilvie is well again; give [my] love to him, Charlotte, etc. I cannot tell why, but I [have got] it strongly into my head that Charlotte will fall [in love] with Mr Steele, the young man that is with my . . .¹ I am mighty glad Major McDonald did not accept . . .¹ but he wrote so queerly, and yet so much as if he loved Mr Ogilvie . . .¹ also thought his great friend that I thought I could not be *too civil* but he is gone to Scotland. I must agree with you that our dear Sally's *love* is *incomprehensible*; nothing has ever puzzled me more than she has upon that subject, but that is because we are different, and I suppose she would wonder as much at us. I hear she is better, which makes me very happy, and is now at Stoke. That little Kitty, the orphan, I could never guess at. My brother never would say more but that it was *his* child, and the Duchess, who seemed to have most to do with it, never hinted to me what it was, but they were fond of it, and I am sure are sorry for its death. I hope Mr. Lynch will recover his estate, as I wish Mrs Lynch² well; she is, I believe, a very good soul. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours with truest affection and love,

L. A. C.

¹ Page torn.

² Housekeeper of Emily, Duchess of Leinster.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

93. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Brockley Park, September the 12th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

My last was from the Black Rock, where I could not keep Mr Conolly to bathe quite as long as I wished him, as it drew so near the Curragh meeting. He is now at Kildare where I passed Monday, and saw him begin the week unluckily, but hope he has been more successful since I left him. I came here on Tuesday, and brought Colonel Sandford, on his way to Abbeyleix,¹ who is so in love with Lady Knapton (Lady de Vesci she is now),² that it is a vast entertainment to us all. She and Lord De Vesci came here yesterday. Lady Harriot Jocelyn³ is confined to her room with a cold, so that Lady De Vesci stayed in her room all the evening to the disappointment of poor Bob Sandford, who is quite the swain. She is in vast beauty, and a favourite of mine, though, if I remember, not of yours. Lady Clanbrassil is here, and I think is remarkably well. Lady Roden has no particular complaint, but she is always weak. Lord Jocelyn and George have just left them. George has got a cornetcy, and looks very pretty in his regimentals. He is going to Gottenburgh, which they say is a good military school. I was very glad to hear from Sarah that you had thoughts of putting Henry into my brother George's regiment, because I suppose it is the best a young man can go into. Lady Louisa takes such care of all the boys that belong to it, and most of the officers, by her account, are such good people. How the time runs! To think of Henry going into the Army! My brother Richmond, I reckon, is with you by this time. I was glad to hear from Lady Catherine Skeffington that Miss Sentleger⁴ wrote word from Paris that my brother was likely to succeed in what he wished about Aubigni; though I don't just know what it is, I am glad to have it go as he liked. Pray, give my most affectionate love to him. Lady Barrymore and Lady

¹ Abbeyleix, Queen's County; built by Thomas Vesey, 1st Viscount de Vesci, on the site of a 13th-century abbey in 1773; the house was decorated by Adam.

² Thomas Vesey, 2nd Lord Knapton (d. 1804) was cr. Viscount de Vesci on 22 June, 1776. His wife was Elizabeth Selena, eldest dau. and co-heiress of Sir Arthur Brooke, Bt.

³ Lady Harriet Jocelyn, eldest dau. of Robert Jocelyn, 1st Earl of Roden; m. Chichester Skeffington, 4th Earl of Massereene.

⁴ [?] St. Leger.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Massareene dined with me last Sunday. They came to meet Mrs Nicholson and Mrs Crofton, but the former could not come, she was not well. I am very much afraid that terrible humour is in her blood, though it don't immediately affect her breasts. Mrs Crofton was well enough to come to me, which I was glad of, as I wished to see her at Castletown to shew her any civility in my power. Her wretched head plagues her sadly. There is no new Lord Lieutenant appointed; 'tis said they wait for news from America first. How very impatient one does grow! It seems such a critical time for one's friends there! I have no manner of doubt but that General Howe will do all that a man can do, and will do for the best; but I really tremble for his situation in every respect. We had a sad loss at Charles Town. I hear that during all the last war there was not so bloody an engagement on board any ship as has been in the *Bristol*. Think of a boy of Lord Donerailes,¹ about fourteen or fifteen years old, that was wounded twice, got himself dressed and was on the deck the whole time, running about with messages. Sir Peter Parker² said [he] was of great use to him. It really makes one quite miserable to think of this war, one hears of so much distress in consequence of it. I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc. All this family desire the same to you. Lady Roden begs to know if she could get tambour silks from Lyons. Lady Farnham, she thinks, got some so considerably cheaper than what can be got in England that she has a mind for some, as she has thoughts of working a bed. She has worked a most beautiful quilt in the tambour work, and I dare say will do the bed, which makes the silk an object to her. Be so good as to let me know if you think they could be got. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

¹ St. Leger Aldworth St. Leger, Lord (afterwards Viscount) Doneraile; m. Mary, eldest dau. of Richmond Barry, of Ballyclogh, Co. Cork. The son referred to is probably Arthur St. Leger, who lived to become a Major-General in the service of the East India Company.

² Sir Peter Parker, 1st Bt. (1721-1811). He commanded a squadron which attacked Charlestown, 1775, and was repulsed with the loss of three frigates; and he took part in the reduction of Long Island and Rhode Island, 1775. He became a Baronet (1782); Admiral of the Fleet (1799).

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

94. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 17th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

Upon my return home last night from Brockley Park I found your kind letter of the 30th of August, which I wish I had received before Sarah had wrote me word that there was a talk of Henry's going into my brother George's regiment, because (not thinking of the good reasons you give for not mentioning it) I have spoken of it, which I am very sorry for, as it might vex Henry. However, [I] comfort myself that as yet he is too much of a child to think long about a thing, or even to think much for himself. So that if he should hear it, hope it won't be of any consequence. At first I was much for it, as you will see by my letter wrote from Brockley Park, as I considered for him, as one is apt to do for young people, that advancing them in any profession is of use; and in that case, my brother George's regiment was the most desirable. But the reasons you give me are so good that I entirely agree with you, and think it will be for Henry's advantage to be kept as a boy a few years longer; and to your children that are so well provided for the loss of a few years is nothing as to profit, and great gain in other points. I cannot but agree with you, my dearest sister, that you are so right (at least in my opinion) in all your schemes about your children, that your intention of spending a few years longer abroad is a good one. From all your letters, and accounts of the education you can give the boys abroad it sounds the very best that could be planned for them; and you certainly will have it more in your power to keep them obedient to Mr Ogilvie and you than you could do here, which I look upon as the thing of the greatest importance to the boys. That *very* thing of servants you can manage so much better to your mind abroad. Foreign servants can have no interest in prating to the children, whereas the poor dear Irish, partial as I am in general to them, I know are abominable upon those occasions, and are very apt to fill the children's heads with nonsense. To own the truth, I believe Charles was early hurt by them. One cannot blame young minds for being influenced by what is so natural, but I am persuaded that no caution is too great to keep them from conversing with servants, and I am almost sorry you should run the risk next spring, though it would be wrong not to let Lady Kildare have the pleasure of seeing her grandchildren

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again ; but I hope you'll bring over your foreign servants, I really think it would be a good scheme. I am speaking sadly against myself, but when I reason about the thing, and consider that the welfare of nine or ten young creatures (that have life before them) is at stake, I cannot consider *our* gratification, whose lives, perhaps, are better than half spent ; or hesitate one moment that their good is the first point to be considered by us. To look forward to two years seems long, and yet, my dearest sister, how the two last have gone ! Of what importance they have been to your boys, and how little to us, comparatively speaking ! The pleasure of being together I put out of the question when one reasons ; or else I should have a bad chance of judging impartially. What a comfortable thought it is, my dearest sister, that hereafter we shall find a place where there will be no more divisions, and where all will be right. I wonder how anybody can live without that persuasion, it seems so absolutely necessary for passing through this life. I am so happy as to have such a thorough dependence on that prospect, that I really think it reconciles me to the most dreadful ideas. I have at present poor Mrs Howe very strongly present to my mind ; she is in such a miserable state of anxiety that I tremble for her continually. 'Tis so terrible to think of a person suffering what she would do if anything happens to General Howe. We are impatient for news and yet dread them. It is very natural that Mr Conolly should be much interested, as he loves his sister and her husband so dearly. But I never saw him half so anxious as he is about all these American affairs, and according to his natural turn of mind foresees the worst, in which, I hope, however, he is mistaken.

I have gone off from the purpose of answering your letter, which is not what I intended doing, and therefore will go back to it, and first thank you and Mr Ogilvie for your kindness and confidence in me upon every occasion, which I feel most exceedingly obliged to you for ; and will certainly go and see the Duchess of Leinster's place in the county of Wicklow, which I *will not* set my heart upon if it is ever so pretty, so you may say all your say freely about it. To say the truth, my mind *misgives* me so much about your *natural* love for the country of England, added to Mr Ogilvie's inclinations, that I have resolved not to allow myself to think *much* about your place of abode till you are fixed. To be sure while at the Black Rock I did not keep so strictly to my resolution, and could not help fancying you would stay there. However, since you wrote me word

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you most likely should part with it, I have considered it *saleable*, and shall have a view for the doing it advantageously. The little Duchess dined here to-day, but I have not seen William lately. He is gone to Athy. But I will endeavour to find out what you desire by mentioning his place in the county of Wicklow and your thoughts about taking it. It is so long since he has named the subject that very possibly he may be quite changed. However, as your scheme is to go abroad again, and that you don't fix next summer, I am sure there is full time to know his sentiments, which I dare say will neither be distressing or unkind, when it comes to the point. I long to hear of my brother being at Aubigni, and how you find him ; I was afraid his spirits would be much affected. We have never heard any particulars of Mr Damer's death, and various are the conjectures ; but I imagine madness was the cause and nothing else. I hear that Mrs Damer has given up £1,500 a year of her jointure to pay his debts, and intends to live with her father and mother upon the remaining £1000. I never heard of anything more noble and if it was necessary am glad she should do it, as it must stop every ill-natured idea about her. She is cold in her nature and I don't imagine she and Mr Damer were exactly suited to one another, but I never heard of any disagreement between them. How happy Mercadie has been ! I am quite glad to hear that she is so comfortably settled. What a difference as to expense ! In London she could only afford a servant to help her, not such a person as could be of use to Suky. I had no idea of her having a house and garden, but am rejoiced she can afford it. I hope it will prolong her life and make her comfortable the remainder of her days, for she has wonderful spirits, and I dare say was quite lively and happy during the fortnight she spent with you. I have had a letter from Lady Elizabeth, wrote in tolerable spirits. She tells me the waters agree with her, and she proposes staying some time longer at Bristol. I most heartily hope they will recover her. We have had a *little* fine weather, but I wish you would spare us some of yours, for it's a charming thing ; and this climate, I think, grows worse every year. I was in hopes that the hard winter (which, by the by, has destroyed all the singing birds) would have produced a good summer, but it has been as bad as ever. Adieu, my dearest sister. Love to all, with you, and believe me ever most affectionately yours,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

95. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 8th, 1776

I have many thanks to return you, my dearest sister, for your kind and most comfortable letter of the 28th of September, which is just the sort of letter I like, full of yourself and the brats. To say the truth, those sort of interesting letters from my family are what give me the most pleasure, for my laziness is so great about writing, that (in general) I hardly think a letter from an acquaintance full of news is worth the trouble one must be at in answering it. I am so grieved to find my brother has not been well; I was in great hopes that he was better from a letter I had from him from Paris, wherein he told me he thought his health upon the whole rather mended. You are a fine houseful at this time, and I dare say very pleasant if my brother is better, which I hope he is. You concern me vastly in what you say about Charles's ways to you. I have longed to write to him upon the subject, but have not, as I think it would do more harm than good; he might mistake the motive of your complaining, and instead of attributing it to your affection for him, imagine it to proceed from disappointment in not *governing* him, which it seems he is so afraid of. 'Tis such a very childish fear that I think it must go off with his good sense, of which I have a high opinion, and think my brother would agree with us, if he knew him as well. The misfortune to that dear boy has been the being too soon his own master, for there is too much in him to be suffered to run a wild course; and a little leading (I think) might make him one of the first characters. William is vastly distressed about his going to Paris, and wishes very much to have him at Turin, so that I imagine he will go there. Mr Conolly has an idea that perhaps his health obliged him to go to Paris; one had rather he had *that* excuse than mere idleness. Upon what occasion did he choose William his guardian, and in the room of whom? For I don't recollect to have heard of the transaction. I am so very partial to Charles, that it grieves me to hear of his hurting himself. I hope he will stay some time at Aubigni; I am sure it would be of use to him. I fancy that a long letter I wrote him some time ago will find him there. Pray thank Charlotte for an obliging letter I had from her, with my love to her, and hope her cold is gone. Where is Mr Kempson to come from? I suppose you intended

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telling me a great deal about him, but I don't recollect your telling me anything more than that Mr Lynch was married and gone to endeavour to recover some estate in Jamaica. I do indeed think that a person in his situation is of the very greatest importance, and hope Mr Kempson will turn out to your mind; it is very natural that your thoughts should be entirely engrossed by your children, and hope in God, my dearest sister, that all your care, anxiety and trouble about them will be better rewarded than it was by Emily, and that they will make up to you for her ingratitude. She and her Lord are still in Dublin, and I don't hear intend to leave it. Lady Barrymore sometimes meets her at Lady Kildare's, or else I never hear her named. The little Duchess told me she wished vastly she could get her to Carton without Lord Bellamont and that then she might persuade her to be reconciled to me. She shewed a great deal of eagerness about it, which I liked her for, but I told her I believed she had no chance of succeeding, for that Emily would not begin; nothing else would do *now*, as I cannot possibly do more than I have done. But I give the thing so entirely up, that I begin to forget it. I have not been lately at the Black Rock. We have been rather uncertain in our motions. We were to have gone to the North, but the English Parliament meeting so soon as the 31st has prevented our going so far out of the way, lest Mr Conolly should be obliged to set out at a short warning. We do not mean to go if we can possibly help it, but there may come news from America to make it necessary. However, [I] hope not. If the good news we heard to-day should be confirmed of General Howe's having carried the day with little loss, in all probability the consequence will be peace, in which, I suppose, all parties will be agreed. How one does hate those American ringleaders that would not listen to the terms Lord Howe had to offer, but determined at once to try the fate of battle! 'Tis hard upon the rest of the Americans and cruel to our troops, who must now try a desperate stroke. I wish our ringleaders at home (of this horrid war) and those of America could all be jumbled together and thrown into the bottom of the sea. But, wretches as they are, I need not wish them worse than what their own consciences must one day make them feel. Lord Sterling and General Sullivan are taken prisoners, and Long Island in our hands; but the fate of New York not decided when the ship came off the 8th of September, which has brought this news to Cork; but everything was in a promising way. Things

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

are now come to such a pitch that I fancy all parties must wish General Howe success as the means of saving these countries.

Lord Harcourt told me he had been to see your house at the Black Rock, with a view to the recommending the purchase of it to the next Lord Lieutenant. He thinks it just the thing for them, and said he supposed it would be sold for such a sum as would be no object to Government. I told him I could not tell, and did not imagine you had put a price on it, having only had thoughts of parting with it ; that I spoke quite at random, but did not imagine it would be more than seven or eight thousand pounds. £1,000 for your land, and £6,000 or £7,000 for the house I don't believe was undervaluing it. He seemed to think it a small object, and to approve vastly of the house. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

96. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 23rd, [1776]

I was happy in hearing yesterday, my dearest sister, from Sophia that you were all well, that you had so much fine weather, and enjoyed yourselves. [I] sincerely hope it has contributed to re-establish your health and strength quite ; in which case I cannot agree with Mr. Ogilvie in lamenting the loss of *a dear little thing*. For it's pleasanter to think you are *now* well, than in the situation of heartburn, sickness, and expectation of being brought to bed ; particularly when one considers what a good share you have already of those dear little creatures. You will miss my brother sadly ; but I don't imagine he will have much business in the parliamentary way ; the news from America seems to decide everything one way now. Indeed, we are got into such a scrape that one must wish for the best way of getting out of it, which probably will be in General Howe's success, that now promises fair, from his late victory at Long Island ; and I hope in God that the taking New York (if he should be so fortunate) may prove the decisive blow to this barbarous war. I have had a letter from poor Mrs Howe, so thankful for his present safety that it was quite pleasant. The King has given General Howe the red ribbon, which, accompanied with the

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circumstance of his writing himself a civil letter to him, makes it *something*, or else I am provoked at his having it. The idea of General Howe transposing into St James's after that dirty Blaquiére is what I cannot bear; but I suppose it's only a step, and that the King will do a great deal more for him. I am sure he ought, for he owes him everything, if, please God, he should succeed in completing the victory. Mr Conolly has determined not to go to the meeting of Parliament, which is not a pleasant thing to omit in these times; but, considering his situation, I believe it is the most delicate part to take, and in the end the most satisfactory. I am apt to think we shall not go to England at all this winter, as he misses the opening of the session, for probably there will be no business after Xmas. I cannot say I am sorry it should so turn out, for as this is not our Parliament winter, we are likely to be quiet. We never were so much alone as we have been these last five weeks, and 'tis so very comfortable that it makes me very unwilling to move. I cannot understand how people can ever be tired of being alone; it is such a pleasant thing, and the business one finds to do is something amazing. I have not been quite well either, for my bowels have been very bad; but a most enormous boil that I have now had a fortnight I hope will carry off that sharp humour that is in my bowels. I never had such a boil, nor am ambitious of having such another; for it has given me vast pain and still discharges so much that I don't know when it will heal. All the *comfort* I have is that Mr Conolly tells me of nothing but my *beauty*, and *vows* I look just as well as at fifteen; so that I *ought* to be obliged to my boil, and when it's over perhaps I shall, though at present I don't. Dearest Lady Barrymore was here on Sunday evening with Lady Massereene, and, I hope, will dine here to-morrow. She *parts* from Lady Massereene next week and goes to town for good. She is well and in good spirits. Think of that little toad, her daughter-in-law, who has never wrote her a single line since she came to Ireland. I have heard from Mrs Greville since I sent her your letter, which she tells me made her very happy; but she adds that you have the *insolence* to desire she will write again soon, though you took two years to answer her letter. That, however, to please herself, she thinks she shall write, but not out of any *respect* to you. Her letter is wrote in vast spirits. She says she is better in her health, and, of course, her letter is very comical. She tells me that the *tourbillon* in London is such that the poor ladies have not time to lie in, and

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

a vast deal more chat, which makes me *unsay* a little what I said to you in my last, that agreeable letters were hardly worth the trouble of answering, for I am sure hers are well worth it. From not being well, I have not had it in my power lately to go to the Black Rock, which I mean to do as soon as I am *able*, to unpack your pictures, which I hear are arrived safe at the Custom House. The Commissioners say they must see them in order to value the duty, but have had the civility to decline opening them till they go to the Black Rock, where I am to meet them. In the mean time Mr Jack Hamilton has lodged them safe at the Custom House in his apartment, so that I believe you may be quite easy about them, as I don't hear that there is any sign of a liberty I took about offering a bed in your house to Lady Catherine Henry,¹ who wrote to me to beg one thinking we had still our house. She was hurried in vast distress to town to Master Moore, her nephew, who was very ill at the school at Newtown; and his parents in Munster, so that she was going to attend him. However, he grew better, and so she lay in town; but I thought you would have no objection to the offer I made upon such an occasion. By the by, I long to know what you and Mr Ogilvie think about the hint Lord Harcourt gave me of recommending your house to the purchase of Government for the next Lord Lieutenant. I own I should not be sorry that you had your money, and would not advise you to lay it out again in a hurry, till you see how public affairs turn out. Lady Barrymore and I were talking over those matters t'other night, and saying those would be prudent who had their money by them to carry where they pleased. Love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc. Mr. Conolly's to you all. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

97. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 29th, [1776]

Your letter of the 13th, my dearest sister, made me very happy in telling me that it was of no consequence having mentioned Henry's affair, for though I could not accuse myself of indiscretion,

¹ Catherine, dau. of John Rawdon, Lord Rawdon (cr. Earl of Moira); m. (1764) Joseph Henry, of Straffan, Co. Kildare.

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was very sorry I had done it, lest it might turn out vexatious to you. I fancy he will be vastly improved by his masters, for though he is a genteel boy, he has, (or at least used to have), sneaking, queer ways. I wonder Eddy did not make a push to go, for he reckons himself upon the footing of doing everything that Henry does. I dare say Mr Kempson will take very good care of him. I *can* conceive that you are tired of your foxhunters since my brother left you, whom you really think amuses himself at Paris. It rejoices me to hear he does ; I only wish he would spend more time there. I took into my head that his staying so much there was owing to his busy brain, which perhaps was picking up all the intelligence he could about that great preparation of shipping and other appearances of war, which I doubt are intended to molest us. 'Tis really frightful what one hears about it, and I am afraid, from good authority. General Howe, I hope, will have so complete a victory as to decide the present contest, and then we may hope to keep off other wars. He has taken New York, and Kings Bridge is thought cannot stand against him, which is the strong pass of the Americans. General Putnam, they say, is killed, and Washington has lost his arm. But these two last articles, and the having taken and destroyed from 6,000 to 8,000 Americans, is not so authenticated as to speak positively, though great grounds for believing it. The loss of so many poor wretches I hope is not true ; I am persuaded General Howe will spare all he can. Colonel Marlay and other officers say that General Howe's disposition of his army at Long Island was so excellent that it was impossible the others should resist ; such management as that may save many lives, which I am sure is his first object. You make me quite happy by what you tell me of Charles. I most heartily wish he may settle to his studies at Aubigni ; it would be the thing in the world for his advantage, and I am sure pleasant to you and Mr Ogilvie, to whom, I am sure, he will behave pleasantly when he finds he is not to be *governed* by him. It is too ridiculous how afraid some people are of being governed. I don't understand that feel, for I never felt *affronted* at people's saying you governed me ; whether you did or not, I am sure I can't tell ; it was not *hard* government is all I know about the matter. What a pretty little history that is you give me of George and his uncle, whom I'll answer for it was very much vexed, for I have seen him in some degree hurt at the dog's indifference to him ; and, therefore, can easily suppose he was very much vexed

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if he thought George did not love him, for he absolutely doats upon him. And from not being much used to children, don't understand how very easily they are made afraid of one. I find nothing so difficult as directing children, and yet prevent that great awe they naturally have of those that have the care of them; unless you quite spoil them, all children have a great degree of it. Talking of children, William is the happiest of creatures in the thoughts of one. The little Duchess is very sick, but going on well, so that I hope there will be no disappointment. I will let you into the secret that she intends nursing her child. William at first was afraid she was too delicate; but, upon *my* opinion that barring accidents it will do her good instead of harm, he comes into it; but I have advised her not to say a word about it, for fear of a combination against her. Lady Kildare, I am sure, will toss up her nose and say, "Lord, Ma'am, what a fancy! How should she know how to nurse a child?" Nancy Burgh and twenty more, I dare say, will make an outcry about it, so that she does not mean to tell anybody of it, but do it, if she is well. I am thinking what a good dry-nurse William will make; they will be quite a comfortable family. Please God they are all well! She now leads such a healthy life that I don't see what is to make her a bad nurse, and she is determined while a nurse to live at Carton and give up entirely to it, and why should not she? In all probability it will settle them both in a happy domestic life. I encourage them both as much as possible in it. Dear Lady Kildare is what I most fear about it, but I hope she won't make a point of her not doing it. Most likely you will be here to stand by her, and that will make her quite happy. My love to Mr Ogilvie, Charlotte, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever, ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. C.

98. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 8th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

Since I wrote to you, and answered yours of the 3rd October, I received yours of the 30th of September, wherein you give me the very pleasing account of dearest Charles, which gave me more pleasure than can be conceived, and makes me hope that his good

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sense operates. I had two days ago a long letter from him from Paris, seven sides of paper, in answer to one I wrote him about his leaving Geneva; and I must say that (in my opinion) his letter is a *chef d'œuvre*. In the first place, it is so very affectionate to me that it is impossible I should not be pleased with it. But Mr Conolly also admires it as much as I do. He writes upon five or six different subjects; *sensibly, cleverly, affectionately, comically*, and in the *prettiest language*. In short, I hardly ever was more delighted with a letter, and all he says about Mr Ogilvie and Aubigni is to my heart's content. I am very sure the company, and conversations he heard at Aubigni have had the effect you imagined they would, and have roused his charming spirit to exert itself, which I am sure will make him one of the first characters, and I hope in God his resolution won't fail him. I find he is vastly taken with my brother, and is very desirous of his approbation, from having a very high opinion of him. I hope you will for some time have the happiness of his company and, at the same time, the satisfaction of thinking that he is making good use of his time. A thousand thanks to you, my dearest sister, for your chatty, agreeable account of your company. I had always heard the Duchess of Richmond say what you do of Mr Leves. Mr. Kempson, I believe, is what you say, a college critic; I think I have observed that in him, when he has talked about new authors. I am glad you like the appearances of Mr Kempson, whom you mention as if I knew all about him; therefore fear some letter has been lost. I am sure hunting and shooting must do Mr Ogilvie a great deal of good, and am very glad he likes those amusements. I agree with you, that they are natural amusements for men, does their health and spirits good, and, therefore, wonder much at wives for disliking it in their husbands. Politics, I am quite clear, are horridly disagreeable both to the person and their friends, but I am not clear that 'tis quite right not to meddle in some degree; and as far as the duty of a person requires it, I should wish them to meddle, though I think it the most *souring* thing to a person's temper, and the most uncomfortable to society. Lady Roden has never said anything more to me about the silks, so I shall drop it, and probably she will think no more of them. Lady Sophia, whom you enquire after, is a charming girl, and much what she was, but why do you dislike poor Lady Caroline? You would really like her if you knew her. Lady Clanbrassil is gone to Dundalk for some time, and [is] vastly well. I spent a couple of

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days with her last week. I saw Lady Kildare in my way through town, *perter* than any pie, and delightfully well, though she complains of *aches* and *pains* in abundance. Your pictures are all safe at Leinster House. As they came while I was confined with my boil, William undertook to have them unpacked and hung up at Leinster House, where I shall go soon to see them, and leave them there or not, as I think best for them.

I am now come to your kind letter of the 20th of October, for which I thank you a thousand times ; but, indeed, must brag of our weather as you do of yours, for there never was anything so fine. September and October had perhaps seven or eight days bad, and that was all. We are now in November, and the weather so warm that we can *bear* but one fire in the gallery ; and at Lord Harcourt's, where we dined to-day, I was almost suffocated with heat in the dining-room and drawing-room, where they had made up the usual fires that people do in November. It is delightful in you to give me such particular accounts of all the dear little animals. I don't think you need be in *great* apprehensions of my not loving Cecilia. I think I must change a great deal if I don't love a child of yours, let the age of it be what it will, when first I am acquainted with it. I hope dearest Eddy will not too soon be his own master. His composition is too rich not to require the greatest care and attention, to keep him from being led wrong. I can't help being diverted at Robert's naughtiness, because I fancy it's out of conceit, as I am sure it is not natural to him. I agree with you that *we old ones* change as children do, and have our fits of naughtiness, or at least ill humour. I really have found many changes in myself at different times with regard to temper and opinion of things. As to temper, I am convinced it is owing to the not being well, when one's cross. As to one's opinion, I fear it must always change, as one advances in the knowledge of human nature. When young, one (very happily) looks to the favourable side of mankind, which, I am sorry to say, experience obliges one to quit. The change is not pleasant, and would be often melancholy, but for the reflection that this world is a state of trial that we must make the best of. I am sure Lucy is a charming creature, and I hope in God will always be a comfort to you. I hope she does not quite forget me.

The tall trees, to hide the irregular part of the house at the Black Rock, Mr Owens planted last year, and they will soon hide it. Colonel Barton told me to-day he had been to see your house, and approves

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of it vastly. I find it is as much the fashion this year to like it, as it was last year to find fault with it, so that I hope you will sell it well. I doubt it is too far advanced in the season to go and see the Duchess of Leinster's place, as it is too far to go and come in a day. But as William cannot sell it till she is of age, you will have time sufficient to consider of it. The purchase of it I understand will be about £19,000 and he seemed to like the thoughts of your having it, and I am sure will not let it without giving you the first offer. The little Duchess goes on happily, but is miserably sick. We have had the Gardiners lately; they are to come back to us soon. The Jephsons are to meet them. Dean Marlay is in this neighbourhood, but goes to England the 25th of this month. To my great joy he has left off his wig, and looks vastly better. Mrs Nicholson has married her daughter, Mary, to Mr Fortescue, a very pretty match on both sides, which I rejoice at on Mrs Nicholson's account, as I very sincerely wish her any pleasure. The poor Morningtons are going abroad for five or six years. I do pity her very much for the distress of their circumstances and am very sorry for her uncomfortable situation. My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most tenderly,

L. A. C.

99. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 25th, [1776]

My dearest sister,

Many thanks for yours of the 5th which I had the pleasure of receiving yesterday among seven packets that were due. It rejoices me to hear that you find yourself better after this last miscarriage than the former, and hope in God you will soon find no inconvenience from it; but I do hope you will make it your *business* to do what is right for you. Indeed, my dearest sister, when a person is leaving off having children (which one might reasonably suppose may be your case) and approaching towards a critical time, it becomes so absolutely necessary to take every possible precaution that a person is inexcusable for neglecting it. I shall long to know what Doctor Carter thinks and advises, and hope it will be nothing very disagreeable to you; but whatever it may turn out I trust to Mr Ogilvie for making you do it. How delightful it must be to anybody

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that loves you to hear of your being so happy. What must it then be to me, my dearest sister, who have always had your happiness so much at heart? God grant it may continue till you are too old to feel anything, and that nature must have its end. At all times the receiving such a letter from you, expressing the enjoyment of so many blessings, would make me happy; but at the distance we are now from each other, the satisfaction is beyond expression, and it gives me that contented pleasant feel, that I say to myself, *well, thank God, all is right*, and so enjoy myself prodigiously. I always was very fond of this place, but living so much at it, as I have done of late, has made my partiality increase for it, and 'tis amazing what constant amusement and employment I find for myself. We have of late been a great deal alone, which has made it still more delightful for me, as I find that it is what Mr Conolly likes best; and *I am proud* (as poor Mr St Leger used to say) to find that he never wants better company. My dearest sister, what a happy prospect for one's old age to find that disposition in a husband one so dearly loves! But I ever was one of the luckiest and happiest of women, which, I know, gives my dearest, dear siss the same pleasure that I feel in thinking that she is so. I have a very great notion that dearest Charles has taken a good resolution, and hope in God it will continue. Some months spent at Aubigni in that regular, proper manner will get him so forward, for he has parts that will assist his application and make a few months of the same use to him that a year would be to the generality. Dear creature, I do love him so sincerely that the idea of his doing right quite delights me. I wrote to Mr Ogilvie from town, just before I set out to return home; and had a very friendly little odd visit from Lord Mornington, who sent me up word (upon being denied) that he wished to see me; and when he came up told me he was going abroad for some time, and probably should spend most of his time in Italy, where very probably Mr Conolly and I might have some commands. And he begged to assure me we had not a more faithful, humble servant, who would be happy to serve us, and had just called to take his leave of us. He stayed but a few minutes, and was very obliging; but I was rather surprised at his visit, as we have met but once these many, many years. Poor Lady Mornington¹ is vastly low-spirited at going; I pity her excessively. I expect Lord and Lady

¹Anne (1742-1831), 1st dau. of Arthur Hill-Trevor, 1st Visct. Dungannon; m. (1759) Garret Wellesley, 1st Earl Mornington.

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Farnham and Lady Harriet Maxwell to-morrow for a few days. I can't say they are people that take my fancy ; he is *finish*, and she has pretentions. But Mr Conolly likes him, particularly to have a prose about Newmarket, and so it's very well for a few days. Lady Harriet is a fine girl. Dean Marlay and Mr Jephson were with us yesterday, and very pleasant. The more I see of Dean Marlay the more reason I have to be confirmed in my opinion of his being a very good sort of man ; he really is, and, I think, remarkably friendly. We are going to lose him pretty soon ; he goes to England in ten days time. Mr Jephson is agreeable, poor man, according to the health he is in. He is very fond of Mrs Jephson, but I could never bear the sort of manner he has about her. Think of his shewing *me* a letter of hers to him, which was so vain in him, for it was to shew her fondness for him, which was expressed in very sensible, obliging terms. But in her place I should never forgive him, at the same time that he gives her the highest encomiums. He told Lady De Vesci that in general he got up early. But, having been lately separated from his wife, he did not get up early that morning, *she had so cajoled him*. Would you ever forgive Mr Ogilvie such a speech ? I never would my Thomas. But they have both too much real delicacy. I am sorry to say Mr Conolly has just had a letter from Lord Buckingham to say he is to be our Lord Lieutenant, which we are very sorry for. But I comfort myself that if you determine positively to sell the Black Rock, I will get a good price out of him for it ; so that if you wish to have anything seriously done about it, send me your orders, because he will soon be here, and, of course, want a place. I can't help fancying I could get a thousand more from him than anybody else, because it would be so clever for their children, and what I imagine she would like. The selling that pretty house is like taking a sad dose of physic, but if it must be done, take it in time to do you good. And believe me ever yours,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

100. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 26th, 1776

My dearest sister,

Though I wrote to you so lately as last night, I must again this evening, to *ease* my poor conscience, which *smote me sore* this morning, upon the recollection of what I had said in my letter, that "if you determined upon parting with the Black Rock, I could not help fancying I should get £1000 more from Lord Buckinghamshire than anybody else." Now, upon what grounds I founded that idea did not immediately occur to me in its true light. I was led away by a natural impulse to serve you upon every occasion, which may make you the more readily excuse me, though you will equally blame me. Whereas when I came to examine into my reasons for thinking what I wrote, I could see no motive to induce Lord Buckinghamshire but that of *coaxing* Mr Conolly, whom he knows is likely to oppose him. The thought shocked me, as I found myself busy in acting an interested part, which is the thing in the world of all others I have always held people in the greatest contempt for; and therefore determined to do nothing more than to follow implicitly your orders, which is the fair thing to do. I was vastly sorry my letter was gone, for fear Mr Ogilvie and you should think ill of me upon canvassing over the matter; and now I have eased my mind by confession and contrition I will leave the subject, and only say that this same appointment of Lord Buckinghamshire to the lieutenancy I fear will create a sad *tourbillon* for us. 'Tis scarcely twenty-four hours since we received the account, and the day has not passed without several petitions from the trades people for recommendations. Apropos to trades people, Mrs Smyth, the milliner, has again applied to me about Charlotte's bill, which, she insists upon, Mr Norris never paid her. As I know nothing of those bills and receipts I don't know how to set her right. We have taken two boxes of your oil, and enclosed send this little memorandum of the balance between us, which I will trouble you to lay out in china for me at Paris. Upon recollection I won't send it 'till I can draw the pattern of one of my plates, that you may match them, and so put the whole memorandum together. By the by, be so good as to ask Charles whether £2 : 6 : 3 can be all that is to be paid for Lady Clanbrassil's twelve chairs; that sum was paid in London at our house upon the delivery of the

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chairs, which same chairs you tell me you have kept one of ; and most heartily welcome you would be to anything of mine, but they are for Lady Clanbrassil and Lady Langford. I must therefore, beg of you to order another like that you have kept, to be sent over by the first opportunity. We heard to-day from London that Lady Elizabeth Clements is better ; she is to return to Bristol for the winter. Two packets to-day, but no news from America. I quite agree with you, *no matter who gets the better*, provided we have a peace, and all our friends are safe. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

101. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 5th, 1776

I am sorry to hear from Charlotte, my dearest sister, that you still continue weak, but I hope it won't be lasting ; however, if you do not get quite well, I trust to Mr Ogilvie that he will make you do what is necessary, and not let you be lazy about writing to Doctor Carter, whom I met in the street the last time I was in Dublin. He enquired most *kindly* after you ; I told him you were to write to him. Poor man, he is much to be pitied about his son, who is incorrigible, notwithstanding the repeated pains Lady Louisa has been at about him ; and I doubt now, will not return to sea, as he has married some very low person at Portsmouth. The little Duchess goes on happily, and William inclines to her having Carter ; so does Lady St George, who employs him herself. But Mrs Dominick and others have raked up stories about the poor man, which I believe are all false. I told William that you had always approved of him, so hope he may get that *job*. I told you I would trouble you with a commission for china when you went to Paris. I have had a sketch made of each sort of plate that I have by me that the new ones may match. To save you trouble I have stated the balance between us, and put down all the directions relative to it upon the same paper, to make but one memorandum, which I enclose you. Apropos to commissions, there is one I should be very glad you could execute for me ; and that is, a Frenchwoman for the Staples's. Mrs Bordes used me very ill, and left me last summer. I then took *La Demoiselle Etienne* (that I brought over to Lady Roden), out of pure necessity ; but I don't like her, she is so intolerably affected, and Louisa catches

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her fine words from her, which provokes me. She is all *sentiment* and *feeling*, for which I could beat her, she is so ridiculous. In other respects she is a good servant, and what many people would like. She is vastly careful of their health, and exact to directions, and good-tempered, as far as I can judge. But I have such an aversion to affectation that I cannot reconcile myself to her. Besides, she stinks, which I think is unwholesome for the children. In general I dislike taking a Frenchwoman, because one is seldom lucky among those that come for a livelihood to Ireland or England; but your being on the spot I think gives me a chance that something good might not be afraid to come. A young woman, from good people, brought up with good principles, and a Protestant, is what I should like. One that is very mild I should particularly wish, as my girls are too timid in their natures, and require the most gentle treatment; the least severity with them would ruin them. But they are also inclined to be pert, so that I would avoid a person with a pert manner; and pray don't let me have a beauty. As I keep but one person about them, she must do a great deal for them, and submit to a great deal of confinement. When I am not at home she is never to leave them, and must endure the going out in all weathers. The wages I must leave to you, as I don't know what they would expect. If you happened to meet with a person you thought would suit me, I should be obliged to you to let me know, as I would give Miss Stephens warning accordingly. As yet I have said nothing to her, and shall find it a little awkward to tell her that I part with her for being affected. I flatter myself you will think the girls improved. Louisa is really much improved in every respect, and Harriet has the most downright honest way that ever was; but the poor little things have both weak nerves, which requires gentleness.

Lord Buckinghamshire, I hear, has appointed his family; a Mr Heron¹ is to be his secretary. After having told you we were to ask no favours, you may be surprised to hear of Colonel Sandford being an aide-de-camp at my request. But I applied in the summer, when it was only reported he was to come. The thanks are due to you, for though I like Colonel Sandford very well, there are others I should more particularly have wished to serve on their own accounts. But you wrote me word of his having acted a friendly

¹ (Sir) Richard Heron (1726-1805), Chief Secretary to Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1776-80; cr. Bart., 1778. He m. Jane Hall, widow of S. Thompson, Esq.

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part by you, which made me wish not to lose the only opportunity I might perhaps ever have of obliging him ; which was my reason for writing to Lord Buckinghamshire as soon as Colonel Sandford mentioned his wish to me. I hear Dean Barnard¹ is his first chaplain, and lets him have St Wolstans, which will be very pleasant to us, unless you wish them to have the Black Rock. We dined at Leixlip the other day, and heard that Lady Elizabeth continued better. She is probably by this time at Bristol, where I hope in God she will recover. I have not seen dearest Lady Barrymore lately. The Rodens were here for a day or two ; the Woodwards come to us soon. Mrs Nicholson has also promised me a visit. I don't yet know what our Xmas party will be. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

102. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 21st, 1776

My dearest sister,

'Tis an age since I wrote to you, but I have had company, and kept perpetually employed besides, in writing very disagreeable letters, which are those of denial, to the millions of applications that are made to me in consequence of Lord Buckinghamshire's coming to Ireland. I wonder when they will have done, and was considering t'other day the impossibility of obliging everybody. For if I had had the appointing of all Lord Buckinghamshire's family, and the naming of all his tradesmen, I could not satisfy one half of the requests made to me. I have a charming letter of yours of the 25th of November to thank you for, my dearest sister ; but as *business* should be one's first care, I will begin by answering Mr Ogilvie's postscript about the Black Rock, wherein he desires me to stop the works for this winter, which I have wrote to Mr Owen about, and don't imagine there is anything material to be done. The dining[-room] was finished when I was there, all to the doors and window shutters ; and the drawing-room cornice was doing, so that I imagine it must be nearly finished, and *that*, I suppose, you would have done at any rate. If you look at the account I sent you last year, you will see that the house, all to the circular room,

¹ Thomas Barnard ; afterwards Bishop of Killaloe and later of Limerick. He was a member of the famous Literary Club presided over by Dr. Johnson.

and south dressing-room, was to be finished for £3,474 : 14 : 10. Your orders about not finishing the book-room must deduct something. Mr Owens, as yet, has not outrun the constable, for he has received £3,077 : 13 : 5, so that the balance in his favour is £397 : 1 : 5, which I have wrote him word *must* finish and pay all the bills, which, if it does, I think you are well off. I did propose going there this week, before our Xmas party begins ; but Mr Conolly and I have both got colds, and his still confines him. You make me very happy by the comfortable account of your spirits, which I think I mind still more than your health, because it makes such an essential difference as to your own feels of happiness. However, I hope your health is also mending, and beg you will do everything that is requisite towards preserving it. I did imagine Mr Ogilvie would be *positive* upon that score, and trust he will. My dear sister, I dare not allow myself to think on so pleasant a scheme as that of making you a visit in the spring, because I think it is very unlikely to take place. Mr Conolly does not mean to go to England if he can possibly avoid it, for he has a great deal of business to do here which he has neglected, and ought to do ; but I don't like at this distance of time to think I shall not see you next summer, and therefore have fixed no plan in my own mind for ourselves. However, let me entreat that your health may be the first consideration. I talked with William upon the subject of Charlotte, and he mentioned something of it to Lady Kildare ; that is to say, " that he wished Charlotte to come over in spring to live with the little Duchess and him." At which I find she seems highly delighted. And he thinks you guessed very right that Charlotte was her object, and all that talk about her marrying (which you knew exactly), she had over to him. He thinks she is not anxious about the boys. The Duke of Leinster thinks that if Mr Ogilvie was to come about his business, Charlotte might come with him. He once thought of going for her himself, but the little Duchess (it is suspected) won't part with him, so that I don't know how that will be. You might be very sure, my dearest sister, that I would do anything for a child of yours ; but, between ourselves, am not sorry the Duke of Leinster wishes her to *live* with him. For, somehow or other, I am grown like my poor sister Holland in that respect, and have rather a dread of taking the charge of a young woman. I really think I have not a good method, and certainly bring a great deal of anxiety upon myself. The Duke of Leinster knows a great deal of the world, is

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very prudent and proper, so that I think Charlotte would do vastly well with his care. And the little Duchess is goodness itself, so that she would do Charlotte no harm ; and Charlotte would enliven her, which I think her spirits do want sometimes. What a delightful account you do send me of that dear Charles ! God be praised for it ! 'Twould be absolutely a sin not to make the most of him. As he has once got into the way of applying, I think there is no doubt of his continuing, for in all probability he will get a taste for it. Pray give my most affectionate love to him ; and to sweet Eddy, whom I hope to play many a game at chess with. What a surprising creature Lucy must be to have *any* idea of me, much less of what I should *do* ; but I believe I can guess to whom I am obliged for keeping up the favourable impression in her little heart. Dear angel ! what a charming creature she must be by your description of her ! She always had what Rousseau¹ calls *beaucoup d'étoffe* in her composition, and it is delightful to have it all so good. You are *barbarous* to describe Cecilia so lovely, because such a child as she must now be is my delight, and I hate to lose so much good mumbling, though it's lucky for her, as I dare say she gets enough without my assistance. Upon the whole I flatter myself you need not be apprehensive for that dearest George ; his growing tall and large, and sleeping well are all such good signs. But it is no wonder you should live in anxiety about so many little precious brats. It is certainly right one should have anxieties, for it is amazing how soon one forgets oneself, if one has not. However, I trust, my dearest sister, for the time to come, that your scale of happiness may far outweigh that of your anxiety or misery. Pray remember me to Mr Ogilvie and Charlotte, and be sure of Mr Conolly's sincere affection. We have got something of the influenza again this year, but it does not begin so violently as it did last year. Mr. Power would bleed me for my cold, which I must write Sally word of, to make her quite easy as to my health, which, poor soul ! she took fright about. Mr Power says my blood is so pure that I can have neither humour nor sharpness in it, which I hope will satisfy Sarah. Those nasty boils have (I suppose) cleared it. Well, good-night, my dearest sister. I must not keep poor Bell up any longer, for she is very near lying-in, and my chambermaid is sick, so that I must manage Bell. Yours ever most tenderly,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ J. J. Rousseau (1712-78) ; French philosopher.

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103. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 9th, [1777]

My dearest sister,

I have two letters to thank you for, of the 7th and 21st of December, and am very sorry to hear that you have had so long a visit from the *French Lady*, which I am afraid (by Mr Ogilvie's letter) was a *little* sort of a miscarriage, as he tells me that you *must not* be with child again for sometime. As I answered his letter upon that subject at the time I wrote about the Black Rock, I will not repeat my entreaties to *you* to take care of yourself, as they are in better hands with Mr Ogilvie, whom I hope will *make* you soon write to Doctor Carter. As you don't mention the dearest Lucy in your last, I hope the chilblains on her hands have not turned out what you feared, and that the sore in her foot is better. I doubt this sore has agitated you a good deal and done your nerves no good, but I hope in God it will only turn out a slight complaint. I rejoice to hear that lovely George is so well, and that Ciddy is so entertaining; I am sure it must be a dear monkey. I asked William about the Duchess's place in the county of Wicklow; he is very ready to let you have it. And I have also enquired about Lord Mornington's house, which is to be sold without furniture for £5,000, which is, to be sure, very cheap. I don't know what to advise about papering the Black Rock; however, for the present it is out of the question, for I hear Lord Buckinghamshire has taken St Wolstan's, which I imagine he will find too small upon trial, and probably will be obliged to change. But the proposal of purchasing a country house for the Lord Lieutenant I don't suppose will take place till Lord Harcourt returns to England. I have heard him say he should recommend it when he was no longer to profit by it, and Lord Buckinghamshire for the same reason (I suppose) has chosen to hire a place at his first coming. If we should treat about it, I will remember to say you expect £12,000, and under that sum won't *strike* the bargain without writing to you. Mr Heron, the secretary,

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I believe has got Major Brooks's place, just by Mr Theobald Clements's. Lady Buckinghamshire don't come till next June, as she is to lie in in April or May. Lady Anne is quite in *grief* at her coming to Ireland; she thinks she won't succeed, and in her own mind anticipates the many disagreeable things that may happen. To say the truth, we none of us like it, but must now put the best face upon it. I naturally hope the best upon most occasions, and therefore fancy it will all go off better than the family expect. I saw the little Duchess yesterday, whom I flatter myself is going on well, and has no real complaint; at least Mr Power thinks so, but she is so nervous, that it is quite vexatious, and frightens William as well as herself. But, as she has just quickened, I hope these feels won't last long. Mr and Mrs Tom Burgh, Mrs French¹ and her pretty boy (that is so like Edward) are at Carton. The last of our Xmas party left us to-day: Mr and Mrs Dickson, who spent a week here, Dean Woodward² and his wife, General and Mrs Johnston, (Mrs Twisden that was), and the Magdalen, whom the Rowleys came for, and carried to Summerhill. I expect the Staples and Cunninghams soon.

Lady Massereene is gone to town for the winter. She had a letter from Lady Elizabeth lately which pleased her, as it was the first letter she had received from herself since her fever; but the account is so bad, that I own I have little hopes of her. I can't brag of my cheerful way of thinking where sickness is in question; on the contrary, I am apt to think people worse than they are. But in sweet Eliza's case I fear there is too much reason to be apprehensive, for since her fever (added to her other complaints) she has had a constant spitting, which they can't stop, and of course cannot get strength. She is still in London, not able to undertake the journey to Bristol. The last accounts from America still bring the news of our army dispersing the Americans at different posts, but there has been no decisive action, so that I fear we must make up our minds for another campaign next summer, which is a very

¹ [?] Wife of Arthur French, of French Park, Co. Roscommon.

² Richard Woodward (1726-94), Dean of Clogher, 1764-81; Bishop of Cloyne, 1781-94. He m. Susanna (d. 1795), dau. of Richard Blake. Woodward was English born, and it was while travelling on the Continent that he made the acquaintance of Thomas Conolly, who persuaded him to come to Ireland. It was to Lord Buckinghamshire (Conolly's brother-in-law) that he owed his later preferments.

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melancholy prospect ; but I still trust in God our friends will come home safe to us. I beg my love to Charlotte, Mr. Ogilvie, etc. I have got the dearest George's picture here, and feast my eyes with it very often, 'tis so like the angel. Adieu, my dearest sister, yours ever most affectionately,

L. A. C.

104. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 28th, 1777

My dearest sister,

I was so uneasy at receiving yours of the 24th of December with that enclosed to Doctor Carter that, till I saw him, I could not be persuaded you were not in an alarming situation ; but, thank God, he has satisfied me that it is weakness, and *that* only, and does not seem to doubt your recovering your strength with *rest* (as he told me). But I don't find any hint to that purpose in his letter, which I enclose, and, therefore, conclude he will write to Mr Ogilvie himself. He also told me the cold bath would be of service to you, but I fear you will never bring yourself to go into it ; what he desires you to do I hope with all my heart will restore your strength, and does not confine you to any place. Bristol he inclines most to of any waters, and that brings you so much nearer home that it sounds the pleasantest. Lady Kildare asked me a great deal about your health, and I told her what Doctor Carter [said], which made her very happy, as she did not like my account of you. She afterwards said, " perhaps you would be as well in Ireland as where you were," but said nothing in particular about Charlotte. I think Lady Kildare stoops still more than when you saw her, otherwise she is just as well as ever, and only complains of lameness from the swelling in her feet, which, however, rather decreases, than otherwise ; she is in charming spirits. I also saw dearest Lady Barrymore, who looks and is as well as possible ; you will hear from her soon. I was three days in town, but so taken up with the fuss of Lord Buckinghamshire's landing that I had not one morning to spare to go to the Black Rock ; but as I shall return in a few days, it was not of so much importance.

I came out of town to-day, as we expect Lord Buckinghamshire

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here to-morrow for a few days, to rest from his fatigues. Lord Harcourt left Dublin yesterday in great order and ceremony, and I believe is happy to be gone. Mr Heron, Lord Buckinghamshire's secretary, is one of the most sensible looking men I ever saw; I don't know what he will turn out. His wife also seems a good-humoured, plain, unaffected woman. Lady Harriet Hobart¹ is only 15, and on the footing of a child, so that there is nothing to be done with her but taking her to the play, which I did last night, to poor old Crow Street, where we had a very full house. Mrs FitzHenry² and Sheridan³ you know, and for comedy, and the singing, Mr Webster, Miss Potter, and Miss Barsanti are (I am told) excellent; so that we are well off, and I hope the plays will be encouraged, for it's a pretty diversion. Lord and Lady Bellamont, I hear, are going to the country for the winter; they only waited for Lord Harcourt's departure. Lord Bellamont, that is so full of plans himself, I dare say thinks I shall do him *ill offices* with Lord Buckinghamshire and therefore *withdraws*, thinking he can get nothing. I am glad they are going, as I dreaded the meeting her in public; it would have been so vastly unpleasant.

I am sure you will be sorry for poor Mrs Nicholson, whose son-in-law, Mr Lloyd, is dead. He and Mrs Lloyd were come to town for a little while to make her a visit, when Mr Lloyd was seized with a violent fever that carried him off in a few days; and his poor wife [is] within six weeks of her time [and] in very great grief. I am so sorry for poor Mrs Nicholson, who bears this misfortune, like everything else, in the most pious, heavenly way. She seemed likely to have enjoyed herself a little upon Mr Fortescue's marriage, so that it grieves one doubly to have her distressed. I shall long to know, my dearest sister, what you determine on after seeing Doctor Carter's letter. Do you think Barèges very necessary for the little girls? If you do, I am sure you are right in resolving to go there; and what you tell me of the effect of the waters upon the sores is a great argument in their favour. I don't wonder you miss the Eddy; 'tis not a little being one can live much with and not feel

¹ Harriet (b. 1762), el. dau. of John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire, by his 1st wife, Mary Anne (d. 1762), dau. and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Drury, Bt. She m. (i) (1780) Armar Corry, 1st Earl of Belmore; (ii) (1792) William Ker, Marquis of Lothian.

² Mrs. Fitzhenry (d. 1790); well-known Irish actress.

³ Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), dramatist and parliamentary orator.

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the loss of. I hope Henry will have profited by the Paris masters. Pretty George's picture makes me long to kiss the original; and what you tell me of Ciddy is not less tempting.

In short, my dearest sister, if I was to allow myself to think that the time was near, that I was to have the pleasure of seeing you all, I should grow very fidgety; but I won't let myself *go*, till I think you are *really* coming to Ireland, where I think we shall certainly now stay till next year. Nothing can be kinder, my sweet siss, than your wishing me to stay where you know me to be happy; and certainly it is a reason for being very anxious to remain here. But I have another reason for liking to stay here this winter, which is that of Mr Conolly's avoiding that *odious* Almack's. The dear soul was so often called there by his bets upon his horses, that it drew him into a *little* gambling. The money he lost (happily) won't really hurt him, (though a little inconvenient as we don't abound in ready money); but much the worst part of it to me was the bad hours that it made him keep, which his constitution will not bear. And the consequence of his raking was the putting his blood into so bad a state, that a very slight cold threatened to turn out serious; and two or three fevers he had in the summer alarmed me a good deal. Thank God, he is so well now that I think he must have shaken it all off; however, something still remains, for he cannot drink a little wine extraordinary without feeling vastly heated, and had required a great deal of bleeding and physic. After this account I am sure you will not wonder at my wishing to avoid that *devilish* place. I think one year may entirely break through it, particularly as he was so vexed at it himself; and in proportion to the vexation he had there, I think he feels the satisfaction of leading so much a pleasanter life at Castletown. I am almost persuaded that his groom sold him at Newmarket, which made all his amusements turn out vexatious; so that 'tis better to remain here, where he is so comfortable, and I am so happy. He has such right and good ways of thinking about gambling, that my task has been to comfort him, and not suffering him to be vexed about it, which I am sure he need not be, for I am confident he will never play again. It was reported he had ruined himself, but I am sure his losses altogether were under £10,000, which I am resolved never to think of again, but could not help giving you all my little reasons for not being more forward in promoting a journey that you must be convinced, my dearest sister, would give me the greatest pleasure. I know you so

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well that I am sure you will approve of my *prudence*. I always thought it such a pity to be plagued about money, that I can easily resolve on anything that makes it easy to one. I don't see why I should plague you to write to Mercadie about the Frenchwoman, and will certainly do it myself ; though, if you don't come this year, I doubt I should find it a difficulty to get a good one to undertake such a journey by herself. And, luckily, Mrs Stephens is a harmless being that I could very well rub on a year longer with, for it is my own aversion to her conceit that makes me dislike her so much. I must now thank you for yours of the 5th of this month, which tells me you are growing stronger, and have less uneasiness ; but your only walking about the three rooms that you inhabit is being very, very weak indeed. But the lime water and the bark are such strengtheners, that I hope you will take them as soon as possible. You describe yourself very comfortably by the fire-side, and I thank you a thousand times for not letting the dearest Georgy love the Duchess of Richmond better than me. My love to Mr Ogilvie, whose postscript (*possédé* as it may be), gave me great pleasure, as he tells me that your spirits are so good, not to use Lady Massereene's naughty word ; and I believe I may wish you joy that his sore throat and cold were not *very* bad, for he does not write in *bad* spirits, though he complains so *mournfully* of his situation. Well, pray get strong and well, and then he is not *much* to be pitied. Remember me also to Charlotte, and Charles if with you. I hope his visit to Paris was a short one but that pretty little witch Lady Barrymore will keep him there, I doubt. Lady Clanbrassil is still at Dundalk, but is expected soon in town. No more news from America ; our army is now settled in their winter quarters, so that one's great anxiety reposes for a while, and is postponed to the next summer's campaign, which I now fear will take place. I once hoped a peace would have ended this season. General Howe has been so kind as to make Harry Fox his Aide-de-Camp, which pleases me from knowing it is a thing my poor sister would have liked for him. Sally has been chiefly at Stoke this winter, and I hope is now busy about her house, which was positively to be begun this spring. Mr Conolly's love to you and Mr Ogilvie ; we both join in wishing you many happy years. Yours ever, my dearest sister, most affectionately,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

105. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, February the 1st, [1777]

I don't know, my dearest sister, whether William wrote you word last night of poor dear Lady Kildare's escape. She is wonderfully well, after a terrible accident of falling down her wooden stairs, from the top, to the middle landing place. She has broken the small bone of her arm, just at the elbow, and bruized herself all over, ankle, thigh, shoulder and breast, and is so sore that she cannot turn in her bed without assistance. She bore the dressing of her arm with the greatest resolution, and, thank God, has no fever. She has slept a good deal, and her spirits would surprise you. This happened Thursday night. The Duke of Leinster was sent for yesterday, so that I did not hear of it till the evening. But I went to see her this morning in a sad fidget. The idea of her suffering is what one cannot bear. But when I saw her this morning so very well, and heard of her being in a fair way, I could not help being anxious for her life, which I was not upon first hearing of the accident, from thinking she was likely to suffer so much. She enquired most kindly after you, wishes to hear of your getting strength, and said she feared she should never write to France again. But I told her (my real opinion) that I was sure she would in time, for she has a fair prospect of recovering. The soreness of her bruises she complains most of, but was very chatty and thankful that she did not knock out her brains. She is a person of wonderful resolution and I really believe will come through this better than we could expect. William goes to town again to-morrow, and I shall go on Monday for some days, when I will send you constant accounts of her. The little Duchess is very nervous, don't like to leave Carton, nor to let William go from her, so that he comes back in the evening, and will continue to do so, unless Lady Kildare should grow worse, which I hope in God will not be the case. The little Duchess is well in the main, but her very weak nerves make her feel all the *inconveniences* of her situation more than she would otherwise do. William tells me he finds it necessary to keep her very quiet, she is so easily fatigued with everything. And yet sometimes I am afraid she gives way a little too much, but what can one do when people seem ill? I own I never have courage enough to worry them, I feel so afraid of doing them harm, and think, in

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general, that people must know best what agrees with them. I received to-day yours of the 18th and Mr Ogilvie's of the 19th, which latter I must take more time to answer. Though I fear I can give Mr Ogilvie no satisfaction as to a favourable mistake on his side, for I took all the accounts from the copy of what I sent him last year and my own account of drafts on Mr Underwood to Mr Owens, and believe I can make it clear to him that there is no mistake. I am rejoiced to hear you are better, my sweet siss, and that your spirits are so good, though your blood is so *foul*. You will see by Doctor Carter's letter that you are not confined to any water drinking place; but the thoughts of your coming in March is so delightful, that I cannot help *thinking* of it; but I won't set my heart upon it, well knowing what loadstones those little brats are. Indeed, I have always thought it unreasonable to expect you to move, and knowing myself to be so much more at liberty, have always thought it *my* business to move; and have several times *meditated* a little visit, but something or other has hindered me. What I told you in my last I am sure you will think good reasons for not liking to go to London. *Those* and having the pleasure of thinking that you were happy, and did not want me, have made me lay by those projects much easier than I should otherwise have done. I hope, my dearest sister, you understand at the same time that I don't imagine that either of us would feel less pleasure at seeing one another than we have always done; but there is a difference between that and thinking oneself necessary to a person, which sometimes has been the case. I am in great haste, so must conclude with my love to all, and assuring you, my dearest sister, of being most affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

106. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, March the 8th, 1777

I have two letters to thank you for my dearest sister, of the 2nd and 18th of February; the last a most comfortable, long one, with a *confession* of all your *passions*, which, indeed, I agree with you (I believe) are in the composition of most people, and it is silly to fancy oneself free from them because one has not felt them. It

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is owing to that established rule with me, *that one can claim no merit where there has been no temptation*, that has got me the character of being *humble*. For, as to real humility, I fear I have none of it, and therefore do not wonder at your *worldly* wishes for Mr Ogilvie, which are so natural, at the same time that I am sorry you have them, lest they should be a source of uneasiness to you. I believe it is very needless to tell you that, had I the power, your most trifling wish should be gratified. As to the politics of next winter, God knows what they will be; but, as yet, everything promises fair for Lord Buckinghamshire. And his very civil, kind behaviour, both to the Duke of Leinster and Mr Conolly, incline them to think they shall support him; and you may be sure I most heartily hope they may. Lord Buckinghamshire, in the gentlest manner (upon finding the Duke of Leinster was not of the Privy Council), wrote to offer to make him of it, with great delicacy and attention, which has pleased William very much; and nothing can be more civil than they are to each other. Lord Buckinghamshire has likewise treated Mr Conolly with the utmost friendship; so that nothing can be pleasanter than we all are at present. But the Duke of Leinster and Mr Conolly have taken care at the same time to keep themselves quite at liberty. However, I am in very great hopes that Lord Buckinghamshire has no *devilish* thing to do. To be sure, his power hangs on a slender thread, for if things should go wrong in America, I suppose Lord George Germain will lose his power, and of course Lord Buckinghamshire will lose his chief support. But I trust in God that will not be the case, and that General Howe will carry all his points, which I do believe will be the case, if any man upon earth can carry them. I have such an opinion of him, that I think him equal to any undertaking, and only tremble for his life.

But to return to our Irish politics: Lord Buckinghamshire seems to know the characters of the people here as well as if he had lived amongst them, and Mr Hussey Burgh¹ is one of the persons he entertains the highest opinion of. I will not deny but that Mr Ogilvie has been in my thoughts, and Mr Conolly says that the *wisest* thing you can do is to come and *court* Lord Buckinghamshire yourself;

¹ Walter Hussey Burgh (1742-83), Irish lawyer; M.P. in the Irish Parliament for Athy, 1769, and for Dublin University, 1776; Prime Sergeant, 1777. He advocated Free Trade; opposed the Union; and was a celebrated orator. His wife was Anne, dau. of Thomas Burgh, of Bert, Co. Kildare (d. 1782).

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that you can't fail then of getting what you please, and I hope you will make the experiment. A letter I received to-day from Mr Ogilvie of the 22nd gives me hopes that you will. Do, my dear, dearest sister, muster up courage to come, and let us be blessed with the sight of you (as dear Lady Barrymore says). For fear I should forget it, let me now mention our house in London, which you may be very sure is most heartily at your service. 'Tis very improbable, but just possible, that Mr Conolly may be obliged to go for a fortnight about business the latter end of April or beginning of May. But supposing he did, he would take but one servant, and there would be room for you all. You remember how well we stuffed in it before, and how comfortable we were. Give my love to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him I will immediately write to Corporal Campbell; and, indeed, am distressed more than you can conceive about the money the Black Rock costs, and most earnestly do wish him to come, as he will see by a letter I wrote him some time ago. I hope McNeil will go to Aubigni.

I am vastly sorry to hear that dearest George alarms you so continually, but hope in God he will outgrow his little complaints. I saw Doctor Carter yesterday, who says that musk is the best medicine for you during those visits from the French Lady, which I suppose you have had when Mr Ogilvie last wrote to me. I enclose a receipt for taking the bark without the lime water, if you can't get it, and his opinion about the manner of taking the musk. You will see at the bottom of his letter the word *turn*, but it was only a letter to me about his son. I left town yesterday and hope not to go again for some time, for I am tired of it. Dear Lady Kildare I left as well as possible; she gets up every day, and has walked twice round her room. I really think she will be as well as she was before the accident. She never fails to enquire after you, and though she keeps saying "how common it is for people to be weak and to have complaints when they leave off having children," she is quite fidgety about you, and asks me a hundred questions, and is so anxious when I get a letter from you, to know if you are better, and if I think you will come to Ireland this summer. I am sure she will have great pleasure in seeing you. She, William and I all rejoice at Charles's fancy of going to sea again, and think it is so happy for him to be employed these next two or three years. I mean to write to *compliment* him upon it; 'tis a spirited disposition that pleases me of all things.

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I think of Charles just as you do, but will take care not to mention his nerves, since he don't like it should be taken notice of. McBride I hear is delighted to have him again. Charles certainly pays the profession a great compliment, I am sorry he made you so *cross* about the fires, those little things certainly are worrying, and I know tease you, which people that live with you might find out, and avoid ; but I figure your dear face so exactly upon those occasions, *colouring up*, and yet endeavouring to hide your being angry, from not thinking the thing worth it ; and the very next moment, *anger colour* and all appearance of *heat* gone. Is not it so, you dear soul ?

You give me a most pleasing account of Henry, to whom I wrote to lately, and really did not know I had happened to miss him. I hope Lucy's constitution is so good as to throw off her complaint ; but those two sores on her face are vexatious things, and if the Barèges waters are likely to be of use to them, 'twould be a thousand pities she did not go, those marks on the face are of so much consequence. I don't like the scheme of your returning by Bordeaux ; 'twas such a horrid voyage to you before that it alarms one. But come first, and we can talk that matter over afterwards. I shall long for your letters about ten days hence, when I fancy we shall hear something decisive about your coming ; and then my anxiety and impatience will both be very great. But till then I will keep myself *cool* about it. The little Duchess is to pig in May, so that you will, I hope, be here to stand by her about the nursing which she has set her heart upon. By the by, Bell has got a bouncing boy, which I have made her suckle herself ; and Simpson, her husband, is our groom of the chambers, which has made her very happy. Mr Conolly begs to be kindly remembered to you all. Adieu, my dearest sister, believe me most affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

107. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Dublin, November the 28th, 1777

We have expected Charlotte since Thursday night, my dearest sister, from hearing of her being at the Head ; but the wind has been so much against her, that the yacht, I suppose, would not

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come out. Last Thursday morning, when William stopped me in the street to tell me he expected her that evening, I felt my heart jump; and the idea of seeing her was so connected with all my feels about you and the family that I sat in a great fidget that day at Lord Clifden's,¹ where we dined to meet the Buckinghamshires, and was rather in a hurry to get away. But she did not come, and will not now, I suppose, till the evening tide at soonest. I shall keep this letter open to the last minute in hopes to tell you of her arrival. Mr and Mrs FitzGerald,² I fancy, will come with her, as Lady Buckinghamshire has heard of their being at Holyhead. We shall all be glad to see poor Jane; but he is such a creature that he must always be a great distress to the family. However, [I] hope that *cool, even civility* will keep him in some order concerning ourselves. As to others, I fear one must expect to hear of disagreeable things, as he will ever be in scrapes. My love to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him he may be quite at ease about their circumstances, for he has got so much money as to have discharged all his debts in London, even the money that *her* friends gave her in his absence. Mr Ogilvie's good nature made him speak to me about them when he was in Ireland, so that he will be glad to hear this. Where this money comes from nobody can guess, nor what will be his fate a month hence, but as long as Mrs FitzGerald is in either England or Ireland her friends must be content, as she is within the reach of their assistance.

I went to Mrs Nicholson t'other day to give her your message, for which she desired I would give you a thousand thanks, and begged you would not distress yourself in writing to her, which she said she thought upon those occasions was equally distressing to those who wrote and those who received the letters.

I have seen dear Lady Elizabeth two or three times, and 'tis with pleasure I can assure you she is better. She certainly looks

¹ James Agar, 1st Visct. Clifden (1734-89); a Privy Councillor in Ireland. He m. (1760) Lucia, dau. of John Martin, and widow of Hon. Henry Boyle-Walsingham.

² George Robert FitzGerald (1748-86), known as 'Fighting FitzGerald' on account of his numerous duels. He was son of Robert FitzGerald, of Turlough, Co. Mayo, and Lady Mary Hervey, dau. of John, Lord Hervey. He married Jane, dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, and sis. of Thomas Conolly. After their marriage they lived for a time abroad. When they returned to Ireland, 'Fighting FitzGerald's' adventures became highly discreditable and his temper peculiar, and his wife soon left him. He ended his life on the gallows, convicted for murder of one Patrick McDonnell. One daughter survived him.

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well in the face, and I do think will recover. She thinks so herself now, though she does not expect ever to be very strong. She is come to settle in Dublin for the winter, and has begun to go out a little in the evening. Lady Buckinghamshire has seen her of a morning, but has positively *forbid* her coming to the Castle in the evening till she is quite strong and well. Lady Buckinghamshire admires her, as we all do, and thinks her quite pretty from her extreme pleasing look and manner. The Castle is now quite the *fashionable* place.

There has scarcely been a large party this winter. Mrs. Cunningham had one, and Mrs Pery four Mondays. But I hear of no more. And if private balls and the public places fill up the week, I think it will improve Dublin. The operas I am told are charming, and will be better than any they have had in London for some years past. They are to begin next week. William has given himself a great deal of trouble about them. Thursday is the fashionable night for going to the play. We have a tolerable set of actors ; Mrs Leslie is in the style of Abingdon.¹ We are to have Sheridan's new comedy of the *School for Scandal*² next week, which I have read, and think charming, and is such a *cut* (as Lord Russborough calls it) to the tattlers of scandal, as I think must shame many people out of that abominable practice.

The last two balls we had at the Castle there has been a new kind of minuet introduced after the rest were over, that I thought vastly pretty ; a *minuet de la cour* they call it, but I don't think it a minuet neither, for there are *entre chats* in it. Mr Corbet, one of the aides-de-camp, is a remarkably good dancer ; he dances one of these minuets with Miss Gardiner, and the other with Miss Graham, who are both good dancers. Miss Gardiner is a sweet, pretty girl, and pleasing in her manner. Lady Betty Cobbe³ has brought out a most delightful, fine girl, to my taste ; she is not so well but vastly in the style of the Duchess of Devonshire.⁴ Her figure is charming. There are a few more pretty girls come out, but none to my taste equal to Miss Cobbe.

¹ Frances Abington (1737-1815), actress.

² *The School for Scandal* was first produced at Drury Lane Theatre on 8 May, 1777.

³ Lady Elizabeth Beresford, you. dau. of Marcus Beresford, 1st Earl of Tyrone ; m. (1751) Thomas Cobbe, only son of Charles Cobbe, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

⁴ Georgiana, dau. of John Spencer, 1st Earl Spencer (d. 1806) ; m. (1774) William Cavendish, 5th Duke of Devonshire.

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We have had late days, owing to these election committees, and some of them will last a great while, to the injury of many people's healths; several have been laid up with the consequences of their attendance. Thank God, Mr Conolly's is over, without his having materially suffered. But the two last days he was quite oppressed with the foul air and heat, and felt ill, but two or three good rides since have recovered him. I believe he saved himself a good deal by dining quietly at home. Adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

108. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 5th, 1777

My dearest sister,

Charlotte did not land till two days after I wrote my last letter. But as I conclude she told you of her being delayed five days at Holyhead, her bad passage, fright and sickness, I shall only tell you that she has recovered her looks much since the first day, and to me appears much as she did when she left Ireland, though her brother and Mr Conolly think her much thinner. I was vastly glad to see her, and happy at meeting with an affectionate reception from her. She seems pleased at being come, though she feels awkward and queer without you, exclusive of the parting with you, which she tells me she felt very much at leaving Aubigni. Her brother and the Duchess are quite happy at having her, and Lady Kildare, I am sure, is pleased, but I have not seen her since. Mr. Conolly, having got a little liberty, we came out of town, but shall return again on Tuesday next. It was too soon to beg for Charlotte's coming here, so that I have not had half time enough to ask her the millions of things I want to know about you all. But she made me most essentially happy in assuring me that you had been better for the last six weeks she was with you than you had been for a long time before. The Ciss she doats upon, and it must be a sweet thing, with all its agreeable prate. Charlotte is to be presented to-night at the Drawing-room, and I suppose will dance next Tuesday, which I have a notion she will do well, as she is very genteel.

I am so glad that it happens to be in my power to set you right about poor Mrs FitzGerald, whom report has wronged very much ; and also to make your mind easy as to Charlotte's seeing much of her, which to be sure she will do, as she is very often at Carton. I am very much deceived if she is not a most *harmless* person, and can account to you, I think, for her character's suffering unjustly. In the first place, she was not in a rank of life that would have brought her into the company she now keeps, but for her marriage with Billy FitzGerald, who (perhaps you don't know) is mad, and shut up in Swift's Hospital at William's expense, for he had run out every sixpence. Before he grew so mad, he was for two or three years so very odd, and grew so ill-tempered, that his wife had a miserable time of it, and once narrowly escaped a pistol which he fired at her. Her father, who was reckoned rich, did not give her anything. All this distress obliged them to live where they could, and with whomsoever would take them ; sometimes at Carton, sometimes at Donore ; and about a year before Lord Harcourt went away Mr and Mrs Lees had them perpetually at the Castle, where his debts, at last (I believe), obliged him to take up his residence. And to this may be attributed the doubtfulness some people had of her conduct, which I cannot entirely wonder at when I consider the disadvantages she lay under ; for she is a most beautiful woman, with very pretty manners, considering her education, almost starving, with a brute, (for such poor Billy FitzGerald appeared to be grown, till the cause of his oddity was known), and my Lord Harcourt supposed to be in love with her. He saw her for ever at Mr Lees where she lived ; and William told me she had had a most difficult card to play, but that he was so convinced she had steered quite clear that he wished to protect her in the eyes of the world, and therefore invited them both to Carton, where Mr FitzGerald could not stay long, he grew so ill, and was soon shut up. She has been since much with the Duchess, where I have had an opportunity of seeing her, and think her a very modest, well-behaved woman, who is not likely to do Charlotte the least harm.

The rest of the Duchess's acquaintance is chiefly among the Burghs ; Mrs French, a relation of hers (by marriage), is a Minor-quine, and a very good kind of woman, but not young. Her husband and eldest son are in America ; her only child here is page to Lord Buckinghamshire, so that she has a good deal of time to spare to be with the Duchess. William, I think, in general has very prudent,

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proper notions for the world, and, I imagine, will take very good care of Charlotte. But if I should see anything that I think you would not like, will certainly tell her of it. Only think of McNeil's gossip ever being pleasant ! It shews what an alteration the distance of one's friends make, it surely changes the *face of things* ; for though I think her of all creatures one of the most tiresome, yet I could not help listening *eagerly* to her description of your gown and cap. She is charmed with the good looks, health, manners, and dress of the whole family, from you down to Ciss, poor little Louisa excepted, whom she thinks in a very declining way. Joly says he did not know Sophia, she was so grown and so improved ; and that you all live so happily, so handsomely, and so comfortably, that we can have no idea of it. I rejoice to hear it, my dear sister, and hope it makes up, in some degree, for that want of home occupation, that in your letter of the 16th of November that I received to-day, you mention missing since you went abroad. But I won't proceed with answering that letter, till I have finished with yours of the 7th that Charlotte brought me.

And now with respect to the reminding your son of his promises to serve Mr Ogilvie, I have not the least objection, for as long as he supports Government he has an undoubted right to get something considerable. But, my dearest sister, the difficulty to me appears to be what to get ? A pension Mr Ogilvie would not accept of ; nor indeed can it be had, for Lord Buckinghamshire finds the absolute necessity of not suffering new ones, and even retrenching the old ones, by not continuing them to any of the family when they drop, or granting them to anybody else. The places of business would not suit Mr Ogilvie from the attendance required ; the great sinecure places that would be worth his acceptance are so few in number, and at present all filled up. So that, unless it was a title you wished for, I know of nothing to be got now. Lady Burdett's death, with whose life a pension of £200 a year dropped, that Lady Kildare applied for the continuation of to her children, brought to my knowledge Lord Buckinghamshire's determination about pensions. He told me that upon his appointment to this Government, Lord North had told him of the richness of the Treasury here, where he would find upwards of £80,000 ; when alas ! it comes out that the Treasury is above £170,000 in debt, which must be paid, and are arrears left to Lord Buckinghamshire to find out the ways and means of discharging ; which to be sure is a little hard upon him. But he is

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

resolved to be a vast economist to pay this, and therefore retrenches in every possible way that he can. It grieves one, where it interferes with charity ; but what can one say when he tells one that the granting of one pension would open the door for applications of the same kind that would overcome him with difficulties ?

Indeed, you are mistaken as to Mr Conolly and I being Prime Ministers ; most people would make us so, but it is not the fact. Lord Buckinghamshire is so very kind to Mr Conolly, that it would not be difficult for him to be *the Premier* ; but he is so excessively afraid of binding himself, that nothing can act more cautiously than he does. He has absolutely never asked yet for Dean Woodward's¹ bishopric (his most favourite object). And t'other day divided, and carried his point against [the] Castle, Lord Shannon² and William's forces, all but two. It was owing to a mistake that was afterwards set right, for the Castle forces and William's would have been for his House of Industry, which was the point in question. But I was not very sorry the thing has happened, as it shewed Mr Conolly's personal friends ; for, as to Parliamentary interest, he has but little, comparatively speaking, with other great men. Upon the whole, Government goes on smoothly, and I hope will continue to do so, as I really don't imagine that Lord Buckinghamshire has any *vile* thing to do. You say you are sure I have hundreds of applications. In truth I cannot number them, but the most distressing of all are the poor wretches condemned to death, who all apply to me, so that I quite dread the sight of a petition, and have suffered so much from those I took in, that (as I cannot assist them) I have been obliged to make the servants enquire the nature of every petition before they bring them to me. Some applications have distressed me very much ; first, from inclination to serve the people, and secondly, from thinking their demands reasonable ; but I have been obliged to give a continual denial.

