







H51



EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER  
*From an engraving of a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds*

COIMISIÚN LÁIMHSCRÍBHINNÍ NA hÉIREANN  
IRISH MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION

# CORRESPONDENCE

OF

# EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

(1731-1814)

VOL. I

LETTERS OF EMILY, DUCHESS OF  
LEINSTER; JAMES, FIRST DUKE OF  
LEINSTER; CAROLINE FOX, LADY HOLLAND

EDITED BY

BRIAN FITZGERALD



DUBLIN  
STATIONERY OFFICE  
1949

*To be purchased directly from the*  
GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS SALE OFFICE, 3-4 COLLEGE STREET,  
DUBLIN, C.5,  
*or through any Bookseller.*

---

*Price £1 10s. 0d.*

## PREFACE

THE National Library of Ireland acquired from the London bookseller, Charles Sawyer, of Grafton Street, in 1933, a large and important collection of autograph letters, the correspondence of Lady Emily Lennox, first Duchess of Leinster (1731-1814). The Letters, which were sold by Sotheby, formed part of the estate of the late Mrs. Whalley, of Capetown, South Africa, who had the Letters from her father, the Rev. Julian Robinson.

The Correspondence consists of letters written by the Duchess to her first and second husbands, James FitzGerald, first Duke of Leinster, and William Ogilvie respectively, and their replies ; by members of the families of FitzGerald and Lennox ; and by friends and persons of the Duchess's household. The collection includes some 1770 letters ; and it is to be published by the Irish Manuscripts Commission in its entirety.

The Correspondence is a social and political document of peculiar value. There are few collections of letters which convey a more vivid impression of the social life of the eighteenth century in all its aspects. Moreover, these Letters have the naturalness, the precision in detail, the diversity and the unaffected self-revelation of the best letter-writers. After consideration, it was found preferable that the letters should be placed and published according to the writer rather than that they should be arranged chronologically. The method chosen has obvious disadvantages ; but where many correspondents are concerned, each with varied activities and with a different circle of acquaintances, much of the interest of characterization which gives the present collection its special charm would inevitably have been lost, had the alternative method been adopted. This is a one-sided correspondence, and the only letters written by the Duchess of Leinster herself that we possess are those addressed to her first and second husbands ; in these two cases, the correspondence has been presented chronologically.

The Correspondence has been presented as it stands ; no tiresome excisions have been made. As regards punctuation, paragraphing and the use of capital letters, the modern practice has been followed ; words have been separated or joined according to the modern practice, and peculiarities of abbreviation have not been retained. The spelling, likewise, has been modernized, with the exception of those place-

## PREFACE

names which, in course of time, have been changed. In those cases, the original names have been retained ; thus, *Brightelmstone* has not been changed to Brighton.

The first Volume contains (i) Correspondence of James, first Duke, and Emily, Duchess of Leinster (1-130) ; (ii) Letters written by Lady Holland to Emily, Duchess of Leinster (131-379). Of the three hundred and seventy-nine letters, ninety-five were undated, or, in a few cases, wrongly dated. They have been, with three exceptions, correctly dated by the Editor.

The publication of this first volume, upon which the Editor began work so long ago as 1937, has been greatly delayed by the war ; and the task has been completed under conditions of considerable difficulty, which will account for certain inconsistencies in orthography. He desires to express his acknowledgments to Dr. R. I. Best, with whom he has been closely associated in this work from the outset ; to the Staff of the Manuscripts Room of the British Museum, where the transcript was collated with the original ; to Mr. Dulanty and the Office of the High Commissioner for Ireland, who arranged for the safe transmission of the typescript to Dublin ; to the Earl of Ilchester, for permission to reproduce the portrait of Lady Holland ; and to his wife, who, in addition to assisting him in the task of collating and preparing the typescript for the press, is responsible for placing the ninety-five undated letters.

BRIAN FITZGERALD

Dublin, *December*, 1948.

## CONTENTS

|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| INTRODUCTION .. .. .  | ix   |
| I. LETTERS TO AND FROM JAMES, DUKE OF LEINSTER,<br>AND EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER, 1752—1762                        | i    |
| II. LETTERS FROM LADY CAROLINE FOX, AFTERWARDS<br>LADY HOLLAND, TO EMILY, DUCHESS OF<br>LEINSTER, 1756—1774 .. .. . | 166  |
| INDEX .. .. .   | 575  |

## ILLUSTRATIONS

|  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| EMILY, DUCHESS OF LEINSTER. From an engraving of a portrait<br>by Sir Joshua Reynolds .. .. .  | <i>frontispiece</i>  |
| JAMES, 1ST DUKE OF LEINSTER. From an engraving of a<br>portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds .. .. . | <i>facing p. 1</i>   |
| CARTON, COUNTY KILDARE. From an engraving of a drawing<br>by George Petrie .. .. .             | <i>facing p. 59</i>  |
| CAROLINE, LADY HOLLAND. From a portrait by Sir Joshua<br>Reynolds .. .. .                      | <i>facing p. 167</i> |



## INTRODUCTION

THE LADY EMILIA MARY LENNOX was the third daughter of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, and Sarah, daughter of William, Earl Cadogan. She was born on the 6th October, 1731 ; and George II. was one of her godfathers.

Lady Emily was four years old when her great-grandmother, Louise de K  roualle, died in Paris. Long years before, she had been created Duchess of Portsmouth by Charles II, whose favourite she was. The son she bore that King was given the title of Duke of Richmond ; he died in 1723, and was succeeded by Lady Emily's father. The second Duke was a good soldier, who had fought at Dettingen and attended the Duke of Cumberland in the Rebellion of 1745 ; later he became Master of the Horse and a Privy Councillor, dying in 1750. Lady Emily's childhood was spent at Goodwood and in London ; at the age of ten she was present at Sir Thomas Robinson's ball, when " she appeared in great majesty from behind a vast bouquet." (Walpole).

On the 7th February, 1747, she married James, twentieth Earl of Kildare ; her age at that time being fifteen years and four months. James FitzGerald was born on the 29th May, 1722. He was the only surviving son of Robert, nineteenth Earl of Kildare, and Mary, daughter of William, third Earl of Inchiquin. He had succeeded his father in 1744 ; by the time of his marriage he was already a notable figure in Irish public life. He had spent two years of travel in Europe, and had sat in both the English and Irish Houses of Commons from 1741 until his succession to the title, when he became a Privy Councillor for Ireland. All his actions were done in the grand manner. When, in 1745, a Jacobite invasion of Ireland was expected, he immediately offered to raise and equip a whole regiment at his own expense. The Government declined the offer ; but, in 1747, he was made a peer of Great Britain.

After their marriage, the Kildares came to Ireland. The Earl had continued the work, begun by his father in 1739, of rebuilding Carton, in County Kildare, to the plans of the German architect

## INTRODUCTION

Richard Castle ; and by midsummer, 1747, the house was sufficiently ready for them to move into. The building of Leinster House, in Dublin, had been begun according to the plans of the same architect in 1745. (When Dublin society expressed surprise that Lord Kildare should move to what was then an unfashionable suburb, he replied haughtily : " They will follow me wherever I go ! " And they did).

The Correspondence opens in 1752. The Letters need little comment ; they are intimate letters, almost love letters. The marriage of the Kildares was one of great happiness ; and something of their happiness seems to have overflowed into their letters. Lady Kildare was a great beauty. In the same year as that in which this Correspondence opens, Horace Walpole drew together Lady Kildare, Lady Coventry (Maria Gunning), and Mrs. Pitt, to determine which was the handsomest ; he awarded the prize to Lady Kildare ; she alone could do what both the others attempted without success—blush. Happily, her beauty is not entirely lost to us. In 1754, and again twenty-five years later, she sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the latter, no less than in the early portrait, there are the same perfect features, the same " sweetness of expression "—to use Sir Joshua's own words. The eyes alone have grown a little weaker, thereby proclaiming the passing of the years. Lady Kildare was also a woman of culture and great intelligence. She was an enthusiast for the writings of Madame de Sévigné and the ideas of Rousseau. At one time (according to Mrs. Delany) she considered offering the philosopher a sanctuary in return for the education of her children. She was keenly interested in politics, and followed with the closest attention the intricate course of affairs at Westminster. When visiting London, she usually stayed at Holland House with her sister, Lady Caroline Fox, the wife of Henry Fox, who became first Lord Holland.

The important part which Lord Kildare played in Anglo-Irish affairs is reflected in his own and Lady Kildare's letters. There were two parties in Ireland in the middle years of the eighteenth century : the Court party, which managed Ireland in the English interest, and the Popular party, which formed the Opposition, representing the Irish element, and which sought to strengthen the Dublin Parliament at the expense of Westminster. (The Popular party, although vaguely nationalistic, was certainly not democratic in the sense in which we understand the term to-day). The leader of the Court

## INTRODUCTION

party was the Primate, George Stone; the Opposition was led by Lord Kildare and Henry Boyle, the Speaker. In 1749 there had appeared a surplus of over £200,000 in the Irish Exchequer; and it was the question of the appropriation of this and subsequent surpluses which formed the principal bone of contention between the English and Irish Parliaments. The Irish claimed the right to appropriate a proportion of this surplus towards the payment of their national debt; the English authorities maintained that the surplus belonged to the Crown, and that, without the previous consent of the King the Irish Parliament could not even discuss its disposition. So there began a great battle over the question of 'consent.' The Duke of Dorset who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant in 1751 and his son, Lord George Sackville, the Chief Secretary, favoured Archbishop Stone and the 'English' party; they contrived to establish, by various manoeuvres, the principle of 'consent.' But when, two years later, the contest was resumed, the unpopularity of the Primate and Sackville had increased to such an extent that the Opposition succeeded in defeating the Government policy by five votes. The English authorities regarded this defeat in a very serious light; drastic measures were taken; all State officials who had voted with the majority were dismissed; and the Government policy, by royal authority, was forcibly carried out.

Such was the position in June, 1753, when Lord Kildare 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. For a time it seemed as if Kildare's Memorial had been presented in vain; in spite of the enthusiasm it evoked in Dublin, things went on much as before. Then, in the spring of 1755, when it seemed as if all were lost, the policy of the Government was suddenly changed. The Duke of Dorset was recalled; and the Lord Lieutenancy was given to Lord Hartington, a close friend of Lord Kildare. Hartington soon gave up the Primate; and when the Lord Lieutenant left for England the following spring, Kildare was nominated a Lord Justice. The Irish people were delighted at Kildare's success; from this time he was, until his death, the most popular man in Ireland.

When the Seven Years War broke out, Lord Hartington (by this time fourth Duke of Devonshire) was summoned from Ireland to form

## INTRODUCTION

a Ministry (November, 1756). John, fourth Duke of Bedford, succeeded him as Lord Lieutenant. Bedford, at the outset, favoured Kildare's party ; but during the years 1758-59, he attempted a junction of the two rival parties in Ireland. The Primate was ready to act with Kildare, who, however, in spite of the efforts of his friends to persuade him to co-operate, remained adamant in opposition. It was impossible for him, he wrote in a letter to his brother-in-law, Henry Fox, to act in the Government with a man whom he had formerly represented to the King in so sordid a light, without giving himself the lie ; the duties of a Lord Justice were not wonderfully tempting ; and, rather than stain his " notions of honour " he was content to stand down. So Lord Kildare temporarily retired from public life. His integrity was rewarded when, in March, 1761, he was created Marquis of Kildare. The proceedings outlined above, though not in themselves of any great interest, had important consequences ; they led to the organization of a serious parliamentary opposition in Ireland, and paved the way for Grattan and the various ' liberty ' movements later in the century.

In addition to his political activities, the Earl of Kildare was a keen and successful soldier. He was promoted Major-General in 1761, and from 1758 to 1766 he was Master-General of the Ordnance and of ' His Majesty's arms, armouries, and other habiliments of war in Ireland.' He held this post until, on the 12th February, 1766, he was created Duke of Leinster. In 1770 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. Three years later, on the 19th November, 1773, he died at Leinster House, Dublin, aged fifty-one years, and was buried in Christ Church Cathedral.

Emily, Duchess of Leinster, was left with a family of seven surviving sons and five daughters to bring up. She survived her " beloved Jemmy " many years ; but the year following his death, in 1774, she married again. Her second husband was William Ogilvie, at that time tutor to her children. Their Correspondence will be published in a subsequent volume. She died, full of years, on the 27th March, 1814.

\* \* \*

LADY GEORGIANA CAROLINE LENNOX was the eldest daughter of the second Duke and Duchess of Richmond ; she was born on the 27th March, 1723, and was thus eight years older than Lady Emily, who was her favourite sister.

## INTRODUCTION

In 1744 she married Henry Fox (born 1705), the second surviving son of Sir Stephen Fox ; his elder brother, Stephen, was created Earl of Ilchester in 1756. Strong objections to the marriage were raised by the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, who refused to give their consent ; so the wedding of Henry Fox and Lady Caroline Lennox took place secretly at the house of Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams. The stir caused in London society by the marriage is amusingly recorded in Walpole's *Letters* ; Lady Emily Lennox was strictly forbidden by her parents to see or even to write to her beloved sister ; and it was not until the birth of a grandson that the Richmonds became reconciled to their daughter and son-in-law, who was by that time Secretary at War, a Privy Councillor, and a leading speaker on the Whig side of the House of Commons.

It is necessary to say something concerning Fox's political career ; it forms the background to Lady Caroline's letters to her sister, which date from 1756. Fox had entered Parliament in 1735 ; and, by attaching himself to Sir Robert Walpole, he had rapid promotion. When Pelham became Prime Minister, Fox was appointed a Lord of the Treasury, the post he held at the time of his marriage ; by 1746, he was Secretary at War and a member of the Privy Council ; he played a prominent part in the Regency Bill, and his friendship with the Duke of Cumberland dates from that time. Pelham died in 1754, and his less capable brother, the Duke of Newcastle, succeeded him. Fox, having declined on a question of honour to enter the Newcastle Cabinet, formed an alliance with Pitt in opposition to the Prime Minister. But the following year he agreed to serve under Newcastle, so bringing about a breach with Pitt ; his reputation suffered as a consequence. Before the year was out, however, he was Secretary of State, Leader of the House of Commons, and a member of the Cabinet (15th November, 1755). The Seven Years War broke out in the following year ; Austria, France, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony formed a coalition with the object of destroying the power of Prussia ruled by Frederick the Great. England, in support of her policy of maintaining the balance of power, went to the assistance of Prussia. For this war England was quite unprepared ; and whilst the politicians wrangled, combined, and recombined, the unpopularity of Newcastle's administration ever increased. Fox soon found himself in difficulties with Newcastle, and by the end of the year had resigned ; the resig-

## INTRODUCTION

nation of the First Lord of the Treasury himself was not long delayed. It was at this point that the Duke of Devonshire was summoned from Ireland, and asked to form a Ministry ; he agreed to do so, when Pitt followed Fox as Secretary of State. Devonshire, however, was not a success in his new capacity, and when Pitt had made up his differences with the Duke of Newcastle, the latter was once more Prime Minister (June, 1757). Pitt's ascendancy was now established. Henry Fox, however, sacrificed ambition to avarice when he accepted the subordinate post of Paymaster-General to the Forces without a seat in the Cabinet. This office throughout the Seven Years War was the most lucrative one in the Government, and Fox became fabulously rich ; but he took small part in the debates, and his eclipse was almost complete. George II died ; and Lord Bute became Prime Minister. A peace was determined ; and the time came when the Treaty of Paris had to be forced through an unwilling House of Commons. Who could do the job better than Henry Fox ? So he was recalled once more. He did the work well. By mass bribery and unbridled corruption he persuaded the Lower House to accept the Peace by a majority of five to one. Thus ended his political career.