I don't yet know Lady Barrymore's direction in London, as she has changed her house since she went there, but the next time I see Lady Massereene will ask her. Lady Elizabeth I saw since I

¹ Richard Woodward had been one of the principal founders of the House of Industry in Dublin in 1769.

² Richard Boyle, 2nd Earl of Shannon (1727-1807). m. (1763) Catherine, el. dau. of Rt. Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of Irish House of Commons ; Master General of Ordnance and a Privy Councillor, 1766 ; cr. a peer of Gt. Britain, by title of Ld. Carleton.

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wrote to you, and think she looks better every time I see her. Mrs Staples is just brought to bed of her third child, which is a daughter; and poor old Mrs Marshall of the Black Rock is dead, which is all the news I know of at present. Mr and Mrs FitzGerald came over with Charlotte. I don't know what we shall do with him; she is good-humoured and cheerful, her little girl is quite pretty, and like the Herveys. They are to be with us soon, for a few days. Lady Buckinghamshire often comes to us in a comfortable way; she is really vastly agreeable and pleasing and does so well here it is delightful.

By the by, I must tell you of a fine speech Lady Anne *wrote* me about you, upon *lamenting* the *folly* that people imported from abroad in regard to their dress; she said she was sure that if Charlotte was *dressed* by *you*, she would have nothing but what was proper. Poor Lady Howe has had no letters from Sir William, and we now begin to fear there is no truth in all the good reports we had. Long before this you will have heard of dear Charles, within some leagues of New York, but no account yet of his arrival there. I beg pardon for my *hints* about *pink*, but considering I am thirty-four years old to-day, you must forgive me, as I really feel old and certainly am *not young*. Love to all, and believe me most tenderly yours,

L. A. C.

109. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Merrion Street, [Dublin], December the 13th, 1777

My dearest sister,

I must begin by giving you an account of Charlotte, with whom I am so much pleased that I wish you to know it. She is improved beyond measure in her manner, which is quite unaffected, easy, and modest, and pleases everybody. Her poor unfortunate *cross* look is in her features, but not the least in her manner or tone of voice. She dances charmingly and performed t'other night at the Castle as well as her fright would allow of; but *that* was so great as to appear, but it did not misbecome her. She is the French lady to-day, or else was to have gone with me to Castletown for a day or two, where I wish to have her, to know still more about her. I

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find that she is thought by everybody vastly improved. She will most likely have told you how unhappy we all are at the last news from America, which I still hope may not turn out quite so bad as some people now fear. Sir William Howe was safe in Philadelphia when the last dispatches came off, but there was a fort to be taken (necessary for their subsistence as some people say) that still hangs over one's mind. Thank God, the *Bristol* was not engaged, and I hope they are in quiet winter quarters. General Howe was so good as to write to me, and think how provoking it is to have his letter lost ! For I dare say he would mention Charles, and Harry Fox, to me, which would have been so pleasant to have told you. But Captain Culyer, his aide-de-camp, that came over, lost that with six other letters in a hackney coach, he thinks. Mrs. Howe wrote me word they were advertised and she hoped to recover mine. The Americans are too strong for us, and had not Sir William acted [as] he has done all along, I fear the news from his quarter would have been as bad as that from poor General Burgoyne's,¹ whose situation is lamentable, if reports say true. However, as there has not been an authentic account, one may still flatter oneself that it's not so bad ; but the report is, that after a great slaughter, he and his whole army are taken prisoners ; and that the officers, both foreign and English, are bound never to serve again against the Americans. Surely the King's eyes will be opened at last ! He cannot be deceived for ever ! God grant that he may see his error, and give up the point before greater destruction comes upon us. We are very impatient for news from England to know what effect this last account will have upon the Ministry. It is not a time for wishing one's friends to be engaged in public affairs, but any change that would promote a peace surely is to be wished for. You know how anxious we have all along been about America, so that you will not be surprised at this last news affecting us a good deal. General Howe has ever behaved so incomparably well, that I hope he will get out of this horrid scrape with credit ; and please God it should be with safety, we shall be very happy indeed. Mr Conolly desires his love to you and Mr Ogilvie, to whom I beg mine. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

¹ John Burgoyne (1722-92), dramatist and General. He had been appointed Lieut.-General, 1777, and given Supreme Command in Canada ; but capitulated at Saratoga, October, 1777.

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110. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Dieppe, Monday night the 6th [April, 1778]

My dearest sister,

Nothing ever was so lucky as I have been in finding Captain Killick here. Notwithstanding all the orders against admitting them into the port, he came yesterday to wait for me, in the bay, and my letters having admitted him, all our things are on board to-night, and we are to sail at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning. The wind at present as fair as it can blow, so that I hope we shall reach Stoke on Wednesday. Before I forget it, I must beg of you to tell Mr Ogilvie (as it may be useful to the rest of the English at Paris), that the letter I brought contained an order for opening the ports again to the packet boats, which I suppose equally extends to all the other ports. We have had most heavenly weather and our journey went off vastly well, all to the poor little French girl, who *spued* all the way ; but it is so miserable at having left its friends, as is quite terrible ; it said so many moving things and looked so meek, that it set us all a-crying ; but we have bought it playthings, and it's growing more used to us. Poor little wretch, it has claimed our pity, for in its *sleep* it *cried*, and called its friends.

I hope to write to you from London on Friday next, my dearest sister, and that soon after I shall have the happiness of hearing that you are a *great deal* better ; though you should be *provoked* at being so now I am gone. I shall think of it with the greatest pleasure. I cannot tell you, my dearest sister, half how much I feel at the very, very uncomfortable state of your health at present, but hope in God soon to hear of your being better. I have thought of you all ever since I left you, and shall reflect back with satisfaction on the little time I spent with you, though it was so damped by your being so ill. But still many pleasant circumstances will serve me to *feed* upon, till I am so happy as to see you again. Pray assure Mr Ogilvie of my most affectionate love, as well as all the dear creatures, not forgetting to kiss Lucy, George, and that saucy Ciss for me ; their dear little *phizes* will run in my head this long time. I shall long

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to know that you have got a nurse to your mind, that you give up *visiting*, and that you get a little more settled and quiet than our being with you allowed you to be ; for I fear very much that we contributed in some degree to the *worry*. Be so good as to direct your first letter to London, in case we should be detained there a few days ; and if not, 'tis no loss of time, as it must at any rate go through London.

I am so sorry that I can't send Mr Conolly a little bird just to tell him how well I am here, with such a good prospect of seeing him soon ; for I fear he is in a sad fidget, dear soul. But I shall lose no time in getting to London as soon as possible. If you can come this way at your return, I would advise you ; 'tis really no journey at all, and on each road, very good inns to sleep at. We lay at *Econis* last night, which, though small, was much the cleanest room I have been in on the road, and the linen much better aired ; though we did not trust to it, but, *Russborough*-like, roasted all our sheets very completely. Louisa Lennox¹ desires I will remember her most kindly to you all. She tells me she was so happy in this visit, and likes all your children in their different ways, but Eddy, I think, is the favourite. Louisa Staples is what you may call taken down a peg, for my being by all day keeps her in some order. But I find she has been most *abominably* troublesome, which I am so sorry for, and wish I had known of all she did. But I shall *talk* to her a little when I get her home, and tell her of all her disagreeable ways. Poor animal, I must do its good nature justice, for it has been quite kind to the little French girl, and first thought of getting it play-things to please it. It's growing so late, my dearest sister, that I must wish you a *good-night*, which I do most sincerely, hoping you are at this time in a comfortable first sleep, as it's near one o'clock. Adieu. Pray never fail to make fine speeches for me to my French acquaintances, particularly to the *Maréchal Biron*, and the *Baron de Castille*, feeling just now *very* grateful to them for having made my journey so easy and all *right* for me. Well, adieu, dearest, dear sister, you can scarcely be more loved than you are by your ever affectionate,

L. A. C.

¹ Louisa (1760-1843) ; dau. of Lord and Lady George Lennox ; she died unmarried.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

III. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Stoke, April the 9th, 1778

I was in hopes, my dearest sister, to have wrote you from London to-morrow night ; but, by a letter I found here from Mr Conolly, I find our journey to Ireland is postponed for some weeks, (to my sorrow), on account of a Committee of the House of Commons upon the state of the trade of Ireland, which he must attend, and I hope may turn out to the advantage of that Kingdom. But I am sorry I did not know it a little sooner. However, I shall stay here and at Goodwood for a few days, and hope this tiresome thing won't keep us very long. We landed yesterday morning at Brighthelmston after a passage of twenty-four hours ; none of us sick, owing, I believe, to the cleanliness of the vessel. We got here with great ease in the evening, and found them all well. The weather is so charming that it appears quite summer ; we are going to *sit* out of doors, as it is too hot to walk. Sally is here, who desires a thousand loves and thanks to you for the pretty presents which she has not yet seen, as 'tis such an unpacking that we have not had time ; but I told her of it. Think of her having wrote me three letters to Paris, and my not having received one. However, as they were so civil as not to stop Mr Conolly's, I must forgive them ; but it will be necessary for us to number our letters, that we may know what is missing. I wrote to you from Dieppe, which I suppose you have received ; but from this side of the water I shall keep an exact account.

I find the same sort of reports here about the war that I did at Paris. Sometimes they think it inevitable, and at others think it won't be. My brother Richmond is at Lewis, and there is a ridiculous story of his having *fait crevé* milord Chatham, whom it seems was holding forth very highly upon *not* suffering the independence of the Americans, and that my brother reminded him of some *former* opinions of his Lordship, which put him into such a passion that in the effort of getting up to answer him, he fell back and was so ill, that he was not expected to live. And Dr Brocklesby was the first who came to his assistance. The truth is, he is so ill,

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

that it is thought he won't recover. But his happening to be taken so ill just then was ridiculous enough.¹

My brother is gone to Lewis about the Sussex militia, which it seems is to be raised ; and, as usual, has made my brother George all the kind offers that it was possible ; but I fear nothing will do. I fear there are some insurmountable objections that will make things remain for ever as they are. I give it quite up, and think the less talk there is about it the better ; and unless I can tell you some good news about it, will not mention it again to you. They were all vastly *empressés* in their enquiries about you. I was sorry to give them such an uncomfortable account of your poor health. Indeed, my dearest sister, it is a sad thing to those that love you so well as I do. I shall beg of you to direct to London till I can tell you with certainty about our setting out for Ireland. I shall long for your next letter in hopes of hearing that you are better. Louisa Lennox desires I will say a great deal from her to you. She loves you so much and is so sorry you are so ill. The whole family desire to be remembered to you. And I am sure you will have many thanks when all the things are *unpacked*, but the post won't wait for that, and I would not miss to-morrow's foreign post from London to let you know of our safe arrival in England, which I know you would be impatient to hear of.

I proposé going to town on Monday next. To be sure, it is giving up *not* a little, to be within sixty miles of my poor dear husband, after an absence, and yet to defer the pleasure of seeing him for five days more. But as I don't think I shall come down here again, I can't well help it ; particularly as I wish to see my brother Richmond before I return to Ireland. They are coming to settle for the summer at Goodwood, which I don't wonder at ; but I envy them, I wish so much to be settled at home myself. The little Duchess writes Sally word she hopes I shan't be kept in France or England too late for her lying-in. Is not it charming that she thinks she can't lie in without me ? Here is all the world coming from Chichester to see us, so God bless you, my dearest, dear sister, with a thousand loves and affection to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Believe me your ever most affectionate,

L. A. C.

¹ William, 1st Earl of Chatham, d. 11 May, 1778, after having been carried home from the House of Lords, where he had fainted away in consequence of the violent exertions he had made in his great speech on the American War. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, at the public expense.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

112. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, April the 17th, 1778.

I was made quite happy, my dearest sister, upon my arrival in town the day before yesterday, to find Mr Ogilvie's kind letter of the 9th, telling me of your *spirit* of *contradiction* in being well two days after I left you. Thank God for it, though you were so *perverse*, and shall please myself with the idea of your being better though I was not so happy as to see you so. But I promise you I won't fancy that you are always so ill, as Mr Ogilvie fears I shall; *that* would be too terrible a thought for me to enjoy anything. I can't conceive why you had not received my letter from Dieppe, for Mme la Rue told me it would leave that town on Tuesday, and, of course, ought to have reached Paris before Thursday the 9th. I am vastly glad that you are able to get up early, and jumble about so much; I am sure it is so very necessary for you. I am also glad that Mr Ogilvie *releases* you from your visits. The weather has changed from August to Xmas; five days before I left Sussex we were dying with heat, and since Monday it has hailed, snowed and been so pinchingly cold that there was no bearing it. I found my dear Thomas a good deal affected with the sudden change, and not well by any means. But the weather being milder to-day, and a good hard ride of twenty miles, has done him a great deal of good. He desires a thousand loves to you and Mr Ogilvie. He will be kept here these three weeks at least. We cannot set out before the 10th of May, and perhaps not so soon, if our Irish affairs should meet with any opposition, and which I much fear they will, *because* they are to be of *use*. England, I am told, cannot be a loser, and Ireland may gain; but that can hardly be beaten into the heads of narrow-minded people. Mr Conolly is determined to pursue it, as far as lies in his power, and I hope it will succeed. I can't help thinking that anything that would promote industry in Ireland would be such an advantage to the morals of the people as makes one very eager for a chance of that sort. I feel vastly sorry to stay in this town so long, but as it is right for Mr Conolly to attend to this business, I have packed up my mind about it, and shall make little excursions out of town, if the weather should be fine.

Upon reading over Mr Ogilvie's letters, I find it necessary to repeat what I had told you in my letter from Dieppe (in case you

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

never got it), viz., that the order I brought down for the packet released them all, and that the ports were all open again, which I notified likewise at Brighton, for the benefit of travellers, and also that Yeakell arrived safe with all his plans. I have not yet got my letters by Mr Ogge, but am vastly obliged to Mr. Ogilvie for having taken care of them for me. I thank you for sending me Mr Conolly's, which would have made me much easier on my journey; but it's all right now, so that it don't signify. I shall write immediately to Lord Buckinghamshire about Henry's leave of absence, and hope to obtain it. But there are such preparations for war that possibly there may be a necessity for joining the regiment, though he may not be obliged to stay, for I don't understand that there is a probability of a war though we are so busy. But, in short, I can't tell, for the opinions upon it are various; one can only wish for peace.

I saw dear Charles for a day at Stoke; he was so good as to come and see me, but is quite taken up with his profession, and was vastly *affronted* with us all for *supposing* he *could* think of giving it up. I *asked* his *pardon*, and told him I was excessively happy to find I was mistaken. Perhaps your letters may have affronted him in the same manner. However, he told me he intended writing to you immediately. He has put himself entirely under the direction of Admiral Keppel, who stands so high in the esteem of people that I believe he could not do better. He is as agreeable as ever, and as queer; he wants to make Gerald¹ the *parson*, and Robert the sailor. I am very glad you did not send Gerald to the Portsmouth Academy, as I heard it much cried down at Stoke; upon which I asked my brother Richmond and he said he did not know much about it, so that it will be better to enquire into its true character before Gerald goes there. I spent three days at Goodwood before I left Sussex. My brother [was] pretty well, though he had a great cold and was complaining of a sore throat and a disorder in his eyes, which Mr Potts says does not signify, and desired him only to give them rest, as he thought he had used them too much. But I think what he complains of is a little alarming, as he has often black spots before them; but I hope in God it will not signify. His spirits are good, and he does [not] seem under

¹ Lord Gerald FitzGerald (1766-88). He entered the Royal Navy, and was lost at sea, in a frigate, in the Gulf of Florida.

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any apprehension. The Duchess is very well, and likes her sable trimming and bargain, the *merit* of which I justly gave to Mr Ogilvie.

Mr. Kempson told me that Mr Bathurst was at Oxford, waiting for his passport, which he supposed I should bring. But I told Mr Kempson that he required none. So he has wrote to him to set out directly. But he is to call upon me here, in his way, and is advised by my brother to go by Dieppe. It is certainly much shorter and less expensive. And my brother means to trouble him with some books for Mme de Cambis.¹ Do you know that I don't think it *quite* clear that he won't go to Paris for a little time. Mrs Damer² talks of going with him, but I rather think he cannot have time, for the Sussex militia, to which he is colonel, will give him too much business. It is quite flattering to hear how very high he stands in the esteem of everybody almost. Mr Conolly tells me he believes there is not a man in England more possessed of the confidence and esteem than my brother is; which is very pleasant, and may be useful, as one is so *very sure* that he will never abuse of either. Sally is very well, and I dare say has wrote to thank you and Mr Ogilvie for your pretty presents. If she has not, I can assure you she is vastly pleased with them, as is the dear Lady Albemarle, who desires a thousand loves to you. She is to dine with me to-morrow, with her sons and the Pitts. She says it's shameful in you to *pig* again, but hopes to hear of your not being the worse for it. So pray let somebody write to her, when you lie in. Dearest Lady Barrymore I have not seen yet. This day being Good Friday, she is to spend it with poor Lady Anne, who came to town on purpose to enjoy her company this evening, and [I] hope she won't be disappointed, but I tremble for fear the Princess should have sent for her. I shall know to-morrow morning, as Lady Anne is to be with me. My kind love to all, and kisses without end to Lucy, George, and Ciss. I cannot flatter myself about the poor little Louise, but hope the sudden change of the weather has not made her suffer, pretty little angel. Adieu, my ever dearest sister, say all sorts of fine things to my friends at Paris for me. I am quite flattered and vain at Mme La Valliere's approbation; and Mme Cambis I really feel an affection for. Once more adieu. Ever yours most sincerely.

¹ Gabrielle Charlotte Françoise de Chimai, Vicomtesse de Cambis; dau. of Alexandre, Prince de Chimai, and wife of Jacques François, Vicomte de Cambis.

² Anne, dau. of General Conway and Caroline, Dow. Countess of Aylesbury. m. Hon. John Damer, el. son of Joseph, Earl of Dorchester.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

113. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, April the 21st, 1778

My dearest sister,

Last Friday I answered Mr Ogilvie's first letter, and on Saturday, while I was at dinner with the Generals Keppel¹ and Pitt,² (the latter in whose regiment Henry is), I received Mr Ogilvie's second letter of the 12th, repeating your wishes about Henry's leave of absence. I had wrote to Lord Buckinghamshire for leave, but spoke more particularly to General Pitt about it, and named Mr Ogilvie's proposals of different sorts; upon which he told me, very *seriously*, that he would not advise you to ask a leave of absence; that Henry was too old for any of the common excuses; and that he feared it would be a great disadvantage to him not to join his regiment now. But that if he did, he would recommend him to his Lieutenant Colonel Abercromby,³ a very worthy man, who could be of great use to him, and provide him with all necessary things. And this great bustle of preparation once over, he could with propriety afterwards get leave of absence to go and spend a year at Aungier. General Pitt is so friendly a man, and reckoned so good an officer, and so sensible, that what he says would have prodigious weight with me. But for your satisfaction and Mr. Ogilvie's, I chose to have my brother, Richmond's, opinion upon the matter. And, therefore, wrote to him that night, giving him an account of what the Generals had said to me, (for I must add that General Keppel joined warmly in what General Pitt said to me); and told him I begged to have his opinion, as I knew that would weigh most with Mr Ogilvie and you. And as I would not miss writing to you this post, begged he would make Sarah write to me if he had not time himself, which she did, and I enclose the answer to you. I must also tell you that at Stoke they had all *cried* out about your *thinking* of a leave of absence now. I suppose you will be full as much astonished as I was at my brother's answer, to see the consequences of Henry's giving up his commission; which my ignorance in military matters had never suggested to me, and I

¹ General William Keppel (d. 1782); 4th son of William Anne Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle.

² Gen. Sir William Pitt (1728-1809); bro. of George Pitt, 1st Lord Rivers.

³ Sir Ralph Abercrombie (d. 1801); entered early in life into the army, and in 1787 obtained the rank of Major-General.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

suspect you were not much wiser. However, this being the case, my dearest sister, I believe Mr Ogilvie and you will agree with me in thinking there is no choice left about what Henry must do, if Lord Buckinghamshire refuses his leave of absence, which I fancy he must do, by all I hear. You shall have his answer the minute I receive it. General Pitt told me another circumstance for a reason for his joining now was that he would not be so well received by the regiment whenever he joined it afterwards. There is quite a military *rage* just now, what with regulars and militia, and I believe one must go a little with the torrent. Perhaps your not *accepting* leave would be an advantage to Henry, and that after a few months with his regiment he might go to Aungier. I should be a little apprehensive that if he joined his regiment with a disadvantage, that silly people might work upon that *desagrément* to make him think that his parents had paid too little attention to his character. I think it is very unlucky that he got his commission, but *that* cannot now be helped; and Mr Ogilvie and you are as good judges as anybody what to do, now all the circumstances are laid before you. I pity you most excessively about it, knowing all your good reasons for wishing Henry not to go, and were what made me press the thing very much to General Pitt. If you should resolve upon sending him immediately, in case we should have left London, send him to Lady Howe in Hertford Street, that she may send him to General Pitt, who will recommend him particularly to his Lieutenant Colonel Abercromby. As we shall not leave London till the roth of May, he might perhaps be in time to go to Ireland with us.

In regard to William and Lord Buckinghamshire, I flatter myself that matters are not likely to be *desperate*; for though William *protested* against a measure (brought in by Mr Daly of the opposition "that was an assurance to his Majesty of the affections of the Irish and their willingness to serve him in case of a war with France,") that was unanimous, yet I hear that they are very good friends. And from what I wrote to Lord Buckinghamshire from Paris, I do imagine that he will not immediately dispose of a vacant thing, till William has had time to ask it. Mr Conolly tells me that he hears William has been back and forward between discontent and being pleased, so that it is hard to say what he will do; and I don't think that *we* can well judge how matters are till we return. But still I don't think it likely that William will go into opposition suddenly. There is nothing particularly in agitation at present, to make writing

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necessary, or else you might depend on my doing it ; but the minute I go over, you shall know the *state* of things.

I have now to thank you, my dearest sister, for yours of the 15th, the day you got possession of your garden, which you don't mention, and therefore fear you had as cold a day there as we had, which hindered your enjoying it. It is very sad in you to have such bad nights ; I should think them more uncomfortable still than bad days. But very soon now, I hope to hear of the removal of the cause of them. I told you in my last that I was uneasy about my brother Richmond's eyes. He has still an inclination to a sore throat (Sally writes me word), though he had taken physic that had done him good. Pray thank Mme de Cambis for her kindness in telling me what I ought to do ; and in *obedience* to her commands enclose a letter for the Maréchal Biron. I am vastly diverted at Mme St Leger's compassion for us about Louisa Lennox, whose carriage is reckoned vastly improved, as well as her dancing. I believe I know that cousin of the Duchess that made his *pro* for Charlotte, but think she cannot like him. I wish the Chevalier joy of his *escape*, and hope poor Lady St George won't *frighten* him so much again. I thank Mr Ogilvie for his intelligence, but I discovered his hand, though he took such pains to disguise it. That St George and Chevalier ménage is a comical one, I do think. Only think of my not yet having seen dearest Lady Barrymore. I called the only time I thought she would not be out, but she was ; and to-day was going to her when Lady Anne Conolly told me she would be out both to-day and to-morrow morning, so I must write to know when she will have me. I have got Georgina Lennox¹ in town with me for a few days, but she returns on Friday next, when we are to go to Wrotham for a few days. Mr Conolly is at Newmarket. He is so pleased with the Maréchal Biron's civilities to me that he means to try to get him a horse, but won't promise, for fear of a disappointment. God bless you, my dearest, dear sister. Pray be well, and believe me yours most affectionately,

L. A. C.

I have put a flying seal to the Maréchal's letter, that Mr Ogilvie may see what a *love* letter I have wrote, and hope it is *enough*. Beg Mr Ogilvie to seal it.

¹ Georgiana (b. 1765), you. dau. of Lord George Lennox ; m. (1789) Henry Bathurst, afterwards Earl Bathurst.

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114. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, April the 24th, 1778

As I wrote to you last Tuesday, my dearest sister, and have nothing very particular to say, I should not have wrote now but that I cannot enclose you a letter of Charles's without a few lines to say how much I long to hear of your being *eased* of all your complaints, which *time*, I flatter myself, cannot be very far off. Mrs Lynch thought the latter end of this month might prove the time ; how glad I shall be when I hear of your being brought to bed. It was yesterday confidently reported that war was to be declared to-day, but it's now put off ; however, I fear for a very short time, for everybody says it *must* be, so one must make the best of it. I doubt we shall have more to do with it than ever I thought would have fallen to our share, but it is expected that the militia in Ireland will be established. If so, Mr Conolly must go to raise it in the county of Derry, and then be quartered in the south. I can't say I *relish* the thoughts of leaving Castletown this summer, but if it's necessary one must do it, and I shall pack up my mind accordingly. In a few days we shall know whether it is to be or not. My love to Mr Ogilvie and tell him I ask him a thousand pardons for not having sent his letter to Mr Kempson for some time after I arrived ; but he has received it, and I hope answered it. Mr Bathurst has never called upon me yet, and I am going to-day out of town to Mr Byng's for a few days ; so that if he calls in my absence I shall not see him. But I have left the two books for Mme Boufflers,¹ and the two poems for Mme Cambis, which I will trouble you to give them. The collection of Goldsmith's works² that I told you of, I believe is only printed in Dublin ; for I have not been able to get it here. But, in sending for it, they sent me Goldsmith's collection of the *Beauties* [of] *English poetry*, which I send you, as they will do no harm, though I dare say it contains no more than what you already know. Bell desires Mrs Lynch may be told that she has enquired about the price of Italian gauze, which at this end of the town costs eight and nine shillings a yard ; that she will enquire in the city, but imagines it will be full as dear as at Paris.

¹ Mme Sanjon, Marquise de Boufflers ; mistress of the Prince de Conti.

²An edition of *Poems and Plays* appeared in Dublin in 1777 ; his *Beauties of English Poesy* had been published in 1767.

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The weather is colder than anything ever was, a north wind that will kill all the fruit blossoms, I fear, and check all the beautiful spring that looks so charming. I still hope to get away the 10th of May, but I heard yesterday of some horrid Bristol merchants and and Liverpool merchants being come up to town to oppose our Irish bill, which may perhaps prolong the business, but I hope not overset it. I long to know what you determine about Henry. I have spoke to Lady Howe (if he comes) to write immediately to General Pitt, if he should be in the country, to give him a letter to Lieutenant Colonel Abercromby; and she will take care of him while he stays in London, which I suppose need not be above a few days. He will be expected at our house, so that if we should be gone he will find his bed aired.* I am so afraid that you cannot avoid sending him, that you see I am preparing for him. Adieu, my ever dearest sister. Yours most tenderly and affectionately,

L. A. C.

115. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, May the 8th, 1778

I am sure it is needless for me to say, my dearest, dear sister, that any event distressing to you must be so to me; and, therefore, I could not but share in what you suffered on Sunday last. Though I must at the same time feel the happiness that attended that sweet little suffering angel in being released from her miseries, and I trust in God that by this time you are reconciled to the melancholy event. Mr Ogilvie had given me an account of your lowness, that grieved me truly; but as I hope you cannot be distant from your time, will flatter myself with the hopes of your soon being better. Next week I shall be most impatient for letters. Dear Henry arrived most expeditiously last Wednesday evening, in very good health and spirits, and in the most tractable dispositions, which I heartily hope may be guided by a good person. General Pitt is to be in town on Wednesday next, when I will settle everything relative to Henry as you desire; and since *you* keep the management of him shall not be afraid to interfere, and upon every occasion will interfere till I know your pleasure, as I feel perfectly secure that *you* won't think

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me *meddling*. I approve prodigiously of your letter to William and of your keeping your authority over Henry in managing his money ; the latter part I told my brother of, who also thinks you much in the right. While I think of it, pray give my love to Mr Ogilvie, and ask him a thousand pardons from me, for not having answered him sooner about my brother's opinion, which I thought I had done ; and beg you'll look at the number of my letters, to see whether any has been lost, as I really thought I had wrote, to say that my brother thought Mr Ogilvie in the right for having wrote to the Duke of Leinster. It is so much his own way of acting to be at a certainty about things, and to know how matters stand. He also thinks there is not the smallest objection to your staying at Aubigni, in case of a war, as long as you please, and he has no objection upon earth to it. I spoke to him about the mare ; he is sorry to hear she is likely to be blind, and begs Mr Ogilvie will sell her for whatever he can get. I have really forgot to ask him about Mr Boldero, but can let you know that by post.

I will chiefly say in this letter (that goes by William Wignall) what I would not say by post. In the first place, you will be pleased to hear that my brother thinks Charles quite changed, and so much for the better as to think he will do well. I told him your objections to his seeing Henry, for fear of spoiling him. He thinks that as Charles *was* you had reason for those fears, but that now there would be no danger. However, the thing won't happen, as Charles cannot leave the ship, and we are in such hopes to get away soon, that we should be afraid to let Henry go so far as Portsmouth. By your letter to William I see how justly you formed your fears of Charles's unsteadiness from his voyage to America and return from it. But it is in my power to explain a little of that matter to you, which takes off a great deal of Charles's blame ; and that is, it's being the turn of the *whole fleet* to be Americans ; and, in short, the service was so irksome to them *all*, by what I can learn, that it was natural it should influence a young man. It would surprise you to hear the free manner in which the naval officers talk upon that subject, and Admiral K——¹ at the head of them, I hear, spoke very plainly to his Majesty when on board, and told him he was obliged to Lord Anson ² for that fine fleet, who had always promoted *merit*. Lord

¹Admiral Keppel.

²George Anson, 1st Lord Anson (1697-1762) ; he was First Lord of the Admiralty, 1751-55 ; Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, 1755.

Sandwich ¹ did not go on board his ship. He had the excuse of attending the Queen in her yacht ; but it is thought he would not venture on board Keppel's ship. The fleet is certainly a very fine one, but not what they could wish ; however, they think quite sufficient to beat the French. The hardness of them upon every occasion is intolerable. The eleven ships under sailing orders, under the command of Commodore Byron is not yet gone ; and God knows where Mr d'Estaing ² is gone to, nor how far he has got. Most people imagine there is no *plan* for anything ; and the Ministers amuse the King by these sights, hoping still to blind him. It is thought that they want to make him popular, and so far, they take a good method.

My brother Richmond fears that war is inevitable now. Most people seem dismayed, credit is so very, very low, and the people in general so alarmed that it is hardly possible to get a farthing of money. Those that have it, won't part with it, they think the times are so bad ; but I hope it will blow over soon. Mr Conolly and Charles have been obliged to join in a bond for the Duke of Leinster. He could not otherwise have raised a farthing, and yet 'tis very inconvenient to part with one's credit ; one wants it all, for oneself. However, I was glad Mr Conolly joined him, and know he will endeavour to make him punctual. August twelve-month the Duchess comes of age, when he promises to settle everything. The money is in the country, but the want of credit makes it so very difficult to come at. We really mean for a time to be *monstrous* economists, and have recommended it to William.

The business goes on well for Ireland, and contrary to our expectations, we had a majority of forty-seven, when it was apprehended the bill would be thrown out. We have but one in question at a time, and that we are now about, relates to the free importation from Africa, America, and the West Indias. The House is now sitting, and it is feared they mean to make everything so tedious as to tire out the members ; but still I hope we shall carry our point. This makes us uncertain about going to Ireland, which I am doubly sorry for, on Henry's account, but shall keep him constantly with me till we do go, and give you faithful accounts of him. I have

¹ John Montagu, 4th Earl of Sandwich (1718-92) ; First Lord of the Admiralty 1762 ; Secretary of State, 1763 ; again First Lord of the Admiralty, 1771.

² Comte d'Estaing ; he was in command of a French squadron sent to assist the Americans.

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given him six guineas pocket money. William Wignall did not want any. Mr Bathurst has got a living, but still means to go to you, and will set out the 23rd instant. I send Mr Ogilvie the newspapers up to this day, and a poem of Lady Lucan's.¹ Henry has been writing you a long letter, in which, I conclude, he has told you all he has done. I don't recollect anything I have to say that may not go by post, therefore, adieu, dearest, dear sister. Ever most truly and affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

Mr Conolly's kind love to you.

116. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, Sunday night the 10th [May], 1778

I am quite distressed, my dearest sister, to think of the Friday's mail from hence arriving at Paris next Tuesday or Wednesday, without its bringing you an account of Henry's safe arrival here; which will either fidget you, or make you think us neglectful. But as William Wignall was to leave London yesterday, Henry and I wrote on Friday night, and gave him the letters, imagining he would reach Paris sooner than the post; and then went to Ranelagh, where the crowd was so great, that we did not get home till between one and two; when we heard that his Grace's dispatches were not ready, and that William was desired to stay till to-morrow, so that our letters, of course, were postponed; and it was too late to write by the post. However, I have been endeavouring to console myself with the idea of your time being *better* employed, and that you would not have leisure to think about letters. William, I hope, will arrive with all our packets when you are comfortably settled in your bed, and then you can enjoy them. Henry's long letter will give you full employment. I like the dear fellow for the pleasure he seemed to take in writing to you. My brother Richmond has dined with us these two days past, and likes Henry vastly. He has had a great deal of conversation with him, which I dare say he will profit by. He was talking to him to-night about his allowance, and thinks that, after being equipped, £100 a year, besides his pay, will be

¹Margaret, dau. of James Smith; m. (1760) Sir Charles Bingham, 7th Bt. He was cr. Baron (1776), and Earl (1795) Lucan.

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sufficient. General Pitt is to be in town on Wednesday next. We shall invite him to dinner on Thursday, when I will settle everything about Henry, and let you know by Friday's post. Henry's politeness is vastly admired, and he appears to have recovered the *use* of his left hand. I have had a vast deal of talk with him, and am very happy to find that Charlotte informed me right respecting his love for Mr Ogilvie, for whom, I am sure, he feels the sincerest affection, and has the high opinion of him that he deserves. I make no doubt but that he will cheerfully be directed by him; however, I think Mr Ogilvie is very wise in not choosing his name should appear foremost in the management of him, but that everything should be carried on in your name, for fear, of what silly people might think. Henry is so well disposed that it would be a sin to spoil him. He told me of a scheme he had in contemplation that, I fancy, you cannot object to; which is that of being inoculated by Mr Power as soon as he goes to Ireland. He does not mean to tell you of it till over, to save you the uneasiness of the anxiety. I commended him for his attention, and encouraged him in the scheme, but cannot find in my heart to conceal such an intention, though I may give you some anxiety by it; and also in case you had any objection, that there should be time to stop it. He assures me he has not the smallest fear about it. He has the appearance of being in perfect health, and as (in all probability) his blood is now in a *purser* state than it will be in a few years, I should think it a very good time for such an operation. Let me have your private opinion about it, in case you don't choose the mentioning it to Henry yourself. I begin to fear we shall be detained here three weeks longer. I hope General Pitt won't think that too long for Henry to stay away from his regiment. But if he should, I have a very safe conveyance for him, which is Bell, whom I believe I must send away soon, she is growing so big. Those two, with a footman, would go very *properly*, I think; but I will keep him, if I can, 'till we go ourselves.

Our Irish affairs go on pretty well. I fear we shall not obtain all our bills, but one or two will open the door for more, and we must have patience. We have had two sweet days, which make me feel a *little* cross at being kept here, the long days are going so fast, and will begin to shorten almost before I feel settled at home. Nothing is yet settled about our Irish militia, but there is a disagreeable report to-day of Mr Destaing's being got into Cales [Calais], from which it is conjectured that an attack is intended on us at home. And

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from Ireland's being in the most defenceless state, our fears naturally turn to the mischief being directed there. To be sure, if the militia is to be of use, the sooner 'tis in readiness the better. The militia of England is in high repute, and the Sussex not *inferior* to the rest; and my brother as busy about it as ever he was about the state of the nation. I believe I forgot to tell you a good thing Charles said to him, when he went on board the *Prince George*. After examining most parts of the ship, he desired Charles to shew him his habitation, which proved to be only a *cot*, like the common sailors, with the addition of a curtain to separate him from them. Upon which my brother asked him where he put his valet de chambre, to which Charles answered, "I left him on shore to take care of my gold earrings." Captain Faulkner told my brother that he was vastly sorry not to have it in his power to accommodate Charles better; that upon his saying so to him, Charles had answered, "that any place would do, he was not come to make difficulties."

The King is returned from Portsmouth, and, I fear, without making Charles a lieutenant. I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie, I have sent him yesterday's paper, that begins an account of the Irish business, which I will continue to send him in letters, by cutting out the paragraphs relative to it. And if William Wignal does not set out too soon for to-morrow's paper, he shall have that, as I conclude it will have the debates of yesterday. In these *necessitous* times I am vastly sorry to send Mr Ogilvie a bill; but as it is one there should be no delay about, beg he will send me an order for £32 : 0 : 3, your share of what remains to be paid for the French glasses, which I never could comprehend. And Mrs Cunningham had undertaken to settle it, as *she* said there was some mistake, which unluckily (for us) was not settled before the late Lord Harcourt's death. The consequence of which is that Mr Theobald Clements has drawn upon the present Lord Harcourt for the large sum of £92 : 10 : 0, which he has *actually* paid. I therefore see nothing left for us to do than pay our shares, which stand as follows : Mr Conolly, £36 : 9 : 11 ; Duchess of Leinster, £32 : 0 : 3 ; General Cunningham, £23 : 19 : 10. Writing upon money matters puts me in mind of Messieurs Boldero and Co., of whom I spoke concerning their characters to my brother, Richmond; who told me I might safely recommend them. He thinks them very honest, and perfectly safe.

Mr Conolly's kindest love to you all. Adieu, my ever dearest

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sister. A letter from my brother, another from Lady Barrymore, added to our packets, will furnish you sufficient reading for some time. I wish they may not prove too much at one time. *This* is the 10th, and has run in my head all day. I should be glad a few days more were past. I don't love to think that perhaps this is the very moment of your suffering. And yet I have a strong presentiment that it is, which makes me so anxious for the next letters. Well, God almighty bless you, my dearest, dear sister, and send you well through your lying-in, for the sake of those who love you as tenderly as your most affectionate,

Louisa.

117. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, May the 15th, 1778

My dearest sister,

Two letters I received yesterday from Mr Ogilvie, within half an hour of each other, tantalized me sadly. The last, I thought, *must* bring me an account of your being brought to bed, when behold! it turned out nothing, but about that *cursed* chaise of the Prince of Bauvaux,¹ that I can hardly wish should arrive safe, it was the cause of so much disappointment to me. The Pitts and Howes all dined here yesterday, and the General is much pleased with his Cornet, who has put on his regimentals to-day for the first time, and was presented to the King by Lord Lothian,² he just asked him if he was come from Ireland, to which Henry said no, that he was going there, and was just come from Paris. General Pitt advises some of his camp furniture to be bought here, I shall, therefore, get all that he desires, and send you the bill. Mrs Tallents is here, who can receive any order Mr Ogilvie sends, and pay the bills; for I believe we shall certainly leave London the 26th.

I have had a great deal of conversation with General Pitt about Henry, told him how much you wished to perfect his education, by a year spent at an Academy; that you wished him vastly to be under the care of some good officer, that you would make him a proper

¹ Charles Juste (1720-93) Prince (aft. Duc) de Beauveau, Maréchal de France.

² William John Ker, 5th Marquis of Lothian (1737-1815); m. (1760) Elizabeth, only dau. of Chichester Fortescue, of Dromiskin, Co. Louth; he entered the army and rose to the rank of General.

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allowance, but not such a one as should make an improper distinction between him and his other officers. Which *idea* General Pitt approves much of, and will write very particularly to Colonel Abercromby about him ; who he says is a very sensible man, and he can answer for his taking vast care of him while he stays in the regiment. But he thinks that in a short time he may get leave of absence to go and spend a year abroad. He does not think it necessary for Henry to hurry over sooner than we go ; and my brother Richmond has a vast mind to take him down to Goodwood for a few days, where he goes to-morrow. I doubt he will get a glimpse of Charles by it, but as it will be entirely in company with my brother, and in the business of seeing the fleet, which Henry wishes vastly to see also, I hope you won't disapprove. As none of our friends were in town but my brother, he has had no opportunity of being introduced to any of our family ; which I think is a pity too, so that I have consented to his going, and hope you won't think I have done wrong.

I enclose you a letter from Charles, which I suppose is to acquaint you of his being appointed second lieutenant on board the *Arethusa*. I don't know what Captain he will belong to, and am a little sorry he has left Captain Faulkener and Admiral Keppel. However, hope it will turn out to be a good Captain. Nobody knows for certain where this fleet is going, but it is thought to be intended for that of observation. I don't know whether you know by this time of Lord Chatham's death, an event which (the French would be surprised to hear me say) I had forgot to mention in my last. But so I did, as we don't look upon it here, as a thing that will make any difference in the political systems. Our Ministry, who have a *little* cunning, mean to make themselves popular by ordering him a pompous funeral, and monument. However, they have done another very good thing, which one must give them credit for ; and that is, the giving his family £5000 a year, which they are, I hear, in great want of. I hope his funeral will be before we leave London, as I have often wished to be at a ceremony of that sort, and think I cannot have a better opportunity ; for as his life has been (in the common acceptation of the word) a great one, the closing that scene makes one reflect a little on what is life ! And gives one a fair opportunity of judging a little of the importance of things and of their value.

The Irish affairs would be so tedious that they have come to a sort of compromise for this year. We are likely to have the two first bills granted us, which most people agree in thinking ought to

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content us for the present. Mr Burke¹ has behaved in the handsomest manner, and taken the part of Ireland warmly, notwithstanding the abuse he gets from Bristol. But he gave them his reasons fairly and openly. Henry is vastly taken with him, and Mr Burke likes him. Henry has just been at the play, and is quite unhappy to find that he is too late for the post, and begs I will give his duty to you, and that I should tell you the reason that prevents his writing. The Duchess of Richmond has not been very well, which carries my brother down to-morrow. He is charmingly well himself, though tired to-day, with having talked a vast deal to-day in the House of Lords upon the Foley Bill, which is lost at last ; and Ld Foley² is reduced to live upon £4,000 a year, which, with his two enormous houses, is nothing. One has but one consolation about it, and that is, the Jews having lost their money. They are all what you may call *choused*. My love to Mr Ogilvie. Adieu, dearest sister, ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

118. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, May the 19th, 1778

My dearest sister,

A letter from Charlotte of the 13th brought me yesterday the account of the little Duchess having produced another daughter, and their both being well. Two out of the three, a *nephew* and a *niece*, are arrived, but the third, much the most interesting to me, remains yet to be *told* of (for I trust in God it's born by this time.) I have still some hopes that the next post will bring me the good news. Henry is still at Goodwood, where I hear he is liked, and that nothing ever equalled Charles Lennox's joy at seeing him. The poor Duchess of Richmond has not been at all well ; she has had a violent bilious attack, which gave her a great deal of fever, enough so for Doctor Brocklesby to go down twice to Goodwood. But she brought up such a quantity of bile as has relieved her quite, and she is mending fast now. Mr Jones's little girl has also had a bad fever and sore throat, which frightened them, as Mr Jones is gone

¹ Edmund Burke (1729-97), statesman. He was M.P. for Bristol, 1774-80, on the invitation of the citizens, who afterwards took offence at his championship of Irish trade and Catholic emancipation.

² Thomas Foley, 2nd Lord Foley (1742-93); m. (1776) Henrietta, 4th dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

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to Ireland, but it's also recovered. Perhaps I never told you of the good luck of that poor little French child, which is, that instead of its going to a boarding school at Chichester, my brother and the Duchess let it stay at Goodwood. Mr Jones has got a maid for it, and they have undertaken the care of it, till it's father comes to England. I say *they*, because it is impossible for a child or animal to live in the house with my brother without his *tutoring* it, or *teaching* it, which Lady Louisa prophesied would be the case, the minute she heard of my bringing over the little creature. Think of Charles FitzGerald having sent Favot up to London on purpose to carry down Henry to him, with a petitioning letter to me to let him go, if he could stay but an hour. I was glad my brother had made the offer of taking Henry with him, as I should hardly have known how to get off, with Charles, as everybody knew we could not leave London, and I could not tell him the real reason of your not liking they should meet. I think it not at all impossible that my brother should not find time to go to Portsmouth. We think of setting out this day seven-night for certain, which will be a very pleasant day to me, I shall be so happy to get home.

In some respects, Ireland will not be very pleasant just at this time, the distresses of the poor are so great. It is a reason the more for going there, but it is shocking by what I hear. The high interest that Government pay for their loans is the original cause of it, and private persons must suffer greatly, and trade, of course. We have come to a sort of compromise about our liberty of trade (for the present) which is to consist in exporting our manufactures what *may* remain of America to us, to the West Indies, and the coast of Africa; and another year we hope to have it extended. I don't know whether it is [not] better to postpone the rest, as the English by that time will *see* that it is *no* prejudice to them, and consequently will grant us more liberally their consent than they now do.

Poor Lord Holderness is dead at last; ¹ he has been so long ill that his death was hourly expected for some time past. Some say, that the Cinque Ports have been promised to Lord George Germain; others say that Lord North is to have them. It will go most probably in that *worthy* set. It is really too shocking to think on the conduct

¹ Robert Darcy, 4th Earl of Holderness (1718-78). He had been a Whig till 1770, when he supported North's Tory Government; he had held various Ministerial posts. He had been Warden of the Cinque Ports since 1765.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of the Ministers or others, for nobody knows exactly whose fault it is ; but there are terrible ones among them, and when people begin to feel the effect of their faults one can't help speaking. General Burgoyne is come. It is said the King will not see him till after there has been a Court of Enquiry.¹ His situation is very unpleasant while this remains, but I hear that as soon as he is at liberty to speak, he can clear himself perfectly.

I went last Saturday to see Lady Holland, whom I did not think was so ill as was represented to me ; but she has still a cough and spitting, something like Lady Elizabeth Clements, so that she ought to go abroad, and I hope will, if she does not immediately grow better. Her spirits were tolerable, and she did not say a word to me about Caroline, which I was glad of. She enquired after you, and begged I would give her compliments to you. Pray give mine to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him that I had the *honour* of playing a game at chess with Philidore. I did not *win*, but I learnt something and saw him do that very extraordinary thing, of directing a game without looking at it, and giving a rook. Pray tell Eddy that such a thing is to be done. Adieu, my dearest sister, Ever yours most sincerely.

PS. Since I wrote my letter, Mr Conolly is come from the House, where we had a majority of forty-six in favour of the Irish bill now in question, which gives reason to hope it is as good as passed, and Monday I hope will conclude it all.

119. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

London, May the 22nd, 1778

You may judge of the happiness I had yesterday, my dearest sister, in receiving Mr Ogilvie's two letters of the 11th and 16th, the first informing me of your safe delivery, in so few hours' illness, and the 2nd telling me that you continued well, for which I thank God sincerely ; and flatter myself you must be thoroughly well to have *performed* this lying-in so cleverly. I won't expect the next letters to bring quite such good accounts, as after a week or ten days your poor spirits always used to flag. But I beg you will tell

¹ General John Burgoyne returned to England to face a storm of disapprobation following the surrender of Saratoga ; a Select Committee was set up to examine the state of the army ; he defended himself ably ; but the attacks continued, and the King deprived him of his command. In 1782, however, he was made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Mr Ogilvie from *me*, that he *must* not be distressed at your crying ; but, on the contrary, encourage you to have it *out*. And you know of old, the good effect it often had of putting you to sleep, like the children. He writes me word that you have cried, and that it always distresses him ; but I wish to convince him that it is rather of use to you than harm, and that he had better not try to hinder you, for that checking it does you harm. I beg my love to him, and for fear of forgetting to mention it, beg you'll tell him that I have had a very good account of Mr Underwood's affairs.

Mr Theobald Clements is here, who told us that Mr Underwood had stopped payment more from fright than anything else ; that he need not have done it, and was in very good circumstances, so that your £1000 is quite safe. However, that *need* not hinder your coming to Ireland in the autumn, for you have a great deal of business of other sorts to settle. I am very sorry to hear I was rightly informed about the bad state of William's affairs. But since he feels them to be such, hope he will have the resolution to attend to them.

The first bill relative to the Irish affairs was as good as passed to-day, so that we foresee nothing to stop our setting out Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning. On Tuesday General Burgoyne is to be questioned in the House of Commons relative to his misfortunes in America ; which he appears (I am told) to be so easy about, that it is thought he has nothing to fear. However, as it will be an enquiry to raise one's curiosity we shall not leave town till after dinner. I enclose for Mr Ogilvie the only debates that have been published since the first I sent him about the Irish bills. And for *your* amusement enclose a congratulatory address from Coote Hill to Lord Bellamont upon the birth of his son ; whose answer, is in the style of the King's to the Parliament upon the same occasion. Henry is still at Goodwood. Lady Albemarle and Lady Barrymore had received Mr Ogilvie's letters and very thankful for them. The latter sets out for Ireland on Monday. Mr Bathurst called on me to-day when I was out, but I am going to send to him to come to me to-morrow, and will advise with him about Prince Bauveau's chaise. I won't bespeak your chimney-piece till my brother Richmond comes to town, to know of whom to bespeak it ; and will also ask him all Mr Ogilvie's questions relative to your return by Dieppe. Adieu, my dearest sister ; take very, very great care of yourself, and believe me ever yours.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

120. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Chester, May the 30th, 1778

My dearest sister,

As Mr Bathurst intended leaving London as last Tuesday, I thought to have wrote to you by him, but my brother keeping him till Friday, I postponed my letter likewise. But the hurry at the latter end of my stay in London prevented me. However, I had nothing very particular to say to you, and my brother promised to write by him. Here we are in our road to Ireland, where I hope we shall find things better than we expected; the bill that did pass the English House I hope will satisfy them. I hear that the Birthday is to be kept in order to lay out money among the manufacturers. As soon as I get there I will write you *all* the news I can.

We left London on Wednesday, dined with Lady Anne Conolly at Twickenham, and got to Henley-upon-Thames, from whence we reached Stretton yesterday morning, and stayed all day. We hope to get to St Asaph to-night, to-morrow night to the Head, and on Monday, the first of June, I hope we shall land. Henry likes almost everything he sees, and is disposed to be pleased, and I hope will do well wherever he goes. Mr Conolly has worried him into holding up his head, which is really necessary for his health, he contracts his chest so much. We have had pleasant weather, and in England there is a good prospect of fruit, but there is the reverse in Ireland. The Parliament is still sitting in Dublin, and I hear is likely to do so till the latter end of June or the beginning of July, which will be tiresome enough. The militia I doubt will at last be embodied. There are so many people on the road that I am hurried away for fear of not getting post-horses, and can, therefore, only add Henry's and Mr Conolly's love, and my sincerest wishes that you should recover your lying-in stoutly and well. Adieu, my dearest sister, Ever, ever yours,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

121. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 4th, 1778

My dearest sister,

We had the pleasure of landing last Tuesday, after a tedious tossing passage of thirty hours. However, I was lucky enough to escape sickness, and since I have now made three voyages without being so, flatter myself that I am grown a stout sailor. Henry was not the least sick. I would have wrote sooner than to-day, if I could have gained anything by it, but, as next Tuesday is the first Paris post day, I am in time for that. I have had a glimpse of all our friends: Lady Kildare, Leinster House, Emily, and Lady Roden. But as we were very impatient to get down here, we stayed but a few hours in Dublin, where we are going to-day for the Birthday.

There has been such distress among the manufacturers, that the Birthday is kept for their relief, so that Mr Conolly and I were obliged to buy clothes upon our landing, and go through the disagreeableness of this evening's ball. We are to dine at Leinster House, and Charlotte goes with me to the Castle. The little Duchess is charmingly well. The brats I had not time to see. Emily is also well, and dear Lady Kildare as well as ever, and as kind as possible, delighted to see Henry. Charlotte plays her part incomparably. I hear of nothing but her praises. She certainly has excellent sense, and is very affectionate. She run instantly to me to *know all* about you. I was sorry to give her so indifferent an account of you, when I was with you, but I hope we shall both have very different soon, and that I shall have the happiness of hearing that you are well recovered. Indeed, my dear sister, I think often (and always with pleasure) of the visit I made you. I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie; and tell him, that things are better in Dublin than we expected to find them, I mean with regard to the country in general. The fears of the people about the Irish bills not passing in England, added to the distress of the manufacturers, had raised sad complaints; and my brother will have wrote you word by Mr Bathurst how things *were*. But the bill that did pass seems to have composed their minds a little.

As to private affairs, I can give no account of them in this letter, having seen our friends but a minute; but they all appear in great good humour. I asked Charlotte about several things, but she

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

protests to me that a *single word* has never been dropped before her of any sort, nor should she have known of some of the transactions but from me. Love to all the dear creatures, and accept of Mr Conolly's. Yours, dearest, dear sister, ever most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

Think of dear Lady Barrymore staying at Holyhead a week, protesting she won't sail till the Captain *swears* she is to have a nine hours' passage. There we left her, and I don't know when she'll come.

122. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, June the 11th, 1778.

My dearest sister,

You know I promised Mr Ogilvie a *full* and *true* account of the state of things here; but though I have seen William often and talked of you and Mr Ogilvie, I am not *wiser* than I was. He told me the other day that there was nothing for Mr Ogilvie. I reminded him of some places we had talked of for him, but he said they were not vacant; but yet speaks with kindness of Mr Ogilvie, and I hear from others that he does so frequently. He spoke of having served Mr Morgan, a clergyman, at the recommendation of Mr Ogilvie; and by a thousand little things I conclude Mr Ogilvie to be in his good graces. His affairs have distressed him a good deal, but he has taken the prudent resolution of retrenching all unnecessary expenses, and is *really* setting about it. I cannot omit telling you that I believe you have as affectionate and dutiful a daughter in Charlotte as anybody can have. She never misses any opportunity of proving her love for you and Mr Ogilvie, and has (in so doing) raised herself very high in everybody's esteem. William told me that Lady Kildare is in a fidget lest a match should take place between her and Lord Jocelyn;¹ which (by the by) I do not think likely. But if it should, cannot see the objection, but a little want of money; which, with so pretty a young man, might

¹ Robert Jocelyn, Viscount Jocelyn (afterwards 2nd Earl of Roden) (1756-1820); m. (i) (1788) Frances Theodosia, dau. of Robert Bligh, Dean of Elphin; (ii) (1804) Juliana Anne, dau. of John Orde.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

be dispensed with. William thinks his large family must ever make him poor. I doubt poor Lady Roden means to add to it ; at least she has *suspicious* of it. She liked your present vastly, and I dare say will write to thank you. Lady Clanbrassil also liked the coffee cup you sent her ; she is charmingly well. Mrs Nicholson has not yet got the cap, our trunks being but just arrived. Lady Kildare, I conclude, will thank you for her mustard pot. I forgot to let you know that my brother dissuaded me from bespeaking your chimney-piece in London. He is so sure that when you get to London you would repent it, for that there are so many more beautiful designs that he thinks you would like better. I therefore did nothing about it.

I have not yet been at the Black Rock and have not sent our gardener, as we had agreed, because we came over so late that the season was over for the present, and the *next* I hope you will be here yourselves ; though sometimes I begin to think you will change your plan again, if there should be no war, which is now the language. God knows what will happen, for everything seems in the greatest uncertainty. The misery here is a little abated, but still we fear that things will be worse before they mend. Nothing settled yet about the militia. Henry is here, very well, and preparing for the inoculation. Lady Barrymore is at last arrived after a passage of eight hours, and well. Mr Conolly is waiting to carry my letter to town, so that I will only add his account which I will trouble Mr Ogilvie to give Mrs Tallents, at our house in London an order for, as I left the bills with her to pay.

To the tailor	. . .	£15 : 10 : 1½
For stockings	. . .	£3 : 2 : 3
Washing, pocket money,		
amusements and hairdressing		£9 : 7 : 1½

£27 : 19 : 5½ English money.

My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister, and believe me most sincerely yours,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

123. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 15th, 1778

My dearest sister,

Henry was inoculated yesterday evening from a little sucking child that had about twenty spots ; I think one likes the idea of such an innocent subject to take the infection from. Henry does not appear to me to have the least apprehensions about it ; nor, indeed, can anybody have any for him, he is so well, and 'tis such a very slight operation. Only think of Mr Power's having inoculated above 2000 persons, none of which were ever ill enough to keep their beds. Henry, I believe, will stay here the whole time, Mr Power's house, upon consideration, being rather stuffy. William came here yesterday, and returns to town this morning ; we had a great deal of talk about Henry, whom he told me he wished to stay abroad, if it had not been for this bustle, and hopes he may return before it's long. I told him that Mr Ogilvie had wished much to have him learn a *little* Greek and Latin, but that Henry's having no genius for that sort of learning, had been kept back from other things which you wished him to have learnt before he went into the world, and that that had made you so very desirous of keeping him a year longer. William agreed to your opinion and says he shall be happy to send him for a year to an Academy, whenever it's possible. He very good-humouredly said, that as to the *Latin* and *Greek* it was not a genius belonging to the family ; that, except Eddy, they were *all* very dull. I did not tell him that Mr Ogilvie had made the same observation, but, to be sure, I believe it's true. William is as pleasant with me as ever, and I don't fancy is a bit displeased at my having told you all that passed between him and me upon the subject of Mr Ogilvie. He certainly has a most amiable disposition.

I am vastly obliged to Mr Ogilvie for his letter of the 4th of this month, which I received yesterday ; and am happy beyond measure at the charming account he sends me of you. I am vastly sorry for your distress about the nurse, and a little so that you did not attempt nursing the infant ¹ yourself, since I hear you have so much milk ; but if you should be obliged to leave it, I hope it will be well settled with Mme La Bonde. I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie, with many thanks

¹ Emily Charlotte ('Mimi') Ogilvie, you. dau. of William Ogilvie and Emily, Duchess of Leinster ; m. Charles Beauclerk, son of Topham Beauclerk.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

for his opinion upon the state of things here, and believe that, after supplying the *immediate* wants of the poor wretches, his plan is, or will be, adopted. Things are a *little* better, but not much; and I don't find that anybody expects them to get *right* again without some confusion. God knows from what quarter we are to expect it, but it is very melancholy to be in expectation of it. Lord Buckinghamshire is not a *great* favourite as a man, but nobody denies him all possible merit as a Lord Lieutenant, which is so much the most essential thing that one must bear with the rest. I shall write to you three times a week, in hopes that every post should bring you a letter while Henry is under this operation. Adieu, dear sister, Ever yours.

124. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 18th, 1778

Though I have nothing to say about Henry, except his continuing quite well, my dearest sister, yet I will not let this post go out without a letter, for the chance of your receiving it by the same London post as my last. Mr Power thinks that the infection has certainly taken effect, and likes his *pulse*, *spirits*, etc., so that we have every fair prospect attending this operation, which I flatter myself will encourage the rest to take the same resolution before they go into the world. I wished to have Henry in this house the whole time; and were it of any material consequence to him would have insisted upon keeping him. But Mr Power thinks he will be just as well at Dean Letablere's¹ house, which Mr Cane has got; and therefore I have consented to the indulging poor Lady Buckinghamshire's most unreasonable fears about her son, for whom she lives in such constant apprehensions that there is no reasoning with her about it; and her fright (when she heard of Henry's staying here) was so great that Mr Conolly tells me neither he nor Lord Buckinghamshire could possibly pacify her at all about it, and that she determined upon removing her son to the Black Rock, which of all places is the fullest in general of disorders. Upon hearing of this, Henry very good-naturedly said he would not stay upon any account; and I thought it better to give it up than run the risk of her thinking

¹ Revd. Daniel Letablere; sometime Dean of Tuam.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

(perhaps three months hence), if he caught the small-pox, that it was from Henry. And his going to Maynooth is attended with no inconvenience but my going so far to see him every day, which I shall certainly do. As wrong as I think Lady Buckinghamshire is about this, I pity her so much that I can't find [it] in my heart to give her the anxiety, as it is in my power to avoid it. And yet I think I do her very little good, for I believe I may venture to say she won't meet with *many* people to humour her as I have done. Mr Conolly did not wish me to do it, but I fancy you will think I was right. I own fairly I cannot help feeling a little provoked, when I recollect my not having made the smallest objection to the late Mrs Staples's inoculating two of her children at different times in our house, when I was going constantly to Carton, where your children had not had it, and the house full of company at the time, and in the autumn, when you can't let so much air into the house as at this time of the year. I have *forbid* all sorts of company coming to me, till he is well again, as I am determined to have no restraint upon going to him as often as I like. Poor Mr Conolly is so vexed at it that I am obliged to make the best of it to him, and therefore have not owned to him that I feel a little angry with his sister. Poor creature, I pity her so much, that I don't believe I am *really* angry, and feel upon this occasion, as I do upon many others, the many blessings attending the *not* having children. I am sure I would not have one upon the terms she has her son. Mr Conolly's kind love to you and Mr Ogilvie, to whom I beg mine and the family's. I am going with Henry to dine at Leixlip to-day, where I fancy we shall *just name* you. Yours, my dearest sister, ever most sincerely.

125. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 19th, 1778

I have the pleasure of acquainting you, my dearest sister, that Henry continues vastly well, and in such spirits, as is quite comfortable. To-morrow or next day we expect him to sicken. He talks already of feeling a *lumbago*, which they tell him is one of the first symptoms of the smallpox coming out. But if you could have seen him run and skip after a dog he has got, and doats upon (of the

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Gascon breed), you would not easily be persuaded of his feeling anything but health and spirits. Charlotte dined here to-day, and brought the two eldest Lady Jocelyn's; ¹ they were all very merry and pleasant. I am a *little* afraid that Charlotte likes being with that family for *something* more than *just* the girls, and am sorry, as I cannot find out that Lord Jocelyn has any intention of marrying. But I hear he is very attentive to her, and approves of her, in every particular. Poor Lady Kildare is fidgety about it, and William does not seem thoroughly to like it, from thinking that so many younger children would make it a bad match. But then he is such an amiable, pleasing young man, that I can't help thinking Charlotte would be lucky; and 'tis such a *good* stock, that I own I wish it.

The Carton family all come down next week. I did not go to the christening, ² it being the only holiday poor Mr Conolly has had to be at home, which most provokingly he did not enjoy after all, owing to a mistake. We have had a few sweet days, which he has been obliged to spend in the House of Commons, and we don't guess yet the fate of the Catholic Bill, which is now under consideration. I hear many objections made to the giving them so much power, and I am sure I am no judge as to the political part of the consequences of indulging them; but according to my Christianity and my reason, I cannot *fear* anything from a *right* act; which surely *that* must be, that makes your fellow creatures happy as far as depends upon you. And can one ever expect to make any set of people one's friends but by kindness?

Apropos of that remark, it leads one to think of America; various are the reports concerning the reception of the Commissioners; and within these few days we hear that our fleet at St Helens has been stopped, and that the report of an accommodation with France gains ground. God send it may be so, notwithstanding all the wishes of our seamen for a war, Lieutenant Charles among the rest, who lately wrote Charlotte a letter, *breathing* nothing but war. Our fleet I understand is much better than it was expected to be, so that if we are to have more distress, I hope the event will be favourable to us. People seem to go on as if nothing was the matter. I (perhaps)

¹ Ladies Harriet (m. Chichester Skeffington, 4th Earl of Massereene) and Caroline Jocelyn; daus. of Robert Jocelyn, 1st Earl of Roden.

² Lady Emily Elizabeth FitzGerald (1778-1856), 2nd dau. of William Robert FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of Leinster; m. John Joseph Henry, of Straffan.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

am worse for hearing Mr Conolly's opinion so often, but I cannot help living in expectation of very disagreeable times. Patience, submission, and hope are all one has for it. My love to Mr Ogilvie and accept of Mr Conolly's. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours.

We had a very pleasant day yesterday at Leixlip, where we met little Vesey, who was *enchanted* with your recollection of her, and kissed the china egg thing for your sake.

126. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 23rd, 1778

My dearest sister,

Mr Power is quite comfortable about Henry, and assures me he has no more fever than what is necessary, and that everything is going on as well as possible. He will have but few spots; however, the places where he was inoculated have filled so well that Mr Power is quite satisfied if he should have no more. I am watching two or three little spots that I hope may be some of the disorder, as I own I like to have some besides just the place of inoculation. He has been vastly heavy and uncomfortable these three days past, with a pain in his back and head, but they are both better this evening. He has had no appetite, and has actually lived these three days past upon strawberries and lemon ice in very small quantities. He has been kept out the whole day, and I must allow that he appears the better for it, though it startles me a little sometimes to do so much. The weather is quite summer, but as Henry has of late been used to a warmer climate, I flatter myself it is not so hot for him as it would be for another. I am vastly happy at his staying here, because he has been low, and my being with him (he says) is pleasant to him when he is so. I don't believe that he has had an idea of being alarmed about himself, indeed, he has seen us all so satisfied about him that it was impossible he should apprehend anything. But he is low from weakness and starving. I had a note this evening from Charlotte from Carton, where they went to-day to settle for the summer. I fancy I shall see them all to-morrow, as the children don't come down till Thursday. Dearest Lady Barrymore, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Catherine called here this evening to know how

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Henry did, as did Mrs Vesey and Mrs Handcock. Little Vesey longs to poach an egg in her cup, but Mrs Handcock won't let her, for fear of breaking it.

Only think of the tiresome House of Commons sitting still ; Mr Conolly was obliged to go again to-day, after spending all last week in it. I am really uneasy at his being confined in such an unwholesome place this hot weather. The Catholic Bill has been so *amended*, and so many other things tacked to it, that there is no saying what it is now ; but I fear nobody is satisfied, which is a bad story. I hear of sad *growlings* in the North, and not a shilling to be got, which is *rather* inconvenient, as a *nominal* estate will not pay one's bills. I am curious to know what will happen. Everybody seems to expect something, but I don't know what. I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Can your little Emily be such a dear thing as Ciss ? Do kiss that monkey to pieces for me, and sweet Lucy and George. Yours, my dearest siss, most sincerely,

L. A. C.

127. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, June the 26th, 1778

I will begin by letting you know, my dearest sister, that Henry is so well, you could not wish him better. The spots are in their second day, and are so fair, round and distinct, as prove the best sort, and fill just as they should do. By next Tuesday I calculate that they will be completely turned, and by the Thursday or Friday following, I suppose the scabs will be all off, so as to reckon it quite over. He has about forty spots altogether. The weather has been warm, which is usually reckoned to be against them, but as he was to be so continually out, I could not be sorry, as it made everything so dry, and I cannot help being cowardly about the least damp. Mr Power has not been here to-day, and, therefore, I shall only take him out in the coach, because there has been a shower of rain, which I think must make the ground damp for him to walk on, and that I can't think right. At least I err on the safe side. Mr Power has been vastly attentive. I do like him prodigiously and think he proceeds with very good sense. Poor dear Lady Kildare is fidgety about this inoculation (though she thought Henry in the right), and vastly

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

uneasy about your anxiety, wishes we had not told you till it was over ; but with *my* way of thinking upon those subjects, I never could have served you such a *trick*. I hope you have never missed a post receiving a letter from me since he was inoculated, for that is the anxiety I have apprehended most for you.

A thousand thanks to you, my dearest sister, for your kind letter of the 13th which I received last night, and am happy to think my letters have been a comfort to you. I hope, and believe, Mr Levret is right, in thinking that you will be better afterwards for those great discharges and purging ; but I doubt they must have affected your poor nerves sadly for the time. By all accounts, this last lying-in, was much better than that of Madam Ciss's. And so little Emily is a great favourite already. I can easily be persuaded it's a sweet thing, though, somehow or other, I have taken such a fancy to that monkey Ciss that I don't expect another child to be so agreeable. I hope she still remembers *l'autre chère mère*. I cannot say, my dearest sister, that I had set my heart upon seeing you next autumn ; Charlotte and I had always agreed that we thought it most probable you would not come, if you could possibly help it, and we both knew all your reasons to be so good that we scarcely wished it. And, therefore, Mr Ogilvie's letter of the 15th (which tells me of the exercise of the coach having giving you some uneasiness in your back, which makes him dread the thoughts of a long journey for you) is the less disappointment to me. I think your health is the first thing to consider ; and when it suits with so many other good reasons for staying another year abroad, I don't see why you should not resolve on it. Any business I can transact for Mr Ogilvie I will with pleasure. I wish it could be that of doing something about the Black Rock. Nobody has money to buy it, but it might be let. I will ask Mr Conolly about the money Mr Ogilvie wishes him to have, and let him know in a few days. There never was anything like the scarcity of that same commodity at present. The North scarcely produces a penny, and only think of such a proportion as fivepence in a shilling some part of the linen manufacture being reduced to ; and the worst is that we see no prospect of anything mending.

General Howe, I hope, is in England by this time. I never heard of anything so flattering as the regret the whole army express upon his quitting them ; they are putting themselves at a great expense to give him an entertainment before he leaves them, which I am sorry for, but they will do it. What can the Ministers say to him, when

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

they find him so beloved by those who have been eye-witnesses to his conduct. I dare say you have heard from Sussex that my brother Richmond, has been able by himself to suppress some disagreeable risings in consequence of the militia, and also to quiet the smugglers by his open *stout* way of speaking ; which is a creditable thing, when one knows he could only do it by the good opinion they have of him.

Dearest Lady Barrymore, Lady Elizabeth Clements, and Lady Catherine have been here every day to enquire after Henry ; they are all at Leixlip, and as agreeable as ever. Dear little Vesey also has been here. I am sorry to tell you that I think she alters sadly. Charlotte is coming to me for a few days, to help to divert and nurse Henry, for I don't trust him to himself, and she will be with him when I can't. I hear they are all well at Carton. Mary is a beautiful child, and Emily ¹ a fine, healthy-looking thing. The Bellamonts, I hear, talk of Spa this summer. I wonder for *whose* health they go. The little girls have something genteel and pretty about them. Lord Coloony ² I did not see. Love to Mr Ogilvie, etc., and Mr Conolly's to you all. Adieu, dearest of sisters,

L. A. C.

128. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, June the 28th, 1778

My dearest sister,

The finest day that ever was, upon the saloon steps. I must congratulate you upon the entire recovery of dear Henry, who is so pert and well that I wish you could see him. The spots are beginning to turn *nasty* and yellow. He sleeps vastly well, and his appetite increasing very much indeed. He wrote to you himself yesterday, and I dare say told you how *ill* he was for three days, which if you don't allow, the gentleman is *affronted* at ; and, no doubt, he felt as ill as possible while the disorder was labouring to come out. But Mr Power was not the least uneasy about his pulse,

¹ Lady Mary Rebecca FitzGerald (1777-1842) ; m. Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Ross, Bt. ; and Lady Emily Elizabeth FitzGerald (1778-1856) ; m. John Joseph Henry, of Straffan.

² Charles Coote, styled Viscount Coote or Lord Coloony, only son of Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont ; he died young and unmarried, 1786.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

which satisfied me about him. He has not now the least whiteness remaining upon his tongue, and is in his bowels, and every respect, as well as possible. I hope the rest of the dear boys will follow his example before they go out into the world. Lord Lucan¹ breakfasted with us this morning, and told me that, while he was at Carton yesterday, Charlotte received a letter from you saying that you had given up all thoughts of coming this year to Ireland. I cannot absolutely say that I am not sorry; but by my last letter you will see that I had not much expectation of so great a pleasure, and, therefore, am the less disappointed. Charlotte has got one of her bad colds, but I hope she will be well enough to come here next Tuesday. She has been so good as to promise to come, to help to nurse Henry, or rather to keep him in order; for he wants no *nursing* now, but a little attention to his diet and care of cold, till all the effects are over. He has now eat meat these three days, and drank a little wine. But Mr Power has begged we will be attentive to his not returning too suddenly to his former diet, which is so reasonable that I shall get Charlotte to watch him with myself; not but that he is vastly submissive when one tells him, but he is in spirits and forgets. The weather is delightful, we sit out all day long, nothing can be pleasanter.

How often Henry and I have wished for you, I am sure I can't tell you. But, indeed, I thought it so much more probable than not, your staying abroad till next spring, that I really had not set my heart upon seeing you. Mr Ogilvie must be so good as to write to me about any business he has for me to transact, which I will do to the best of my power, and certainly with pleasure. My love to him, etc., and accept of Mr Conolly's. Things are worse and worse in the North, owing to the failure last year of potatoes, and the want of credit, which has checked their sale of yarn and black cattle; these two things coming together leave them bare of money, and we are obliged to take those commodities in part for our rents. The distress in Dublin, I find, is confined to the town. Owing to some English merchants having given one and a half years' credit to the merchants in the country of Ireland (upon their own disappointment in foreign trade); which occasioned the goods of the merchants in Dublin (who could only trust half a year) to lie on

¹ Sir Charles Bingham, 7th Bart.; cr. Baron, 1776, and Earl (1795) Lucan; m. (1760) Margaret Smith; he d. 1799.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

their hands, and the amount of those goods at present in the warehouses, are thought to be equal to £300,000. A scheme for the vent of them is now in agitation, and seems most likely to remove the distresses. It's hoped to have this distress extend no further than Dublin, for one dreaded it in the country, added to the rest. Yours ever.

129. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, July the 5th, 1778

My dearest sister,

Charlotte wrote to you last Wednesday from Castletown, or else I certainly should, to have continued my good accounts of Henry, who is now as well and as pert as ever he can be, and the whole of the inoculation quite over ; which I believe Charlotte writes you word of this post also. And that we brought him to town to see his grandmother, and to go to the play last night. So that I should not have wrote to-day, being in a hurry to get back to Castletown to dinner where I expect company, but that I must indulge myself in the satisfaction of wishing you joy of dear Charles's escape, and trifling wound in his *toe*, which Sarah writes me word gives him a *becoming* lameness. I hear he is in high health and spirits, at the *Arethusa* having performed so well. But I will not enter into the merits or demerits of these fights, lest I should say anything displeasing on either side that might stop my letter from reaching you. I will, therefore, join you in being very thankful for his escape, and hope that God will take care of him for the time to come.

Your anxiety, my dearest sister, has been on my mind ever since we heard of his wound ; and it grieved me to think how long you might be kept in suspense. Charles, I hear, wrote instantly to you upon getting into Plymouth. I received yesterday Mr Ogilvie's letter of the 23rd of June, with that enclosed to William, which I read, and think is as proper as anything can be. I shall deliver it, and endeavour to settle all matters without misunderstanding. William's thinking himself under promises to Mr Ogilvie perhaps distresses him, but I see no hurry for releasing him from them,

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

unless there was a good reason for it. Besides, I really think he wishes to serve him ; however, I will do what Mr Ogilvie desires, if an opportunity offers. My love to him ; and tell him that Henry's travelling expenses should have been charged if it had made the difference of a carriage, but as we took him into our coach, I *really* could make none. General Pitt has bought him a fine charger that I hear is to cost sixty guineas ; it is expected in a few days. Mr Power remains to be paid for the inoculation, but I believe he has a stated price, which I will inform you of. The charger, saddle and other camp equipage, I believe General Pitt will draw upon Sir William Montgomery for. My love to all the dear creatures. Charlotte and Henry go to Leixlip to-morrow to perform *quarantine* before they go to Carton. Adieu, dearest sister, yours ever most tenderly.

130. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, July the 14th, 1778

I have not wrote to you, my dearest sister, since Henry left me, but conclude you have had very constant accounts from Leixlip, where he and Charlotte have been this week past amusing themselves, you may easily suppose, in that pleasant house. Henry, I believe, has gone through all his physic, is as well as possible, and goes to Carton to-morrow. You will find by our last letters how excessively anxious we were about you. Indeed, my dearest sister, ever since I heard of that dear Charles's escape, I have scarcely ever had you out of my head. And had taken a fright about your not receiving Charles's letter, fancying he *might* have wrote *pertly* about the French, and that, of course, his letter would never reach you. But I flatter myself he will have the prudence never to write anything but what will pass, that you may have all possible satisfaction during these anxious times.

How I do grieve that you are likely to suffer so much. But this horrid war, that I suppose is now inevitable, I fear will cost you many an anxious hour. But, my dear sister, don't forget how much less danger attends a sea engagement than any other. By all accounts a more severe engagement could not take place, than that between *La Belle Poule* and the *Arethusa*. I never heard of anything so

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

charming as Lord Longford's¹ behaviour. He must be high in everybody's esteem not for being a gallant officer—*that* nobody doubted but that he would be. But his humanity, command of temper, and prudence are equal to anything one ever heard of. The officers and crew on board the *Arethusa*, are vastly esteemed for their behaviour. Only think of Charles being the only person on board that could speak French! And, of course, the interpreter—how much depended upon him! But I have no doubt he will always shine. Dear creature, it makes one shudder to think what narrow escapes he has had; but I hope in God they are so many out of his way.

A thousand thanks to you, my dearest sister, for your kind letter of the 5th, which had the complaisance to come so quick now, and to relieve me from the anxiety I was in upon your account with regard to your hearing of Charles, whom Sarah was so lucky as to see, for which I sincerely envy her. I shall be vastly happy to hear of your getting to Aubigni. For besides its being better for your health to be quiet in the country, I do think that at this time Paris must be distressing to you. For, I suppose, it is *there* as *here*; nobody talks of anything but *the fleet* and *what* is to be done. Good God! what would one not give to send them all home peaceably! How lucky Mr. Ogilvie was in being able to conceal the name of Charles's ship! But I do believe if there can be found out one attention greater than another, he will have it for you. Many loves and thanks to him for it. I have had no opportunity yet of speaking to William about his affairs, but you may be sure shall not neglect them. I am sure you rejoice in General Howe's being come home. I had so moving a letter from her, upon his arrival, that nobody can read it without tears; I thank God she is now so happy, to reward her for all her good conduct and patience, which indeed, have been put to the trial. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

¹ Edward Michael Pakenham, 2nd Lord Longford (1743-92); m. (1768) Catherine, dau. of Rt. Hon. Hercules Langford Rowley and Elizabeth, *suo jure* Viscountess Langford. He served for a while in the Royal Navy.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

131. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, July the 24th, 1778

My dearest sister,

I have been a little idle of late, but, having nothing very particular to say, waited till I had an opportunity of speaking to William about Mr Ogilvie's business, which I have at last accomplished to do, and am happy to tell you that nothing can be more reasonable than he is about it. As to the interest, he spoke as having no doubt about paying it, nor the capital; but he explained the cause of the delay, which I never understood before, and which I will now explain to you, as I believe Mr Ogilvie and you understood it no more than me. It seems that you are no longer a guardian with respect to the fortunes of the children; that, of course, your order for any payment, is not sufficient security to William. But *any two guardians agreeing* can order the payment of the £400 a year (for each child) to any person they please; and strictly speaking should have been done, for all payments hitherto on their account. There is no probability of William being called to account for not having done it previous to any payment, but he is liable to it, in case any of the guardians chose to be absurd. As he thinks that it would be much pleasanter to you, as well as to him, to have it settled by my two brothers instead of the guardians here, he desired me to tell you so; and to say it could be done without trouble, as my brother, Richmond, has got a copy of the will. He, and my brother George, jointly, have nothing to do but to order William to make you such payments. I will write to my brother, Richmond, about it. I don't know whether you ever heard that Lord Bellamont made some such demand after his marriage, as some husband of your girls might do hereafter, if William has not this order of the guardians to produce. Having explained this necessary form (which I only look upon as such), I think Mr Ogilvie may settle his business accordingly; for there appears to be no dispute about his right in it, since he has had the care of the children.

We have had some very pleasant parties lately, in which we miss Lord Russborough sadly, for Mrs Abington and Mr Henderson¹ (a new actor) have been vastly the fashion, and invited to dine

¹ John Henderson (1747-85), 'the Bath Roscius'; as an actor, he was considered second only to Garrick, and was regarded with jealousy by him.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

about everywhere. They are both vastly well-behaved and agreeable. I have been abused in the newspapers for having them, which is too ridiculous. Mrs Abington you know; she is as agreeable off the stage as on it. And Mr Henderson is a very promising actor, takes off Garrick astonishingly. Mr Jephson and Dean Marlay, you may be sure have been on most of these parties. We intended an illumination in the wood last Wednesday, but it turned out (as it generally does) a rainy evening, so that it ended in a ball in the house, which I thought very hot and disagreeable, but the company seemed to enjoy themselves. Mr Conolly's kindest love to you and Mr Ogilvie, to whom I beg mine. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever, ever yours,

L. A. C.

132. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, August the 15th, 1778

Though I have twenty letters that I *ought* to answer, my dearest sister, I must begin by thanking you for yours of the 23rd from Aubigni, where I am happy to think you are settled quietly; and trust in God that you are there out of the reach of reports, which otherwise would distract you. The dear Charles, belonging to this fleet must certainly give you more anxious hours in France than you would have here; as your first accounts of engagements are from the French, who don't lose anything by their manner of representing, at least, if we are to judge from the accounts said to come from France. This last affair he had nothing to say to, but the dread one lives in is constant; and I grieve to think how much anxiety and agitation it will cost you, my dearest sister. But if it please God to strengthen your nerves, I know your resolution to be very great, and your reliance on God to be very sincere, which I hope will carry you through the anxious time we have all before us.

I own I am very desponding about the general turn of things, and fear that our best days are over, for I see nothing but distress on every side. Some people say that things *must* mend, and that this is a very rising country. I hope it is, but at present 'tis the reverse (I fear) of a flourishing country. The bill in favour of the Roman Catholics has passed into a law, which we all rejoice at, I mean

the general run, for there are people who object strongly to it. But I am one of those who can never look forward to the dreadful consequences of an act that in itself is *just* and *right*; and even go so far as to think that if they are to follow, we are not to stop from what we know to be right. The session only closed yesterday; it has sat above ten months, and I hope won't open again before the usual time. Mr Conolly, I hope, will be at liberty to stay here now. Only think of his being obliged to go to town once or twice a week constantly, which I flatter myself will not do him any material harm. But, at the same time, it don't agree with him, and he has not been quite well. William and the Duchess have been in town. He went to the House of Lords about this Popery Bill, which he has been very sanguine about; and she went to meet Lady St George, whom I hear is come, and is soon to be at Carton; I should be very impatient to see her, if she had seen much of you before she left Paris, but I don't suppose you could meet very often, you lived at so very great distance from each other.

Lady Barrymore, dear creature, is as well and in as good spirits as ever I saw her. Lady Massereene has given her consent to the match between Chi: Skeffington and Lady Harriet Jocelyn,¹ and adds one hundred a year to what she gave him before. It is not absolutely settled yet, as Mr Holford, the relation that said he would give Lady Harriet three hundred a year, is at Copenhagen; and till they receive his answer it is not to be *talked* of, though all the world knows it. They will muster up between eight and nine hundred a year, which certainly is bread, though not what one could wish, particularly as I dare say she will have a thousand children. Lady Roden is so partial to him that, upon the whole, she is pleased with it. I had a very kind letter from her, with great enquiries about you; she felt so much for you about Charles.

Henry pleases everywhere; I never saw a young man that took people's fancy more than he does. He is an agreeable creature, and vastly well disposed. He is gone to Clonmel, and I hope will immediately apply to his business. He is of a very affectionate disposition. Mr Conolly received your kind letter about him, for which he desires I will thank you, and give his love to you. Nothing could be more kind, my dearest sister, than your letters to him and me. Your partiality to me I have long felt the pleasure of, and value it too

¹ See Letter 125, note i.

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much not to endeavour to preserve it. I shall long to hear how you have got over the visit of the French lady, and how the poor nerves do. I figure you all comfortably settled at Aubigni, where I know you would enjoy yourself if it was not for this odious war.

The poor Lady Longfords live in a constant dread, as you may suppose. I don't wonder you are proud of your *protégé*, for no bravery or gallant action could be greater than his humanity and coolness, and am glad the French acknowledge it, as I hope it will be a check upon any other French officer that might be as brutally inclined as him that commanded the *Licorne*. I shall write Lady Howe word that you have thought of her happiness with pleasure. It is pleasant to think of her, poor soul. I do, continually, because I saw her in all her distress, which was very great indeed. Harry Fox is still in America, very well. He was so good as to write to me by General Howe. The accounts of poor Lady Holland are so bad that I have not the least hope of her recovery. I have heard nothing about my having that poor little Caroline; and, though you are so partial to me, my dearest sister, as to think she could not be better, I think it is always such an undertaking that I don't mean to offer the taking her, though I should not refuse it if poor Lady Holland wished it.

I beg my love to Mr Ogilvie, whom I am glad got home safe with the diamonds, which I dare [say] are beautiful. But I understand your being so provoked at their being the cause of detaining him at Paris, and your taking the journey by yourself. I have got one of your rashes that goes in and out, and worries me, but am not ill, only a *little* nervous. Yours ever most affectionately.

133. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, August the 30th, [1778]

My dearest sister,

Your dear *scolding* letter of the 3rd I have to thank you for. And, as it concerns your anxiety about Charlotte, will answer it first, in hopes of making you easy upon the score of her having been in so many parties with Mrs Abington, which I allow at a distance does not sound *quite* proper. But I cannot help flattering myself that if you had been here you would have come into it, as we all

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did, as by accident, I may say. Upon her coming she wrote very civil letters to everybody, and brought such strong recommendations from Lady Mulgrave¹ to the Leixlip family that Lady Massareene first asked her to dine there. The weather was hot, I did not much like going to town on purpose to go to the play, and thought to make up in civility by asking her to dinner, with a little view too (I must own) of coaxing her, as she has so much interest in the Play House in London, that I hope for the future to get boxes at the play when she acts, through her means. For, since Mr Johnston's death, I have never been able to go to the play at Drury Lane upon my *own* bottom. And, its being the only amusement I have in London, thought I should make a good bargain with her and Mr Henderson by a little civility here that gave me no trouble, and certainly made the parties much pleasanter than they would have been without them, and that, whatever other people do in those kind of things, guide one so much. She was received in the same way in Scotland last year, and particularly protected by the Duchess of Buccleuch,² whom you know is reckoned so proper. However, all these reasons are none to you, since you disapprove of Charlotte's having been of the parties. And, as far as my fault went of having her, I beg your pardon for, and promise not to let such a thing happen again. But, indeed, my part of it was very small, for she came only in company with her brother and the Duchess to our house, and Mrs Abington spent two days at Carton. Charlotte is vastly vexed about it, and I am sure, if possible, will avoid everything of the kind again, as she is so very desirous of doing everything you approve of. She told me that you desired me not to mention it, which I certainly will not do, and had not done to anybody but Lady Barrymore, whom I am so used to talk you over to, whenever we meet, that I had told her of your disapproving of it for Charlotte, but not what you said of *all of us*. She only said in her comical way that you were growing *an old trot*. Thus much about Mrs Abington, who has taken up a great deal of my paper. But I believe you know, my dearest sister, how sorry I must always be at having done anything you don't like, and how anxious I must be to make you see the thing in the most favourable light for myself; which,

¹ Lepell (1723-80), el. dau. of John Hervey, Lord Hervey; widow of Constantine Phipps, 1st Lord Mulgrave, who had died, 1775.

² Lady Elizabeth Montagu, dau. and heiress of 4th Earl of Cardigan; m. (1767) Henry Scott, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch. She died, 1827.

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at the same time, I know you to be so well inclined to do, that I am *perit* enough to be *sure* that you have forgiven me, I will therefore say no more about it, but proceed to the telling you how excessively happy the first part of your letter made me, where you tell me that that you are laying in a good stock of health, and feel stronger than you have done for two years past, God grant, my dearest sister, that you may go on getting strength, and send you over to us stout and comfortable next spring, when I hope nothing will happen to prevent your coming.

I don't know what to make of this *war* and *no war*, that we are in with France ; but don't suppose that a declaration of it can make it worse to you or us ; and therefore, hope you will pass your time quietly at Aubigni. I am glad that Mme de Cambis is settled at Paris, to send you true accounts before reports reach you. Dearest Charles's ship is not likely to be engaged, as I understand that he only carries the bloody flag, and conveys the signals, from the Admiral's ship to the rest of the fleet. He wrote William a charming letter lately, full of spirits, and giving the above account of the duty the *Arethusa* was upon. He, in company with some other ships, had taken a prize ; his share of which was to come to £350, which the gentleman liked exceedingly. The English and French accounts *differ* a little respecting the engagement ; but, whatever may be the case, one must feel the losses on all sides. And, now that I am upon that melancholy subject, must tell you that we are uneasy about Lord Howe, the Toulon squadron being arrived in America, and Lord Howe's ships not fit, by any means, to contend with them. We are in anxious expectation of hearing of the arrival of Commodore Byron, whom we hope, with Lord Howe, will be able to cope with the French. In the last skirmishes there, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton,¹ we have lost a good many people ; happily for us, none of our particular friends, which is a blessing one must feel in the midst of so much distress as this general war occasions. With regard to this country, it has pleased God to send us so plentiful a harvest and such heavenly weather to make it up in, that for the present it saves people from the horrors of famine ; which, indeed, was to be dreaded from the want of vent for the different commodities. I am sorry to say that they still lie upon the people's hands, and, of course, we can get no rent. But we jog on, in hopes

¹ Sir Henry Clinton (1738-95), General ; he was second in command in America, 1776 ; and Commander-in-Chief, 1778.

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of things mending. But if they do not by Xmas, or at least shew a great probability of their being better, one must come to a resolution of retrenching everything.

I hope you get your money remitted ; but William, I believe, is as ill off as his neighbours, and it's really wonderful how people go on. I have wrote to both my brothers about your affairs, by William's desire, to say that he wished them to re-appoint you guardian to the children, and to order him to pay up everything, which he told me any two guardians could do. And, as it was a transaction between you and him, thought it more delicate to choose them (my two brothers) than any of the guardians here. I, therefore, conclude that this business will soon be settled between Mr Ogilvie and William, though I don't wonder you should wish to prosecute that scheme of selling part of your jointure. Yet I am not sorry that Mr Ogilvie don't consent, as I can never think it possible but that he will get something, and in that case it would be a pity to lose so much present income.

Thank you for the pleasant account of the dear babes. I am glad little Emily is free from *vice et mechanceté*, though the pretty Ciss don't disturb me, and she would not be half so *delightful* without them. Pretty creature, kiss it for me, and let it have a notion of me. Lucy I look upon like one of your *first* comforts ; it is such an angel, and I am sure it is a blessing to have such a thing as George. Indeed, if I was to go through them all, I must find so much to say in all their favours there would be no end to it. But it's a happiness to think on them all ; which that it should fall to your share to possess, I rejoice at most heartily.

Talking of children, Sally writes me word that Lady Holland is so ill that Lord Ossory ¹ already thinks about disposing of Caroline ; and desired it might be hinted to me to know if I would take her. But I find that my brother, Richmond, wishes to have her ; in whose care she would be so well off that I shall leave it to them to settle as they please, and take her if my brother don't, which I am going to write Sarah word of, so that I don't know how it will all be. As Mr Conolly has given me leave to take the little Caroline, I own it is *only* prudence with regard to future anxieties that hinders me pressing it ; as my feels naturally would incline me to do. For, when I think of her being my sister Holland's granddaughter, now

¹ John Fitzpatrick, 2nd Earl of Upper Ossory (1745-1818). He m. (1769) Anne Liddell, the divorced wife of 3rd Duke of Grafton.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

tossed about in the world to be taken care of by such distant relations, who within so few years had so many near ones living, it makes me wish to have her ; and shall feel very glad if she falls to my share, dear little soul. Poor Sarah has got herself into a scrape at Stoke, by my brother George's repeating things that she had said, which have displeased Lady Louisa. They were nothing against her, you may be sure ; but I understand that they were not sort of things that Sarah would have said to Lady Louisa, and was drawn in to say them to my brother, George, upon some confidential conversation of his to Sally. Which, to be sure was not *quite* fair. But I hope it won't signify, for Lady Louisa is so right-headed, and so fond of Sarah, that I dare say it will come right, though for a time it creates a little coolness. Such sad *doings* must create *tracasseries* now and then ; I only wonder how Sarah keeps out of them at all. One good thing I heard lately, which was, a vast inclination on my brother, George's, part to be reconciled to my brother, Richmond, which I hope in time will take place. We are all going this evening to a little ball at Carton, which Mrs Byng and her daughter have stayed for, and leave us on Wednesday, to return to England. Only think of poor Lady Howe's fright since the General's return, who has been dangerously ill with an abscess in the lower part of his back, which was obliged to be laid open. But he is, thank God, quite recovered ; her poor nerves sadly worn by this fright. Love from Mr Conolly and myself to Mr Ogilvie and adieu, dearest siss, ever yours.

134. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 6th, 1778

Since I wrote my *penitential* letter, my dearest sister, I have received yours of the 16th of August, where you mention having heard of my having been kept in countenance in my improprieties by Lord Buckinghamshire and William. I assure you it was quite *genteel* to invite Mrs A——n. No *creditable* newspaper abused us, only a low paper published in Dublin that I never heard of till upon that occasion that they were pleased to mention my having such company, and abused Mr Jephson and Mr Marlay chiefly. You lament Garrick and Rousseau together, by which I conclude

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that you imagine the former dead ; but as I have not heard of his death, conclude it is only a report in France. I was very sorry for Rousseau, and, indeed, for that poor wretch Voltaire,¹ there was something so very uncomfortable in his hatred to the thoughts of death that made me feel very much for him. Mr Henderson that I mentioned to you is quite a young man, and has been so few years on the stage that I don't imagine you could have seen him. How charming your weather must be by your description, no dew and yet so warm ; ours we have no reason to complain of, though not quite so delightful. We seem to have done with the dog days, and to be got into our fine September weather. There has been so very, very little rain that the farmers already grumble for want of after-grass ; but, as the harvest is not all in yet, I cannot grumble at this dry weather. It also suits my present work prodigiously, as I am getting a quantity of pretty stones out of the river, (which can only be done when it is very low), to build cascades with, and ornament in a rough manner the arch and battlements of a little bridge that we are building. The finishing by the river side is our present occupation, which takes me up very much. But, indeed, I don't know *what* does not at this place, as the merest trifles interest me, I have such an affection for it. I am sure you amuse yourself at Aubigni with your Moss house, etc., and am glad you are at some place where you can amuse yourself in that way, as I know how much those sort of things divert one. I have not seen the Carton people since their little ball last Monday, that went off very well and was very pretty. The Lady Butlers [and] Lord and Lady Crosbie² are there now, and I hear enliven the little Duchess so much that it does her a vast deal of good. Lady Crosbie is a *possédée* that makes herself perfectly easy wherever she goes, and has so very little doubt of not being welcome everywhere, that she makes no scruple of inviting herself ; which luckily I heard of before I got into the scrape, and therefore have always had my grave face on, which has got me off with a dinner. She is undoubtedly handsome, and not [un]pleasing. She behaves vastly well and properly to Lady Glandore, which I honour her for, and feel grateful to Lord

¹ François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778). The great French writer and philosopher.

² John Crosbie, styled Visct. Crosbie (1752-1815) son and heir of William Crosbie, 1st Earl of Glandore ; m. (1777) Diana, 1st dau. of George Sackville-Germain, 1st Visct. Sackville of Drayton.

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Glandore¹ for having behaved so well about the settlements upon Lord Crosbie.

Talking of *oddities*, I cannot forbear telling you a history that is extraordinary (if I heard the truth). *In primis*, Mrs Ponsonby says that Mr Ponsonby is so ill-tempered she cannot live with him any longer, and his cruel usage of naming the country to her she can no longer endure, and *will* be parted from him. The poor man humbly begged pardon for having proposed so shocking a thing as going to save a little money in the country these hard times, and promises *never* to name such a thing again, if she will but live with him. She says *no*, and so they are parted; the poor man breaking his heart at parting with so sweet a woman, and allows her £300 a year, which he cannot by any means afford. Lady Bellamont in the midst of all this, writes her brother word that as she has often promised Lady Cha: Talbot a visit, she shall take the opportunity of Mrs Ponsonby's going to England to go with her; and off they went, in a packet *purposely* ordered for them, which was notified in the papers. My Lord escorted them to Holyhead, and returned to Dublin, where I met him at dinner last Thursday at the Castle. But the best of all this is, that he was overheard at the Levée (after cautiously looking round) to say to Colonel Luttrell that "he wished to know how this affair of Ponsy's parting with his wife was received in the world, because if their scheme of putting it upon Ponsy's ill temper succeeded, Lady Bellamont might continue her protection but that if their intrigue was known, then my Lady Bellamont must drop all acquaintance." Now, unless Emily is in the secret, I should be curious to know what pretence he could make for desiring her to give up Mrs Ponsonby, that she is so dotingly fond of. Is not it a curious history? But I don't rightly enjoy it, from my fear that Emily is not imposed upon, in which case she must be very miserable indeed, and to be pitied beyond description; but I will still hope that she is blind. Lady Barrymore bid me write you all this. I have not seen her since the ball at Carton, where she sat at a side table at supper, in order to steal the fruit, and stole away before the ceremony of the supper was over.

I have been at the Black Rock this last week with Lord and Lady Buckinghamshire. He is so fond of that place that was Mrs Marshall's. Lady Buckinghamshire admires your place vastly, but

¹ William Crosbie, 1st Earl of Glandore (1716-81). He m., for the 2nd time (1777) Jane, wid. of John Ward, and dau. of Edward Vesey.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

found a fault with the house that never struck me before, but that I doubt you will think one also, particularly as you have been used to the contrary in France; which are the low doors. She absolutely could not walk upright through any of them above stairs, and touched the top of most of those below. Your chimney-pieces that came from abroad were there, but not unpacked. However, as there is some danger of their having got stains from lying so long on board, I am going to write to Mr Darly¹ to unpack them; and desired Mrs Dixon to lock them up in one room, which, I believe, is better than letting them lie in the cases, that appear full of dirt. We have promised to go there again, but have so many journeys on our hands, that I doubt our being able to go. The Curragh meeting, Brockley Park, Bellisle, and, I believe, Derry are in contemplation. Our family party is broken up. Mrs Byng and her daughter are returned to England, Mrs FitzGerald gone to Bellisle, and Lady Buckinghamshire at the Black Rock. Mr Conolly is at Kildare, where I shall go in a day or two. But, having had such a full house this summer, (though of people I liked), I am *snuggling* a few comfortable days to be by myself. Poor Mrs Gardiner, who was in such spirits here a week ago, is so unhappy at the death of Willy Montgomery, her brother, who never recovered his wounds; she has just got the account of his death. My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc., and believe me, my dearest sister, ever yours.

[Note:—page 6 of letter left blank, with following inscription written thereon]—

I have miss'd this side of my paper, but, as it's late, must excuse myself from writing it over again.

135. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, September the 14th, 1778

My dearest sister,

I hoped by this time to have had some good news to congratulate you upon, but there is no account yet of these fleets which everybody says *must* meet; though I have always hopes from the delay

¹A member of the family of stone-masons, who came from the north of England and settled in Co. Meath. The Darleys superintended the masonry of many of the stone buildings in Dublin and the province of Leinster.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

that something may happen to prevent them. Our immediate concern—dear Charles—I trust is safe in this particular, as the *Arethusa* is to be the signal ship. There is a piece of news from Cork, that, if true, is so advantageous a thing for England that one might hope for better times; it is the having sunk nine of Mr D'Estaing's ships, and destroyed his fleet. But, great as this news is for the public, it is attended with so particular a loss to our friends that I cannot rejoice; for the same report mentions Lord Howe being killed in the action, which will be such a heart-breaking in his family that we are excessively distressed about it. We returned yesterday from Brockley Park, where we went for a few days. I left Charlotte there, whom I took with me; but Mr Conolly and I wished to get home and she thought our visit short. They are very fond of her and she of them, but I don't think Lord Jocelyn has any thoughts of marrying yet, though he approves of Charlotte. That he should do that I don't wonder, for she is as proper as it is possible. I never saw anybody more correct in every particular. The Rodens talk of going to England next month. The weather is more delightful than anything ever was, but I don't enjoy it as much as I should if I was well. And, as you like to know all about my health, must tell you that my nerves are miserably affected by obstructions, which I don't like to speak of, because I have no visible complaint. I *fight* against it, which I believe is the only way, though I can't always do so as much as I wish. I have been in the warm bath, which I hope will do me good. If not, I'll try something else, for I would do anything to get rid of miserable feels. Pray, don't mention it, for I cannot bear to speak of it. I am not sure that I could have brought myself to speak to you even about . .¹ . write it to you. I don't know why I . .¹ . of being ill, but I am, at least I am . .¹ . it gives me. My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. I hope to . .¹ : your getting strength, my dearest sister, and having your nerves well, for though I think I must always feel the greatest anxiety for you, it does not lessen by my feeling what a suffering it is to have them bad. Adieu, dearest, dear sister and believe me most affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly

¹ Page torn.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

136. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 19th, 1778

My dearest sister,

One would really think that sympathy operated very strongly, by the unusual degree of lowness I felt, a little before I received your letter giving me an account of the dearest Eddy's sufferings, which I find (by your last letter, that I have this minute received) have been very great. Sweet creature, how I pity him for the boils he has on his legs and arms; they are such cruel suffering. I have read your two letters, Mr Ogilvie's postscript, and Mercadie's that I received last night, with great attention; and from all you tell me of him, I think I may be at ease about him. Thankful to God I most heartily feel for the recovery of this precious creature; and trust we shall have the same blessings continued to us with the rest, whom I am happy to hear have all taken the infection; for I do think it is such a slight disorder in the inoculation, that one day's anxiety in the natural way is beyond what you will feel for all the rest, at least, if the Doctor should treat it as it is here. It will all be over before this letter can reach you, or else I should urge the not being afraid of the air, I am so convinced that it is absolutely necessary for that fever that attends the coming out of the disorder. I must be anxiety itself till it's all over, and am so much obliged to you for promising to write so frequently; but the inoculation happily over will not content me, my dearest sister, on your account. I am of Mr Ogilvie's mind, that the consequences of this agitation are more to be dreaded for you than anything; and the very little care and attention you will have for yourself, indeed, gives one reason to be uneasy; particularly as you were so unlucky as to have a cold wind, after the very hot weather, to go out airing at an improper time. Indeed, it alarms me a good deal for you, my dearest sister. Pray don't let that cough hang on you. Consider what an unfavourable season the beginning of winter is for any complaint of that sort.

You give me vast pleasure in telling me Mr Ogilvie did not suffer from his attendance on Eddy, and hope he will not find any bad effects from it, when all his anxiety is at an end. What an attention, my dearest sister, to sit up ten nights with that dear angel! I am sure there is not a single soul belonging [to] you that must not

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

feel the greatest obligation to him for it. I am not surprised, because I know Mr Ogilvie so well, but it is not a *common* attention. Pray give Mr Conolly's and my kindest love to him. Kiss the Eddy a thousand and a thousand times for me, and tell him how I do rejoice and wish him joy. I hope neither Robert nor Gerald have fears; George and Ciss cannot. Dear little souls, how I do long to hear of their being well. I expect Mrs Nicholson here to-day, who with Lady Elizabeth are so anxious about you and them. William I saw yesterday. We both agreed in rejoicing at your courage, and thought you did so right. Charlotte is still at Brockley Park. Ever yours, my dearest sister, most affectionately,

L. A. C.

137. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 24th, 1778

Though I trust in God, my dearest sister, that your mind is more at ease than mine can be about the children till I get a few more letters, yet I doubt this is not the time to write to you about business; however must, lest you should miss of a good *chap* to buy your house at the Black Rock, if you still continue in the intention of selling it. Mr Dun, the banker, has taken a great fancy to it, and sent to me about it. I sent back word I should write to Mr Ogilvie for the particulars of the lease, and his terms, but that I knew you would not part with it under £10,000. He sent me word he should think no more of it at that price. I have taken no further steps about it. But Sir Michael Cromie (the person employed by Mr Dun), told Mr Conolly that he believed he would give £8,000 for it, which I find is looked upon as a high price. But Mr Ogilvie and you must know best. Therefore, if you wish to do anything about it, let me know.

Charlotte is still at Brockley Park, where she is much amused. But I had a letter from her to-day, lamenting so much the not being with you at this time; and feeling it like a neglect of duty in her added to her anxiety about the dear creatures. I hear a very good account of Henry from Lieutenant Colonel Abercromby, who writes everything in his favour to General Pitt. The camp is soon to be

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

broken up, but I suppose Henry must stay with his regiment. If these nasty broils would subside, one might perhaps get leave of absence for a twelvemonth for him which I know is what you wish. O! dear! dear! what sad anxious times these are! No news from Keppel, though we have been threatened with an engagement this week past.

Sir John Blaqueire has some *important* correspondent in France, that I suppose must be the Baron de Cocque. He tells a great deal [of] news, but that part of invading England nobody seems to credit.

Our weather is so charming that it almost comforts one, for all the distresses. I am much better than I was, but I have had a feverish complaint that affected my nerves (a disorder I by no means approve of), and that I hope will not return. Adieu, my dearest sister. It being just bed time and my being very sleepy must make me conclude, with all possible assurance of my love, and my being most sincerely yours,

L. A. Conolly.

138. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, September the 28th, 1778

My dearest sister,

Yours of the 8th only arrived the day before Mr Ogilvie's letter of the 13th, which latter has put my mind quite at ease about those dear angels; for on the 7th day I reckon they were drying off sufficiently to reckon the disorder quite over. I am not only the happiest, but most thankful creature at so important an event in their lives being so well over. I cannot help regretting that Sophia and Lucy were not inoculated also. The little Emily¹ is certainly too young. Dearest Eddy, how I do grieve at his having suffered so much! But am glad to hear he has been so much physicked; for though it will weaken him for a time, it seems so necessary after so inveterate a disorder. Give my kindest love to him, and tell him that I am sure the being pitted will *become* him instead of spoiling his dear face. Indeed, my dearest sister, I do not wonder at your

¹ Emily Charlotte Ogilvie.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

thankfulness about that angel, for it makes one shudder to think how ill he was. What you have gone through on his and the rest of the children's account I hope will not now fall heavy on yourself. I don't like your being so thin, it is not a *natural* state for any of our family to be in; and, therefore, I agree with Mr Ogilvie in not liking it for you. [I] hope to hear *very, very* soon that you pick up again. I am so sure that riding is good for you that it rejoices me to hear you have got two such good horses, and beg you will persevere in your exercise, and not be lazy. I shall be fidgety about you till I hear of the next French lady's visit being happily over. Your having got cold the last time, added to your anxiety, I should be very much afraid would unsettle you; therefore, pray think of yourself now.

My head ran so on the dear children that I did not write to you comfortably about business; and, therefore, just told you of Mr Dun's proposal, or rather what Sir Michael Cromie imagined he would give, viz., £8,000. I am not at all a judge whether you are ever likely to get more. Mr Dun is a substantial banker, I understand. Glassnevin is to be parted with for £4,000, which the Duke of Leinster imagines he will buy, since he thinks yours too dear. Therefore, if you think of taking £8,000, let us have all the particulars as soon as possible.

I went one day to look at your marble chimney-piece that was so long missing, and thought it appeared to be in so bad a condition that I sent to Mr Darlay, who wrote me the enclosed card. Let me know if you will give up the polish, and so expose it to the air to take out the stains. Our weather is now grown cold, but very fine. We are going to Bellisle for about a week, and I believe we shall go to England the beginning of November to the meeting of Parliament. But we mean, if possible, to be back before Xmas; only just go to hear General Howe tell his story, which I rejoice at his intending to do. Lord Howe is not killed, and the news tolerable from America; nothing from Keppel yet, which we all eagerly look out for, as they say something must be done. Love and Mr Conolly's to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Adieu, dearest sister; ever, ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

139. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Bellisle, October the 10th, 1778

I have not a minute's time, my dearest sister, to write to you in, as the post is just going out. But I cannot let it go without acknowledging the receipt of yours of the 22nd of September, which gave me such an infinite deal of pleasure that I have thought of it all the way on my journey here, where we arrived yesterday evening. I will not attempt answering it, but only tell you that the very delightful account you give me of your happiness, is such to me, as I can hardly tell you how much pleasure I feel from it. I thank God, and rejoice most sincerely with you, at the recovery of the dear angels, and hope to hear that you have not suffered. For still, (I own) I dread your poor nerves having undergone too great an agitation not to have them affected. We are a pleasant family party here : Lady Buckinghamshire and Mrs FitzGerald, Lady Ross (you know, is as pleasant and good-humoured as possible), Mrs Montgomery and one of her daughters make up the set of women ; the rest of the company all men. Lord Ross¹ you have heard me say is so remarkably pleasant in his own house, and that this is one of the prettiest places in the world. We have, luckily, charming weather for it, and I dare say shall spend a few days here very cheerfully. We mean to go to England in November (but to return as soon as possible), just to attend the meeting of Parliament and hear what General Howe has to say, and so come back. Pray look (if you have not burnt it) at my letter of the No. 31 [Sept. 24th, 1778] ; as it was opened in the post office in Dublin I wish to know if there was anything that signified their reading. The servant that took it to town threw it into the post office without paying for it ; out of civility the man paid for it, sealed it up and sent it, so that I can't tell what was in it. Love to Mr Ogilvie, etc., and Mr Conolly's to you all. Adieu, dearest sister, ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Sir Ralph Gore (1725-1802), 6th Bt., cr. (1764) Lord Gore ; (1768) Visct. Bellisle ; (1772) Earl of Ross. He served in the army and became Commander-in-Chief in Ireland in 1788.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

140. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 18th, 1778

My dearest sister,

I did not find that I should gain anything by writing to you again from Bellisle, and therefore postponed it till my return, which was yesterday. And though nothing could be pleasanter than our party, it is always so *very* pleasant to get home that I was not sorry. The weather was charming, and no people could be merrier than we were. Lady Buckinghamshire is remarkably agreeable, very like her brother, with a *good* temper; I don't mean an *absolute lamb*, for she is eager, quick, and warm in her manner, but pleasantly so. Mrs. FitzGerald (though with a very good understanding) is not so taking; but then she does move one's pity to such a degree that it's impossible not to be fond of her. Mr FitzGerald is hardly ever with her, and though she adores him, she takes his neglect patiently. Unless one was tried, there is no judging what one should do in such a case. But I think if such behaviour did not break my heart, it would cure me of love. I could never go on loving for ever without any return. How happy it is to have such a patient disposition as poor Mrs FitzGerald, when it is one's fate to be so wretched! And how thankful one ought to be (with a disposition not equal to such trials) that it is not one's own case. I don't know any two people *worse* than you or I should be with such treatment. Think, then, my dearest sister (in the midst of these reflexions), with what pleasure I read yours of the 22nd where you give me an account of your almost perfect happiness. God grant the continuance of it to you, and that your own health may not interrupt your present peace and comfort. I cannot conceive a greater delight than the improvement in a beloved child's mind, added to their recovery. Nothing that you can tell me to dearest Eddy's advantage surprises me, as I think he had, from an infant, the most lovely, valuable disposition. I never know how to begin talking of all the dear children, for they are all such dear things, in their different ways, that there is no end in writing or saying what I think and feel about them. I rejoice at monkey Ciss not forgetting me. You describe the cottage and environs of Latal as heavenly; what peaceful, calm thoughts such a situation must fill one with! and, of course, make one happy. One thinks the people can't be bad that live in such a place; and, of all feels, that of thinking well of

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

one's fellow creatures is the most heartfelt satisfaction. Poor Ireland has a most sad drawback in that particular, for one cannot esteem and love the Irish, though one may like them; but yet it is right for an Irish person to live among them. I have sometimes great hopes that the increase of trade will be of service to their morals, and no doubt it would if that detestable whisky was abolished.

I forget whether I told you that we were to go to England in November. The Parliament meets the 26th, when we mean to be there, but at the same time intend returning here by Xmas. No news of Keppel, but Sarah writes me word that Charles sent her word to write to let you know that he was well, and probably should be at Portsmouth this month; which revives all our hopes of a negotiation being on foot. The stocks have risen so considerably that I think one may flatter oneself with some prospect of peace. There has not been a single word of news this month past, though it has been expected every hour; so that it is hard to form any conjectures about *what* is likely to take place. I believe I wrote you word that the report of Lord Howe's death was groundless. I am like you about poor Byron, and think him so unlucky that I almost feel sure of his being lost, though I sincerely hope not.

I dare say you have heard from England by this time of Lady Holland's death; I have had no particulars about it, and therefore conclude nothing is yet settled about little Caroline, whom I have a notion I shall have at last. It was so impossible for Lady Holland to recover that I hardly felt her death; my regret at losing her was some months ago. What a number of that family have been swept off within these four years! My dearest sister, it makes one tremble to think of it. I will not close my letter without thanking you for yours of the 29th, and answering you about Mrs Dixon's son, whom I have not done anything about yet, waiting for Keppel's return to England. But your scheme of applying to Mrs Clements is a good one, for her son Theobald certainly has places to dispose of and she has great influence with him. I am sorry to tell you that I don't think Lord J—— thinks of marrying, though he certainly *approves* very much of Charlotte. I think Lady Barrymore rather wishes Chitty married; she seems *tired* of his being always at Leixlip. However, there is some little delay to the match, and I don't know when it will be. I am very glad to hear that Mr Ogilvie's rheumatic attack was short; [I] hope he has had no return of it. Love to him, etc. Dearest sister, ever yours.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

141. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 30th, [1778]

A thousand thanks to you, my dearest sister, for yours of the 6th and that of the 12th that I received yesterday, both wrote in such cheerful good spirits as *must* make me happy ; and just at present, very lucky to counterbalance a very melancholy scene I have in prospect on poor Lady Buckinghamshire's account, as I think she is going to lose her third son with the same disorder that carried off the two others. I believe I have told you what a promising, fine boy he was. About ten days ago he was taken ill with what we hoped was only teeth, though *she* saw many symptoms that alarmed her. Sir Nathaniel Barry thought it only his teeth, and sent him back into the country, better, as he thought ; but in the evening there came on such terrible symptoms of sleepiness and sickness that Lady Buckinghamshire thinks him gone, and, indeed, so do I. She is gone back to town to-day with him, a very pitiable object indeed, that goes to my heart, and the more so from her calmness. She is naturally lively, all anxiety, and warmth ; and from her fears when Henry was inoculated shewed such a disposition to be terrified beyond bounds, that it is now the most moving thing in the world to see her, all composure, and meekness, quite subdued with grief. She prefers being alone or I would have gone to town with her. I cannot tell you how vexed I am about it.

However, it is time I should give you an account of Charlotte (a much more interesting subject to us) who has had a fall off her horse, which, thank God, has had no bad consequence, though a very frightful one ; and it is astonishing how she escaped, as she was pitched upon her head. At first she felt no hurt, but was blooded by way of precaution. There was to be a little dance at St. Wolstans the next day, and, feeling well, she was tempted to go. She dined at Killadoon, and was there taken with a colic, which she and we all thought was owing to her diet, as Mr Power (for two days) made her leave off wine and meat. She went home, and got rid of her colic, but has had the headache, for which reason Mr Power thought it prudent to bleed her again, and she is now much better. Mr Power thinks the violence of the fall shook her head, and that the exercise of the coach so soon after was too much for her. He has therefore ordered her to be kept quiet for a few days, which I dare [say] will

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set all to rights. Harriet Staples had a fall this summer, attended with worse appearances, that she recovered entirely by being kept quiet. The servant that is going to town with letters waits, so I must postpone answering the rest of your letters till Sunday. Till then, adieu, dearest of sisters. Ever yours.

142. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 2nd, [1778]

My dearest sister,

William and the Duchess have just been here, and tell me that poor Charlotte still complains of a headache, which Mr Power thinks still may proceed from colds ; though he would have her keep very quiet, lest it should be from any effect of the fall, which (I own) I think it is, but it is impossible for anybody to be quite certain, after such a blow, whether a headache proceeds from it or not ; nor can anything be done, but keeping her very quiet. The fall Harriet Staples had in the summer seemed at first trifling, and she appeared quite well at times ; when a sleepiness, headache or sickness would come on, which alarmed me excessively at the time. Though I have now reason to think they may all be felt without any material injury to the head. I hope that Charlotte's will turn out of as little consequence. I find that William has wrote to you without mentioning the fall, which I am sure he means kindly, to save you an anxiety about a thing that he thinks will have no bad consequence. But I *know* you so well that I have wrote you every particular, trusting that you will not create to yourself unnecessary uneasiness, and rely upon me for writing you the truth. While I am upon the subject of Charlotte, I will answer that part of your first letter relative to her not *gadding about* without the Duchess or me. I am *very apt* to be of your opinion, and am certainly so in regard to that appearance for young women. She was to stay but three days after me at Brockly Park, but a ball they were to have was the inducement ; and as William and the Duchess went for her, and spent two or three days at Brockly Park, it took off the appearance of her visiting by herself. As William wrote to you yesterday, I hope he has answered you about your money matters. Henry's allowance, I understood, was to be £150 a year besides his pay. He is to come to Carton upon a

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visit for a few days, and I hope will soon go to England, as Lord Buckinghamshire told William that he did not know of any objection to his going. It is said that the King is so strict that he will not allow of the absence of any officer; but if he can get away now, and stay till the beginning of April, he would have several months with Mr Kempson and Charles Lennox; and [I] agree with you that it would be an excellent scheme for him. If I find no obstacle to his leaving the regiment I will endeavour to get him sent off this month to England when Mr Conolly goes; and conclude you have settled everything with Mr Kempson for taking him.

I find it so likely that we shall go to England in the spring that I have almost given up my project of going with Mr Conolly before Xmas, as he wishes to stay in London but *a minute*, just to hear General Howe tell his story; in which case, I should only be an incumbrance to him, and therefore, think I shall give it up, though I am such a fool as to hate his going for even that short time without me. If you keep to your plan of coming to Ireland next summer, I think we shall meet in London in the spring; *but* I doubt so much your leaving Aubigni, when it comes to the point, that, I own fairly, I don't set my heart upon it. All you say upon the subject, I am so sensible of, that I never will allow myself to expect to see you settled here. As eager as it is natural for me to be for the scheme, it would never answer to me, if it did not to you, in point of comfort. And, that it would not do so (if Mr Ogilvie was not pleasantly situated), is but too certain. One cannot have the same solicitude about one's own pleasure and comfort, that one has about the person one loves better than oneself. I shall, therefore, always hope, my dearest sister, that you will settle wherever you can have most satisfaction. I have *one* argument in favour of Ireland that has been such a uniform opinion with me, that I cannot help throwing it in, while there is a doubt; which is *that* of it's being right to live in the country from whence one draws one's money. I must now thank you for all your chat about the dear children. What an everlasting entertainment they are to one! What a dear monkey Ciss is! and the pretty George, with all his little reflexions; thank God they are all well, and I pray to keep them so. Ah! poor Lady Buckinghamshire, I am sure your heart aches for her! The poor little boy is not yet dead, but there are no hopes of him at all. God help the poor parents! I must not omit answering your enquiries about my health. I have got rid of my feverish complaint, but, at *certain* times, my

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poor nerves are very bad, and it would be hard to say how they are affected. I am so full of *odd* whims, I will try the lime flower tea. Hard riding, or rather *rough* riding, I find agrees with me. I don't walk near so much as I did. I assure you I am very careful of myself. Mr Conolly's love to you, Mr Ogilvie, etc. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever, ever yours,

L. A. C.

P.S.—I hear that Lady Holland left Caroline to the care of Lady Warwick,¹ her half-sister, whom I understand is very proper.

143. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 9th, 1778

My dearest sister,

Since my last, Charlotte has not been quite so well. And (though much better last night) still continues to complain of her head, which, I own, I cannot be quite easy about ; though Mr Power says that her having been at times quite free from pain is so favourable a symptom. The Duke of Leinster was uneasy at her not getting quite well ; and, upon the pain in her head increasing last Saturday, he sent to Cunningham and a Doctor Shiel, who is employed by Quin to visit out of town for him. They were at Carton yesterday, and approved of everything that Power had done. They went to Doctor Quin, and reported how they had found her, which Cunningham sent William an account of, last night, as follows. I must tell you first, that they had called in Cleghorn, as he is reckoned so remarkably clever in judging of cases where the knowledge of the anatomy of the head is requisite. They all said, "that there was no giving any decided opinion at present ; that every symptom must be carefully attended to, to regulate their treatment of her ; that she must continue to be kept very low, empty and quiet ; and, though she has been blooded three times, to repeat the bleedings if the acuteness of the pain returned, for that at present they thought it a doubtful case." But to palliate so unpleasant an

¹ Henrietta, Countess of Warwick ; dau. of Richard Vernon, by Evelyn, dau. of John, Earl Gower, whose 1st husband was John, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. Miss Vernon was 2nd wife of George, 2nd Earl of Warwick and m. him in 1776.

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anxiety, I must tell you, my dearest sister, that she grew much better yesterday evening ; her head better than it had been for two days, her spirits good, and her sleep refreshed her. She is also out of order, which at any time makes her ill, and, therefore, I think in a great degree accounts for her head having been worse for two days. Mr Power is also very sure that part of it was nervous, and says that her pulse was never alarming, though quick at times from the pain. He sits a vast while by her, to watch her ; and persists in saying *he* is not alarmed, though he won't take upon him to pronounce that there is no danger. I hope and trust in God he is right. But it is one of those cases, where it is impossible to be easy till one sees her quite well. You know me well enough to be certain that I am telling you all the facts. She has been uneasy, poor thing, with the apprehension of an operation ; but they assured William yesterday that there was no chance of anything of that sort, as they imagined it to be a concussion of the brain. This has relieved her mind, and the pain she bears very patiently. You may depend on hearing constantly. Nothing can be more attentive than William and the Duchesses are to her, and quite good nurses.

I am sure you will be sorry to hear that poor Lord Hobart¹ is dead at last. Lord Buckinghamshire bears it very tolerably, and she is so composed, I hear, that I fear it will last the longer on her mind. I have not seen her yet ; the child was buried to-day ; I am to go to town to see her to-morrow. I have yours of the 16th and Mr Ogilvie's of the 17th to thank you for, chiefly relating to the Black Rock ; and think your scheme a good one about the change, but that I fear Glassnevin is gone. I heard some time ago that the Chancellor was about it ; I shall make enquiries, and let you know. Mr Conolly has an idea that if Glassnevin is sold for £4,000 it is probably bought back for Mr Mitchell, as it certainly must be worth more than that. I will order your chimney-piece to be put up in the dining-room at the Black Rock, which is the room I suppose you mean it for, by talking of the rooms that are not to the sun. I have just had a letter from Mrs Dixon to tell me that Mr Owens has left the Black Rock these three weeks past, and locked up the house to her great discomposure, which I don't wonder at, and shall send after him about it. I believe I told you in my last that I had given up the thoughts of going to England with Mr Conolly before

¹ George Hobart, styled Lord Hobart, 3rd but 1st surv. son of John Hobart, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire, d. an infant, 30 Oct., 1778, at Dublin Castle.

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Xmas, as I find it is most likely that we shall be obliged to go in the spring. I have not seen the Leixlip people lately, but hear they are all well, and Lady Catherine Skeffington quite recovered of an odd complaint that frightened them all very much, particularly Lady Barrymore and Lady Elizabeth. Lady Catherine, without blow or strain [of] any kind, had a bleeding in the crown of her head, to the amount of a teacupful, is now well, and Sir Nathaniel Barry treats it lightly, and has only ordered her to ride constantly. Lady Elizabeth has had a very slight return of her complaint, but by immediate attention I hope will throw it off again. My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc., and Mr Conolly's to you both. Henry arrived at Carton yesterday looking well, but a little cough, that I charged him to be careful about. There is a report that the King won't grant leave of absence to any officer; but if anybody gets it Henry is sure of it, and will set out with Mr Conolly the 20th, by which time we shall know whether he can or cannot get leave. He says he likes his profession of all things. Adieu, dearest sister, ever yours.

144. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 13th, 1778

'Tis with pleasure, my dearest sister, that I sit down to tell you of Charlotte's being so much better, and, having continued so now for four days, that I think we may reasonably flatter ourselves that she has suffered no material injury from the blow. However, as these accidents have most treacherous consequences sometimes, there is no saying that she is absolutely well. But she has slept perfectly well at night, been free from headache, and to-day blew her nose, which she had not done freely before, and made the physicians apprehend some little vessel's having burst in the upper part of it. She was in mighty good spirits to-day, and was going to get up when I left her. The poor nerves I doubt will suffer for the confinement, but there was no helping it. I hope by next Monday's post to tell you of her being quite recovered. I am going to town to-day to see poor Lady Buckinghamshire again, as she seems to like to have me, and has nobody with her, Mrs FitzGerald being in the north, and Lady Heron gone to England. Henry is well again of his cold and cough, and is set out again for Kilkenny. Lord

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Buckinghamshire has wrote to England to *feel* his Majesty's pulse, about allowing officers to leave their regiments; and if there are not strict orders to the contrary, Henry is to have leave of absence. The dear fellow enjoys the thoughts of going to spend a few months with Charles Lennox. Adieu, my dearest sister, I must leave off, much against my inclination, but the shortness of the time obliges me to it. Yours ever,

L. A. C.

145. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 16th, [1778]

My dearest sister,

Charlotte was so well on Saturday last that they allowed her to return to her usual diet. She began with eating very little meat, and drinking very little wine. But such is the nature of these complaints that it is difficult to know when you can depend on a person's being quite well, and I doubt they allowed her meat and wine too soon, as she has complained of a return of her headache and the passage of her nose was again obstructed, by which we conclude that the inflammation either was not quite abated, or that the vessels that had been so, by too quick repletion, were again affected. The doctors had taken their leave, but William sent for them again. I wish they had come before this letter went off, but I dare not miss the post, lest you should miss hearing by every foreign mail. She was blooded again yesterday, felt relieved, and in going to bed found herself quite well, so that I hope this little return will be nothing. But it proves the necessity of being over-cautious on such occasions, and is what the physicians have recommended all along. Indeed, she has done nothing but by their directions, so that nobody is to blame about this. Mr Power thinks a great deal of this is nervous; I am not sure that it is not, but the vexatious thing is, that she must be treated as if she was not nervous, for fear of danger; and yet that treatment is so bad for her nerves, in case it should turn out to be nothing of consequence, as distresses one. But there is no help for it, and all I beg you will rest assured of, my dearest sister, is that every possible care and attention is paid her. I never saw people do it more sensibly than William

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and the Duchess do. They are both remarkable good nurses, both very uneasy about Charlotte, and yet not at a loss to know what to do ; and every possible attention paid to her comforts, besides having all the necessary advice. I hope by Friday next to let you know of her being better, but if she is ever so well, I imagine they will not suffer her to relax from great care, this some time to come ; but please God that she continues in a good way, it is all one can expect, till the time comes that one can absolutely pronounce her well. I was almost tempted not to tell you of this little alteration, as you receive letters but twice a week, and that very likely it's all over (as she felt well in going to sleep) ; but that I think in the end it is more for your satisfaction to be *certain* that nothing is disguised from you. I therefore will send my letter, and risk the few days anxiety that it may cost you till you hear from me again, which I have scarce a doubt will convey to you favourable accounts. In the meantime, adieu, my dearest sister, and believe me ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. Conolly.

146. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, November the 20th, 1778

My dearest sister,

Though I have not seen Charlotte since the day before yesterday, I can with pleasure sit down to tell you that she is much better. I had an account yesterday and to-day of her continuing to mend ; and when I saw her on Wednesday last she was so much better as to make us hope it was all over again. And one very good symptom was the passage through her nose being free again, and the having got rid of a lump in the blowing of her nose, that she thought relieved her. Monday was the one and twentieth day, which we hope was a crisis, as her relapse was about that time, and that she has been mending ever since. I came to town on Wednesday with Mr Conolly, who sailed to-day with Lady Buckinghamshire ; they have had a most charming day, and a fine wind, so that I hope they will land at Parkgate to-morrow morning. And I also hope Mr Conolly's stay will be very short ; but I am such a *goose* that I think a great deal of his absence. O ! my dear sister, what a sad thing it is, to have

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one's anxieties increase instead [of] decreasing as one grows old ; and, instead of quietness and calm that one expects, to find oneself more attached than ever. But how can it be otherwise when the object of one's warmest affection is every day endearing themselves to one by every possible renewal of kindness ? One should be too happy to have such a state free from anxiety, and certainly not fit for a world that we are not to remain in. I shall go out of town to-morrow, but shall be obliged to return on Sunday, as I have got involved in an unpleasant affair enough, but that I could not refuse. It is the parting of Lord and Lady Granard.¹ As I am the only relation she has here, she has applied to me for *my protection* ; which, God knows, is but small, and he is so strange a creature that it will [be] difficult to manage him. But as the law gives such vast powers to husbands (when they are pleased to exert it), that we must try to coax him into being reasonable. I shall let you know how I go on, but it's an odd kind of business to come in my way.

Apropos to business, I have had Mr Dunn *sounded* about the £8,000 for the Black Rock, and am sorry to tell you that he *turns up his nose* at it. Sir Michael said that if it was put up to auction Mr Dunn would bid as far as anybody, but I was *high* on my part, and said you would never think of parting with it but for a very good sum. I have, therefore, made no enquiries about Glassnevin. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

147. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Dublin, November the 23rd, 1778

My dearest sister,

I believe I told you in my last that I was engaged in a disagreeable business respecting Lord and Lady Granard, which same business brought me to town yesterday, and is likely to keep me a few days. But I dined and spent the evening at Carton on Saturday, and found Charlotte so much better that I am really now in a manner easy about her. I heard yesterday from William that she continued better, and 'tis now a longer period than any she has had of being

¹ George Forbes, 5th Earl of Granard (1740-80) ; m. (1766), for 2nd time, Georgiana Augusta, 1st dau. of Augustus Berkeley, 4th Earl of Berkeley. On her husband's death, she m. (1781) Rev. Samuel Little, D.D. She d., 1820.

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better, so that I hope she will have no relapse. Her manner of recovering seems more secure than her former amendments, for they were generally sudden upon being blooded; but now, since the cupping upon her head, she has gradually mended and feels herself so essentially mended that she does not apprehend a return, which she did before she relapsed the last time. She is most excessively reduced and low, but her spirits much better than one could expect under so long a confinement. She was obliged to shave one side of her head to be cupped, which I fancy must end in the shaving her whole head. They talk of giving her the bark and putting her into the cold bath as soon as she recovers, in order to bring her nerves and constitution to their strength again. Doctor Quin and Mr Cleghorn are the chief directors. I shall continue to write constantly, though I think now you may be quite easy about her. I doubt I shall be kept in town these two days, for Lord Granard is sick, and can't come till to-morrow. All I can do for Lady Granard is to endeavour to persuade him to keep to his agreement of separation. If he will listen to me, well and good; but if not I can do no more for her, and her brothers must undertake it. I pity her most excessively, for in my life I never saw more disgust or a greater horror in anybody than she has of him, so that I cannot wonder at her terror of his carrying her away by force to lock her up. I am inclined to think people have made mischief between them, and that he don't intend such violence. I have wrote him a very polite letter to beg to speak to him, which his friends say is likely to have an influence on him. I don't see any reason why it should, and therefore don't expect it, but could not refuse making the trial. My love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. I long to know how dear Eddy's eyes do. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely,

L. A. C.

148. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 26th, 1778

My dearest sister,

I could not get back from Dublin till to-day, where I finished my business with Lord and Lady Granard, I hope, in the properest way. As it ended in a reconciliation, I must do him the justice to say that he behaved honourably, candidly, and generously, and she the

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same on her part ; so that I hope they will live happier than by all accounts they have hitherto done. I was at Carton this evening, and found Charlotte so very, very well indeed that I reckon her quite so, and past all danger of a relapse. She blows her nose, has a good appetite, sleeps well, feels no pain, has returned to her usual diet, without feeling any bad effects from it, and is vastly less weakened than one should have expected. She expects the French lady in a few days, and therefore proposes confining herself to her room till that is over, which I also hope will complete her cure, and that in ten days' time she will be quite herself again. She desired I would give her love to you, and thanks for your letter of the 3rd of November, which I am sure will be the first letter she will answer. With this pleasant account of her health, I have hardly the heart to tell you about her temper, and yet, I think, I ought. In short, then, my dearest sister, you must know that the poor little Duchess opened her heart to me upon the subject this evening. William is in town, to whom she has never opened her lips: Her mother, who perceived C——'s crossness to her, she has absolutely denied the fact to Mrs French, who has nursed C, throughout her illness, was witness to so many things, that she could not be deceived, and to her the Duchess has enjoined secrecy. She tells me that her ill temper to her makes her life miserable ; that it broke out very soon after she came to her ; that she has resolved from time to time to bear it as well as she could ; that she would not speak to William but as her last resource ; that she has tried everything in her power to make it better, but that it has overcome her so much as to make her ill, to break her rest, and, above all, has given her such a fear of C. that she is afraid of everything she does. And, in short, is so miserable that she does not know what to do, which made her take the resolution of speaking to me. From very great delicacy she fixed upon me, as thinking me so much more partial to C. than I could be to her, she thought I was the properest person to open her mind to, and, indeed, she does shew the best of dispositions. For at the time of her complaint she told me she was persuaded of C's love for her, that she saw how many charming qualities she had ; her uncommon good sense, good heart, good nature and affection ; and, above all, the merit she had in struggling to conquer her temper, which the Duchess has set down to the account of a misfortune that cannot be remedied. She allows C. more merit for what good humour *she has*, than she does to those that are never

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out of temper. She pities her, laments it, and still loves her. Now, the query is, what to do? Once I had a mind not to tell you of it, but try, when C. was well, to talk to her about it. But, on recollection, it is not hurting her with you, because you *know* her, and I believe rather feared this would happen, than expected it to be otherwise. The Duchess is vastly anxious to do nothing that would hurt her in the world, but at the same time wishes very much not to live with her. A thought has come into my head, that took its rise from a thing C. said to me about Lady Kildare. She was talking of her going to England with her family after Xmas, and said she pitied that old lady most excessively for being deprived of all her family. And, to say the truth, I was struck at the time that she had an idea of staying with her, whereby (though I am sure good nature to the old lady had the greatest sway) I believe she had a *little* scheme of being where Lord J[ocely]n¹ was; for whom I hear, also from the Duchess, that she has a great attachment, so much as to say she can listen to no other proposal, which is very unlucky, as I am persuaded he has no thoughts of her. When she is well again I mean to *worm* out of her upon what grounds she builds her hopes; and unless I find them so strong as entirely to outweigh the very bad prospect I see of its success, I shall endeavour to put her off of it. Whether she will confess to me her liking is also a doubt. Lord J[ocely]n is at present in England, and, I believe, very uncertain as to his motions; but she thinks (I have a notion) that he will be in Ireland. Perhaps I am mistaken in all my conjectures, and that she has no plan of staying with Lady Kildare or if she had, that it is purely affection and consideration for her. But you know sometimes how things strike one! I was thinking, that suppose she stayed with Lady Kildare, the appearance would be [in] no way improper. It would rid the Duchess, at least for a time, not incumber you, and, I should think, [be] not unpleasant to herself. For she would be completely indulged by the old lady, who doats upon her, and perhaps would leave her the means of living by herself; which I declare, I believe, would be the happiest for herself, poor soul; for her temper must make it unpleasant to her to live with anybody. I have not seen enough of them to judge *positively*, but I confess, from two or three little things, I have of late suspected it to be the case; but I hear that she is careful before her brother and aunt. William does not

¹ Robert Viscount Jocelyn (1756-1820), aft. 2nd Earl Roden.

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in the least suspect it, or see it, the Duchess tells me. She is in a monstrous fright, for fear C. should hear of her having complained, so that her name must never be mentioned. I should have waited a little to tell you of this, but that if you approved of my scheme, there would be no time to lose, as your answer could only come time enough before they leave Ireland. You are the best judge, my dearest sister, I thought myself bound to lay this *distressing case* before you, and you will act as you please. I will do anything you bid me about it, but that of taking her to *live* with me. But I need not fear that, as it would have an odd appearance, when she has three relations so much nearer to her. You cannot conceive how grieved I am about it, and disappointed, for I really thought she had almost conquered her natural disposition. 'Tis really a thousand pities, with every disposition to please otherwise, and many amiable and lovable qualities, which I assure you had made an impression on my heart. And I have a good deal of love for her, as well as pity, for I fear she will never know what it is to be happy. Dear Henry is at Quarters; he has got a lieutenancy in the foot, General Gabbot's regiment, which has a great character. Lord Buckinghamshire has not yet been able to give him leave of absence, but I hope it will soon come, though the King is so strict. Adieu, my dearest sister, love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. Ever yours most sincerely.

149. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 30th, 1778

My dearest sister,

I must begin by telling you that dearest Charles arrived in good health at Carton last night, as we were all at supper. He says he has got a scorbutic complaint, but I see no signs of it, and think him grown tall and fat; he is at least two inches taller than William. He has only got leave of a month's absence, of which there is a week out to-day, having been detained three days at Holyhead, which was provoking enough out of that short time. Henry is at Quarters, but William sent for him to come and see his brother for a few days. Lord Buckinghamshire has not had an answer yet from England respecting the leave for officers, which I hope still, though, to get for Henry. Charlotte continues perfectly well; after the visit of

the French lady (which she has expected this day or two), I hope she will get out, and find herself as well as ever. Her temper, to be sure, is not good, but I really believe that the look of her countenance and the tone of her voice make her look and appear cross when she is not so, at least much more so than she really is. But with the little Duchess I find it won't do at all; she is one of those timid creatures that is subdued with a *look* only, and I find is in such awe and fear of Charlotte that it makes her absolutely miserable. She cries whenever she gets by herself, and suffers so much, that I really think it would be wrong to let them live together, unless Charlotte could change. She has no hopes that that could ever be brought about. I told her I thought it might, and have at last prevailed on her to let me speak to Charlotte; which I mean to do, as soon as ever the French lady's visit is over. I have a notion that poor Charlotte has not an idea of what the Duchess suffers, and that she has given too much way to her temper, from thinking she did not mind it. And that when she comes to know how much it has affected her, her good nature will be so hurt that she may alter her manner entirely to her. I will give you an instance of two things, that will shew you the kind of way they are in. The first I heard from the Duchess, the latter I was witness to last night. It seems there was a favourite dog of the Duchess's that for several nights got out and howled, which Charlotte complained disturbed her; upon which there were immediate orders given for locking him up, which was accordingly done. But one unlucky night he got out again, and upon her hearing him, some servant in a great hurry went out, and shut him up in some place where the dog, in leaping, fell into water, and was drowned. The Duchess was sorry for the dog, but did not blame anybody about it, and (as she tells me) only said (when the death of the dog was named before Charlotte), "Indeed, Lady Charlotte, I believe you may be reckoned accessory to his death, for it happened by locking him up." To which Charlotte made no answer, but continued so grave that day, and the next, that Mrs French at last asked her if she was worse, for she thought it must be illness. Upon which Charlotte said, "It was no wonder she should be low, when she was accused of murdering a creature." This put the little Duchess in such a way that she could not recover it at all; for she protests she did not mean to accuse or reproach Charlotte about it. The next thing I can give you a clear account of, having been witness to it. I dined there yesterday

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(being Sunday). After dinner, the Duchess begged to have a little talk with me about it, for that she had nobody to open her heart to about it, and it relieved her to complain. We did not dine till five, so that, with the dinner and the chat after it, we did not go up to Charlotte's room till half an hour after seven. We had not sat with her many minutes, when she says, "Have you been at dinner all this time?" The little Duchess coloured, and did not say a word. "Oh dear no," says I, "we have been chatting below stairs"—quite unconcerned. Soon after, she says, "I am mighty glad that Sunday is almost over, I hate to be so idle." "Why don't you work?" says I. "I should never scruple doing anything to amuse myself if I was sick though it was Sunday. I have known Lady Clanbrassil play at cards all day, and have played with her, on a Sunday, when she could do nothing else." Says she, "Oh! I don't want to do anything when I have company it's only when I am by myself that it's so dull." You see, this was intended as a *little* dab for our staying below so long. You may be sure I talked of something else, and was more inclined to laugh than to mind it, but the poor little Duchess was struck *dumb* the whole evening by it; she absolutely never uttered but to answer my questions. I endeavoured by a thousand subjects to make her talk and get up her spirits; but no, not a word could I get from her, and the meekness of her look quite went to my heart. When we went down to supper I was obliged to stop with her in her dressing-room till she had had her fit of crying, which made her eyes so red that I am sure William saw something was the matter. And had it not been for Charles's arrival in the midst of supper, am sure he would have made her speak. I have done all I could to encourage her to *snaph* Charlotte, but she cannot bring herself to say a word to her. She shews vast goodness through it all, for she sums up all her happiness, and endeavours to look upon this as a misfortune and trial that she must bear, and that she should have too much happiness without it; thinks that it is come to her this year instead of her bad nerves the last, which had allayed her happiness. In short, tries to make the best of it, but is miserable. She told me last night that she would not deceive me about anything, and therefore would confess that she had spoken to Mrs Nicholson, for that she did want to vent to such a degree that she could not help it. And having resolved that she would not say a word to William or her own family, she thought Mrs Nicholson was a safe person;

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which, to be sure, she is, and I am glad it has gone no farther. At any rate, I think it right to speak to Charlotte about it, and have great hopes that by bringing them to a *crying scene*, their hearts may unite again. Indeed, I don't suspect Charlotte of being alienated from the Duchess, for I am very positive she loves her ; but if this uncomfortableness should continue between them, what can be done? I will let you know what success I have when I speak to her.

I must now thank you for your long, comfortable, chatty letter of the 5th that you directed to London. As I did not go there, your commands relative to so many people can't be obeyed. Mrs Crofton, I am very sure, has wrote to you ; the china I delivered myself, which she received with gratitude, and begged I would return you a thousand thanks for. I am not sure she did not say something to me at the time about letters, which I have now forgot. Mrs Brittain I saw last year for once these five or six years ; she then enquired kindly after you. Lady Fludyer's direction is *Margaret Street, Cavendish Square*. Mrs Rudd has never come in my way, by any chance whatsoever ; but Mrs Downes, I should think, could tell something about her and will ask about her the next time I go to Lady Kildare's. I do indeed enjoy Lord Russborough's visit to you, and feel to love Lady Rivers for her attention to you. Pray say a great deal to Lord Russborough from me, and tell him that I have not only thought very often about him, but wished him in Ireland a thousand times, and often meditated writing him a letter of chat with what was doing, but that one thing or another constantly interfered and prevented me. Poor Mrs Greville has been in sad, low spirits this year at the loss of Mrs Crewe's daughter, whom she was very partial to. That pretty, sweet woman has but one son left out of three children. Poor Lady Buckinghamshire I am sure you felt for ; I hope her seeing her mother and sisters will do her good.

I have not heard from Mr Conolly from London, but expect that pleasure to-day ; Charles missed him on the road. Indeed, you are very right in settling to have our house in London, which I am sure I need not tell you how heartily welcome you are to, from Mr Conolly as well as myself. Our going depends on the Irish business. But when Mr Conolly comes back I am sure he will be able to tell me something more positively about our going ; which I will let you know, that you may settle your plan accordingly.

Upon my word, Sally is too ridiculous about my health, which,

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I assure you, I take excellent care of; for nobody (I believe) can hate being sick more than I do. It makes me so cross, which I really think is the most uneasy feel one can have; and, therefore, am in a great hurry to be well. My opinion is that I have a very strong constitution; rather too strong; that, of course, I should have a bad chance in any violent illness; but that I am, at the same time, very little liable to be attacked by violent disorders from my way of life. The low living (which by the by, is not so very low when you take in malt liquor) certainly agrees with me; as the keeping light in food make me feel light, well, and in spirits, and the contrary makes me feel heavy and stupid. With *submission* to such *authority* as yours, I also think great exercise good for me, as my blood circulates slow (though poor); and that the fault of my constitution is of an obstructed nature, not in one particular only, but my pores, and every other way that nature has of relieving itself; which I find is helped by exercise, and I think accounts for light food agreeing with me, that overloading must be bad. I now eat honey constantly for breakfast, which I think keeps my bowels more regular than anything I ever tried.

The provoking little George! to forget me! I will certainly endeavour to remind him of me, by men on horse-back. Well, I am obliged to the monkey Ciss; pray keep me up in her remembrance. *Mr Le Bailli*, indeed, is going to leave me; but it's not her fault, for she is absolutely breaking her heart about it, and for a long time could not name the thing without her bursting out into such fits of crying that I was afraid she would hurt her health by it; and was at last obliged to talk to her seriously about her duty to her husband. For I found that they had sad quarrels, in consequence of her affection to me, which would never let her listen to any proposal that was to make her leave me. Odious creature! *he* wrote me one of his fine letters, where I saw how displeased he was with her, which made me resolve not to risk her happiness with him; so that I have put the best face upon it, and have encouraged her to think it better for herself and her children; though her loss to me is beyond what one could imagine a servant's could be. I take *Mrs Tallents* in her place. But myself, the children and my family can never go on so well as under her care, for she is really a treasure. I am so happy to hear the good account of Eddy's eyes, for I was uneasy about that speck. Poor chess! And so it falls under your displeasure; but, as you say, it's *good* for you to have something

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to scold at. I don't know a better thing than chess to *vent* it upon, for it's such a *bewitching* game, that Mr Ogilvie and Eddy will bear a little scolding for its sake. My love to them both. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

150. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 7th, 1778

My dearest sister,

I shall begin by wishing you joy of dear Henry's having got over the measles. He came from Kilkenny last Wednesday with what we took to be a feverish cold, for which Mr Power bled him, vomited him, and put him to bed, where on Friday the measles appeared full out on him. It was to no purpose writing to you till to-day, which was pleasant, as we have it in our power to tell you of his being quite well, in the same letter that conveys the account of his illness. He took physic yesterday, and the disorder is in a manner over. 'Twas lucky his being sent for to see Charles, as by that means he has been nursed at home, and will be kept there now, to take all his physic regularly after it. His commission is come over for his promotion to a lieutenantancy in the 66th regiment of foot, which (when well) he must join, and then probably can get his leave of absence. 'Tis General Gabbot's regiment. Henry's measles has knocked up the family party they all proposed so much pleasure in during Charles's stay, which is a little vexatious; but as the dear boy gets over a disagreeable disorder by it, one cannot grumble. The Duchess has never had it, so that she and the children removed here, and William (who goes, though, every day to Carton). Charles at present is with us. But he and Charlotte have the chief nursing of Henry. Charlotte can give you more particulars about him than I can, and I know means to write to you to-day also. She has got a cold that makes her feel ill, but I hope there is a *reason* for it that she can't explain in her notes to her brother. I also believe she is nervous, at least Mr Power attributes a pain she has in her side and in her breast to that account. She is uneasy about herself, and thinks she is consumptive. She has certainly a cough that would make me uneasy about her, if they had not prepared us for her nerves being affected from the method she has been treated in.

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However, she must be attended to, for it *may* not be nervous, though Lady Elizabeth Clements had exactly the same complaint from weakness after her long illness. Charlotte says that you thought her inclined to a consumptive habit, which makes me think more about it than I should otherwise do. The little Duchess had an opportunity of owning to Charlotte what she had suffered from her temper, upon Charlotte making her an excuse for what she had said about the dog, which her good nature led her to from seeing the Duchess so *meek* and not *eating*; so that I have hopes it will be better. But the Duchess will never have the courage to do what Charlotte begged (as the greatest favour of her to do) viz., that of speaking to her when she thought her cross. I believe I shall speak to Charlotte, notwithstanding the Duchess has desired me not to say a word; but I shall be in no hurry about it. Yours, my dearest sister, most affectionately.

151. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 12th, 1778

I wish you joy, my dearest sister, of Henry's entire recovery from the measles, and being so well as to be able to set out to-morrow with Charles for England, to go to my brother Richmond, whom I find is vastly flattered at your *trusting* Henry with him, and is very desirous of having him. Poor Charlotte I do not think well, though recovered from the effects of her fall. She certainly coughs a great deal, and complains of the pain in her side and breast, which *may* be nervous, but it keeps one in a fidget. Mr Power thinks she has an intermitting complaint. I should not be surprised at her having an ague after being so lowered as she was, which is a most teasing, suffering disorder. She had already begun to take the bark. The Duke of Leinster means to bring down Doctor Shiel to see her, and to send her to town to see Doctor Quin as soon as ever they think she can bear the motion of a carriage for two hours. I never saw anything more attentive than William has been to her throughout this whole illness; to her comforts, as well as the necessary part. He is very fond of her, and she of him. The little Duchess is so much happier than she was that I hope things will go better than they have done; I am sure they

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would if she was not so meek, for she is actually *cowed* by a look, and am very sure she often thinks poor Charlotte cross, when she is not so. She has charged me not to speak to Charlotte, and upon reflection I believe there is no occasion, for as they are better together 'tis better to leave them so ; and Charlotte might take it ill, her having spoken to me. I spent a pleasant day at Carton yesterday with her, William, Charles and Henry, and shall treat myself to-day to such another, as they go away to-morrow. I went to Temple Oge on Friday, and returned yesterday, found the dear little FitzGerald quite well, and all the symptoms of the measles in Louisa Staples gone, so that I fancy they will all escape it. I quite doat upon Mary and Emily, they are so exactly in the style of your children and are such dear things. I wish you could see them, sweet little lovely things. I am in hopes I shall have the happiness of seeing Mr Conolly next week. My love to Mr Ogilvie, with a thousand thanks for his last kind letter, that brought me an account of your being so much better. My poor soul, how cruelly you must have suffered ! Thank God it is over, and I hope you will have no return. Every creature almost has been ill this autumn. Your complaint, I hope and trust, was what was going about, and that, therefore, you will hear no more of it. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever yours most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

152. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 21st, 1778

My dearest sister,

I was made so happy by Mr Ogilvie's last letter that mentioned your having been up and eat chicken, and in a manner recovered from so suffering a disorder as you have had ; and hope, as he does, that it was something of the disorders going about, and not owing to any bad habit of body in yourself. I grieve to think of all the uneasiness you have had upon Charlotte's account, who is certainly recovered from the effects of her fall, but not yet well in other respects. Her cough is better, but the pain in her breast and side continues. She slept here on Saturday night, but the Duchess took

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her to town yesterday to see Doctor Quin. And I suppose William will write you word what he says, when he has seen him ; for he goes to town to-day, and carries Mr Power to give Doctor Quin an exact account of her during her illness. I shall see them in a few days, and will then tell you what I hear, and what opinion I form from it. Pray, give my love to Mr. Ogilvie, and tell him that I would have answered that part of his letter relative to Henry sooner, but that I thought there was no hurry, as the purchasing a company was out of the question then, Henry's having got a lieutenancy in the 66th regiment. And of late I have had such a multitude of letters to write that I have not answered those that there was not an immediate necessity for. Henry spoke to me in a very pretty way about choosing him his guardian ; he said he could not do better, but as his brother William seemed to wish it himself he did not know how to refuse him, but at the same time fixed nothing till he had consulted me, as he thought I should know what you liked. As there was no time to execute it before he left Ireland, I advised him to do nothing about it yet ; for Mr Ogilvie does not seem to me very desirous of the office, except out of compliance with your wishes ; and if William chooses it, I fancy he had rather give it up to him. Therefore no harm is done by postponing it, and you can decide accordingly. I have heard nothing lately about the speck in Eddy's eye, therefore hope it is quite gone ; but if not, pray try the under wrote receipt that Lord Ross has been so successful with in the country, originally owing to an old woman's superstition about it ; but the cures he has performed shew the loadstone to have some effect. My love to them all. Adieu, my dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

"A loadstone to be lightly applied to the pearl or scum that is on the sight of the eye, six or seven times each operation, and to be repeated every day as long as there is occasion for it."

As to William's affairs, I hope they are mending ; and so far not worse than other people's whose tenants do not pay them, which I doubt now is the case with everybody ; but they promise us that time will mend. The linens are sold and the embargo taken off.

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153. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 6th, 1779

My dearest sister,

I missed my last writing day by the arrival of Mr Conolly, who is, thank God, returned to me in perfect health ; and nothing can be better or happier than I now am, and so thoroughly thankful for the recovery of my dearest brother, whom I trust now has passed all danger of a relapse. The packets (for six weeks past) have been so very irregular, that four or five have been frequently due at a time ; by which means I escaped a great deal of anxiety about my brother ; but the idea of his having been in danger shocked me beyond what I can describe. My own affection out of the question his loss would be such, to such millions, that the prospect of such an event makes one shudder. But I trust in God you have had the same favourable accounts that I last had of his being arrived at Goodwood, and not the worse for his journey. Henry was likewise there, well, and *thoroughly physicked*, as Sarah writes me word. I am sure you were happy (since my poor brother was to be ill) that it was productive of so good a thing as that of the reconciliation of my two brothers. My brother George, I hear, behaved vastly well ; I wrote him a congratulatory letter upon it, and am sure he will be much happier for its having taken place. I am only grieved that poor Sarah has not had her share of forgiveness, but I find it won't do with regard to her, and she is gone to Itchenor while they stay at Goodwood. But perhaps in time it may come round to her. I think it is better not to press it just now, and shall advise poor dear Sal to bear the mortification of it for a time. When I go to England perhaps I shall be able to help her. But I will leave my family in England to talk of our family here, viz., the Carton family.