In 1763 Fox obtained the peerage which he had long desired ; Lady Caroline had been created Baroness in her own right the previous year. They both took the title of Holland—after Holland House, Kensington, which Lord Holland had rented in 1746, and subsequently bought in 1768. But, delighted as he was to receive his peerage, he had no wish to give up the Paymastership ; and this, as a result of a misunderstanding between himself and Lord Shelburne, he discovered was what was expected of him. He hung on to the Office for two years more ; but, by his action, he lost not only the friendship of Shelburne, but also that of Calcraft, Rigby, and Bedford.

Whatever criticisms may be made concerning Lord Holland's political morality—which was that of his time—it cannot be disputed that, for more than thirty years, he was a faithful and adoring husband. As for Lady Holland, her sweet nature, her simplicity, her gentleness and unselfishness, are all manifested in her letters to her sister. Entertainment at Holland House was lavish beyond description, but Lady Holland preferred a retired and literary life to a social one. The Hollands' last years were divided between travelling abroad and the construction at Kingsgate, in Kent, of a fantastic house that was

## INTRODUCTION

"to represent Tully's Formian Villa." There, surrounded by their children and friends, Lord and Lady Holland were happy—so long as they could forget public life. But ill-health clouded Holland's last years, and he died on the 1st July, 1774; Lady Holland died twenty-three days later.

The Hollands had four sons: the eldest, Stephen, was born in 1745; the second died an infant; the third was the celebrated Charles James, who was born in 1749; and the youngest, Henry Edward, was born in 1755. No fonder parents than the Hollands could be imagined, but Lord Holland indulged his two elder boys to such an extent that they were both heavy drinkers and gamblers before they had left Eton (between them on one occasion they lost £32,000 in three nights). "Ste" was his mother's favourite; always delicate, he suffered as a child from a form of St. Vitus's dance, and had to leave Eton at the age of fourteen on account of ill-health; thereafter he travelled about Europe with his tutor. In 1766 he married Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John, Earl of Upper Ossory; Lord Holland provided them with a house, Winterslow, in Wiltshire. On the death of his father in 1774, Stephen became second Lord Holland; but six months later he died of dropsy. As to Charles James, here it must suffice to say that he accompanied his cousins, George, Lord Offaly, and William FitzGerald, to school at Wandsworth; in 1758 they went on to Eton; he went to Oxford in 1764, remaining there for two years; and, when Lady Holland's letters to her sister close in 1773, Charles James had entered Parliament and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury. The Hollands' youngest son, Henry Edward, had by that time entered the army, in which he was later to rise to the rank of General.







JAMES, 1ST DUKE OF LEINSTER

*From an engraving of a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds*

## FITZGERALD-LENNOX CORRESPONDENCE

1752

### 1. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Rostellan,<sup>1</sup> June the 30th, 1752.

I received my dear angel's letter this morning from Dundalk, where I am glad she got without any accident. I hope your eye is quite well, as you don't mention it.

I arrived here yesterday before dinner, having stay'd at Mr. Moore's a day and a half, where Harry and Mrs Sandford<sup>2</sup> came the day before, which made it very agreeable to me. I had very bad weather upon the road. This is a very fine old looking place with a most delightful prospect of Cork Harbour; there is a good deal of wood about it. The house is very large and odd. I have a very good bedchamber, and a large good new bed, where I should be happy if I had my dearest Emily, for I find already I cannot be happy without her; company, fine weather, prospect, good house, and bed is nothing without my dear little wife is with me and enjoys it also. You tell me I don't know what you feel by [our] being so far distant from each other—believe me I do, for I feel so much that it's impossible you can feel more, and shall never be happy till I am in those dear arms, which shall be (you may depend upon it) as soon as I can, without disobliging my friends here that expect to see me. If Lord Inchiquin<sup>3</sup> (who is extremely sorry for your not coming) had said there had been any women in the house you should have come, for there are three females: a Mrs Bowen, a Miss Dunny who is grown up, and a little Miss Maule. They seem to be good sort of people (Mrs Bowen is the parson of parish's wife; they always live here) and would have done very well for a few days when we dined abroad, which I am to do to-morrow at the Speaker's,<sup>4</sup> where all the

<sup>1</sup>The seat of the Earl of Inchiquin in Co. Cork.

<sup>2</sup>Henry Sandford, of Castlerea, Co. Roscommon. He married (1750) Hon. Sarah Moore, daughter of Stephen Moore, 1st Viscount Mountcasel.

<sup>3</sup>William O'Brien (d. 1777), 4th Earl of Inchiquin; m. (1) (1720) Anne, Countess of Orkney; (2) (1761) the Hon. Mary Moore, dau. of Stephen Moore, 1st Viscount Mountcasel.

<sup>4</sup>Henry Boyle (d. 1764); cr. Earl of Shannon, 1756; Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 1733-56; Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, 1733-35, 1739-55.

[1752]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

county of Cork gentlemen are [to] be, as it's the first of July. Lord Inchiquin says his reason for not telling that these ladies were in his house was that he did not think it would be civil to you to mention them as companions for you, and hoped you would have brought someone that would have been agreeable to you. I assure you he seems to be a good deal disappointed, and as for me I am miserable. You may be sure, my dear Soul, I'll not go a sea party of a bad day, therefore don't be uneasy about it ; for tho' I had no regard for myself, yet I am so sure of the trouble and concern you would be in to hear I was ill, that it will prevent me.

Tell my dear little sisters that I love them, and hope to see them soon, and will talk very dirty when we meet. Till then I shall never be happy, do believe me, my dear Emily, for it is the truth from the heart of your ever affectionate

Kildare.

I wish I was Lady Louisa<sup>1</sup> every night while she is with you, and I absent.

2. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Rostellan, July the 10th, 1752.

I was my dear Emily very sorry to hear you were alarm'd about our little George,<sup>2</sup> but am glad it was not a return of his fever.

I assure you I writ the first post after I came to Rostellan, and it was impossible you could hear sooner from me considering the number of miles that were between us, which I hope never will be so again ; for be assured I cannot have pleasure anywhere without my dear lovely Soul, who I love better than all the world together. I know you will say if he loves me so much, why does he stay so long from his Emily ? I hope my stay will not be imputed to the want of love, for tho' I cannot set out till next Friday you are never out of my thoughts. I hope to be at Carton Tuesday the 20th or the 22nd, where I

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

<sup>2</sup> George FitzGerald, Lord Offaly (1748-65) ; eldest s. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare ; styled Earl of Offaly after the promotion of his father (whom he predeceased) to the Marquessate of Kildare.

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE <sup>[1752]</sup>

shall find you, my Soul, and our little family in good health, and also that you will forgive my long stay. Till then, I will put off giving any account of the country. My love to my dear little sisters, and thank them for their letter to me ; as also for the care they took of my wife at Dundalk.

I am, my dearest,

Your most tender and affectionate

K.

I am very well. Lord Inchiquin desires his compliments. I hope your dear eye is well.

3. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Rostellan, Thursday, July the 16th, 1752.

I return'd yesterday before dinner from Cork, and had the pleasure of finding here a letter from my dear Emily, who I am sorry to find is angry with me for what I could not help. For I stay'd contrary to my inclination, but hope when I have the happiness of meeting her that all will be forgot—for I would give the world if I had it to be with my dear Love. I had also a letter from Miss Macartney in which she says that your eye was lanced ; I flatter myself it will be well before next Monday or Tuesday. I am glad I did not know it was to be done till the same time that I heard it was over, for I should have been very unhappy at the thoughts of what my dear sweet Soul was to suffer. I set out tomorrow, but shall stay till nine o'clock as I expect to have the satisfaction of hearing from you thro' Miss Macartney that your cure goes on with success.

I have been very unfortunate in the horses I brought with me ; one I was obliged to leave upon the road as I was coming here, sick, and a day or two ago when I thought to have had [one of] those that are here in good order for a journey, (I take with the greatest pleasure, and also with the greatest impatience to have over, as it will end in my being happy in your dear arms) going out to water by some accident is so lame that I am obliged to leave him here, and to get an old horse of Lord Inchiquin's. I suppose you will send word by the servant that comes to Naas with the horses whether I am to go to Carton or Dublin. I hope to see you the evening after you receive

[1752]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

this, therefore I don't send you an order for money ; but if you should have wanted, Lady Dowager<sup>1</sup> could have lent you some.

Adieu, my dear Soul, and believe me, there is no pleasure or happiness for me till I see my dearest Emily.

K.

---

<sup>1</sup>Widow of John FitzGerald, 18th Earl of Kildare, *nee* Elizabeth, dau. of Richard Jones, 1st Earl of Ranelagh.

# COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE <sup>[1755]</sup>

1755

## 4. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 1st of May, [1755].

I thank you, my love, for your letter from Chester and long most exceedingly for another from Dublin. I hope in God I shall have that satisfaction soon. I know what my sweet Jemmy will have felt for me when he heard of my misfortune in losing my poor dear sweet pretty little babe,<sup>1</sup> and therefore imagine it will be a satisfaction to you to have a line or two in my own hand to tell you I am well and in tolerable good spirits. Better I am sure than I could have expected I shou'd have had with two such accidents to lower them as that of parting with my Angel, and this last, which cou'd not but affect me for the time, but must soon wear off when I consider how much happier the poor little thing is than it ever in all probability wou'd have been in this world, and how much less a misfortune it is to lose them at such an age than any other. God preserve those we have, my dear Love. Adieu.

E. K.

George and William,<sup>2</sup> etc., are very well. I hope sweet Emily<sup>3</sup> and little merry Harriet<sup>4</sup> are the same. Tell me a good deal about them when you have time. I have been up twice and find myself very strong notwithstanding I had so tedious a labour, which generally weakens people vastly. The Doctor was with me all day. I have no complaint in my breast. Burn this nursekeeper's letter with all these particulars, but

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline FitzGerald, 4th dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare.

<sup>2</sup> Lord William Robert FitzGerald (1749-1804), 2nd s. of James FitzGerald 20th Earl of Kildare; he was styled Earl of Offaly on the death of his bro. in 1765, and Marquess of Kildare, 1766-73. He succ. his father as 2nd Duke of Leinster in 1773. He m. (1775) Aemilia Olivia St George, dau. and heiress of 1st Lord St. George.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Emily Maria Margaret FitzGerald (1752-1818), eldest surv. dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare; m. (1774) Charles Coote, 1st Earl of Bellamont.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Henrietta Catherine FitzGerald (1753-63), 3rd dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare.

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I know my dear Jemmy is glad to hear everything that concerns the health of his affectionate Emily.

Bitter cold sharp weather as ever was felt.

5. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Dublin, Thursday, May the 1st, 1755.

My Dear Emily,

I got here yesterday after a disagreeable rough passage of 27 hours in the packet, and in a few hours after received a letter from Ned Sandford which has taken off all satisfaction to me here ; which was, that my Angel has been ill all today, the doctor is with her, and Miss Brudenell tells me she is by this brought to bed. My not getting a letter from you, or that mentions you, confirms me that it was so. My love, think what I suffer! But tomorrow I hope, will make me happy. I wish Sandford hanged, what business had he to write? One would imagine, if he was capable of it, that it was to torment ; but as that is not the case, I must forgive him, tho' I cursed him. I believe my last letter from Holy Head was dated Monday, but it ought to have been Tuesday one o'clock. Send a card to old Dowager, to let her know I got safe, for she desired to hear as soon as I did.

Bone-fires, bells, etc., and from ten this morning to near four o'clock I have not had less than eight or ten gentlemen with me at a time. I dined at my Mother's, who looks well, as does our little girls, much improved. Emily is grown pretty ; Harriet is like poor little Caroline,<sup>1</sup> when she was at her best.

Mrs. Sandford dined at my Mother's. I gave her the box which she likes.

I am to dine with my Lord Mayor<sup>2</sup> tomorrow in a private party.

My dear Love, Adieu.

K.

I send Mr Fox<sup>3</sup> a copy of a letter from the Bishop of Cork<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Elizabeth Mabel FitzGerald (1750-54), 1st dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare ; she had died the previous year.

<sup>2</sup> Alderman Hans Brille.

<sup>3</sup> Rt. Hon. Henry Fox (1705-74) ; 2nd surv. s. of Sir Stephen Fox ; cr. (1763). Baron Holland of Foxley, Wiltshire ; m. (1744) Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox, eldest dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond.

<sup>4</sup> Jemmet Browne, D.D. (d. 1782), Bishop of Cork (1745-72) ; translated to

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

to the Speaker's and a letter from the Primate<sup>1</sup> to the Bishop. The Speaker and Lord Inchiquin dined at my Mother's, which occasioned my staying so late as to make me write this in so great a hurry, I fear that you will be hardly able to read it in bed.

6. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, May the 3rd, 1755.

My Dearest Emily,

The mail that came in yesterday made me very happy, as I had an account of my dear Angel's being brought to bed of a girl and well from Lady Caroline.<sup>2</sup> I also received your letter which I should have had the same day I got Colonel Sandford's. I hope somebody will write a line to me every post to let me know how you do, till you can yourself, but don't attempt too soon, as your eyes will be weak.

I have not any news but that Lord Hartington<sup>3</sup> is expected tomorrow, and I think our affairs look well. I have not been out of the house in a morning since I came, for I have had company from ten till near four every day since.

I suppose Mr Fox has shewn you the copies of the Bishop of Cork's letter and the Primate's which I sent him. I think it now depends upon Lord Hartington to fix the lie, as he knows who write the account of the Speaker's offering terms to the Primate. I hear all that party dislike his coming; in a day or two after he lands he will have an account of an affair between Lord Bessborough<sup>4</sup> the Primate and Colonel Dejean<sup>5</sup> from the Colonel. I did intend to have sent Mr Fox an account of it, but I hear that Mr Calcraft<sup>6</sup> has it, so shall save him the trouble

---

Elphin, 1772, afterwards to Tuam, 1775.

<sup>1</sup> George Stone, D.D. (1708-64); after holding various preferments in Ireland as Dean and Bishop, he became Archbishop of Armagh in 1747.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Georgiana Caroline Lennox (1723-74), eldest dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond; m. (1744), Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

<sup>3</sup> William Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington (1720-64). He succ. his father as 4th Duke of Devonshire, 1755. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1755-6; Prime-Minister 1756-7.

<sup>4</sup> Brabazon Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon (1679-1758); cr. Earl of Bessborough, 1739.

<sup>5</sup> Col. Dejean, of Portarlington.

<sup>6</sup> John Calcraft (1726-72), son of a county solicitor. His rise in life was due to Henry Fox, by whom he was agent to several regiments. He accumulated a vast fortune.

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

of reading it again, and myself that of writing it except he desires it.

I hope your little family are all well, mine are, I saw them walking in the court as I was going out to dinner at four o'clock.

Lord Kingsborough<sup>1</sup> has had a fit in the country, and was senseless for a few days, but the doctor who went from this, says that he has some hopes of him.

I am my dear Emily's most tender affectionate  
K.

7. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 3rd, [1755].

I received yours from Holyhead, my dear Jemmy, and am sorry to find you intended to sail that Monday morning, as I am afraid if you did that you were blown back, for there was a pretty brisk gale all that day and the next night (tho' nothing to alarm one), which was directly against you and very favourable to his Majesty<sup>2</sup> who landed Tuesday morning. I hear no news; when I do I will tell you. Mr Fox is settled here and sits very comfortably with us; seems in tolerable good spirits. I long to hear of your landing. I am very well; George has a cold, but nothing that signifies I hope. This weather is enough to make everybody ill, 'tis so cold. I hope you took care of yourself at sea and were not heated with your journey. God bless you, my dear, dear Angel. Yours,

E.K.

8. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Thursday, May the 8th, 1755.