I received yesterday yours of the 8th wrote by Sophia, and Mr Ogilvie's of the 15th, in both which I grieve to find you are obliged to use a secretary ; and am very sorry to hear that you have not thrown off the remains of your cold yet. You have had much the

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same weather that we have had, and till there comes a frost, I suppose nobody will be quite well. There has been a vast deal of sickness here and in England, of the putrid kind. Charlotte dined here a day or two ago, and was better ; but, as far as my judgement goes, I must say I think her very ill. She has a consumptive look in her eyes and countenance, and two little red spots frequently in her cheeks. She scarcely eats, and is grown thin, besides the never being quite free from the pain in her side and breast, and I much fear is not likely to recover. I do not know that a warm climate would be of service ; but if it were to be ordered at last, I am sure she has no time to lose. However, my dearest sister, this is chiefly my *own* opinion, which I could not forgive myself the not communicating to you, and which I am sure you wish also to have. But I must, on the other hand, tell you that other people don't think her as ill as I do. When I was in town I saw Doctor Quin, whom in his usual manner spoke cautiously, and said, " that the severe regimen she had undergone undoubtedly had shaken her constitution, and that it must be the work of time to restore it. That if Charlotte wish'd to go abroad, by all means to send her ; that if she was averse to it, by no means to let her go." From which you may see that he did not think it at all *necessary*. I told him that my reason for asking so early about the propriety of such a journey was that in case he foresaw a necessity for sending her abroad, I wished to apprise you in time, as it might make an alteration in your plan, and that the moving so large a family as yours required a little notice. To which he answered, " that he saw no reason (on account of Charlotte) to put you to any inconvenience, but that it would do her no harm to go, if you chose it." This undecided opinion of his certainly leaves it to the opinion and choice of herself and friends ; but as there was no time to receive an answer from you before the Duke of Leinster's departure for England, it has been settled to leave her here with me. The London life would by no means be proper for her in her present state of health, besides the inconvenience of dressing, from having shaved so much of her hair off, therefore she is to stay with me ; and if we should go to England, she can go with us, or if not fit for her, she could stay with Lady Kildare ; and in the meantime we can have your opinion and directions about her. After *the subject*, of so many of my last letters, you will (I fear) imagine this arrangement uncomfortable to me ; but pray recollect, my dearest sister, that when health is in question,

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or that one can be of use to people, it takes off the little *désagréments* that one might otherwise have. I should not like a *settled* residence of any body, because it would interfere so much with Mr Conolly's comfort and mine of being sometimes alone. But if we should not go to England, I shall not grumble when I am to have so pleasant a termination as that of seeing you here in the summer, which I hope nothing will happen to prevent, and yet my mind always misgives me sadly about it. William and the Duchess mean only to spend a few months in England, and set off the latter end of this. Have I wrote to you since the Duchess informed William of her distress? I really forget, and therefore will tell you that she did, and distressed him extremely by it, as he is fond of C. He agreed with me that their parting for a time would be of use, which was one reason for determining on leaving her with me; and William hopes they may again live together. I don't think that *one* of the party could ever support it, though the other might be made to behave better. I am vastly obliged to Mr Ogilvie for all his advice and opinion upon it, which I am sure he is right in, and shall follow with regard to myself, if I should find *the temper* required it. But I don't fancy it will appear to me, and if it should, it won't discompose me and deprive me of *rest* and *food*, as it did that poor little soul who takes things to heart so severely. I dine there to-day, and am to speak about *her* not kissing the children, for the Duchess *dare* not, though she is frightened on account of the bad health of the person. You may believe I have had a house full of company, and have still, so God bless you dearest sister. Ever ever Yours.

154. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, January the 18th, 1779

My dearest sister,

Mr Ogilvie's letter of the 22nd of last month has given me the greatest pleasure by the charming account he gives me of your health. Thank God for it, and [I] hope you may continue stout and strong, and able to enjoy your walking and the pleasant life you lead at Aubigni, which *I* even grieve to think should be interrupted, though I hope to be such a happy creature by it. I saw Doctor Quin last Saturday in town, when he came to visit Charlotte. He found her pulse good, which he said was *encouraging*, and that a

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great deal of her pain probably arises from her nerves being much affected ; but that the pain in her breast was alarming, if not soon removed. After he and Mr Cunningham had consulted together with William I was called in, and Doctor Quin spoke in the most reasonable manner to us, to this purpose : that with regard to Charlotte going abroad to a southern climate, he could make no objection, provided she chose it and that her friends wished her to try it ; but that there was no necessity, if Charlotte disliked it, or that it was inconvenient. His reason for being so undecided was that having lived long enough to see that the going abroad was not an infallible remedy, *he* had resolved in *two* cases not to order people abroad. The *first*, in desperate cases, for that nothing could save the lungs once attacked and therefore it was cruel to send them off to die. The *next* was the *not* thinking a person's case desperate, for that, *if* the disorder *could* be removed, the helps procured at home were as likely to remove the disorder. I then naturally answered that it was pretty plain to see that he had no opinion of a warm climate ; to which he made answer that he confessed he had not. Of course, this point cannot be settled by him, and Charlotte is so averse to the idea of it that I should suppose it will be dropped. We then asked Doctor Quin his opinion of her, which he gave in a very plain manner, and told us (I believe) as much as he knew himself. He said that her pulse at present was good, but he could not say how long it might continue so ; that the pain in her breast (if of a serious nature) would alter it soon, but that perhaps it might be removed ; that the acuteness of the pain probably was nervous, and that he should endeavour to mix nervous medicines with what he should otherwise order, to try to remove the nervous complaint, which would then make the other disorder more apparent (if not totally removed). Charlotte is not alarmed about her life, and is so sure that it's nervous, that Doctor Quin agreed to call it so to her. Perhaps there is more of it than we imagine ; but still (in my opinion), there is an appearance of decay hardly to be mistaken ; and I think it is plain that Doctor Quin apprehends it, though there are not as yet sufficient symptoms to pronounce it such. I have endeavoured, my dearest sister, to make it plain to you, that you may judge, and decide, accordingly. She takes asses' milk, and is ordered to ride. The little Duchess has just been here, and tells me that within these two days Charlotte's cough is better, and the acuteness of the pain removed ; that she

complains now only of soreness, which she is sure will go off, and that she shall get quite well. The Duchess and I have agreed that Charlotte had better change the air, and come here for a fortnight or three weeks. We are to have company next week, which diverts her, and I think is good for her. This illness of poor Charlotte makes something worse than ever ; I believe, indeed, a great deal occasioned by the disappointment of Lord J——n¹, who has now been near two months in Ireland without taking the smallest notice of her. On the contrary, seems to avoid her, and to stay entirely in the country. And, in short, speaks as plainly his having no thoughts of her (I think) as if he told her so. But it's rather hard that this disappointment should fall on the poor little Duchess, who is so afraid of her that it's dreadful. She owned to me that whenever she heard her foot it gave her a *palpitation* ; but she is resolved to make the best of it, and calls in religion to her aid, which I hope will enable her to bear it, till it can be remedied. William going to England, I find, is still very uncertain. I have discovered that the dear little Duchess, with all her gentleness, has very strong passions, which makes her feel things prodigiously ; but she has so good a guide in her thorough good principles, that I am sure she will manage them well. She is now so free with me that I am her father (or rather) her mother confessor ; and she tells me all her feels. I can discover nothing to her prejudice, but I pity her from my heart, for her very, very strong feelings indeed. I don't know whether I told you that she was breeding again, and she is often very sick.

I hear charming accounts of my brother Richmond from Henry, who tells me that he has been out hunting, and does as usual, without being the worse for it. My love to Eddy, with a thousand thanks for his kind letter. Remember me to Mr Ogilvie, whose letter, I find, I have not answered thoroughly relative to C., for he asks me if I have spoken to her ? I have not, for her health has been so bad that I would not vex her ; and therefore William, the Duchess and I have agreed to say nothing to her, and to let things go on as well as they can. And when you see William and the Duchess it will be time enough to speak to them about my having wrote to you, which, however, they both know I have done. Mr Conolly desires to be kindly remembered to you. This fine weather is charming, and would make us merry, were it not for the horrid doings in England ! What people we have to govern us ! Adieu.

¹ Viscount Jocelyn.

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155. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 28th, 1779

I have two letters (wrote by your secretary Sophia) to thank you for, my dearest sister, of the 2nd and 9th of this month, and am happy to find you have escaped the measles, as you seemed to apprehend it for the dear children. I should not think it unlucky that they did catch it, for after the smallpox you may reckon their blood in a great degree prepared, and 'tis always such a good thing over. The colds, I hope, are of no consequence; 'tis the season for them, and everybody almost has some complaint just now. It grieves me to hear that pretty Ciss is not at all well; perhaps it's worms, but I hope not to any degree to make you uneasy about her, sweet angel. You describe Emily as a perfect beauty, with a fair complexion, dark hair and eyelashes. Surely nothing can sound prettier. I am very happy to hear you are better, and that you lead such a pleasant, comfortable, happy life. Your poor eyes, I hope, won't tease you by being long sore, but I beg and entreat that you will not use them too soon. I must *insist* on being the last person wrote to; your kindness to me makes it necessary, because one of your delightful, comfortable long letters must be trying to them; and if what you have to say requires any immediate answer, pray get Mr. Ogilvie to write to me. I am so glad to hear of his shooting going on so pleasantly. Don't you sometimes long to be able to trudge after him, when the day is fine, the dogs in spirits, and a prospect of good diversion? I know I often wish I was able to go a-hunting; it looks all so pleasant and cheerful. Mr Conolly has had charming weather for hunting this winter, but a want of foxes. The country is improving, and, of course, that sort of game grows more scarce. He is going next week with his hounds to Nenagh, which he hears is a most charming country. If it answers, he proposes taking a little lodge, that I may be of the party another year; for it will probably be a three weeks' or month's excursion. To be sure, I am sorry that the foxes are growing scarce about home; but I should be so sorry that he gave up his hunting, that I am glad he should get it wherever it can be had good. He is most outrageous about our dear little Admiral. Indeed it is too serious a slur upon our country. But for the Admiral himself I understand it is quite a fortunate thing, for things must

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now come out that raise him in the highest degree ; and a greatness of character will appear that without this trial would have been lost. It is imagined that every accusation and enquiry are so much in his favour that he will be most honourably acquitted without his making a defence. What will become of his accusers, God knows ! But the general voice is furious against them. I fancy that the Ministry will be pretty well tired of trials and enquiries, and that the Howes will be let alone. In which case, I don't see any great prospect of our going to England this year, but we cannot tell. These are times when one may expect anything, and, therefore, I keep myself in a sort of readiness, at least in my mind, of setting out at a short warning. My brother, thank God, continues well ; but I agree with you in not being satisfied with his state of health. In general I was sure you would be as happy as I was at the reconciliation between the brothers. The meeting between the gentleman and his wife was extraordinary indeed, and even surprised me, who know him so well ; but I am sure nothing will come of it. Charlotte is much the same ; she suffers, poor thing, sadly at times with her nerves, but the soreness in her breast never leaves her. I will give Lady Elizabeth your message when I see her next ; she is quite well, and looks so. She was so pleased with your present, that I'll answer for it she wrote to thank you. Little Vesey is frisked off to England with Mrs Handcock without Mr Vesey. We have at present a house full of company ; the Gardiners, Woodwards, a Miss Norman, and the Frenches expected, etc. It's just time to go to breakfast, so I must bid you adieu, dearest of sisters. Ever yours.

156. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, April the 18th, 1779

I was made so happy, my dearest sister, in the receipt of your letter wrote by yourself, telling me that your eye was better, and that you would not have it scarified ; which, indeed, sounded frightful. And if it was also to reduce the eyelid to a smaller size than the other, it would be a pity, unless your sight was in danger ; but, thank God, that has never been the case with all your complaints

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in your eyes, so that I am glad you have resolved on not undergoing the operation. I am very impatient for your next letter, as that will in a great measure determine me upon going or staying. Mr Conolly leaves Dublin next Sunday the 25th, and if I should hear before that time that you *are* in England I shall certainly go with him ; otherwise I have so many reasons for staying here that, unless I was sure of meeting you, I think I should not go. Mr Conolly wishes to stay as short a time as possible, as upon his return to Ireland we must go to the North ; so that it would all be a great hurry, besides other little inconveniences. Lady Barrymore had a scheme for you if you came to England, which would answer in regard to your business in Ireland ; and that is, your coming for a *week* to Dublin to see Lady Kildare, to trouble your head about *nobody* else, but just to say that you could not be so near her as England without coming to *pay your duty* to her. She thinks it would break the ice about any unpleasant feels you would have, perhaps, upon first coming to Ireland ; and would be paying Lady Kildare such a pretty compliment, that she is quite eager for your doing it, and desired I would write you word of it. I hope you would stay a *little* longer than a *week*, though she says the shortness of the time would be the compliment to Lady Kildare. But as you have mentioned the business to her in consequence of Mr Underwood's death, I doubt you can't make it so great a compliment now. Charlotte is to go this week to the county of Wicklow ; I think she does not relish the thoughts of it much. She has not been quite in such good health and spirits this week past as she was, though she won't *allow* it, I fear that the seeing Lord J[ocely]n two or three times has done her no good. She says everything that is *proper*, and though her reason, she says, is convinced, I do not think she gives it *quite* up. The intimacy with the sisters, I think, is rather imprudent, but she says it makes no difference. I think the goat's whey rather a lucky circumstance just now. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever yours most sincerely.

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157. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, May the 3rd, 1779

Though I have brought this disappointment upon myself, my dearest sister, I am really to be pitied about it, I feel it so much. To say the truth, I so little expected that your English scheme would take place that it did not come into consideration when I was weighing matters with respect to my own journey thither. I can only say that I have a mind to *renounce prudence* for ever, and to *trust* to being loved without doing strictly right. In short, I find myself growing so *intolerable* about parting with Mr Conolly, that I often take myself to task for fear of growing tiresome to him. And as this business that took him to London was to be so short, I had (by way of being very agreeable), mustered up all my resolution to let him go alone, and *prided* myself prodigiously upon it, in my own mind. Judge, then, what an addition to my vexation I have had in missing of you. But I must leave the subject of *my* disappointment for one that is much more material, which is that of *your* coming to Ireland. And now, believe me, that all I am going to urge is independent of my own satisfaction in it. In the first place, both private and public reasons, make it impossible for William to go to England *now*. The Duchess begged I would assure you that *she* did not hinder him. But he has taken all his affairs into his own hands, they are going on well, and he really cannot leave them now. At the same time he is very desirous of seeing you and Mr Ogilvie in Ireland, and wishes to settle the business between you and him. In the next place, Mr Underwood's death makes it quite necessary you should come. In the third place, we all think you *owe* Lady Kildare a visit, whom I find is quite upon the fidget to see you, now she hears you are in London, that she really wishes to see you. And as to the children, both William and Charlotte think she has made up her mind not to see them; that, of course, their not being with you will be no disappointment to her. In the fourth place, my dearest sister, I know that the first coming to Ireland hangs on your mind; could you do it at a better time than when you have not a long time to think about it?—to come for a short time, when the necessary business would keep you in a sort of hurry; and (as William says) *secure* the doing the business, for, both of you knowing the time to be short, cannot dawdle about it. In the fifth

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

place, consider that, this journey over, you would have the advantage of having your business done ; you would have got over the disagreeableness of first coming here ; you would have *acquitted* yourself towards dear old Lady Kildare ; you would not be so pinned down about coming back. If a peace takes place, you would be more at liberty to stay longer in France if it appeared convenient to you. You might also settle *something* about the Black Rock, whether to sell it, let it, or keep it. In short, dearest sister, there is every reason for your coming, and but *one* against it, viz., the longer absence from the dear babes, which I allow to be a *strong* one. But I think you might shorten your visit in England, so as to make but one fortnight's additional absence upon the whole. Do consider and weigh all these things. The little Duchess would never forgive my not mentioning the chance of you taking Charlotte, whom she dreads more than ever ; as she thinks that bad health and disappointed love will not sweeten her temper. William thinks that for Charlotte's sake it would be better she did not spend next winter in the same kingdom with Lord J—n, for she does not give him up (I fear), though she says she does ; and she flatters herself in vain, I do believe, unless perseverance does at last. I am going to make her a visit to-day at Altidore. Yours, my dearest sister, most affectionately,

L. A. Conolly.

158. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Altidore, June the 6th, 1779

My dearest sister,

I deferred answering your letter (or rather Mr Ogilvie's, whom I beg you will thank for me, for his kind letter from Goodwood of the 22nd of May) till I had seen Charlotte, of whom I can give a most satisfactory account, she is so much better than when I saw her last. I came here the day before yesterday and took a very long ride with her yesterday, which did not fatigue her in the least. We went to see a mountain of General Cunningham's covered with an oak copice, through which he has cut most beautiful paths, that carry you to a variety of spots that have most charming views, all terminated by the sea. You know how very romantic that

country is, and what delightful rides and drives there are through it. I am sorry I cannot spend more time in it, but I have many little engagements on my hands that I want to have done with before Mr Conolly comes home; as I shall wish to be at liberty to go with him everywhere, he has been so long away. Indeed I am almost out of patience at it, and never was so vexed at anything, (that was not a misfortune), as I have been at not going with him, but it is in vain to think about it now.

I must not omit telling you that Charlotte is better in a most essential point, viz., *that* respecting Lord J—n; in which she is now as reasonable as it is possible for anybody to be; and *that* in consequence of a great deal of reflexion. Her nerves are certainly very weak, company flurries and agitates her terribly. I do imagine that it takes her out of that calm and tranquillity of mind that she has found so pleasant, and till she is used to it again she will feel uncomfortable. As to the little Duchess, she will not hear of our speaking to Charlotte. It is the way (she says) to make her hate her; and that while she lives with her she would not hazard *that*, upon any account. In short, it is her own affair, and one must let her manage it her own way. She intends, if possible, to pluck up courage, and speak herself, which certainly would be the best way. I enclose a purse that the Duchess has worked you. She did not know how to send it, therefore ventured to do it in a letter, and hope you will get it safe. The little motto is pretty, and is her ambition, I am sure. I hope you have got the paper returned and signed about Cecilia's fortune, as I understood from William a week ago that he had done it. I am sorry your other business has not been settled yet, but think it cannot be long, he seemed so happy with your plan about it. Pray, with my love to Mr Ogilvie, tell him how much obliged to him I was for his comfortable letter giving me such a full account of the whole Sussex family, among whom I fancy you have passed your time very happily.

Poor Sal has wrote me long accounts about you. Nothing could exceed the real satisfaction she had in seeing you, and being so kindly treated by you. But she writes me most melancholy letters respecting the situation of her mind, which has given her a *gêne* with you, that she says she cannot get over. The visit of two days that you made her, after the family had left Goodwood, she is so much obliged to you for, as she attributes it to your tenderness for her, and not for the sake merely of taking physic, which she

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

says you made the pretence. She has endeavoured to open her heart to you, but finds she cannot do it, so as to remove the restraint she is under. I pity her from my heart, wish to comfort her, and yet hardly know how to set about it. I see that she is so prepossessed with the idea of being entirely lost in our good opinion, that it will be difficult to make her think otherwise; she tells me that you have recommended religion to her as a resource that would answer. She believes it would, but has not the courage to set about it. I cannot tell you how much I feel at the idea of her unhappiness, and yet cannot *quite* regret her being so; as I think (as far as I can judge by her letters) that she now sees her faults in their true light, for the first time in her life. That is such a step towards mending them, that, provided one can keep her mind from a state of despair, it will be of service to her. Were I to follow my inclinations, it would be to send for her directly, and endeavour to comfort her to the best of my power; but I dare not venture on such a step, she is still too young. However, I have often promised myself much comfort in her when she grows old, and still think I shall have it. I wish she could peep into my heart, she would be perfectly satisfied with her situation in it, though I fear I shall not easily persuade her of it. I have run on thus far about her, as I should not care to touch upon this subject when you go to France, as I always suppose one's letters are opened. Tell Mr Ogilvie that I have taken the child into the school, and when he comes over next year he may pay two guineas, which is the admission money now sent in with the new children; but there is no hurry, and clothes they get in the school. I hope I shall be able to take in William Wignall's daughter, but am not sure of a vacancy for her this year. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever most affectionately yours,

L. A. C.

I have got Carter's acknowledgement.

[1783]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

1783

159. *Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie*

Whitehall, June the 19th, 1783

I have two kind letters to thank you for, dear Mr Ogilvie, of the 1st and 12th, and am *very sorry* to find that Lord Northington ¹ still withholds a positive promise. Mr Conolly is not the least alarmed at it, and says he does not think at all the worse of the business on that account. He has heard from other quarters that Lord Northington makes no promises, which is so agreeable to the strong advice Mr Conolly gave him upon that score, that he thinks it promises well. So pray, pray have a little patience, and endeavour to compose my dearest sister's agitation about it, which, I trust, is the only disagreeable consequence attending this business. For, as to *your* impatience, I will not pity you for it; if it is done after all (which Mr Conolly won't allow me to doubt of) 'twill be made up to you, and no harm done, in teaching you to be a little better courtier than you are. I shall, however, let Charles Fox know what has passed; it is, I hope, all blown over, but such a fright as we had yesterday about our friends you would have felt as sensibly as we did had you but known it. The King had consented to the Prince of Wales's establishment as proposed by the Ministers, and the business was to come on as yesterday or to-day. Notice had been given to the House in consequence of it, when it is said that His Majesty changed his mind; upon which a strong report prevailed that the whole party would resign, and to Lord North's credit it must be said that he did not hesitate a moment the following his new friends; but, being better acquainted with His Majesty's disposition, he had advised the not taking any hasty steps, in which he shewed his judgement. For it is said that the King is now come round again to what he had at first consented to—and the whole business I hope will go on as was first intended. I heard this report yesterday at dressing time, and instantly said (what all the world,

¹ Robert Henley, 2nd Earl of Northington (1747–86); Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1783–4, during the Volunteer Convention; he advocated annual Parliaments and promoted Irish Industries.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

I find, agree with me in) that this intended mischief all came from Lord Temple, whom, it is said, had a long conference with His Majesty upon coming from Ireland. I dare say that he thought himself *a sufficient able Minister* that could overcome all parties and difficulties. But by what I hear of Mr Pitt's ¹ good sense, I imagine that he did not encourage him to this desperate undertaking. By all that one can learn of Mr Pitt, he is such a charming young man, that it grieves one his belonging to either Lord Shelburne ² or Lord Temple.³ Lord Shelburne has taken leave of the King to go to Spa. My brother went last Sunday to Goodwood, and was to sail the end of this week. I do think that my brother's greatest wish is to be out of politics. Indeed, his health (in my opinion) has suffered very much by them, and I should be very glad that he had no farther plague with them. I only wish that we were upon good terms with his old friends, whom I am quite persuaded love him, although he won't believe it. I wish they had not turned out his particular friends out of the Ordnance, as he looks upon that transaction as a marked thing against him. But I imagine that it was an unavoidable step, and that they absolutely wanted the places for people that *must* be served.

As I don't know any other public news [I] will begin to write about dearest Eddy, which I know is always a pleasant subject to you and my sister. Indeed, I must do him the justice to say that fully returns all your goodness to him, by the most sincere affection that one person will feel towards another. He wrote to my sister two days ago, and would have done it sooner, but that he hoped to tell her a good piece of news in regard to his promotion ; which, however, I fear will not do at last : Lord Rawdon ⁴ promised him all his interest in the affair in making Lord Cornwallis ⁵ solicit

¹ William Pitt (1759-1806), statesman. In Dec., 1783, he was made Prime Minister in his 25th year.

² William Petty, 2nd Earl of Shelburne (1737-1805), Prime Minister, 1782-3 ; he was later cr. Marquis of Lansdowne.

³ George Grenville, 2nd Earl Temple ; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782-3 and 1787-9 ; during his viceroyalty (1783) the Order of St. Patrick was instituted ; cr. Marquis of Buckingham, 1784.

⁴ Francis Rawdon, Lord Rawdon (1754-1826) (later Marquis of Hastings). After distinguished service in the American War, his health had broken down and he was obliged to leave America in the summer of 1781. Lord Edward FitzGerald was his A.D.C.

⁵ Charles Cornwallis, 2nd Earl (afterwards Marquis) Cornwallis (1738-1805). He took a prominent part in the American War ; and was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1798-1801.

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also. I wrote a few lines to General Conway to open the business, and told him that I must beg to *personate* my sister upon this occasion, as there was no time to write to her to do it.

Since I wrote this I was at Court, where I saw and spoke to General Conway, who told me that the Lieutenant Colonelcy was disposed of, so that dear Eddy will be disappointed of this promotion. General Conway spoke very handsomely of the dear boy, and said that he deserved as much as a young man could do, and that to a certain degree such young men should be brought forward ; but that he had, and would still be, so much abused about what had been done for Henry, that he did not know how he should ever get out of the scrape. Indeed, I am afraid that the poor man will be sadly attacked soon, for it seems that there is to be a meeting of several military people, who are determined to make a public enquiry into his conduct in regard to military promotions, and that 'tis likely to come before Parliament.

I was very glad at Court to-day to see the Duke of Portland,¹ Charles Fox, etc. all graciously received by the King, and to find from general report that all was right again. The Prince of Wales,² I hear, has behaved like an angel about it all, and Lord North honourably to the last degree, so that I hope all is over. I heard also that I was *unjust* in blaming Lord Temple for it all. I saw him looking very *stately* in the drawing-room, but the crowd was so great, that I could not get to speak to Lady Temple³ who was there also. Lady Catherine Nugent was with her. We are to dine with Charles Fox on Sunday, when I will carry your letter to read to him. I could not ask him any questions to-day, he was so surrounded with great folks. I did not get home from Court till six o'clock where I found Mr Napier,⁴ Sally, Henry and Edward all starving for their dinner, which was afterwards a very merry one. Oh, dear me ! how constantly is my dear sister present to my

¹ William Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, 3rd Duke of Portland (1738-1809), statesman ; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782 ; Prime Minister, 1783. Later (1798) he greatly assisted the passing of the Act of Union. He m. Lady Dorothy Cavendish, dau. of William Cavendish, 4th Duke of Devonshire.

² George, Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) (1762-1830).

³ Mary Elizabeth, dau. of Robert Nugent, Visct. Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent ; m. (1775) George Grenville, 2nd Earl Temple (later Marquis of Buckingham). On her husband's death, she was cr. Baroness Nugent.

⁴ On 27 Aug., 1781, Lady Sarah Lennox had married Col. Hon. George Napier (1751-1804), 6th son of Francis Scott (afterwards Napier) 6th Lord Napier.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

imagination when I look at her dear Eddy, to think of the pleasure she will have in seeing him. Henry has not been quite well, but was enough so to come and dine here to-day. The dear girls, viz., Staples, Bunbury and Henriette Le Clerc,¹ are all playing upon the pianoforte, singing and dancing, and making such a noise, that I must wish you a good-night, with all our loves to you and my dearest sister. Adieu, my dear Mr Ogilvie, and believe me sincerely yours,

L. A. Conolly.

160. *Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie*

Whitehall, July the 8th, 1783

My dear Mr Ogilvie,

I thank you for your comfortable letter of the 25th, and am rejoiced at your *patient* state of mind ; which, however, I suspect very much is owing to what my sister says, of your being grown indifferent about it—that is so like you, that I am sure it's the case. My dearest sister, I find, is not quite so satisfied about it, nor, indeed, can I say that I am ; but Mr Conolly preaches patience to me, as much as I have done to you—and when I recollect all the interest you have to forward this business, that *it will* and *must do*, I think, is certain, but one shall be kept in hot water until it is done. I cannot help rejoicing at William's having been kind to his mother about it, for that is always a pleasant thing, let things turn out how they will. I sometimes flatter myself that he begins to see how wrong he has been in his conduct towards her, and that he means to alter it. As he has applied in earnest about this place of Register of Deeds, I think that Lord Northington will certainly give it him. You tell me that you have several competitors besides Sir L. O'Brien ;² I wish you had mentioned their names, that one might guess at the influence against us. I have not seen Charles these ten days past, he has been so much taken up that it was unreasonable to send to him ; but as the House of Commons will

¹ Henriette Le Clerc, nat. dau. of Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond.

² Sir Lucius O'Brien, 3rd Bt. (d. 1795), Irish politician ; a prominent member of the popular party, he endeavoured to remove trade restrictions between England and Ireland, and agitated for Irish legislative independence.

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be up about next Wednesday or Thursday, I hope afterwards to see a little more of him. We are to have one party together to Salt Hill, to see Lord Holland, which will afford me great opportunity for talking over several of our affairs. Among others, Mr Napier hangs much upon my mind. I wish very much that something was settled about him, for I see that they will have millions of children—and yet he is so army mad, that I think one should run a great risk of making him uncomfortable by desiring him to give it up, which makes one look to that line for serving him in and yet the difficulties are without number.

I see, by yours and my sister's letters, that you are still a little uneasy about the fluctuating state of affairs here. We have frights at times, but still I hope it will last. Lord Temple is the busybody, but he is so universally hated here, that I should hope he could never be a powerful enemy. I cannot help having much greater fears from Mr Pitt, who has a number of friends; and though you are provoked at my *folie* about him, yet I am afraid I *must* think him a sensible man—I hear so much of him from people that are unconnected with parties. I am not sure, since what I heard Charles say about him, that I wish him connected with our friends, because they say that he really is so inimical to them that it could never go on well—but I am sadly afraid of him.

We dined with the Duke and Duchess of Portland last Thursday; they both seemed in good spirits, and if things go on well to the breaking up of the Parliament I should hope that it would all do well. The Duke, I think, looks worn down with his business, but he says that he is well. The Duchess is just as pleasant and delightful as usual, but has got into the way of keeping such late hours that she says it knocks her quite up. The Duke had had a long letter from Lord Northington, but said, that he could not communicate any part of the contents of it—we Irish were dying to see it. I really do long to know what is to be the fate of our Parliament, for on *it* depends our motion homewards, which, to tell you the truth, I can't help thinking a *little* about. Mr Conolly says that he sometimes fancies it won't be dissolved this summer. If not, we shall have managed our affairs unluckily in spending the summer here, without the benefit of missing the elections, but dear Sal has been made so very happy by this visit, and it has also afforded me so much real satisfaction, that I do not know how to complain about any part of it. I long to know how my sister likes

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

Mr Wyndham ;¹ by what I have heard of him I think he must like her very much. I hear he has but one fault, which is that of being too long undecided in matters whether decision is necessary ; I wish that may not lead him into scrapes with some of the Irish. Henry is still here, but talks of going to Malvern soon ; he is not thoroughly well, but at the same time I do not see anything to alarm one about him. He dines frequently with us in a comfortable way, and is vastly agreeable and entertaining. Sarah scolds him about his affectation, and it does him good. He lives vastly at Devonshire House, and at the Treasury. The Duchess of Portland likes him vastly. He plays at Macco, (I don't know that I have spelt that name right), and does not engage deep. If he don't play imprudently, it's a good thing for him, as it keeps him in good company. I hear of a Lady Irwin² among them, that loses or wins two or three hundred pounds of a night. This is a woman that has a parcel of grown-up, married daughters, and for a number of years lived in a very quiet way, totally taken up with her family. They say that the life she leads now would have been always her choice, but that her husband liked the other style of life ; however, after passing so many years in what we think a comfortable way, I wonder she did not find too much satisfaction in it to relinquish it afterwards.

Henry is quite happy at your liking Mrs Siddons³ so much. From the moment I saw her, I was sure that you and my sister would be delighted with her. I hope she will make a practice of going to Dublin every summer. You may be sure that it made me quite happy to find that my dearest sister was so much amused with seeing her. I quite hear poor Mrs Dickson holding forth, and since my sister has found out how *tiresome* she is, I will own to you that I have thought her so, ever since my first intimate acquaintance with her at Killarney ; but I had such scruples about finding fault with a person that *fate* had decided me to live intimately with, that I never dared say how disagreeable I thought her. It is a great *comfort* to me, that she was not a person of my own seeking out, and that

¹ William Windham (1750-1810), well-known Whig statesman ; he was Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Northington, 1782, but he soon resigned the post on account of his health.

² Frances Shepheard, widow of Charles Ingram, 9th Visct. Irvine ; she d., 1807.

³ Mrs. Sarah Siddons (1755-1831), the great actress. Her first appearance in Dublin was made in *Isabella* on 21 June, 1783, at the Smock Alley Theatre ; her engagement was for twelve nights, she taking half the receipts, and, probably, a free benefit.

my original civility to her was in consequence of wishing to oblige my friends ; as, otherwise, I should feel false in the sort of manner I have towards her, which I confess does not proceed from one grain of inclination in her favour. I wish she would not *love me* as much as she does, or pretends to do, as I am conscious how awkward I am in my returns of affection to her. But that farce must be kept up on poor Mr Dickson's account, whom I would not vex for the world. Luckily too, the poor woman has many good qualities that one may dwell upon and make a good deal of, when one is disposed to be good. But Mr Jephson is a sad person for oversetting all those good resolutions, because it is impossible not to laugh at what he says, and ridicule is just the thing one should never allow oneself about worthy people. I pity my sister for having been drawn into it, and what she says in regard to its happening before her children, I also agree with her is quite wrong. But Jephson is sometimes abominable about those things—however, pray remember me kindly to him whenever you think of it, and my compliments to Mrs Jephson also.

I am vastly happy to hear that dear Charles FitzGerald is so well in health, and so pleasant to his mother and you. He has certainly (as she says) a thousand traits of humanity and goodness in his character, that makes one love him. I really think that whatever faults he has proceed generally from a fit of ill humour, which at the moment totally gets the better of him, but has none from his heart ; and that ill humour I am sure often proceeds from bad health.

I love to think how happy you all are now in the possession of that blessed creature Eddy, who deserves that epithet (so often used by dear Lady Barrymore to those she loves) more than most people. Pray give him a thousand and a thousand loves from me. I am also very glad to hear of the happiness at Carton upon the arrival of the little Marquess.¹ But my sister's account of her own feels when she saw the Duchess hug it and look at it so tenderly went to my very heart. Oh ! I know what passed in her poor mind at the time, and her heart must have felt wrung with painful recollections. But I trust in God that every day in some degree lessens those bitter pangs. My sister also writes me word of the dearest Ciss not being well yet, and says you are more alarmed about her bad looks than she is. 'Tis impossible not to feel every trifle relating to that lovely

¹ George FitzGerald, styled Marquis of Kildare, son of William Robert FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of Leinster, was born 20 June, 1783, at Carton, George III being one of his sponsors ; he d., an infant, 10 Feb., 1784.

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angel, but since her appetite, sleep, and spirits are good, I should hope that the bile was not very considerable. She is apt, you know, to have her looks altered upon any complaint—Sarah used to be the same when a child. However, pray be so good as to name her very particularly to me in every letter that comes from Frescati, because the being at a distance must add to my anxiety about her. My sister (I know) thinks as my poor sister, Holland, used to do, in regard to my brother, Richmond, that there is a little *travers* that sometimes interferes sadly. Sally and I have talked him over very often lately. She does not think it a *travers* so much as the being open to flattery. This latter weakness I cannot be a judge of, not having been in the way of seeing the things that she thinks have influenced him in that way. My notion is that his political conduct has been owing to the influence of *some* persons that have great weight with him, and who, I think, mistook his interest very much in it. But then, on the other hand, I must say that the influence those people have over him is in consequence of his great attachment to them, which in the end makes him so happy that I don't know how to regret it. I believe, upon the whole, that his inclination to quit all politics and public business should not be combatted; but then I have so much pride about him that I cannot bear that, and want to have him make the figure that his heart, his head, and his most excellent principles entitle him to. I find I cannot divest myself of that eagerness about him that nobody should find fault with him—and yet 'tis very silly in me, because I do not suppose that any politician ever yet had the approbation of everybody. I must say that I am vastly pleased with one thing that the Duke of Portland says of him, which is, that he never found him the least impracticable, that when once he has formed his opinion he is not easily persuaded to alter it; but that in the beginning of a thing nobody is more open to conviction, or easier to deal with. There was a division yesterday of fifty-six to forty-nine on odious Lord Thurlow's ¹ business. Lord North and

¹ Edward Thurlow (d. 1806) cr. Lord Thurlow in 1778; Lord Chancellor, 1778-92 (except from April-Dec., 1783). During the discussion on the bill for economical reform 'Rigby proposed by a clause to put the Chancellor Thurlow upon the same foot with the other Tellers, as if he had taken the reversion when it was offered. He had bragged much of not taking it, and had thrown out hints as if such grants were illegal. . . . Charles Fox, whom he had lately termed a bankrupt, violently opposed the clause, as did Sheridan, and it was rejected by a majority of eight, and with great disgrace to Thurlow.' (*Last Journals*, vol. ii, p. 633.)

Charles on different sides about it, but no kind of disagreement between them.

Poor Sally is beginning to grumble this morning a little more in earnest, but still she does not expect to *finish* her business soon. Mr Napier has been for some time ill of his bilious complaint, and was so very ill last night as to frighten poor Sally, but he is not, thank God, in any danger. I have just been with her, but was obliged to come back to dine at home with company, the Duchess of Portland one of the party. We are to go to Vauxhall in the evening, but if poor Sally's pains should come on, I shall let them go without me, and return to her. I hardly ever saw her look prettier than she did this morning. I dined yesterday with the Duchess of Portland to meet Lady Frances Douglas,¹ who sets off to-day for Scotland. She looks very happy and comfortable, and desires a thousand loves to the Frescati House. I felt quite sorry to think how long it would be before (in all probability) we should meet again. Mr Conolly received yesterday such a dismal account of the misery of the poor people in the county of Donegal as makes one quite wretched. The meal, they say, is not to be got. What can be done? And no rents will be paid for the Lord knows how long. 'Tis really most calamitous altogether. Adieu, my dear Mr Ogilvie, I cannot tell you just this minute how I hate the thoughts of our unnecessary number of dishes to-day, when my head is so full of these poor wretches in absolute want—how very ill arranged all that matter is about victuals! I do not think that the distinction of rank in society should be kept up in that article; everything else is allowable, and has its uses. But it can never be right or useful that one set of people should be gorged with food, while the other part are in want. God bless you. Love to my dearest sister, and Mr Conolly's kindest affection to you both. By the by, Mr Conolly *affronts* me by being very ready to read *your* letters, and when I have offered him my sister's to read, he says, "this is a long epistle, do you want me to read it?" So I shall *offer* him no more of them, and only give him *yours*, which he is extremely well-disposed to peruse. Ever affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Formerly Lady Frances Scott.

[1783]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO WILLIAM OGILVIE

161. *Lady Louisa Conolly to William Ogilvie*

Whitehall, July the 24th, 1783

My dear Mr Ogilvie,

I received yesterday my sister's letter of the 15th and yours of the 17th, and if I had not been a little prepared for the contents of yours, should have been shocked and surprised to the last degree. As it was, I was only made *angry* by it, to find that Lord Northington had any *serious* intentions to listen to Mr Ogle's¹ pretensions in regard to this place of yours. I don't wonder at your feeling hurt, but I will still preach patience to you, though I had none myself in talking over the matter with Charles Fox last night. Since the idea of Mr Ogle's getting this place has come to your knowledge, I will inform you how much I have suffered about it this last fortnight, though you should not have known it from me, if once you had succeeded to the place. I knew that it would only fret you, and that what *could* be done about it, would be equally pursued without your knowledge of the hitch. A fortnight ago Charles Fox told me that he had *sad news* about your business, that he had heard, that Lord Northington conceived himself obliged to listen to Mr Ogle's pretensions in regard to that place; that at the same time he was so sure that Lord Northington wished to give it to you, that he was persuaded he would let you have it if possible; but that the Duke of Leinster was too indifferent about it. To this I answered that he was mistaken, but as the conversation between us passed in company, and that I felt excessively vexed, I said no more about it, but went home, more discomposed and fretted than I can express. I twisted it and turned it over in my mind a thousand ways, and at last resolved on writing Charles Fox a letter, for him to enclose to Lord Northington, in which I expressed all I felt in as *cool* terms as I could bring myself to do. Charles had promised me to write again, and I find said everything that was strong. He enclosed my letter, which he told me was *quite strong* enough, for that Lord Northington was not to be *bullied*. I wait with impatience for Lord Northington's answer to Charles, which

¹ George Ogle (1742-1814), Irish politician; in Irish Parliament he supported legislative independence, but opposed Catholic emancipation; he became an Irish Privy Councillor, 1783. In 1784 he obtained the patent place of Registrar of Deeds at Dublin, at a salary of £1,300 a year—an appointment which the relations of Emily, Duchess of Leinster, had hoped would be granted to the Duchess's husband, William Ogilvie.

we still hope may be favourable. I received your letter yesterday, while I was dressing to go and dine at the Duke of Portland's. Luckily there was no company, so I shewed the Duke your letter, to which he answered, "that he had only recommended Mr Ogle in general to Lord Northington, and likewise Mr Ogilvie. That he had never named the office of Register of Deeds, for that though it was said he had promised it to Sir L: O'Brien, yet that he should have considered himself as quite free, had he remained in Ireland." I asked the Duke if I might say *from him* that he had nothing to do with this recommendation of Mr Ogle to this place of Register of Deeds. He said "certainly, for though he had recommended Mr Ogle he had never thought of any particular place for him"—and this you are *authorised* to say, from the Duke, and to mention the channel through which it came. I afterwards saw Charles Fox, to whom I also shewed your letter, and wanted him to be very angry about it; but *that*, he told me, was not *his* way, and that he advised me to be as cool as possible about it, for that nothing would do so well with Lord Northington as speaking to him quietly; that he was persuaded Lord Northington's wish was to oblige you. Charles says I am wrong in being so angry. I will own to you that this business has put *my temper* into one of *its ways*, and I must swallow a great deal of *black bile*, if I am to be quiet about it—however I will try to be so. Mr Conolly is so astonished about it, that he can't believe it will take place yet. And in a conversation he had with Mr Wyndham, he told him that he concluded the thing was *the same as done* for you, although Lord Northington had not promised it, whose caution in not promising he approved of, 'twas what he had himself advised him to, and, therefore, did not expect him to break through it, in favour of a friend of his; but that he depended on its taking place. Mr Wyndham said he wished everybody would be as indulgent to them, or words to that purpose.

I cannot tell you all that has passed about Irish affairs, but it is *very lucky* that we are now in England, and I hope that several *mistakes* will be set right. Since I began this letter I have received yours of the 18th. Mr Conolly is gone to dine out of town, so that I can't tell you his opinion upon many points mentioned in it; but this I am sure of, that he would wish you not to be violent against the Ponsonbys. So pray practise what I can't bring myself to, viz., a little forbearance for the present. Indeed I am suffering very much at present with another anxiety about the poor Napiers.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

There is a thing depending of the utmost consequence to them in the military way, which Mr Conway could do without offending anybody, and yet I am sure he won't because he *hates* these ministers. I want Charles Fox to be peremptory with him, and to use the power he *ought* to have—but I almost despair of success. We are to be in hot water about it, for a day or two. Dear Sally is well herself, but in the midst of all this vexation yesterday her poor little infant, I thought, was dying, which we both felt exceedingly for. 'Tis much better to-day, and I hope will live.

Your account of dearest Ciss, you may be sure, does not contribute to quieten my mind, although you assure me she is better. I am extremely happy at your resolution of coming to England. Dear Sal is wild with joy at the thoughts of it. A thousand loves to my dearest, dear sister, to whom I will write when I am a little more calm. Don't shew this letter to anybody except the paragraph about what the Duke of Portland said to me—transcribe *that*. But the rest of my letter is wrote in great agitation, and I had rather you did not mention anything I have said to you. God bless you, ever most affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

162. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, September the 27th, 1783

Not knowing, my ever dearest sister, which part of the family you may be with, or perhaps with none of them, I think it best to send a few lines to yourself to let you know of our safe arrival early this morning after a sick rough passage of twelve hours. I have seen the dear Eddy, looking quite well, and who has promised to come to Castletown next Wednesday to spend some time with me. Sweet Lucy is this instant come in ; she came to town to her masters ; she looks delightfully, dear angel. She tells me that the Duchess and all her children are at the Black Rock, and are to stay there a week longer. I expect the Duchess, Charlotte and Sophia in town every minute, in their way to Mrs Dominick's, where they are going to dine. The dear Mimi I shall not see by this means at present, but Lucy tells me that she has nothing but a breaking out on her head, and that the little kernels that were swelled behind her ears are quite gone, and were such as she had just after the smallpox, and which are so common that I hope it is nothing to be apprehended.

I don't know how soon I can come to see her, but the moment I have had that pleasure will let you know what I think of her.

We found Mr Staples in town, who says that in the North they are very serious about the Dungannon meeting, and have been very attentive to some of the wildest proposals. But he hears that it does not spread in other parts of Ireland. We have really such very wrong-headed people in this country, that the attempting a right thing almost frightens one, lest it should take a wrong turn ; much more so must one's apprehensions be, when a scheme is on foot that must alter everything, and that perhaps would not answer if obtained. I never heard of anything so wild as the Bishop of Derry¹ is. He leads all these transactions and, I hear, is to be escorted up to town by one of the Derry corps of volunteers. To be sure, the sight will be rather extraordinary. I cannot speak from much intelligence, and therefore had rather you did not mention what I say to you, but from what I can pick up should imagine that these resolutions from Dungannon will drop, as the first would have done, if the people of England had not given it consequence. William, Charles, and Henry are gone to the county of Down, and don't return for a week. Our visits to Lord Buckingham and Lord Strafford turned out vastly pleasant to us, and I believe pleased those we went to see. By a letter from Sally I find you were gone to Goodwood quite well after your bowel complaint, which I fear, though, was a suffering one while it lasted, and hope it has entirely gone off. Sally says that the dear Ciss is so thin, though quite well. I long to know how the sea bathing agrees with her, because I find that Doctor Quin and Mr Hume don't approve of it. Love to Mr. Ogilvie. The Duchess, Charlotte and Sophia have just been here and are quite well. Yours, my dearest sister, most sincerely,

L. A. Conolly.

¹ Frederick Augustus Hervey, 4th Earl of Bristol (1730-1803) ; Bishop of Derry. At the grand convention of Volunteers held in Dublin in Nov., 1783, he played a prominent and picturesque part as a delegate from Co. Derry. Accompanied by his nephew, George Robert FitzGerald, and attended by a troop of Dragoons, he proceeded from his diocese to Dublin with all the pomp and ceremony of a royal progress. Dressed entirely in purple, with diamond knee- and shoe-buckles, with white gloves fringed with gold lace, and fastened by long gold tassels, he entered Dublin seated in an open landau, drawn by six horses, caparisoned with purple trappings, and passed slowly through the principal streets to the Royal Exchange, where the delegates of the Volunteer Companies were assembled. There he spoke in favour of parliamentary reform and the admission of Catholics to the House of Commons.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

163. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 6th, 1783

My dearest sister,

I received on Saturday yours of the 26th and Mr Ogilvie's of the 27th of September from Goodwood, with the account of dear Ciss's having had a fever ; which, although you both give me the satisfaction of thinking is removed, yet cannot help feeling the utmost anxiety at any attack of illness that the dear angel has now, after the state of health she has lately been in. I shall, therefore, be very impatient to hear again of her. Sarah wrote me constant accounts of you while you stayed in London, and told me how very severely you had been attacked by the prevailing disorder, but that you hoped the emptying would lessen the illness of the French Lady's visit. I am grieved to find that you had had a return of your London disorder at Goodwood, and that it had fallen so very much on your poor nerves. Of all illnesses it is that that distresses me the most to think of your suffering, my poor, dear, dear sister. The party at Goodwood, though an agreeable one, I am afraid could not contribute to the raising your spirits, as I know very well the sort of *feel* that you had among strangers of their thinking you *queer* and not disposed to be pleased. Whereas I dare say they were all very good-natured about you. But when one's spirits are bad, one never thinks that anybody can like one. Mr Conolly, I find, has wrote to Mr Ogilvie about the ending of the recess, which, I understand, will be the 27th of this month. And he has also wrote him word about Mr Ogle's having got the place of Register of Deeds. I cannot tell you how much I feel hurt about it, but still think that Mr Ogle may be otherwise provided for, and so give up that place to Mr Ogilvie. Lord Northington has been very communicative and pleasant to Mr Conolly, and likewise Mr Pelham, whose manner Mr Conolly is extremely taken with ; and I hear in general that people are prepossessed in his favour.

The next session of Parliament can't be a pleasant one, to be sure, for there is so much to settle and arrange. However, we have had one week at home very comfortable, and shall have one more. Mr Conolly went out a-hunting this morning for the first time, and it would do you good to have seen the spirits he was in, dear soul, and how much he enjoyed it. You would have liked to have seen

another certain little merry face—the dear Eddy, who came here yesterday in perfect health, and beat me two games at chess in the evening. Henry came also, and looks well, though he says he is not quite so. Charles came to breakfast here this morning and in such good looks to what I saw him in London, that it rejoiced me. William called upon me yesterday looking well, and everybody says grown very fat, but I cannot say that it struck me. Sophia came to me in the middle of the week, and is to stay with me till you return home. I am afraid that she misses Louisa Staples sadly, whom Mr Staples carried off for a fortnight to Lissan; which was, no doubt, a very reasonable thing to do. But, do you know, that I am such a *creature* about having things my *own way*, (that I have given my attention to, and been anxious about, such as I am about my girls), that I did not *quite* like it; but thought it so wrong to refuse, that I consented quite against my inclination. Mr Staples was so reasonable about it, too, for he said that he should never have thought of it, but at such a moment when we had not begun to settle at home, and that it was to be for such a short time. Mrs Lynch was so good as to bring dear Lucy and sweet Mimi to me last Saturday, after they had done with their masters in town, to stay yesterday and to-day. To-morrow they return to their masters. Lucy looks most delightfully, and, I think, cannot be in more perfect health than she is. She is in high spirits, and vastly happy with Harrygoat; and the picture of Mrs Siddons that I brought her has delighted her as much as you expected it would do. Mimi does not look well, because she has lost her good colour, but her eyes look clear and well. She is not thin, is in good spirits and good humour, and eats well. She has not any kernels swelled now, but has large pimples at the back of her head, that don't appear to me to be things of the least consequence. They are red and discharge a little, which I think will throw off what is amiss in her at present. But they are so like the common breaking out of children that I cannot think it will signify. She was rejoiced to see me, and hugged me so much in earnest, that it shews what an affectionate little heart it has. She asked a vast deal about Maman and Cecile, and longs to have you at home.

Don't distress yourself about writing to me my dearest sister, for I know how uncomfortable it must be to you now, and I hope we shall meet soon. Mr Ogilvie will let me hear about the dear Ciss, and Sally will tell me all about you, when you return to London.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Poor Mrs Lynch, I fear, is grown very large, at least the increase since I saw her is to me very visible. Love to Mr Ogilvie and yourself from me and all in this house. I am just going to Carton to see Kildare and the new room. God bless you, my ever dearest sister. Yours sincerely,

L. A. C.

Don't be provoked at the scratching out of a paragraph, for it's really nothing that you care about, but I recollected that it *might* be opened—which I should not like.

164. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 29th, 1783

I was made so happy, my dearest sister, by a note from Mr Ogilvie yesterday, giving me a charming account of the dear Ciss, and of your spirits being so much better than when he left you. By your letter to him, he finds you had not then received his proposal of taking a house in Sussex for this winter. I long to know what you think of that scheme, and whether you don't think Doctor Quin so right in wishing to pursue as nearly as possible the course that has agreed with the Ciss since her fever. The Sussex plan would also furnish Lucy and Mimi with the opportunity of bathing if they required it. Your girls, I imagine, will have found you at Stoke, where I dare say the dear girls made your time pass pleasantly.

Since I wrote last, Mr Ogilvie and Eddy did bring themselves to leave Lord Bellamont, and came here. They found Lord Northington, two of his aides-de-camp, Mr Skeffington and Mr St John, and General Burgoyne with his aide-de-camp, little Greville and his mother. Our party for a few days was very agreeable. Mrs. Greville was in charming spirits, and Dean Marlay, luckily, was at Celbridge, so that we saw a great deal of him. General Burgoyne, you know, is always a favourite; but he was particularly in spirits, and joined in making some verses, that we sent to Lady Buckingham, in a liliputian letter, that we sent by way of experiment to try what would go safe by post. We diverted ourselves with the idea of its

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

slipping into some grave person's letter, Lord Mansfield¹ for example, or some such person. Lord Northington is exactly what Charles Fox told us, and I see is quite disposed to be a *comfortable* creature. He is very open and communicative, and appears to like the society of women. I feel quite acquainted with him already, and have pressed him to come here as often as he could. He really does detest form, and puts one thoroughly at one's ease. Poor man, he is dreadfully fat, and infirm with the gout. He rides out a little, but I should think could not walk much. Mr Pelham only dined here one day, and I have not seen him since; but I took very much to him, and hear from Mr Conolly that the more one knows him, the more one likes him. He spoke a little yesterday in the House of Commons, and Mr Conolly says just as he should do. He is vastly clever, without the least airs with it. Lord Northington is vastly fond of him, so that, in all probability, they will draw well together. Indeed, everything ought to draw together now, for we shall otherwise get into sad confusion.

Mr Flood² is just arrived in Ireland; his first attempt in sailing from Holyhead, was unsuccessful, he was drove back again. I wish he had considered that circumstance as a warning not to try it again as poor Mr Sentleger did once in regard to the county of Galway, where he was entering, when his horse took the rest so obstinately, that he was obliged to give it up, and swore he would never go into that county, as his horse had done so much to prevent him. Mr Flood, however, had more perseverance, and was yesterday in

¹ William Murray, 1st Earl of Mansfield (1705-93); he had held various high offices, including that of Lord Chief Justice, 1756-88. As a parliamentary debater he was second only to Chatham; but his fame is tarnished by his adhesion to the policy of coercing the American Colonies.

² Henry Flood (1732-91), statesman and orator. He differed with Henry Grattan on the question of continuing the Volunteer Convention, and on 28 Oct., 1783, in the debate on Sir Henry Cavendish's motion for retrenchment, the famous collision between the two great Irish orators took place. The speeches of both were full of the bitterest invective. Flood, alluding to the grant which Parliament had bestowed upon Grattan, referred to him as 'the mendicant patriot who was bought by my country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment,' and concluded by saying that 'if the gentleman enters often into this kind of controversy with me, he will not have much to boast of at the end of the session.' While Grattan, after comparing Flood to an 'ill-omen'd bird of night with sepulchral notes, a cadaverous aspect and broken beak,' and asserting that neither minister nor people could trust him, concluded his speech with the following words: 'I therefore tell you in the face of your country, before all the world, and to your beard, you are not an honest man.'

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

the House of Commons, where he got such a trimming from Mr Grattan,¹ as never was heard of. I dare say that he deserved all that was said to him, but Mr Conolly says that such abuse as there was, on both sides, was quite frightful, and he could not rest in the House, until the Speaker had taken precautions to prevent mischief. Mr Flood, it seems, began with Mr Grattan, who did return it, by a history of Mr Flood's political life, but so interwoven with personal abuse, that Mr Flood was got the better of at last, though he had been very clever, and abusive, too. I do not think that one could have enjoyed so much violence, although one might be glad that Mr Flood should be attacked. The House sat so late that they did not expect any business to-day, so Mr Conolly returned home. But he must go again to-morrow. However, as he hopes to come back the next day, I shall *shirk* again, for 'tis not to be told how I enjoy a few days quiet, whenever I can get them.

I have nearly recovered my *arrears* of business, during my absence, and have got into a settled way again with my girls, which makes me wish to avoid interruptions. 'Tis also settled that Louisa is to go to the Castle after Xmas, so that I don't like a moment's idleness for her. They have begun with their masters again, but Fontaine is at Paris, which is very provoking.

I was at Leixlip the other morning to see Lady Inchiquin, Mrs Newnham, and Mrs Fortescue. The two former are going to Bath to visit Mr Henry Sandford. Lady Inchiquin says that if she can meet with a pleasant party going to Spa next summer, that she shall go for her nerves, which she complains much of. And what is dreadful is the complaint affecting her sight, which naturally affects her spirits. But I hope if her nerves get strong that she will recover the attack in her eyes. She proposes being in London in the spring, and asked with such eagerness if you would be there, as made her poor face grow a yard long when I told her that I believed you would take a house in Sussex. The Carton family are all gone to town this day, to stay till Xmas. Mrs Greville left me on Sunday to go and pass a couple of days at Carton before

¹ Henry Grattan (1746-1820), statesman. After the meeting of the Volunteers at Dungannon, he had moved an address to the Crown demanding legislative independence, and a few months later carried it (1782); he declined office, but was granted £50,000 by the Irish Parliament after the consent by the British Government to his claims. He opposed Flood's demand for 'simple repeal,' and favoured disbandment of the Volunteers: hence his and Flood's quarrel.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

they left it. Mrs. Greville talks of returning to Pakenham Hall in about three weeks. I was vastly happy to find by a letter of Bun's to Louisa to-day that Gerald was quite recovered, and gone to Goodwood—what an anxiety that was for you, (added to the rest), my dearest sister! But I trust in God they are all over now. Adieu, and believe me ever yours most truly,

L. A. Conolly.

165. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 2nd, 1783

You may guess with what delight, my dearest sister, I received yesterday yours of the 23rd from Stoke, with the charming account of the continuance of dear Ciss's amendment, and your thinking it unnecessary to carry her to France. I find I was right in thinking that your chief motive in so doing was to quieten poor Mr Ogilvie's mind, which was in a cruel agitation until he had seen Doctor Quin. I like the Southampton scheme for you, and though you would pass your time (I really think) as comfortably at Stoke as you could do in any other person's house, yet it is *never* the same thing as being at home. You and I are quite alike about that feel. For my own part, I should never hesitate between the *working* for a home and the depending upon others for it. I don't at all wonder at your liking to be at Stoke, for the girls are so very pleasant as to make any place comfortable. And as to Lady Louisa's agreeableness, I experienced the very last time I was with her the power of it—for I confess I felt myself a little angry with her, and yet found her as agreeable as ever. She is certainly uncommonly clever, and can suit herself wonderfully to whatever temper of mind she finds one in. I am sorry that you happened to meet with Captain Berkeley just now, because your poor spirits at present cannot be very equal to such impressions as the seeing *him* beloved by Emily must give you. But since the dear girl does like him, one must wish it to take place, and I was in hopes, from the reports lately about it, that Lord Berkeley¹ had done something towards helping them.

This week past I have enjoyed the thoughts of your meeting your

¹ Frederick Augustus Berkeley (1745-1810) 5th Earl of Berkeley.

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girls, and am glad that Sophia went at last ; though, as Mr Ogilvie tells you, there was packing and unpacking enough to *wear out anybody's* patience ; and *his* is not remarkable about anything that in any way can affect you. His impatience to send off Lucy and Mimi were very great, and I believe that his wish about Sophia's not going was vastly owing to the delay that he thought it would occasion.

I saw Charlotte to-day at Leixlip, where she came yesterday. She absolutely looks miserable, and I really believe is in that uncomfortable state of mind as to be continually reproaching herself. I gave her your message, which made her very happy ; and she told me with vast satisfaction that she had received a most kind message from you, through Mr Ogilvie.

I also saw dearest Eddy there, who looks vastly well, but I fear has some little improper complaint still, as he told Mr Conolly he should not go a-hunting these ten days. The dear creature was coming to us, but they seized on him at Leixlip ; and as there was a pleasant party there for him, I could not be so selfish as to want him to come home with me. He says he was quite affronted with Mother, as she had wrote to everybody but him—but the rogue knows well enough, that he is not *forgot*, though perhaps not wrote to. I am to meet him to-morrow at dinner at Leinster House, and to go in the evening to a party at Mrs Pery's, where I am to carry Louisa, who is to be powdered for the first time. I shall on Tuesday go to the Castle, but she is not prepared with clothes as yet. Wednesday we are to dine with General Burgoyne, and are to meet Mrs. Greville and Dean Marlay—and I think most likely Mr Ogilvie, as it will be a holiday in the House of Commons.

Mr Ogilvie was to have been here to-day, but sent me word by Eddy that he should have some particular business at two o'clock that would prevent him. How can he refer you to me for politics when he is in the thick of them, and I am so much more out of the way of them ? Besides, to tell you the truth, I have so bad an opinion of the situation of things in this country, that my eagerness about politics has got quite another cast from what it used to have ; I hope I am mistaken, but I strongly suspect that we shall live to see unpleasant times here. I mean to write to my dear brother very soon, by whose letter (upon the subject of affairs in this Kingdom) I find that he has conceived a much more favourable idea of the intentions of the leaders of the Northern people than they

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

deserve. He thinks they aim at nothing *but* a Parliamentary reform—and there I believe he is quite mistaken. The Roman Catholics, also, have their plan, though quite of another sort, from that of the Presbyterians—and I believe would only unite for the purpose of oversetting the present Government, in order to dispute for the rest among themselves afterwards.

I wrote you word of Mr Flood and Mr Grattan's attack upon one another. They have made two attempts to fight, but were caught in time.¹ Mr Sandy Montgomery (Member for Donegal) was to be Mr Flood's second, and Mr Cuffe Mr Grattan's. Mr Montgomery came to Mr Cuffe, and, in lamenting the quarrel, he took an opportunity of saying to Mr Cuffe, "that his friend, Mr Flood, had an *unerring* hand," to which Mr Cuffe replied, "My friend, Mr Grattan, has an *unerring* heart, which is a better thing"—don't you admire the answer? and the readiness of it? Mr Flood brings in the state of the nation to-morrow, which I dare say will be *big* with mischief. Dearest Eddy will admire his cleverness, which I can't bear. In his last day's speech to the House, he gave hints about retrenchments that attack the establishment of the Army, so that his intentions are pretty clear. I wish he was at Winchester.²

Lord Hillsborough is here, and I can tell you, means to stay, which I do not suppose is for nothing. I fancy he means to be a whipper-in to the old North set, of which there are too many in the present Government; but that is one of the miseries of the coalition that cannot be helped here, no more than in England. But the set here must be well looked after. Lord Northington, I believe, is a very stout man, and Mr Pelham I hear every day something good of.

I shall go to town to-morrow with some regret, as I have passed a most comfortable week quite alone. Mr Conolly was able to dine at home two of the days, which was getting a little sight of him, poor soul, and more so than if I had been in town, for the days that he was at the House of Commons were so late that I should not have seen him till night.

¹ The quarrel between Flood and Grattan nearly ended in a duel. On their way to a hostile meeting at Blackrock they were arrested and bound over to keep the peace. On 1st Nov. Flood was allowed to make a further speech in vindication of his character, in which he gave an explanation of his political conduct during the whole of his parliamentary career—with this incident, their friendship of twenty years terminated.

² Henry Flood was M.P. for Winchester in the British Parliament, at the same time as he was M.P. for Kilbeggan in the Irish Parliament.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

The girls and I have enjoyed our retirement in the way that you, Sarah and I did at Carton many years ago, at the time of the doing of the print rooms. Harriet shines upon those quiet occasions, and nothing could be more cheerful than we were. Dear Sally, how it does grieve me to have her so very frequently disappointed in what her heart is so naturally set upon : the advancement of Mr Napier. But I am troubled at his gout in his stomach, 'tis so very dangerous ; and if anything was to happen to him, she would be distracted. I can easily believe her entering fully into your distress, and being as comfortable about it as possible ; for she has such an excellent and tender heart as must feel for others. The dear creature certainly never had but one fault, and, thank God, that has ceased ; so what can one wish for more now ? And what a pity it is that my two brothers should deprive themselves of the happiness arising from the affection of such an amiable soul only because they don't like her husband. But, in short, people know best what contributes to their own happiness, and, therefore, must choose and act for themselves. But I know that it would never suit me to give up what I love, to avoid a thing that I only disliked. I hate to think of what you suffered, my dearest sister ; I dreaded it at the time for you, and your *blue devil* was of a horrid nature. But I trust in God it is all over. Mr Ogilvie, I hope, in a month's time will be released. He will only stay for the *absolute necessary* business. Many loves to all around you, and the same from this house to you. Adieu, dearest, dear sister, 'tis not easy for me to say how dearly and sincerely I love you, and how affectionately I am ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

Mr Conolly is better, but he has had one of the very worst colds I ever knew him have.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1786

166. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 6th, 1786

My dearest sister,

I could not hear without great emotion (by the means of a note from Emily, to Sarah, yesterday from Carton) of your sudden departure to Nice, on dearest, lovely Lucy's account. I cannot express what I felt, until I came to consider over the many circumstances that, I dare say, contributed to your taking this resolution. I figure to myself Charlotte and Henry (upon the point of going) pressing you much to be of the party, the inducement of finding the Leitrim's there, and, your having once left home, not making it such a troublesome piece of business as if you were to set out from Ireland. At least, I am willing to think that sweet Lucy's little complaint in her chest was not alarming enough to make this journey necessary, and that precaution (happening to suit with other reasons) is the chief cause of it. But you know enough the nature of the fears that *will* come into one's head, to be surprised at my anxiety upon the dear angel's account, particularly at a distance; so that I shall long to hear, my dearest, dear sister, that *you* are not uneasy about her. Louisa Lennox (I understand) writes Emily word that the physician you consulted advised the journey out of precaution, and that none of you seemed to think the complaint of any consequence. At any rate I flatter myself it can be of none yet, as so late a date as the 5th of October you say, in your letter to Sarah, "that your dear children are, thank God, all well." I trust they will continue so, and that this journey may turn out a pleasant one to you. I am only grieved at the idea of Mr Ogilvie's leaving you, which at that distance, I fear, will be terribly uncomfortable to you—and yet I apprehend there is some great business on foot. As Mr Conolly's politics never can put him in the way of being in the secret of Government, (or indeed any other party,) he can only surmise things—but since his return from the North he is confirmed in his opinion that a great deal of business will be agitated next session. He cannot persuade himself but that England has some great measure to carry.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Lord Lansdowne¹ is just arrived. His property here is so great that if he has any other pretence for visiting Ireland than his own business, it is easily concealed under that appearance. But we all conjecture that his journey has some political view. I missed of Mr Burke² and his son, which I was very sorry for. They passed a day here with Mr Conolly before I returned from the North. They are now gone back to England. Sarah tells me that he is a most thorough Irishman, and that 'twas a pity I did not see him, as she reckons me so complete an *Irish* woman.

The Duke of Rutland³ passed several days at Kildare, with the party that met there, for races and hunting. The Duke was at our lodge, and Mr Conolly tells me was not drunk a single day. I remember the same thing happened at Leinster Lodge two years ago, when he spent a week there with us. And it is really comical to observe that he always leads a sober life when absent from the Duchess; which makes me think that she encourages the drink, as has often been reported of her; but that I never knew how to give credit to, 'tis so very odd a vice to encourage one's husband in. She has had a little ball at the Park, but I hear that she is not to dance any more; so I suppose she is with child, and hope she won't be so *wicked* as to neglect herself again. For it seems quite a loss to miscarry of such pretty little creatures as her children are.

Pray give my love to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him that I shewed Mr Cleghorn's letter to Mr Conolly, recommending Doctor Clarke for the man midwife of the Lying-in Hospital. But it seems that he had long promised a Doctor Kelly, who is married to a distant relation of the Conollys, and a Ballyshannon woman, and whom the Chancellor, Primate, etc., say, had a *right* to be elected, by the rules of the Charter. However, Doctor Clarke's interest has prevailed, and he is elected.

I was at Carton last Thursday, and think the Duchess looked remarkably well. She does not shew the least appearance of increase, but, the French lady's visit being short, she still concludes

¹ William Petty, 2nd Earl of Shelburne had been cr. Marquess of Lansdowne in 1784.

² Edmund Burke m. (1756-7) Jane, dau. of Dr. Nugent; they had two sons: Richard (b. 1758) and Christopher, who died in childhood.

³ Charles Manners, 4th Duke of Rutland; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1784-87. His wife was Mary Isabella, 5th dau. of Charles Noel Somerset, 4th Duke of Beaufort. She was a noted beauty.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

herself with child, and bathes in the cold bath. She told me that she had not the least pain in her back, and that it was the first time of her ever having been with child without that being the case. The *odd* complaint still continues. But Lady St George, it seems, used to have two or three changes when she was with child, so that the Duchess flatters herself that her having had the same now may be owing to her partaking of her mother's constitution. She feels quite well, and I hope will continue so.

Lady St George came walking into the room t'other day with a stuffed kingfisher in her hand, which young Mr Faulkener had shot at the cottage, to her inexpressible grief. She had it dangling by a string tied to the bill, and you cannot think how difficult I found it to refrain from laughing, when she walked into the room, curtseying, with this bird in her hand.

I am for a time shut out from Carton, as my pretty Emmy¹ was inoculated last week, and that I expect the infection to appear next Thursday or Friday. She is, thank God, in remarkably good health and spirits, and the infection has taken, so that a fortnight's time, I trust, will remove all my anxiety upon that score, sweet little angel. I am not to be pitied about it, as I have scarce any fears about the inoculation; but I shall feel very thankful at having it well over. The Pakenhams were with me for two days. They had brought up the little boy to be inoculated, but Mr Power would not do it, on account of his having had a little complaint, something like a rupture, which is gone off. But he was afraid of his not being strong enough to bear the inoculation, so that they are gone back again. Pray say a thousand kind things from me to Lady Leitrim and Miss Clements—the hearing of that sweet girl's relapse gives me a thousand fears. I was going to write to Leitrim about her, but shall not trouble her now, as I can hear of her through you. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever and ever most sincerely yours,

L. A. C.

¹ In the autumn of 1784, Lady Louisa Conolly had adopted Mr. and Lady Sarah Napier's thirteen-month-old daughter, Emily (1783-1863). Miss Napier m. (1830) Sir Henry Bunbury, Bt., nephew and heir (1820) to Lady Sarah's first husband; he d., 1860, aged 82.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

167. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 12th, 1786

My dearest sister,

The day after I wrote to you last, I had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 30th of October from Brighthelmstone, and have been very happy since, at hearing of your safe arrival as far as Dieppe ; which your letter to Sarah, of the 2nd of this month, brought us an account of yesterday. We only expect a few lines from you, from time to time, until you are settled at Nice ; where I conclude you will hurry to as soon as possible. You will see by my last letter, my ever dearest sister, how truly I guessed at the state of your mind about sweet Lucy. At least I apprehended it, and am grieved to find that I was not mistaken. At any rate, I trust you will feel infinite satisfaction at the idea of not having lost a moment in doing that which was thought advisable for her. We must hope the best, and, coolly considering all the circumstances which may contribute to make her ill at present, one's reason tells one that there are not yet grounds for alarms. But still one *has* them, and it goes to my heart to think how many miserable feels you will have about the dearest angel. Thank God you have as yet most charming weather and I hope you will reach Nice before the bitter season sets in. I am told that the intense cold of the winter, (felt even in the southern parts of France), is never felt at Nice. We all make no doubt of Charlotte's entire recovery. It appears that her complaint is exactly that which a winter spent in a warm climate will remove. Dear little Ciss having been born in one, I should hope would make this journey serviceable to her complaints also. In short, I hope that you will all be the better for it, and, for the present, enjoy the very delightful society that your party consists of. Your journey from Dieppe, as far as Paris, (if you go there) will be very pleasant—I remember to have liked it much better than the Calais road. The hill before you get to Rouen I was vastly struck with, the view is so fine from it. I am glad Sophia is so well and in such spirits, and hope she may succeed in the *plan* she has formed ; for, as the person has a good character, one may hope she would be safe with him. Or else it would rather *alarm* one, her taking the fancy into her head (unless one thought it was reciprocal)—poor Emily's *love*, in the absence of the person in question, has given one such a terror

about that *mode* of proceeding. By the by, her affairs remain in the same state. I hear of my Lord in town, and his picture is exhibited in one of the magazines as the Hibernian *seducer*¹—I long to write one of Dean Marlay's lines under it, *too ould for such dirty tricks now*. She hears constantly from her children, who are all well, and her spirits at times are really good, but at others miserably low—I wonder what determination he will come to, at last.

Dear Robert came from Carton yesterday, but left us this morning, to return to Philipstown, where he is to stay a month longer, and then has promised to divide his time at Xmas between Carton and Castletown. He is a most delightful creature, whom one likes better every time that one sees him. He has got a little hunting, which he seems very fond of. The Bishop of Down² came with him from Carton, and is going to spend the winter in the country, as soon as Mrs Dickson is enough recovered from her miscarriage to take the journey. I find he looks upon the profession of the Church as quite knocked up, and at an end, in this country; but I hope he is mistaken, for that cannot happen without innumerable bad consequences attending it, and probably nothing so good established in its place. Lord Luttrell, I understand, attempted to *settle* the tithes, and reckons he has done a vast deal of good. But as he could not possibly be *authorized* by any law whatever to take such a step upon himself, I should fear that he had done more harm [than good. The] *Right* boys (as they call themselves) are quiet for the present, but there is no reason to think that they will continue so, very long.

My pretty little Emmy has had the regular fever of the smallpox, and her arm was vastly inflamed, insomuch that Mr Power assures me she has had the smallpox completely; but I should have been much better satisfied if she had had a few spots. This is the day that they ought to have begun to fill, but I see nothing like it, and fear she will have none. Thank God, she is perfectly well, and has thrown out a rash that I think must be of use to her. She has not been lowered much, so that I cannot attribute the want of spots to that cause. She is in remarkably good spirits, which looks as if

¹ In 1786, the Earl of Bellamont and some women appear as "The Hibernian Seducer and the Maid of Sensibility," in the *tête à tête* portraits in *Town and Country Magazine*, vol. xviii, p. 457.

² William Dickson (1745-1804), Bishop of Down and Connor (1783). For the previous six months he had been Chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Northington. He m. a Miss Symmes, by whom he had six children. He was a friend of C. J. Fox.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

all was right ; and I hope it is, sweet little angel, for I do doat upon her. She loves me better than ever, and at any time would leave her most favourite play to come to me. Charles¹ and George² have broken out about their heads and faces, but are better. Sarah is also better than she was, but she has a sharpness in her blood that makes her head uneasy ; however, the blistering behind her ears has done her good. You may depend on my being very careful of everything I say about you and your family ; in general, you know, it is my way to be silent, though I cannot say that I observe it to her, in regard to myself, or Mr Conolly, as I have never found the bad consequences of it to myself that the rest of the family complain of. I fear that Lady Louisa hurts her with you upon every opportunity (as I believe she does with my brothers). I own I feel very angry with Lady Louisa upon *that* subject, and think her very ungrateful to poor Sarah, who certainly had a great deal of merit with her. But it is to no purpose the attempting to set that all right with them, for I see that their aversion to poor Napier is such that nothing *can* be right where he is concerned. I am excessively vexed at a letter I lately received from my brother, Richmond, about her ; but I can do no good, and, therefore, shall hold my tongue ; only redouble my kindness if possible to her, poor soul, to make up for other losses of affection that (in my opinion) she is [not] deserving of. Yours ever most affectionately,

L. A. C.

168. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, November the 26th, 1786

Since I wrote to you last, my dearest sister, I received yours of the 8th from Paris, and am glad to hear that you intended leaving it on the 11th, for the sooner the winter journey is over the better for Charlotte and dear Lucy. I see that you are very low about that sweet girl, and I confess that if the change you expect does not carry off all complaints on her chest, I should grow excessively

¹ Charles James Napier (1782-1853), el. son of Mr. and Lady Sarah Napier. He lived to become famous as the 'Conqueror of Scinde.'

² George Thomas Napier (1784-1855), 2nd son of Mr. and Lady Sarah Napier ; he became Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

alarmed also. But, as I trust in God it will do so, and that soon, I will not give way to such dreadful ideas, as I fear at times, my dearest sister, possess your mind. Young men, to be sure, are not great judges in such a case as Lucy's, but yet it made me happy to hear that neither Henry nor Edward were struck with her being ill, and have wrote their brothers word that they are not uneasy about her. Poor Charlotte, I find, feels the effect of the cold, and wishes herself at home again. But I hope she will find herself better when she gets to Nice. I believe you go through Marseilles, where I suppose you will stop to visit your old habitation and friends there. I think that possibly you may have arrived at Nice by this time. I cannot help being glad that you escape the present bad weather we have here, which for these last ten days has been very rainy, damp, and stormy.

Mr Conolly is just returned from Carton, and says they are all well there. I am to go to them on Tuesday next, pretty Emmy's infection being quite over. I think the dear monkey has got a little disposition to a red nose, but as I perceived it before the inoculation, I cannot lay it to the want of the eruption, which I wish had come out, as I am apprehensive of the blood not being thoroughly cleared of that venom. I have consented, on that account, to give her more physic than I should otherwise have done. My dislike to medicines daily increases, for I think that physicians are so whimsical and changeable in their opinions, that if those opinions were of consequence, half the world must be killed in going through the different courses, (according to their variableness in the mode of treating people.) But as I believe (happily) that medicines are not of that consequence that many people think, the greater number may escape by taking none—and I shall always battle for being among those. I am vastly discomposed just now at Doctor Quin's dosing Mr Conolly, with an horrid medicine that he calls a sweetener but that I think must hurt his stomach if he continues it long, 'tis such a nasty thing to take.

The Napiers are in town. Mr Napier intends that Sarah should see Doctor Quin about those odd feels that she complains of in her head. I find that he is vastly uneasy about them, and thinks them tending to some of those nervous attacks that are so frightful. But I hope he is mistaken and that Doctor Quin will satisfy him about there being no danger. I fancy she is breeding again, which in all probability will remove them.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I went last week to spend a day with dear Lady Clanbrassil, whom I found really well. She happened to be alone, and I spent a comfortable day with her. She longs to see Mr Gervinns, the gentleman that is here with Lord Aghrim, as he was a friend of her two brothers, and can tell her a great deal about the Bentinck family. He is, besides, a remarkable, agreeable man, whose conversation I know will suit her. He is to be with us soon. Lord Aghrim is a very good-humoured, unaffected young man, but quite a boy, and, not liking to read much, he is sometimes a little *a charge* to us, as I am obliged to watch Maryanne FitzGerald,¹ who desires no better than romping and playing with him. Give him his due, he is very well-bred, and has not the least familiarity in his manner; but still it is not the thing to let her *play* with him. Harriet is all propriety, so that I have no fidgets about her. The Duke of Portland recommended this young man so strongly to Mr Conolly that we have taken him quite under our protection, and Dublin being quite empty now, where he has not made acquaintance, he is mostly here.

The Grattans are just come to Ireland. They are to be at Dean Marlay's to-day, and I hope will give us a day before they go. Sir H. Langrish² and Mr Bush are to dine here to-day, from Dean Marlay's. I expect also the Barnards, and what may come from Dublin. Dear Louisa Pakenham³ has been made to wean her child, which I am sorry for, as I think that the change she had is only owing to her full constitution, and as she was not the least weakened, I think she might have gone on giving suck; but as I had no experience of *my own* in those matters, I would not interfere, and begged her to be directed by the Lady Longfords and Mr Power, who were all against me. And so she has given it up, but I have had the satisfaction of hearing that she and her dear little boy are both very well, and neither of them the worse for it.