I have not had the happiness of hearing from or of my dear Emily since the packet which came with Lord Hartington, but I flatter myself that my dear Love continues well, as she was so well before.

Our Lord Lieutenant seems to like being here very well, and seems to be pleased with the show, etc., and not awkward

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert King, Bt., of Rockingham, Co. Roscommon (d. 1755); cr. (1748) Lord Kingsborough.

<sup>2</sup> George II.

[1755]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

at his levees, which have been very full. I have been there every day till this day. All the turn'd out (except the Speaker and Bell: Boyle<sup>1</sup> who were at first) are to be presented (by the Speaker) to him today. They had no mind to go, but they have been persuaded at last. Everything looks well at present. The Speaker and Lord Hartington had a long conversation; they seem to like one another very well. 'Previous consent' is not to be mention'd<sup>2</sup>; which I had the pleasure of hearing from Lord H. yesterday after the Speaker had been with him. I believe and hope everything will be done to make his government easy and happy if he goes on well. Assure Mr Fox that I will do everything in my power (consistent my honour) to promote it, as he is a particular friend of his, and one I have always liked and have had a good opinion of, and shall continue to have, till he does something to forfeit it. He has been dining about every day since the first. I was asked to dine at Lord Molesworth's<sup>3</sup> next Saturday, where he does, but I was engaged. Lord Molesworth looks as if he could not live two days; my Lady is with child. Our little ones are well.

I am, dear Emily,  
Your tender and affectionate  
K.

I have hardly time to dress and dine at F. Gore's.

9. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 9th, [1755].

I am quite happy, my dear, dear Angel, to find you are safely landed—thank God for it. I am quite well again; my breast was bad two days, which you know always frightens me. Think of my being persuaded to take the French remedy to make my physic work, which had been pretty strong and had no effect, so the other was absolutely necessary! I was sure it wou'd divert you because you know I have made so many

<sup>1</sup> Bellingham Boyle, of Rathfarnham Castle, Dublin. He m. Miss Hoadley, dau. of John Hoadley, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh.

<sup>2</sup> This refers to the principle formerly maintained by the Duke of Dorset and Primate Stone, i.e., that the Irish Parliament could not even discuss the disposition of a budgetary surplus without the previous consent of the King.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Molesworth (1680-1758), 3rd Viscount Molesworth, appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland, 1751.

[1755]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

vows against it. I am grieved to think Sandford shou'd make you so uneasy on my account. My eyes are a little weak, so I shall say no more but that I am yours, my sweet Love, to all eternity.

E.K.

10. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 10th, [1755.]

You are vastly good to me, my dearest Jemmy, in writing so constantly, so kindly, and so particularly, but I believe I need not tell you how happy it makes me, and you may have the satisfaction to know that those little marks of your love and attention for me are not thrown away upon me. How miserable shou'd I have been, my sweet Love, had I known you had such bad weather ; but, I thank God, heard nothing of it. There either was no storm here, or it did not blow upon the part of the house where I lay, for I am sure I shou'd otherwise have heard it—I was too much interested not to attend to it.

Your account of my little girls pleases me vastly. I thought Emily wou'd grow pretty. Our children always improve as they grow older, and are never very pretty when little, except this last poor dear little thing, who was as beautiful as it is possible for any thing of that age to be. I saw the sweet little creature but once and was delighted with it. That night the first symptoms of its illness appeared, but it seems it was born with some inward disorder which nothing cou'd have cured. I can't help thinking that was the cause of my feeling so very ill, as I did sometimes, and that inward heat, which you know I used to complain of before the hot weather began ; besides I certainly was vastly sicker the whole time than ever I used to be with any child. I am glad Mrs Sanford liked her box. Pray tell her the next time you see her that it cost but thirty-five guineas, for you told her more it seems, and she wrote to me about it ; but that the setting-in of the picture was three guineas more, so the whole is thirty-eight guineas. She seems vastly pleased in her letter. If Harriet is like poor, dear, little Caroline she must be very pretty, and I shall love her the better for it. I am glad to hear her nurse is gone away.

I shall write to Lady Kildare next post ; make my best compliments to her. Colonel Sandford came here yesterday morning ; I was in bed but did not scruple seeing him. I scolded him heartily for having frightened you so ; he said he thought he had been mighty clever to have wrote you the good news first. It was just like Dorrington when I was ill with George—don't you remember?—Colonel Sandford also told me he had wrote you the news about the French fleet, and so forth, and Lord Bateman<sup>1</sup> all about Lord Pawlet<sup>2</sup> so that there is no news left for me to tell.

There is a thing I am sorry for and which is a secret, and that is I am afraid Mr Fox and Mr Pitt<sup>3</sup> have had some difference ; the former says that the latter is angry and jealous at his being Privy Councillor and Regent ; for he has in a manner told Mr Fox so, and also hinted to him that he suspected the Duke<sup>4</sup> and he had made terms with the Duke of Newcastle<sup>5</sup> in order to get the Duke made Regent. His expression was that in fact the Duke was now King of England and Mr Fox his first Minister ; and, in short, seem'd to declare off and to tell Mr Fox that they must each act for themselves separately. All this passed in a conversation at North-End<sup>6</sup> the other morning, and Mr Fox seem'd not to know what to make of it. But by what he told my sister and I, it was, I think, very plain Mr Fox is uneasy about it and very angry with Pitt. My sister is very sorry, because she thinks it of great consequence to Mr Fox to keep well with Pitt ; I own I think so too. He says not ; for that as the Tories are with the Ministry no opposition wou'd be strong enough to do any good. He seems in vast doubts how to act, and always says he has committed one fault never to be retrieved ; and that thought I believe is what prevents his acting with as much spirit as he wou'd have done once. I know this is my sister's opinion. Pitt and he, however, are to have another conversation, by Pitt's desire. I long to know how it will end.

Mr Fox chats comfortably with us two every night as we

<sup>1</sup> John Bateman, 2nd Viscount Bateman (d. 1802).

<sup>2</sup> John Paulet, 2nd Earl Paulet (d. 1764). He had recently resigned his place.

<sup>3</sup> William Pitt (1708-78) ; cr. (1786) Earl of Chatham.

<sup>4</sup> Prince William Augustus (1721-65), Duke of Cumberland ; 2nd s. of George II.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Pelham Holles (1693-1768), 1st Duke of Newcastle ; became First Lord of the Treasury, 1754.

<sup>6</sup> The residence of Viscount Hillsborough.

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

used to do formerly, which is very pleasant. There is company to dine here almost every day, and I am now got into the dressing room and drink tea with them every day. You wou'd like the sort of life very well, and one sees as much as one will of Mr Fox; and he is comical in his old way without seeming forced, and very fond of me. So that I am not so jealous of Lady Hillsborough<sup>1</sup> as I was, tho' that foolish joke still continues sometimes. And the Hillsboroughs [are] here mighty often, which, by the by tho', is always their own seeking more than from hence a great deal, which is some comfort to me to see; they are just now all coming up to drink tea with me, which I am sorry for, as I must bid my dear, dear Angel adieu.

E.K.

This is strange nonsense, but I have not time to read it over again.

II. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Saturday, May the 10th, 1755.

I received my dear Emily's two letters of the 1st and 3rd this day, which made me very happy; I hope my Love was not the worse for writing so soon.

I live at the Castle, gentlemen begging of me to go with them. I was at the Drawing Room last night; it was vastly full. I am to dine there next Monday; the company are to be the Speaker, Carter,<sup>2</sup> Malone,<sup>3</sup> Sir A. Gore,<sup>4</sup> Bell: Boyle, Dick Boyle,<sup>5</sup> Mr. Gore.

I am just come home to write a line to [you] before dinner, least I should be prevented after, as I dine at the tavern with Lord Inchiquin, who lost a dinner to Sir John Freeke.<sup>6</sup> It's four of the clock, so adieu, my dearest Emily.

K.

A ball at the Castle next Tuesday.

Children all well. Sir Richard Cox<sup>7</sup> will not go to [the] Castle,

<sup>1</sup> Lady Margaret FitzGerald (1729-66), dau. of Robert FitzGerald, 19th Earl of Kildare; m. (1747) Willes Hill, 2nd Viscount Hillsborough; cr. successively Earl of Hillsborough and Marquess of Downshire.

<sup>2</sup> Rt. Hon. Thomas Carter, Master of the Rolls (d. 1763).

<sup>3</sup> Anthony Malone (1700-76), Irish lawyer and politician.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Arthur Gore, Bart. (1703-73); he became (1758) Viscount Sudley, and (1762) 1st Earl of Arran.

<sup>5</sup> Richard Boyle (1727-1807), son of the Speaker; became 2nd Earl of Shannon in 1764.

<sup>6</sup> Sir John Freke, Bart., of Castle Freke, Co. Cork.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Richard Cox (1702-66); m. Catherine, sister of 1st Lord Carbery.

[1755.]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

nor has he a good reason for not going. I had [him] with me an hour yesterday trying to persuade him, but all in vain.

There was a clap at the play-house a night or two ago for the Lord Lieutenant; and after, a very great one for me, which was *encored*. But somebody said No, for I was seen in the Primate's coach. I came with the Lord Lieutenant thro' the town in it, when he landed.

12. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 12th, [1755.]

I hope to have a letter this evening from my dear Angel, but write now lest I shou'd be interrupted, as I was the last time in the midst of my scribbling, tho' perhaps you were not so sorry as me, and that you thought it time to have done. Very likely, for when once I begin there is no end of me, and you know you say I can't write a short letter. To you I own I can't, for I have always ten thousand things to say to my dear Love.

Mr Fox went to the Duke's<sup>1</sup> yesterday and returns to dinner today; Mr Pitt is to be here, so I suppose it is to consult the former what he shou'd say to the latter. I wonder what will be the event! He seems in better spirits than he was.

Ste<sup>2</sup> is better, but he frightened us yesterday with a return of his disorder on his nerves. The poor child was quite convulsed, his head all awry and full of involuntary motions. I was terrified to see him so; today it's gone off, but he is weak and low and looks sadly. It seems he is subject to these returns when he over-fatigues or heats himself—don't talk of it, for tho' they don't mind it, I think one shou'd not like to have it mentioned if he was one's own child.

George's looks are very much alter'd; he is grown wan and pale again with his cold, and his little round cheeks that delighted me so are quite gone. It's odd how little a thing affects him, for this cold is very slight that he has had, and what one cou'd not but expect with so sudden a change as there was in the weather after you went away. I think you don't mention the

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

<sup>2</sup> Stephen Fox, eldest son of Rt. Hon. Henry Fox (afterwards 1st Lord Holland). In 1766 he m. Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, eldest dau. of John Fitzpatrick, 1st Earl of Upper Ossory. He succeeded to the title in 1774, and died the same year.

[1755]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

extreme cold. I fancy it was not so bad as here ; it never is in Ireland, in my opinion. The Hillsboroughs go away in a fortnight, which I am not over and above grieved at ; you won't see them, for they go thro' Scotland directly to the North.

I suppose you know Mrs Nicholson and Mrs Lushington are extreme good friends again ; which, if you recollect the circumstances of the story, is in the former directly giving me the lie and shewing me she don't believe a word I say. How I shall act in regard to her when I go over again there is time enough to think of, and I will do as you shall think proper ; for I hate a quarrel, and I have no spite to her. Besides, as I am a poor-spirited creature as to all those kind of things, I can live well with anybody, tho' I think they have used me ill ; but I thought it right to let you into the secret of this reconciliation, that your behaviour may be regulated accordingly, and that I imagine you will be as ready as me to resent such a behaviour. I own I am of opinion there can be very little *intimacy* between us afterwards, tho' we may continue *civil*.

I am glad to hear you say *our affairs look well*. I hope you mean by that that the heads of our party are likely to be reasonable, which is all you can judge of as yet, and what I own I had my doubts about. Don't let them work you up to expect too many concessions from these people. Nobody cou'd be more inclined to peaceable measures than you were, and I hope you will continue so ; tho' rather than be dirty or do any thing that had the appearance of being bought off I wou'd renounce all expectations and oppose as violently as ever. My dear Jammy has always used me to talk to him upon this subject and tell my mind freely, so I hope he don't think I have said too much.

Several people have told me they heard of the joy at your arrival, the Duke of Marlborough<sup>1</sup> for one. By the by, 'tis a secret, but Sir James Lowther<sup>2</sup> has desired Mr Fox to propose him for Lady Betty Spencer.<sup>3</sup> He is violently in love, poor man, and they don't behave quite well to him and are for putting

<sup>1</sup> Charles Spencer (1706-58), 5th Earl of Sunderland, and 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Sir James Lowther, Bt. ; (1736-1802) ; cr. Viscount Lowther and (1784) Earl of Lonsdale. He m. (1761) Lady Mary Stuart, eldest dau. of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute. He had recently inherited the valuable estate of Whitehaven and £2,000,000.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Elizabeth Spencer (d. 1806), dau. of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough. She m. (1756) Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

it off two years. Mr Fox and my sister and I pity him vastly, for he seems a modest good sort of man. It is a vast match for her, but the Duchess is odd about it ; the Duke wou'd be reasonable enough if it was not for her, and, in short, the whole thing is just a second part of the affair between you and I, which makes me interest myself prodigiously about it, and we talk of nothing else. There has been great transactions with Mr Fox about it all, which he imparts to us ; he hopes, he says, it will come to as happy an issue as our affair did, and says a hundred odd queer things in his way, and we have a great deal of fun about it. Poor Sir James hardly dares speak to her, and she is vastly ashamed. Mr Fox thinks she rather likes him, but has not so much impudence as me to tell her Mother so, as I did. I long to know how it will end. I am sure if she likes him as well as I did my dear Lord Kildare it won't go off, provided he is as constant as you were. This often brings on the conversation about our affair and reminds me how much my dear, dear Angel has always loved his Emily, which believe me she returns most sincerely.

I told Mr Fox what you said about Colonel Dejean, and he will ask Mr Calcraft for the account of that affair. I am very sorry to hear poor Lord Kingsborough is in so much danger. I was in hopes he wou'd have lived to have been as good and worthy a man as he was always an agreeable and entertaining one. You never told me Mr St Leger had a daughter ; I fancy he is mighty comical and queer about it. Adieu, my Angel. I have no news to tell you, so God bless you and love your poor Emily.

George and William desire me to send their duty to you. I am quite well and took a walk in the Gallery just now. I have a woman from Kensington to perform Mrs Edmund's operation ; those I try'd at first hurt me sadly and did me a great deal of harm, but this woman does it very well.

13. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Tuesday, May the 13th, 1755.

My Dear Emily,

I received a letter from Lady Louisa by the packet that came in yesterday, and am sorry to hear that you have had a pain

[1755] COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

in your dear breast, but hope it will not be of any consequence. I shall be impatient to hear that it's quite well.

I dined at the Castle yesterday, where we stayed till past twelve o'clock. I don't think I ever drank so hard and fast in my life ; every one of the company complain today. The company were the Speaker, Sir A. Gore, Malone, Carter, Dick Boyle, Bell: Boyle, Clements ;<sup>1</sup> of the Lord Lieutenant's family there were Lord Frederick,<sup>2</sup> Colonel Conway,<sup>3</sup> Colonel Campbell, who all stay'd to the last.

Lord Hartington is to come here tomorrow morning to see my house.<sup>4</sup> I intend going to Carton next Friday for four or five days ; I have not had time to go there yet. He has told me that he will come there next Monday to dine and ride about in the morning. He is very much liked and has had all our friends to wait upon him but Sir Richard Cox, and he will not go yet.

I could not write this morning to you for I was sick, and am going to bed as soon as I conclude, tho' it's but ten of clock.

Pray my compliments to Mr Fox and Lady Caroline. My little girls are very well ; they were to have gone to Carton last Monday, but Dantan begged to stay, to go to the French Church<sup>5</sup> next Sunday to receive.

I am my dearest Emily's ever tender and affectionate

K.

A ball at the Castle this night.

14. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 15th, [1755.]

My Dear Angel,

I did imagine you wou'd be glad to hear<sup>6</sup> that I was not too

<sup>1</sup> Rt. Hon. Nathaniel Clements ; m. (1729) Hannah Gore, dau. of Rev. William Gore, Dean of Down. He was one of the Tellers of the Exchequer in the Irish Parliament ; subsequently Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Frederick Cavendish (1729-1803), younger s. of William Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>3</sup> Col. (afterwards Field-Marshal) Henry Seymour Conway (1719-95) ; 2nd s. of 1st Lord Conway, and bro. of Charles Seymour Conway, Earl (afterwards Marquess) of Hertford. He m. (1747) Caroline, Dow. Countess of Ailesbury, widow of Charles Brudenell-Bruce, 3rd Earl of Ailesbury. At this time he was Secretary to William Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington (afterwards 4th Duke of Devonshire).

<sup>4</sup> It was customary for the Lord Lieutenant on his first arrival in Ireland to make a courtesy call on the Earl of Kildare.

<sup>5</sup> Established in Peter St., Dublin, by refugees expelled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

<sup>6</sup> No record of Letter.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

much affected with the death of our poor little child, which I have now quite got the better of, tho' I was much more grieved at first than I cou'd have thought it possible to have been for an infant that I cou'd know nothing of. It really convinces me there is a great deal more in what is call'd nature or instinct than I ever imagined before, for what else but such an impulse cou'd make one feel so much for a poor little thing that does but just exist, as one may say. It's really odd when one considers it ; as for you, it is impossible you cou'd be concerned about it any more than on my account.

Your being with Lord Hartington in the Primate's coach must surprize the mob vastly. How came it that he shou'd come from the water side in that coach rather than my Lord Bessborough's or the Chancellor's ? I am glad, however, my friends huzza'd for you as well as him ; for I don't see why it shou'd hurt him at all, and dare say it did not, but it shew'd him what a favourite you are with the people, which I think there was no harm in. I long to hear how things go on. Poor Jack Ponsonby<sup>1</sup> was, I dare say, very ridiculous. I did imagine he wou'd be so, but still I hope we shall be friends ; for I don't think there will be any good done unless that family are taken in, as they happen to have such connections with this Lord Lieutenant, who in all other respects is just what we cou'd wish ; and few cou'd have been named among our great folks here but what there wou'd have been some objection to. Besides my Lord Bessborough is old, and everybody, you know, agrees that party will never subsist whenever he dies, as there is nobody to keep it up as he has done. Neither of his sons in Ireland are capable of it, if they wou'd, and as for Lord Duncannon,<sup>2</sup> he does not trouble his head about anything in Ireland, I believe, so that party must fall necessarily in a year or two. I am sorry Harry Sandford is ill ; but you know he loves to nurse and make a fuss with himself when he is not well, so I hope it is nothing very bad.

Mr Fox sends his love to you. He has heard all about Colonel Dejean, and says that affair will be soon settled. Mrs. Greville<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> William Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon (1704-93) ; succ. (1758) his father as 2nd Earl of Bessborough ; Secretary to Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1741-44 ;

<sup>3</sup> a Lord of the Treasury, 1756-59.

<sup>3</sup> Frances, dau. of James Macartney, wife of Fulke Greville.

[1755]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

has been here these two nights, so that I have not had any chat with him. She goes tomorrow, which I shou'd be sorry for, but that it prevents our getting into a comfortable way at night when everybody is gone, which is the only time to have Mr Fox. The rest of the day, you know, is so taken up with letters and people and business and Charles,<sup>1</sup> that tho' one sees him there is no speaking to him about anything. I have got now into the library, which is a mighty pleasant room, and you will find it is a great improvement to Holland House to have a room in common so. George looks rather better than he did, but not well. Mr Thomas comes to him and his brother and Charles every day.

Lady Faulkener<sup>2</sup> sent me word t'other day that our plates were done. Your Mother seems vastly pleased with the black handkerchief I gave her. I am a lazy creature for not writing to her; I hope she will forgive me. Captain Carlton is come; I have not seen him yet. He praises my brothers,<sup>3</sup> both, but particularly George; so does Kuse, who is just come from them.

I have not got your dear picture yet; that of Liotard's<sup>4</sup> that Lady H.<sup>5</sup> has is not an agreeable likeness of you, and that of Devis's<sup>6</sup> we can't get from the Battersea people, which is very tiresome. I long vastly to have a good one of my angel; for in his absence it really is a comfort to anybody that has as much tenderness as I have for my Jemmy to have a lively representation of them. I love to look even at that nasty one of Liotard's, tho' it makes you look like a German; but still there is a resemblance in some of the features which makes me fond of looking at it. Adieu, my dear Lord Kildare. Believe me ever your tender, affectionate, and dutiful wife,

E. Kildare.

---

<sup>1</sup> Charles James Fox, (1749-1806), 3rd s. of Henry Fox, later 1st Lord Holland the great statesman.

<sup>2</sup> [?] Wife of Sir Everard Fawkener.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond (1734-1800); and Lord George Lennox.

<sup>4</sup> J. E. Liotard (1702-79), Swiss painter of conversation pictures.

<sup>5</sup> Countess of Hillsborough.

<sup>6</sup> The painting by Devis of the Earl and Countess of Kildare planning Carton bridge now hangs at Carton.

## EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

15. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Thursday, May the 15th, 1755.

I have had the happiness of hearing from my dearest Emily since I writ to her last, and am extremely glad to hear that the pain in your breasts is gone, for I fear much for them whenever you lie in.

Lord Hartington, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and Colonel Conway were here yesterday, and went almost over the house.

Pray tell Mr Fox that the Lord Lieutenant begins to be under some difficulty about who he shall leave here when he returns to England, which he proposed doing in four or five weeks; for notwithstanding the good opinion that most people have conceived of him, yet if he leaves the Primate in the government, nothing will convince them that he don't intend acting with the Primate. I told Mr Fox my opinion upon that point at Holland House, and am sorry that he has not more power than he seems, or owns, to have; it would be much better that he had not come, than go away and leave the same government. I always foresaw this rock, and it will not be given up to him, so he must stay, or disagreeable consequences will follow.

There is another affair that is not much liked, which is carrying Mr Ponsonby with him to all the fortifications, barracks, etc., and into the county of Cork, where the Speaker's great interest is. Tho' it's said, that while my Lord Lieutenant go's to see the Speaker's and other places in that county, that Ponsonby will remain at Cork, where he has business (*as much as I have*) it's to appear with my Lord Lieutenant. This is a thing that cannot be well told him, tho' it creates jealousies in everybody's minds here, that it is to undermine the Speaker by the assistance of the property that Lord Hartington's family will have in that county; and you know Ponsonby is vain enough to expect it as he has some estate in that county that was Lord Burlington's.<sup>1</sup>

I have just this moment received your long letter, and hope the affair you mention'd will be made up at the conversation that was desired.

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis of Hartington had married (1748) Charlotte, dau. of Richard Boyle, 3rd Earl of Burlington, who brought Lismore Castle and the Irish estates into the Cavendish family.

[1755]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I go to Carton tomorrow ; Lord Inchiquin is to go with me. Lord Hartington is to come early, to ride about next Monday.

I write this in a great hurry, expecting Lord Inchiquin every moment to carry me to Rathfarnham,<sup>1</sup> where we dine.

I am my dear, dear, Emily,

Your most tender and affectionate

K.

I shall write Sunday from Carton.

I send Mr Fox a pamphlet, but don't trouble him with a letter, as I tell you all the news. Read it ; for I have not yet, but it works old Bessborough I hear.

16. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 17th, [1755].

If my dear Angel was any time without hearing from me it must have been owing to the packets not coming in regularly ; for I can assure my love I have never miss'd writing any one post since I was able but that one day that Louisa wrote to you when I had taken physic.

I am quite overjoy'd to hear that ' Previous Consent ' is given up, as I hope everything now will go on quickly. I saw a letter from Harry to Ned Sandford with still a more particular account of your affairs than you give me in yours, and I think it all looks well. Stick to the Primate, and I think it must end so, if our own friends play us fair, which I shou'd be apt to have my doubts about, and wou'd watch them narrowly. How do the Ponsonbys behave to you ? Does the general run of people think of, or mention, your being Lord Justice, or that it wou'd be a proper thing, in short is it the talk ? Has there been any scheme or plan lay'd down between you and our friends how you shall act, and what your demands shou'd be, if it comes to a capitulation—is that the right word ? I don't know, I am sure, but you understand my meaning, and I can't think of any other now.

I send you my Lord Paulet's speech, which will not answer your expectations, I fancy ; I know it did not mine. I have

<sup>1</sup> Mr. and Mrs. Bellingham Boyle lived at Rathfarnham Castle from 1746 to 1767.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

been plaguing Mr Fox for news, and waited till he came home, in hopes he wou'd tell me some ; but in vain. He says you may read the newspapers, that the French fleet is sail'd nobody knows where ; that Admiral Boscawen<sup>1</sup> is sail'd, what to do time will shew ; and in short all such foolish answers. He told me tho', seriously, that he heard my Lord Hartington was not at all pleased with his reception in Ireland ; that parties ran as high as ever ; and in short, that nothing went on well there. But by what I cou'd find he heard this only from indifferent people. Nugent,<sup>2</sup> I suspect, for he said he had seen him, and had had a good deal of conversation with him about Ireland, and he told him among other things that Lord George Sackville<sup>3</sup> said it all depended upon Lord Kildare ; that he might quiet everybody in Ireland, if he pleased, for that he had raised the flame. Mr Fox says he cou'd not help answering that this was very different from what Lord George used to say to him, for that he always described you to him as being nothing. This is strange nonsense, for I write in the greatest hurry that ever was, and Mrs Digby,<sup>4</sup> Lady Bateman<sup>5</sup> and the Hillsboroughs all in the room, making a noise. So good-night, my Love. God bless you. Your affectionate

Emily.

17. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

[May 22nd, 1755].

My sweet Jemmy, I made Louisa remind you last post that it was a month since you left us, and that it was high time for you to talk of returning to us. And now I will also remind you that it is a month tomorrow since I was brought to bed, and that you said you wou'd be here almost as soon as I cou'd

<sup>1</sup> On 4th Feb., Admiral Boscawen was appointed to command a squadron ordered to America as a check on the encroachments of the French. With eleven sail of the line, he sailed on 27 Apr., having instructions to attack the French wherever he should find them.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Nugent (1702-92), cr. Viscount Clare, 1767, and Earl Nugent, 1776.

<sup>3</sup> Lord George Sackville (1716-85), was 3rd s. of Charles Sackville, 1st Duke of Dorset. He held many Offices, and was created Viscount Sackville of Drayton in 1782.

<sup>4</sup> Charlotte, dau. of Sir Stephen Fox and sister of Henry Fox ; m. (1729) Hon. Edward Digby. Her sons, Edward and Henry, became 6th and 7th Barons Digby respectively.

<sup>5</sup> Elizabeth Sambroke, m. John Bateman, 2nd Viscount Bateman.

get abroad again ; which you will be glad to hear was yesterday, and that I am not at all the worse for it today but went out again both in the morning and this evening. They all drank tea in Sabrina, and I was carry'd there in my sedan chair, and sat in it by them, and it was vastly pleasant. You may guess how much I enjoy the fresh air, and being out again this sweet weather and at this time of the year, after a month's confinement; which I lost but little by, tho', for it was not pleasant, they say, any part of the time, and that we have had no summer at all since you went till within these two days that I have been abroad. Is not it being very lucky? Everything here looks so charming and pretty. I hope my shrubs at Carton make a little show this year ; they shou'd be in flower and beauty now.

How did Lord Hartington like our house? I am vastly glad you and he are so well together ; so is Mr Fox, but he is of my mind that it is much better not to make too great a fuss with him, nor for your party to seem too easy ; for if that is the case and that he finds he can carry on the King's business so easily, we shall get but poor terms, and surely a majority if they make any shou'd get good ones. I don't wonder that those gentlemen were shy of going to the Lord Lieutenant ; and I can tell you *we don't* absolutely blame Sir Richard Cox, tho' I think he shou'd have done as the rest did. But if what we hear is true that the Speaker has been empower'd by all of you to treat with the Lord Lieutenant and to make terms, it is not surprising that those who have lost their places and can't be worse than they are, shou'd be rather inclined to stand off a little till they knew what was likely to be done for them. Your case is very different. All you have to do is to shew a Lord Lieutenant that you are of consequence, and nothing does that so much as your carrying so many gentlemen to the Castle, which we were very glad to hear, and also that you were in favour with the mob. I told Mr Fox what you said of Lord Hartington's being under difficulties about the Lord Justices he shou'd leave, and he says he always imagined that wou'd be the case, and certainly that will decide all. I can tell you he seems to think that we shou'd have great reason to be discontented if the same are left, and that we shou'd be in the right in that case to keep up the opposition. This you know he can't directly say in plain words ; but he has said almost as much

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

to that purpose, and surely he is right, for how else are we any better than we were before. He seems also to say that my Lord Hartington has great hopes from our party's behaviour that all may be very easily accommodated, without any great concessions from the other side, and with very little difficulty. This notion he has formed from all your civilities (I don't mean yours in particular); so that they shou'd be upon their guard and act cautiously. Mr Ponsonby's going to the county of Cork with him is very ill-judged, and so Mr Fox thinks. He says let things turn out as they will; Lord Hartington he is sure will think himself very much obliged to you for your behaviour to him, and seems to approve of it. He seems to doubt Lord Hartington's acting with spirit enough, but from what I can pick up from him upon the whole they are vastly afraid of us, and the more spirit we shew the better terms we shall have, unless we shou'd be quite unreasonable. It's hard to keep the right medium! I hear the Primate begs he may not be consider'd at all. He, *poor man*, is ready to give up everything if it will facilitate the carrying on the King's business.

I will read the pamphlet, tho' I am in general tired of them. Pray say civil things from me to Lady Kildare, for I have been abominable about writing; she tells me you press'd her much to go to Carton with you. I wonder she did not. Tell me something about Mrs Nicholson and what you think of that affair. Lady Gore continues in very great danger, and does not yet know she was brought to bed; she has not yet recovered her senses. Adieu, my dear, dear, Angel. God bless you with all my heart; love me and think of me.

Mr Fox is just come in from walking. I ask'd him if he had anything to say to you. He say'd, No, only his love to you, and that he thought himself obliged to you for your civilities to Lord Hartington, and so forth. But what I find he wants you to know is that you shou'd somehow or other among you all contrive to let Lord Hartington know and see that he cannot and must not think [of] leaving the Primate in the Government, and that if he does he must expect to be treated as the Duke of Dorset<sup>1</sup> was; for, by what I find, Lord Hartington certainly not only thinks of doing it, but imagines and flatters himself it can be done with ease. This I was to tell you but not from— You understand me! Adieu, once more.

<sup>1</sup> Lionel Cranfield Sackville (1688-1765), 7th Earl and 1st Duke of Dorset; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1730-37, 1751-55.

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

18. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Saturday, May the 24th, 1755.

I shall begin with telling my dearest Emily that I have got the warrant for the yacht for next Friday, and hope to leave this that evening, Saturday or Sunday at farthest; so I flatter myself that I shall be happy with my dear Love in ten or twelve days. I assure you I shall not stay an hour longer than there is occasion, for I long to be with you.

I received yours of the 17th last Thursday, and have received letters by every packet from you or Lady Louisa, who I fear will not forgive me for not answering her letters. I shall carry with me the linen you desired.