The Woodwards are come to town. Miss Mary is going soon to be married to Mr Broderic, Lord Middleton's brother. It is a match

¹ Maryanne FitzGerald (d. 1794), dau. of G. R. ("Fighting") FitzGerald. After her mother's death, she lived mostly with Lady Louisa Conolly at Castle-town. But she did not live beyond childhood.

² Sir Hercules Langrish, 1st Bt. (1731-1811), Irish politician; Commissioner of Excise, 1780-1801. He was an opponent of every attempt to reform the Irish Parliament.

³ Formerly Louisa Anne Staples; now wife of Hon. (Admiral Sir) Thomas Pakenham (1758-1836), who became G.C.B. and Admiral of the Red.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

that all sides seem pleased with. I expect them here for a day. The Bishop ¹ is very serious about the affairs in the south ; I hope he is mistaken, but I fear not. The Duke of Rutland I have some notion will dine and sleep here on Tuesday, to hunt on Wednesday. I must go and dress for dinner, so God bless you, my dearest sister. Ever and ever yours,

L. A. C.

169. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 3rd, 1786

My dearest sister,

We begin to long to hear from you, from Lyons or Avignon, but fear that you have had a wet journey, for Mrs Fortescue writes word from Nice that she never saw more rain than they had had, but which they told her would not last beyond November. I shall be happy to hear of you settled in your warm climate, where I trust that you will all receive every benefit that you can desire. I went on Friday to Carton for the first time since Emmy's inoculation, and found the dear little Duchess in remarkably good looks and spirits, but the French lady was returned as usual, and her size not the least increased, so that I cannot think she is with child, though she thinks so herself. I *believe* I was forbid to mention her present occupation ; but as I know you will be glad to hear of her being amused, I will let you into the secret that she has taken to write verses, in which (it really strikes me) she shews genius. I am not a good judge of the poetry, which certainly wants correction as to the rules of it, but the imagination is good on many of the subjects, and I should not be at all surprised, after a little practice if she were to write very well. She inclines to serious subjects, but has wrote in the gay style also. To General O'Hara ² she addressed some very pretty French verses, in a pocket-book that she worked for him, and which they had a great deal of fun at the opening of. For when the packet was brought to him he was sure it was some trick

¹ Richard Woodward, formerly Dean of Clogher, now Bishop of Cloyne (1781-94).

² General Charles O'Hara (1740-1802) ; he had served in the American War, being wounded, and captured at Yorktown (1781).

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of the childrens, and that it contained a wig; so that it was a long time before they had the pleasure of seeing his surprise, which was great, when he read these verses, supposed to be spoken by the pocket-book, which was very prettily worked, with all the military ensigns—his cipher on one side, and her own on the other. She has wrote a most flattering thing on me, where she describes me as seen in a dream. I dare say, before it's long, that some of you will get verses from her. She is vastly amused and taken up with it, which is a good thing.

Emily, I think, is very well, but beginning to feel very uncomfortable at nothing being settled yet. She sent to Mr Main to let him know that her brother and the Duchess intended going to town the middle of January, and that she wished to be fixed somewhere before that time. Mr Main came to Carton to tell her that everything should be settled before that time, but she has heard nothing further since. He has thoughts of taking the house at Ranelagh which belongs to the Bishop of Killaloe,¹ so that a few days ago he came to St Wolstans and spent four hours with the Bishop in giving him a full history of all his amours—talks highly of Emily, and still dwells on a reconciliation, which is much the worst part of the story. She hears constantly from her children, who are all well. I have begun to make Emmy wear stockings, which (like a little Irish woman) she detests, and I can only prevail on her to wear them out of doors—the moment she comes in they are pulled off. Charles takes to his, which looks as if he wanted them, and that she does not. I saw t'other day Mrs Clements's youngest daughter, a little thing of five years old, and beautiful as an angel, quite the Ligondé face, which Sarah and I are so glad will be seen again. Nothing ever was so gay as the neighbourhood of the Pery's, Clements's and Luttrells; they have had five balls among them. We were at one last week at Mrs Clements's, from whence we got away in very reasonable time, and were at home by half an hour after three o'clock. The dancing lagged a little, as there were rather too few dancers. Harriet danced every dance, but said there were not enough to put her in spirits. Everybody will marry her to Mr Barnard, which provokes me. The Duchess of Rutland was there, looking thin but beautiful. I presented George Byng to her, whom she received graciously, and asked him to a ball she is

¹ Thomas Barnard (1728–1806), aft. (1794) Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, F.R.S., 1783. Member of the Literary Club to which Dr. Johnson and his friends belonged.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to have at the Park this day seven-night. And what I think is rather comical, did not ask Harriet and me—she could not well forget us, as we were in the room, and that she spoke to us both. I am glad for myself, and sorry for Harriet, who, by the by, improves in her looks daily, and it's the fashion to observe it, which is very lucky. Pretty Fanny Pery pays me vast court for George Byng, and is so honest about it that I cannot dislike it, though I wish her manner was less lively; for I love Lady Pery¹ so much that I am interested about everything that belongs to her.

I began this letter yesterday, and could not finish it till this morning. We had a crowd of people at dinner yesterday, in consequence of some very good hunting that they had last week. This is a fine day, and I hope they will have good sport. I was quite glad among the number to see good-humoured Mr Williams arrive, who seems in perfect health, just the same as he was, and so *affectionate* to all his old set that he did nothing but talk of you all, and asked a hundred questions about you. In coming down he got a fall off his horse, hurt his leg, and could not go out hunting to-day, which we were all sorry for, as he wished to go. The Pitts, their aides-de-camp, General Bruce and his aide-de-camp, dined with us, but returned in the evening. Old Belasgo has taken to coming here again, which is very tiresome.

Dean Marlay leaves Celbridge to-day, in order to go in a few days to Bath, and will not return to Ireland till next June. He and Mr William Skeffington were here yesterday. The latter looks vastly well, and is always pleasant, I think. I retain my old partiality for him, for he is always so exactly the same, which, in my opinion, is a great merit. The Grattans have been at Celbridge. She does not look to be in good health, but she is a sweet creature that gains vastly upon one. *He* looks quite in beauty, and health, and is grown fat. We have a sad number of sick servants in our house, but we are all well. Poor Sarah's spirits are very low. I am glad that the 2nd of this month is over. The Jephsons are with us. *He* is vastly better in his head, and *she* tolerably well; they join, you may be sure, in loves, etc. etc. Yours ever most sincerely,

L. A. C.

¹ Elizabeth, widow of Robert Handcock, dau. of John Vesey, 1st Lord Knapton (d. 1821); m. (1762), as his 2nd wife, Edmond Sexton Pery, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons in three successive Parliaments, who was cr. (1785) Viscount Pery.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

170. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 10th, 1786

I was happy, my dearest sister, at receiving yours of the 20th of November from Lyons, where I hope you were not detained long by the repair of Henry and Charlotte's chaises, as I long to hear of your winter journey being at an end, without any colds among you ; which I really dread for sweet Lucy, and poor Charlotte, also, whom, though in all probability would not materially suffer, yet it would add to her great sufferings of pain. I am grieved to find that she is still such a martyr to her cruel rheumatism. Our weather is as bad as possible, to-day in particular is quite a hanging day, and everybody seems to feel the effect of it. We have had a sad fever in our neighbourhood, that Mr Taggart calls the *new fever*. It has been very fatal in Dublin, and attacked about a month ago Cooney, a farmer, just at the outside of our Collinstown Gate. He died ; his wife and son are just recovering ; two of his daughters that were in the house with him, and one that lives with us, are in it now, and their recovery is very doubtful. George Cruise had a son boarded with them, who died about a week ago ; and some of the servants here have had a slight degree of it. 'Tis of the putrid kind, so that we are sprinkling the house continually with vinegar, and those who can bear the smell of camphor have bags of it round their necks. I wish there would come a smart frost to carry off the disorder. Doctor Quin has given Mr Taggart particular directions how to treat it, and says he has not found it particularly infectious, not more so than any fever is, where the patients are confined to a close place. But we have avoided that evil here, by giving a great deal of air. Mrs Jephson tells me, that this fever was at the Black Rock just before she left it. Literally since the beginning of August there has been but five weeks of good weather, which began in the middle of October. I hope you will be able to get on to Nice, for I hear so much of the mildness of that climate. General O'Hara and I have taken it into our heads that if you give up Nice, that most likely Marseilles will be the place you will stop at. You are all partial to it, and Charlotte, I think, will put in a word for it. Doctor Quin told Sarah that he hoped you would take Lucy to Barège the next season, and thinks for the present that the moving about is good for her. You know how little stress he lays upon

climate, and therefore, I suppose, he thinks the journey is the chief thing for settling her constitution. I am sure you will be grieved to hear that the poor Dicksons have lost another son, Charles, a boy of seven years old, whose complaint baffled the skill of the physicians ; for both the Doctors Quin did not suspect him to be in danger until he was past hope. I do grieve for those poor people, they have had such losses ; and the poor Bishop does not bear up against it at all. *She* has a greater degree of fortitude than he has, and it is a great exertion for her to support him as well as herself. Oh dear ! what miseries some people go through ! And yet one hopes that the lot of suffering is not so unequal as it sometimes appears to be.

I got a letter to-day from dear Lady Barrymore, with a very good account of her health, which, thank God, has not suffered by her attendance on the Princess, nor at the funeral. She tells me that she shall come to Ireland next spring to settle here—what a charming piece of news ! She writes in good spirits, tells me of her legacy in the funds, which she hopes will rise ; and assures me that she shall be on *the side* of the politics that raises the stocks. I find that Charles has had his asthma again, and is coming immediately to Ireland. I also find that he means to keep steady to his brother, which I am glad of, for there was a time, when I believe he was grown rather indifferent to William's politics. I do hate the thoughts of the 18th of January.

The Jephsons are with us, and will stay on until about that time. I am sure you will be glad to hear that his poor head is much better than it was, and poor Mrs Jephson so happy in consequence of his being so, that I think it has mended her health. Mr Ned Hamilton is also come to us. We are to have the Pitts, their aides-de-camp, General O'Hara and Mr Hobart. Mr Gervinus and Lord Aghrim are here. Mr Gervinus is quite an agreeable man, he knows so much of everybody and everything that speaking to him is like going to the encyclopedia. Lord Aghrim is a very well-disposed, good-humoured young man, and no trouble to us. We are all to go to-morrow evening to the Duchess of Rutland's ball at the Park. A few days ago she sent Mr Conolly, Harriet and I an invitation. I suspect that Mrs. Fitzgibbon put it into her head to invite us, for, if she had originally intended it, I should think she would have asked us at Mrs Clements's, where she spoke to the rest of the company. I shall be obliged to ask her to some of our little dances, which I had had thoughts of doing before, because I am told that

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

she takes it *quite ill* to be left out. I want vastly to have Lady ClanWilliam,¹ Lady Anne, and pretty Kate ;² but, as I cannot offer them beds, I do not know how to bring it about. It came into my head, that they might sleep at Killadoon. I don't imagine that Lord or Lady Leitrim could have any objection to it, and therefore shall not scruple putting it into Lady Clanwilliam's head, if I can see her before the time. I have a *feel* about that sweet little girl that makes me wish to shew her civility and attention, but I don't want to make a merit of it to dear Edward, so you need not tell him. Pray give all our kindest loves to you and yours, and believe me ever, my dearest sister, most truly and affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

171. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 17th, 1786

My dearest sister,

I was going to begin my letter (as usual) with saying that we longed to hear of you from Avignon. And so we do, but the date of my letter has all at once brought the year '53 into my head and turned my thoughts upon the very common observation (but true one) of how swiftly time passes. I really recollect this day, 33 *years*, as well as yesterday : the mob in the court at Leinster House, and all the discourse among the servants about it.³ And 'tis comical enough that we should expect to-day at dinner Lord Sackville,⁴ son to that very same Lord George Sackville, whom at that time I thought it so necessary *to hate*. His son is about eighteen years old, has a

¹ Theodosia, Countess of Clanwilliam (1743-1817). Dau. of Robert Hawkins-Maghill, of Gill Hall, Co. Down ; m. (1765) John Meade, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam.

² Lady Catherine Meade (1770-93), 2nd dau. of John Meade, 1st Earl of Clanwilliam ; m. (1789) Richard Wingfield, 4th Visct. Powerscourt. She was a girl friend of Lord Edward FitzGerald.

³ A reference to the events of the year 1753, when James FitzGerald, Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster), presented his Memorial to George II, in which he set forth the grievances of Ireland and protested against the arbitrary ways of Lord George Sackville and Primate Stone. The Irish were delighted at Lord Kildare's action.

⁴ Charles Sackville Germain (1767-1843) son of Lord George Sackville-Germain, 1st Visct. Sackville, whom he had succ. in 1785. In 1815, he succ. his cousin as 5th and last Duke of Dorset.

little black, sensible, agreeable face ; like Lady Glendore in the features, but a pleasant expression in his countenance, which I think is quite the reverse of hers, though she is certainly handsome. Lord Sackville's rage is hunting, and riding long journeys, so that he likes being here, and I fancy we shall see a good deal of him while he stays in Ireland, which, however, will be but a short time. We like him mightily, and I feel a little sorry to hear that he is under the guardianship of his cousin, the Duke of Dorset,¹ who has sent for him over to Paris, and whom, I think, must ruin the principles of any young man. By the by, I hope the Duke of Dorset is not going to be married to Lady Anne Westley ;² for, though I don't know her, I hear she is a sweet creature, and should be very sorry that a sister of Lord Mornington's³ should have so bad a prospect of happiness as I think the Duke of Dorset's wife must have. He is a *sad, sad* wretch, indeed. We have at last got a frost, which I rejoice in, on account of our sick people, who are mending so slowly that it is almost imperceptible ; but this sharp weather I hope will contribute to their recovery. We have got a house full of fox-hunters, who are not so satisfied with it as I am. Among our company we have got two French gentlemen that we met with at Carton brought there by the Chevalier Destours—Monsieur de L'Aunait and L'Abbé L'Archevêque. George Byng met them at Brightelmstone last summer. It seems that Monsieur de l'Aunait is not *seigneur*, but *gentilhomme* ; that he is educating for the line of envoys, and is now travelling over Europe ; after which time he is to study for two years at Gottingen. It strikes us as if he began at the wrong end. The young man seems sensible and informed, and the Abbé a mighty queer man.

The Duke of Leinster and Lady Bellamont went yesterday to town to meet the Attorney-General, by Lord Bellamont's desire, to settle (as he says) things finally. But I don't expect that *he* will ever do that, so that my expectations are not sanguine about the consequences of this meeting. They are to return to Carton to-day. I shall long to know what has been done, and shall go there

¹ John Frederick Sackville, 3rd Duke of Dorset (1745-99) ; Privy Councillor, 1782 ; Ambassador Extraordinary to France, 1783-9.

² Lady Anne Wesley, dau. of Garret Wesley, 1st Earl of Mornington. The name Wellesley was not adopted by the family till 1789.

³ Richard Wesley (afterwards Wellesley), 2nd Earl of Mornington (1760-1842), at this time a M.P. ; he later held important posts in India, for which he was cr. (1799) Marquess Wellesley ; the Duke of Wellington was his brother.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

on Tuesday next to learn, and also to see dear Louisa Pakenham, who with her husband and little boy are to be there to-morrow, to spend the week before they come to us for the Xmas. Dear Robert is at Carton in remarkable good looks and beauty. He has promised to come to us soon. The little Duchess is in very good spirits, and feels so well that I hope her complaints cannot be anything of consequence.

I was last Monday at the Duchess of Rutland's ball at the Park, which was much fuller with people from Dublin than I thought could have been collected at this time of year. It was not crowded. Harriett got partners for every dance. I met with Lord and Lady Shannon, who chatted to me the whole evening, and, therefore, did not go to sleep, so that it turned out a good ball for me. I returned to Castletown, and got to bed by six o'clock. The Duchess of Rutland was very gracious to me, for which I must be *obliged* to her; for I hear that the Duke chooses always to commend *my ways* to her; so you may guess whether the poor woman can like me. I am sorry he does it for it will give her an aversion to me.

There is to be a great party at Dangan this week: thirty-six people, the half of which I don't remember; but Lord Mornington has lent it to the St Georges, and they have asked the Rutlands, Pitts, Clementses, Luttrels, Mrs Frances, Mrs Stratford, Miss Jeffries, the Fitzgibbons, General O'Hara and (as he says) *toute la jeunesse* of males. Mr Conolly and George Byng go. As it is a hunting party our hounds go. And I was asked, but I declined it for three reasons: first of all, I have company at home; secondly, I think it would not be kind by good Lady Langford,¹ who has so often asked me to go to her; and thirdly, I like it should be understood that I am a sort of house fixture. I mean to return Mrs St George's civility by asking her here. I have a notion that the party will be glad that I excused myself, and would not be sorry that Mrs Pitt did the same, for she and I are rather too old for them. They are to be vastly jolly, I understand. Mr Conolly will go to bed so early that I have a notion they will see but little of him.

The Jephsons, who are here, desire to be most affectionately remembered to you. He keeps so well, 'tis quite delightful; and if

¹ Elizabeth Rowley, Viscountess Langford (1713-1791); dau. of Clotworthy Upton, of Castle Upton, Co. Antrim; and widow of Hercules Langford Rowley, of Summerhill, Co. Meath. She was cr. (1766) Viscountess Langford.

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his play should but succeed in England, I really think he will be quite himself again, and that is being very agreeable. William Staples ¹ is now with us, and is very pleasant. All here desire their kindest love to you and yours ; give mine also. I think this is quite a gossiping letter. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever most truly yours.

L. A. Conolly

¹ William Conolly Staples, son of Rt. Hon. John Staples ; m. (1797) Anne Louisa Stewart.

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172. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 12th, 1787

I am sure I need not tell you, my dearest sister, how miserable yours of the 20th of December from Nice has made me, nor how ardently I wish that this letter could in an instant tell you how grieved Mr Conolly would be to distress you, by expecting Mr Ogilvie over; he does not, and begs that you will keep him with you. In answer to Mr Ogilvie's letter before he left Ireland, he thought it right to tell him what he expected in regard to the business of this country; but, however strongly he might express himself, cannot think of letting it weigh against your distress, which he pities, and feels for most exceedingly. I do not know how to express the wretched feels that it has given me, for I know full well the misery that you are in, and feeling unable to remove it, unless that you have prevailed upon Mr Ogilvie to wait at Nice for the arrival of this letter; that until I hear from you again (in answer to this letter), I shall not be at ease about you. Nothing more can I say upon this subject, I feel *so full* about it.

I shall, therefore, change it for that of dear Lucy, whose amendment I flatter myself will increase daily, and that the oppression upon lying down at night will soon be removed. Her spirits mending, and the paleness going off, are very favourable symptoms. I am rejoiced to hear that Charlotte is so much better, and I trust in God that all the misery of this journey will be amply made up to you by the restoration of health to all your dear children. The good climate, I hope, my dearest sister, will also strengthen your nerves, which I see are at present in a most wretched condition. I really have not spirits to go on writing, for every word of your letter so forcibly expresses distress that it goes to my very heart. I wish I could be sure at this moment of Mr Ogilvie's being with you, for without him you present a *sad* picture to my imagination, which I believe I need not tell you nobody can understand or feel more than I do. I hope that Mr Ogilvie sees it as I do, and then

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I am sure he won't have left you. Henry and Edward, I suppose, we shall see immediately. I shall long to hear from them how they left you. Charles is not yet come, but is daily expected.

We are all, thank God, well here, and have had a great deal of company, which are now beginning to disperse. But as I owe Sophia a letter, I will keep all my chat for her. Besides that, I really could enter upon no subject now but that of your distress, my ever dearest sister, which is and ever will be near my heart as long as I live. Pray give my love to Mr Ogilvie, and tell him that I am too well persuaded of his love for you to think that he *can* leave you in the present distressed situation that you are in. God bless you, my dearest sister. I can write no more at present than to assure you of my being ever most tenderly and affectionately yours,

L. A. Conolly.

173. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, February the 9th, 1787

My dearest sister,

I have delayed writing to you lately in the hopes of telling you that I had seen Mr Ogilvie and your sons, but they have not been able to come here yet, so that I can only tell you that I hear they all look well; but to-morrow, perhaps, I shall have the pleasure of seeing them. I cannot express to you how vexed I was to hear of Mr Ogilvie's leaving you, as I know what you must have suffered; but I trust he will not be detained long. Mr Conolly flatters me that he will be able to reach Nice again by the beginning of April: I shall wish him gone most sincerely. But since he is come away, and that you and he have undergone the terrible struggle of parting, it will be some recompense to you to hear that it has had a most happy effect in shewing the *steadiness* of all parties; which, if their arrival had been postponed until after some great question, it would have been difficult to have removed the idea of its being intentional. People were beginning to reckon William *ill-used* in the absence of his brothers, so that I took upon me to write to them at Paris and London to hasten them over, lest they should dawdle at either of those places. Mr Ogilvie's coming, which really was not expected (as I took care to give it out that you was not well, and that I did not

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wish him to come), has added much to the idea of the opposition being in earnest. Mr Forbes, I understand, said he was sure Mr Ogilvie would come over.

Poor Mrs Grattan has been so ill that it was impossible for Mr Grattan to go to the House, for he was quite distracted at the thoughts of losing her. She is now recovering, and Mr Lindsay has got great credit for his skill in finding out her disorder to be bilious. He proposed a mercurial medicine, and the physicians thought her case so desperate that they told Mr Grattan he might try what he pleased. Upon which Lindsay gave her the medicines that happily threw out the disorder, and she is better, with a confirmed jaundice, which they know how to treat, and consequently reckon her out of danger. Mr Grattan is quite revived upon this, and goes to-day to the House, to second a motion of Mr Conolly's about expense, which they say will bring on a debate, and division, and is in a manner the first day of business that they have had. So that Mr Ogilvie and the FitzGeralds are all arrived in perfect good time, and the party, I hear, are all in spirits and good humour. Charles also, I hear, is quite steady. And Mr Conolly tells me that he never saw anything more improved than William is, that he appears to act from his own understanding, and is quite steady. I grieve to think that this sociable family meeting should be at the expense of your suffering, but I hope it will be a little made up to you by hearing that it answers so well. I am (as one generally feels in difficult cases) both glad and sorry, for I hate and feel miserable at your being vexed, and yet cannot help rejoicing at their being all come. I hear that dear Charles is much better, and looks well—I don't suppose I shall see him this age.

Poor Emily has had a violent agitation, upon Lord Bellamont's sending her word that he intended his sons should live with his daughters, and begged to know if she chose to break it to them herself, or whether he should do it. She has recovered the agitation now, and I hope won't be so miserable about it, for, after all, it won't really hurt her children, and the doing it shews him in his true colours to the world, explains in some degree the immediate cause of her refusing to live with him, and I think must draw down so much compassion from the world on his legitimate children, as will gain them friends. The business of separation is still going on, so that I hope she will have some peace and quiet at last. £600 a year is but a small pittance, but I really believe (as you told her)

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that nothing but coming into very cheap terms could make him consent to letting her alone. He has given up the point of insisting on her living abroad. I am sure I need not tell you how inexpressibly happy we are to hear of dearest Lucy's amendment ; God grant the continuance of it. *We* think that the leaving off the stays has done it ; and pray tell her that we shall none of us think her *clumsy* if she is well. Thank her for her letter, and love to all with you. Ever, my dearest sister, most truly yours.

174. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, March the 9th, 1787

My dearest sister,

I was so busy in my last giving you an account of politics that I had not time (or rather room) to answer your most kind letter in other particulars. [I] intended to do it by this day's post, but the last day in the House, about the Commercial Treaty, with respect to its influence on Ireland, having called up Mr Ogilvie to speak, I am all impatience to tell you that he received the greatest applause, as he shewed himself a very great master of the subject, and expressed himself so well that he was listened to with great attention for an hour and a quarter, the duration of his speech. All his friends were vastly pleased with him, and Mr Conolly tells me that William was not less so than the rest. I believe I need not tell you what infinite pleasure and satisfaction it was to me to hear Mr Conolly so full of it, and express so much satisfaction about it ; to which he added that I must write you word of it directly. Sarah, who is going to write you a long letter, has cut the speech out of the papers to enclose it. We read it last night, and, as far as I can understand the subject, it appeared to me very sensibly put. The business, we hope and believe, will not detain him here much longer ; so that I hope, my dearest sister, you will, before the middle of April, have the happiness of seeing him arrive at Nice, after having done himself the greatest credit in every possible way ; which I hope *then* will recompense you for what you have suffered in his absence.

I cannot leave the subject without telling you that those in the

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House of the opposite party only said that Mr Ogilvie upon first getting up was so frightened that he was not well heard ; but not a word was said to find fault with the speech (that I can hear of), so that I take for granted it was a very good one.

Since that day we have had another triumph, in regard to one of the cuts of the navigation, which, I understand, is to be very advantageous to some of the FitzGeralds' estates, in the county of Kildare ; and also to Lord Longford and Mr Pakenham in the county of Westmeath. Somehow or another there has been some quarrel between the Attorney General, Mr Beresford,¹ Sir John Blaquiére and others, about the *government* of Mr Orde,² whom, I am told, is fought for in the Cabinet as much as the most beautiful young lady could be by a set of lovers. Sir John Blaquiére, in the business of the canal, was of our side of the question, as it was to benefit his estate—which in most times we should have thought a means of securing the Government on our side, but not so now. And I was vastly surprised at hearing from Mr Pakenham that he was afraid we should lose it, because Sir John Blaquiére was enamoured in it, whom Government *hated* so much ; but it seems there is some grand quarrel among them, which none of us are in the secret of. But certain it is that this canal business, which one would imagine could not affect Government in any shape, was made such a point of, that they squabbled till two o'clock in the morning, had many divisions, in which they were all beat, and shewed so much crossness and ill temper, that Mr Conolly tells me he never saw a more peevish day in the House upon any occasion. However, *we* carried it, and are to have the canal as we *choose it*, which I am exceedingly glad of, as you may imagine, the FitzGeralds and Pakenhams being to be benefited by it. This defeat of Government was strong for they really had set their heads so much against it as to collect at a moment's warning all the members they could pick up. And even the company that dined with the Duke of Rutland at Mr

¹ John Beresford (1738–1805), Irish statesman ; son of Marcus Beresford, Earl of Tyrone, he m. (1774), as his 2nd wife, Barbara Montgomery, a celebrated beauty. This marriage greatly strengthened his political status, and Beresford wielded great power in Ireland. He was, in fact, indirectly responsible for the repressive policy pursued by the British in their dealings with Ireland during the latter years of the century.

² Thomas Orde (1746–1807) ; cr. (1797) Lord Bolton, of Bolton Castle, Yorkshire ; sometime Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Hobart's¹ that day were sent for from the table. Mr Hobart did did not wish to vote against Mr Pakenham, and, therefore, made a dinner at home for the Duke, which he expected would secure him, but I understand that he was even made to go. This defeat, I imagine, will have some consequence on the business of the day, in which Mr Jenkenson's² regulation in regard to the Navigation Act respecting this Kingdom is to come forward to-day; and, I understand, takes in the *force of the fourth and fifth proposition*, which Mr Grattan is extremely angry at, and means to fight out to the last. Mr Conolly understands that it is intended as a resumption of the power over Ireland that England had, and which she gave up in the Duke of Portland's time. Mr Grattan has never had but one opinion about it, and the change of constitution being a child of his own, will never give it up. Mr Conolly, you know, never wished for it, but maintains (as he did in the business of the propositions) that since we have got it, we are not to give it up again for nothing; that he would barter it for some very essential good, but not at the pleasure or threat of England. This will be (I fancy) a hard-fought battle, and the defeat upon the canal business of t'other day, I suppose, will strengthen us this day. How silly of Government to weaken themselves upon a business that could not affect them, [and that could] only gratify the resentment of some of their servants against others. God bless you. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

¹ Robert Hobart (1760-1816), afterwards 4th Earl of Buckinghamshire, statesman; in the Irish Parliament he represented Portarlington and Armagh. He became A.D.C. to the Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1784, and to Rutland's successor, George Nugent-Temple-Grenville, in Dec., 1787. In 1788 and 1789 he acted as Inspector of Recruiting in Ireland, and in the latter year succeeded William Orde as Secretary to Buckingham, the Lord-Lieutenant; he held the Secretaryship under Buckingham's successor, John Fane, 10th Earl of Westmoreland. He took a prominent part in Irish affairs; opposed any concessions to the Catholics; later (1799) he assisted in arranging details of the Irish Union.

² Charles Jenkinson (cr. Earl of Liverpool) (1727-1808), statesman. In 1786 he became 1st President of the Board of Trade; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and was raised to the peerage as Lord Hawkesbury.

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175. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, March the 30th, 1787

My dearest sister,

Mr Ogilvie and Edward, I hope, sailed yesterday. And as I believe they will make no delay in getting to you, I hope this letter will follow them as my congratulations upon their return, which I truly believe (after yourself) nobody has wished for more I do ; for I really have at times felt miserable about you, my dearest sister, and could never hear of your being bilious without thinking that Mr Ogilvie's absence in great part was the cause of it. But now that *it is over*, I flatter myself you will have very great satisfaction in the idea that his journey has answered fully in every particular. Since I wrote to you last, he has spoken again in the House, as well as he did the time before, and proved himself a thorough master of the subject. Mr Grattan paid him great compliments upon the occasion, and Mr Conolly (for one) thought his speech more explicit upon the business than Mr Grattan's was. Mrs Grattan is quite recovered, and so Mr Grattan has recovered his eloquence and power of speech, which, I am told, was not the case while her health was so precarious. I love him for his affection to her, and believe him to be a thorough well-meaning good man. But his *hankering* after popularity does provoke me at times, I must confess. Just now, I feel a little angry with him, for his very great imprudence in bringing in a bill for the Redress of Tithes at some future period. He did it (I am told) with moderation, and upon conditions that the riots would cease ; but this was not a time for hazarding a thing of that sort, the postponing of which could do no harm, and the bringing it on might. For suppose the grievance of tithes *to exist*, as nothing could be done for it this year, it would be time enough next year, when the thing had been considered over, to bring it in. And, on the contrary, suppose the grievance of tithes *not to exist*, which many people tell you will (upon enquiry) be found to be the case, and that the risings in the south took their origin from quite another cause (*viz.*, the clergy supporting Lord Shannon in his election against Lord Kingsborough ¹ and Mr Longfield),² what a sad thing Mr Grattan's

¹ Robert King (styled Visct. Kingsborough) ; m. (1769), at the age of 15 yrs., his cousin, Caroline, dau. of Richard FitzGerald, of Mount Offaly, Co. Kildare, an heiress. The marriage did not turn out a success, and they were separated. In 1797, he became 2nd Earl of Kingston.

² Rt. Hon. Richard Longfield (1734-1811), of Castlemary, Co. Cork ; M.P. for Cork City ; cr. (1800) Viscount Longueville.

bill will be, to get over. The people will have had held out to them a sort of promise from the House of Commons of changing the mode of tithes, when perhaps at that very time the House of Commons may not find it (upon investigation) either a *just*, or proper thing to do. I ought not to be angry with people for being obstinate, I am so much so myself. But it does not prevent my seeing the great mischief that may arise from it in matters that relate to others, and in particular, public ones. However, I hope this may not turn out so ill as I now expect it to do.

The poor Bishop of Cloyne has been so terribly attacked, that naturally it has called up the full extent of my friendship for him ; and consequently made me more eager on the side of the poor Church than I should perhaps otherwise have been (as it is not in my power to serve it). But, exclusive of all this, I really do see vast risk to every kind of property, the venturing to take away from one set of *helpless men* what has been their right, time immemorial. The saying that you will make them better in their circumstances is not proving that you have a right to do so against their will. If the grievances *do exist*, there are ways of redressing it without force. The clergy, I imagine, might easily be persuaded to make it their own act, in which case, all differences might be amicably settled. But if the House of Commons take it in hand, though they will not (I suppose) do the like in the case of their own property, yet they set the example for people to redress themselves. And I am much mistaken if as many grievances could not be found against the majority of landlords, by their tenants, as the farming people have against tithes. But we do *love reforming*, and so easily come into it when our own interest is not in question, and sometimes are so short-sighted as not to see that our turn will come next. But I think here is enough on the subject of tithes, and I shall now proceed to telling you that we are all well, and last week made a pleasant excursion to Pakenham Hall.

The Coolure House is in vast forwardness, and a sweet pretty thing it will be. Tom Pakenham and Louisa seem equally engaged about it, though in different lines. He minds the farm only, and leaves the house, plantation, and gardening entirely to her. But both agree in loving the place and wishing to spend their lives there. She is breeding again, but is vastly well. I have just heard with concern of the disappointment in the Rowley family, who were all so happy in the prospect of Mr H : Rowley's ¹ marrying Lady Martha

¹ Hercules Rowley (1737-96) (afterwards 2nd Visct. Langford) ; he died unmarried.

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Brabazon (as Mr Ogilvie will have told you). But, unfortunately, the young lady could not bring herself to marry him. I think it was a great pity to give him hopes, which it seems was the case last Tuesday morning, when he was received graciously at Lord Meath's ¹ house by appointment, and thought he had Lady Martha's consent ; when, behold that very evening poor Lady Langford had the mortification of receiving a letter from Lady Meath, to say that it was with great concern she had to inform her that Lady Martha could not accept of Mr Rowley's proposal. I am sorry for any disappointment to those good people, though I cannot vastly wonder at Lady Martha, whom I believe is twenty-four years younger than him. Talking of *loves*, I think dear Edward goes off in *tolerable good spirits*, though seriously I am convinced that his love for pretty Kate is of a much more delicate and pure sort than what the gentleman commonly feels for young ladies. He will make you laugh about one whose heart he *was afraid* would be broke on his account. But by what he told Sarah and me, we *assured* him there was no danger, and that he had much better not run the risk of a *scrape*, which his good heart would probably make a lasting one to him. God bless you, dear sister.

176. Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster

Castletown, April the 6th, 1787

I had the pleasure, my dearest sister, of receiving yours of the 15th of March a few days ago, and am very sorry to hear you complain of being so rheumatic, and poor Charlotte too, whom I fear has not received the benefit she expected from the climate of Nice. I rejoice in its having succeeded with dear Lucy, and the more so as I think from your description of the alternate heats and cold that it is proof of her dear lungs being safe. If they were not, I should have thought that it must have hurt her, and am vastly surprised, since the climate is of that sort, that it should ever agree with consumptive people. Lucy, I make no doubt, will be quite well, when that affair happens. I wish dear Miss Clements was in as safe a way, but how can she be well, until her constitution

¹ Anthony Brabazon, 8th Earl of Meath (1721-90) ; m. (1758) Grace, dau. of John Leigh, of Rosegarland, Co. Wexford ; succ. in 1772.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

in that respect be settled? I should fear that something materially wrong in her constitution stopped it.

I am *provoked* at Lord Leitrim's telling you that Government did not require the attendance of their friends; for it looked so *hard* after that, to have brought Mr Ogilvie away from so great a distance. But I will comfort myself that the letters which, before this, must have reached you, giving you an account of the proceedings here, will have thoroughly satisfied you that it was very lucky Mr Ogilvie did come. And, to my satisfaction, he is gone again, for I do long to have him with you again. He was so good as to write to me from Park Gate, so that I calculate he will be with you by the time you receive this letter. Pray give my love to him, and tell him that Mr FitzGibbon has brought in a bill for the regulating the Quarter Sessions; that it is not only a *Police Bill*, but an absolute *marais chaussée*.¹ Mr Conolly opposed it violently, and intended doing so yesterday in the Committee. The bill, Mr Conolly tells me, is the most artful drawn thing he ever saw. And he intended attacking Mr FitzGibbon upon the grounds of his having assured Mr Conolly (at the time of passing the Riot Act) that no general Police Bill was intended. The outline of the bill is this: that eight meetings in the year are to be held (at £50 per time, £400 in the year) by constables (I think they call them), who are to redress grievances in the different counties; these are appointed by Government, who may make as many as they please; these people are to be lawyers, and are to have Sub-Constables under them appointed by the Grand Jury; but these latter are not to receive their salaries but by the approbation of the Head Constables; and all former appointment of Sheriffs, who could only be so by a property of £200 a year in the county, is to be done away. So that, you see, Government has provided for itself the appointment of thirty-two constables at £400 per year, at any rate, and as many more as they pleased. Mr Conolly offered to support the Bill if they would give up this appointment by Government, and suffer these people to be chosen by the Grand Jury in the manner that it is now conducted. Some people imagine that they will give this point up, others say not, for that this Bill is upon the plan of recovering to England its

¹ It was with the Whiteboy Act of 1787 that Fitzgibbon began his consistent policy of repression. One of the clauses—which had to be abandoned—gave power to destroy any Catholic chapel in or near where an illegal oath had been tendered.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

superiority over Ireland; that having failed in the propositions, the Attorney General has undertaken this mode of doing it, which if he succeeds in, is to be rewarded with the Chancellorship of Ireland. This latter part is report, but the plan of bringing back Ireland to its former dependence on England, I believe, is no longer a secret. I wish poor dear Mr Grattan had left us with our old constitution, and then all these struggles would never have been in question.

The Napiers, I think, have no fixed plan yet. They had determined on going to Stretton this spring, but as she is to lie in in July, I have persuaded her to stay at any rate until after that time, and hope afterwards to keep them still longer. The dear little children are all well. As to Emmy, she is so clever, that if I were to begin telling you all the *drôle* things she says, I should fill my letter with nothing else. But I do doat upon her—that is certain. However, [I] always take myself to task about her, and flatter myself that I do not set my heart improperly on her. I know, my dearest sister, how you dread that for me, and I assure you I often think of your caution to me about it. I have not room here to enter upon the subject of little Dalrymple, and Sarah and I could not read your account of him without such feels as you may guess, my ever dearest sister. God bless you. Ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

177. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, May the 3rd, 1787

I have been very idle these three weeks past, my dearest sister, in not thanking you for your last kind letter from Nice (of the 3rd of April I think it was, but I have not it in town to be exact). But you will admit of one excuse as a very good one, when I tell you that dear Lady Clanbrassil spent ten of the days out of the time with me at Castletown, which was such a favour, and one so little likely to happen often that I was willing to make the most of it. Lord Aghrim, her *great great* nephew, has taken her fancy, and she wished to see Mr Gervinus, the gentleman that is with him, who was a very particular friend of her two brothers, in particular of Mr Charles Bentinck (who died in his arms); and as they were to pass the

last three weeks with us before their departure for Scotland, we persuaded her to be of the party, and which I hope answered to her, for she seemed to be in very good spirits the whole time. I came to town to-day, for a *vast deal* of pleasure. However, [I] shall begin with telling you that dear William continues mending as fast as possible. Emily being on the spot, she undertook the giving you an account of his accident, and the progress of his recovery, which has, thank God, been as expeditious as one could expect. The little Duchess is not the worse for all her frights, which I think would have been avoided by telling her the truth at first. But William was so much afraid of alarming her, that he desired we might not do so. And the consequence (as is always the case, I think) was her being excessively frightened, when she suspected she was deceived.

May the 4th. I had wrote thus far yesterday, and this morning have seen Sophia's letter to Emily with an account of dear Lucy's visit from the French Lady, which has given us all more pleasure than you can possibly conceive. My heart is *quite light* about her and, ever since I have seen that charming account of her, I have the feel of a load off my mind, which at times had sat very heavy on it, when I thought on the possibility of her constitution not being rightly settled, and consequently the source of so much distress. My dearest sister, I trust in God that your dear heart is at ease about that sweet angel now. And poor Charlotte's amendment, which the same letter brings an account of, I am sure must make you so happy, as it does all of us. Your also expecting Mr Ogilvie in ten days' time was no small pleasure. So that Sophia's letter, with this good account of you all, was the most welcome thing imaginable. By this change about your journey, I suspect you will miss some of your letters, which I am particularly sorry for at this time, as I fear that you will have had a thousand anxieties about poor William, whose accident, I conclude, was known at Nice to the Leitrim, etc. And when those reports get about 'tis so sad not to have particulars, that I am quite grieved about it. But it has not been anybody's fault, for, in order that you should hear as soon as possible, all the letters upon the subject were directed to Pau, which letters, I fear, you will not get now, and, therefore, I shall begin an account of it from the beginning.

Yesterday fortnight, the 19th of April, Colonel French and William went to the Play House, when a quarrel took place behind the scenes,

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

on Daly's ¹ beating one of the actors. And Mrs Daly, in her fright about her husband, came to the green curtain, and seeing William in the stage box, beseeched him to come to them. He attempted leaping upon the stage, but unfortunately fell upon the spikes, to the distress of the whole house, as I am told that it was the most frightful thing to see that was possible. There were two surgeons in the House, who came to his assistance. But Mr Lindsay was so quick, that he dressed the wounds, which I understand were happily safely placed, though in the neighbourhood of great danger, for that they were within an inch of a thousand sinews. One of the wounds was very deep. He had two in his thigh and two in his leg, but they are all doing as well as possible. He has suffered, I fear, a good deal of pain, poor soul, but has had scarcely any fever. He has been kept prodigiously low, lain in bed, and perspired very much. He got up yesterday, eat meat, and saw a good many people, is not the worse for it to-day; therefore he is stronger than we thought he could be in the time. I saw him again this morning, and he looks remarkably well. The delicacy which this pulling down has given him, in his looks, makes him so like you, that Emily and I are vastly struck with it. I trust and hope this account will make you perfectly easy about him; and I will now tell you all the poor Duchess's frights and fears. *He* wrote her word himself, that he had only scratched his leg, but should be at Carton in a day or two. Emily wrote me word that he begged she might be deceived, so when I went to her I was obliged to be in the same story, quite against my opinion, and saw that it would not do, for she had taken alarm, and suspected she was deceived. However, she remained quietly at Carton until the time was expired that he had promised to come. But when she found that, day after day, she was not to expect him, she grew so frightened that off she set to town, and was very wretched when she got there to find him so ill, and could not be satisfied about him, until they told her the whole truth. Power, who went to town with her, bled her, and she has been quite well ever since. Poor William was so flurried at seeing her, that it put him back, and gave him fever; but the next day he recovered, and

¹ Richard Daly (d. 1813), actor and theatrical manager; he opened Smock Lane Theatre, Dublin (1781), and became proprietor of Theatre Royal, Crow Street, which he opened in 1788 after an expenditure of £12,000 on its rebuilding and decoration. He had married some years previously Mrs. Lister, a popular actress and singer, and the possessor of considerable property.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

has continued well ever since. The Duchess certainly mistook her time of lying-in, and she does not expect now to lie in before the end of this month or the beginning of June. She, therefore, intends returning to Carton next Monday, and Mr Lindsay says that he shall let William follow her in a day or two afterwards, as he wishes to send him there as soon as possible. We are all well here, and desire a thousand loves to you all. I returned from town to-day, but have not room to tell you about the Commemoration, which I was at, and liked of all things. God bless you, dearest sister. Ever and ever most affectionately yours,

L. A. C.

Mr Napier begs I will mention his having written to Mr Ogilvie about the Duke of Leinster; for, as soon as we heard of the accident he went to town, saw Mr Lindsay, from whom he learnt all the particulars of the wounds, and wrote immediately to Mr Ogilvie; which letter, being directed to Pau, I suppose you will not get now. I have persuaded the Napiers not to leave us yet, so that she will certainly lie in here.

178. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, August the 7th, 1787

My dearest sister,

I am happy to tell you that dear Sarah was this morning safely brought to bed of a very fine boy;¹ but such a large child with such immense shoulders that it made her suffer very much. She says she never was so ill before, and is consequently very weak and full of pains. But she is, thank God, perfectly safe, so that quiet and good nursing, I hope, will soon restore her. She wished for a little girl, and so did I for her, as my conscience for ever reproaches me, for having got possession of her only little girl. She won't hear of taking her back, which out of principle I offer, though it would grieve me beyond the power of describing to part with my little angel, whom I do love a great deal too much. There is a scheme on foot about the Napiers, which is not yet concluded; and, therefore,

¹ Richard Napier (1787-1868), 4th son of Lady Sarah Napier; he became a Fellow of All Souls and a barrister; m. (1817) Anne Louisa (*née* Stewart), widow of William Staples; she d., 1867.

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I won't give way to it yet, as there have been already some checks about it. But I still hope it may succeed, as it is the first that I have seen likely to turn out for their advantage.

Mrs Deane's house at Celbridge is to be sold, Mr Conolly has offered for it, and if we get it Mr Napier proposes purchasing the house and part of the lands, at so much per year, which would secure a property for his family, and, in the mean time, settle them very pleasantly in our neighbourhood, where they may certainly live cheaper than in England. And, being so well known here, it is not necessary for them to live at any expense. They may at once say that they are not upon the plan of giving dinners, and, so near us, they will have society sufficient without the expense of it at home. Many other conveniences of horses they can have by being so near us, and, till the house is furnished, they will live on with us. The little hay and grass they will have to manage will be a wholesome employment for Mr Napier, and she will divert herself in that flower garden before the house, for ever. The house is a very excellent family house, and not too large for their family. They will have but two spare bed-chambers when their own family are lodged, which are quite enough; and less would not be so pleasant, as they would wish to have one room for Mr Patrick Napier, and a spare one besides. Sarah and I, as you may imagine, are vastly eager about it; but we dare not yet set our hearts upon it. Mr Napier's own thought it was originally, and he seems to like it vastly. Mr Conolly also thinks it is the very best possible thing for Mr Napier, and the most likely thing to draw him off, by degrees, from the Army. I really flatter myself that it is a prudent scheme for them, exclusive of the very great pleasure I shall have in it. And then it is not parting her and Emmy, which will be a great relief to my mind.

Dear Lady Barrymore is come, in charming spirits and health. She dined at Carton last Saturday, where I met her; and am to do so again next Thursday at Dean Marlay's. He will, at last, be a Bishop, for the Bishop of Ferns is dead, and the Duke of Rutland has wrote him a most obliging letter to appoint him to the new Bishopric, but we don't yet know which it will be. Mr Conolly is in the North, but went for so short a time that I gave it up, as I am very busy building a piggery, cow house, bullock house, stables and brew-house, which would not go on well without me. Love to all, and believe me, dearest sister, ever yours,

L. A. C.

[1787]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

179. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, December the 29th, 1787

My dearest sister,

It is really such an age since I wrote to you that I expect you to be angry, and yet I hope you won't ; not that I have a single good reason as an excuse, for, although my various occupations leave me very little time unemployed, yet I do not admit them as any excuse for not writing to you. I only comfort myself that your hurry in London has made it less perceivable ; and that when you come to eat some of the excellent pork, bacon, and ham that I hope our new piggery will afford, the good butter, cream and cheese that our new cow house (I hope) will produce, and the fine beef that our new bullock hovel will (I make no doubt) also furnish, I think you will pardon my neglect of writing, and allow that my time has been well-bestowed. Joking apart, we have engaged in a great deal of building of that sort which has required my constant attention, being the chief overseer, and having, as you know, great amusement in it. I am very proud of having made fifty cheeses this summer, which next year will nearly keep the family in that article, and my dairy is grown quite an object with me. We are just now in the midst of our Xmas party.

The Jephsons as usual. He is well, and consequently very pleasant, although he has met with a great disappointment in being turned out of his place. At Lord Mornington's request he has been made Comptroller of the Household, which is not a place that suits him as that of Master of the Horse did, which he had enjoyed for twenty-one years. Lord Buckingham¹ has shewn him a very mean sort of spite in this business, and acts inconsistently ; for he pleads (as I am told) Mr Jephson's having laughed at him and having no regard for him as a reason for displacing him, and wrote him a most mortifying letter upon the subject. Now, the fact is that Mr Jephson did *not* laugh at him ; on the contrary, was rather partial to Lord Buckingham, for a reason that always operates on his good heart, viz., that of thinking that Lord Buckingham was good to him. Lord Mornington cleared Mr Jephson of the imputation, but nothing

¹ George Nugent-Temple-Grenville, 1st Marquis of Buckingham (1753-1813) ; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782-3 and 1787-9 ; he m. (1775) Mary Elizabeth, 1st dau. of Robert Nugent, Earl Nugent.

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could move his inflexible temper, which, I understand, is very apparent upon all occasions where he has the power of oppressing ; which is the case with the poor Jephsons, whose *all*, I am grieved to think, depends upon the will of a Lord Lieutenant. I am inclined to believe that Lord Buckingham has that mean, revengeful temper, because he has acted quite differently in another case, where the person is out of his power, and whom he *knew* had laughed at him ; and yet is all *graciousness* to that person. I cannot bear that inconsistency, unless it is in favour of a kind action ; but he is, I believe, a nasty sort of man. Mr Conolly has been (as usual) to his levee, and will certainly support him, if he deserves it, and oppose him if he does not. Lady Buckingham will introduce good hours, which is one good thing ; but I have great apprehensions of the consequences of her being a Roman Catholic ; for I do think that at this time, 'tis a very dangerous circumstance. However, this poor island has had many escapes, and I trust in God will get safe out of the hands of this chief governor. I do suppose that Mr Pitt wished to get rid of him, and so sent him here, which was rather hard upon us. But the English certainly do use us very ill, and I really feel a *growing dislike* to the nation, upon that account. They really never seem to consider us but when they cannot help it.

I am very glad to hear that Henry is to act at Richmond House, for I am sure he will do Felix ¹ so well, and must be admired. Lucy's dress and appearance at Court was a fine paragraph in the papers ; I dare say she looked very well. Emily's visit to England, I suppose, did not surprise you, as nothing Lord Bellamont does can astonish one. I am sure the Queen is to be hooked in somehow or another into the reconciliation ; time will shew. The Lady Jocelyns are here, Mr Hobart, General Bruce, Mr Walpole, Mr Gardiner, and his brother, Robert, George Byng, and we expect Lady Granard and Mr Little ² to-morrow. For a couple of days we have had Lord and Lady Welles. I was rejoiced to see her, she is such an old friend of mine, and absence has not made the least alteration in our friendship, though we have not kept it up by corresponding. Poor Lady Pery suffers very much with the rheumatism and will go to Buxton as soon as

¹ Character in *The Wonder*. On 17 Dec., 1787, Horace Walpole wrote : " Lord Henry is a prodigy, a perfection—all passion, nature and ease ; you never saw so genuine a lover. Garrick was a monkey to him in *Don Felix*."

² In 1781 Revd. Samuel Little had married Lady Georgiana Augusta Berkeley, el. dau. of 4th Earl of Berkeley, and widow of George Forbes, 5th Earl of Granard.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

she can. The dear Pakenhams went home ten days ago ; I was very sorry not to keep them for our Xmas party, but Lady Longford has not been quite well and Mr Pakenham wished to stay with her. Harriet went with them to Coolure for a week, but returned on Thursday last, she has begun to wear powder, which everybody says becomes her, but I think it makes her look *old* and *sick*. Pray, give my love to Mr Ogilvie, etc. etc., and the same from all here to you and him. Adieu, my dearest sister, God bless you, and believe me ever most sincerely yours,

L. A. C.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1788

180. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, January the 4th, 1788

My ever dearest sister,

I received yours of the 22nd of last month, the very day after that I had written to you, and cannot express how full my heart has been ever since about you. I longed to sit down to write to you the minute I received your letter, which was on Sunday last, just as I was going down to breakfast in a great hurry, and determined after Church to answer it, when (as I was going to my writing table) Lord and Lady Roden arrived. The next day I was obliged to write cards of invitation to a very little ball that we had here on Wednesday, and to take some trouble about the dinner and supper of that day. All which prevented my having time to sit down in any comfort to assure you, my dearest sister, how vexed I am with myself for having neglected writing so long as I have done. I really and truly in my last told you what had made me so idle, and am glad that you had so good a guess at the cause ; but all this does not satisfy me, when I think of the lowness of your spirits, and that you wished to hear from me. Your expression, " a letter from my dear Louisa would be a great comfort to me," went to my heart ; and 'tis impossible for me to tell you how much I felt to *hate* myself for letting you be so long without hearing from me. I assure you I have not forgiven myself, and therefore *believe* it cannot happen again. I do suppose there may be something in the season that makes your spirits so very bad, for others have complained of the same thing during the damp weather, which disappeared to make way for one week of gentle snow and frost, which was of vast service here, and I hope was so to you ; though your sweet Ciss not being well is a subject of distress independent of all seasons ; but I trust in God she will not continue to alarm you. The place near Weymouth that you talk of, I have heard of as a most excellent substitute for the south of France ; but still I hope you will not find it necessary to carry her there.

I am happy to tell you that I believe there will be no occasion to

take Mr Ogilvie from you this year. Mr Conolly has wrote him word of all the politics that he knows of, by which he will see that there is no prospect of any material business coming on. Lord Buckingham is so popular at present with that amiable (but, in my opinion, ill-judging) Lord Charlemont¹ and other nominal patriots that there is no prospect of any opposition to him. *If* he does right, I shall be very glad ; for it is certainly much pleasanter to pass a session quietly, than in opposition. But from the character of the man I should hardly suppose that he would keep uniformly right ; and if he should be wrong, I am told that we are to expect him to be as obstinately so as if he were right ; this is a dangerous quality in a chief governor. I am sorry to hear that our dear brother is so anxious for this party, for I hate to have him vexed about anything, and particularly when it arises from his friends' differing in opinion with him, which you tell me he seems to feel so much at this time. It rejoices me to hear you say that you love him better than ever ; I like to have him in great favour with you, for he is *always* so with me. And whenever I have differed with him about anything, the feel with me has ever been that of *lamenting* it, without the least mixture of anger. I do love him dearly—that is certain ; and he has the pleasantest way of shewing one kindness that can be imagined. I hope his complaint was merely a cold, and that he has had none of his alarming bowel attacks.

I feel quite proud of Henry's good acting being seen in London, for I am sure that he will exceed all those that acted before at Richmond House. Lucy has made Mr Jephson quite happy with her letter, which is a very pretty one, and has been much admired, I assure you, for its unaffected and sensible style. We have all agreed that Henry must be in love with Mrs Damer, to play the part quite well ; and upon Sarah's observing this to William, he said, he looked upon *that* as secure, as she could make busts—and I do suppose they will have their effect ; so that through the means of her cold marble she may warm him into love, which sounds like a bull, but yet is likely enough to happen. I am glad that the whole thing diverts my brother, though a little surprised at his not being tired of it, as all the trouble falls upon him. Lady

¹ James Caulfield, 1st Earl Charlemont (1728–99) ; Irish statesman, who in 1780 was chosen commander-in-chief of the newly formed Irish Volunteers. A firm Whig, and a great opponent of the Irish Union, its near approach was thought to have hastened his end.

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Courtown¹ made me laugh with the account of the Duchess's part about it, whom she says is all good humour, but does not meddle in the least ; and goes so much her own way, that one night that the dining-room was occupied, she very quietly went down to the steward's room, and eat her supper there by herself. I think her vastly in the right not to be put out of her way by it, but think the story so like her, that it diverts me whenever I think of it.

You have pleased George Byng very much by your kind message to him, and [he] desires in return to be kindly remembered to you. Lady Anne, in a letter to Mr Conolly, mentions her visit to you, which pleased her as much as it did you ; for she says that your "charming manner cannot be expressed." I am very happy to hear that she looks so well. She is seventy-six at least, and is certainly an amazing well-looking woman of that age.

I am very sorry for your bad account of poor Charles Greville, for he is an amiable creature, and his mother doats on him. She is now at Summerhill, and would not engage in the Xmas party originally ; not but that Lady Roden, etc., was as likely to keep her away as anything I know. Poor Lady Roden never can be popular, for few people understand her ways, and as she is apt to speak her mind, they all come out, [and] *surprise* people ; and, I am sorry to see, often offends them. Lady Leitrim of old don't love her, and Lady Roden is never upon her guard about what she says to her ; and something went wrong t'other night between them, which I had not time to listen to, though Lady Roden wanted to tell it to me by way of *confession* in the middle of my little ball. Lady Leitrim is charming where she loves people, and, being a favourite with her, she is always pleasant to me, so that I love her, notwithstanding her *unpopularity* also, which I am very sorry to find increases with many people, and I cannot tell why. For she is so excessively good-natured, that it is impossible not to love her. I have had a fine mixture lately, for Lady Granard and Mr Little have passed some days here. She is more *queer* than ever—very pretty, for she is grown fat, which becomes her. She dresses better than she did, looks young, is in great spirits, and, in my mind, very diverting ; but I *see* that she surprises many people with all her oddities. She puts me vastly in mind of Lady Clifden in days of yore, who used to tell everything about herself, and laugh and cry

¹ Mary, dau. of Richard Powys, of Hintlesham Hall, Suffolk ; m. (1762) James Stopford, 2nd Earl of Courtown. She died 1810.

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LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

alternately about her misfortunes, which she really felt ; and so does Lady Granard, only 'tis in such an odd way.

Lord Buckingham has made Mr Little one of his chaplains, and, I understand, is to provide for him next to his first chaplain. Lady Buckingham is come, but as I am going for a few days to Coolure, I shall do nothing by her (more than a note), until my return. The Pitts have passed two days with us, and mean to go to England as soon as General Pitt can settle his business with the Lord Lieutenant, which I don't imagine will happen soon, as Lord Buckingham is reckoned as great a general as an Admiral, and enters into the minutest detail upon every subject. Take notice, that I had not this account from the Pitts. But I heard from others that he keeps the General four or five hours at a time. Mrs Pitt shewed me a letter from the poor Duchess of Rutland, that has entirely changed my opinion of her ; and, although I pitied her very much upon the Duke's death, which I thought she would feel, I had no idea of her feeling upon the subject as I see she does. The letter touches so naturally upon all the points that one should imagine would affect her, and she describes her misery so forcibly, that I pity her from my heart, and feel actually to love her. Poor soul, her head seems quite confused and stunned with the blow. I hope the Duchess of Beaufort is a comfortable sort of person, that will assist her in settling her mind. I long to put Blair's *Sermons* into her hand, if she does not already know them, as I am sure they would do her good.

Sarah desires her love to you. *She* has wrote several times to you, and I wonder at her letters having miscarried. She is very busy about her house, and place, which will be thoroughly comfortable when finished ; and as that can never be done with so much ease as at present, I encourage her to let all the expensive part of it be finished now. Mr Napier, I think, is to the full as much pleased with it as she is, and amuses himself with making his fences and ditches good, and planting rose trees. The season has been terrible, and the hunting very bad ; so much so, that I really believe the hounds will go soon. I rather encourage the giving them up, as I think the exercise is rather too much for Mr Conolly now, and he thinks so too.

We hear sometimes from Charlotte, whom I fear does not get much better by the accounts she gives of herself, poor soul ! She is vastly to be pitied for that [wretched] health, which must entirely destroy

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the comfort of her existence, and I do not wonder that she wishes it at an end. We were all very sorry that Sophia did not stay with her; and, to say the truth, I wonder at her not doing it. But if she has got her little head full of London amusement, and dress, it is accounted for. I am sorry that her pursuit lies that way, for I don't think that it answers (in the end) for anybody, let the prospect be ever so pleasing; and am, therefore, very glad that dear Lucy has not the same eagerness about pleasure.

Nothing flatters me more than your reckoning Lucy like me, because it proves what *your* partiality for me must be, my dearest sister. Without any sort of compliment, she is superior to me in every respect; and as her merits are not lost upon you, I am the more convinced of your blind affection for me, which is vastly pleasant to me, though it cannot convince me that I deserve the comparison. I look upon dear Lucy as an uncommon charming creature. You don't name the dear Mimi, but I hear from everybody that she is vastly improved. As you don't mention my brother, George, I imagine he has not yet been in town. Lady Granard tells me that Mrs Berkeley is in high beauty, and quite well. I hope the other dear girls are so too. All our little animals here are well. My monkey, Emmy, is so comical that I am now upon my guard that she should not grow pert. I love her a great deal too much, but she is so excessively attached to me that 'tis impossible to help it. But my looking grave or vexed is quite enough to bring her into order, she has so much heart. Love to Mr Ogilvie, etc., etc., and the same from all here to you—remember that the number is great among the friends and relations. God bless you, dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

[1791]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1791

181. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, March the 9th, 1791

You are too good, my dearest sister, in writing me such comfortable letters, when I am so abominably lazy about writing, and have not the same excuse you have, in the hurry of that detestable London. I am vastly glad to find you have got a good house, as that does make a great deal of difference in town, where one breathes such unwholesome air. It grieves me to make you envious, and yet I cannot help telling you what a pleasant walk I took this evening after dinner (though we did not dine till half past five), round the plantations and riverside. The heavenly weather we have had for this week past makes it impossible to stay one minute in the house. The weather glass has stood at one degree below *settled fair* these last four days, and the bright sunshine puts one in the greatest spirits; I never remember such a fine March since I was at Paris with you. There has been a very bad influenza, which I hope this fine weather will carry off. Mr Conolly has been extremely ill with it, but, thank God, is now recovering, though very weak after it. Last Thursday seven-night he came from town, feeling himself so ill that he took James's powders and a whole paper had no visible effect. But I believe they saved him from a violent fever. He had a spitting for seven days and nights, with a most violent cough that had no interruption; and the loss of sleep wore him sadly. But I believe it was of the greatest service to him, for what came up was such sad stuff as I never saw, and not his old spitting from phlegm. These last four days it has ceased, and his cough almost gone. He has rested well, and, with care, I am sure will be well soon. But I look upon the House of Commons as so dangerous for him now that I have made it quite a point with him not to think of it yet.

Poor Sally grows very grumpy and uncomfortable. I am sorry to think she has still two months more to endure it. I am vastly obliged to you for your particular account of poor Charles Lennox, whose state of health I feel vastly frightened about; but hope if it is (as reported) from intemperance in living, that it is not so dangerous as from disorder, because he may stop that cause, and I trust he will. What a loss he would be to the family! Next to

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

his wife, I should pity my brother, Richmond, most ; whom, I believe, still loves him better than his father does.

What you tell me of Louisa Lennox is so extraordinary, that there is no comprehending it ; for I thought that if she was attached to anything but herself in this world, it was to her son. You describe the Duchess of Gordon¹ as good-natured and feeling ; but I have an idea of her being such a *possédée* that, to say the truth, her distress upon the occasion would never have entered into my head if you had not mentioned it. I am very glad you have pleaded for poor Lady Charlotte's going abroad with Charles, for she is most sincerely attached to him. Your son, Charles, made us a friendly pleasant visit t'other day, dined and slept here. Comical as ever, he came in saying, "a courtier coming out of town [on] the Queen's birthday to visit you—what say you to that ?" I was vastly happy to see him, and obliged to him for coming. Henry and Edward have attended the House constantly, and are amusing themselves in Dublin. You never saw anything happier than William seems in having them at Leinster House with him. The Duchess left me to-day. She is much better. Lady FitzGibbon,² and *Blather and Skite* (as Tom Pakenham calls Mrs Richardson) left me yesterday. Poor Lady FitzGibbon is breaking her heart about the loss of her children ; it has affected her health, which is never good, and she looks wretchedly. According to the ideas of the world, she has been drove into it too soon after her misfortunes ; it has shattered her nerves, and she [is] ready to cry at everything. She told me she had not had two such good nights sleep this long long time as she had here, and was better for the two quiet days she passed here with nobody but her mother and the Duchess. You may guess after this *true* account of her, poor soul, whether those strange stories can be founded. But the odd thing is that they must have originated in England, for there never was the smallest ground here for such a report. The Chancellor³ very properly will take some steps with the English printers about it. Yours ever.

¹ Jane, dau. of Sir William Maxwell, 3rd Bt. ; m. (1767) Alexander Gordon, 4th Duke of Gordon.

² Anne, el. dau. of R. C. Whaley, of Whaley Abbey, Co. Wicklow ; m. (1786) John FitzGibbon, Lord FitzGibbon (cr. Earl of Clare), Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

³ John FitzGibbon, Lord FitzGibbon (1749-1802) ; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, 1789-1802. In 1795, he was cr. Earl of Clare. He maintained throughout his political life an uncompromising resistance to all popular movements in Ireland, and especially to attempts to improve the position of the Catholics.

[1794]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1794

182. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, March the 31st, 1794

My dearest sister,

Major Bligh, in his way to Kilkenny with his regiment, called here on Friday last, and told me that he had seen you all the day before he left London, and that you were all well and in good looks, particularly Mimi, whom he tells me is quite beautiful. I had a great deal of chat with him, and heard a great deal about the Army on the continent last summer, which informed me of many things I had never heard of before. Mary Anne and I were quite alone at Castletown, for after Mrs Pakenham sailed, Harriet remained in Dublin for a week with Mr and Mrs Staples, and Mr Conolly was with his militia; so that, having dined at half after three, we were out after dinner when Major Bligh came, and he went to dine at Celbridge, which I was quite sorry for. But I sent after him, and he came in the evening, supped, and slept here. He appears to me good-natured (by many things that dropped from him in the course of conversation about the army), and I don't think is the *possédé* that I thought him in London.

Talking of the dear Mimi's beauty, by a *chain* of thoughts, it reminds me of Miss Farren; ¹ and I want to know if all that business will be settled now, since poor Lady Derby is dead. I think it almost a farce his putting on mourning, but if custom does require that he should do so, I hope he will fix the time for his marriage. For it has been such an awkward situation for a length of years, that the sooner it's done, and the talk (about it) over, the better. I have so good an opinion of Miss Farren, that I am interested it should all go on well for her.

Mr Conolly has been absent this last month with his militia, but comes home to-morrow for a day or two. The regiment is come

¹ Elizabeth Farren (1759-1829), actress. On 1 May, 1797, she married Edward, 12th Earl of Derby, whose first wife had died on 14 Mar. previously. Lord Derby treated her with much respect, introducing her to his female friends and obtaining her the patronage of the Duke of Richmond, at whose house in Whitehall she presided over a series of amateur performances. After her marriage she retired from the stage professionally.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to Drogheda, where it is to be quartered for this year, which is charming for me, as it will not take Mr Conolly four months from home as it did last summer. The distance is just a good ride for him, that I am in hopes will do him a great deal of good, and not hurry him too much. He writes me word that he has been vastly well since he left home. I was in town yesterday, to attend and collect at the annual sermon for the poor little female orphans; and we had a charming collection of £819—notwithstanding the disappointment of poor Mr Kirwan's ¹ illness, who was so desirous of preaching that he came into the pulpit looking wretchedly, and after trying to speak for about ten minutes was visibly so ill that the congregation all begged him to give it up. 'Twas affecting, for I never saw a man more distressed; and I think it was to the credit of the congregation that the contributions should afterwards be so good. Sophia was there, Lady Edward.² The Duchess's heart failed her, about the crowd and heat, which, to be sure, was dreadful. I dined with Lady Roden afterwards and returned in the evening. She is vastly well this year, and Lord Roden remarkably so, all to a weakness in his limbs, that at his time of life is to be expected. You cannot think how much the FitzGeralds are liked, they are sweet girls, and deserve to be as popular as they are.

My monkey, Emmy, is the delight of my life, though *every day* I am obliged to *scold* about something or other, but they are things of no sort of consequence; everything *material* is all right with her, thank God, and she will be (I do believe) a heavenly creature—a *diverting* one into the bargain. After reading in the bible with me to-day, and talking over the crime of deceit, she assured me she had much rather be a *coquette* than a prude; for that a prude pretended to be good, which she thinks a most shocking crime, without being so, and that a coquette, was only being very silly, and did no harm, except that the person was laughed at, which, to be sure, was not *pleasant*, but then it was not *wicked*. I agreed with her, and told her she judged quite right; and then we went on gravely with our reading. Love to all. Adieu, dearest sister. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

¹ Walter Blake Kirwan (1754–1805), afterwards Dean of Killala. Educated in the Jesuit College of St. Omer and at Louvain, he became a Protestant in 1787. He was a brilliant preacher, and his services were eagerly sought for charity sermons.

² Pamela (1776–1831), supposedly the dau. of Madame de Genlis by the Duke of Orleans; m. (1792) Lord Edward FitzGerald.

[1794]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

183. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Dublin, April the 12th, 1794

I have been wishing to write to you these three days past, my ever dearest sister, knowing how anxiously you would expect a letter from me after the great shock I met with, in the *very, very* sudden death of my poor Mary Anne.¹ But my coming to town has obliged me to see so many people that I have been kept in a great hurry (perhaps so best at first), and have not yet had time to settle my scattered thoughts, so full of the events that *three* days brought about. However, [I] cannot leave town without telling you that we are all better. Poor Mr Conolly has been terribly affected, and it fell very much upon his nerves, as it has done upon my dear Harriet's. But, thank God, they are both better, and Lindsay assures me I need not be uneasy about either of them, for that the complaint in their heads proceeded only from the shock, and that their pulses were in no way affected.

Your two letters about my dear brother, Richmond, found me in town, and you may easily believe what a cordial the last was to me after the first, which at all times would have alarmed me and just at this moment, when I thought that the most trifling illness might end fatally in a few hours, I was worked up to a great degree of anxiety about the accounts that your next would bring me. Thank God, I received it yesterday, and with the great consolation of that dear brother being better. It is having given up his business gave me more satisfaction than you can conceive, for I had been speaking to Lindsay in the morning about your first account of him, and he had said so much to me about the impossibility of his getting well during those uncommon exertions of business that my brother's department must now give him, that he said, "If that person lived, who could have influence enough on him to make him give it up, they ought to do it, to save his life." I could not flatter myself that *I* could do it, but was determined to contribute my mite towards it by writing to him immediately; and, therefore, was most happily relieved by your letter, which tells me of his

¹ Mary Anne FitzGerald, dau. of George Robert ('Fighting') FitzGerald; she died in Lady Louisa's arms, and was buried at Celbridge.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

actually having resigned the business to Sir William Howe,¹ and Sir William Pitt,² two men in whom he can so well confide. I will, therefore, trust in God that the fixing of the gout may yet be accomplished, and that his precious health may be restored. I shall trust to you, my dearest sister, for constant accounts of him—you know how dearly I love him.

By Mrs Pakenham's having left town last Monday you will not have seen the letter I wrote her, with a full account of poor Mary Anne's illness and death, which I desired her to shew you, and afterwards to send to Sarah, to save me a painful repetition of the melancholy scene that has left my mind so full of thought. You will understand them, my dearest sister. Her death happening in a manner before I could *conceive* her ill, has left a sort of terror on my mind lest anything was neglected; and I ransack my poor brain to recollect all the particulars of her complaint to trace the neglect, if there was any. But Lindsay assures me nothing could have saved her; the state of her blood was so foul that the most trifling illness was sufficient to produce the very malignant and rapid fever of which she died, and of which he had never seen more than two instances of in the course of his practise. The bad state of her blood, I believe, is to be accounted for by her imprudence, in the frequent, *improper* wetting of feet, keeping on damp clothes and subjecting herself to the sudden transitions of colds and heats, which I had so frequently preached against to no purpose, and, I may say, was the *only* thing in which she ever disregarded what I said to her. Her constitution had a tendency to obstructions of every kind, bowels and pores, so that Mr Lindsay observed how difficult it must (consequently) be to subdue a fever in her. This is all true, and I endeavour to be persuaded of it, as the shock and surprise begins to abate. I am now going home, to get over all the unpleasant feels that the weak part of one's nature is susceptible of, and shall think that her change was particularly for her happiness. Her constitution certainly gave a turn to her mind that prevented the enjoyment that most young people of her age have; she liked few people and few things, and

¹ Sir William Howe (1729-1814), General; bro. of Richard, Earl Howe, whom he succ. as 5th Visct. in 1799. He had a distinguished record in the American War; General (1793); commanding Northern, and later Eastern, District.

² Sir William Augustus Pitt (1728-1809), General; bro. of George Pitt, 1st Lord Rivers; Governor of Portsmouth, 1794-1809.

[1794]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

grew tired of all amusements in their turns, and certainly never could be called very happy. But still I must regret her, as a most dutiful, affectionate and grateful child, whose heart and disposition were excellent, and her love of justice and truth (directed by very remarkable good sense) very conspicuous in all her actions. Her good nature to the poor and all the servants when living had attached them vastly to her, and her will proves how seriously she had reflected upon all those matters. Her particular gratitude to me in it, you may be sure, has made a deep and lasting impression on my heart, and I shall always retain the memory of her with tenderness. Many people have been alarmed about the malignity of this fever, which, had it had time, Mr Lindsay says, would have been dangerous. But as it is, be at ease about me, for I am certain of being well ; and took all the necessary precautions when I indulged myself in not quitting her bed-side from the moment I heard she was in danger ; and, you may be sure, feel much happier now than if I had left her to others. I saw myself every assistance given that could be supposed to contribute to her ease ; and if she was sensible (of which I doubt) I had the consolation of thinking that she never missed me from her bed-side, and that my voice was the last thing she heard. I cannot tell you of what use the scene was to me, for I had never been present at the very last moment of a person's existence, though often within a few minutes of it. And it is by no means what I had figured to myself it was. And I verily believe that (dear soul) she died in her sleep. I am glad I am come to the bottom of my paper, for I have said enough to satisfy you about what I am sure you wished to know, and the dwelling longer on a subject that I must look at only *one* way is keeping up the agitation that is to me so painful a state. So God bless you, dearest sister, and with my love to Mr Ogilvie and the dear girls. Pray tell them how anxiously and earnestly I entreat them to recollect the fatal effect of imprudence about health ; you cannot wonder I should now be a great coward. God bless you once more, and believe me ever yours,

L. A. Conolly.

The legacies, they say, put us into deep mourning. I am glad of it, feeling gratified at putting on a parent's mourning.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

184. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, October the 30th, 1794

I dined at Carton yesterday, and heard there, my dearest sister, with very great concern, of the death of poor Mrs Lynch,¹ whose loss, I am sure, would deeply affect you and your dear girls. And, I fear, in some degree has been aggravated by the suddenness of her death and short illness, which, however happy for herself, always adds something to the shock one feels upon these occasions. Her wretched state of health for so many years past must the sooner reconcile you to the event ; but I feel very much for what it must cost you now, and fear that many past scenes, where her tenderness bore so great a part, are recalled afresh to your mind. It is always the case ; and I know too well what deep impressions they have left on you not to be apprehensive of your spirits being very low, which makes me wish to hear from you, dearest, dear sister ; and was what immediately conquered my abominable laziness, which, I am sorry to say, has rather increased this year, after the low spirits I was in the beginning of the summer. I do believe that there is a period in grief when indolence insensibly comes on ; and it should be checked, for it is a sad state to be in, under any circumstance whatever. I have lately roused myself in consequence of finding it grow upon me, and I hope soon to shake it quite off. I am to do a very disagreeable thing next week, which will be very good for me ; and that is, the going to Drogheda for about ten days or for a fortnight, in order to give dinners and little dances to the neighbourhood of that place, who have shewn Mr Conolly and his Derry militia quartered there, every kind of civility.

The fine weather has been very much broken for these last six weeks, which has finished the summer earlier than usual ; and is, therefore, the best time for leaving home, though for planting it is just the thing. I have been very busy putting down a great many evergreens in our shrubbery, which in two or three years I expect will be quite beautiful. But it is astonishing to think how many plants it takes to fill a place completely. I am delighted at hearing that you have amused yourself in that way at Boyle Farm ; it is good for you, and I know it always diverts you. I hear that dear Lady Edward

¹ Emily, Duchess of Leinster's housekeeper, who was greatly beloved by members of the FitzGerald family.

[1794]

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

has got a very fine child, and quite as *large* as anybody's child. I am to go and see her on Saturday next, but would not go sooner, as I do think it such a sad thing to worry people too soon, particularly as she did not want my nursing, having had Lady Bellamont with her the whole time, whom I am sure has been so comfortable to her. Edward I expect to see with the happiest face. And the nursing goes on so well that their domestic enjoyments are complete. Dear souls, God preserve them to them is my sincere wish. Dear Sal is arrived safe at Derry, where Donny is going on very well with his recruiting, and I hope it will answer to him; but the Government is much harder upon the Derry regiment than it has been with most of the other new raised regiments. However, I trust in God that a peace cannot be far off, and then it won't signify. What an odd business all this has been about Lord FitzWilliams's ¹ coming, and Lord Westmoreland's ² staying:—the friends on both sides being equally positive. But Mr Conolly never thought that Lord Westmoreland would be removed, and I fancy he will prove to be right at last. I own it has diverted me a little to see the *long faces* upon the occasion, for I was not sufficiently interested to have a wish about it. The coalition in England appears to me so unpromising as to any good for the country, that I could not be sanguine about Lord FitzWilliams's coming here; although I have the highest respect and good opinion of him. I have only room to say adieu, dearest sister, and my love to all around you. Ever yours,

L. A. C.

¹ William Wentworth-Fitzwilliam, 4th Earl Fitzwilliam (1748-1833), Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1794-95.

² John Fane, 1st Earl of Westmoreland (1759-1841); Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1790-4. He opposed Catholic Emancipation, and was recalled by Pitt in January, 1795.

LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1805

185. *Lady Louisa Conolly to Duchess of Leinster*

Castletown, May the 14th, 1805

My dearest sister,

Yours of the 27th (and finished on the 29th of last month) I have to thank you for, and to say how much pleasure it gave me in the general good account, or at least amendment in the state of the invalids on your side of the water, both as to body and mind. My dear brother's health, I confess did alarm me much, but I have had such a positive and satisfactory letter concerning it, from Mr Guy, added to your account, and one from Henriette ¹ to the same purpose, as has relieved my mind; and reconciled me to pursuing on the course of business that was a great object with me for returning here at the time I did, but which I could not settle to with effect while I thought that my poor brother might want me. But, thank God, finding that he is got back in mind and body pretty much to that state in which I left him, I am satisfied, and will attend now to many things that I think may turn out serviceable to those I love. In the first place, I am happy to tell you that I think our dear Sarah's mind is making a progress towards composure and arrangement; ² and I cannot help flattering myself that the life she leads here will enable her to form a contentment of mind for hereafter. Her business goes on slow (as I think all business does); but her auction, as far as it has gone, has been as productive as she expected. The letting or selling Celbridge hangs on still; she cannot get decisive answers yet from the persons concerned. And if selling is to be the issue, she must then go through some forms of chancery to make the title good; so that these delays are, of course, a little teasing, but perhaps the exertion and occupation of it do her good. The rest of us are all well, and we are in the pleasant expectation of the hourly arrival of the dear Dunlo's (Clancartys I should say ³).

¹ Henriette Le Clerc, nat. dau. of Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond.

² Lady Sarah's husband, Col. Napier, had died on Oct. 13th, 1804.

³ Richard Le-Poer Trench, 2nd Earl of Clancarty (1767-1837); succ. his father, April, 1805; m. (1796) Henrietta Margaret, 2nd dau. of Hon. John Staples by his 1st wife, Harriet Conolly; she d., 1847.

[1805]

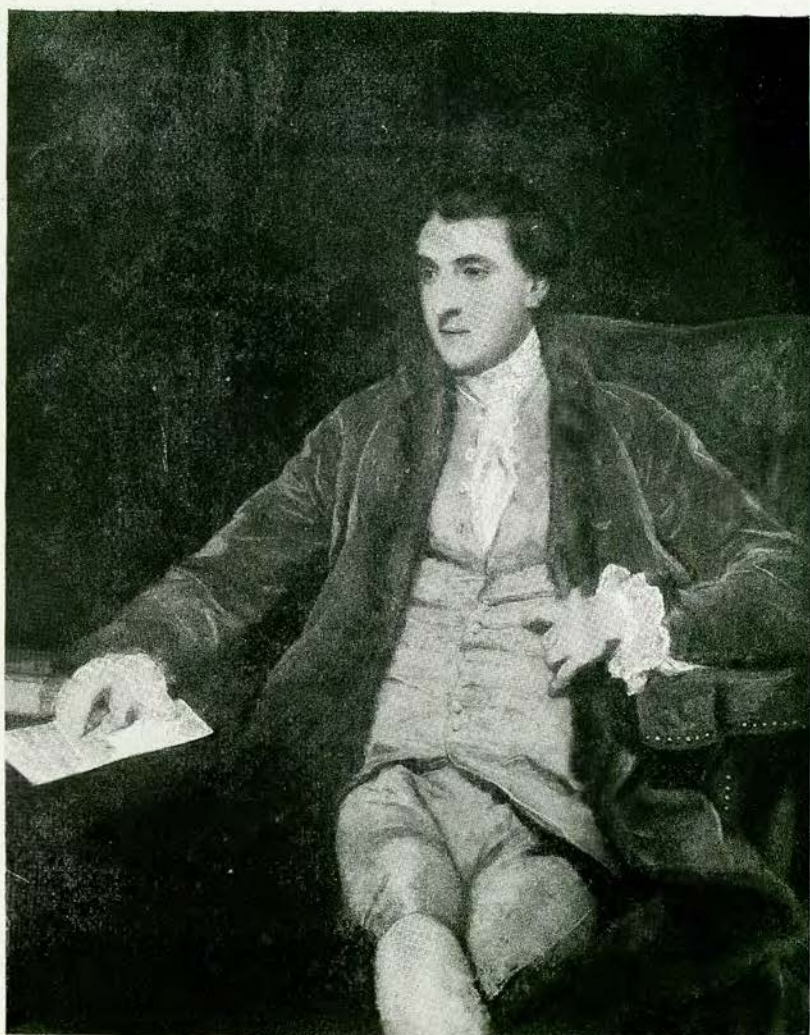
LADY LOUISA CONOLLY TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

You are, I hope, by this time made happy in seeing dear Lucy, whom I trust in God is well again. For indeed, she frightens one with her severe illnesses. And, indeed, I most truly rejoice in our suffering Cecilia being better. Dear Lucy's visit will do her good, I am sure. Lord Holland's return, and the Beauclercs to meet him, with the addition of the Foleys,¹ forms a prospect of *delight* for you at present, my dearest sister as my heart enjoys for you, you may easily conceive. And I have only left myself room to say how sorry I am that poor Le Cale ² is so much his own enemy, which I had hoped your influence would have diminished. I don't know that Sir Edward Littlehales is in Dublin just now, and, therefore, will not make you pay for a double letter, as I had not anything material to say; and [in] another letter shall tell you how I enjoy the *dab* (the very proper philippic) you have dealt out against the young mothers of the day, poor foolish dears! But they will grow wiser by time. Yours dearest sister, most affectionately,

L. A. C.

¹ Lady Lucy FitzGerald had married (1802) Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir) Thomas Foley, R.N.

² Lord Charles FitzGerald was cr. (1800) Baron Lecale of Ardglass, Co. Down. He had voted in favour of the Union.



[Copyright Country Life

WILLIAM, 2ND DUKE OF LEINSTER

From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

LETTERS
OF
WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE
(SECOND DUKE OF LEINSTER)

1766

186. *William, Lord Ophaly, to Emily, Marchioness of Kildare*

Lyons,¹ October 16th, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I hope you received my letter dated the 9th of this month. I believe we leave this place on Sunday next. Lady Holland proceeds by land for Naples. We go from this to Avignon by water ; we shall be two days. If the weather is fine it'll be very pleasant ; if it is bad it will very disagreeable as it is a very bad contrived boat. I am glad that Lord Holland means to sleep ashore ; for, as he first intended, to sleep in the boat wou'd have been very bad. He, thank God, continues well and in good spirits. I think rather mends every day. I hope the sea air that he is so fond of won't be too much, as we shall be a good while at sea.

I propose myself great pleasure in Italy ; as it is a country I have long wished to see.

I hear there is good riding and fencing at Naples—two very good and very agreeable exercises. The worst is the bad Italian. There

¹ After leaving the academy near Paris, William, accompanied by Charles James Fox, proceeded to Lyons, where he joined Lord and Lady Holland. Stephen Fox, and his wife, Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, were also there. They were delayed at Lyons by Lord Holland's ill-health.

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

is to be great doings this year. The King of Naples ¹ comes of age and is to be married and crowned. I was yesterday to see a convent of monks called the Chartreuse.² They are a set of very religious monks that never speak to one another but Monday and Thursday. They have each of them a cell, which contains two rooms and a little garden for them to work in. They all dine together of a Sunday and must not speak. They never eat meat or broth made of meat ; they eat nothing but fish and eggs, and that is given them through a little door made in the wall. This is a great silk manufacturing town ; remarkable for brocaded silks. It is very pretty to see them make them. I hope Ladies Emily ³ and Cecilia ⁴ have received my letters. Pray my love to them and Lord Kildare, and to dear Charles,⁵ etc., etc. I suppose their coughs are well by this time so you may venture to kiss Eddy ⁶ twenty times for me. I suppose all except you are warming themselves over the fire. To-day is the coldest day I have felt since I came to France, yet I am sitting close to the window with it open. I suppose you are still and likely to remain at Carton which will soon begin to look dismal by the fall of the leaves. I hope Lady Louisa Conolly will return back to Ireland soon, as I believe Lady Sarah ⁷ still continues her intentions of coming to Italy. I am sorry we shan't have Lord Carlisle ⁸ with

¹ Ferdinand IV (III of Sicily, and I of the Two Sicilies) (1751-1825), King of Naples. When his father ascended the Spanish throne as Charles III in 1759, Ferdinand succeeded him as King of Naples, under a regency presided over by the Tuscan Bernardo Tanucci. Ferdinand's minority ended in 1767, and his first act was the expulsion of the Jesuits. In 1768 he m. the cruel and masterful Maria Carolina, dau. of the Empress Maria Theresa. Their reign was marked by cruelty and intolerance.

² A Carthusian monastery ; it should not be confused with the Grand Chartreuse, which is at Grenoble.

³ Lady Emily Maria Margaret FitzGerald (1752-1818), eldest surv. dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster) ; m. (1774) Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont.

⁴ Lady Cecilia Margaret Lennox, youngest dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond. She d. (unmarried) in 1769, aged 20 years.

⁵ Lord Charles James FitzGerald (1756-1810) ; he was 3rd, but 2nd surv. s. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster) ; cr. (1800) Baron of Lecale, of Ardglass, Co. Down ; m. (1808) Julia, widow of Thomas Carton, of Monkestown, Co. Kildare. He entered the Royal Navy, becoming Rear-Admiral in 1799. He was a member of both Irish and English Houses of Parliament.

⁶ Lord Edward FitzGerald.

⁷ Lady Sarah Bunbury.

⁸ Frederick Howard (1748-1825), 5th Earl of Carlisle.

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

us in Italy. Ste Fox and Lady Mary ¹ set out yesterday for Geneva, for to see his old acquaintance. They are to meet Lady Holland at Turin. For fear my last letter should have miscarried, I'll give you my direction at Naples. At Mess. Wills & Leigh, *Banquiers*, at Naples. As Lord Holland has his directed to his *banquier*, but he is not the same. My love to Lady Dowager Kildare.²

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Ophaly.

Bolle³ continues well and in very good spirits.

187. *William, Lord Ophaly, to Emily, Marchioness of Kildare*

Lyons, October 19th, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I am much obliged to you for your obliging letter and the inclosed verses. They are delightful. I have long expected that Mr Ward would have come with something or his friend Tarrant.

To be sure I envy you dining at Waterstown ⁴; it is delightful for you to have the weather fine enough at this time a year. The weather here is grown cold; the morning and evening are very cold. We yesterday went to see a country house of Madame la Comtesse de Varras. It is about a mile out of town. It stands very high; it commands the finest prospect in the world. The ground rises [and] falls prettily. A fine view of the Saône; a great deal of wood. The view is directly like the views about Bath, only in large. We leave this place a Tuesday next. To be sure I rather should have liked to be of the land party; but I am very well content as it is, as I am resolved not to be sick, and as it is in a large ship I dare say I shall keep up to my resolution. Lord Holland, Charles ⁵ and I go down the fine river Rhône, which I am told is very pleasant. We

¹ Stephen Fox, eldest son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland. This same year he had m. Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, eldest dau. of John Fitzpatrick, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. He succeeded his father in 1774, and died the same year, aged 29.

² Lady Mary O'Brien, 1st dau. of William O'Brien, 3rd Earl of Inchiquin; m. (1708-9) Robert FitzGerald (1675-1744), 19th Earl of Kildare.

³ Lord Ophaly's tutor.

⁴ A shell cottage in the Carton demesne.

⁵ Charles James Fox (1749-1806).

[1766]

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

shall be two days going to Avignon ; from Avignon to Nîmes ; from Nîmes to Arles ; from do : to Aix in Provence [and] Marseilles, where I shall have the pleasure of writing to you again. Please God when I return from Italy, it will be over the Alps. I hope Lord Kildare will have no objection, if Ste Fox or any party should go to Venice to see the Carnival, to my going. Lord Holland, thank God, continues mending. I am glad to find your riding agrees with you and that you have got tolerable horses. Pray, who is the man that has the care of you ? I suppose Savage, as he is the most careful. I suppose your eyes are quite well ; and that the children have got rid of their coughs. Is Mrs Grey still at Carton ? How does her husband go on with Charles's writing.

I can very well fancy the Speaker ¹ in a passion and Lord Drogheda² very dismal.

I am very sorry that Lady Elizabeth was so ill, but she is by this time quite recovered ; I suppose she is in Dublin. I am glad you have got my picture from Collins ; you are rather lucky, in getting it so soon. I hope you have received my letters of October 2nd, 9th, [and] 16th. Bolle hopes you'll excuse him not writing this day as he has just been blooded of a little feverish cold, but I hope it'll be nothing at all. I hope that the fine climate of Naples will agree with him. Pray, do you know anything of Mrs Agar ? ³ If I knew where she was I would write to her. I hear the *honest, worthy John Calcraft* ⁴ Esq is to be made an Irish peer. My love to all the family at Carton, Blackrock etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me, your affectionate son,

Ophaly.

¹ Rt. Hon. John Ponsonby (1713-89), 2nd s. of Brabazon Ponsonby, 1st Earl of Bessborough. He was Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 1756-71.

² Charles Moore, 6th Earl of Drogheda (1730-1822), cr. (1791) Marquis of Drogheda. He was a Lord Justice of Ireland, 1766-67.

³ Lucia (1732-1802), widow of Hon. Henry Boyle-Walsingham ; m. (1760) James Agar, afterwards Viscount Clifden.

⁴ John Calcraft (1726-72), sometime friend of Lord Holland, who was responsible for his rise to power.

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE188. *William, Lord Ophaly, to Emily, Marchioness of Kildare*

Marseilles the 29th of October, 1766

Received of the Earl of Ophaly the sum of one hundred louis d'ors, which makes that of two thousand four hundred livres French money at 20 sols per livre, which I am to be accountable for by me. £2400.

A. Bolle.

My dearest Mother,

I am sorry that I am obliged to trouble you with the above receipt ; I can assure [you] that it makes me very unhappy when I think of the sums I have drawn for. Yet at the same time, it is my utmost endeavours to be as little extravagant as possible.

Lord Holland, Charles and I arrived here on Tuesday last. We came down the Rhône. Lord Holland went as far as Avignon ; Charles and I came no farther than a place called Pont du St Esprit. From thence we went to Nîmes, which is a city in Languedoc. It was a very great city in the time of the Romans. It is remarkable for the well preserved antiquities ; there is a building that is called *la Maison Quarrée*,¹ built thirty years before the birth of Christ. It is so well preserved that you hardly take [it] to be more than fifty years old ; the columns are of the Corinthian order. There is also an amphitheatre built a hundred years later ; it is reckoned the most complete of any that is remaining. It is oval ; it is French measure 180 toise or English fathom in circumference, the great diameter is 63, the small is 47, and the height is 10 toise 4 feet 6 inches. It is said to have contained 20 thousand people ; and the foolish people have built all the inside with little dirty cabins. There is also about twelve miles from the town a bridge called the Pont du Gard, it is said was built for the conveyance of water to the amphitheatre. It is in a bottom between two mountains. It has three rows of arches one a top of the other ; it is directly like three bridges one a top of the other. The height is twenty five fathom 5 feet. The lower arches are six in number, 10 ditto 4 feet in height ; in the second row there is twelve arches, of 10 fathom 2 feet in height ; the third row has 36 arches, 3 fathom 4 feet in height ; and at the top there is a little cove passage where the water used to pass from

¹ The Maison Carrée, a temple built in the style of the Parthenon.

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WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

one mountain to the other. They say it was built at the same time as the amphitheatre.

We also saw what they call the Roman baths, which is but lately found out. They always knew there was a spring, which caused a little rivulet strong enough to turn a mill; and digging to find where the spring was they found under ground remains of old bath, supposed to be made by the Romans. They have built little walls round them and have made a public parterre for everybody to walk.

I believe we sail to-morrow. I dread the sea very much, for I went out a little way to sea to-day to see our ship and was very sick. But I hope after the first day it'll go off. Lord Holland is not so well as he was at Lyons, but is better today.

My love to all friends at Carton, where I suppose you are at present.

This is a handsome town, well built, a fine quay and harbour for ships. The King of France's ¹galleys are [here]; it is very shocking to see the poor people working with a great heavy chain to their legs.

My love to Lady Dowager and Charles. I am, my dearest Mother,
yours, Ophaly.

My last was the 19th of October.

Marseilles, 30th of October, 1766.

189. *William, Lord Ophaly, to Emily, Marchioness of Kildare*

Naples, November 17th, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I hope you received my last letter of 11th inst., and that you are so kind as to forgive the shortness of it, as I was but just landed and the post going out, as it only goes out once a week. Lord Holland has bore his journey and sea voyage very well; I think he grows better and better every day. Lady Holland is not yet arrived; I am afraid by all accounts that she will have very disagreeable travelling, as the roads are very bad and accommodations worse. We have a very good house, but the misfortune is that the best apartment is up three pairs of stairs, which is very disagreeable. Lord Holland is carried up and down. But it is the case with all

¹ Louis XV (1710-74); he had succ. Louis XIV in 1715.

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

the best houses of this town. We have the sea close to our windows. We have a side view of Vesuvius, but the burning is on the other side of us, so we see nothing but smoke in the day time, at night a redness in the sky. Charles Fox and I were there the other evening, but we did not go quite to the top, but just to see the *lavre*, which runs down in streams; but it is nothing to what it was in April last, when it was in one stream of 2 miles broad and four long. It has been running ever since Good Friday last. The knowing ones seem to think it must stop soon, though the inhabitants about wish it to continue. Mr Hamilton,¹ who is our Minister, is a great connoisseur; he is a very civil and obliging man, and so is his wife. They have been so obliging as to introduce Charles and I to almost all the first people here, who are very fond of the English. We have been to two balls and concerts. One was at the Princess Franckavilla. They danced English country dances, which the people of this country are very fond of; I am but a bad hand, and know no country dance. The other ball was at the Princess Bella Monte—one of the handsomest Neapolitan ladies. I am to go to-night after the opera to [the] Venetian Ambassador. In short, if Naples continues as agreeable as it is at present, it will be very pleasant; but what I hear it is not always so. But all these balls [and] concerts are for the Prince of Brunswick,² who is here at present but goes on Wednesday. It is amazing the fatigue he undergoes here. He is up every morning at 6 o'clock and out seeing the curiosities all morning; he comes home about twelve, dresses himself and goes to a great dinner; afterwards to a ball, where he dances till two or three o'clock in the morning. He is very much liked here, he is so very civil to everybody. He dances out of mere complaisance, as the balls are made on purpose for him, and if he did not dance there would be no dancing. The youngest Prince of Mecklenburgh³ is here also, but they do not mind him at all, as he was introduced at Court as a German Count in the Austrian service. He proposes staying here some time. He is very good

¹ (Afterwards Sir) William Hamilton (1730–1803), diplomatist and archaeologist. He was Envoy to Naples, 1764–1800. His first wife was formerly Miss Barlow.

² Karl William Ferdinand, Hereditary Prince of Brunswick (1735–1806); succ. his father Karl I, as Duke in 1780; German general; m. (1764) Augusta (1737–1813), el. dau. of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

³ Prince Charles of Mecklenburg. He was bro. of Queen Charlotte of England.

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

humoured, talks English very well. They call him here, when they speak to him, nothing but 'Sir' or 'Prince Charles,' and treat him with more respect by calling him 'Monseigneur' ou 'Vôtre Altesse,' which pleases him very much as he is not used to it.

I forgot to mention that I supped at the Princess Franckavilla. Everything was very magnificent. But one course, and dessert, served very well and clean; silver plates, dishes, all very clean—which I never saw in France—and change knives and forks. I can't say if it is the custom of the rest of the *noblesse*, as that is the *Northumberland House of the town*. The people here are very proud of their *noblesse*. I can't say much for the beauties of this town, as I think except five or six that are tolerable pretty the rest are hideous. None of them six to be compared to Lady Catherine Annesley or a great many other English or Irish. They are very ungenteel in their manners, just like girls at [a] country assembly; if anything more vulgar, sitting with their handkerchiefs before them. They are very badly educated. I have not seen one that could make a curtsy or dance a minuet with the least grace, I saw last night a French lady, that is married to a Neapolitan, dance; it is not to be told the difference in her manner and the rest.

Mr Hamilton was so kind as to present me to the King, who is to be of age in January next. He is but sixteen then. He is not very manly or tall of his age. He is not very handsome, but a good likeness to the Duke of York.¹ He is not by all accounts the brightest of young men. He speaks no other language than Neapolitan, which is infamous Italian, but he does that by way of being popular. His governor is not the cleverest man in the world. I'll give you a specimen of cleverness. The King is very much afraid of the smallpox; Mr Hamilton was advising to inoculate, and told him it succeeded very well at Jamaica; upon which he said it may do in them cold climates, but it would not in these warm ones. You may guess what sort of a tutor he is. But they are all very ignorant, think of nothing but of crowding as many servants behind their coaches as it can well hold. Two running footmen before and fine horses. You'll see them sometimes walking upon the quay with five or six servants and their coach following them.

The opera house here is magnificent beyond anything I ever saw.

¹ Prince Edward Augustus (b. 1739), 2nd s. of Frederick, Prince of Wales; cr. Duke of York, 1760; d. (unmarried) at Monaco, 17 September, 1767.

WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS O
KILDARE

People take their boxes by the year, and you go and make your visits to them there. Nobody ever thinks of listening, except when there comes a favourite tune; then they are so attentive that you might hear a pin drop.

There is [a] Countess of Mahony here, who is vastly civil to me. She is a relation of ours. She is daughter of a Lady Newburgh¹ and she married a Count of Mahony, an Irishman. I have not seen him.

Charles Fox proposes towards spring to go and make a tour of Sicily from here to Messina, and so to Syracuse and Mount Etna and Malta, which he has calculated to take him up about a month. He has proposed to me to go along with him. I mean to go if Lord Kildare has no objection, as there is a great many curiosities to be seen in that country. It is not everybody that goes in that part of the world. The weather here is like summer; one has one's windows open all day long, though close by the sea. I received your letter as I landed which was very comfortable and lucky, as it only arrived the day before. You may be very easy about my playing, for the aversion I have to [it] grows stronger every day. Another thing is that you may be persuaded that Charles Fox will never desire me. As for Lord Carlisle, [he] has changed his mind about coming, though, to Vesuvius. This is the country of professed gaming. But they do not pretend to play with the least honesty. So you may think a man must have a very shocking passion for play that sits down to play here. I have not taken Lord Hillsborough's² Italian master, as Charles Fox has tried him, and he is dreadfully stupid. Lord Holland has this minute received a letter from Lady Holland at Florence; she is very well, but will not be here this week. I did not receive your letter wherein you made so happy about the money. Bolle wrote to you about Denoyer. He writes to you this post. My love to Lord Kildare, etc., etc. I am, my dearest Mother, ever your affectionate son,

Ophaly.

¹ Charlotte Maria, *suo jure* Countess of Newburgh (1694–1755). By her first husband, Thomas Clifford (d. 1719), s. and heir-apparent of Hugh, 2nd Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. She had two daus., Frances and Anne, the latter being Countess Mahony.

² Willes Hill, Earl of Hillsborough and Marquis of Downshire (d. 1793).

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WILLIAM, LORD OPHALY, TO EMILY, MARCHIONESS OF
KILDARE

190. *William, Lord Ophaly, to Emily, Marchioness of Kildare*

Naples, November 25th, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I hope you have received my letters of the 14th and 17th of November from Naples. Lord Holland continues well; Lady Holland is not yet arrived. We had accounts of her yesterday; she was not to leave Rome the day she intended, as she has got a little cold in her face; but I believe she'll be here on Thursday or Friday. I make no doubt but she will be rather glad when she arrives, as she has mentioned in her letter of her being fatigued. It is no wonder, as it is a monstrous journey.

Naples is very agreeable, especially as the people are fond of the English. There are one or two houses where there is company every night; which, after being once introduced, one may go when one will. One of them is the Prince of Francavilla, which I mentioned in my last letter is the most agreeable, as you go about nine and sup there, and go home early. The other is a Princess Marsico; which is a much later house and a great deal of cards go on, which I can't say I like much.

The oddest fashion to me here is that of a lady, if she lose her mother of father or any near relation, she keeps open house for nine days; where everybody she is acquainted with goes and makes her a bow. She sits in a corner and looks dismal; and everybody sits about her, and talks to one another but not to her. It is also the fashion here for a lady to see company two days after she is brought to bed. The ladies breed here very fast—fourteen or fifteen children is not uncommon; which causes their being so many more nuns here than in most places. I was yesterday to see a nun take the veil. One would have thought it a serious ceremony, but they make quite a farce of it. The women keep laughing the whole time and make such a noise that one would rather think one was at an opera than in a church. I am told it is much more serious in France. She sits before the altar while they perform mass, then she received the sacraments. When that is done she walks with a taper in her [hand] round the church into a chapel of the convent, where they take off all her finery and dress her like a nun. She comes to the grate, where the man that performs mass takes a pair of

[1766]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

scissors and cuts a lock of her hair and reads some little prayer. When that is done the nuns kiss her and cut her hair quite short. Then everybody goes to the gate of the convent which [opened] ¹ for all the nuns to make their appearance, and the poor nun takes leave of her acquaintances. Pray, tell Cecilia if Charlotte ² would take my advice she would be a nun. Pray, my love to Lord and Lady Kildare, Emily, Charles and Cecilia, etc., etc. Bolle is well. I am, thank God, very well—*nobody better*.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me ever yours,

[Ophaly] ¹.

A hundred kisses to Eddy. Is the new couple joined in holy matrimony?

191. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, December 1st, [1766]

My dearest Mother,

I can with pleasure write to you to let you know Lady Holland and the rest of the family are arrived, safe and well, all but Lady Holland, [she] having a little cold; she hopes you'll be so kind as to excuse her this post, as she has so many letters to write, and takes the opportunity of my writing to let you know of her safe arrival of so long a journey. I did expect to have found her more tired than she really is. Lord Holland is much the same as when I last wrote; my Lady seems to find very little alteration since she saw him at Lyons. Ste and Lady Mary ³ arrived but yesterday morning as they stayed behind on account of not finding horses on the road between this and Rome. They are all charmed with Rome. Lady Mary, I think, goes by the name of Miss *Virtue*. They had also the

¹ Page mutilated.

² Lady Charlotte FitzGerald (1758–1836), dau. of James FitzGerald, Marquis of Kildare (1st Duke of Leinster). She m. (1789) Joseph Holding Strutt, M.P. for Maldon, Essex. In 1821 she was cr. Baroness Rayleigh.

³ Lady Mary Fitzpatrick (d. 1778), eldest dau. of John Fitzpatrick, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. She had married this same year Stephen Fox, who became 2nd Lord Holland on the death of his father in 1774.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

pleasure of seeing their cousins the P-t-d-r¹ and the Cardinal of York.² Lady Holland and Charles are dreadful J-es.³ Naples is very agreeable. We have delightful weather till this day, sitting with our windows open the whole day upon the seaside. I have this very minute had the pleasure of my dearest Mother's letter, which minute is always the happiest I have when away from her, especially when she mentions her being very well, as, thank God, she has ever been since I left her. Lord Holland approves very much of Lord Kildare's conduct, and would have advice to him to that before but did not think he was on so good terms with Lord Bristol⁴ as to write to him on such an occasion. I hope it'll succeed as no doubt but it must; I must own it is what I have long wished, not for my sake so much as my dear father's. I hope you have received my letters from Naples, as the post goes out but once a week and I have writ three, and this is the fourth since I have been here. I am sorry for Lady Catherine Annesley. I believe I never passed her off for a sensible girl, for I believe by what I hear there is very little in the family; though I am glad she refused Mr Littleton, for his behaviour wherever he has been is scandalous; when people speak of him they seem to despise him and pity him for his madness or folly. The poor Duke of Buccleuch⁵ is returned to England with Lord George.⁶ I pity him in the loss of a brother he esteemed so much as Mr Scott, and so worthy of being esteemed. To be sure your obliging letter was quite a *midwife's one*; but it is very kind of you to think of them things for me, as I believe you know that I am fond of news, especially of that sort, as I am rather inquisitive. I am sorry for poor Ladies Jocelyn⁷ and Elizabeth, but I hope neither very bad. One would have thought Mrs Marshall would

¹ Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart (1720-88), the 'Young Pretender,' elder s. of the Chevalier de St. George, the 'Old Pretender.'

² Henry Benedict Maria Clement Stuart, Cardinal of York (1725-1807), 2nd s. of the 'Old Pretender.'

³ Jacobites.

⁴ George William, Lord Hervey (1721-75), 2nd Earl of Bristol; his mother, Lady Hervey, was the celebrated 'Molly Lepell.'

⁵ Henry Scott (1746-1812), 3rd Duke of Buccleuch.

⁶ Probably Lord George Lennox (1737-1805), you. s. of Charles, 2nd Duke of Richmond. He was *chargé d'affaires* in Paris during his brother, the 2nd Duke of Richmond's term as Ambassador. He m. (1759) Lady Louisa Ker, dau. of William Ker, Earl of Ancrum (later 4th Marquis of Lothian).

⁷ Anne (1730-1802), dau. of James Hamilton, 1st Earl of Clanbrassil; m. (1752) Robert Jocelyn, 2nd Viscount Jocelyn, cr. (1771) Earl of Roden.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

have been content with two, as three is outdoing most people. I should have liked to [have] been at the *coupling of the Irish potato and French ragout*. How do they contrive speaking to one another as neither he or she speaks the same language. I suppose Lady Drogheda is near her time by Mrs Lyons being in waiting; if she is, nobody can accuse my Lord ¹ of his not doing justice during his reign.

I hear Lord Bristol does not go this winter. Lady Holland has just shewn me a letter from Lady Hervey,² in which she mentions Lord Kildare being made a Duke³; as it is very good authority, as it came from the mouth of Lord Bristol, so I shall take the liberty of signing my letter accordingly. I believe you'll think this a strange letter as I received your letter just where I mention it, and since that am told the good news but this minute; you cannot conceive how happy I am at it. Pray, tell dear *Charles* that I am as proud as of being the *Marquis* as he was of being *Lord'd*. My love to the Duke and all the family. I hope Lady Dowager Kildare is well. Pray, my love to her. You will oblige me very much in desiring Cecilia and Emily to write to me, as I get letters very slow here; your last is the 29th of October, 1766. I writ to them both from Lyons and have had no answer. A thousand kisses from me to be distributed between Eddy and the rest of the brats.

I hear Captain Tarrant is going to be married. Pray let me know what you think of Lord Barrymore.⁴ I do not think it quite so right to wear the picture of the outside of the box. I suppose they'll soon be married; does he mean to live in Ireland? I hear Lady Sarah⁵ is to be at Paris as yesterday. I suppose Lady Louisa⁶ will return to Ireland immediately; pray, my love to her. I hear Lord Hillsborough has taken the two Miss Halls to live with the

¹ Charles Moore, 6th Earl of Drogheda, m. (February, 1766) Anne Seymour-Conway, eldest dau. of 1st Marquis of Hertford.

² Mary (1706-68), dau. of Brig.-Gen. Lepell, generally known as 'Molly Lepell'; m. (1720) John Lord Hervey, eldest surv. son of John Hervey, 1st Earl of Bristol, whom he predeceased.

³ In November, 1766, James, Marquis of Kildare, was created Duke of Leinster, when his eldest surv. s. William, Earl of Ophaly, the writer of these letters, took the courtesy title 'Marquis of Kildare.'

⁴ Richard Barry (1745-73), 6th Earl of Barrymore. He had succeeded his father in 1751. He m. (April, 1767) Emily, dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

⁵ Lady Sarah Bunbury.

⁶ Lady Louisa Conolly.

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young ladies.¹ Were they in Ireland with him? Do you think they are improved?

Think of General Sandford at Paris. He is by this time at Aix-en-Provence. Pray, what is become of Bob? Pray, tell him when you see him that I would have written to him if I knew where he was, for I heard he was in England. Mr Upton,² who is this minute in my room, begs me to congratulate the Duke and Duchess.³ He is a very good kind of a man; his civility, attention and good humour to the whole family is very agreeable.

I shall be obliged to make a fine coat for the King's⁴ birthday here the 12th of January, as everything is to be magnificent on account of his being of age.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me, ever your affectionate son,

Kildare I may venture to sign.

192. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, December 9th, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I hope you received my last letter of the 1st instant. Lord Holland is vastly mended within this last week, he is much stronger upon his limbs than he has been for some time past, he was at the opera on Sunday last. So was Lady Holland, whose cold is better. The climate here is, to be sure, charming. I am now sitting with my windows open and no fire. We have no fire in any of [the] rooms, and I do not suppose we shall have any this winter, as they say this is [the] coldest weather we shall have. The Neapolitan people complain of its being cold, and the gentlemen and ladies have all got their muffs and fur cloaks. The gentlemen of the *bon ton* have their muffs; I believe I shall get myself one for to be in the fashion, more than for the use.

¹ Ladies Mary Amelia (1750-1835) and Charlotte (b. 1754) Hill, daus. of William Hill, Earl of Hillsborough (cr. Marquis of Downshire). They later m. James Cecil, Viscount Cranborne, later 7th Earl (cr. Marquis) of Salisbury; and John Talbot (later Earl Talbot), respectively.

² Clotworthy Upton (1721-85) cr. (1776) Baron Templetown.

³ Duke and Duchess of Leinster.

⁴ King of Naples.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

I was yesterday to see a palace belonging to the King, called Capua de Monte.¹ The King never lives there as there [are] neither chairs nor tables, but there is a great many fine pictures and more bad ones. I was also to see the day before yesterday, the *Grotto del Cane*,² which you may have heard of. I had the experiment tried of holding the dog's nose upon the ground, and it takes away his breath and is taken out in all appearance dead, and as soon as you put him in the air he recovers. I had often heard that it was not cruel, as the dog suffered no pain; but I think it is the most cruel thing I ever saw, as the dog is in all the agonies of death. There also is, close by the Grotto del Cane, a most beautiful lake; it is surrounded by hills charmingly planted, the lake is covered with wild fowl of all sorts, the King shoots there very often. I have nothing new to say about Naples, but still continues very agreeable; I ride and fence every day. My Italian master is a very stupid one; there is no good dancing master. I am looking out for a drawing master.

Pray, my love to his Grace, Emily, Cecilia, Charles, etc., etc.; a few kisses to Eddy and the rest. My love to Lady Dowager. I may conclude in wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me ever yours,

Kildare.

Your last is of the 29th of October.

193. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, 16th December, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I with great pleasure this day received Emily's letter of the 9th of November, which gives me great pleasure in reading that you and all the family are well. I envy you staying at Carton all winter, and could wish myself there with you all; but since my

¹ The palace of Capodimonte. It stands on the hill above the National Museum, and contains a fine collection of 18th century porcelain made in the Capodimonte china factory. This celebrated factory was in operation from 1743 until 1759, when its patron Charles, King of Naples, succeeded to the Spanish throne and the establishment was transferred to Buen Retiro.

² *Grotta del Cane* ('Grotto of the Dog'), cave near Naples and bordering on Lake Agnano. The cave is filled with carbonic acid gas fumes of great strength.

[1766]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

wish cannot be accomplished, I cannot spend my time happier than where I am, as we are very happy and Lord Holland, thank God, continues so well. I must own it does me good to see the constant good humour and good natured and friendly way of living of this family. Poor Ste still continues deaf. Lady Mary is delightful; she is so good humoured etc. Lady Holland has been so kind as to say if the Duke of Leinster will give her leave she'll give me one of your pictures, in a snuff box; but she says she can't without the Duke's leave, as she has promised him not to give it to anybody without his leave. Now if you think he has no objection, (and that it is not the one Lady Louisa Conolly wants), if you could persuade him, you would oblige me beyond expression; as you cannot conceive the happiness it would be to me when away from you. The sooner you can let me know how it is decided the better (*comme je meurs d' impatience pour le coup fatal*). It is what I have wished for a great while; and would [have] proposed it before I left Ireland, but thought it would be too much trouble for [you] to sit for it, and knowing the Duke had an objection to having any more of your pictures done. But as it is already done, I hope he'll have no objection. If it is the one I have heard Lady Louisa wish for, pray do not mention it, as I would by no means deprive her.

I am sorry for poor Lady Catherine Annesley, as by the accounts I hear of the man, it is a dreadful thing for her. I believe you may remember that I never pass her off for very clever. I hope you'll excuse this letter being so short, as I mean answering Emily's. I should not have troubled you with so short a one, only have made a resolution as the post goes out but once a week never to miss. My last was the 8th of this month; this is the 6th letter from Naples.

Bolle is very well. There is an old promise between him and I when I came into Italy for to give him my picture in a snuff box. As I must fulfil my promise, I hope that you or my father will have no objection. It will make him very happy. As he is so very good sort of a man I dare say you can have no objection. But I always shall be glad of your advice. I am ashamed to say but I shall be obliged for to draw for money soon. I never received that letter about the money. My love to all friends at Carton, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me ever yours,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

194. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, the 19th of December, 1766

Received of the Marquis of Kildare the sum of five hundred and twenty-two ducats of Naples, at three shillings and nine pence, makes ninety-seven pounds, seventeen shillings and six pence English money, which I am to account for, by me,

A. Bolle.

£97 : 17 : 6.

Naples, the 23rd of December

My dearest Mother,

I had the pleasure last night of receiving your obliging letter of the 21st of November which gives me, I can assure you, great pleasure in reading that you and all the family are well. I am very sorry for poor Mrs Clark. I take the liberty of desiring you to give the above receipt to the Duke. We shall take care for the future. *As you may see by the above receipt*, we drew for a hundred pounds, and that is what we received. Lady Holland will give you in her letter a better account of Lord Holland than I can, but, thank God, in [*sic*] continues very well, though the weather is but bad. It has rained for these ten days past every day; it rained and blew violently last night. So it does today, but yet not cold enough in my opinion for a fire. I can't have one in my bedchamber as there is no chimney, but in my dressing room, where there is a fire place; but I have not yet made a fire. I believe the weather is at its worst here. You're the only person that ever mentions dear Charles in their letters, which I am much obliged to you for. I believe he would rather choose a bit of lava, just as it comes out of the mountain, than a bit finely polished; pray, tell him that next time I go, if I can I will get him a bit that I have seen red hot. If [I] can get a good print of it I'll send him it, but at present the mountain burns but very little; what fire one sees is very deep in the mountain. I am very glad you have bought that place at the Black Rock¹ as it will be always of use; if not, you may let it when you'll. It will be very comfortable when them two wings are built. I envy

¹ Emily, Duchess of Leinster, had bought, for the sake of her children's health, a bathing-lodge by the sea at Black Rock, near Dublin, which she called Frescati.

[1766]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

you staying the winter at Carton, I suppose by this time Lady Louisa is arrived, as Lady Holland had a letter from Lady Sarah mentioning that she was to set off in a few days for Paris.

I hope you have received my letter of the 16th. I long for the answer. I believe Lady Holland mentions her goodness in her letter of today. Indeed, she is always very good, and I have great reason to be obliged to the whole family for their kindness towards me. Ste Fox continues deaf. He has been laid up with gnat bites upon his legs, so that he has been obliged to be carried up and down stairs. It is ridiculous to see him in the chair, for he sits with so much *grandeur* that he makes himself a few pounds more than if he was to sit in a common way. I have got one engineer of this country, who is by all accounts very clever in his profession, to teach me fortification and drawing. I have had but two *leçons*, and he seems to have a good method of teaching. Is Tarrant married yet? I [am] ashamed to say that I am afraid I shall be obliged to draw for some more money for to pay for my birthday coat, as it'll amount to above £60 sterling; it is a very handsome velvet; I cannot explain it well, but it is handsome and fine, though not tawdry. It is a little too grave for me, but that becomes fat people best. Bolle is very well and hopes you'll excuse his writing, as I do. I hope you'll forgive me if I should miss writing the next post or two, as I shall, I suppose, be as mad as the rest of the people are in this country during carnival. Lady Holland is to have a *conversazione* every Thursday; she begins Thursday next, which the people here are very glad of. My love to the Duke and all friends at Carton. A few kisses to be distributed between Eddy and the rest. When does Henry¹ go to school?

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me, ever yours,

Kildare.

PS. Pray what have you to say for your friend Mr Rousseau?²

¹ Lord Henry FitzGerald (1761–1829), 3rd s. of James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster; m. (1791) Charlotte, dau. of Hon. Robert Boyle-Walsingham, afterwards Baroness de Ros.

² Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712–78), French philosopher. He was at this time in England, writing his *Confessions*. Emily, Duchess of Leinster, who had read and admired his books, said she would offer him 'an elegant retreat if he would educate her children.' He did not, however, become tutor to the FitzGerald children.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

195. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, December 26th, 1766

My dearest Mother,

I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of 12th of November last Friday ; you'll be surprised at my answering that of the 23rd of November before this, but by some mismanagement at the post office I did not receive this till the post after. The post office is very irregular here.

I was Christmas eve in several of the churches. I was much disappointed, as I expected to have seen a much finer procession and better music, all the churches better lighted. I was at one of the best, where they performed High Mass. After they had done, they carried our Saviour in procession round the church, and then put him in a manger that was built up on purpose for that occasion, where there was a number of puppets dressed like shepherds, and the Virgin Mary and Joseph. The procession was attended by the monks of the convent ; they got common music out of the street for to play before the procession, though there was a very fine band music in the church. After Our Saviour was laid in the manger, it really was quite a puppet show, as that common music stood playing there, *drunk*.

I have also been to see some of the *proceepies*, which are really worth seeing. There is our Saviour lying in a manger, and the Virgin Mary and Joseph, and the shepherds. There is the people from all nations coming to see him. It is the most natural thing I ever saw. You see hills and rivers, rocks, cattle grazing, people ; you would think it was nature itself as it [is] so well imitated. At one of them there was hills which one could hardly believe they were not real hills that one saw ; I hardly thought that the human eye could be so deceived.

Lord Holland continues very well. He has writ to the Duke of Leinster this post ; he told [me] he mentioned me to him. I flatter myself that it was no harm of me, as I am sure I do everything in my power to oblige him and his family. I should be very ungrateful if I did not, for I am sure I am under obligations to the whole family for their goodness towards me. Naples is very agreeable. The misfortune of it [is] there is too many English. Amongst the rest

[1766]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

there is the Provost ¹ here, Sir George Pococke ² and his wife are just arrived; poor woman, she is in a bad way. I hope Bob Moore ³ is quite reformed, for his mother's ⁴ sake. My love to all the family at Carton, where I suppose you are. In my last letter I boasted a little too much of the weather, as it was a shocking day. But now, without boasting, it is as fine a day as ever I saw in May. I have not yet had a fire, no more has Lord Holland.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me, ever yours,

Kildare.

Lady Holland's *conversazione* was very brilliant on Thursday last.

¹ Francis Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, 1758-74.

² Sir George Pocock, K.B. (1706-92), admiral; entered the navy, 1718; captured Havana, 1762; retired, 1766. He m. (1763) Sophia Pitt, dau. of George Francis Drake.

³ Hon. Robert Moore, younger s. of Edward Moore, 5th Earl of Drogheda, by his second wife; m. Maragaret, dau. of James Stephenson, of Kildeigh, Co. Down.

⁴ Bridget (d. 1767), dau. of William Southwell; m. (1737) Edward Moore, 5th Earl of Drogheda.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

1767

196. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, January 6th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter of the 3rd of December, which gives me great pleasure in reading that you and the family are so well. The whooping-cough has lasted a great while, but I hope by this time quite gone, and you may have the happiness of seeing dear Charles.

Lord Holland continues the same as when I writ last ; he has very good spirits. I cannot boast much of the weather, as these four days past has been as bad as ever I have seen in Ireland or England ; constant rain, and likely to continue. I have been obliged for to have a little fire, more for the damp than the cold.

Naples continues very agreeable. I amuse myself very well. The carnival begins the latter end of next week. I believe I shall be a little tired of it before it is over, as it is very long this year. As I have told you how well I amused myself, it is time to mention how I employ myself. I ride and fence every day ; three times a week I study fortifications and draw plans. The other three times I have my Italian master, who is a very good one ; he does not speak French or English ; I have had but a few *leçons* of him and I am much improved. At first when I came I had a master but he understood French and English so well, that he would always talk English or French ; during that time I did not improve in the least. For my fortification and drawing master is a very good one ; he is an engineer in this service, and reckoned a very good one, draws very well. I have taken but a few *leçons*, and this day drawn the plan of my two rooms. He is publishing the Antiquities of Sicily, which I hope to see. May I venture to subscribe for you or the Duke ? It is but five guineas for four volumes. I have enquired into the man's character, and everybody gives him a good character. General Sandford is in France ; I had a letter from him lately ; he said it was very likely that he might come here. This place swarms with

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

English, to my misfortune. Amongst the rest is the Provost of Dublin College. The King comes of age next Monday ; they say he has given orders to the gentleman in waiting to wake him as soon as the clock strikes twelve on Sunday night. I believe he is mistaken a little, as his power will not be great as he imagines while his father ¹ lives, as by what I hear there is a regular account sent to Spain of everything he does, be it ever so trifling—even the days he goes out of shooting and of what he kills and of what kind.

I see by the letters and newspapers that our Ministry is not settled ; that there are as many changes as ever. I am glad the Duke of Leinster and Lord Bristol are so well together. I suppose march won't be till the September. By what I hear he is certainly to reside when he does go.

I wonder I had not a letter of condolence from Sir William or Lady Maine ; but our correspondence has dropped all of a sudden by some mistake in the post, as I writ to him from Lyons but have had no answer. I don't believe I shall break my heart on this occasion. I have had two different accounts of Mr Poole ; one is that is a very handsome man, t'other quite the contrary. But both agree that the man is not worth a halfpenny but his half pay in the French service, and I have heard now that is paid. Pray, has Lady Sarah Poole ever received her tables and things from France, as I left the directions that I had with Mr Foley ? ² He had also directions in a letter to him. Pray, remember me to dearest Mrs Letablere. My love to the Duke and the rest of the family at Carton, where I suppose you are still. Not a few kisses to dear little Eddy, my love to Charles and the rest of his family at the Black Rock. Pray, how is Lady Kildare ? My love to her.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me, ever yours,

Kildare.

Mr Upton begs to be remembered to you and the Duke of Leinster.

Pray look at my seal. It is an antique out of Lady Mary's collection.

¹ Charles III (1716–1788), King of Spain.

² A banker in Paris.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

197. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, the 15th of January, 1767

Received of the Marquis of Kildare the sum of five hundred and twenty-two ducats of Naples, of 3s. 9d. English, which I am to account for by me.

A. Bolle.

Ducats 522.0.

£97 : 17 : 6 sterling.

Naples, January 19th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I had on Tuesday last the pleasure of receiving a letter of yours dated 23rd of September, which made a little tour of France before it arrived here. The letters from England come through Germany, so this letter arrived at Paris a few days after I left it, and Lord George¹ sent to Lyons whence it was sent to me here. I had should have answered of it the day I got it had not it been I was hurried as being the King of Naples's birthday. I was at Court, where I saw all the people kissing his hand one after another as fast they could ; I believe I saw very near a hundred. And I believe as many more before I came. In the evening he went to the opera, which was illuminated upon the occasion, and the number of people, and such a deal of finery made a prodigious brilliant appearance. There was a great number of fine clothes, but very few pretty ones. We are at last out of mourning here. I was the other night at a play acted by gentlemen at a Marquis St Giorgio ; the actors were very good but the play was very bad. People that had been used to the stage twenty years could not have acted with more steadiness. They did not trouble themselves in the least about the audience but minded what they are about, which is a great circumstance in acting.

The weather has been very bad for these three weeks past. It has been impossible to stir out to see any of the curiosities about Naples, so I still remain a stranger to them. I shall not forget and send something from the mountain for Charles, but I dare say he would rather choose a bit that I picked up myself than if I was to buy a bit. I intend going as soon as the weather clears up, as I have

¹ Probably Lord George Lennox.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

not yet been at the top. I am in great hopes that there will be an eruption very soon. I hope if it would do no mischief that it may be a great one as it would be a fine sight. Mr Hamilton, who is a connoisseur of Vesuvius, thinks that it is very likely there will be an eruption. I was to have gone today, if [it] had been a fine day, to have seen the museum at Portici, which belongs to the King, for to see the antiques that have been found at Herculaneum,¹ etc., etc. which they say is very curious. But the misfortune [is] one cannot take anything. Lord Holland continues the same, and has very good spirits, buys a great many antiques etc., etc.; gives Lady Mary almost everything she says is pretty. Lady Holland is much better than when she wrote to you last post. She sees company this week; she desires her love to you. She seems to talk of leaving this in March and stay a little time at Rome and at Florence. This place is very agreeable. The carnival [was] begun the day before yesterday. I have not found the difference yet between carnival time or other time. But by next post I dare say I shall. I go on very well with my masters. I begin to sketch plans of rooms. I have a very good master.

You'll be so kind as to ask *il Signor Duca* whether I am to have letters of credit from Mr Nesbitt, as I have none to Rome or elsewhere in Italy. I suppose from this I shall go to Rome, to Florence and to Venice. I mean to go to Venice in May if the Duke has no objection, for to see the Doge marry the Adriatic,² which I am told is a very fine procession and worth seeing. And as Venice is worth seeing it will be killing two birds with one stone. And it is a very stupid place except in Carnival and at that time, I am told.

One of your letters mentioning that the Duke saying I had time enough to see everything, so that I shall stay a good while at places that are worth seeing. Florence and Turin I dare say I shall like vastly. At Rome one may spend one's morning very well by visiting the curiosities which are in abundance, which is amusing enough. But other ways it is very dull, as this Pope³ has forbid all kinds of amusements. The Sicily voyage is very uncertain, as

¹ Excavations were begun in 1738 following the discovery in 1719 of the ancient Roman city, buried by the eruption of A.D. 79.

² The custom of 'marrying the Adriatic' was introduced by the Doge Sebastian Ziani in the twelfth century.

³ Clement XIII, 1758-69.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

Charles Fox intends waiting till Lord Carlisle comes, which he says will be in February. But as he is a changeable young man there is no knowing. The misfortune is that the travelling is worse than [can] be described, as there are no inns, I believe no road for carriages, and you know poor Bolle can't ride. My love to the Duke etc., etc., and Lady Kildare. I hope Charles continues well ; my love to him. A few kisses to Eddy etc., etc. I am very much afraid I shall be obliged to draw for money soon, as the part of this went in my birthday coat, which came to £63 sterling ; and as we pay every thing directly, and make no bills ; which is the best way in this country as they love to see the money, and let you have things cheaper. My dear Mother, I can assure [you] I take particular care to be as little extravagant as it is possible, and Bolle's accounts are very regular and exact.

I hope you have got my letter about the snuff box Lady Holland is so kind as to give me. It is bespoke and very handsome. I hope the Duke has no objection. I am not grown fat, and remain your affectionate son,

Kildare.

There is a book of Etruscan vases printed here and projected by Mr Hamilton ; a great number of pretty things in it ; the subscription comes to about eight guineas.

198. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

January 27th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I hope you received my last letter of the 19th instant. Your last date was of the 3rd of December. But the post here is very irregular and there is two or three due.

Lord Holland continues very well and in great spirits. Lady Holland is also very well and quite recovered of her cold.

I was yesterday to see a great many antiquities such as temples and buildings, etc. I was in the Elysian fields, where there was a great many ancient tombs. I was also at Nero's baths, which are very curious. They are underground ; one is obliged to go naked,

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

otherwise one could not sustain the heat. I went on quite to the end where the water was nearly boiling hot, so much that I could not put my finger in it. I had also an egg boil in it and I never ate a better one. I was obliged to carry a torch in my hand ; so you may guess what a pretty figure I was coming out. We went through a great many underground passages, which were extremely curious. Amongst the rest we went to Agrippina's tomb, which is very curious ; the fine stucco work so well finished was delightful to the eyes.

We was in Sybil's grotto, which is prodigious large. We dined close to a temple of Juno's. After dinner we went to a mountain, which they called *Monte Novo*. It has been a volcano, which they pretend to say was thrown up in one night ; it is certainly very curious. We were at a temple of Syrapis, which is the most curious thing I saw ; for it is in direct shape. It was supported by marble pillars, three of which are standing. They are of a good height and I should take them to be about 20 foot high. I measured the diameter of one that was down which was about 4 feet 3 inches.

Saturday last I was with Lord Holland to see the King's museum at Portici, which is one of his palaces about five miles from Naples, where there are all the things that were found at Herculaneum. There is a great many statues, vases, etc., etc., all in bronze. There is also a whole set of kitchen furniture ; a great many things that we have to this day, such as copper pans for cheese cakes etc. There is a little copper saucepan lined with silver. There are two loaves of bread that was found, some wine which is turned to pitch. There is oil which they say smells well. In short, there are so many curious things there that it is impossible to remember them all, it is a thing that must be seen often. We have had a prodigious fine day yesterday which was very lucky, as we had a great deal of going by water. We returned part of the way by water ; at about six o'clock in the evening it was not so cold as I have felt going to Vauxhall¹ in the middle of summer. I hope our fine weather will continue as we have had for a month past very bad. Carnival has been begun some time but I have not found out the difference yet between it and other times, but tonight the first balls begin which is only for the nobility, but they invite all strangers. But the officers give balls where the

¹ Vauxhall gardens, fashionable London resort on the south bank of the Thames.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

second nobility comes which I am told are the most agreeable. You must know that the first nobility goes to their balls but won't let them come to theirs, which I think is hard. I hope you and the Duke approve of my plan after leaving Naples which I mentioned in my last. Lady Holland proposes leaving Naples the tenth of March. Lord Holland goes by sea to Leghorn; from thence to Florence, where he is to meet Lady Holland.

Pray, my love to the Duke and all the family at Carton. My love to Lady Dowager, Charles and Black Rock. A few kisses to Edward, etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me ever yours,

Kildare.

199. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, the 3rd of February, 1767

Received of the Marquis of Kildare the sum of five hundred and twenty-two ducats of Naples or ninety-seven pounds seventeen shillings and six pence sterling, which I am to account for by me.

A. Bolle.

Ducats 522

£97 : 17 : 6

Naples, 3rd of February

My dearest Mother,

I am sorry that I am obliged to trouble you with the above receipt; but there is no avoiding it. I must own that I long to hear from you, as your last letter is of the 3rd of December. But the posts here are very irregular, for there are on Friday next six posts due. I suppose amongst them I shall have the pleasure of receiving some letters from you or some of the family, which is a very agreeable circumstance at all times, especially when one is at so great a distance. The weather here is delightful; it is absolutely like fine May weather. I am in great hopes that we are going to have an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, for it threatens very much. There is a great deal of fire coming out of the top every night, it is [a] prodigious fine sight and I have a fine view out of my window of it.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

We are to have another ball tonight. The last was agreeable enough; it was not crowded; but there was none but the first nobility. Join [*sic*] is a subscription made by the first people here and they won't admit of any but the first rank, and there is but few of them dance. They let hairdressers and their wives and milliners come sooner than the second nobility. Most of the ladies came in black dominos with masks. The gentlemen came dressed as usual. The milliners etc. etc. come in masks into the room and then they pull them off for dancing. There is a supper which is very well conducted; people make their own parties, but it does not begin till past 2 o'clock. There is great hopes of a masquerade ball at the great opera house, which must be a fine sight, as everybody is let in that pays three or four shillings, and the house is able to contain above five thousand people. Lady Holland has been so kind as to give me the snuff box which is prodigious handsome; I hope the Duke has no objection to my having the picture, as I can assure you every time I look at it [it] gives me pleasure to think I have you in my pocket. Lady Holland writes to you this post and she'll give a better account of Lord Holland, etc., etc., than I can. Pray my love to the Duke and all the family at Carton, Black Rock, etc., etc., [and] to Lady Dowager.

I am, my dearest Mother, believe me your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

200. *William, Marquis of Kildare to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

February the 10th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

At last our posts are come in which were due, which you may guess makes me a little happy, as it is a comfort to receive letters from one's friends at such a distance, especially from you that has been so constant. I am sorry to find by Emily's letter of the 4th of January that one of your eyes are not so well. But I hope it is not likely to be bad again. You can't conceive how happy you made me by your account of Charles in your letter of the 19th of December. I am very much entertained at the thoughts of his being a tailor; it is a very honourable profession. Pray, tell him that I hope the

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

first *fringes* there is after I return to Ireland that I hope to see him riding at the head of the master tailors.

The party to Sicily is quite off, but I never expected it to hold. I wait only in case I should have gone, and that I would not have done without acquainting the Duke. I am told by people that have been there that [it] is not worth the trouble of the journey. Lord Holland and Charles go by sea from here to Leghorn; from thence to Florence by land, where they meet Lady Holland, etc. Charles stays at Florence till either Lord Carlisle or Lord FitzWilliam¹ come. I propose following Lady Holland to Rome; there I shall stay some time. There is [to] be a very fine sight this year at Pisa which [is] but a little way from Florence. I don't rightly know what it is, but the Grand Duke is to be there and all the world. It happens but once in a vast many years.

The Carnival here is but a dull one; fewer balls than has ever been known. The excuse is it is so long; but last year it was short, there was not a night but there [were] three or four. I am sorry there is to be no masquerade at the opera, which is a great pity, as it must have been a fine sight. There is a very curious sight the four last Sundays of Carnival, which is called the *Cochania*; it is a scaffolding that is built up before the King's palace, where there is all sorts of provisions hung on it, such [as] beef, mutton and veal and bread. It is surrounded by soldiers; and when the Captain General gives the signal they let in the mob, which is very numerous; as there is not only the mob of the town, which is I believe one of the greatest in Europe, but those of the town [*sic*]. Last Sunday was a bad day, so there was not so many as was expected; but in a quarter of an hour they don't leave a bit. It is, I suppose, the greatest encouragement of idleness, cruelty and wickedness that can possibly be thought of, as it generally ends in a great number of them being stabbed. I am told at the next Sunday there are to be live creatures, that are to be nailed up and to be torn to pieces by the mob. I can't boast much for our weather, as these three days past have been very bad; but not cold enough to have fire.

The reason that you received Bolle's letter and mine the same day is that the post goes out but once a week, and I have missed but once since I have been here. Mount Vesuvius makes a great noise

¹ William Wentworth FitzWilliam (1748-1833), 2nd Earl FitzWilliam; he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1794-5.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

and flings up a great deal of matter ; I am still in hopes of having an eruption. General Sandford is at Marseilles ; he will meet me in Italy in Spring. I should have liked to have seen him at Paris. Lord Holland is very well, so is Lady Holland, etc., etc. They desire their loves to you. Mr Upton desires to be remembered to you. My love to the Duke and all the family at Carton, Black Rock, etc., etc. A few kisses for Eddy, etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever yours,

Kildare.

Your two last letters were the 19th and 30th of December ; Emily's the 4th. By the time you receive this I shall most likely be at Rome. I have no letter yet from Mr Nesbitt ; but his correspondent at Rome is the Marquis Bellori, so you'll be so good as to direct to me at Marquis Bellori at Roma.

Pray tell the Duke there has been a little shock of an earthquake, but I did not feel it.

201. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, 24th of February

My dearest Mother,

I am much obliged to you for them few lines from you written by Emily, in the beginning of Cecilia's letter. I must own I would rather have it in your own handwriting. But a line or two that I saw at the bottom of Lady Cecilia's letter to Lady Holland, which has made [me] very happy, by flattering myself that your eyes were not so bad as I thought. But by this time I hope they are quite well ; and that your weather is better than the last account given us. Till this day we have had summer. There has been violent shocks of earthquakes at Genoa, but as yet they have escaped this place. I must own I should like just [to] feel a little one, that would do no harm ; but I am afraid at this present time an earthquake would be of bad consequence to Naples, as a great part of this town is in a very tottering condition ; there has been one or two houses tumble down since I have been here. Our house is very safe

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

as it is built upon a rock, or else it would be in some danger, having two such monsters as Ste and I in it. Lord Holland is, thank God, very well and in great spirits. He desires me to deliver this message to you :—

‘ Lord Holland thanks the Duchess of Leinster kindly for her Grace’s pretty answer to his very pretty message ; to be sure *Kildare* is a name that has been used a long while, but sure it need not have been so entirely discarded, but as there is a Leinster Lodge¹ there might have been a Kildare House² still. He loves Lady Cecilia *franchise* and wishes Lady Emily would ask for something ; how comes she to be so shy ? Her mother³ can ask freely enough, God knows. Lord Holland has actually at present no complaint to make, but what her Grace feels very severely too. He is monstrous sorry he is not younger.’

I mentioned in a former letter a book of Etruscan vases printed here by subscription, under the direction of Mr Hamilton. I have not yet subscribed, as I waited for an answer. But as the time of my departure draws near, I hope the Duke will not disapprove of my subscribing. It is about ten guineas, and it will be a very good ornament to the library, and a pleasant book to dip in, as there is very pretty figures, and vases to draw from. It’ll also oblige Mr Hamilton, who has been very civil to me. Will you be so good as to mention it to Lady Louisa, as I am sure it is a sort of thing she would like, as she is fond of pretty ornaments, etc.

I pity poor Lord Ely,⁴ for it must be a terrible thing if he should happen not to be an idiot.

I am very happy at the account you give me of Charles. Your apartments at the Black Rock will be very pleasant.

There is no less than forty English travellers here at present, amongst the rest there is . . .⁵ a relation of Lord Arran’s⁶ . . .⁷

¹ Near Athy, Co. Kildare ; a residence belonging to the Duke and Duchess of Leinster.

² The Duke of Leinster’s Dublin residence, which became known as Leinster House after the creation of the Dukedom.

³ Duchess of Leinster.

⁴ Nicholas Hume-Loftus, 2nd Earl of Ely (1738–69). He had succ. his father the previous year.

⁵ Page torn.

⁶ Sir Arthur Gore, Bt. (1703–73), cr. (1762) Earl of Arran.

⁷ Page torn.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

very pretty kind of young man. My love to the Duke and all the family at Carton, etc., etc. A few kisses to Eddy, etc., etc. I have wrote to Lady Cecilia this post.

I am, my dearest Mother, sincerely your affectionate son,

Kildare.

P.S.—I am afraid I shall be obliged to draw for some money against next time. Bolle would have wrote this post, but has a violent headache. I was obliged to open it after it was sealed as I thought Bolle had wrote.

202. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, the 3rd of March, 1767

Received of the Marquis of Kildare the sum of five hundred and twenty ducats; or ninety-seven pounds, ten shillings sterling, for which I am to be accountable by me.

A. Bolle.

Ducats 520.

£97 : 10 : 0 sterling.

Naples, 3rd of March, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I am ashamed to trouble you with the above receipt. I am afraid that it goes out rather too fast, but I am sure that Bolle's accounts are very exact. I believe that it has slipped a little too fast through my fingers. Mrs Hamilton, our Minister's wife, you must know plays at loo, and at first she could get nobody to make her party. I used, against my will, [to] be set down to it. At that time they played very low. But latterly Ste Fox and Lady Mary chose to make it deeper, and I generally lost, so that I am out of pocket in all 30 or 40 pounds. But latterly I have not played at all, so that I am in hopes their party flourishes without me. Ste and Lady Mary left this place on Thursday last. They mean to make a little tour of Italy before they return. Lord Holland continues vastly well and in great spirits. I wish he would stay till the middle of next month, as I know it would be of service to him. Lady Holland desires her

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

love to you, and says she wrote to you last post, and she shan't write this, as it [is] an age she has heard from you. I am also [a] little impatient to hear from you as there is three posts come yesterday without any letters from Ireland ; but I suspect that the Irish posts were due in London. I hope you received Lord Holland's message in my last letter of the 24th of February. I propose leaving this place a few days after Lord Holland. Now my project, if agreeable to the Duke, is in my poor opinion not a bad one ; which is to go to Rome from this and stay till after Easter. From thence I should be glad to see the ceremony of the Battle of the Bridge at Pisa, which everybody thinks worth while seeing, as it [is] a thing that happens but once in a great number of years. From thence to Venice for the Ascension, which is the best time to see Venice. After that, I have thoughts of returning back to Rome ; as the first time I should not have time enough to see all Rome well, which would [be] a great pity, as it is the place I have the most desire to see in the world. By this journey I [shall] see some of the finest parts of Italy, which maybe I should not see otherway, which is all along the Adriatic. You'll be so good as to mention it to the Duke, and let me know his opinion as soon as you can, as there'll be no time to lose.

The Carnival ends today by two balls this evening. One is the subscription ball that I have mentioned in one of my former letters. The other is at the Prince Francavilla, which is a masquerade ball. He gave four this Carnival. I was at two of them. The last there was about 1600 tickets delivered out, and I believe tonight there'll [be] a 100 or 2 more. It is a very fine sight, as it is a noble house. I hope your eyes are quite well. Mr Upton is very much in love here with the Princess a Recca. I can't say much for her beauty, *mais chacun à son goût*. He desires to be remembered to you and the Duke.

My love to the Duke and all the rest of the family at Carton, etc., etc. My love to Lady Dowager. A few kisses to Eddy, etc., etc. I hope Emily and Cecilia have received my letters of the 17th and 24th of February.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

203. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Naples, St Patrick's Day, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I am desired to enclose Lord Holland's verses upon Lady Sarah Bunbury, they are directed to the *Duchess McAllison* which Lord H. says Lady Cecilia wrote word was the Irish for handsome. He is thank God very well and in great spirits, he leaves Naples this day which I think is at least a month too soon. It is pity he does not stay as he has found such benefit. Poor Mr Upton is to be pitied very much as he is very low spirited at the thoughts of leaving his dear princess. I hardly ever knew an instance of love to alter anybody's ways so much as it has done poor Tatty, for instead of having great spirits and a great deal of conversation as usual, he is quite low and hardly ever speaks a word. I am afraid he'll be but indifferent company in the post chaise with Lord Holland who has very near as great spirits as he had when first I knew him; pray in your next letter to Lady Holland that you'll return very sincere thanks for all the civilities and obligations I have received from them. She desires her love to you. She left this yesterday, a little angry at her being kept two days by her pass not arriving, as nobody can go out of this country without a pass from the Minister, and he follows the King wherever he goes, who is now eighty miles from Naples so that one is obliged to wait till a person goes there and back again before one can stir. I go on Thursday. I shall not be at Rome till Monday. I dread the journey as the roads and inns are so bad. I was at an inn the other day and a gentleman that had travelled through Italy said it was as good an inn as he had seen. I must [?admit] it was as much inferior to any of the inns I was at when I travelled with Gen. Sandford in Ireland as Irish inns are to Salt Hill. I had a letter from the General yesterday. He does not continue in his intentions of making me a visit in Italy. There is to my misfortune a great number of English at Rome at present. Charles Fox has been trying to persuade me to go on to Florence with him—I am obliged to draw for a 150 to clear off everything here. I must own I feel a little sorry at quitting Naples. I hope you'll excuse this short letter as I have some visits to make. The last letter I have received was from Emily without date. My love [to] the Duke and all the family at Carton, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

204. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Rome, April the 4th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I am sorry to find by Emily's last letter that your eyes were not better. I hope you received mine of the 17th of March, and that the Duke and Emily of the 1st of April. I hope the Duke does not take it ill my not returning to Naples immediately. In the first place, I have a violent breaking out in my face and foot, so that journey would have been disagreeable. In the next place, I thought after so long a journey that the Duke would not be displeased at my staying to see the functions that are performed here in the holy week. But in a few days after I shall return according to your desires. I am very much pleased with what I have seen here. I have spent three hours every morning in going to see *palazze* and churches, etc., etc. Their houses, or rather, as they call them, *palazzo*, are very noble but very uncomfortable. They inhabit a few rooms; the rest are open for the world to come and see. And, to be sure, you see a noble suite of rooms furnished with a number of fine pictures, statues, busts, etc., mostly antique.

Their villas are beautiful, but the houses are uncomfortable in general. The villas are well furnished with antiquities. Most of them have been built by cardinals, for generally the cardinals that are of no great family built a *palazzo* and a villa for his heirs, let them be ever so poor and not able to support it after his death.

I forget if I mentioned it in Emily's letter, but I had the honour of kissing the pope's toe (N.B.—*it was very sweet*). He is a very agreeable old man and is very fond of having the strangers presented to him.

I am afraid during my stay here my correspondence will not be quite so regular as I could wish, as, what with masters and what with antiquity hunting, my morning will be a good deal taken up. As soon as my forehead is well I shall attend the *conversazione*. As yet I have only been to one, which was the Princess Altieri, who is sister to the Princess Franck Villa, who I have mentioned from Naples. She was so kind as to give me a letter to her. As the Italians are very proud, they like people should bring them letters. The Turin minister gave me five against I go to Turin. If I had

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

not received Emily's letter my intention was to have delayed the Venice jaunt and to have stayed here till the middle of June, because at that time begins the bad, . . .¹ and to have gone to Florence where I intended making a long stay. I had never any thoughts of going with Lord and Lady Holland, as I am of your opinion in making a long stay at the places which I find agreeable. I must own as much as I like Naples in winter I believe it would be far from agreeable in summer. I am very lucky in having the Countess of Mahony and her daughter here, as they are very civil to me, which will make my time very agreeable here. I am rather glad that I do not go to Venice this year, as all the English that are here at present go there directly after the holy week. There are here two famous portrait painters. The one you have often heard of; his name is Pompeo Battoni.² The other is one Maron,³ a German, who is much cheaper—some people reckon much better. I have seen some of his pictures, which are very like. Pray my love to the Duke, etc., and to Lady Kildare, Charles, and all my friends at the Black Rock. I have sent a box with some lava, snuff boxes, and a bit of different sort of stuff that comes out of Vesuvius for Charles. They went with Lord Holland's things by sea. If you think proper to send for them over to Ireland, you'll be so good as to divide them between you.

I am, my dearest Mother, yours,

Kildare.

205. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Rome, April the 15th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I had the pleasure of receiving by yesterday's post Emily's letter of the 7th of March, and am sorry to find your eyes won't allow me the pleasure of a letter from you; which give me reason to think they have been worse than I imagined. But I sincerely wish this may find them quite well. I am very sorry that I had left Naples

¹ Page torn.

² Pompeo Batoni (1708-87), Italian painter.

³ Anton von Maron (1733-1808), Austrian painter.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

before I received Emily's letter. I certainly should have returned back, were it not, as I mentioned in a former letter, for the functions of this week here, which are worth seeing. My breaking out in my face continues, which is very disagreeable, as I don't like going into strange places with a black ribbon. To-morrow begin the great functions in the churches. The Pope is to bless his Catholics, and to excommunicate us poor heretics, and to wash the feet of the pilgrims. The Cardinals all dine together at St. Peter's, which is, to be sure, a noble building. I was this evening at [the] Pope's chapel to hear [them] chant their evening service; the Cardinals were all there. I have not yet seen the Cardinal York, but his brother¹ I see every day. He has just quitted his mourning, and has given his servants our King's livery.

The Pope when in his robes in church is very like an old woman: he looked like a very cross one to-day, for he has just received an account of the King of Spain's² banishing the Jesuits out of his dominions in Europe and America, etc. We this day received the accounts of poor Lord Tavistock.³ I pity the poor Lady Tavistock and the whole family. I suppose you have heard poor General Sandford was taken very ill at Nice, but he is quite recovered; and that poor Billy Clements has had a paralytic stroke. This news I have from a person here, who received a letter from the person in whose house they were at Nice. I send by Mr Andrews⁴ four prints of four pictures done by an Englishman here, which I may venture to say you won't dislike, as in my poor opinion they are charming. My love to Duke and all the rest of the family [at] Carton, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS.—I am afraid I must draw for money.

¹ Charles Edward Stuart, the 'Young Pretender.'

² Charles III.

³ Francis Russell (1739-67), Marquis of Tavistock, 1st surv. son of John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford, whom he predeceased. He m. (1764) Lady Elizabeth Keppel, dau. of William Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle. He died in consequence of a fall from his horse in March, 1767.

⁴ Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

206. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Rome, April the 25th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I was this day favoured with Emily's letter [of] the 26th of March. This and one of the 20th of March, which I received the post before, appear to me that you and my father are not so desirous of my returning back to Naples as you were in a letter or two before. I own had I been there the staying would not have been disagreeable. But I did not like quite so well the thoughts of returning for the summer, as I own I dread the hot weather as it is. I have still a little breaking out in my face, but [am] a good deal better than I was when I writ the 15th of this month. Bolle gave you a better account in his last of the 21st of this month than I can. I consulted an English physician that is here. He advised me, if I could, to go into Languedoc where there is a mineral water which he says would be of great service to me. I am told that at Pisa there is a very good spring and baths; but I shall enquire. If I find it is, I hope you'll have no objection to my trying them a few weeks in the summer. I suppose you choose I should make some stay at Rome and Florence before I go to Turin, which is undoubtedly the place where there is the best masters. It was always my intention to make a longer stay there [than] anywhere. I don't doubt but I shall like it very well by the accounts I have of it. I believe I mentioned in a former letter that the Turin minister at Naples had given me five letters to his friends there. My time begins to be more agreeable to me here, for, my face being well, the Princess Giustiniani¹ is to introduce me to the best assemblies. Though not very agreeable things, I think [it] a good custom to use oneself to go into public. The English begin to thin very fast; the latter of next [week] there'll [be] half a dozen left out of the party that were here the other day. I am tomorrow morning to go to be introduced to the Cardinal Piccolomini,² who is the most sensible man in Rome. To go to a Cardinal is like going to a Prince of the blood; as when the Pope gives them the red hat he tells them they

¹ Cecilia Francesca Charlotte (d. 1780), dau. of Count Mahony, and wife of Benedetto, Prince Giustiniani.

² Cardinal Enea Silvio Piccolomini (1709-68), Governor of Rome.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

rank with Kings and take place of Princes. My poor friend, the Pope, is out of spirits about the Jesuits, who are ordered out [of] Spain and every day expected. From which, if done, will be the greatest cut they have met with yet, as the estates of most of their colleges here at Rome are in the Kingdom of Naples. Our weather is very cold and rainy. I must own I long to be once more comfortable at Carton, but as travelling is a pleasant thing to have over, I am, thank God, very happy and enjoy being abroad much better than I expected. And, I am sure, very much obliged to the Duke, and am sensible of the goodness he has had for me; and as yet no way disapproved of my conduct, which I can assure [you] gives me great pleasure. I hope I shall continue so. Bolle is a great deal better here than he was at Naples. I heard this day of Ste and Lady Mary being very well at Leghorn. I had a letter this day from Mr Ward, who mentions that a person was to write to the Duke about a commission. I hope he'll do as he thinks proper, and not consider me any further than that I am always ready to comply to anything he thinks proper—my remaining or getting promotion in the army. I hope he'll do as he chooses, for I am sure he is the properest to judge of them things. I am afraid I shall be obliged to draw for money to get myself some *utensils of life*, as I am almost ragged in regard to linen. I am glad to hear Lady Kildare is so well; pray my love to her, the Duke, etc., etc., not forgetting Charles [and] a few kisses for Eddy, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

207. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster

Rome, May the 2nd, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I found by Emily's last letter of the 26th of March that you and the Duke were not so desirous of my returning to Naples. I hope you have received my last of the 25th of April, wherein I mentioned my reasons of not returning; my face being very near well I begin to go more into company. I can't say I think their *conversazioni* [the] most agreeable I ever was in; I gave you a short account of one of them; and I find them all answer pretty much the same as

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

the account of the one in a former letter. I never saw women hate or seem to hate one another's company more than the Roman ladies do, for in their *conversazioni* you'll see no other but the mistress of the house. These are the only evening amusements that are in Rome, as except in the Carnival there are no theatres open. Amongst the women of quality [there are] very few handsome ones; but the citizens are very handsome. The English will be all gone by next week, excepting Lord Robert Spencer,¹ who stays here some time longer. In my next letter I will send you a *petit détail* of what my intentions are; if they prove according to your desires I shall then be very happy. Don't you pity the Roman ladies not being able to bear any sweet smells? They can't so much as suffer flowers of any kind, though they have charming ones. Whenever I go into their villas I must own I envy them their fine orange trees out of doors. I had this morning a basket of strawberries for my breakfast. I wish I could have sent them to you, but I believe they have them as soon as this in Dublin. In my opinion they have not the flavour of our strawberries. I yesterday saw a servant who left Ste Fox and Lady Mary at Marseilles in good health. Before this arrives to you I fancy they'll be in England. Our weather is very changeable and rainy. I am afraid I shall want money soon for to pay for my utensils I mentioned in my last. You'll be so kind as to make my excuses to Emily for not answering her, but writing to you is all I can find time for this post, and that hardly. My love to the Duke, etc., etc., Lady Kildare, Charles, etc.

I am, believe me, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

208. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster

Rome, May the 9th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I was this day favoured with Cecilia's letter of the 9th of April, and am very happy with the hopes of receiving one of your hand-writing soon. I am afraid your eye has been worse than I imagined, but I make no doubt but that rash will carry everything away.

¹ Son of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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I must own Cecilia's letter makes me wish myself at Waterstown, but as people can't always have their wishes, I am very happy as I am. You still make me more happy with the thoughts of your being content with my conduct. I think Rome rather a dull place, but have not yet seen everything that is to be seen here. I mentioned my present intention about staying here, in my last letter to Emily of the 5th instant. I had some thoughts when I left this to have gone to Florence for a little while, then to have settled at Turin, but I am afraid that scheme will not answer as there is an epidemical disorder in Tuscany and God knows how long it may last.

Till within these few days our weather has been very bad, but I am afraid that we shall now make up for it, as I believe the heats will soon begin.

I finished Emily's letter very abruptly by saying I was in a hurry to go to a *conversazione*. I am sure the description of the mistress of the house will entertain you: she is less than Lady M——e, she has a hump back that is higher than her head, they say blind of an eye. So I won't be scandalous, but to tell the truth I did not perceive it. She is the wrong side of 60, as they say. She has about 20,000 pound sterling. I intended to have made proposals that night (though she is a double widow); but on enquiring I find her estate was not in her power, as the King of Naples is her heir.