I dined (as I told you in my last I was to do) at the Castle last Thursday. We did not drink, but parted at eight o'clock. I went there this morning before eleven, and had a conversation of an hour; which I will tell you when I have the happiness of seeing my dearest Love.

I think those I am connected with act and say as I could wish. There is nothing demanded particularly for anyone, but the Speaker's being reinstated before the meeting of Parliament, and if Lord Hartington returns to England that the Primate be left out of the Government; which is a point that I hope never will be given up—I don't believe it will. You cannot imagine the flame that is in the Kingdom, more than ever I knew, upon the thoughts of the Primate being a Lord Justice, tho' but for a month. Lord Hartington sets out tomorrow upon his progress. Enclosed is a letter, and his rout and they tally so much in appearance, and the facts in it true, that it is surprising. I wish for peace; I fear war. The Primate was very much cast down, now up, at private parties in the evenings at the Castle, long whispers and conferences; nobody there but Lady B. Ponsonby's<sup>1</sup> friends. I believe there are gone some letters of consequence by the last packet, for Lord Hartington and Colonel Conway looked very thoughtful. Great difference in the appearance of the present Secretary and the last.<sup>2</sup> I call'd upon him this morning to know if he had anything to send over.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, dau. of William Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Devonshire. m. (1743) John Ponsonby, later Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

<sup>2</sup> Lord George Sackville, Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1751-55.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I had a message this morning from the Corporation of Cutlers, Painters and Printers, who are in one, to know when I would be waited upon in form with my Freedom in a gold box ; and next Monday at twelve is appointed. I am in distress how I am to receive them, for I shall be abused for taking state upon me, which I don't choose to do ; and if I don't take same it will affront them. The first I heard of it was in the papers, that it was voted me.

You desire to know how the Ponsonbys behave to me. Mr Ponsonby makes a very formal bows ; the first Drawing Room at the Castle I spoke to Lady Betty, and she asked for you ; last night Miss Macartney was with her, I went up to them, and Lady Betty hardly took the least notice of me.

Many people say that if Lord Hartington goes and don't put the Speaker into the Government, or leave me Lord Deputy, that he will go on the old plan.

I have writ everything as it came into my head, except the two answers to your questions.

The little girls are well.

I am my Emily's ever affectionate  
K.

19. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 27th, [1755].

My dear sweet Jemmy, you have made me inexpressibly happy by naming a time for your return. My Love, don't delay it, but let me hope I shall not be disappointed when I flatter myself you will be here the end of the first week in June if the wind is fair. I fancy my sister and Mr Fox will then be at Southampton, where Ste is gone to bathe in the sea, so that I shall be in London to receive my dear Angel ; which you know was what I wished, rather than have you come here, for the very reason which you hint about in your dear letter, which made me laugh, you mention it so seriously. However, that, or any, tender expression from you gives me pleasure, as it makes me hope my Jemmy loves his Emily as well as ever, and you know I am but too apt to take fancies in my head on that subject.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Mr Fox is now at Malmesbury ; he went last Friday and returns next Thursday. My sister and I are quite happy together ; nothing can be kinder and more obliging than she has been to me ever since I have been here, and I think I love her better than ever I did in my life.

I believe I told you I had been out twice when I wrote last to you ; but that very night I went to bed with a cold, and the next day was so ill with it I cou'd not get up at all. The next I was heavy and continued bad with it ; but have mended ever since Sunday, and Truesdale now says I have not the least fever. Indeed, I feel quite well, and it is so hot I thought I might have ventured out again ; but they advise me to confine myself a day or two longer, so I shall submit, for it is very unpleasant to be put back after having done as usual and got out of one's confinement. Everybody has had colds tho', I hear. I hope my Love has escaped, for I always dread a cold for you and George ; it makes you both so ill and you don't get rid of them as other people do. He, poor little man, looks better, but has never entirely shaken off one that he got the day I was brought to bed, which [is] almost five weeks [ago].

I hope my not writing a Saturday last did not alarm you. I really was not able ; my head was so bad and I thought it wou'd only frighten you to tell you of it, and that I shou'd be well again by next post, as it has proved. I own it was not doing as I wou'd be done by, for you know I shou'd be very angry with you if you did not tell me when anything ailed you ; but I know you are not of my opinion nor like me in that respect—therefore hope you will think I did right.

Lord Hartington must have a very bad taste if he did not like Carton unfinished as it is. If you and I live to finish it what a sweet thing 'twill be, and what pleasure it will give us. I love to think of it. I hope little Emily visits you sometimes ; she used to love Papa, and he her. Poor little soul, does she ever talk of me ?

My dear, if you don't come soon, which I hope in God you will, I am afraid you must send me a little note of £20. That will do, and maybe I may not want it, but you wou'd not choose to have me quite without, and my purse is low. I have not spent any of it myself, but so many necessary demands of one sort or another ; not that I have paid anything that was

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

done about the poor little child, except five guineas to the wet-nurse, which they said was the least I cou'd give, and two to the person who sat up with her. Everything else I believe my sister paid, and I have not enquired; but this and the doctor, nursekeeper, two women to draw my breasts (for one fell sick), the clergyman for churching, altogether has run away with a great deal.

I hope you have made use of the hint Mr Fox gave you in my last. He seem'd to wish you wou'd. I believe I express'd it very ill, but hope you understood his meaning. Lord and Lady Hillsborough and all of them came in from walking, just as he was telling me what to say, which put me into a hurry and confusion; and tho' I had taken the sense of what he had told me to tell you, I cou'd not just remember his words, which I am sure were better than mine. Lord Euston is to be marry'd to Miss Liddal<sup>1</sup> immediately, and Lady Betty Spencer and Sir James Lowther's affair is talk'd of now by everybody, and will come to a conclusion much sooner than was expected; or than that did which it put us so much in mind of. So my brother's two matches are both gone! Lady C. Petersham<sup>2</sup> was here this morning; it's the first time I have seen her. The Hillsboroughs go a Sunday. Lady Coventry<sup>3</sup> has miscarry'd, and walk'd in the Park the next day. Lady Gore is they hope out of danger. When does Lord Inchiquin come? O'Brien was in a sad drunken foolish affair t'other day; but no harm in it—only a little riotous. It's a long story; the company were Sir Edward Montagu<sup>4</sup>, George Selwyn,<sup>5</sup> and him. Adieu, my Love, good-night and God bless you.

Yours,

E.K.

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Henry Fitzroy (1735–1811), Earl of Euston (later 3rd Duke of Grafton); m. (1756) Anne Liddell, dau. of Henry Liddell, Lord Ravensworth. They were divorced in 1769.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Petersham (1722–84), dau. of Charles FitzRoy, 2nd Duke of Grafton, m. (1746) William Stanhope, Viscount Petersham (afterwards 2nd Earl of Harrington).

<sup>3</sup> Mary Gunning; m. (1752) George William Coventry, 6th Earl of Coventry. She was the loveliest of the three sisters, so famed for their beauty.

<sup>4</sup> Edward Hussey-Montagu (1720–1802); knighted, 1753; cr. (1762) Baron Beaulieu; Earl of Beaulieu, 1784.

<sup>5</sup> George Augustus Selwyn (1719–91), the celebrated wit.

[1755]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

20. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Tuesday, May the 27th, 1755.

Since I writ last Saturday, I had a letter from Lady Louisa, and the pleasure of one from my dearest Emily this morning, with an account of her having been out in the air ; both pressing me to return *as the month was out*, which I am as impatient to do, as ever my Emily can be ; for [I] cannot be happy anywhere without her long.

The sooner you put our dear little boys to school the better, and the nearer Bolle<sup>1</sup> lodges will be the same.

Tho' we have all been extremely polite to Lord Hartington, yet I would not have him flatter himself that there are any concessions made to him, for if he do's, he will find himself mistaken. The Primate must be given up: everyone has told him so. I did last Saturday assure him that gentlemen expected it and would not give it up, and that it was a point that *I never would give up*. I don't think he was pleased with my last conversation ; I know that he did not look as if he was. I fear he is a very young man, and has already got into bad hands without his knowing it. It's said that Conway is as dead against us at Lord George Sackville ever was. I can't believe it yet. I will hear and see everything before I make a judgement. Upon that I will act, and persevere in what I think right to the last, and the Primate's being given up is one thing fix'd. As a young man whom I should be glad to esteem, and as a friend of Mr Fox's, I shall always (as long as I can), shew a regard to. Therefore, I wish Lord Hartington would give up the Primate with a good grace ; for without he do's, he will have as disagreeable a session as the Duke of Dorset ever had. If he has, it is his own fault, for he knows more than any Lord Lieutenant ever did ; that is the opinion of both sides. I begged of him to take care, for if it was possible to deceive, it would be try'd.

As to terms, there is nobody fix'd to treat, and no terms will be asked till the country has had satisfaction for the treatment it has received. The only thing like treating was that the Speaker must be replaced (and that without conditions) to satisfy country gentlemen of his good intentions.

---

<sup>1</sup> A tutor.

[1755]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Old Digby was married this morning to a woman about thirty, neither family or fortune.

Poor Lord Kingsborough is dead ; his will is not known.

Enclosed is Faulkner's paper. See how he is come about since his wife died. What you will read about me is true in every particular. I shall bring my box to shew you.

I fear I shall not set out next Friday, for I must answer a bill as one of Lord Inchiquin's trustees.

I dined at Mr Nicholson's today. I have been but once before in the House. What you heard about she and Mrs Lushington is not true, as I hear from my Mother. They make formal visits in high dress.

I beg my compliments to Lady Caroline and Mr Fox. You may mention any part of this letter you think proper to them.

I am dearest Emily's

Ever tender and affectionate

K.

The little girls are well.

21. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 29th, [1755].

I hope, my dear Angel, that the uneasiness you complain of in your head upon writing was only owing to the dinner at Charles Gardiner's<sup>1</sup> and not to any cold, and flatter myself so the more as you talk of dining the next day at the Castle.

Lord Hartington, by what I can find, certainly stays till the Session begins ; at least, I believe he thinks he must, but don't know whether the Duke of Newcastle has as yet agreed to it ; but he desires it as he begins to find it will be no easy matter to fix upon the proper people to leave. It was once determined the same Justices shou'd be left again, but Mr Malone, who is vastly intimate with him and whom he seems to have a great opinion of, tells him it is impossible the Primate shou'd remain in (so cou'd anybody for that matter) ; and I find Mr Malone had before agreed to the same Justices being put in again, which seems very extraordinary, and indeed so does all

<sup>1</sup> Charles Gardiner, of Dublin ; father of Luke Gardiner, 1st Viscount Mountjoy.

the rest. For I don't find that the Speaker, who it seems treats with Lord Hartington in all your names and has that power so to do from you all, has stipulated for any particular thing being done for anybody, or that there is anything of that kind talk'd; only general assurances, which one shou'd imagine wou'd not be sufficient to satisfy you. If those alone wou'd do, the Duke of Dorset wou'd have said as much with all his heart, and have given up the 'Previous Consent' too. But even that it seems has not been promised you, and I understand Lord Hartington does not wish it to be thought at all; nor that he has declared the Primate shou'd have no share in the Government, which was said at first; and which it is plain he never meant to say, since he intended putting him in Lord Justice again. But the Speaker in his conversation only said he hoped the Primate was not to have the *sole* government of the country. He has promised Lord Hartington also that there shou'd be no mention or retrospect at all of the former administration; which I thought was not to have been so easily given up, but now I hear it's promised, and also that he and his friends will concur in the support of Government. This is also *promised*; the Speaker was always fond of *promising*, you know, and all this for what? What has he got by it either for himself or friends? Surely it's very odd, and *we* should be very glad you wou'd explain it to *us*; for really we don't understand it. Why don't you talk to Lord Hartington yourself and be a principal in this affair? Why shou'd not you treat with Lord Hartington yourself? But *you* are never mention'd.

I read what I have wrote to Mr Fox, who says I am in the wrong to be angry with Mr Malone, and that he believes he has acted right, and as I may very possibly take the thing wrong I have begged of him to write himself in this letter what is his opinion of the whole. Mr Fox now again says he won't write it himself in the letter, but that I shall copy it so you shall have it by and by.

My Love, if you set out in ten days I hope you may be here in less than a fortnight. Don't delay it, I beseech you. My head still continues bad, and I have a constant pain in it; but I go out and am in hopes it won't last. Here is what Mr Fox says I shou'd write:—

Dear Mr Fox, whom I love as I love my eyes, has had letters from

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Lord Hartington, by which I find Lord Hartington's conversation with the Speaker and Malone has been explained; and all parties are content. But Mr Fox and I both wish we heard more of your Lordship and *your* treating as a *principal*. Mr Fox knows Lord Hartington and you, and is sure if managed between you two, the affair wou'd end better for you and never want in the mean time any explanation.

This is what he bids me say; but as, I think, he does not know our *friends* as well as we do, he has no doubts about them. But I own I always must, and cannot help fearing that in all these conversations *they will* take care of themselves but not of you, and *that* I own I don't like, for I have no notion of your not having something done for you; for even if you get the Primate out, *I* know, tho' perhaps others only guess, that my Jemmy wants more, and it must be now or never. But this is only *my* opinion, and therefore of little consequence; but pray let *us* know what you are all about, and if you have got anything promised you from Lord Hartington. But I hope it won't be long before my Angel will tell us these things himself in person; for Lord Hartington's staying need not, I hope, occasion yours. By the by, that is a secret and not to be talk'd of on any account, and Lord Hartington desires Mr Fox not to mention it to anybody but the Duke; so take care. Adieu, my Love. Believe me ever most tenderly yours,

E.K.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

1757

22. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Park Gate,<sup>1</sup> Thursday morning, half-an-hour past eight,

[May 13th, 1757].

My dearest Angel,

We are just come out of the ship. We have had very cross winds, but none of us very bad. My spirits are worse than I can describe as yet ; if they don't mend I shall pay dearly for leaving my Jemmy ; but I hope the variety of objects on the land journey will do more for me than I cou'd expect at sea, which of all unpleasant places is, you know, the most so. When I think of my dear George and my William it is some comfort ! But why do I plague you with all this. You shall hear no more of it I promise you. The *Hibernia* is just come in, so I hope we shall dine at Chester, and go in our own landau.<sup>2</sup> Adieu, my dearest dear Jemmy of my heart.

Your affectionate

Emily.

23. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Dunchurch, Saturday, the 14th, [May, 1757]

I have contrived my journey so as to lie at my favourite little summer-inn at Dunchurch ; but to my great grief the fine elm tree that was one of its greatest merits has lost its top in the last storm. Our journey goes on very prosperously, and the landau does very well notwithstanding their grumbling. This day has been cool again ; if to-morrow proves so, I hope to get to Dunstable to-morrow night. You see, my Love, I do not hurry too much. Poor Mrs Terry at Coventry is dying. We met a great many broad-wheel wagons with double shafts ; some with six, and others eight horses, two abreast. The

<sup>1</sup> A little sea-port about 12 miles west of Chester, whence passengers embarked for Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> The land journey from Park Gate to London, which the Countess of Kildare made with her own carriage and horses, usually took five or six days.

[1757]

# COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

spring is quite forward as we go on ; all the trees out. The roads are better, too, much ; there is treason wrote on every window. This is quite a travelling letter ; but I have no other kind of news, and I must converse with my Jemmy some way or another ; for, believe me, you are always in my thoughts. Your love, your generosity, your disinterested kindness and consideration for me in this very journey are ever in my mind ; indeed, my lovely Angel, none of all this is thrown away upon your affectionate, your tender, your sincere

Emily.

I dream't of my sweet little Charles<sup>1</sup> all night ! Take care of him for me, I beseech you, for I do doat upon it.