I suppose by this time Lord and Lady Holland are arrived. I expect Charles Fox here soon. Lord Rob[ert Spencer] and I are almost the only English that are here; he is [an] agreeable young man, as much as I have seen of him. I see by to-day's English newspapers that Lord Barrimore¹ is at last married. The house that I live in is agreeably situated for walking in a charming villa that is just above me, so that [I] just step up and walk in my full dress and hat under the. . . .² I shall enjoy more when the hot weather begins, as the walks are very shady. Pray, my love to the Duke and all the family at Carton, not forgetting Lady Dowager and Charles, who I am glad to find so well. Pray some kisses to Eddy, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

P.S.—I drew for money this day to clear off those articles that I mentioned in a former letter.

¹ He m. (April, 1767) Emily, dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington.

² Word indichipherable.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

209. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Rome, May the 27th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I was yesterday made very happy in receiving Emily's letter of the 30th April, wherein she gives me such very good an account of your eyes, and the rest of the family being so well. She makes me long to see Carton by the accounts she gives of what is going on there. I am very glad the Black Rock is done to your liking ; it must be very comfortable. The house that I live in here is very well situated, for one part of it is in a manner in the country, and the other in town. The weather is as yet very pleasant, not too hot. I have now in my rooms seven of the finest carnations I ever saw. There are prodigious fine ones here. If in case you or Lady Louisa should choose any of them, I know a person here that can get the best, and send them carefully to Ireland.

I must now mention a scheme of mine which, [if] agreeable to you and the Duke, will [be] a very agreeable one to me. I'll begin by mentioning that I am losing my time here, as I have seen everything there is to be seen here, and I must own Rome is a very dull place. So I propose setting out for Florence the beginning of next month. My present intentions is to stay some time ; from thence to go to Pisa, Leghorn and Genoa ; and then to be at Turin by the beginning of November. By making the above mentioned tour I shall have seen that part of Italy, and delay Milan, Venice, etc., etc., for after Turin ; and at Turin I shall make a long stay. If I do not get away soon the weather will be too hot to travel ; and there is between this and Florence places where the air is bad. I hope the Duke has no objection, but I believe I shall go to Florence with Lord Robert Spencer and Mr Moore, as their intentions are to go rather a roundabout way to see the waterfall of Terni, which by all accounts is very fine and worth seeing. By the time you receive this I shall most likely be at Florence, so you'll be so kind as to direct to me at Messrs Messrs Jos : Frescobaldi et fils à Florence, who are the people I have my letters of credit upon. I hope you received my letter of the 20th of this month. Pray my best love to the Duke and Lady Kildare, Cecilia and Emily, etc., etc., not

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forgetting dear Charles, who I am so glad to hear is well ; a few kisses to Eddy, etc., etc. Pray, does Henry go to school this year or no ?

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

I am afraid I shall want some money.

210. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Rome, June the 3rd, 1767

My dearest Mother,

You'll be surprised at my writing, as in Bolle's letter to Cecilia he mentions my reason for not writing this post. But whenever I have a few minutes to spare I cannot pass them better than in writing a few lines to you. I propose setting out either Saturday or Sunday for Florence. I hope you approve of the schemes I sent you in my last of the 27th of last month. I hope the Duke will not take it amiss, but I shall have a box to send to Ireland, of some prints and books of antiquities, which would take rather too much place for to carry about with me. There are the prints of some of the most famous pictures at Rome. I bind them so that they pay no more duty than if it was one. So I hope if there is any particular ones that you or Lady Louisa like, I hope you'll take them. And there are some things that will be worth your while looking over, and I dare say amuse you. I hope you got my letter wherein I mentioned the fine carnations there are to be had here. This is not the season or else I would send a few plants in the boxes. I hope you'll excuse this short letter, as I am a going to make my last visits. My love to all friends at Carton, Dublin, [and] Black Rock. I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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211. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Rome, June the 6th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

In the midst of my hurry, I just have a minute to embrace the opportunity of writing to you ; though I should have had more pleasure if I had a letter to answer, as the last date I received is the 30th of April. The weather seems to promise for heat for our journey. There was on Thursday night last a pretty violent earthquake here. It is imagined that it has done some mischief somewhere in the country, but unluckily for me I slept so well that I did not feel it. I hope you'll excuse the shortness of this letter, as I leave this tomorrow, and have nothing new to say but that I am eaten up with fleas. My love to the Duke, etc., etc., not forgetting the Black Rock, who I hope are well.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I have drawn for money.

212. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, June the 14th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here the night before last, having made a most agreeable journey through the most beautiful country I ever saw. We did not come the straight road from Rome, but went across country to see a prodigious fine waterfall, at a place called Terni. There falls more water than at Powerscourt, but I do not think so high, nor just where the water falls is not quite so beautiful. But the ride to it is most delightful. To give you a description of the whole country I passed through would be doing it injustice, as it [is] impossible for anybody to describe the real beauties with justice, nor without seeing of them one can hardly believe it. There is wood, water and everything that can add to make a country beautiful. Florence seems to be an agreeable place enough. The people are very much inclined to be civil to the English. Then I had letters

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to some of the first people here. One was for Comte Rosanbergh, who is the Prime Minister here, who says he knew you and the Duke in England. He is a German and was in England four years, and is very fond of the English. I enquired of the Cardinal Corrin¹ at Rome who knows the origin of our family and says it is Geraldini,² and he told me that there was none of that name left. But I shall certainly know if there is. I have not yet been presented at Court, as I have no proper mourning till today.³ I am now in the country for to complete myself in my Italian, so I hope to stay some time. I have the same master as Mr Conolly had when he was here. Pray, ask him if he knows the Abbé Pilloni. The post goes out [at] 12 o'clock, and it is now near it, so I must conclude in assuring you I am ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

My love to the Duke, etc., etc., at Carton, Blackrock, Dublin. I am very much afraid I shall want a little money by the next post.

213. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, Saturday June the 20th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

Just as I had sealed my last letter to you dated the 15th instant, I received Emily's letter of the 16th of May, which makes me very happy by mentioning your eyes being well again, and [I] hope they will continue so some time. Since my last I have had the honour of being presented to the Grand Duke⁴ and Duchess, who seem to be a very amiable young couple. I am to dine with them on Monday. He is very much liked here. You will certainly like him for his

¹ Probably Cardinal Nerio Maria Corsini (1685-1770), nephew of Clement XII, Pope, 1730-40. The Corsini were a Florentine princely family.

² The FitzGerald family was descended from the Gherardini of Florence.

³ The Tuscan Court was in mourning for Josepha, 2nd wife of Emperor Joseph II. See next letter.

⁴ Leopold I (1747-92), Grand Duke of Tuscany, yr. s. of Emperor Francis I and Empress Maria Theresa; on death (1765) of his father succ. to Grand Duchy; as Leopold II succ. to imperial throne on death (1790) of his bro., Joseph II; m. (1764) Maria Louisa, dau. of Charles III of Spain.

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good nature. When he heard his Mother¹ was so ill of the smallpox, he wanted [to] set out post to Vienna for to see her. The loss of the young Empress² does not seem to affect any of them here, and, by what I hear, her death is full as little regretted at Vienna, though they all say she was good-natured but terribly ugly.

This seems to be an agreeable place enough, though I must own I am very much disappointed, as I expected to have found it [a] more beautiful place. It is astonishing the number of ugly women there are in this town. And there is but one or two handsome women of fashion in the town; one of which is a Roman lady married here. I can't find anything very enchanting either in their person or their conversation to have conquered the hearts of so many English. I dare say you have heard of Lord Cooper,³ who has been here these eight years. He is quite a *cavaliere servante* or *cicisbéo* to a lady here who is far from handsome; he attends her regularly wherever she goes, gives her the arm, keeps her pocket handkerchief, takes care of her cloak, when she goes into company goes her messages. But they are beginning to grow tired of one another.

I dare say Lady Holland in her letters mentioned Sir Horace Mann,⁴ our Minister here. He is the greatest old woman I ever met with; but, give him his *due*, he is very civil. There is to be great doings here for the latter end of summer for the Queen of Naples,⁵ who stops here in her way to Naples. It is said that the Emperor⁶ has some thoughts of coming with her, but it is not yet certain. We have a chariot and a horse race next week, which will be curious,

¹ Maria Theresa (1717-80), dau. of Emperor Charles VI, whom she succ., 1740; m. (1736) Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany and Emperor.

² Josepha (d. 1767), dau. of Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria (Emperor Charles VII).

³ George Nassau Clavering-Cowper (1738-89), 3rd Earl Cowper; succ. his father, 1764; cr. (1778) by Joseph II, a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; m. (1775) Hannah Anne Gore.

⁴ Sir Horace Mann was Minister at the Court of Tuscany, 1740-86.

⁵ Maria Josepha, Archduchess of Austria, dau. of Empress Maria Theresa; m. King of Naples by proxy, Aug., 1767, but died on day appointed for her journey to Italy.

⁶ Joseph II (1741-90), el. s. of Empress Maria Theresa and Francis I; after the death (1765) of his father he became emperor; m. (1) Isabella (d. 1763), dau. of Philip, Duke of Parma; (2) Josepha (d. 1767), dau. of Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria (Emperor Charles VII).

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

as it is something in the antique way.¹ My love to the Duke, Cecilia, Emily, etc., etc., Lady Kildare, Charles, and Black Rock. A few kisses for Eddy. I [am] ashamed to say but I drew for the money I mentioned in my last. My compliments to Lord Russborough.²

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

214. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, June 27th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I received Lady Cecilia's letter of the 25th of May, which makes me very happy to find you and all the family are well.

I may now really say the weather is hot. Till within these few days it has been very pleasant, but now it'll be more so. There is no going out from ten in the morning till seven at night. I am now in a light lustring night-gown, though at the same time I am as hot as *Jack Fitzpatrick ever was in the kitchen*. The only way of keeping oneself tolerably cool is to keep the windows and window shutters shut, by way of keeping out the sun.

Bolle writ to Lady Cecilia last post to let you know I had not time to write as I dined with the Grand Duke, who really gave us a very excellent dinner. He is a civil, well-bred, amiable young man, a great deal to say for himself, and has had a very good education. He is beloved by everybody here. At dinner Sir Horace Mann sat next to him and I next to the Grand Duchess, who is also very amiable, but not handsome. She talked a great deal at dinner. They seem to be very fond of one another. They are both very fond of the Empress-Queen,³ who is now entirely recovered. She would have been a great loss to this country as well as to her own. It is strongly reported that the Emperor will be here in September

¹ Started in 1563 by Cosimo I, and continued down to the nineteenth century, the Roman Chariot Races were held in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella under the Grand Dukes every Midsummer Eve.

² Joseph Leeson, Viscount Russborough (1730-1801); succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Milltown, 1783; M.P. for Thomastown, 1757-60.

³ Maria Theresa.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

with his sister, the Queen of Naples, who stays here some time before she goes to Naples. So there'll be great feasts here, such as masquerade, balls, operas, etc., etc. I hope the Duke will have no objection to my being here; then as I propose either going to Pisa or Lucca for a month or so as there are baths and waters that are very good for me, then to turn back again to Florence, as it is an agreeable town, and then if the Emperor comes there'll be magnificent doings. But anyhow I'll be at Turin in November and stay as long as you please.

I am rather sorry I was not at Venice this year as everybody says that the *fête* was the most magnificent that ever was seen. It was all for the Duke of Witterbergh,¹ who is one of the most curious men that ever was heard of. His Court allows him a pension to live out of his state. He has taken three *palazes* at Venice and four country houses. He has quite turned the Venetian heads. He took a great deal of notice of [the] English; he gave two or three balls on purpose for them. I was at a horse race and a chariot race here; it is very curious as the horses have no riders. I was on the same balcony as the Grand Duke was, who was very civil to Lord Robert Spencer and I; he made us come and stand by him, by which means we got a good place. My love to the Duke and all the family at Carton, Black Rock, Dublin, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

215. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, July the 4th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I hope you received my letter of the 27th of June, as I make it a rule while I am here to write to you every Saturday. The other post days when I have time is for two Ladies. I now begin to feel the heat which is almost insupportable; I could wish myself transported at Carton for the summer, as there one may go out at all hours of the day.

¹ Probably Charles Eugene (1728-93), Duke of Württemberg; succ. 1737; m. (1786) Countess von Hohenhain.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

I yesterday received a letter to [sic] Charles Fox who mentions having received one from his Father,¹ who says he bore his journey very well, and that Lady Mary was with child, which I make no doubt but Lord and Lady Holland are both very happy. She'll hear enough of it for some time from Lord Holland, who'll alway tell her that her journey to Naples was for some purpose.

Charles Fox proposes staying in Italy some time. I expect him here soon with Lord FitzWilliam. Bolle has writ to the Duke this post, wherein he mentions the money spent and received this last quarter. It is this very day year that we left London. I am really ashamed when I consider the money I have spent, during this year. But it shall be my best endeavours, to make this next year less expensive, as the first year there was a great many things wanting which will not this year. I can assure you nothing makes me happier than when I imagine that you and my father are pleased with my conduct, which I flatter myself you are, by the many kindnesses I have received from you. I am afraid there is one article in Bolle's quarterly account that is unreasonable, which is my pocket money; but that was while I was at Rome. I lost some money at loo with the Countess of Mahony,² for I never won, and it run rather high.

Pray my love to the Duke, Lady Kildare, Cecilia, Louisa Conolly and Emily, who I wrote to the 30th of last month. Don't forget Charles and the Black Rock, a few kisses to Eddy, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

216. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, July the 11th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

It is some time since I have had the pleasure of hearing from home, but I imagine that the letters are gone to Rome, from which place the post only arrives once a week.

¹ Lord Holland.

² Lady Anne Clifford (d. 1793), dau. of Charlotte Maria, *suo jure* Countess of Newburgh and Hon. Thomas Clifford; m. John Joseph Mahony, Count Mahony. She was mother of Princess Giustiniani.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

I hope you receive my letters regularly, as I write constantly once a week, if not twice. Our weather is terribly hot, and poor *William* will be as thin as a whipping post before it is long, as he loses his appetite and does not sleep and sweats like a horse that has run a race. For the heat is insupportable, and he can't eat ices for they give him the gripes, which you know he is subject to. I think the poor boy is very much to be pitied, and all the comfort he has from Sir Horace Mann is that [it is a] common complaint in summer.

Sir Horace is to have a magnificent *conversazione* tonight in his garden, which is to be illuminated; it'll be very agreeable, as at present there are but few amusements at Florence.

I believe I never mentioned the lady Sir Horace is *Cicisbéo* to. He is very convenient to her, as she loves good eating and drinking, which she makes Sir Horace give her whenever she chooses. She does nothing but talk of it, and is always enquiring when the water melons come in, as she may eat them, she says, till she swells, which is her comfort.

I cannot say the Florentines are the most agreeable people or the easiest got acquainted with of any in Italy. The men are [a] better looking set of people; in general, the ladies are horribly ugly; it is not to be told how uncommon a thing a handsome woman is here. Pray, my love to the Duke, Lady Kildare, Ladies Cecilia, Emily and Louisa Conolly, not forgetting Charles, etc. A few kisses for Eddy, etc., etc. I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I am ashamed to say, but I drew for money this week.

217. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, the 18th of July, 1767

My dearest Mother,

You'll be surprised at Lady Cecilia's receiving a letter from me the same post as you will this, but I had writ for last post but it was too late to send it.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

Our weather still continues very hot, but by use not so disagreeable as it was at first ; the evenings are very pleasant, as there generally [is] a little air, and falls little or no dew.

Lady Cecilia in her last letter mentions your dining at Watertown ; to be sure it must be delightful. I shall have great pleasure in seeing Carton again. I hope in a year or so I may flatter myself with the thoughts. I, thank God, pass my time as agreeably as possible ; and what makes me still happier is that you and the Duke seem to be content of my conduct. I should look upon myself to be ungrateful if I did not do everything that lies in my power to oblige you both.

The Emperor comes here with the Queen of Naples upon a visit to his brother.¹ They say he proposes making a tour of Europe, [and] means to go to England. He is to stop at Turin to see whether one of [the] Duchesses of Savoy will suit him for a wife. He is an unlucky man to have buried two wives at five and twenty years old.

The amusements are not very numerous in this town. The fashionable one is walking upon the bridge at night, and in the evening they go and sit in their coaches the outside of one of the gates of the town. They say it is by way of getting fresh air. I believe it is to pick up all the waste dust that is flying about, as it is upon the Bologna road, and there pass a great many carriages of all sorts. It is the fashion here for men to carry fans ; you know I like to be in the fashion, so I have got myself one, and when I dine at home I make use of it ; and I also take it to bed and fan myself to sleep, which is very comfortable in this oven. But one meets the friars and all the gentlemen with them walking the streets of an evening.

I beg my love to the Duke, Lady Dowager Kildare, Ladies Louisa Conolly, Cecilia, Emily, etc., etc., Charles and the Black Rock. A few kisses to Eddy, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ Leopold I, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

218. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, July 21st, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I had yesterday the pleasure of receiving Emily's letter of the 24th of June, which made me very happy in finding a postscript of your own handwriting. I certainly shall be very willing to do anything that'll be of service to my health and a satisfaction to you. At present I find myself perfectly well, but intend taking the sea the latter end of August. At present the weather is too hot for to undertake any journey. The only thing to be done now is to keep oneself as cool as possible. Yesterday and the day before were the hottest days we have had yet. I heard [a] person say that they were the hottest days that he ever felt in Italy. If these two days past had come about a fortnight ago that they would have killed me, but now I am used to it, it is not so disagreeable, but bad enough.

I shall write for your carnations on Saturday; I hope they'll answer. If Jacob Smith¹ will have them packed up in any particular way, you'll let me know. I do not think you can get them till October.

I do not dislike Emily's description of Miss FitzGerald.² I should have been glad to have seen her; pray, how old is she?

I go on very well with my Italian; I am now reading poetry, which is very pretty. I have a very good master; to be sure, it is a charming language. I expect Charles Fox every day. Lord Robert Spencer leaves this next week. Lord FitzWilliam is also expected. It [is] amazing wherever one goes the number of English one meets. There are a dozen here at present; they all seem inclined to stay. My chief amusement here of an evening is to go to a most beautiful meadow which looks quite English, which is surrounded by trees and the river runs just by it. It is a delightful place for to cool oneself after the heat of the day. Pray, my love and respect to all at home.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

¹A gardener at Carton.

²Caroline (d. 1823), dau. of Richard FitzGerald, Esq., of Mount Ophaly, Co. Kildare, and heiress of the Mitchelstown estates, then worth £6,000 a year, besides large personal property. She m. (1769) her cousin, Robert King, Viscount Kingsborough (later 2nd Earl of Kingston), who was then only fifteen. The marriage was not a happy one, and they were later separated.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

219. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, August the 1st, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I desired Emily in my last letter to her of the 28th of July to thank the Duke for his obliging remembrance of me in purchasing the lieutenantancy. I hope he means to do just as he pleases about my remaining or advancing in the army, as I am sure whatever pleases him is agreeable to me, as I shall [do] and have done everything in my power to oblige him. I can assure you that it makes me very happy to think he has been so well pleased with my conduct since I have left you.

We have had some rain last night which has cooled the air a little, which indeed it wanted, as the heat has been very great. I propose about the middle of this month to make a tour of towards Lucca, Pisa and then to Leghorn where I'll bathe in the sea. I continue very well and support the heat better than I did. If this is a good fruit year at Carton I envy you a little, as the fruit here is hardly eatable; figs are very good, and the peaches very bad. There are now water melons, but they do not look good; I have not yet tasted them. Pine-apples there are none in this part of the world.

I mentioned in my last the English almost all gone, but there are a new set arrived. Lord FitzWilliam's among the rest. Charles Fox is gone to Turin to meet Lord Carlisle, who, I imagine, has no thoughts of coming.

I am afraid the Emperor will not be here before November. His chief reason for making this journey is to have an opportunity of seeing the sea and ships. It sounds odd for a person to come so many hundred miles for to see the sea when there are many that had rather go some hundred miles than [see the] sea and the ships.

Emily's description of the Gothic will add still more to that beautiful spot. I own I shall be very happy when the time comes that I am to return; I suppose in a year from this, I may flatter myself. I could wish the Florentines were easier to get acquainted with.

I have just had a visitor which has delayed me a little, as the post goes out at eleven and it is very near the time. I drew for a hundred

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

pounds now. I have now made a new regulation of paying everything immediately. My love to the Duke, Lady Kildare, Ladies Louisa Conolly, Cecilia, Emily, etc., Charles, etc., a few kisses for Eddy, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your affectionate son,

Kildare.

220. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, August the 8th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I am very sorry to be obliged to begin my letter by saying that it is time to finish, as the post is just going out. I was yesterday in the country and did not return till 4 o'clock this morning, and got up too late, as the post goes out at eleven. It was very pleasant in the country, as the weather is not so hot, as we have had a good deal of rain, which has cooled the air very much. Charles Fox is at last come and gives us a very good account of Lord Holland. The last letter from home was dated the 2nd of July. I hope you received mine of the 1st of this month. I hear Lady Holland has wrote to you about my going to Barèges;¹ but, thank God, I continue very well and propose taking the sea bathing this month. My love to the Duke, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

221. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, August the 11th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I now write by way of making an apology for the shortness and my beastly letter of the 8th of this month, but as I have made it a rule to write to you every Saturday, and as I thought proper to keep up to my resolution, I begun my letter not having a minute to spare,

¹ The waters of Barèges first became fashionable after the visit of Mme. de Maintenon in 1677.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

as I had been in the country the night before and did not return till morning. The very great heats, thank God, are past, though it still continues hot ; but there is a wind constantly stirring, which is not disagreeable, and now and then we have some rain. Thank God, it agrees with me very well, for I have not been so free from heats as I am at present ; the constant perspiration that I have been in for these two months past has done me good. Bolle has had kind of rash all over, which I think has done him good ; he is very well. He intends to bathe in the sea with me, which will be of service to him.

I am very sorry to hear the Duke of York has some thoughts of spending the winter at Turin ; I shall be ashamed of him, especially if he does not behave better than he did last time he was abroad ; wherever he has been they complain of him. I do not know how they'll receive him if he goes to Rome, as they are very angry with him, and not without reason. Anyhow he'll not do very well after [the] Prince of Brunswick, who is so much liked in Italy (*il est un Prince digne, et l'autre n'est pas digne d'estre Prince*).

I see by the papers that Lord Holland has been at Court. I own it surprised me very much when I saw it.

There are likely to be changes. Who knows what may happen if in case a *friend* of ours should be Lord Lieutenant, which I wish. I beg leave only to recommend Colonel Rawson as an aide-de-camp, and Messrs Burgh and Bowater to be remembered. The former, though not much acquainted with you, is a very good sort of a man and a very great friend of mine. I hope you do not take ill of me mentioning it, as you know such a thing may happen, and as I am at so great a distance that I can't speak myself and maybe it should happen my writing then will be too late. The former I take the liberty of mentioning as I received a great many civilities from him at Kilkenny, for he was there when I was. I must also say that neither of the three ever mentioned [it] to me, [but] I have heard the former often say he should like to be an aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant.

I have not received a letter from home these three posts. My last was dated the 2nd of July.

Florence is rather more agreeable than it was, as people begin to have small parties ; though, to be sure, to me they are not quite so pleasant as a large *conversazione*, as here there is no loo playing,

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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and as for other games I know none. Though I mentioned loo I [would] always rather not play, as cards are my aversion.

The Grand Duke and Duchess were yesterday evening at Marquis Riccardi's to see a horse race. The *palazzo* is magnificent and [the] largest and richest furnished I have ever seen. We had a concert of music, and ices brought about ; there was a great many people and the house was illuminated and all the rooms open, which had a very good effect. Florence will be very gay when the Emperor and Queen of Naples come.

Pray, my love to the Duke and Ladies, Dowager, Louisa, Cecilia, Emily, Charles, etc., etc., etc. ; a few kisses to be disposed amongst *the rats*.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

222. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, August the 18th, 1767

I am much obliged to my dearest Mother for her obliging letter of the 19th of July, and am very happy to see your own handwriting once more ; for though they have always mentioned your being well, yet I could hardly credit it, as you did not write a few lines yourself. Now, thank God, I am quite at ease, and hope they'll grow stronger every day.

I told a great lie in my last of the 11th of this month, saying that the hot weather was gone, especially as that very day turned out after I had wrote to you to be the hottest day that we have had this year. To be sure, the heat last week [was] too much for any Christian. A great many old people here say they never felt it so hot at Florence, but we have had some rain, which I now hope has cooled the air. I propose setting out very soon for Lucca and Pisa. The former is a very agreeable town and there is a theatre now open, which is no bad thing in such a small town as Lucca ; and then their Italian is very good. The other is much such a place as Malvern or any water drinking place ; a great deal of gaming.

I was yesterday to wait upon Count Rosenberg, but did not find him at home. The first opportunity I shall deliver him your message. I was to have dined with him last Sunday, but I was out of town.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

Your vases I'll bespeak this day. If I thought you was in no very great hurry I would write to Rome for some pretty antique drawings.

I wish at the same time you allow me to send you a beautiful small miniature picture of a holy family which can be done for 15 guineas. I am sure you would like it. The original is by Raphael and there is a man here who copies it in miniature very well. Do let me know whether you'll have it or not.

I amuse myself very well here. There is a very good set of English here, six or seven old schoolfellows. We expect Lord Carlisle, but God knows when; Charles Fox flatters himself with the hopes in less than a week. I have entirely got the better of everybody that have wanted me to play, though at the same time I must do my friend, Charles, the justice to say he never asked me, as he saw I did not like it. I do not see that gaming that people say there is in Italy. Rome, Naples and here all games of hazard are forbid on pain of being sent to their country. At Pisa they allow a pharaoh¹ table during the season for the drinking the waters. I find myself very well in regard to the humours that I had in spring; I believe the hot weather has done me good, as I have heard say that a natural perspiration was very good. I am sure if anything is the matter it is not for want of perspiration, especially last week—I slept in the Italian custom, without a shirt and nothing but a sheet. I perspired as if I was wrapped up in a flannels, and set before the kitchen fire. Pray, my love to the Duke and all the family [at] Black Rock, Dublin, and Carton; a few kisses for the *rats*.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate and loving son,

Kildare.

Bolle has a kind of a rash that is natural to the country in this hot weather he does not like. I think he looks much better than he did, and I believe is, but will not allow it.

There is an Abbé Count de Guasco that says he knew you very well in England; he talks a great deal about the late Duke of Richmond; ² also an Abbé Niccolini.

¹ Faro.

² Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond (1701–50); succ. 1723; Ambassador to France, 1748–49. He m. (1719) Sarah (1706–51), 1st dau. and co-h. of William Cadogan, 1st Earl Cadogan.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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223. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, August the 22nd, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I intended to have set off this day for Lucca, but Tuesday next is the Grand Duchess day. It is but proper I should delay my journey a few days as it is reckoned a compliment to go to Court, and as they have always been very civil, I think it is my duty to shew a kind of regard for them. I delivered your compliments to Monsieur de Rosanberg, who is *très sensible de votre bonté*; and I asked him about the Prince Lobkowitz,¹ who, he says, is quite altered; instead of being gay and lively, he lives at home and sees nobody and is turned bigot.

I have bespoke your vases; I hope you'll like them. The small ones I may venture to say will please you, they are quite different patterns and also different shapes. The large pair I have not yet determined on, but he is altering the drawing of it. They will not be done sooner than three months. When they are finished, would you have them sent immediately, or stay still spring?

I hear Lord Holland is to be at Nice this winter. Do you mean that I should spend the winter with them? If you do, you'll alter the schemes of Turin. I shall have no objection if you have none, of going and making them a visit, as it is, I believe, but a few days' journey.

Charles Fox has persuaded himself that he is in love, and I believe he means to enter into *Cicibéoship*. But the misfortune of Charles is that he is apt to be very neglectful of her and not see the lady for two days, then he is obliged to begin again. The lady seems to have no objection to him, but I believe between you [and] I Lord FitzWilliam is the one she has fixed her eye upon.

I am going to a concert this morning to hear a most famous singer. I am grown quite [a] lover of music.

I am ashamed of myself but I was obliged to draw for money this week.

My love to the Duke, etc., etc., etc., etc. A few kisses to Eddy, etc., etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

¹ Prince Joseph Lobkowitz, s. of George Christian, Prince Lobkowitz, the Austrian general and diplomatist. He was Austrian envoy to Russia in 1771.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

224. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Leghorn, September the 4th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I have been rather neglectful this last post or two but have constantly hurry by travelling. I could get no other place than Leghorn for to bathe in the sea. I have been in three times and it agrees with me very well. I do think Italy the prettiest country I ever saw; the variety of scenes that one sees is delightful. I stopped at Lucca, which is a pretty town. I mean, when I return to Florence, to stop there and at Pisa. This is not a pretty or a large town, but the number of people one sees in the streets is astonishing. But what pleases me is to see the number of different nations gather together; they speak all languages. There is at present one of our men-of-war, and a frigate; I am going this day to dine aboard. The Governor of the town is a very good sort of a man, I have dined with him twice.

The Duke [of] York, we hear, is at Genoa, which I am very sorry for, as I am afraid he'll come into this part of the world, and he'll be very troublesome, as they really hate him wherever he has been; his behaviour all over Italy has been abominable; I hope he means to retrieve his lost character.

It is a good while since I have heard from you or the young ladies.

I hear Lord Townsend¹ is made Lord Lieutenant. Is it true? Pray, my love to the Duke and all the good family, not forgetting the Black Rock.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

I am ashamed to say but I was obliged to draw for some money.

¹ George Townshend, 4th Visc. Townshend (1724-1807), el. s. of 3rd Visc. Townshend, whom he succ. in 1764; cr. Marquis, 1786; took chief command at Quebec on Wolfe's death (1759); Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 12 August, 1767, until September, 1772; m. 1stly (1751) Lady Charlotte (d. 1770), only surv. issue of James Compton, Earl of Northampton, in her own right Baroness de Ferrars; 2ndly (1773) Anne (d. 1819), dau. of Sir William Montgomery, M.P. for Ballynekill.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

225. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Leghorn, September the 17th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I have been very regular in my bathing since I have been here, and find it agrees with me very well, and hope it'll be in my power to reap the advantage of bathing somewhere or other next spring, either at Genoa or Venice. I hope you mean that I should stay in Italy another year and then to go home, and take Germany in the second expedition. As Germany is a country that I should like to see very well, I am sorry the Emperor has retarded his journey till November, as that has broke into some of my schemes. This is not the most agreeable town in the world, but, to be sure, worth seeing; everybody seems occupied.

The last letter that I have received from home was yours of the 19th of July. I hope you got mine of the 4th. I am sorry that Lord Townsend is our Lord Lieutenant, as I fear [it] is not agreeable for some friends of ours, especially as he is, by all accounts, a strange man and not to be depended upon.¹

The Duke of York is expected every day at Genoa; from thence he comes to Florence. Cecilia's likeness (Miss Coppinger) has made a very good match, as I am told that Mr Howard² is heir to the Duke of Norfolk.³ Why don't you marry Lady Cecilia to somebody or other? I shall be obliged to make a fine coat or two for the arrival of the Queen of Naples, as we are to have great doings at Florence. The last money we drew for here we got a great deal more for a

¹According to Lecky, Lord Townshend during his five years Viceroyalty (1767-72) did more to corrupt and lower political life in Ireland than any previous Lord Lieutenant. 'Lord Townshend,' he wrote, 'is one of the very small number of Irish Viceroys who have been personally disliked.' (*Hist. II.*, 115).

²Charles Howard (1746-1815); styled Earl of Surrey, 1777-86; succ. his father, Charles Howard, Duke of Norfolk (1720-86) (who had become heir presumptive to the dukedom in 1767 and succ. his cousin Edward, Duke of Norfolk, in 1777) as Duke of Norfolk, 1786. M.P. for Carlisle, 1780-86. He m. 1stly (1767) Mariana, dau. and heiress of John Coppinger, of Ballyvolane, Co. Cork, by Elizabeth, 4th dau. and co-heiress of Michael Moore, of Drogheda. She d., in childbed, May, 1768. He m. (2) (1771) Frances (1749-50-1820), dau. and heiress of Charles Fitzroy-Scudamore, formerly Fitzroy.

³Edward Howard, Duke of Norfolk (1686-1777); m. (1727) Mary (d. 1773), 2nd dau. and co-heiress of Edward Blount.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

hundred pounds than at Florence or Rome, etc., etc.; for which reason I hope the Duke will have no objection to my drawing again here, as I shall have my clothes to pay for. It'll be more advantageous to me. Pray, my love to the Duke and Lady Dowager, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

226. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Lucca, September 25th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I am much obliged to you for your obliging letter of the 21st of August, which, I can assure you, makes me very happy when I think the Duke is pleased with my conduct; in regard to money, you may be sure my best endeavour is to be as sparing as I can. I shall be obliged to make a coat for the Emperor's arrival, and the one I made at Naples will serve to make me magnificent. I believe mournings will never be at an end; we shall now be obliged to mourn for the Duke of York,¹ who, I hear, is certainly dead.

We have had the most sudden change of weather that ever was, from being quite hot and being obliged to wear silk clothes, it is grown all of a sudden as cold as ever I felt in the middle of winter. I have caught cold by not having any warm clothes with me. I went [to] bed last night not at all [well], but this morning I am much better; but I rather lay abed too long to have the pleasure of writing you a longer letter, as the post is just going, so I must conclude by assuring you how much I am your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

My love to the Duke, etc., etc. Your dear picture is amazingly admired by everybody here, but they won't believe it is my Mother's.

¹ See page 436, note 1.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

227. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, October the 3rd, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I received your letter of the 5th September, which has caused a great uneasiness in my mind, in regard to the Duke not being content with my conduct in regard to money matters. I own at the time I drew I always thought that my money was going too fast, but at the same time you must consider I set out from England almost naked. I had but the coat upon my back and another. As for stockings, dress ruffles, etc., etc., I had none. When you come to look into those articles, one must see that all that is necessary. As to servants and carriages, etc., I can assure [you they] are not more than necessary ; you must consider one must have a carriage, coachman and footman that knows the town. Carriages are very dear in Italy ; so much [so that] when I go into small towns such as Lucca, etc., I never had a carriage. At Rome [and] Naples I believe I mentioned in a former letter that I lost playing at loo very near a hundred pounds. In short, my dear Mother, there are so many necessary articles that a young man wants at setting out in the world. I can assure you when I sent the account of the yearly expense, it hurt me very much ; and since [then] I have been determined to be as careful as possible. And I promise you that I'll not dawdle it away, for I should look upon myself as very ungrateful if I did not do everything in my power to oblige and serve so good a father as mine.

As to the voyage of Vienna, [that] came a little abruptly, as I had flattered myself with the thoughts of spending this winter in Italy. But, to be sure, the Duke's reasons are very good, and I shall take care during my whole stay there to make the army my chief study. What disturbs me is your mentioning the setting off immediately. I hope that my reasons will convince the Duke that it is not through neglect or disobedience that I do not set off immediately ; but as I am to go to Vienna, in my opinion it will be better to stay here till the Emperor comes. By that means I shall be presented to him here, and as he is very attentive to the English it'll be of more service to me at Vienna. Also, it'll be in my power to make acquaintance with some of his attendants, and

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

with Mr Rosanbergh's letters I make no doubt but I shall spend my time very well. The Emperor is expected in three weeks, so you see it delays my journey but a little while. During the time he goes to Rome, Naples, etc., etc., I shall go to Turin and follow him to Vienna, which will be about Christmas. Till then it'll hardly be possible to get to Vienna, as he travels with such a train. By which means if the Duke is content, I shall be at Vienna by the latter end of the year. I sincerely wish this scheme may please the Duke, as I can assure you that I should be the most unhappy man living if I thought myself ever guilty of disobliging my father.

I must also let you into the secret that I have bought a coat, before I received yours, on purpose for his Imperial Majesty. I hope you are thoroughly convinced it is not any mark of disrespect that I am guilty of in not putting your orders into direct execution, as really they are my reasons.

I pray my love to the Duke and Ladies Louisa, Dowager Kildare, Cecilia, Emily, etc., etc., not forgetting Charles, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I shall be in daily expectation for an answer to set my mind at rest and assure me I have not acted contrary to your will.

228. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, October the 10th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I hope you received my last letter of the 3rd instant, wherein I mention my reasons for not setting out directly. I hope they'll convince the Duke and you that it is not through neglect I do not obey your orders so punctually as I should have done. The Emperor is expected very soon; there are already some of his people arrived. I forgot to mention to you how well the sea bathing agreed with [me]. I also was at Lucca some time. I cannot say it is an agreeable town at all. There was a lady and her daughter there I visited; the former was the picture of Mrs Letablere and the daughter very like Lady Cecilia.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

We have charming weather, neither too hot nor cold. The Grand Duke is going to Leghorn for a day to see the Maltese galleys. I believe I shall take a trip over there too, as I am told they are very well worth seeing, and then I shall see them to great advantage as they are to go through all their manœuvres for the Duke. It would be a pity to miss so good an occasion. The post goes out at a very inconvenient hour, and my dancing master is waiting, so I must beg of you to present my love to the Duke and Lady Dowager, Ladies Louisa, Cecilia, not forgetting Charles, etc., etc. Your vases are not yet finished ; I hope they'll please you.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

229. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Florence, Saturday, October 17th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

Since my last of the 10th instant, is arrived the account of the Queen of Naples having the smallpox, which puts a stop to the Emperor's coming here till spring ; for which reason I set off for Turin on Wednesday, where I shall make a longer stay than I should have done otherwise. If you should have any other schemes in your head about my proceeding, I should be much obliged to you to let me know them. I own I am very sorry to leave Italy so soon, especially without seeing Genoa, Milan and Venice ; but it is to be hoped I shall see them next year, at least your letter seems to flatter me with the hopes. Your vases will not be finished till December ; they are to be sent to Leghorn as soon as they are finished, and sent the first opportunity that offers for Dublin. I flatter myself they'll please you.

Pray, tell the Duke that I have no letter of credit upon Vienna. Also if he could procure me a letter for Lord Stormont ; ¹ as I know

¹ David Murray (1727-96), 7th Viscount Stormont ; succ. his uncle as 2nd Earl of Mansfield, 1793. Envoy to Warsaw, 1756-61 ; Ambassador at Vienna, 1763-72 ; Ambassador at Paris, 1772-78. He m. 1st (1759), Henrietta Frederica (d. 1766), dau. of Henry, Count von Bünaü ; 2nd (1776), Louisa (1758-1843), 3rd and youngest dau. of Charles Cathcart, 9th Lord Cathcart ; she became (1793) *suo jure* Countess of Mansfield.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

all the Ambassadors and Ministers like that the people should bring them letters of recommendation, especially when you are not acquainted with them.

Our weather has been very indifferent lately ; a great deal of rain, which will make our roads through Lombardy very indifferent. Charles Fox goes with me as far as Turin in his way to Montauban to meet Lord and Lady Holland. My love to the Duke, etc., etc., etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

Direct to me *chez* Mess. Torras, *Banquiers*, at Turin.

230. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 27th of October, 1767

My dearest Mother,

According to my Father's desire, I set out for Turin the day after the news came of [the] Queen of Naples's death, seeing there were no hopes of the Emperor coming to Florence. I arrived here after a journey of four days through a fine country, though I cannot say a very beautiful, as it is such a dead flat from Bologna to within a few posts of this. Charles Fox came with me. He is going to Montauban to meet Lord [and] Lady Holland. I own I am very much grieved at leaving Italy without seeing Genoa, Venice, Milan, etc., etc. Also, I left Florence very unwillingly, as I spent my time very well, having a great many acquaintances and talking the beautiful Tuscan language, which, to be sure, is the most beautiful of all languages. The people that have been here do not give me a good account of this place, but I do not believe them ; and I make no doubt but I shall amuse myself very well for the short time I stay here. I have not yet been presented at Court, as our *Chargé d' Affaires* is not well ; but if he does not recover soon, I shall find some other means of being presented. I dread the journey to Vienna, as it is in a very bad season and I shall find it a very *triste*

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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Court. I expected to have passed the winter at the Academy here, which would have been a very [great] economy and, by what I hear, not disagreeable; and the masters are very good; and then to have seen the rest of Italy in spring and to have spent the summer at Vienna. I spoke to Count Rosanberg, who promised to send me a letter the day before I left Florence, but the melancholy news of the Queen's death arrived that day [and] he was obliged to be at Court. She died the day she was to have been married by proxy. I, by way of being an economist, made up my coat, which I have packed up carefully, as it will be a good coat for when the mourning is out at Vienna, as they dress very richly there. We have a great loss in not having Mr Pitt ¹ here or some other minister, as a minister generally adds a great deal to society; and it is always [a] place where one may go when one has nothing else to do. As for the beauties of this place I can[not] give you any account of [them] as I have not yet seen them. The town is much the handsomest I have seen in Italy, as the houses are regularly built and the streets are wide; it is but a small town. I forgot to mention this is the second or third time Charles Fox has been here for to meet Lord Carlisle, who, I believe, has no thoughts of coming this way, though he is to have his green ribbon ² here. But that is not yet come. Travelling in this part of Italy is monstrous dear. I believe to make up for my travelling expenses (that causes me more uneasiness than one can imagine) you must marry me to Miss FitzGerald as soon as I return; so I beg you'll make Cecilia and Emily pay their court to her whenever they see her. I like the description that Cecilia sent me very well, and I think there is no time to lose, as I hear they want to marry Master King ³ to her directly, and it would be a thousand pities that poor William should lose so good a match. (I am in earnest.)

¹ George Pitt (1721-1803), el. s. of George Pitt of Stratfield-Say, Hampshire. Envoy to Turin, 1761-68. He arrived at Turin 6 March, 1762, left on leave 28 April, 1764, and did not return. Cr. (1776) Baron Rivers. He m. (1746) Penelope (d. 1795), dau. of Henry Atkins, Bt. She is celebrated in Walpole's poem on *The Beauties*.

² Lord Carlisle was made Knight of the Thistle, 23 December, 1767; being invested at Turin by the King of Sardinia, 27 February, 1768.

³ Robert King (1754-99), styled Viscount Kingsborough, 1768-97; succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Kingston, 1797. M.P. for Co. Cork, 1783-97. He m. (1769), when aged 15, Caroline, dau. and heiress of Richard FitzGerald.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

My love to the Duke and Lady Dowager Kildare, Ladies Louisa, Cecilia, Emily, etc., etc., not forgetting the young noblemen.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

Charles Fox, I believe, begs to be remembered to the Duke and you, but I dare not disturb him as he is writing to his *Cicisbéo* at Florence.

Since I wrote this I have just received a letter from Lady Cecilia of the 25th of September. Pray, my love to Mrs. Lyons, and tell her to keep her hand in the caudle way against the Marchioness lies in.

231. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, 4th of November, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I received your obliging letter of the 29th of September, wherein you mention the citizens of Dublin having done us the honour of desiring me to represent them in Parliament.¹ I am of your opinion that it is much better staying abroad and finishing my travels at once now they are begun, than to take them at twice. I could wish to finish my tour of Italy before I went to Germany. I shall find Vienna in a very *triste* situation, as there is another of the Archduchesses that has got the smallpox.

Turin seems to be an agreeable place enough, but unless a person stays some time the people do not care to make acquaintance with you. I have been presented at Court, and was yesterday out a hunting with the King² and royal family. We had a very good

¹ On 28 November, 1767, William, Marquis of Kildare, was elected Member of Parliament for the City of Dublin. But not being of age, he could not take his seat, and he continued on his travels. There was a severe contest, the other candidate being the banker, Mr. John La Touche. The polling lasted eighteen days. The election was a by-election on the death of the Recorder, James Grattan.

² Charles Emanuel III, King of Sardinia (d. 1773); succ. his father, Victor Amadeus II, who abdicated, in 1730. In 1718 the Kingdom of Sardinia had passed to the Duke of Savoy, who then took the title of King of Sardinia.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

chase of a stag ; it is amazing to see the King, who is sixty-seven years old, ride like a young man of twenty. He is a very good-natured old man and talks to everybody. My letters that I brought here have been very useful to me ; but I brought a letter for [one] of the most agreeable ladies here, who is since dead ; which is a great loss, as she had a great deal of conversation for strangers. I could spend my winter very agreeably here. The most disagreeable thing is they have a language here which is neither Italian or French, but between both. The weather begins to be very cold, especially the mornings and evenings.

Charles Fox left this on Saturday. He must have had fine cold weather crossing the Alps, as the snow begins to fall upon the mountains. It'll be very bad passing in [a] month hence. I am very happy at your getting Charles a tutor,¹ but I hope he continues mending. Pray, my love to him, the Duke, etc., etc., not forgetting the Ladies Emily and Cecilia ; the former I wrote to a day or two ago, but it goes with this.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

232. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 11th of November, 1767

My dearest Mother,

We have had great change of weather since my last of the 4th of this month, as it is grown amazingly cold. I do not know but it appears to me to be as cold as ever I felt it [in] England ; that may [be] owing to my having been this year past in so warm a climate. To be sure, last winter was hardly to be called a winter.

I have been out a hunting with the King, and the Duke of Savoy² and his brother.³ I was told it was a proper compliment to ask

¹ William Ogilvie (1740-1832), who, after the death of James, 1st Duke of Leinster, became (1774) Emily, Duchess of Leinster's second husband.

² The Duke of Savoy (1725-96) was el. and only surviving s. of Charles Emanuel III by his 2nd wife ; succ. to the throne of Sardinia as Victor Amadeus III on his father's death in 1773.

³ Benedict Maurice, Duke of Chablais (1741-1808), yst. and only surviving s. of Charles Emanuel III by his 3rd wife.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

leave to wear the hunting uniform, as the King is very fond that the English should hunt with him. By wearing the uniform you breakfast with the King and the royal family ; it is quite a hunting breakfast, as he and the rest of the people eat standing with a plate and napkin in one hand, and help oneself to whatever one likes. The King is a very civil good sort of an old gentleman, loves the English and hates the French, which I have not the worse opinion of him for so doing. The Duke [of] Savoy is a most amiable Prince, very civil and easy with everybody ; he is adored here. The Duke of Chablais, his brother, who is reckoned proud here, I like him very much as, in my opinion, he is far from proud, as he speaks with everybody and has been remarkably civil to me. I follow him generally a hunting. By what I hear there are excellent masters here of all sorts ; it is a very good place for an Englishman to learn fortification, as the English only are permitted to see their works, this town being vastly well fortified.

I hear Lord Holland is determined to spend the winter at Nice. By what I hear it is quite an English town, as there are quantities there for their health. By all accounts, it is a most charming climate. I saw a gentleman who came from thence lately, who gave me a very bad account of Billy Clements having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs, which I am very sorry for, as he is a very good sort of a man. I hear you are to lie in soon. Pray, is it true ? As the young ladies never mentioned to me, I did not believe it when I heard it. Pray, my love to the Duke and the young ladies, not forgetting the young *noblemen*, Lord Charles, etc., etc. ; not forgetting a kiss for the little *copperation*. What is become of Henry ?

I am ashamed to say, but I drew for money this post.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

233. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, November the 17th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I beg you'll make my excuse to Emily, as I owe her a letter which was to have been answered last post ; but I was all morning at the Citadel seeing the fortifications, and the evening I was obliged to go and make a visit to return the Secretary of War thanks. I hope the Duke was not displeased at my having the King's hunting uniform, as I was informed before that he and the Duke [of] Savoy like to see the English. Not only that, but it makes you in a manner acquainted with all the first people here, as it is not every Piedmontese that has leave to wear it. At the same time it gives one an opportunity of seeing a great deal of the Duke of Savoy and his brother, who are two most amiable Princes ; they are very obliging, free and easy. I have a good number of acquaintances here, and but two English, which is not disagreeable, as the hours that one does not go into company, there is no English to come and disturb one in one's studies. I am grown much fonder of reading than I used to be, which is a great happiness ; not only useful, but it has almost broke me of that bad trick I had of *dawdling* away my time. I now often repent I did not apply myself more to lecture in my younger days. One comfort, it'll make me enjoy our winter evenings at Carton with more pleasure than I did formerly. I hope you, or one of your young secretaries, will give me some account of the election. Pray, is it true that the city have presented me with the freedom of the city in a gold box, as the English paper mentions ? Our weather is cold and damp at present. The mountains are almost covered with snow, a good pleasant sight when I think of the journey that I am to make ; I could wish it was delayed till spring, for Turin is a very agreeable town, and I could perfect myself a little more in fortification, etc. ; for at Vienna they are very strict about letting people see into their military affairs. My love to the Duke, the young ladies, etc., etc., not forgetting *the young noblemen*.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

234. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, November 25th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I was much pleased with your obliging letter of the 23rd of October, which made me, as you may imagine, very happy finding that I had not disoblged the Duke by staying at Florence in expectation of the Emperor. But, finding that the journey was delayed, I set off for Turin, as the Duke seemed desirous of my seeing it before I left Italy. I find by your letter that he seems determined that I should spend the remaining part of the winter at Vienna, for which reason I propose leaving this in about ten days, by which means I shall be there by January or the latter end of next month, as I shall stop but two days at Milan and one at Verona. I shall then proceed over the Alps, which are as whiteheaded as General Sandford, a good comfortable prospect for a traveller. I read your letter to Bolle. We are determined to be as saving as we can, I can assure [you]. As for servants, I have had but the one I took with me, and a footman which I take in the town, as it is very necessary. I shall now be obliged to take a man who can talk German, as neither I, Bolle or my own footman can talk it; he is a Vienna man, for which reasons he serves me for a *lacquais de louage* at Vienna. I can assure my dear Mother I should look upon myself as very ungrateful if I did not do everything that lies in [my] power to oblige so obliging a Father and Mother. I can assure [you] that it shall be my best endeavours to be as saving as it is possible. But tell the honest truth, which is that the Italians have such notions of every Englishman being a *Lord Clive*,¹ and think it is impossible for an Englishman to pay enough; for, to be sure, the follies that [the] English are guilty of in regard to money are enough to turn the heads of anybody that has [to] do with them. I must also mention one thing in regard to eating, which is, the English at Florence and Rome, though living in the same house, are always for giving dinners; so of course one was obliged to return. At Florence I was very sparing, seeing into the follies of it; at Rome I must own that I kept a very good table, but I have been determined not to keep table any more while I am abroad.

¹ Robert Clive (1725-74), 1st Lord Clive, the famous general, who had amassed a vast fortune in India.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

I yesterday received an account of your carnation roots being sent to Leghorn, and to be embarked for Dublin the first opportunity that offers ; I am told that they are of the best sort. Great cautions are to be given to the Captain, so I am in hopes you'll receive them safe. I have writ to Leghorn that as soon as ever they are put on board, that the bill of lading should be sent to Mr Bere.¹ Pray, my love to the Duke, and the rest of the family, not forgetting the young ladies, to whom I sent the Pope's blessing for writing so often. How does the election go on ? I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I do not mean by keeping a good table that I kept open house.

235. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, December 2nd, 1767

My dearest Mother,

Our last post having missed, I have not had any account of my election. I should be very happy to hear of its being over. I also am uneasy, as Lady Cecilia mentions your not being very well, but I hope by this time you have got the better. I do not know what sort of weather you have, but ours is charming and frosty, as it freezes very hard every night, and the mountains covered with snow. Pleasant prospect for a traveller ! People here reckoned me mad when I mentioned my journey to Vienna. I own I dread it, as [it is] a fortnight's journey. I shall not stop anywhere till I get there, as the Duke seems so desirous that I should spend my winter there. As to the sea bathing, I must give up the thoughts of that for some time. I hope you'll remember that I have not seen Venice, Bologna, Milan and Genoa, and that I have been but a little while here. Lord Stormont has left Vienna, which is a loss, as all places are worse when there is no minister or ambassador, especially at Vienna where there is so much etiquette. Lord Holland, I believe, is arrived at Nice, as I saw a gentleman that came from thence the other day, told me he was expected every

¹ Under-agent to the Duke of Leinster.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO LADY HOLLAND

day. I own I felt very sorry at the thoughts of leaving Turin, as I have made a great many acquaintances, and there being so few English and the thoughts of a journey over mountains covered with snow, the bad inns, etc., make me wish it over. I do not know how you are to direct to me at Vienna, as I have not yet got my letter of credit for Vienna. I hope you'll make the young ladies be civil to Miss FitzGerald upon all occasions, as I wish I was married to her and settled. My love to the Duke, Lady Louisa and the Lady Dowager Kildare and the young ladies and noblemen.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

PS.—I beg pardon for putting your letter under cover, but having directed it wrong, I am obliged to do it, and not having time to write over again.

236. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Lady Holland*

Turin, Friday the 4th [December], 1767

My dear Lady,

I was informed by a gentleman who came from Nice that you and Lord Holland were expected every day, so I presume you are there by this time; so I take this first opportunity of writing to enquire after yours and Lord Holland's health and how he has borne his journey. I am in great hopes this winter at Nice will entirely establish him. I hope your weather is not so cold as ours, as it is dreadfully cold here; we have had snow and frost for some time, pleasant weather for to set [out] for Vienna. I own I set out much against [my] will, not only to leave Turin and Italy, but I dread a fortnight's journey, as I have not time to stop anywhere till I get to Vienna. I was in hopes to have made you a visit, but I am afraid I must give up all thoughts of it. I hope you'll be so kind as to let me know how Lord Holland does, directing me a line to Mess. Torras à Turin. My love to my Lord, Charles and Harry.¹

I am, my dearest Aunt, your most affectionate nephew,
Kildare.

PS.—I wish you joy of your being a grandmother. I hope Lady Mary is well.

¹ Henry Edward Fox (1755-1811), 4th s. of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland; he entered the Army in 1770, becoming General in 1808.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

237. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, December the 9th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I have this very day been favoured with your obliging [letter] of the 8th of November, and am also much obliged to Mr Ward for his note, where he seems to think there is no doubt of success. I must own I have set my heart upon it too much, knowing Mr Latouche's¹ interest and having received a letter from a friend of his, who mentioned his being determined to stand [at] the election. He has one great advantage, which is that of his being rich. I own that I should be very happy if I succeed. I knew of Mr Conolly being engaged, but Mr Andrews² was not. It is very kind of him to remember me, as we lived a great deal together at Naples, and Rome, especially at Rome, as we lived over against one another. For the time I was confined with my breaking out, and that I did [not] go into company, he used to come or I went to him. By a letter I received from Ireland lately mentions Ribton's being a madman, I did not know who they meant.

I should have been on my road now had not I been detained by a small cold and cough, but I shall set out in a few days. I shall be obliged to draw for some money to bear my expenses there, and I am in hopes you'll find that I have been very moderate since I have been here. You may depend upon my being as moderate as it is possible. I name this place as one when I return into Italy, but there is time enough to think of that, but I have a very good route in my head. By the time you receive this I hope you'll be safely delivered of a brother,³ you'll certainly save money by my not being there, but Mrs Lyons will always say it is a pity I am not there, for to eat this good cake and to drink this delicious caudle. *Pray let the young gentleman be christened Paul or Peter.* But how will she do to attend Lady Townsend, as she is to lie in about Xmas? I must now beg

¹ John La Touche (d. 1810), the Dublin banker, of Harristown, and 5 Ely Place, Dublin, yr. brother of David La Touche, of Marlay; as Government candidate, was defeated by William, Marquis of Kildare, at hotly contested election of 1767.

² Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

³ On 8 December, 1767, the Duchess of Leinster gave birth to Lord Augustus Joseph FitzGerald, who d. 1771.

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

leave to mention one thing in regard to expense. I have met with a gentleman lately who is come here from Vienna, [who] says it is one of the most expensive places abroad. You have been misinformed about the gambling here, as it is forbid here as well as in most other courts in Italy. My love to the Duke and Ladies Dowager Kildare, Louisa, Cecilia, Emily, etc., etc., etc., not forgetting Charles, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

238. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, December 14th, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I have just time to write a few lines to let you know that I am very well, and have got the better of my *grippe*, which [is] the new fashioned cold here; there are about 12,000 people ill of it; nobody dies, so you may not be uneasy about [me]. Bolle is quite well again. We set out for Nice tomorrow. It is two days and a half journey. I shall be able, I hope, to send you a good account of Lord and Lady Holland. It is by her desire that I go, or else tomorrow was the day fixed for Germany; but Lady Holland promises to bear the blame, so that I hope you will not think it my negligence. I long to hear how the election finishes, though I have not set my heart upon it, as Mr Latouche's being so rich, and having applied before. I hope my dearest Mother will excuse of the shortness of this letter and accept it from her most affectionate son,

Kildare.

My love to the Duke, etc., etc., etc. I wish you all a merry Xmas.

239. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Nice, the 23rd of December, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here last week and was much pleased in finding Lord and Lady Holland so well. Lord Holland is better than [when] he left Naples. To be sure, this is a charming climate. They tell me

[1767]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

I have seen the worst of it, as the two or three days past have been but indifferent. Mr William Clements is here also ; he says he finds himself better, but, poor man, he can't walk without the help of a man ; he looks very well in the face. Lord Farnham¹ is also here, for his health ; he seems to think that the air has done him good. I should have bathed in the sea, but they say the weather was too cold to begin, and as I have not quite got rid of my *grippe* or cold.

I was made very happy by receiving an account of my being chosen member for the city of Dublin. By all accounts it must have cost a great deal [of] money, which I think is the worst part of it, as at present money will be still scarcer than it was, so I am determined to be a great economist. I hope by this time that you'll be eased. I make no doubt but [that] you are in Dublin and hope that you'll soon be able to make them a visit at Henry's hall. I hope the young ladies will be amused at the Castle. Pray, desire them to be civil to Miss FitzGerald, as I think seriously about her, and Lord and Lady Holland think it is right. Pray, tell Emily I am quite ashamed of not having answered her three letters of November 5th, 11th [and] 13th ; but I certainly [will] next post, as it is delightful of them to write so often, as I am deprived of your writing.

Bolle has quite got rid of [the] *grippe*. He is, thank God, very well. Pray, my love to the Duke, Ladies Kildare, Louisa, Cecilia and Emily, etc., not forgetting Charles and the rest of the little ones.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

240. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Nice, 29th of December, 1767

My dearest Mother,

I yesterday had the pleasure of receiving Ladies Cecilia and Emily's letters confirming my being chosen to represent the city of Dublin in Parliament. You may imagine I was not a little happy at it.

¹ Robert Maxwell (d. 1779), 2nd Lord Farnham ; cr. Viscount, 1760 ; cr. Earl of Farnham, 1763. Sometime M.P. for Lisburn. His 2nd wife was Sarah, dau. of Pole Cosby, of Stradbally, Queen's Co.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

I can assure you it shall always be my best endeavour to continue the good opinion that city of Dublin have of my Father. I am sure that it would be ungrateful, as my Father's son, if I did not follow his steps in regard to everything that is for [the] interest and good of my country. (Bolle is as happy as I am). I was made very happy by seeing your handwriting at the end of Lady Cecilia's letter. I hope by this time you have been safely delivered of an infant. I take this opportunity of wishing you a happy new year and many of them. I approve of your scheme of my staying at Turin some time longer. I can assure you that during the time I stay I'll make good use of it. If the Duke and you have no objection I should like to go to Venice for the Ascension which is [in] May, and take Milan and Genoa in my way there. By that means I shall get sea bathing at Venice, and afterwards go to Vienna; so by that means I shall have quite done with Italy, which in my opinion is better than returning again. And by staying at Turin some time I shall be better prepared for Vienna; and it is also saving, as Turin is the cheapest place in Italy. I am still at Nice, our good Lord and Lady Holland are very well. Lord Holland is very well and in good spirits, tells Harry that he is an old fool and has lost his understanding. He is in very good spirits, though this past we have had bad weather, but I am in hopes that it is growing better. The oranges are still upon the trees, and roses and jessamin still in bloom, so you may guess what a fine climate it is. I prefer it much to Naples, as they are not subject to the sudden change. Lord Farnham who is here for his health says he has found great benefit. Lord Carlisle is here with Charles Fox. He is a very pretty kind of young man, much improved. He says he has left off gaming. In a former letter you seemed uneasy about the gaming; it is strictly forbid here. Pray, tell the young ladies that I am quite ashamed of not having writ to them lately, as they are so good about writing, but the post goes out at a very inconvenient hour. My love to the Duke, Lady Dowager, Ladies Louisa, Cecilia, Emily, etc., [and] all the rest of the family. I wish them all a happy new year.

I am, my dearest Mother, your affectionate son,

Kildare.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

1768

241. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Nice, the 13th of January, 1767 ¹

My dearest Mother,

I yesterday received Emily's letter of the 3rd of December, but I have not yet received any account of your being safely delivered. But Lady Holland has. Lord Holland, thank God, continues well and in very good spirits (he begs me to tell you that he thinks me much handsomer than ever you was, and his saying it makes Lady Holland peevish, as he says). But he has been in violent spirits this week past. At last we have got some fine weather; to be sure, it makes up for the bad that we have had. Lord Carlisle and I propose setting off this day sennight for Turin. He goes to receive his green ribbon. I propose studying hard at Turin. The sea bathing and drinking has done me good, I believe it'll be necessary to get some more this year. I hope this will find you quite re-established. Do let me know if the caudle and cake was good. I hear of the charming place you have made the Black Rock and you propose being there a good deal this winter. Is Emily very happy with the thoughts of going to the Castle this year? This day is absolutely summer. I wish I could transport it to you. What fine weather we have had here; [it] is far superior to Naples. Altogether I prefer this climate to that of Naples. I flatter myself that towards next winter you'll think of me a little, as I can assure you my absence from you appears very long; though I can assure you that next to being with you being abroad is the most agreeable. Yet I own I begin to long to see you. I can assure you nobody is happier than I am abroad and I have nothing to complain of. I hope the Duke was content with the last quarter which Bolle sent him; it shall be my best endeavour to be as great an economist as I can, especially at this time, as I hear the election has cost sums. My love to all the family.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Ever your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

¹ Wrongly dated. Correct date: 1768.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

242. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, 27th of January, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I take this first opportunity of acquainting you of our safe arrival at Turin, after a journey of four days through valleys, over mountains covered with snow etc. Though wrapped up in fur, it was cold. We came down the mountain upon *traineaus*; the snow was not frozen enough to go as quick as one generally does. Lord Carlisle came with me. He proposes staying a month or six weeks, as he is to receive his green ribbon here. He is an amiable young man. Don't be uneasy about his gaming, as I believe he means to drop that bad custom. He has never once proposed play to me, and you may be assured I shall never propose to him. I have been his introducer everywhere, as we have neither minister or *chargé d'affaires*. There being no Englishman here who has the King's entrée but me, I presented him at Court. (We were graciously received).

I really was ashamed of having directed my letter to Mr Hamilton, but I was so hurried I had not time to write it over again. I hope you'll excuse the shortness of this letter, as I have not yet made all my visits, and in the morning I was at Court. I hope the Duke received my letter of the 19th. My love to him and all the family. I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

I was obliged to draw for money this post.

243. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, February 3rd, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by Emily's letter of the 2nd of January, who mentions you and Augustus Joseph being in perfect health. Emily gives me great hopes of his turning out a fine boy. I am much obliged to you for the compliment you pay me, in saying that the print is like me! I have been very uneasy about poor Mr Conolly,

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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but Lady Holland was so kind, as to write me word that her last accounts were more favourable. I pitied poor dear Lady Louisa.

Upon my return to Turin and have taken up my masters, I mean to apply myself very hard. At present the carnival has caused some little irregularity, as there is balls or suppers almost every night, which keeps one up it [*sic*]. But as there is but a few days more, I shall then return to my regular way of living, which is a very good article in regard to one's health, as well as to its being agreeable.

I do not ride at the King's riding house, as one must be of the academy ; and when I first came I did not enter, as one is obliged to enter for six months. You then intended my spending the winter at Vienna. To be sure if one stays six months it is well worth one's while, especially as it is as cheap a way of living as any. At present we must be economists on account of the election and increase of the family. Pray, what are the Duke's intentions whether I go to Germany or no ? You know I am willing to do just as he pleases, but by all accounts Vienna is a very expensive place. I have some thoughts of Geneva or Lausanne, as I hear [they] are both very agreeable. But the great fault is I doubt there be too many English. But I shall just be guided as you and the Duke think proper, as I am sure you are the best judges ; and I only mention some of them places as not quite so expensive as Germany, or else I should not dislike taking the German journey next summer. I own I should be very happy to have the pleasure of seeing you in about a year. The young ladies' regular correspondence makes me very happy, as I now hear from home almost every post. Tonight I am to go to a *souper dansant* at the French Ambassador's ; he has already given one which was very agreeable and pretty, as there was no crowd, and none but dancers asked. We begin dancing as soon as the opera is over, which is between ten and eleven o'clock and then we sup at one, then dance after supper. At the last there were sixteen ladies, twelve of which were Piedmontese, and I am sure ten of them might [be] reckoned pretty. I had the misfortune of treading on a lady's toe, which has caused the talk of the town, though it is *kept a secret from me*, as the lady knows I did not do it on purpose, and she desires that I should make no apologies for it. My love to the Duke and all the family, not forgetting the Black Rock.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

244. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, Ash Wednesday, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I can with pleasure assure you of my being perfectly recovered of my late indisposition, but still continue the flannel waistcoat ; that, I am afraid, I must continue the whole winter, which is not at an end. Our carnival ended this morning at 7 o'clock. I regret the opera being finished, as it was an excellent place for seeing all the world. As for the dancing, I am very easy about [it], as I can't say I am a great lover of dancing. We finished our carnival with a masquerade ball, where there was a great crowd, and some good masks. I stayed there till the last. This town will seem very dull for some time, as there is a sudden change from being very gay, to very stupid. I'll vouch for myself, for I am as stupid as [a] post this day, and should not undertake writing to you, were it not my resolution of writing to you on the Tuesday, while I remain at Turin. I imagine, by Emily's last letter, you propose that I should stay some time longer at Turin. All that I wish is to be at Venice at the Ascension, which is in May. By which means I shall have it in my power to bathe in the sea, as either that or Barèges must be thought of in the course of the summer, as I can assure you it is very necessary, and what ought not to be neglected. Them two places I mentioned in a former letter generally swarm with English, by what I hear. I have been obliged to draw for money, this post. My love to the Duke, etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

245. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, February 24th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I have this evening had the pleasure of receiving Emily's letters of the 16th and 23rd of January. I wish she could have given a better account of your eyes, but I hope the change of air has been of service to them. I wish you joy of Mr Ogilvie's arrival ; I hope

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

Charles likes him. I make no doubt but Charles will profit very much. I never mention to you what a much more delightful boy Charles is than Harry Fox, who is humoursome beyond expression ; and, what is still worse, is that they encourage him. Lady Holland is not so bad as Lord Holland and Charles ; the latter is the worst of any of them in regard to coaxing him. It is a great pity, as he does not want understanding ; if everything does not go his own way he cries and pouts for half an hour. I am very glad to hear that Charlotte is so much improved. I this day received a letter from Charles Fox, and by his not mentioning a word of Lord and Lady Holland, I take it for granted that they are all well. Lord Carlisle is still here. His ribbon is arrived, but he has not yet got it as there is a fuss made about an oath that he is to take, which the King cannot administer as it is to defend our religion ; but I imagine they can dispense of it, and that he'll receive it this week. The conversation of this town is much changed, as during the carnival it was about music, singing, dancing, etc., etc. Now it is in which church there was the best sermon. Our winter is near at an end. One begins to see the earth, as we have been in snow these two months past. I have quite got the better of my pain in my side, and continue my exercises. I dance every day, and propose being a great minuet dancer. As for country dances, I am very near as lazy as the Dublin gentlemen. But when I see the fair ones in distress for partners I take compassion on them and make a bold effort. My love to the Duke, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

246. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, March the 9th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by the pleasure of your obliging letter of the 29th of January. I could wish your eyes would permit your writing oftener, as it would always flatter me that they are well, which you may imagine gives me great pleasure. The post before I received your obliging letter I received one dated the 11th of

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

February from the Duke, which I answered the next day, being the 5th of this month. In his letter he mentions the necessity he believes I am under of returning home on account of the election.¹ I could wish it was for a better occasion, though I hear we shall have no opposition. I own I shall be very happy at seeing you, though I could have wished to have finished my travels at once, as I should like to settle. Your accounts of Mr Ogilvie seem favourable; I hope he may turn out well. I make no doubt but Charles will profit very much; especially if he contrives to make him love him, which is very easy, as dear Charles has a very good heart. I am glad to find that your retirement is agreeable to you; I can fancy its being comfortable to have your young ones about you. Our winter is begun again, as from fine warm weather it is grown quite cold. But all the comfort is that it won't last. I have no great reason to complain as I am hardly ever cold, and my rooms are so cold that when Lord Carlisle comes in my rooms he is obliged to put more wood on the fire.

I have just now received a letter from Lady Holland, who mentions their being all well, and still continue their scheme of leaving Nice the 1st of April. They propose making a great tour before they get home. Bolle's very well. I believe not sorry at the thoughts of returning sooner than he expected.

My love to Lady Louisa Conolly, and pray tell her I have writ about her chalks, and they'll be sent either by Charles Fox or Lord Carlisle, who propose being at Rome the latter end of next month. My love to all the family, not forgetting Emily or Cecilia, who are grown delightful about writing.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ The Octennial Act of February, 1768, resulted in Parliament being dissolved the following May. At the General Election in July the Marquis of Kildare was elected unopposed for the Borough of Kildare and also for the City of Dublin; he chose to sit for the latter. He remained a Member of Parliament until his accession to the Dukedom in 1773.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

247. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

[Undated. Probably March, 1768]

My dearest Mother,

I am ashamed to begin my letter by acquainting you I was obliged to draw for money, and rather more than the usual sum ; but at the same time it is a sparing quarter, though not quite so much as I could wish. But I was obliged to draw for more on account of my poor servant's ¹ wages that are due to him, which I am to remit to his relations. I hope next quarter will be more sparing, as I can assure you it is my best endeavours for to be as much as possible. I am in readiness for to return as soon as orders come, but I have not had a letter these three posts. I read in our last newspapers of the Duke's being carried home upon the people's shoulders.

I am very happy at the thoughts of seeing you sooner than I expected, but between you and I that I dread the electioneering work ; but I shall be very well content, if we have no opposition. We have had very cold weather, but I believe the spring is now begun, as one sits with the windows open, and one gets a little riding and walking, but the people of the country do not reckon it safe, as they say this is the time of year for to get a *coup de soleil*.

I often hear of Lord and Lady Holland, being well. I generally write once a week to Lady Holland, as she is so good to me.

I beg my love to all the family. Pray, have you heard anything of your Volterra vases ? I long to know how you like them.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ On the morning of 2 March, 1768, a servant of Lord Kildare was found shot in his bed. He had committed suicide. See J. H. Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries* : The Earl of Carlisle's Letter to George Selwyn, Turin, March 2nd, 1768. Vol. II, p. 260. 1901.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

248. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, 23rd of March, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I have this day received a letter from Lady Holland, who mentions that Lord Holland and her are in perfect health ; and also complains of not having heard from Ireland [for] some time ; which flatters me that the posts have missed in England, as I have not received any letters these four or five posts. But I hope on Friday to hear from you.

I can with pleasure assure you of my being in perfect health, and one may say free from breaking outs. I hope [I] shall escape them this spring, as it was about this time last year that I began to be so bad. I have begun to take whey, which they tell me is very cooling ; and I believe it, as I took it once before and it agrees very well with me. Very soon after you receive this you'll see a Mr Stewart,¹ who left this the other day for Ireland. He is son to Mr Stewart,² the present member for the county of Tyrone. He is to set up for the county this next election, and he begged of me to recommend him to the Duke, if he has any interest in that county. He told me if I would mention him to the Duke, he would do himself the honour of waiting on him. I can assure you he is [a] very gentlemanlike young man, and also very amiable. I know no gentleman better liked than he has been in every town he has passed through. I make no doubt but the Duke and you will approve of my acquaintance, as I can assure you he is a young man of the best of characters. He lived a great deal with Charles Fox, Lord FitzWilliam and me at Florence, and they'll both say as much for him as I do. I am afraid your Volterra vases did not arrive as soon as you expected, as I had [a] letter from Florence to mention that they did not set off from Florence for some time after they were promised me. My love to the Duke, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ James Stewart of Killymoon, Member for Tyrone County in the Irish Parliament, 1769-1800.

² William Stewart, Member for Tyrone County in the Irish Parliament, 1761-68. He was also latterly in the previous Parliament (1727-60), being Member for Tyrone County.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

249. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, April the 9th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I returned last night from Genoa, which has prevented my writing my usual post day. I must give you some idea of Genoa, which is a very curious town to see, but not to stay in, I believe. It is built upon the side of the Apennines. There is a very fine bay and harbour. The town is large, and the buildings fine. The streets are very narrow so that coaches cannot pass. There are but two streets broad enough for carriages, and them two streets are very fine, as there are some of the most magnificent *palazzi* in Italy, well furnished with fine pictures of all the old masters. The weather was so bad that we could not go out to sea for to see the view of the town. I was in hopes to have seen Charles Fox, but he was prevented by the badness of the weather.

I hope you received my letter of the 30th of last month, and that the copy was exact, and well writ, as I can assure [you] I took a great deal of pains, and made Bolle read it over. You would oblige me by sending me word in what manner you would have me finish my tour of Italy. The summer is a bad time of year for going to Vienna as everybody is in the country, as I am informed by a letter I received from Vienna; but whatever the Duke or you settle will be agreeable to me, as it is quite the same thing where I go, as I find I amuse myself everywhere. I begin to long for next Parliament winter, as then I shall have the pleasure of seeing you; but I'll have patience till then, as I can assure [you] I am very well content with my present situation, especially as the Duke and you seem so content with me. I can assure you I study economy very much, as I am very sensible of the lowness of the Duke's stock. The last quarter was less than the former and I make no doubt but I shall reduce this if I stay here. I am willing to delay Venice till the latter end of summer, as by all accounts it is very disagreeable in the hot weather, which is just the time that I intended being there, and my being so well, that I should think one might delay the sea bathing till September; and from thence to Vienna. My love to the Duke, etc., etc., etc. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe [me] your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I have been obliged to draw for money.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

250. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, April the 16th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I am very glad to find by Lady Cecilia's letter of the 8th of March of your being so well. I make no doubt but you miss Lady Louisa Conolly, who, I hear, is arrived in London. If she proposes staying six weeks only, she'll be just upon her departure as Lady Holland arrives. I hope you received my letter of the 9th instant, wherein I mention some intentions in regard to my proceedings; I am afraid you'll think me changeable. I am at present in a very regular way of business with my masters, which employ me from eight in the morning till one o'clock. I mentioned to you in my last my not going to the Ascension. With your permission I propose staying here till the great heats come; then, with your leave, I shall go to Milan, which is reckoned the coolest town in Italy; and afterwards proceed to Parma, etc., etc.; and from thence to Venice, where I propose bathing. I have several letters from Milan, especially one from Lady Holland to Count Firmian,¹ who is a prodigious good kind of a sensible man, a man by all accounts worthy of being acquainted with. As to Vienna, till the latter end of autumn is a bad season, especially as the Emperor makes the tour of his dominions this summer. I am afraid that you'll imagine I have taken a dislike to Vienna, but I can assure you I have not, and shall like spending my winter there very much. Pray, is it true your intention of spending the next winter in London, as *I heard a little bird sing that it was?*

Bolle desires me to tell you that he does not write this post, as I do, and he has nothing particular to say except my being in a very good state of health. (The fleas begin to bite terribly; I only killed two yesterday.) My love to the Duke, etc., etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ Count Firmian, Governor of Milan.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

251. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, April 27th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by Emily's letter of 24th of March, which mentioned you being in perfect health. Your occupation of choosing dresses must have given you a fine opportunity of shewing your good taste. I hear you are to give a lutestring ball, but the person that mentions it, does not give for certain. The ladies are growing very popular, and great encouragers of the manufactures. By the by, I hear of no opposition, and that the election will not be very expensive, which is very good news. I imagine by this time you are at Carton, and how I envy you the summer. Our weather is very pleasant, but the sun is too hot. The country is beautiful, as the trees are coming out. There is a great want of rain, but I dread its coming as it never ends when once it comes. The evenings are pleasant enough. The ladies go out airing every evening. The Sundays and holidays the promenade is very agreeable, as all the fine ladies are in their coaches, and the beautiful *bourgeois* afoot. I have thoughts of going to Milan during the great heats, which must be insupportable here, as we are so environed with mountains. The Duke of Devonshire¹ is expected every day; I hear he is prodigious silent young man. Pray excuse the badness of the paper which I have just perceived; I would write the letter over again, but it is near dinner time; and having been at Court this morning—being the King's birthday—has just given me time to write to you [to] assure you that I am your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

My love to the Duke, etc., etc., etc.

I have been obliged to draw for money this post.

¹ William Cavendish (1748–1811), 5th Duke of Devonshire; succ. his father, 1764.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

252. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 4th of May, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy, by the reception of your obliging letter of the 9th of April, and am glad to find that your eyes have permitted you writing. With what pleasure I read that part of the letter concerning your children, and how happy I am when I think I am one of them. Surely I should be very ungrateful if I did not shew all marks of attention to you and the Duke, for I suppose no young man had ever more obligations to his father and mother than I have. I wish I may continue your happiness, by always continuing your most loving son. I can assure you that nobody takes more pains to render the parents happy by their conduct than I do. I approve much of your scheme of finishing my travels at once, and if Miss FitzGerald and I can agree, I should look upon myself as the happiest of beings. But I am afraid the chance is but small, as I hear the Kingstons are determined to have her. Lady Holland approves very much of the match, and, I believe, has wrote to you about it, as I used to talk seriously about it. She proposes being in England the 23rd of this month. I have the pleasure of hearing very often from her.