## 24. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, Tuesday the 17th, [May, 1757].

My dearest Lord Kildare,

When I came to Dunstable 'twas so early I was tempted to come to Holland House, which we did with great ease. I am very well, but my spirits still flutter'd. My sweet boys are, thank God, just what we cou'd wish them ; George still regrets his Papa and his little horse. My sister is pretty well, but very much distressed, as is natural, about the uncertainty of affairs.

Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle are caballing underhand ; some think they will join, others that the latter and Mr Fox will. But what I find is wished here is that the Duke of Devonshire will stay in, which he says he is determined not to do. He is made Lord Chamberlain. Our Primate has it seems done a great deal of mischief ; he and Pitt are hand and glove. He has taken off Lord George Sackville entirely from Mr Fox, and he is to be the great military man, it seems, *in times to come*. They are both in great favour at Leicester House,<sup>2</sup> where the Duke of Newcastle, too, is creeping in ; and where

<sup>1</sup> Lord Charles James FitzGerald (1756-1810), aged 11 months. He was 3rd, but 2nd surv., s. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare ; 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.

<sup>2</sup> After the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1751, the Princess of Wales resided at Leicester House with the future George III.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

he is reckoned a good well-meaning man. In short, all the run is against our poor dear Mr Fox. I have not seen him yet ; I long to have him come home. I'll pick up all I can for you. The Hillsboroughs and General Conway, who is in waiting at Kensington, were here yesterday evening. I am sure you'll be diverted, as I was, to hear that Lord Lincoln<sup>1</sup> declares that if the Duke of Newcastle joins with Mr Fox, *he* shall retire from public affairs ! Is not that charming ? My brother is obliged to leave Goodwood<sup>2</sup> in a fortnight, so that we must go there immediately. Everybody says I need not go to Court till I return. Adieu, my Angel ; love to my little girls,

Yours for ever,  
E.K.

25. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 19th, [May, 1757].

My dear Jemmy,

My eye is not at all well, so I can't say much to you by this post. Mr Fox is come home ; he looks better than I have seen him look these ten years. He rides, goes to bed early, and never plays or drinks. He is in mighty good spirits ; worries me a good deal, particularly about *Pasithea* affair. I told him you were as much diverted with it as he cou'd be ; the town talks much of that person and Lady Strafford.<sup>3</sup> I saw him a minute in a coach upon the causeway ; he had been at Holland House to see me. Mr Fox, I find, fans him up in hopes he will stay in ; for if he goes out, as he says he will, the Duke of Newcastle, in all likelihood, will come in. Mr Fox really and truly seems to wish for nothing but the Paymaster ; but nothing is settled yet.

The Primate is the person that cabals between Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle, and has brought them well together. He has undone himself with both Mr Fox and the Duke of

<sup>1</sup> Henry Fiennes Clinton (1720-94), 9th Earl of Lincoln ; favourite nephew of Thomas Pelham-Holles, 1st Duke of Newcastle, and his successor in the dukedom.

<sup>2</sup> In Sussex, seat of the Duke of Richmond.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Anne Campbell (d. 1785), dau. of John Campbell, 2nd Duke of Argyle ; wife of William Wentworth, 2nd Earl of St afford.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Bedford<sup>1</sup> by it, which is a good thing for us ; for by what I find he was before this extremely well with them, and they, I suspect, wish'd to make you so with him too ; but now they won't attempt it. The Duke of Bedford has had two pieces of advice given him ; one to try which is the strongest of the three parties—yours, Ponsonby's,<sup>2</sup> and the Primate's, and to govern by that, and endeavour to reconcile any two of them to make sure of it. This, I suspect, to be either the Duke of D's<sup>3</sup> advice or Lord Hills<sup>4</sup> ; the other, which Rigby<sup>5</sup> enforces and which the Duke of Bedford is most inclined to follow, is not to govern by any party at all nor interfere with any elections. This latter I ventured to say I believed was the best. Pray, when I am ask'd about the strength of the Ponsonby and the Primate's parties, what must I say ? Rigby is vastly for you ; he says, We are all *Kildares*. The Duke of Bedford has a great mind to leave you Deputy when he leaves Ireland, and Mr Fox is much for it and says he'll do all he can for it. He wants you to have a good salary with it, and is mightily troubled about your getting some *good thing* of that sort. It's reported here that you run out ; I said you did not, but however encouraged him as much as possible in this scheme. We talk you over a great deal ; he loves you vastly and thinks you mighty sensible. Everybody says how well you govern ; and Waite and Meredyth give a vast character of you for your cleverness in doing the business. The Duke of Bedford seems to fear the Primate's making some opposition in Ireland, and the Ponsonbys joining, if they find Mr Ponsonby has no hopes of being put in the Government, which he wants. So this scheme of Deputy must be kept very secret ; but I think it will certainly do if the Duke of Bedford has a quiet Sessions and that he finds it is not disagreeable to the people. If he is wanted here, he tells Mr Fox, he will come over at Christmas and leave you Deputy. I tell

<sup>1</sup> John Russell (1710–71), 4th Duke of Bedford ; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1755–61 ; he succeeded the Marquis of Hartington (fourth Duke of Devonshire). He was leader of that section of the Whigs known as the 'Bloomsbury Gang.' He had married (1737) Hon. Getrude Leveson-Gower, el. dau. of John Leveson-Gower, 1st Earl of Gower.

<sup>2</sup> John Ponsonby, who had become Speaker of the Irish House of Commons (1756–71).

<sup>3</sup> Duke of Dorset.

<sup>4</sup> Viscount Hillsborough.

<sup>5</sup> Richard Rigby (1722–88), Secretary to the Duke of Bedford.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

you all these things without any connection, just as I have picked them up at different times from Mr Fox ; for you know his way. The King, poor man, is very angry with the Primate ; he says he sees the people in Ireland were in the right, and he had been imposed upon. He will tell the Duke of Dorset, so he says, *He is a meddling fellow, and I don't wonder at all the people hating him ; so I find now they were in the right.* One can't help being glad of this, tho' it wou'd not hinder his being put in the Government tomorrow if the Ministry settled it so. Mr Ponsonby is thought of here in still a more insignificant a light than in Ireland ; for they think him a mighty dull, as well as a very empty *foolish fellow*—that's Mr Fox's expression.

We go to Goodwood tomorrow. Lord Powerscourt<sup>1</sup> was here today ; he has made the best speech, Mr Fox says, and the most to the purpose he ever yet heard from so young a speaker. I am glad of it, for it justifies your opinion and mine of his understanding ; which, you know, was contrary to that of most people. I am afraid he won't marry Louisa ; they say he is looking out for a fortune ; they talk of Miss Warren for him. The news about the Austrian defeat is true.<sup>2</sup> I have not seen Ned Sandford.

Adieu, my Love. I have scribbled a great deal, considering I began by telling you I wou'd not write much ; but I knew you wou'd like to hear all this, and cou'd not help writing it, tho' it hurts my poor eye. Adieu. That gardener is gone, but we are looking out for another. It's immense what people give them, but that you won't mind, I know, if it's a good one ; they all object to living in Ireland. Everybody says those recommended by Miller and Greenings, etc., never turn out well. Once more, Adieu, my dear Jemmy.

Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

This letter is wrote in a queer manner, but you'll make it out, I hope.

---

<sup>1</sup> Edward Wingfield (1729-64), 2nd Viscount Powerscourt. He died unmarried.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Prague, in which on 6th May, the King of Prussia totally defeated the Austrians. This was the first great victory of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

*26. Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Friday, May the 20th, 1757.

My dear Lord Kildare,

As I wrote you a long letter yesterday, I will not hurt my eyes again to-day, but employ Louisa just to tell you that my sister and I set out for Goodwood this evening. We shall lie at Guildford, so that I hope this journey will not heat me as much as t'other has done. Mr Trusdale advised me to be bled this morning, which was done, and I find myself the better for it. This letter will go by to-morrows post, and Sunday I will write to you from Goodwood. The three boys, my sister's maid, and mine, set out this morning in our post landau. I am oblig'd to leave Louisa and Sarah<sup>1</sup> here till Monday that my trunks may be unpack'd, which don't come here till tomorrow; it has been very inconvenient waiting for them so long, but everybody says there was no occasion for my going to Court till my return from Goodwood. The enclos'd is a true account of the King of Prussia's victory. Nothing is settled yet, but Lord Lincoln, who is extremely well at Leicester House, is negotiating to bring the Duke of Newcastle and Mr Pitt to an agreement; but it is thought H. M. never will come in to it. Adieu, my dear. Louisa, nor nobody else can tell you how affectionately I am yours,

E.K.

P.S. Pray make some inquiry whether the place we want for Barker is one that Mr Harris cou'd sell for anything considerable; for in that case I think we ought not to accept it, tho' he is so civil as to say that even in that case we shou'd have it. Are not you of my mind?

*27. Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Goodwood, Sunday, May the 22nd, [1757].

My dear Jemmy,

We came here yesterday to dinner. The day was immensely hot, but I am not the worse for my journey at all. This dear

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah Lennox (1745-1826), 4th and youngest dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond; m. (1) (1762) Charles Bunbury (afterwards Sir Charles Bunbury, 6th Bart.); (2) (1781) Hon. George Napier.

[1757].

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

pretty place looks in great beauty. My brother is doing a great deal to it. The Duchess of Richmond<sup>1</sup> is most excessively pleasing. She has not the regularity of features that her Mother has, but is sweetly pretty; something of the Duchess of Hamilton<sup>2</sup>; she is as tall as me and very fair, quite girlish, unaffected and merry. I like what I see of her hitherto mightily. Lady Albermarle<sup>3</sup> is here and her daughters. We are quite free and easy and everybody goes their own way. I saunter about with my boys, who, as you may think, are very happy. Mr Fox is not come, so I can tell you no news. I put off writing till after breakfast, which we did not sit down to till eleven, (their Graces not being up), and now the post is just going. So adieu.

Yours, my Love, most affectionately,

E.K.

28. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Goodwood, Friday the 27th, [May, 1757].

My dear Angel,

My cold is much better. It has been a very heavy one, but has not affected my eyes much. Lady Ailesbury<sup>4</sup> and Mr Conway came here yesterday, and their little girl; so we are a fine houseful of people. Everybody loves our boys. They are so good-humoured and lively; particularly William, who is dying of love for the Duchess of Richmond. He cry'd t'other day for fear my brother shou'd be angry with him for it. Lady Caroline Keppel<sup>5</sup> had a letter from Miss Clifford, who lives with the Duchess of Norfolk,<sup>6</sup> in which she mentions a man

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Bruce, youngest dau. of Charles Bruce, 4th Earl of Elgin and 3rd Earl of Ailesbury. She had m. Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond. She died 1796.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Gunning (1734--90), Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll; one of the Gunning sisters, famed for their beauty.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Anne Lennox (1703--89), dau. of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond; m. (1722) William-Anne Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle.

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

<sup>5</sup> Dau. of William-Anne Keppel; she m. (1759) Dr. Robert Adair, surgeon.

<sup>6</sup> Mary (d. 1773), dau. of Edward Blount; m. (1727) Edward Howard, 9th Duke of Norfolk.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

having been found in the King of France's<sup>1</sup> closet, with a knife hid under his clothes. He certainly will be murdered at last. I know no news but this. Mr Fox comes next Saturday. I shall shew him Sir A. Gore's fine letter. I am glad you are so well with him, for I find your being Lord Deputy will depend greatly on your having interest in the House of Commons; and I am very fond of this scheme, since I find the income as well as the honour is to increase by it. Adieu, my dear Lord K. Believe me, ever most tenderly yours,

E.K.

My love to the dear little girls. Kiss my Charles, my dear, dear, pretty little Charles, and tell me something about him when you write.

29. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, Tuesday, the 31st of May, [1757].

I am just come from Goodwood, my dear Jemmy, very well, but a little sleepy. We dined at Cobham. Surely nothing was ever so lovely as Mr Hamilton's park.<sup>2</sup> I thought of you, my Love, and how much you wou'd admire it, for I believe 'tis vastly improved since you saw it. I propose going to Court a Thursday. We have got a gardener; I am to see him tomorrow; he has got your instructions in writing. Mr Fox says I may tell you that the affairs here seem more in a way to be settled than they have been yet. The Duke of Newcastle is to come in. Pitt and he can't agree upon their terms, so that treaty is at an end. Mr Fox is to be Paymaster. Yours, my dear dear Angel, s'ee'ping or waking, most affectionately,

E. K.

30. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday, June the 2nd, [1757].

Ten thousand millions of thanks, my sweet Jemmy, for your dear kind long letters. I cannot now answer them; for

<sup>1</sup> Louis XV.

<sup>2</sup> Painshill, the seat of Hon. Charles Hamilton.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

besides a very bad eye, which prevented me from going to Court today, I have not yet had an opportunity of shewing them to Mr Fox, and consequently cannot tell you what he says of them. Indeed, he is so distress'd himself at present about his own affairs, that I cannot expect him to talk of anything else. They want now to put off making him Paymaster till after the Parliament is up, in order that it shou'd have the appearance of being part of the Duke of Newcastle's settlement ; whereas, as he was offer'd and promised it by the King only, he does not choose it shou'd have this appearance ; which I don't wonder at, but do not think it a sufficient cause to quarrel with them for neither, particularly as I believe the Duke of Newcastle wou'd be glad he flew out at this to have a pretence of quarrelling with him ; and considering what a good thing the Paymaster's place is, I wou'd not give them this satisfaction.

I send you a very good print. What you tell me about the animals don't surprize me. You wou'd not believe poor Lady Clanbrassil<sup>1</sup>, you toad.

The Duke of Devonshire<sup>2</sup> dined here today. He told me it gave him vast pleasure to hear you so vastly recommended by everybody ; that he had taken every opportunity of representing you in a good light to His Majesty ; and that he hoped you and I were assured he had done all in his power to obtain the Dukedom. I said we were obliged to him and so forth. Mr Fox, between ourselves, is more out of humour with him than ever, and has great reason. Adieu, my dear Lord Kildare. Believe me ever yours most tenderly,

E.K.

The boys send their love to you.

31. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Monday, the 6th [June, 1757]

My dear Lord Kildare,

I employ a secretary out of prudence, my right eye being a little weak. Are not you a good for nothing mortal to write me such a short letter as your last—but I suppose you cou'd

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Bentinck (d. 1792), dau. of William Bentinck, 1st Duke of Portland m. (1728) James Hamilton, 1st Earl of Clanbrassil.

<sup>2</sup> William Cavendish, 4th Duke of Devonshire.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

not help it, so I forgive you. I wish you joy having it in your power to spend some time at Carton. Pray tell me something of dear little Charles—if he begins to walk, and how he likes his shoes and stockings; which is of more consequence to me than all the affairs of the nation—except where Mr Fox is concern'd.

His situation is just the same; nothing is settled in regard to the Ministry; on the contrary it is more unsettled than ever. The Duke of Newcastle is everyday treating with Lord Bute,<sup>1</sup> etc. It is thought they want Mr Fox to be given up, but this His Majesty won't do. Was there anything ever so surprizing as Lady Berkeley's<sup>2</sup> match? The Bedfords, etc., etc., dined here yesterday. I cou'd not go down to them for the reason I told you last post; which was very unlucky, as they came from Wooburn<sup>3</sup> on purpose. Louisa and Sarah go to the Opera tomorrow. With them I have been to see Lady Yarmouth<sup>4</sup>; she was very gracious and returned my visit the next day. She told His Majesty the reason of my not going to Court was my not being able to go without a hat. We were once at Ranelagh; the present fashion is to wear an immense hat that covers one's whole face, so my sore eye did not singify. Mr Calcraft tells me you are so good as to say I may draw upon him for what money I please. Mine is almost gone, so I shall take £50 soon. Pray let me know if you wou'd have me pay Wheatly and Carr their bills; they have not asked for their money, but as I must increase them by buying my birthday gown and perhaps one sack, or two at most, for the winter, perhaps it may be convenient to you to pay one or part of one now. £200 wou'd pay them and all I owe in this place. Pray remember when I say this that it is what I owed before I came, and not for anything bought now. I cannot, my sweet

<sup>1</sup> John Stuart (1713-92), 3rd Earl of Bute. As the political adviser of the Princess of Wales and her son (afterwards George III), Bute had negotiated the treaty between Leicester House and Pitt against the Duke of Newcastle in 1755, and played a leading part in the conversations between those statesmen in 1757. He m. Mary, dau. of Edward Wortley Montagu, by the well-known Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth (1720-92), Dowager Countess of Berkeley, eldest dau. of Henry Drax, of Ellerton Abbey, Yorkshire. She had recently m. Robert Nugent, afterwards cr. Earl Nugent.