The Duke of Devonshire left this yesterday; he is a very bashful young man, speaks very little and is *bien sauvage et bien gauche*. He returns soon. At present I am left almost alone, except just one or two that are at the Academy.

We have had a great deal of rain these two [days] past, which will bring on the hot weather soon. At present it seems to be clearing up. I suppose by this time you'll be at Carton, which must be lovely, as the park is always in great beauty at this time of the year. I must own I begin to long to see you and the children and Carton. Do desire the young ladies to send me word now and then of what new works are going on. I hear of no opposition for the Dublin Election which is very good news. My love to the Duke and Lady Dowager and all the family.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

253. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 14th of May, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I did not write last post knowing that Bolle writ, and that I had nothing particular to say. I can with pleasure assure you that I am much better than when he wrote last. I lead a very regular life which I find agrees very well with me. I make but two meals a day, which is breakfast and dinner. The former is nothing but strawberries and bread, and the dinner is very slight. I find that eating so much is a very foolish vanity, as eating little answers the same purpose.

I go on the same as usual, and amuse myself very well. The weather has been very pleasant and the drives about here are delightful. The Court goes to the country next week, as does also a great deal of the nobility. I have been invited by many to come and spend a few days with them, which I propose doing, by way of seeing their way of living in the country. But I have no great opinion of their society. The worst is the heat will oblige one to stay at home a good deal. I believe I shall often think how much pleasanter we live at Carton. Pray, what do you propose that I should do when I remove from this? I suppose you still continue your intention of my spending my winter at Vienna. I propose taking a good deal of sea bathing in the autumn at Venice. I should like to stay a few weeks at Milan and Parma.

My dancing master has been of great service to me, as it is amazing how much wider I am upon the chest; all my waistcoats are too tight. My legs also are fine; in short, I believe I shall return a fine genteel figure! I do not grow fat, which is a comfort.

Pray, my love to the Duke, and tell him that the news that is the great talk of this town at present is that the Genoese have given up the towns in Corsica that remained in their hands to the French, and that the French are certainly going to send ten thousand men there. But what they are to do when they get there is not yet known. I saw a letter from Paoli¹ the other day that mentions it, wherein he seems to be alarmed at it.

¹ Pasquale Paoli (1725-1807), Corsican general and patriot. Head of Corsican Government, 1757-68. He had driven the Genoese from the whole island except a few coast towns. In May, 1768, Genoa sold Corsica to France.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

The other news, although not formed upon so good authority, is that the King of Prussia¹ proposes coming into Switzerland with fourteen thousand men to subdue the people of Neuchâtel, who have killed his Governor.

My love to the young ladies and noblemen. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

254. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, May 21st, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I flatter myself by Lady Cecilia's letter of the 16th that it left you well, as it does not mention anything to the contrary. She mentions you having been very busy dressing everybody for Lady Moira's² ball. I see by our last English newspaper that Lady Dungannon³ was the most remarkable figure there. (Pray, may I be so bold as to ask you whether her *night* dress was of your choosing?) Her diamonds must have gained the heart of many, but in my opinion if she had dressed herself as a cloudy night instead of a starlight night (*suivant moi*) it would have been better. I long for an account of it. I hope one of the young ladies will write me an account of it. We have had very bad weather, but it has finished by the most delightful weather, neither too hot or too cold. I am now, thank God, very well. What by regular living and by the sarsaparilla [I] have got the better of the little humour in my feet, which, by the by, Bolle was more alarmed at than me. I continue spending my time very agreeably and continue my masters; mathematics and dancing masters are very great favourites.

¹ Frederick II, 'the Great,' 1712-86.

² Elizabeth (1731-1808), 1st and only surv. dau. of Theophilus Hastings, 9th Earl of Huntingdon; m. (1752) as his 3rd wife, John Rawdon, Baron Rawdon, who was cr. (1762) Earl of Moira.

³ Anne (1715-99), dau. and heiress of Edmund Francis Stafford, of Brownstown, Co. Meath, and of Mount Stafford, Co. Antrim; m. (1737), as his 2nd wife, Arthur Hill, 2nd s. of Michael Hill, of Hillsborough, Co. Down, and yr. brother of Trevor, 1st Viscount Hillsborough; in 1759 he took the name of Trevor, becoming Arthur Hill-Trevor; in 1766 he was cr. Viscount Dungannon.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

You must excuse the shortness of this letter as the French ambassador has sent to me just now to come dine with him, and I have hardly time to dress. He is the civilest young man I ever met with. I dine there very often, and [he] says I do not come often enough. His wife is a good kind of a woman. Pray, my love to the Duke and the young lords and ladies, etc., etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I have been obliged to draw for money.

255. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, 25th of May, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by your letter of the 25th of April. I was afraid that some of the family were indisposed by my not having heard for some time, but I am glad to find they are recovered. It was [a] very unlucky time, as they must have been very sorry to have missed Lady Moyra's ball, as I imagine it must have been very agreeable, especially as it was a new fancy. I am very glad the address was to your liking.

Lady Louisa's quick return must have been very agreeable to you. I wrote to her some time ago, but I am afraid my letter did not arrive till after she had left London. It was partly to acquaint her that her first book of Etruscan vases was to be had at Mr George Ross, agent, in Conduit Street, where, if you are impatient for ours, you'll be so kind as to write to somebody in London to send it you; you must ask for it in my name, as I believe it was my name that is put to the subscription. Most likely by the time you get this there will be another volume ready. I do not recollect having mentioned anything about a letter to the Duke of Leinster, but told Mr Steward that I should mention his leaving this for Ireland in my next, which I accordingly did. I can assure [you] he has very much of the gentleman about him. He told [me] he would wait upon the Duke of Leinster as soon he arrived, which I believed I mentioned in a former letter.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

As to Italian, I continue with my master, but have little or no practice, as everybody speaks French here. Your accounts of Miss FitzGerald are very good. I think it'll be delightful. She'll be just of a proper age by the time I go back, if not disposed of before, as I am very much afraid of the Kingstons.

Bolle does not write this post as he says there is nothing particular, knowing that I write. He continues very well. We begin to feel the hot weather, and what is disagreeable is that we are obliged to wear black clothes as the Court is in mourning for one of the Duke of Savoy's children. My love to all the family.

Believe me, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

256. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, June the 1st, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by a letter that I received from Ireland, which mentions your being in perfect health, as well as the young ladies being recovered. I can with pleasure assure you of my being much better than when I wrote last. You would laugh to see the figure I am at present, with a great black patch across my face, as I cut myself in a most *barbarous* manner as I was shaving myself yesterday. I must own it was a very awkward manœuvre, but it'll make me more careful another time. It was not quite so much my fault, as a fly kept buzzing about my ear.

Our weather still continues pleasant, as we have had a little rain, which has refreshed the air. In about a week I propose going into the country. I am invited to go to another person's house in July. Charming accounts of Carton; I suppose by this time you are settled. Pray, do not let Waterstown be out of fashion before I return. When you mention Miss FitzGerald in your last I hope you was serious. I hope when Cecilia and Emily are well they'll write me word now and then what is going on about Carton.

Bolle mentioned in his last my having quitted my fencing master and dancing master; the latter I have retaken, but the former is

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

too hot work for the summer. I go on very well here. The house I frequent the most is the French ambassador's, who is mortal civil to me; I dine there almost twice a week. My love to all the family. I hope you received my letter of the 25th of May.

I am, believe me, my dearest Mother, ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

257. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster

Turin, the 8th of June, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I flatter myself by not hearing from home that measles goes on well, and I hope by this time are quite over, and hope soon to hear from some of them. How happy should I be if your eyes would permit your writing oftener. I hope your weather is finer at Carton than here, as we have nothing but rain. There is nothing new in this part of the world that can be amusing to you. I hear the Duke of Leinster brings Messrs St Leger¹ and Burgh² into Parliament next election. I should be happy to know who the others are, and in whose room them two gentlemen come in.

I can with pleasure assure you that my face is not at all deformed by the late accident, and is perfectly recovered. In the end it'll be of service to me, as it will make me more steady and mind what I am about. I should be very glad to know what you propose I should do when I leave this. It is entirely equal to me, as I find I amuse myself everywhere. I must own I begin to long for next year, as it is now two years since I have seen you (it seems an age). Except being with you, I cannot have spent my time more agreeably,

¹ John Sentleger, Member for Athy Borough, Co. Kildare, in the Irish Parliament, 1769, until his death the same year.

² William Burgh (1741-1808), controversialist and politician, s. of Thomas Burgh, M.P., of Bert, Co. Kildare. Member for the Borough of Athy, Co. Kildare, in the Irish Parliament, 1769-76. He is not to be confused with Walter Hussey Burgh (1742-83), who, on the death of John Sentleger (see note 1, above), was elected (November, 1769) Member for Athy in the Irish Parliament, through the influence of the Duke of Leinster, and who became lord chief baron of the Irish court of exchequer, 1782. William Burgh's sister, Anne, married (1767) Walter Hussey Burgh.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

especially [as] my father and you have studied every manner of making my time agreeable, by your repeated goodness. And sure I am happy to think that I have done all in my power to shew how sensible I am of both your goodness, and flatter myself that you are content with me. I am sorry that I am now obliged to touch upon money matters. But as the end of this month finishes our year, I shall be obliged to raise the sum, I am afraid ; as I intend clearing everything and pay my masters and all bills, and begin the year fresh with the hopes of reducing the yearly sum, as I flatter myself I have done this year. As for clothes, I am very well off. I shall escape summer clothes again this year, as we are at present in mourning and likely to continue. And besides our own Court mourning, and we have one here, which lasts the summer, and are likely to have one for the Queen of France.¹ As for winter clothes, I am very well off in case I spend my winter at Vienna. My love to the Duke of Leinster and all the family.

Believe [me], my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

258. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, June the 15th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by your obliging letter of the 16th of May, and am very glad you approve of my going to Milan. But I do not propose going till the beginning of August, as next month I propose going into the country, as I mentioned to you in some former letters ; and afterwards to Milan, and so finish my tour of Italy and take a good deal of sea bathing at Venice, and so on to Vienna. I am not entered at the Academy, but have all the masters but the riding, which is no great loss, as it is fallen off of late. There are some little inconveniences in regard to entering, that as you left it to me, I thought best not to enter. I do not propose making any long stay anywhere else in Italy, as there is nothing very tempting,

¹ Marie Leszczynska (b. 1703), dau. of Stanislas Leszczynski, King of Poland ; m. (1725) Louis XV. She d. at Versailles, 24 June, 1768.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

and I would choose to be at Vienna before the winter comes on, as it is very bad winter travelling. I make no doubt but I shall spend my time well there. I make no doubt but that I shall be well received, as there are so many Irish officers who are great men there. When I get to Germany I shall begin to think that I am approaching home, which I own will be a comfort, as the time appears long. But as you say, it is for my improvement, which it is certainly, as well as for many other reasons.

The Duke of Devonshire is expected here soon. I certainly shall try what I can to get acquainted with him, silent as he is. I can't say I miss Lord Carlisle, as he is certainly a great coxcomb; and what is worse is that [he] despises everybody, especially foreigners. He would not allow there was a sensible person here, which is a thing he could not judge of, as he never opened his lips to any of them. And they say here, *qu'il portait un air d'ennui partout où il y allait*. They were inclined to be very civil to him, but he never would go near any of them. If he did he never finished ten minutes in any assembly he went to. The ladies were very much inclined to be in love with him, which I do not wonder at, as he is certainly a pretty man and his green ribbon became him much. You are desirous of knowing the people I am acquainted with; it would take up a sheet of paper as there is hardly anybody that I do not know. But them I frequent the most, are Madame Vorghera, who has three fine daughters, and she lives quite in a family way; Madame St Gilles; Madame d'Aglié, who is married to the King's favourite; Madame Bourgairetti, who is the handsomest woman here and a *belle esprit*. Them are the Piedmontese that I frequent the most, besides many men; also the foreign ministers, especially the French ambassador, who is the politest little man in the world.

I am very glad to hear of your being well enough to go to the new gardens. Pray, my love to all the family, not forgetting to kiss Eddy for me. I have but just room to assure you of my being your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. Bolle is well and desires his respects; he is not sorry to leave Italy.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

259. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, June the 22nd, 1768

My dearest Mother,

As this being the post day fixed for writing to you, I write more because it is a rule than for what I have to say to you, as I have nothing particular to say but to assure you of my being well, and that I go on as usual, in diversions and studies. As yet, the heat is not begun, as we have got your summers, for we have nothing but rain ; so I hope you have got the fine weather, which I make no doubt but that you enjoy, as I know nobody that deserves fine weather more than you and Lady Holland, who I hear is [in] England. I hope you got my letter of the 15th, wherein I mention my projects. I hear Emily and Ciss are much improved since the measles ; pray, has it pulled down Cecilia's fat ? I hope they are both well by this time, and hope to hear from them soon, as I wrote last week to Emily to congratulate her, upon her recovery. (*Pray tell Lord Russborough that Madame St Gille says it is very hard he won't send her his picture.*) Does Lord Barrymore mean to live in England and not bring his pretty wife ¹ to Ireland ? If you but knew all the bad stories in this town about that young man, you'd pity his good Mother,² here they say "*qu'il est le premier des mauvais sujets sans esprit.*" I hardly ever mention him for that reason. As for Lord Russborough, [he] is hardly remembered, as it is so long ago ; I met with one person that was at the Academy with him. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster and all the family.

Believe me, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

Bolle is well, and begs his respects to you.

¹ Emily (1749-80), 3rd dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington ; she m. (1767) Richard Barry, 6th Earl of Barrymore.

² Margaret (d. 1788), dau. of Paul Davys, 1st Viscount Mountcashell ; widow of James Barry, 5th Earl of Barrymore.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

260. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, June the 29th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by a letter from Emily, who mentions your being all well at Carton, and having delightful weather, which is very much to be envied, as ours is now set in for heat, and the sun has begun to make itself be felt, as it is dreadfully hot and no stirring out till 6 or 7 o'clock in the evening. I long much to know what is going on at Carton. I make no doubt but that the river will be finished this year. I shall find great alterations by the time I get back. I hope the young ladies will write me word now [and] then of what is going on. Are you to have a visit from Lord and Lady Townsend, as I hear they stay all summer, and I suppose he will not stay all that time in Dublin? I hear Lady Louisa has furnished Castletown House most magnificently. As to your sugar plums, I am trying to get some here, as I have a very good opportunity of sending them to England. If they are not good and I thought you could wait, I would write to Naples, for that is the famous place for them, especially Diavolonis, but I am informed that I can get them here. I shall make a very strict enquiry.

Pray, thank Emily for her letter, which I will answer the first opportunity. I hope she received mine of the 18th of this month. I am very glad to hear that Augustus is so fine a little boy. I begin to like him though he is not of my acquaintance. Mentioning the children, what is become of Henry? For nobody ever mentions him. Is he gone to school, or do you mean that he should learn with Mr Ogilvie, who I hope turns out well? Emily mentions you having had Charles at Carton; he must have been very happy. I propose continuing here next month. Some part I propose spending in the country, and in the beginning of August move towards Milan and so on to Venice and then Vienna. It'll be the surest way to direct to me here, in case I should have an answer to this letter before I go. At any rate it'll be sent after me. When once I get out of Italy I shall look upon myself near home, as then every step I take will seem nearer home. I must own I long for next year. At the end of this week Bolle will send the Duke of Leinster his yearly account and I can with pleasure assure you that it is less than last year;

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

but shall be obliged to draw for more than the usual sum, as I propose paying all my masters, etc., etc., and begin the year clear, and study to reduce it as much as possible, and try to make as much difference between this year and the next as there is between this and the last. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Ladies Louisa, Emily, Ciss, etc., etc. Pray, is Miss FitzGerald to make you [a] visit this year?

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

261. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, July the 6th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by a letter from Lady Cecilia, which mentions you and the rest of the family being in perfect health. Both Cecilia and Emily lay the fault upon you that they did not write sooner and longer letters. But I can easily forgive you, for so good a reason as they give, as certainly a red face is not beautiful. I writ a few lines at the bottom of my last letter to Emily, which I hope you have seen. Bolle is to send the accounts this day; it comes to an enormous sum, but yet not quite so much as last year. And I flatter myself next year will be less, though Vienna is a very expensive place. I have a great scheme in [my] head after Vienna, but have not yet fixed [it], so cannot pretend to mention it. I forgot to mention, that the masters have run away with a great sum, especially the dancing master, who is very dear but very good, and one may say the only one in town. I believe if you was to see me dance you would say the money was not lost. I have left off at present on account of the heat, which is not so overbearing as last year, but still very hot, and is likely to increase. One of the greatest happinesses I shall have in returning will be to get rid of the fleas, etc. I may very well say, as Captain Macheath does, that one at a time is enough for most mortals to bear, but two at a time no mortal can bear; *at least, two fleas are not bearable*, which I have had just now and at present have a third. What would poor Emily do if she was in my case?

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

You must excuse if this letter is not of my best writing, as I am obliged to write almost in the dark, as by shutting out the light is the only way to keep the room cool; so I shut the window and shutters curtain besides the *pendend'aire*, which is by way of keeping out the sun. So you may imagine I am enough in the dark; if [it] were not for the doors, which you leave open, we should have no air. Pray, are the carnations safe or not? Here there are a great profusion of them, but no very fine double ones. The colours are beautiful, especially the straw coloured ones. But they are small. Your sugar plums are bespoke. I propose sending them by sea in a case with a few books that I want to send to Ireland, which I have read, and are curious, and that are very inconvenient to carry about. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

262. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, July the 13th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I am sorry to find by Emily's letter of the 5th of June that one of your eyes is not so well as one could wish, but I am in hopes it'll not continue. To be sure, I envy your dining at Waterstown most amazingly, when I am st—g in this hot place. To be sure, we have had very overcoming weather of late, and I have been weakened very much by a most violent purging, which I believe has now left me. But I am in hopes that has done me good in the main, as I am in hopes it'll carry off the remains of the humour in my feet. I must take a good deal of sea bathing this autumn, either at Genoa or Venice. I mention the former on account of the inconveniences of the latter, which is the exceeding bad hours there, which would never agree with the bathing. But I shall inform myself. I propose being at Vienna the beginning of November; after that I have a scheme that I propose, if agreeable to the Duke of Leinster and you, it'll be of infinite service to me; which is when I leave Vienna to come through Switzerland by Geneva, etc., and so on to Barèges

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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for the summer, which I look upon to be absolutely necessary before I return home. I hope you'll consider it. Bolle is also of my opinion, and by which means I see a great deal of country that I never saw before, and that is more worth seeing than Germany. And my next reason is that I have had breakings out every year either in the summer or spring, and this though not the worst has been the longest. Doctor Ramsay last year seemed to think it might continue if not put a stop to, either by Barèges or Harrogate. And Barèges is the most recommended. And after that I hope I shall return and sit quietly. For then I think it'll be full time, for I shall have travelled enough and shall have been long enough abroad. And if we could but make ourselves sure of Miss FitzGerald, we shall be very happy and content. But I can't say I flatter myself too much, for fear of disappointment. I hope she is to make you a visit at Carton this summer. Bolle does not write this post. He continues very well, and longs to get home, to see his dear, who I believe is also very impatient. Lord FitzWilliam, Mr Charles Fox and Mr Price¹ arrived here yesterday, but they propose going in a few days. We are about ten English at present, and eight of us were at Eton together. It is amazing how one picks up our old Eton acquaintances abroad. I dare say I have met above forty since I have been in Italy. Pray, my love to all the family. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

263. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, July the 20th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by a letter from Lady Cecilia of the 12th of June, which left you all well at Carton, and being very happy with dear Charles, etc., etc. I make no doubt but that he was very happy, as a jaunt to Carton is variety to him. I love Eddy's being civil to everybody. Henry I find is not altered much, and is as fond

¹ Uvedale Price (1747-1829), el. son of Robert Price, of Foxley, Herefordshire, by Sarah, dau. of 1st Viscount Barrington; cr. (1828) Baronet. In August, 1768, he and Charles James Fox visited Voltaire at Ferney.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

of strangers as ever. By the by, you have not sent me word whether Eddy is pretty in boy's clothes. I am very glad to hear you are to have so much fruit this year.

I can't boast of our summer, as we have had bad weather of late. Altogether this [is] a very disagreeable summer climate, as the weather is very changeable; the mountains being so near that they draw the clouds, which occasions a very suffocating heat.

I propose leaving this in a fortnight, and proceed to Milan, where I shall stay about a fortnight. From thence to Parma and Bologna and so on to Venice and get a good dose of sea bathing before I go to Vienna. I shall be at Vienna, I hope, the beginning of November, which will be just in time to escape the bad weather. I hope you'll consider about the scheme I proposed in my last in regard to going to Barèges, as I look upon it to be of consequence. By the time I can receive an answer to this I shall most likely be at Venice, so you'll be so kind as to direct to me *chez Mess : Treves, Banquiers à Venise*, where I shall stay at least a month for the sake of the sea bathing. Every step I take from Vienna I shall think myself nearer home, which will be a comfort. I shall be rather sorry to leave Turin, as I have so many acquaintances here. I have just this minute been talking about Vienna with a gentleman that has been there; he advises me to be there early in November. I make no doubt but that I shall spend my time very well there. I am told it is prodigiously cold, which will brace my nerves; after the warm climate of Italy, it'll be as good as a cold bath.

Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster and the rest of the family.

Adieu, my dearest Mother, believe me your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

264. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, 27th of July, 1768

My dearest Mother,

You cannot imagine how sorry as well as surprised [I was to hear] of the melancholy accident, of the Etruscan vases; but am glad to find they are so well mended and to your liking. To be sure, it is a pity they are broke, as, to be sure, they are an honour to my good taste. If I had remained at Florence to have seen them

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

packed up I should have flattered myself to have taken more care of them in the packing. The first letter that I write to Florence shall [be] to scold the man who sent them, as he promised me to pack them up safe. I am glad to find by Emily's letter that you have had such good company at Carton; amongst others Miss FitzGerald, who you all seem to like. Emily does give a very good account of her, but I do not find you are sure of having her at Carton for to stay, which would be a delightful way of getting thoroughly acquainted with her. Pray, send me word how you like the Bishop of Ferns.¹ I hear his little daughter is beautiful and droll. I am sorry to find you was obliged to send dear little Eddy away so soon, but I think as you find the sea bathing agrees with him as well, you was perfectly in the right. About myself I shall not say much, as Bolle has given you a better account than I can; but I hope the bathing in the Po will carry it off, as it has drove it out so much. Indeed, in every other respect I am as well as it is possible. I hope you'll consider the Barèges scheme, as everybody speaks well of those waters. The journey will be delightful, as I shall by that means see Switzerland, Geneva, and part of Savoy and France that I never saw; and which I would prefer seeing to Germany, as after Vienna I doubt there being anything else worth seeing. I am glad to find you still continue to add everything to the beautifying of Carton. Waterstown by all accounts is delightful. One comfort is it'll be in great beauty by the time I get back, if I am not eat up by fleas, as I have them by the dozen, and killed about a third part, so you may imagine there is left sufficient number to eat me up. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster. I am, my dearest Mother, believe me, your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

265. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 31st of July, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I am very sorry to hear that your eye still incommodes you, as well as its depriving me of the pleasure of letters of your own handwriting, but I shall wait with hopes and patience. I have lately seen

¹ Robert Downes, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin (d. 1769).

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

a gentleman who is just arrived from Vienna and gives me a delightful account of it. I hope to set off very soon. I shall make a very short stay at Milan, as almost everybody is in the country. I propose going directly to Count Firmian, who Lady Holland has given me a letter to; and he has sent to me to come to his country seat, as he'll be very glad to see me. By all accounts he is a most amiable agreeable man. I have picked up many letters for Vienna. My feet, thank God, seem to be getting well apace. You'll be surprised at what I am going to write, as well as I was when I heard it. You must know, that it seems Mr Pitt does not return here; and as our *Chargé des Affaires* was talking with the Secretary of State, who flung out a hint that the Court here would be very happy in having me. Upon which the *Chargé des Affaires* said I was so young; he said that was nothing to the purpose. To be sure, it was a greater honour than I merited from the Court, who, to be sure, on all occasions have shewn great attention to me, and commended me much for my *sagesse* (to be sure, I am not a little proud of it). I was advised to mention it to you to know whether the Duke of Leinster thought it a proper thing for me. I hope you will not think it an idea of mine, as I never thought of it till it was mentioned to me. In the first place, I look upon myself as a great deal too young to enter into public affairs; in the next place, I own I long to get back, and to see whether it'll be possible to succeed with the certain Miss if the Duke of Leinster and you approved of the match.

I hope you'll not be displeased in my having mentioned this, and I beg the Duke of Leinster will act just as he thinks proper, as whatever he does and chooses me to do is always what will please me, as I look upon him to be the proper judge and think myself in duty bound to be at his disposal; as I am sure no son has reason to be more content or happier than me, as, to be sure, both yours and his goodness to me is beyond expression. And I hope, when I return, you'll be content with me, as I am sure I do everything in my power to make myself a dutiful son; and I fancy my time has not been lost by travelling; I own I find a great advantage in it. I hope you have considered my Barèges scheme with favourable eye. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Believe [me], my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER*266. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 3rd of August, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I have been made very happy by a letter from Lady Cecilia of the 26th of June, by her not mentioning anything about your eyes. I flatter myself they are quite recovered. You cannot imagine how much I am obliged to Cecilia and Emily for their constant writing, as, to be sure, it is very comfortable to me to hear so often from home. Certainly, if your eyes would permit your writing, it would add much to my happiness ; as then I should always have the pleasure of knowing they were well.

I can with pleasure assure [you] of my being better than I have been for some time, though not yet quite well. In every other respect I am as well as it is possible. I eat, drink and sleep well, when the fleas will permit. I can also assure you of my being grown thin, which, to be sure, is a comfort. Bolle does not write this post as he has nothing particular to say, and he is very busy arranging my clothes for the journey. For the good man must have his time to prepare for a journey, especially as he means packing up the winter coats and not to disturb them till we arrive at Vienna, which I hope will be early in November. I hope the sea bathing at Venice will be of service to me. Having been delayed here so long will not permit my staying at Milan any time, especially as I must at least stay a fortnight at Bologna, as there [is] so much to see there, by all accounts, so that it'll be proper to direct my letters as I desired you to Venice. I hope you have taken my next year's voyage into consideration. I do not know how I shall manage to leave all my acquaintances here, for I have so many. I may venture to say I have more acquaintances here than I have in London. I am very sorry to hear that General Sandford proposes living so much in England. It must be very comfortable having Charles so often at Carton, as if I am not mistaken he has made two jaunts this summer ; I hear he is reckoned like me. Our weather continues very hot, but I can say I suffer much, though to be sure I keep myself very quiet in my room, for out of doors it is not bearable. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster and the rest of the family. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

In my last letter to Emily of the 30th of last month I beg to tell that I was obliged to draw for money.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

267. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, August the 10th, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I was made very happy by Cecilia's letter of the 3rd of July which left you all well. It must [be] very comfortable having the house at the Black Rock enlarged so as to hold you and the children, as I find you go now for to stay a few days, by which means you enjoy the dear little children's company a great deal more. I have nothing particular to say in regard to myself as Bolle has given you a very just account of my feet, which are very troublesome, especially as I am deprived of one of the greatest amusements of this town, which is walking at Citadel and about the streets at night ; which is very gay, as there is all the world and music, as serenading is much the fashion in this country. I propose leaving this place as soon as my feet will permit, and I am now in hopes that the hot weather is almost over, especially as now seems set in to rain.

I wish you joy of Lady Sarah's being with child,¹ which Lady Holland writes me word is certain. I should be very happy to hear of Lady Louisa being in the same way. I hope the sea bathing may be of service to her. I hope you'll excuse the shortness of this letter, but its being your post day I would not miss writing, though here it is a holy day and I dine out, and am just returned to finish these few lines, which I [had] begun in the morning. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc. I am sorry to be obliged to finish so abruptly, but the post is upon the brink of departure.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

268. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster.*

Turin, the 24th of August, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I ought to begin my letter by apologizing for my neglect in not writing last week, but Bolle having wrote, and my having nothing particular to say, adding to the hot weather, will, I hope, be a

¹ In December, 1768, Lady Sarah Bunbury gave birth to a daughter, Louisa.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

sufficient excuse ; especially as the weather has been most amazingly hot, which indeed continues, though we have had rain, which they said would have carried off the heat ; but instead of carrying it off, in my opinion it has increased it.

It is with great pleasure I can assure you of my feet being almost well, and I hope in a very few days to be ready to set off for Vienna, for where I have already picked up a great many letters to and from different people. So I make no doubt but that I shall spend my time very well. In Emily's last letter you seem desirous of knowing my great scheme after Vienna, which I mentioned in two of the following letters, so I fancy it'll be unnecessary mentioning it again as there is time enough to consider it. I was made very happy by Mr Bere's letter of the 25th of July, to hear of my having carried my election without much trouble or expense. I am sorry to find by Cecilia's letter of the 27th that your eyes are not so well as I could wish, but I hope Mrs Gray may recover them soon. I am very glad to hear that little ones are all well. Bolle does not write this post, as mine is a very exact account of my present state. (Among the many other misfortunes in the course of my travels I have at last got to be as *lousy* as a person can well be; but I am now in hopes that I have got quite rid of them, as I have had fifty killed, and have filled my head full of Spanish snuff, which is a sure cure.) We are at present a great number of Englishmen, but most of them going into Italy. I imagine Vienna will be a good place, as very few English make any stay there. I own I shall feel rather sorry at leaving this. I propose going into the country this week, and afterwards to Count Massin's, who is the most gentlemanlike man here, and lives on the road to Milan. He has made me promise to call on him in my way there. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

269. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Turin, the 7th of September, 1768

Carissima mia Madre,

I begin by apologizing for the shortness of this letter, being just on the brink of setting out for the country, where I stay two days, and then I propose setting out immediately for Milan. I own I am rather impatient to get to Venice, as your letters are all addressed there. Not having received any lately from you, I mean from home, as by last I am afraid your eyes will not permit me having that pleasure; but hope soon to hear of their being quite well. I can with pleasure assure you of my being in perfect health, and better than I have been for some time, especially since the hot weather has left us. Bolle has got very well again, which I own I am glad of as I was rather uneasy; but he is in very good spirits. I fancy this will be the last letter you'll receive from Turin; and, indeed, I am almost ashamed to send this, being so short, but I hope you'll excuse it, as it is only to keep up my rule of not missing writing once a week to you, and as Bolle does not write. I hope you received my letter of the 31st of July. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

270. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Milan, the 17th of September, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I write these few lines to acquaint you of my having left Turin and being arrived safe at Milan. I can assure you that I felt very sorry when the day came, especially when I took leave of my friends. From the King down to [the] last of his subjects that I was acquainted with overcame me with civilities. The Duke of Savoy and the Duchess¹ were remarkably gracious. In short, I did not think it in the power of people to be so civil.

¹ Maria Antonia Ferdinanda of Bourbon, dau. of Philip V of Spain, wife of the Duke of Savoy (afterwards Victor Amadeus III, King of Sardinia). See Letter 232, note 2.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

In my last from Turin I mentioned I was just a going into the country. I was at the Marquis d'Aglié and afterwards at Count Massin. Both places I received the greatest civilities; which a course made me spend my time very [agree]¹ably. I suppose you will like to know their way [of livi]¹ng in the country. The morning one gets up and break[fasts in]¹ our own rooms and afterwards we generally took a walk, and then returned and played at cards till dinner. After dinner cards till evening, then we went a walking. After that we retired into a little room on the ground floor which is called the coffee house *à l'anglois*, where we drunk coffee and stayed till we went upstairs to play. The houses are very agreeable and pleasant; they have generally a large gallery, where they sit in, which is comfortable. The Marquis d'Aglié is a very good old house with a pretty garden, but [the] situation is low and flat. They have a little ditch which they call a canal (in the English taste), but altogether it was very agreeable, except rather too much of cards. I hope you'll excuse the shortness of this, as I am going to be present to the Duke of Modonna² who holds his Court here. I shall in my next give you an account of him as well as of Count Massin's country seat, which is beautiful. At present I beg [to]¹ present my love to the Duke of [Leinster]¹ etc., etc. I am afraid I have been [obliged]¹ to draw for more money than I expected.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

271. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Milan, the 24th of September, [1768]

My dearest Mother,

In my last I promised to give you an account of Count Massin's beautiful situated country house. It is situated upon a ridge of hills almost in the middle of a plain surrounded by hills, which is prodigious well cultivated, and watered by a charming serpentine river that comes running from the Alps, which are at a very pleasant

¹ Page torn.

² Francis II d'Este (1698-1780), Duke of Modena.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

distance. Besides the river there are two small lakes, which one sees from the house, which is an old one but rendered very comfortable, and made agreeable by the civilities of the master, who is as gentlemanlike a man as ever I met with, and one who has seen a great deal of the world.

Since my arrival at Milan, I have been a good deal hurried in seeing things, though the town is horrid ugly, yet there is some few things to see, in and about it. Sir Watkin Williams-Wynne¹ and a Mr Hamilton (who is here at present) we made a jaunt to the Lago Maggiore, which, to be sure, is beyond description. It is the largest lake I ever saw, and the banks about it are beautifully disposed; one sees the prettiest natural cascades come tumbling down through the woods and vines; and the banks prodigious well cultivated from top to bottom. You have the Alps at a proper distance over the cultivated hills, which have such a majestic look that's mighty pleasing to the eye; it is not in the power of my pen to express the beauties of the lake and its environs. The Borromean Islands which are on the lake disappointed me much, as I expected to have seen the works of nature; instead of it we found the worst of art. To be sure, our jaunt was delightful, as our two days were very favourable. That added to all our conveniencies, which we thank Count Firmian for, who spoke to the Count Borromeo, who was so civil as to order his bark to attend us wherever we chose to go, and ordered his house on one of the islands for our reception. We had about fifteen miles to go by water, by a going out of [our] way for to see the different views of the lake at least made eighteen or twenty miles by water.

Count Firmian, who I have mentioned before in my former letters, answers all my expectations. I do think he is a model of a man of the world in his behaviour and character. His civilities, his attention and his affability is charming, accompanied by a very cleared head, a great knowledge of the world as well as of lecture. I think I never knew a man answer so entirely to one's expectation. He is going a party to see another lake and insists on our being of the party, and has delayed my journey of a few days. By all accounts it is more beautiful than the other, which I cannot believe. If so, I doubt I shall find our lakes nothing. We are to stay five or

¹ 4th Baronet (d. 1789).

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

six days with him. I beg you'll make my excuses to the young ladies for not having wrote to them lately, but you see my time is a good deal taken up. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc.

I am, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I have been presented here to the Duke of Modonna,¹ who is upwards of sixty years of age, and wears a wig with about a 100 curls, and wears rouge, and adorns his forehead with white.

272. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Venice, the 12th of October, [1768]

My dearest Mother,

I promised you in my last to give you some account of the Lago di Como, where I went to spend a few days with Count Firmian. The lake is about forty miles in length. The house where we lived at was about the middle. This lake being situated in the mountains makes it very romantic; to be sure, the views are beyond description. This lake one may almost say it makes three lakes, as one does not see the length on account of the mountains projecting into the water. To be sure, we passed our time agreeably enough, as the weather was mighty fine, and we were at least seven hours a day upon the water, where we had the pleasure of a great deal of Count Firmian's company, who, to be sure, is one of the most sensible and the most amiable and most agreeable men I ever met with.

I arrived at Venice a few days ago. I can't say much but its being curious to recommend it, as [it] seems to be the most disagreeable place I ever was in. Especially as I am quite alone and have not a house to go to, as Sir James Wright,² who's our Resident here, who is a very agreeable man, and also Lady Wright, who is an agreeable woman, but is and has been so ill ever since I have been here, that one cannot enjoy either his or her good company. There left

¹ Modena.

² Sir James Wright was British Resident at Venice, 1766-74.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

this the other day a Mr and Mrs King, both Irish, which made those few days agreeable, she being a very agreeable woman ; most likely Lady Sarah must have mentioned her, as she is a friend of hers, as they were at Spa together. At present there is nobody, and the Venetians not receiving strangers makes it still more disagreeable ; and if they did they are almost all in the country.

I was much pleased with Verona and Vicenza ; Verona especially, as there is some noble pieces of antiquity. The amphitheatre is really noble, though, to be sure, the inside has been repaired. But at the same time it gives you a most just idea of an amphitheatre. They have now made a kind of a stage where they act plays in the open air. I must own my curiosity led me to see a *spectacle* in so ancient a theatre ; they compute to hold about twenty-five thousand people when full, which, to be sure, must be a most noble sight.

I have begun my sea bathing, which is, to be sure, the only thing that should keep me here at this time of the year. I own I shall be mighty happy to get to Vienna, where I make no doubt but what I shall be before you can answer this here. So you would oblige me in directing your next letter chez Monsieur le Baron de Friesà, Vienna. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe [me] ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

273. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Venice, the 19th of October, [1768]

My dearest Mother,

It is with pleasure that I received Emily's letter of the 10th of September, which left you all so well in Dublin. I am mighty happy to hear you have settled everything to your satisfaction in regard to Charles. To be sure, Emily's account of his late tutor was not the thing that one could wish for him, but I hope you have settled one to yours and his liking. I am very glad to find you approve of my scheme for next spring ; to be sure, if accomplished [it] will be very agreeable ; but I am afraid I shall not be able to do it,

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

as things seem to be in an odd situation. I have been obliged to leave off the sea bathing for some days past, as I have been with a complaint in my stomach and bowels which I hope has quite left me ; and intend beginning the sea bathing again tomorrow ; and if I find it does not agree with me, I shall take a little tour upon the terra firma by way of settling myself for the Vienna journey ; as here one is quite out of exercise, as the gondola is so indulgent that I don't [know] how I shall accustom myself to the carriage. But I hope to continue the bathing at least fourteen nights more and then to set out immediately for Vienna, as I am afraid the winter will be coming on very soon and make it very disagreeable. I have some pleasure in the thoughts of advancing norwards, as I must own I long very much to get home, as, to be sure, it is a long while since I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I hope you'll excuse the shortness of this letter, but I have been out all this morning with Sir James Wright, our Minister here, seeing of curiosities ; and this evening is the first that Lady Wright sees company after her illness. It being the day for writing to you, I would not lose the least moment that I had to spare. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

274. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Venice, the 28th of October, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I had the pleasure of receiving Emily's letter of the 25th of September this morning, wherein I had the pleasure of seeing once more your handwriting, which gives me hopes of your eyes being quite well. To be sure in regard to Turin, I think the Duke of Leinster and you are perfectly right, as it certainly is not a desirable nor had I set my heart on it, as I can assure you it was at the desire of a friend that I mentioned it. Certainly it would be a direct stop to what I have more at heart, which is the thoughts of settling, in the manner you mention. I may venture to say that you

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

have made me very happy in seeming to give in to my intention, and by giving me such good news, in regard to the little King.¹ I propose setting out on Monday for Vienna, so you must not be surprised at not hearing from us till we are settled, the which will be at least ten days or a fortnight. I beg also you will desire Emily and Cecilia to forgive my not answering their letters for some time, as my time will be much taken up on my arrival there. I hope you'll take under consideration about my returning, as I should be very happy to be in Ireland rather before the meeting of Parliament,² that I might enjoy your company before one gets into the Dublin life.

I have taken a little jaunt on the terra firma which has set me up a little ; as, to be sure, the air of Venice did not agree with me at all, and shall be glad to get out of it. Very good accounts of Vienna from everybody ; I make no doubt but that I shall be content with my *séjour*. I am mighty glad to find by my correspondence so good an account of my father's being so well, as everybody mentions in their letters that they never saw him so well.

I do not know whether you are acquainted with Lady Wright, who is recovered from her illness, and I have had the pleasure of seeing her several times. She is one of the most agreeable women I ever met with. To be sure, after living with foreign ladies, seeing one of our own nation is a comfort, and gives one room to see how far superior our English ladies are to foreign ones in regard to their behaviour and manners.

Bolle is, thank God, mighty well and very happy to get out of Italy ; and I may venture to say that nothing will persuade him to return. Mrs Bolle is very impatient for his return. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I have been obliged to draw for the journey.

¹ See Letter 230, note 3.

² The new Parliament met in October, 1769.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

275. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 14th of November, 1768

My dearest Mother,

In my last of the 28th of October I mentioned my setting [out] for this city, where I arrived last night after a long and tedious journey, owing to the bad weather, which we had almost all the way, as it was either fog or rain ; so I could have no pleasure in the looking out of the coach window. But when fair we passed through some most beautiful spots, the whole journey being almost in the mountains, [which] are covered with wood up to the top. We passed through many beautiful valleys and followed the course of a delightful river for near twenty English miles. As yet I cannot give you any account of the town, but everything seems to be very magnificent, by the little that I have seen. It seems to be a second Paris in regard to dress, only rather more magnificent. As yet I have not been presented at Court nor in any of the houses. Tomorrow I am to be presented to some of the great people and the next day at Court. Lord Stormont seems inclined to be very civil and to make this place agreeable. I make no doubt but that I shall spend my time very well. If I should be a little neglectful in writing for this next week or a fortnight it will be owing to visiting or one thing or another till I am settled. I, thank God, am mighty well, and so is Bolle. Both of us impatient to know the time fixed for our return, that we may settle our journeys accordingly. I think you approve of the Barèges scheme. I hope we shall put it into execution. I should imagine that towards next September I may flatter myself with the pleasure of seeing you. I hope to enjoy your company some weeks before the meeting of the Parliament, as then there is so much hurry and noise in Dublin that one cannot enjoy it so agreeably as at Carton. I hope in my next to give you some account of this place. As yet you must excuse the shortness of this letter, as I have wrote it in a hurry, as I was determined to write the first opportunity after my arrival here. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Cecilia, Emily, etc., etc. Pray, tell her I will write soon and am ashamed of having been so long in her debt. Pray, desire Cecilia, if not gone, to remember me in England.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

[1768]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

276. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 1st of December, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I take this opportunity of writing by Mr Garstin, the messenger who is just a setting off for England, as I have been rather negligent of late in regard to you, but having wrote to Emily your post day as I had a letter of hers a long while, which I was determined to answer. Yesterday, being the last post day, I was taken up all morning seeing the Knights of the Golden Fleece dine in public, and the Emperor¹ at the head of them all dressed in their robes. The Emperor is a mighty well looking man, especially in his robes. As for the Empress Queen,² I have not yet seen her, as she is very retired and lives mostly in a family way. I have seen two of her daughters, which are mighty handsome, especially the young one³ that is to be married to the Dauphin; but she is still very young. She seems to be the Emperor's favourite, as he generally takes her into his own box at the theatre, where he is always incognito, as he cannot bear any form or fuss. He dresses always in regimentals, and lives a great deal with his mother. I have not seen the Prince Lobkowitz, as he lives almost always in the country, but they say he intends coming to town this winter. His sister is one of the most civil women, and has been very civil to me. It is a very agreeable house and has two amiable daughters, one of them beautiful and the other as agreeable as her sister is beautiful. I cannot say that this is the most agreeable place in the world, though it shines in good dinners and plenty, as I have dined but once or twice at home since I have been here. I wonder that none of the young ladies ever mentioning in their letters of a Count Zinzendorf having been at Carton. His brother has been to visit me and told me how *sensible* he was *de toutes les politesses que Mon. le Duc avait montré à son frère à la campagne*, etc., etc., and told me that his brother is delighted with Carton. He is one of the most agreeable men here. There is

¹ Joseph II.

² Maria Theresa.

³ Marie Antoinette (1755-93), 4th dau. of the Empress Maria Theresa and of the Emperor Francis I; m. (1770) the dauphin of France, afterwards King Louis XVI.

[1768]

WILLIAM MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

a Madame Degelfeld,¹ the Dutch Minister's wife, that says she knew you in Holland ; upon the strength of which she has been mighty civil to me. There are also some others which I mentioned in Emily's letter of the 23rd of November. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I have been obliged to draw for money.

277. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster

Vienna, the 11th of December, [1768]

My dearest Mother,

You cannot conceive with what pleasure I received your obliging letter of the 4th of November. Your having wrote it yourself is a convincing proof of your eyes being better than they have been for some time past, and I hope they'll continue so. Your scheme for Cecilia would be *bien flattant pour moi*, as it would procure me the pleasure of seeing her some months sooner than I should otherwise do. And certainly the change of air might be of service to her, though Minorca would be a dreadful place for to send a young lady to. But certainly her health is the first thing to be thought of, and ought not to be neglected in the beginning. I continue mighty well, and am very well contented with my present situation, though the amusements are not the most lively, but they shine in good dinners. The ladies are mighty civil, agreeable and well bred ; and what is extraordinary, there are none of them very ugly nor very handsome. The handsomest lady here is a niece of Prince Lobkowitz. He is still in the country, but they say he'll be in town soon. His sister is a mighty good kind of a woman and has, as I above mentioned, a beautiful daughter and another who makes up for her sister's beauty by her sense and agreeableness. The men are most

¹ Louise Susanna, Countess van Degenfeld Schomburg (Countess of Nassau), wife of Frederick Christian, Count van Degenfeld Schomburg, Dutch Ambassador at Vienna.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

of them the dullest mortals that ever existed ; I do not think I have met with five agreeable men of the country. One of the best of them is a Count Zinzendorf, whose brother he told me was at Carton and admired the Hermitage, by which I suppose he means Waterstown. Prince Kaunitz,¹ who is the Prime Minister, is also very civil, especially to the English, which at present are not very numerous, as there is only one, who is an agreeable man and *beaucoup répandu dans le grand monde*. I thank my stars that I am not at Naples this carnival, as there will be at least sixty English ; there are, I may venture to say, near a hundred of them in Italy. There is here General Walmoden,² a son of Lady Yarmouth's ;³ he is Minister from Hanover ; he is also an agreeable man, and his wife a mighty good woman. They have a little boy so like what Eddy was when I left Ireland ; he is bred up like an English child, and he is charming. Last time I saw him I played with him for an hour, to the great surprise of the company. I am charmed to hear the dear little ones are so well. I think you are quite right keeping them at the Black Rock, as it agrees so well with them. I long to hear that Mr William Ogilvie is with Carlo,⁴ as by what you all say the other is by no means fit. Pray, thank Emily for her obliging letter of the 5th of November, which I'll answer next post. You'll think a man of business by sending my letters by a messenger, as I believe this one will go also, and by which means I believe you'll get them sooner. I beg when you or any of the family write that you'll put on the direction ' by Ostende ' as I get them much sooner, or otherwise they come through France or Holland. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ Wenzel Anton, Prince von Kaunitz-Rietburg (1711-94), Austrian chancellor and diplomatist. From 1750 till his retirement in 1792 Kaunitz was the dominating figure in the politics of eastern and central Europe.

² Gen. Johann Ludwig von Wallmoden (1736-1811), s. of Countess of Yarmouth and, reputedly, George II.

³ Amelie Sophie von Wallmoden (1704-65), mistress of George II ; cr. (1740) Countess of Yarmouth.

⁴ Lord Charles FitzGerald.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER*278. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 21st of December, 1768

My dearest Mother,

I am now to return you many thanks for your obliging letter, though of an older date than the one that I have already answered, the 10th instant, which I hope you have received. It being so near Xmas that I must wish you a merry one and a happy new year ; it certainly will be a happy one for me, as I flatter myself I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and all the family. Though I amuse myself as well as possible abroad, yet the being so long absent, makes me very impatient to return. It is with great pleasure that I hear of your being all so well. The cold agrees mighty well with me, though as yet we have had no very cold weather. We have [had] some snow but it did not last ; but I am in hopes that it will begin again, that we may have *traîneaux*. I am very happy to find that the Duke of Leinster is contented with me. I flatter myself that I shall never give him reason to be otherways ; I can assure you I study as much economy as is possible with decency. To be sure this place will run away with a good deal, though in the article of eating I hope will not ruin me ; as yet I never dine at home and could have three or four dinners a day, as I am very constantly asked to two places. To be sure, they live mighty well here, but one eats too much, as they bring you dish after dish as fast as you can eat. Though, thank my stars, there is no suppers, or I don't know what would become of me, especially as I have entirely left off supping, which I think has been of service to me. I believe I shall never be presented at Court, as there has been no occasion since I have been here. The Empress lives a retired life, and the Emperor one only sees at the theatre, which at present is shut, which is a great loss here, for I never was yet in town where a theatre is so much wanted ; but I hope we shall have it open again in a few days.

Cecilia writes me word that she is much better, which I rejoice at. I hope with a little care she may recover her strength and that the foreign climate will not be necessary. Bolle is mighty well, and, I believe, very glad to be out of Italy.

Pray, tell Charles that I long for a letter from him. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Emily, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

279. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 31st of December, ('68)

My dearest Mother,

I may begin this letter by wishing you a happy New Year and a great many of them. I am sure it'll be happy one for me when I think that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and the rest of the family in the course of it. Emily flattered me in her last letter that I should have the pleasure of enjoying your good company some time before the meeting of the Parliament, which makes me very happy. I propose leaving this if possible in the latter end of February or the beginning of March. From this I propose going to Dresden, where I shall stay at least a fortnight, as there is much to see there. Amongst other things there is the finest collection of paintings in Europe. As to Berlin, I can't determine, as that depends upon the time I leave this, as it'll at least retard my projects three weeks or a month; and I look upon it to be necessary to be at Barèges in May, especially [as] I suppose you intend that I should be in Ireland in September. After Barèges I don't desire to stop anywhere excepting a week or so at Paris. I hope in your next you'll be so kind as to let me know what time you really expect me, in that I may determine accordingly. I am glad to hear that the *piccola Carolina* has recovered the smallpox, and I hear is very well. I am sorry to find by Cecilia's last letter that she has had some return of her cough, but I hope it is nothing but a cold.

Tomorrow all the world is in their finery, as it is the only day of the year that the Court appear in their magnificence. I hope tomorrow to be presented to their Majesties and in my next will describe you the Court.

Your letter to Bolle gave me great pleasure. He shewed me that the Duke of Leinster and you were contented with us, especially in regard to money matters. I am afraid this quarter will be exorbitant, especially a tailor's bill, as I was obliged to make a fine suit for to-morrow, which I am afraid will come very high. But I flatter myself that the next quarter will be less as I shall have paid off my tailor, and flatter myself that I shall want nothing but a frock between this and next winter. As yet we have had no cold, and very little snow. Letters from Italy mention its being

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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extraordinary cold, and from Russia they write that the cold at present is not colder than what they have generally in October. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. I am grieved to tell you upon a small calculation that Bolle and I have made this quarter amounts to a great deal more than I could expect. To be sure, my coat runs away with the greatest part.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

1769

280. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, January the 7th, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I promised you in my last of the 31st of December to give you some account of the Court here, but I'll begin by giving you an account of myself first ; which is that on the 5th instant, after a hearty breakfast and a good walk, I found myself to be yellow instead of my fine natural bloom. I immediately enquired for the best physician here, who told me that it was inclining to the yellow jaundice, and desires me to keep house ; which I have accordingly done these two days past. I am in all other respects as well as ever, having no fever, nor any of the other symptoms of the jaundice than [that] everything I do is yellow. The physician flatters me that it'll be of no consequence provided I take care of myself ; so intend keeping the house till I get my natural colour. Bolle does not write this post, as I have shewed him what I have said. I wish you joy of your neice, as by last post Cecilia writes me word of Lady Sarah's being brought to bed of a daughter.¹ I wish we could hear of Lady Louisa's being brought to bed of a son.

I was, according as I mentioned in my last, presented at Court on New Year's day, which is the greatest Court day here. To be sure, there was great magnificence. I was presented first to the Emperor, who did not say a word, as he is very bashful, and did not like being in his finery, though he was only in his uniform, but covered with diamonds, as he had two diamond stars on a diamond fleece and buttons and his ribbon covered with diamonds. The Empress was in mourning, as she is always in black since the death of the late Emperor.² She has hardly any remains of beauty, and looks more like a fat housekeeper than an Empress ; but she talked more than any of the rest. But she was hurried and wanted to get the ceremony

¹ Louisa Bunbury.

² Francis I (1708-65) ; m. (1736) Maria Theresa.

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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of the day over, as she had been dressed ever since daylight, having her hand kissed by everybody. Her daughters are mighty handsome, especially the one¹ married to Prince Albert of Saxony;² the future Duchess of Parma³ is also a fine woman. *La Dauphine* was not there, as she was indisposed; nor the eldest, which is very ugly.

There was many rich dresses and the ladies in general are well furnished with diamonds; as also the men, as most of them have the stars of their different orders in diamonds, which make a great figure, but I can't say look well upon men.

My coat was very handsome, and cost me a great deal of money, though upon such an occasion I could hardly have done without it. I flatter myself that it'll meet with your approbation when you see it; as that and another are the only coats, perhaps, worthy of carrying over. I suppose the Duke of Leinster would not have me bring home a wardrobe, nor would I choose the trouble of it; nor shall I have more than two winter suits. As for summer ones, they are little necessary in our country. I am very uneasy at the thoughts of this quarter, for it is enormous; but I flatter myself that the next will make amends. It is a long while since I have heard from Ireland, but I see by the English papers that there are many mails due. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Emily, etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

281. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 14th of January, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I can with pleasure assure you of my being much better than when I wrote last, though I can't say that I am perfectly re-established, as I have not entirely recovered my usual bloom. But I hope in a few days to get quite well, especially as I am tired of staying at home; but have been very lucky in escaping a fever, which I am told

¹ Maria Christina (d. 1798); m. Albert, Duke of Saxe-Teschen.

² Albert, Duke of Saxe-Teschen.

³ Maria Amalia (d. 1804); m. Ferdinand, Duke of Parma.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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generally attends the jaundice. I have got a mighty good physician, and have laid my whole state of health before him. He approves much of my drinking some waters this summer, but says he can't recommend Barèges, as he is not acquainted with the waters. He talks of Spa or Pyomont, but I made some kind of objection (*though it would be more convenient*), which was that if I went to Spa I should find so many acquaintances that I have not seen since I left England, that might cause an irregularity in the drinking of the waters, which he said was a very good reason. He told me that he would look over his papers, as he thinks he has one that treats upon the Barèges waters. But he has not yet given us an answer. Bolle is for Barèges as he thinks that the heat may help to clear the blood. But I shall desire him to write you his opinion next post, as our time begins to draw near. I have thoughts of leaving this some weeks sooner than I first intended, as when at Dresden I shall be greatly tempted to see Berlin; and by setting out a fortnight or three weeks sooner, I flatter myself shall be able to do it with ease, and be at Barèges at the time I proposed at first. I hope my father will have no objection; and the King of Prussia is worth seeing as well as the town of Berlin.

There are at present a number of Irish officers in town so you may be sure I am not much alone. We have here a Count Mahony, a brother-in-law of the Countess that is at Naples, who is Ambassador from Spain, who is one of the most agreeable, civil, obliging men I ever met with; he is adored by everybody that knows him. He comes here very often, and is most excellent company, as his conversation is sensible and agreeable.

The carnival is begun, but I do not hear of its being very lively. This Court, which formerly was so lively, is now the dullest. The Emperor, though a young man, does not seem to care for any amusement.

I am very glad to hear that Miss FitzGerald is recovered. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Emily, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

282. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster

Vienna, the 18th of January, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I can with pleasure assure you of my being quite recovered of my late indisposition, and have been out airing this day for the first time, and I hope to begin to go out tomorrow or next day ; which I can assure [you] I shall not be sorry for, as I am quite tired of staying at home, though I must say the people have kindness enough not to leave me much alone.

I received a letter from Lady Holland, which does not give so favourable account of dear Ciss as one could wish ; but I hope that the Goodwood air will have been of service to her.

Lady Holland also mentions another thing, which gives me hopes that you have some particular reason for not believing the general talk of Lord Kingsbro' ¹ marriage, as I hear it is much talked of in Ireland. There surely must be something in it, as I have even heard of it from some of the Irish officers here, so I doubt by a thing being so universal must have some foundation. I should not be so very desirous were it not in a letter of Emily's some time ago that you also seem to wish it. Surely, my dear Mother, I should be far from desirous for anything that did not meet with your approbation. And in such a case as this one ought not to neglect, as I can assure you by your own account of the young lady ² she could but please me. If I could but have the good luck to please her, why, it certainly would be a great happiness ; as to have such an agreeable companion, and as I am much for settling, it is the only thing I could think of ; as it would then be in my power to render my dear brothers and sisters more happy. And surely by that means I should be the happiest of mortals. Otherways money would not avail with me. Nor would it with any disagreeable person. But your accounts of her have, I assure you, made much impression on my mind, and caused me to think of her more than once ; and Bolle and I often talk of it with the hopes that you think seriously about it, and know more of the family secrets than we do. I hope you'll excuse if I said anything improper upon this subject, as

¹ On his father being created (25 Aug., 1768) Earl of Kingston, Robert King was styled Viscount Kingsborough.

² Caroline FitzGerald.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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I can assure [you] what I have said comes from the ardent desire of seeing myself and making others happy. Worst come to the worst, the being refused would be better than never having proposed. I shall wait with impatience for your answer on this subject, and flatter myself with what I before mentioned, and remain your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc. Bolle has not wrote this post as I told him I should write.

283. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 11th of February, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I must begin this letter by making my excuses for the shortness of it, being determined not to miss writing, though I have nothing very particular to say, but that I am very well in every other respect but a small cold, which I caught the last night of the carnival, but it does not confine me. I was sorry to find by Emily's last letter that you had been incommoded, but I hope you are now quite well. I propose leaving this very soon, as it is very dull at present, and so intend getting to Dresden, and so get on to Berlin. I hope to stay a fortnight or three weeks at each by setting out early from this, so you'll be so kind as to direct your next *chez le Comte Joseph Bobza, Banquier, à Dresde*. I am very glad to hear that my father means to sell his house in Arlington Street, as sure it is useless as he never uses it.

I am told that Madame de Barré,¹ who has succeeded Madame Pompadour² in the King of France's affections, is a relation of Lord Barrymore's, at least he has owned her as one. I hear she is made Duchess of Luce. We have at present here two or three Polish ladies on their return to Poland; they are reckoned beauties, but I cannot say much for them. Bolle does not write this post as he is not very well. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ Marie Jeanne Bécu (1746-93), Comtesse du Barry; mistress of Louis XV.

² Jeanne Antoinette Poisson (1721-64), Marquise de Pompadour; mistress of Louis XV.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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284. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 22nd of February, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I write these few lines to acquaint you of my being in perfect health and propose leaving this as soon as Bolle is perfectly established, which I hope will be in a few days. I cannot say I shall regret Vienna much, as it is not the most agreeable place I have been in since I left you. We seem determined on the Barèges scheme, but propose going to Berlin for a few days only, and shall make no long stay anywhere till we get to Barèges. But being so near Berlin when at Dresden, that it would be a shame not [to] see it. What pleasure it is to me to think how near the time of seeing you approaches, which, to be sure, will [be] a great comfort.

I flatter myself that you are quite recovered, as it is some time since I have heard from Emily; but in her last she mentions your having company at Carton, which I suppose has engaged her time. It is very good of her to be as regular as she is in general, as, to be sure, it is a great pleasure to me the hearing of you often. We have delightful weather, which I cannot say I am very glad of, as I am afraid it'll cause our having bad on our journey. This has been the mildest winter that ever was, to my sorrow, as I wanted to feel what great cold was, and to compare it to heat; secondly, for to have seen a *course de traîneau*, which by all accounts is a very fine sight. This town affords no very great things to attract the traveller's merit. At Dresden there is one of the finest collections of paintings in Europe, besides the china manufacture, etc., etc., and by all accounts a very pretty town, and this a very ugly one. By the time I can get an answer to this I shall be most likely on my departure from Berlin so you would oblige me by directing your next to me *chez Mess. Jacob Gontard fils à Francfort sur le Mayn*, which will be the surest place for me, as it may wait there till I come.

Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most [affectionate] son,

Kildare.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

285. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Vienna, the 1st March, 1769

My dearest Mother,

It is with pleasure that I received your obliging letter of the 22nd of January, which confirms me of me of your being in perfect health and that your eyes are well. I am also very happy to hear that the Duke of Leinster and the rest of the family are so well, and that Charles goes on so well with Mr Ogilvie ; I make no doubt but what I shall like him by the description you give me of him. We have the most delightful weather that ever was, which makes me long to get on the road, which I hope to do about this day sennight. Bolle is, thank God, much better, [and] I hope will be able to set out then. I am very happy to find that my last year's money was not so extravagant as the former. I dread the last quarter as it was enormous. I hope we shall reduce this one, though the next will be to be apprehended, as we shall be so much on the road and we shall make no longer stay anywhere than a fortnight till we get to Barèges, which seems to be our scheme. I can assure you that the good dinners have not fattened me at all, as I am quite a slender young man to what I was. I am very well, thank God, and long much to see you at Carton, which I hope will be in September. I flatter myself that I shall be at Barèges the beginning of June, where we must stay at least two months. I would not desire to make any stay at Paris unless it was for a whole winter, as then one might get some acquaintances amongst the French. I suppose the Duke of Leinster does not wish me to bring home many clothes, for which I am at present wearing out those that I made in Italy, and shall have but one rich coat, which is one that I made here, which I flatter myself, when you see it, you'll say it is very handsome "*et digne de mon fils*." You make me very happy in regard to Miss ;¹ it gives me still hopes that I may have a chance yet.

I approve much of your sending Ciss abroad, as her disorder ought always to be taken in [the] beginning. I doubt not but Nice will be the place destined. I hope it may, as I am convinced that it is the best climate in Europe.

¹ Caroline FitzGerald.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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One sees very little of the Empress, but her daughters, as I have mentioned before, are very handsome. You'll be surprised at my changing my direction so often, but you'll be so kind as to direct to me *chez Mon. Frank Frères, Banquier, à Strasburg*, till you hear farther from me. Madame Wolfeld is Prince Lobkowitz's sister. My love to D. L.¹, etc., etc. Believe me, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

Bolle begs his respects.

286. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Prague, the 13th of March, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I must now return you many thanks for your long and obliging letter of the 7th of February, which I received a day or two before my departure from Vienna, which place I left the 10th instant, and arrived here this very day, in perfect health, though I cannot say so much for Bolle, who is but indifferent, as he would travel all night on our first setting out, which he was too weak to bear; especially as we had very bad weather and the roads very bad owing to the snow that we had on the mountains and the rain in the bottoms. On our leaving Vienna we passed several branches of the Danube, which resemble more a lake than a river. But we soon got in the mountains, which we found covered with snow, so could not discover their beauty, otherways than their being a great deal of wood on the tops of them. Bohemia seems to be a fertile country and the ground lies well, its not being an entire plain; but it is greatly deficient in wood. I mean an open country where are no scattered trees, but here and there a forest, though not very large ones. Prague seems to be a fine town. It is situated in a valley with a large river running through it, which adds greatly, in my opinion, to the beauty of a town. It is much larger and handsomer than Vienna. By the accounts, and what I have seen of it as yet, I should not dislike spending some time here, if I had any time to spare. But

¹ Duke of Leinster.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

as it is, I shall stay but a couple of days ; in which time I hope Bolle will be able to go on at easy days' journeys to Dresden. But he is so *childish* as to force himself. But if I see he is not well enough, I shall remain a few days longer ; but I flatter myself he'll be well enough. I am glad to find you approve of my Dresden and Berlin scheme, by which means I shall have seen a great part of Germany and the King of Prussia. To be sure, I shall be rather pressed for time, as we have a monstrous journey to take before we get to Barèges, where I should wish to be as early in June as possible, that I may have full time to drink the waters. In this journey through France there are but twenty miles that I have seen before, which is from the Pont de St Esprit to Nîmes ; which is just the part of France I should wish to see again, as, if you remember, I was quite in love with the antiquities of Nîmes, which, to be sure, are worth seeing twice. So you may imagine the great space of country I have for to see before I shall see you, which I flatter myself will not be long before. I can assure you I often think with pleasure how happy we shall be at Carton, I hope some time before the Parliament meets ; as when in Dublin somehow or other one does not see one another so comfortably as in the country. I flatter myself your eyes may continue well that I may have the pleasure of hearing from you oftener. I must say that I take it very kindly of Emily and Cecilia's writing so constantly ; I can assure you I love them very much. I am happy to hear that Charles and Mr Ogilvie go on so well and that he is so well. I must own I long to see you all together. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Emily, etc., etc. Believe me, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. Pray, direct your next *chez Mess. Frank Frères, Banquier, à Strasbourg*. Bolle begs his respects. I hope he'll be well rested in these two days' halt, as I would willingly set off the 16th, as the 17th is St Patrick's day, and this town swarms with Irish, and there is an Irish convent of Franciscan friars who have a feast that day.

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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287. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Dresden, the 25th of March, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I received your obliging letter dictated from the Black Rock on the 12th of February, which I must own gives me very great satisfaction on a certain article and the same time gave me great pleasure to find that you and all the family were so well. I can assure you it makes me very happy to think that my writing so regular contributes any way to your happiness; I do it really with pleasure as well as I think it is my duty, especially to the best of mothers. My intentions are, in regard to myself, to make you the happiest of mothers as well as myself the happiest of sons, and often flatter myself that my conduct since I have left you has ever met with your approbation; which adds greatly to comfort me in my absence from such good parents. I must say I feel with a son's heart the mother's grief occasioned by the unfortunate story attending our family, and would willingly, my dearest Mother, return immediately if I thought it would any ways comfort you in your present situation; and I hope you will in me find the friend as well as the most dutiful son.

I cannot give you any account of the society at Dresden, as the people have been in devotion this week past, and the Court have the measles. So I have no authority to describe to you any of the royal family, as I have only seen them *en passant*. As for the picture gallery, it is [the] most curious I ever met with. There are in one of the rooms upwards of two hundred original pictures of the first Italian masters, and out of that number one can hardly say there is one indifferent one. I have not yet seen any china or its manufacture, but propose seeing it this next week, and hope in my next to give you a better account of Dresden and its environs and especially of the china manufacture, which is at twelve English miles distance. It is terrible here to see the destruction of the King of Prussia. He has ruined certainly the most beautiful town that ever was, and has by the strength of his cannon laid half the town in ruin, though they are building it up very quick. The Elbe runs very prettily through the town, and there is a beautiful bridge over it. I propose staying here ten days or a week longer, and then proceed

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WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
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for Berlin. You would oblige me by directing your next to me at *Mon. Frank Frères, Banquier, à Strasbourg*. Bolle begs his respects to you. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Believe me ever your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. Excuse the blunders and the ill writing of this letter as I am half asleep and the post goes out tomorrow morning early.

288. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Dresden, the 1st of April, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I am just now returned from an agreeable jaunt to Meissen, a town about twelve miles from this, where the china manufacture is carried on. I must say the journey is worth taking were it nothing else to see but the country, which must be more beautiful in summer time when the verdure appears. The road follows the course of the river Elbe, which is very delightful. The town is not worth mentioning. The manufacture is carried on in an old castle belonging to the Elector of Saxony,¹ where there are upwards of seven hundred workmen and women employed. We went through most of the different branches. The preparing of the clay, the polishing and the baking they let nobody see. But I saw the painters and the moulding part of it, which is curious. Think of the china cups and saucers, etc., which you see, must go through four or five different hands before it is finished. I was much surprised at finding many girls painting. I afterward was in the warehouses, where, to be sure, I saw some most beautiful china; and must say had I been rich I should have had a great pleasure in regaling you with a specimen of their manufacture. To be sure, it is immensely dear, or otherways I should have been tempted, and had no other reason for not doing it than that of keeping down this next quarter, which will in all probability rise on account of my travelling a good deal. But [I] hope my father will be content with this quarter, and flatter myself that I shall

¹ Frederick Augustus (1750-1827), s. of the Elector Frederick Christian; succ. 1763; became (as Frederick Augustus I) the first King of Saxony in 1806.

[1769]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

be able to reduce this year. I propose leaving this the 6th of this month for Berlin. I should willingly have remained here some time longer, as it is a beautiful town, and many things worthy of a traveller's notice. Amongst what I have already mentioned in my former letters, there is the finest collection of prints in Europe, and the most rare; there are surely some hundreds of volumes. I must not forget to mention the Palais d'Hollande, which is one of the Elector's Palaces which was built by Augustus the 2nd,¹ King of Poland, and intended to be furnished entirely with china . . . ² there, to be sure the greatest quantity . . . ² I ever saw, and amongst it some of . . . ² beautiful blue and white vases of what you call old china and very large. I could have put one in my pocket for you were it not they were fitter to hold me than me to carry them. There is also a great deal of very fine Japan. All this was near going to ruin in the time of the siege as there is the marks of some cannon balls still in the walls. It is dreadful to see the havoc his Prussian Majesty has made in this beautiful town. There is still more eating in this town than Vienna, as they are in the way of giving great suppers as well as dinners. Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster, Emily, etc., etc., etc.

Believe me, my dearest Mother, your most affectionate son,
Kildare.

Bolle begs his respects to you, and has received Emily's letter of the 12th of March.

PS. Pray, tell the Duke of Leinster that it is reported here this day that our Ambassador ³ at Constantinople has been sent to the Seven Towers, where the Russian one is already confined. This news is not absolutely affirmed.

289. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Berlin, the 15th of April, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I can with pleasure assure you of my being arrived here in perfect health after a short but disagreeable journey through a very ugly sandy

¹Augustus II (1670-1733), King of Poland and Elector of Saxony.

² Letter torn.

³ John Murray (d. 1775), British Ambassador to Turkey, 1766-75.

[1769]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

country. So a course [it] was very tedious, as one could not go out of a foot's pace, and, to render it more agreeable, we were delayed twelve hours at [a] bad inn on account of the passing of the Elector of Saxony.

I have not seen enough of Berlin to give you a thorough description of it. All I have to say about it [is] that it is a very large town regularly built and very large streets, but very empty, as one sees nothing but soldiers, which are swarming about like a pack [of] bees about a beehive. The King is at Potsdam, where seldom a foreigner is presented to him. But I intend seeing him as he goes to the parade. The rest of the family I shall be presented to tomorrow, so I hope in my next I shall be able to give you an account of them. I do not propose making any longer stay here than at Dresden, for it does not seem so agreeable [a] place, nor is the country about it so fine, nor is there so many things worthy of notice. I have met with Baron Kniphausen,¹ who you must have known in England, as he used to make Lady Barrymore's party at loo. I received a present from the Elector of Saxony of a gold medal that was struck on the occasion of his receiving the homages, at Dresden. I have not heard from you [for] some time, but expect to find letters from you at Frankfurt, which is the next place I am bound to; and shall stop nowhere but a day or two at Hanau to see our Princess Mary,² the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel's wife, and sister to the Princess Emily.³ I am told she takes it very kind of any Englishman that stops to see her. I am told there is nothing to stop me at Frankfurt, so I shall go on immediately to Mannheim, [which] they tell me is the most agreeable Court in Germany. I beg you'll continue directing your letters at Strasbourg. My love to the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., etc.

Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

¹ Baron von Kniphausen had been Prussian Ambassador in London.

² Mary (1723-72), 4th dau. of George II; m. (1740) Frederick William (d. 1785), Hereditary Prince of Hesse, who succ. (1760) as Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. She separated from him on his turning Roman Catholic, 1754, and resided with her children at Hanau.

³ Princess Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1711-86), 2nd dau. of George II; d. unmarried.

[1769]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

290. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Berlin, the 22nd of April, 1769

My dearest Mother,

I received your obliging letter of the 13th of March, for which I return you many thanks ; and must say that it has entirely set my heart at rest in regard to you ; and am glad to find you bore the distress that has been brought upon us, so well. I wish your eyes would permit you writing oftener, that I might have the pleasure of receiving your letters oftener. I propose leaving this tomorrow morning for Frankfurt, where I flatter myself that I shall find letters of a fresher date. I propose taking Potsdam in my way, where I hope to get a peep at the King, but cannot be presented to him as he sees no strangers there. I have seen the rest of the royal family and will send you an account of them in my next, as I have not time at present. Nor should I have wrote, were it not to let you know that I am very well, and that I think Bolle is better than he has been, but not so well as I could wish. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Emily, etc., etc. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

PS. We were obliged to draw for £50.

291. *William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster*

Berne, the 14th of May, 1769

My dearest Mother,

You may see by my date that I am thus far advanced in my way to Barèges, being exceedingly pleased with my journey from Strasbourg here. Basle was the first town we entered in Switzerland. It is situated on the Rhine, which is of a great breadth. The town is large but ugly, otherways but its situation. From thence we passed to Soleure,¹ through a most beautiful country, but our weather was so bad that one could not enjoy the beautiful views. Yesterday we arrived here, (our weather being better), so profited more of the delightful country. The valleys were in high perfection, as the rain had given them the spring verdure ; the mountains

¹ Ger. = Solothurn.

[1769]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

covered with wood, the plains and rising grounds either cultivated or pasture land, with many trees scattered about ; amongst them many cherry trees which were in blossom, which rendered the objects still more enchanting. Berne is situated on a ridge of hills with a beautiful river running close under, though in the most delightful serpentine. The walks about the town are charming. In one of them you see two different views of the river which one can hardly believe to be the same. The hills about it are covered with wood ; what is not, is cultivated. [There are] many odd houses and villages in the environs, with a fine view of the Alps, which are still covered with snow, as we have had dreadful cold dry weather for some time past, as since I left Dresden till [I] arrived at Basle we had constant dry weather. I propose going from this to Lausanne. I wanted Bolle to go to Neuchâtel, but he does not care to go, as he says it would cost him too much money, as he has many poor relations who would expect him to be very rich, as he is with a *My Lord anglais*, who all foreigners think is made of money and that his people are also. It is terrible how one is obliged to squabble and bargain for everything. He is better than he was, though not so well as I could wish. I do [not] know where to desire you to direct to me, as I do not know any address, but I will let you know from Geneva. I hope to be at Barèges the second week in June. As yet, thank God, am mighty well. I am happy to find by Emily's letter of the 14th April of your being in good health and that your eyes being so well. She also mentions your expecting company at Carton ; how I long for September ! Pray, do you intend that I should make any stay in England at my return, or whether I shall go immediately to Ireland ? I hope the latter. My travelling so much runs away with money ; I was obliged to draw for £50 at Strasbourg. My love to the Duke of Leinster, Ladies Cecilia, Louisa and Emily, not forgetting my grandmother when you see her, and the little family at the Black Rock. I beg you will tell Emily that she must be so kind as to have fourteen plain shirts with good wristbands for to put to lace ruffles to, and six plain ruffles shirts. I beg pardon for troubling you but forgot to mention it in my last letter to her of the 7th of this month. Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me your most affectionate son,

Kildare.

Bolle begs his respects. He does not write this post.

[1769]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

292. William, Marquis of Kildare, to Emily, Duchess of Leinster

Lyons, the 30th of May, 1769

My dearest Mother,

You may see by the date that I am thus far advanced in my way to Barèges, where I hope to be in less than fourteen nights. I have been here between five and six days and propose remaining a day or two longer, as I have been obliged to change my carriage, as the German roads have been a great detriment to it. I have exchanged it for a two wheel chaise, by which means I save a horse and postillion and shall go much quicker. From Geneva here, some part of the road is beautiful, as one passes two small lakes and have several different views of [the] Rhône. I have already given you an account of Lyons. There are present several English, amongst which there is Lady Stanley, wife of Sir John.¹ There is also Mr [and] Mrs Kerr, who have two of Mrs George Pitt's² daughters, which are really two fine girls; the eldest of them is like her mother and the other very like the father. From this I go to Toulouse, where you'll be so kind as to direct your letters during my stay at Barèges. I do [not] propose stopping more than a day anywhere till I get there. I pass through Nîmes, so shall have the pleasure of seeing the antiquities there again. From thence to Montpellier. We have had no very hot weather as yet, and can assure you of my being very well.

I forget whether I mentioned from Geneva my having been obliged to draw for money. I am afraid our running so much about will make this quarter run very high. I can assure you it gives me great uneasiness.

¹ Sir John Stanley, Bart., of Alderley (1735-1807); m. (1763) Margaret, dau. and heiress of Hugh Owen of Penrhos, in Anglesey; he was father of the 1st Lord Stanley of Alderley.

² Penelope (d. 1795), dau. of Sir Henry Atkins, Bart., m. (1746) George Pitt, cr. (1776) Baron Rivers. Besides one s., George (1751-1828), she had three daus., viz.: (1) Penelope, who married 1st (1766), Lt.-Col. Edward Ligonier (afterwards Earl Ligonier), the marriage being dissolved (1772), and 2nd (1784) a trooper in the Blues; (2) Louisa (d. 1791), who m. (1773) Peter Beckford, and left a s., Horace William, who succ. (1828) his uncle George as 3rd Baron Rivers; and (3) Marcia Lucy (d. 1822), who m. (1789) James Fox-Lane. Mrs. Pitt was a beauty. Walpole describes her as being 'all loveliness within and without.'

[1769]

WILLIAM, MARQUIS OF KILDARE, TO EMILY, DUCHESS
OF LEINSTER

Pray, my love to the Duke of Leinster and the rest of the family.
Adieu, my dearest Mother. Believe me ever your most affectionate
son,

Kildare.

Direct to me *chez Mess : Cassiny Davaisse & Comp :*
à Toulouse.

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