<sup>3</sup> Woburn Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Bedford.

<sup>4</sup> Amalie Sophie von Wallmoden (1704-65), mistress of George II.; cr. (1740) Countess of Yarmouth.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Jemmy, end this by my secretary ; for I can't let anybody but myself tell you what I always feel in regard to money ; indeed it is what I should not attempt to express ; your goodness, your kindness to me always affect me so strongly when I talk or think on that subject, that I am too much moved to let any other person be witness to it. Adieu, my dear, dear Jemmy, believe me ever your tender, affectionate, fond, tho' extravagant, wife,

E.K.

32. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

[June, 1757].

My dear Jemmy,

I saw our gardener this morning ; he seems a plain, sensible man. I ask'd him if he had consider'd well the instructions you had wrote for a nursery gardener ; he said Mr Conway had read them to him, but that he had them not at present. I repeated them to him as well as I cou'd remember. I told him that if upon trial we liked him we wou'd make him head gardener, for that we wanted one ; and indeed, I think considering the wages are to be thirty pounds a year and the board wages seven shillings a week, it wou'd be best to make him the only one, or at least to get if possible some nursery man under him that wou'd come for about half the wages ; for to have two such expensive ones is too much. However, you are the best judge of that. He seem'd to like this scheme, and propos'd one which I fancy you will approve, viz : to engage for six months only as nursery gardener and then, if you agree, to serve on either as such or as head gardener, as you shall think fit. One condition he makes is that if you shou'd part with him before the six months are out, that you will pay his expenses back. I don't think this unreasonable, but wou'd make no conditions till I had your answer, which you will send by the return of the post. We are to pay his journey there, and he may go when I do. I told him that wou'd be in a month hence, which he says is full time enough for any plantations. He takes his wife with him. I am afraid she won't be a second Mrs Nellam, for she is sickly, and has been used to wait upon a lady.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

which don't sound notable enough for a gardener's wife. He has never lived with any family, but has work'd at Williamson's ; was bred up in the physic garden, and has of late undertaken pieces of work by contract, and understands lay-out ground in a garden, which may be useful to us hereafter. One thing he ask'd, and which I was afraid to grant till encouraged by Colonel Sandford (who was by, and says that in our family 'tis nothing) was to have beer at the house, tho' at board wages. Let me know your answer to all this and send me a paper of directions for him, as I think 'tis likely Conway has lost ours. I understand him at Goodwood he had given it the man. Upon the whole I own I am for agreeing with him, as everybody allows 'tis such a difficulty to get them to go to Ireland ; none but those who are undone and can't live here will.

My eye is better, as you may imagine. I hope in a day or two 'twill be quite well. I am confined to-day and must be so to-morrow ; so miss a Court day again, which is unlucky, but by next Thursday I hope certainly to be able to go there ; and the Friday after to Park Place,<sup>1</sup> which I am vastly press'd to do, and like of all things. The Duchess of Richmond will be there. My brother is gone to his Regiment. The boys and girls are all to go with me ; they insisted upon it I shou'd bring them. There is a vast friendship between William and Miss Conway<sup>2</sup> ; they play all day at being the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, and kissing eternally as they do. Lady Berkeley is certainly marry'd to old Nugent—think of that ! Adieu, my Love. I dare not say any more for fear of my poor eyes. God in heaven bless you.

E.K.

33. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 9th [June, 1757].

My Jemmy will be glad to hear that I was at Court this morning. My eyes were a little red, but as I was tolerably well

<sup>1</sup> Park Place, nr. Henley-on-Thames, the residence of Gen. Conway ; according to Horace Walpole, ' the most beautiful villa in the world.'

<sup>2</sup> Anne, only dau. of Gen. Conway and Caroline, Dowager Countess of Ailesbury. She m. (1767) John Damer, eldest s. of Joseph Damer, 1st Earl of Dorchester.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I wou'd not put it off any longer. Princess Emily<sup>1</sup> talk's to me of nothing but you. She says she hears of nothing but your good conduct, your application to business, etc. She said, too, she thought you was very good to let me come so, quite by myself, in which I joined. His Majesty was very civil and talk'd as much to me as to anybody, but he was remarkably out of humour, vex'd and distracted ; which you will account for, when you have heard my story, which I ought to have begun with at first as the most important.

From all I have told you since I came you might judge the Duke of Newcastle was mostly disposed to treat with Pitt, etc., and come in again with them. It now appears that he wou'd willingly have come in to all their exorbitant, unreasonable terms, and that he mean't nothing less than to prevent Mr Fox absolutely from having anything at all. This he hoped to effect by coming in at first by himself, and so have done the rest by degrees ; but upon the King's absolutely refusing to be enslaved by these people, and saying he wou'd not break his word with Mr Fox, His Grace of Newcastle declared quite off ; so nothing now remains to be done, but Mr Fox's accepting the management of the whole and forming a Ministry. In this undertaking he is now deeply engaged, and a difficult task, I fear, it will be ; he thinks he is pretty sure of a majority in the House of Commons. But to have the Duke of Newcastle's Party, Leicester House, Pitt's and all the Tories sure against him is very frightful. Many other circumstances, too, render his situation unpleasant, and the world is much mistaken if they think he is glad of this. Lord Holderness<sup>2</sup> resign'd this morning, and 'tis fear'd others will too ; if so, how disagreeable ! Lord Waldegrave<sup>3</sup>, who by all accounts is one of the few who have shewn sense, honour, and steadiness, in their conduct in all these affairs, and who is a vast friend of Mr Fox's, has agreed to come in ; Lord Egremont<sup>4</sup> will too ; Lord Winchelsea<sup>5</sup> stays in. The

<sup>1</sup> Princess Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1711-86), 2nd dau. of George II. ; she died unmarried.

<sup>2</sup> Robert D'Arcy (1718-78), 4th Earl of Holderness ; Secretary of State, 1751-61.

<sup>3</sup> James Waldegrave (1715-63), 2nd Earl of Waldegrave ; Lord of the Bed Chamber to George II., and his most intimate friend and adviser.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Charles Wyndham (1710-63) ; succ. his uncle (Algernon Seymour, 7th Duke of Somerset) as 2nd Earl of Egremont, 1750.

<sup>5</sup> Daniel Finch (1689-1774), 8th Earl of Winchelsea ; 1st Lord of the Admiralty, 1742-44 ; Apr.-Jul. 1757.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Duke of Bedford will have nothing but Ireland, but if he shou'd be wanted will come over at Xmas and leave you Deputy, to manage the Irish Parliament. *This quite secret.* Mr Fox has no mind to have the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury, both, for many reasons; one of which is that His Majesty hates to have anything but a Lord in the latter employment, and another reason is that the popular clamour, which is already so violent against Mr Fox, wou'd in all probability run still higher, as this wou'd have the appearance of trying to get everything into his own hands. However, some of his friends think this is having too much delicacy, and that he had best take both, and make Lord Waldegrave and Lord Egremont Secretaries of State. The D. of D., you have, I suppose, understood all along, wou'd on no account stay in with any Ministry; he was forced to take it at the time of Pitt's Government, merely to keep it out of their hands, and that the poor King might have some one friend; but now that there is no necessity of that kind he begs to be released. Mr Fox lies in town to-night, so I shall not hear what may have been settled since morning till to-morrow; but you shall hear it a Saturday. I am sure you are interested in all this on poor dear Mr Fox's account, who is indeed vastly distressed. My sister too is in bad spirits; I own I can't help hoping they despair too much, for so many of his friends say it will do and do well; when I say friends I don't mean only those who are to profit by it.

How much I cou'd scribble on to my Jemmy if my eyes wou'd let me; but I already find I have wrote enough, and a secretary don't do for the sort of things I write [to] my dear Lord Kildare. I have consulted Duncan<sup>1</sup>; he has advised to me some medicines, which I shall begin next week for my blood. You never mention your health, and yet you know, my Love, there is nothing on earth of so much consequence to your affectionate,

Emily.

34. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Park Place, Sunday, June the 12th, [1757].  
My dear Lord Kildare,

I miss'd writing to you yesterday morning, as I intended,

<sup>1</sup> William Duncan (1715-74), cr. a Baronet 1764; Physician in Ordinary to George II.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

before I set out for this place, by Peter Collinson's<sup>1</sup> breakfasting at Holland House ; who, till the moment I went into the post-chaise, engaged me in a very interesting conversation about planting ; by which I have gained a great deal of knowledge, and he has put me in a way by which, with the help of our new gardener, I hope in a very little time to have all our plantations, nurseries, etc., in a most flourishing condition. I am to have a settled correspondence with friend Peter, both for his advice as well as assistance, and he is to talk to my gardener before he goes over. I really am vastly obliged to the good man for interesting himself so much about us, and you will find that when those things are managed cleverly the expense is but little, and the pleasure very great. One discovery I have made is that all the things we have had sent over to us have been entirely mismanaged ; and that with a great deal less fuss and trouble and more understanding, they wou'd have done much better.

The political affairs are all in confusion again, and what I wrote you word of last post quite unsettled Mr Fox's situation—a very bad one. We expect him here this evening, so next post hope to write you more particulars myself. As I have none today I employed Louisa, according to your desire, to save my eye, which has suffer'd a little by the great heat of yesterday and today, driving here in the dust yesterday, and walking in the sun about this pretty place today. I shan't describe it to you, as you have seen it and know the beauties of this country so well. The Duke of Devonshire came here this morning ; the Duchess of Richmond is at Goodwood, and returns here to-morrow. The boys are very well and very happy. We dined yesterday with Ste at Slough at the Inn, where by chance we met Sir Everard Faulkner<sup>2</sup>, who desir'd me to tell you he was very sorry for the delay there had been in regard to the Maynooth post-office, but beg'd you wou'd be assured your commands shou'd be obey'd. He abused Sir Thomas as much as everybody does.

Adieu, my sweet Jemmy, I never can let a letter go without telling you how sincerely and affectionately I am yours for ever,

E.K.

<sup>1</sup> Peter Collinson (1694–1768), naturalist and antiquary.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Everard Fawkener (1684–1758), merchant and official ; knighted (1753) on appointment as Ambassador to Constantinople.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

35. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, June the 14th, [1757].

My Dearest Angel, I am this moment come from Park Place and received two of your dear letters ; one short and sweet, t'other longer and equally kind ; so much so that I would give the world to be with you just this instant, but no more of that now.

I told you that the political affairs were all changed. The case was this ; all the Newcastle people resign'd ; Mr Fox was frightened ; His Majesty was frightened ; everybody but the Duke of Bedford frightened ; and so it was given up and the poor King resigns himself his grandson's<sup>1</sup> prisoner. He has assured Mr Fox that if he has any power left he will make him Paymaster—how melancholy. The Duke of Newcastle and Pitt have shook hands and are to form a Ministry. The Duke of Bedford is gone out of town, quite vex'd and angry. I dread his giving up Ireland ; if so, we are undone too, for the Primate is all powerful with these people. So with this bad news I must end and wish my dear Angel good-night ; for Mr Fox is scolding me to death for writing so long. He bids me tell you by way of agreeable news that Lord Bute will be made an Irish Duke ; he only says this for fun, tho'. Adieu, once more, my sweetest, dearest Angel, yours to all eternity,

E.K.

36. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, June 17th, [1757].

My sweet Jemmy, I am quite vex'd at your saying a packet was come in without a letter from me or my sisters. I do assure you no post has been miss'd by us, but one which was t'other day, when we were to set out for Park Place. That morning I had told the girls I would write, which prevented them, and afterwards was prevented myself by Peter Collinson, as I told you in my last but one. I can't help being pleased tho', I must own, at my Jemmy's *feeling* the want of a letter from me,

---

<sup>1</sup> The future George III.

as I know those sort of uneasinesses are what nobody can have any notion or idea of but those who really love ; and every proof of this from you, my Angel, makes me happy. I am only sorry that any one of my letters shou'd be lost, as they have all had something or another in them that one shou'd be sorry to have read. As to the politics, to be sure you must think me mad or laughing at you by my different accounts of them every post ; but just so it has all been, and the uncertainty of their situation still remains. Some think Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle never can agree in the disposal of places, so perhaps by next post all may be alter'd again ; it really wou'd be ridiculous of one cou'd help joining melancholy reflections for the poor King to think of the way everything is in. What a figure my Lord Holderness makes ! Everybody says 'tis the second part of Lord Harrington's<sup>1</sup> behaviour to the King in former days.

I will not I assure you forget old Kildare.<sup>2</sup> I have one eyelid vastly sore in the old way ; I shall send for Mr Hawkins<sup>3</sup>—'tis so bad. Your pretty little boy has wrote to you by this post quite by himself. William lives with the haymakers and sheep-shearers.

I hope to tell you next post that Mr Fox is Paymaster ; the King will do it if he can, poor man. Lord G. Sackville, it is supposed, will be a considerable person in this new Ministry ; for he is a great and principal person in the other party. I suppose the Primate is in great spirits. Poor Mr Fox is vastly anxious for his friends ; it is thought by some they will be all turn'd out, and that there will be a general rout ; others say that it will be only Ellis,<sup>4</sup> or someone very much mark'd person as his friend, that is to march ; which is a little unlucky for the person, whoever it is. I fancy Mr Fox is in some treaty for them ; for he has long conferences with the Duke of Devonshire within these two days, and as, I tell you, seems anxious ; and I am sure 'tis not about anything that regards himself, for he

<sup>1</sup> William Stanhope (c. 1690–1756), 1st Earl of Harrington ; Lord Lieutenant, 1746–51.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Caesar Hawkins, the surgeon (1711–86).

<sup>4</sup> Wilbore Ellis (1713–1802) ; cr. (1794) Baron Mendip ; was Lord of the Admiralty, 1747–55 ; and Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1756–61, 1765–66, 1770–77, in addition to holding other posts.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

talks of everything that does very freely before me. He tells me you are in some distress about the money affair. I hope it won't signify; he writes to you this post. The more I know him the more I love him; poor man, is not it hard to think he has been made so odious to the people.

Adieu, my dear Angel, pray say something civil from me to your Mother. The Hillsboroughs are gone. Pray secure me the warrant of the yacht for the 14th of July; I did intend the 10th that I might have been exact to a day in my intention of staying two months; but I have a particular reason, which you'll guess, for imagining that in all probability I cannot be at Park Gate sooner. You know, my Jemmy, we agreed that wou'd be the proper time for travelling. Lord Coventry<sup>1</sup> has been dying and Lord Bolingbroke<sup>2</sup> frightened out of his wits least he shou'd die. I must tell you that the *parures de vieille femme* are now the universal fashion, and those I had are now setting the right way, which is what I wanted at first. Nothing is so very fashionable with these as a diamond ribbon which is worn on a black cap—the prettiest thing in the world; but none of my diamonds wou'd answer for one without changing some, or adding some, so I was not even tempted. But my chain I am altering into a very pretty thing like a peacock's feather; this you gave me leave to alter when I pleased, you know. God bless you, my dear, dear Lord Kildare. Believe me ever yours most tenderly,

E.K.

37. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, June the 18th, 1757.

I must make use of a secretary again this post, my dear Lord Kildare, for my eye was this morning touched with a caustic. I hope it will do it good, for it is quite melancholy to be confin'd this fine weather. I hope you enjoy it, my dear, at sweet Carton,

<sup>1</sup> George William Coventry (1722–1809), 6th Earl of Coventry; m. (1752) Mary Gunning.

<sup>2</sup> Frederick St. John (1734–87), 2nd Viscount Bolingbroke; he was shortly to marry Lady Diana Spencer, dau. of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

and that you're perfectly well ; you never will tell me particularly how you do, which I'm very angry with you for. I receiv'd yours this morning of the eleventh, and mentioned your scheme to Mr Fox ; he will tell you what he thinks of it himself. I own I like these *good sort of things* much better than titles, and so I told him, but he is not of my mind and is seriously frightened least Lord B.<sup>1</sup> shou'd be made an Irish Duke. Mr Rigby was here this evening ; he told me he was to write to you, and promised he wou'd write the news of the day to you in his letter, since I was blind and cou'd not. As to Mr Fox's being Paymaster, I never will believe it till he has kiss'd hands ; it has been so often done and undone. I am sure you will agree with me in rejoicing that the Duke of Bedford certainly comes to us, for at this time there is really none but himself that wou'd not be extremely disagreeable to us.

By your asking if Lady Berkeley is married to Mr Nugent, I fancy the letter in which I told you that piece of news is the one that was lost ; if so, it was very unlucky, for there was a great deal about the gardener in it, which I have now forgot. Pray let me know if it was, because I must send for the man and talk it all over again with him. Dutan was here this morning ; we laid our heads together and have formed a scheme, which I hope you won't dislike, and which I have ventured to tell him he might put in execution. You know, my dear Lord Kildare, you did once consent to my altering my buckle. Now I wish it more than ever ; because hardly anybody now wears a buckle at all, and this same buckle will set into another thing just like my *coulant* ; which being then alike are to be set so as to be wore in bracelets, in earrings, in my head, or, in short, any way. Such contrivances have they now got to pick one's pocket, and you know your poor Emily cannot resist temptation ; so my dear, my sweet Lord Kildare, don't be angry. It was very polite and right in you to invite those ladies to Carton. I assure [you] I am not at all jealous of any of them, unless it is Mrs Clements<sup>2</sup> ; who is so pretty, so young, so gentle, and so unaffected, that I think there is some danger of your falling in love with her.

---

<sup>1</sup> John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute.

<sup>2</sup> Hannah, dau. of Rev. William Gore, Dean of Down. She m. (1729) Nathaniel Clements.

[1757]

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

If you do, Mr Clements shall be my lover, and then I may afford to new-set my diamonds as often as I please. Forgive this nonsense, and believe me ever yours,

E.K.

38. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, Tuesday the 21st [June, 1757].

My sweet Gemmy, I have this instant received your letter with the enclos'd paper about the landau. I shall tell Barker to enquire from Mr Butler if the landau can be done before I go. I told you in my last I shou'd leave this place the 10th, the same day in July that I left Dublin in May. If you choose to have me come sooner, my Angel, say it and I will fly; but don't write to me in the sort of reserved style that your last is wrote in, for it makes me miserable.

To shew my Gemmy how much I am upon the watch as to everything he is interested in, I will tell him what I have done in regard to a Judge. There is, it seems, one now dying, and Ponsonby immediately wrote the Duke of Bedford to give a promise of it for one of his friends, a Member of Parliament. I found this out by chance, and beg'd Mr Fox wou'd caution the Duke of Bedford against making any such promise; for that I knew that of all things, that of making Judges so by favour or interest was one of the things you most wish'd to prevent and redress. Upon which Mr Fox bid me tell you that as you had already represented this to the Duke of Bedford you shou'd write to him again and tell him you had before mention'd this to His Grace; and that as there was now, or wou'd soon be, a likelihood of a vacancy, and no probability of any good lawyers going from hence, you wou'd recommend him such there as were generally thought most proper; and so send him a list of two or three to choose, which he thinks wou'd look better than recommending any one particular person, and convince him that it was not to serve any interest of your own, but only as proper people. He named Macmanus as one, and says if you do this he is sure Ponsonby won't get his, which I shall, I own, be glad of. Don't mind the words that I have made

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

use of for what you are to say to the Duke of Bedford, for they are my own ; the sense of them is as well as I cou'd remember it from Mr Fox.

I dined yesterday at Cashiobury<sup>1</sup> ; am to do the same to-day at Vauxhall ; and tomorrow at Devonshire House ; so you may guess by this my eyes are better. I assure you, my Angel, my reproach about your short letter was quite a joke, for I think myself vastly obliged to you for writing so much and so often. Mr Fox has not yet kiss'd hands for Paymaster ; and my sister and I live in dread of a change. I shall speak to him tonight after supper about my fortune—*that's my time* ! for then we are alone. He is in very good spirits. My poor siss is in very bad ; her disorder now is quite nervous. I begin to be afraid, now I see my bills, that I do owe more than £200 ; I will see, tho', and know positively what I do owe, and pay about that sum, if it will not much distress you. I hope we shall get Carter's employment, and then I shan't be so much vex'd as I always am when I come to see my extravagances in black and white. Don't think of it, my Jemmy, for when you do I know you can't love me ! I will take care about the beech mast, etc. Mr Fox begs you will plant and sow great variety, and mix foreign trees with the natives ; he says they require no more care than common trees, and some of them are fine forest trees, too. Pray get a vast quantity of horse-chestnuts and sycamore, as well as walnuts and common chestnuts. All those you may get there. Adieu, my dear ; thank you for your intelligence about my sweet, dear little Charles.

Yours most tenderly,

E.K.

39. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, June the 23rd, [1757].

My dear Jemmy, Mr Carter may die as soon as he pleases ; he has my consent for so doing. The Duke of Bedford has received your application with all imaginable civility, and in such a way that Mr Rigby says you may reckon yourself sure

<sup>1</sup> Cashiobury Park, Hertfordshire, seat of the Earl of Essex.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

of it. Mr Fox wou'd not have it ask'd for life, as he says you may be sure it will be so without that, and as for making it 2000 he thinks it not so reasonable—however we shall be glad of it, at all events ! The Bedfords dined here to-day ; we are very great and she<sup>1</sup> is to consult me about everything. You know we always were inclined to like them, and I think they will fully answer our expectations. Lady Car<sup>2</sup> is as beautiful as an angel. The Devonshire House dinner was formal, hot, and disagreeable. God bless you, my dear Angel. I have put my letter off till candle light, which obliges me to make it short. I begin to long for the 10th of July. Our dear, sweet boys are all well ; so is your affectionate

E.K.

40. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, June the 24th, [1757].

My dearest Lord Kildare, Friend Peter and I have been laying our heads together about your new plantation, and I enclose a paper I made him write for you ; which I beg you will read over three times every morning for three days following, for it's of infinite consequence to our plantations that *you* shou'd be quite *au fait* of it all. Bel. Boyle came in in the midst of it, and approves vastly of our measures. The things from Goodwood I will take care to procure.

Now as to the Ministry. There is a hitch in regard to Lord Anson's<sup>3</sup> being at the head of the Admiralty. The City cry out against it, and Pitt's friends now say he never came into it, tho' I believe 'tis very certain he did. Another difficulty is about Lord Halifax,<sup>4</sup> who is angry now with his friend the Duke of Newcastle (for whose sake he refused coming in with what was call'd Mr Fox's administration, when he might have had what

<sup>1</sup> Hon Gertrude Leveson-Gower (1719-94), eldest dau. of John Leveson-Gower, 1st Earl Gower ; m. (1737) John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Caroline Russell (1742/3-1811), dau. of John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford. She m. (1762) George Spencer, 4th Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>3</sup> George Anson (1697-1762) ; cr. (1747) Baron Anson ; 1st Lord of the Admiralty, 1751-55.

<sup>4</sup> George Montague Dunk (1716-71), 2nd Earl of Halifax ; President of the Board of Trade, 1748-61 ; he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1761-63.

he pleased), and who Mr Legge<sup>1</sup> insists upon being satisfy'd. One difficulty is removed about the Duke of Dorset; he has accepted, not as a pension but as an increase of salary to the Cinque Ports, £2000 a year—so ends his shabby life! Lord Gower<sup>2</sup> is to be Master of the Horse, and Lord Temple<sup>3</sup> Privy Seal. Mr Pitt also insists upon Mr Pratt,<sup>4</sup> a friend of his, being Attorney General; and something must be found for Sir Robert Henley<sup>5</sup> in the stead; this also retards things being settled. The news from the Duke are not good; he has been obliged to retreat over the Weser in the night, and is in a very unpleasant situation.<sup>6</sup>

This is all the news Mr Fox bids me tell you, except that it wou'd be much better for you if I wou'd make you a cuckold than ruin you with my extravagance; and that it is not his fault if I do the one—the other he says he won't hinder me from, because that way I might *get* a little money, and not spend as much as I do. All this is *apropos* to poor Mrs Dutens, who has just been here with my diamonds—they are charming! George sends his love to you, and says he desires you will plant evergreens round your park wall as well as other trees, because they are so pretty in winter. I told him I was sure you wish'd to please him as well as yourself in everything you did at Carton. The Blue Ribbon,<sup>7</sup> son of a w—, is Lord Lincoln; some imagin'd a greater person, because Lord Lincoln's mother was certainly not a w—, as certainly as that *some other people's* is; don't you think it a charming print? Adieu, my dear dear Jemmy,

<sup>1</sup> Henry Bilson-Legge (1708-64), 4th son of William Legge, 1st Earl of Dartmouth; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1756-57, 1757-61.

<sup>2</sup> Granville Leveson-Gower, 2nd Earl Gower (1721-1803); cr. (1786) Marquess of Stafford; Lord Privy Seal, 1755-57; Master of the Horse, 1757-60. He was a prominent member of the Bedford Party.

<sup>3</sup> Richard Grenville-Temple (1711-79); succ. his mother as 2nd Earl Temple in 1752; 1st Lord of the Admiralty, 1756-57; Lord Privy Seal, 1757-61.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Pratt (1714-94), Attorney-General, 1757. He was a close friend and political adherent of Pitt. He was knighted, 1761; cr. Baron Camden of Camden Place, Kent (1765) and Earl Camden (1786).

<sup>5</sup> Sir Robert Henley (1708-72); cr. (1760) Baron Henley, and (1764) Earl of Northington. He was Attorney-General, 1756-57 and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1757-61.

<sup>6</sup> In the beginning the French army, under Marshal d'Estrées, having crossed the Rhine into Westphalia advanced from Münster upon Bielefeld. It was double the strength of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and the latter retired across the Weser.

<sup>7</sup> The following passage relates to a print then just published called *The Turnstile*. The uncertain figure pretended to be Lord Lincoln, but many people took it for the Prince of Wales, whom it resembled. See Walpole's *Letters*.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I believe that tho' the 10th is the day I have fix'd for going as the most proper for many reasons, there does not pass one that I do not long to see you ; for I am, and ever shall be, my dear Lord Kildare's tender, affectionate, and obedient wife,

E.K.

How cou'd you send that tiresome Mrs Humphry<sup>1</sup> to be the plague of my life ! How can I get her the £3000 ? I suppose if you would have had me speak to anybody about her, you wou'd have told me so yourself.

41. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

June the 28th, [1757].

You can't conceive, my dear Jemmy, what pleasure it gives me to see the joy you express at the thoughts of my having fix'd my time for returning to you ; believe me, I long sincerely for the happiness of seeing you, notwithstanding it must be the cause of my leaving these dear boys. They have been all morning exercising as soldiers ; I wish you cou'd see how prettily they do it. This evening, George has given me a little fright by tumbling into the horse pond. He does not as yet seem at all the worse for it, but I wish it may not give him cold. Our weather is fine, but such sharp, easterly winds in the evenings, that it hurts my eyes vastly. Nothing vexes me more in this complaint than being obliged to write you such short letters when I have so much to say. To-day there really is no news. Lord Digby<sup>2</sup> has promised me to engage a Mr Jones at White's for two guineas a year to write you all that passes. Is not that what you wanted ? Mr Sedgwick sends me word he really has no money to put into Mr Calcraft's hands ; on the contrary he has been obliged himself to disburse money for them—is not that a sad thing, tho' ? I hope to tell you a Thursday that Mr Fox has kissed hands. I think I will fix once for all that the yacht shou'd come to Holyhead ; for consider, my Jemmy, besides the tediousness of the passage how long I may happen to wait at Parkgate ; and how provoking it will be after having

<sup>1</sup> Housekeeper of Dublin Castle.

<sup>2</sup> Edward Digby (1730-57), 6th Lord Digby ; Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, 1751-53.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

stinted myself so much here in time not to be with you and, may I add, my pretty Charles, who I do so long to see ! Besides, we are all good travellers, and the Welsh journey is really not a bad one. In short, I am determined ; so pray send it to Holyhead.<sup>1</sup> I am much press'd to stop at Woburn. Mr Fox and Mr Rigby say it will be thought My Lady Deputy—for that's my name—has quarrel'd with the new Lord Lieutenant, if she passes by Woburn without stopping. I have not promised, but they are so obliging about it I think I shall be tempted. We are just going to drink tea with Lady Harrington<sup>2</sup> in her charming house at the park, and my sister sends me word for the second time that she is waiting—so adieu, my dear, dear, Angel !

42. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, Tuesday, the 5th, [July, 1757].

My dear Lord Kildare, I came home from Park Place a Sunday with a very bad complaint in my stomach, and have not been well since. I am much better to-day, and hope by the latter end of the week to be able to take my medicines. Believe me, I long impatiently for the time of my setting out.

Mr Jones, your White's correspondent, has, I suppose, told you the bad news of the King of Prussia's defeat,<sup>3</sup> and Mr Fox's opposition at Windsor—which will make it an expensive election. He has been there these three or four days. Lord Digby will pay Mr Jones for you, and you may pay the debt in Ireland, where he will be the first week in August. I have made him promise to come to us a week before he goes to his estate. He is really a good sort of man, but so alter'd and grown to look so old—you will be surprised when you see him.

I have had no letter from you since I wrote last.

The Duke of Bedford does not go till September.

The Duke of Devonshire told me t'other day at Lord

<sup>1</sup> Holyhead was the port from which passengers who were in a hurry embarked ; but the journey from Chester to Holyhead, a matter of two or three days, was found to be very tiring, and most travellers chose the longer sea-route from Park Gate.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly Lady Caroline Petersham.

<sup>3</sup> On 18 June, Frederick attacked at Kolin ; but was totally defeated and forced to raise the Siege of Prague and withdraw from Bohemia.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

Duncannon's, where we dined, that he wish'd I wou'd tell him what advice he shou'd give Mr Ponsonby in regard to his conduct in Ireland ; for that unless he had some assurance of being well with you, he wou'd naturally fall in with his old friends, and the Primate in particular. I told him I cou'd give him no such assurance from you ; that I believed you had no intention of quarrelling with Mr Ponsonby ; but that I cou'd not answer by any means for your joining particularly, or making any league with him. He look'd very blank, and has, I find, been very busy with Rigby and them to frighten them about the Primate, and shewing them the necessity of making friends of the Ponsonbys.

I suppose you have heard that Conyngham<sup>1</sup> is to have the rank at last. The Duke of Bedford was vastly against it, Rigby says, and was obliged to do it because Hotham<sup>2</sup> had got it here.

Our weather is very hot and dry. My eyes are better. Adieu, my dear Lord Kildare. Yours ever most affectionately,

E.K.

How good you are about the buckle ! But you tell me nothing of my bow windows ; are they forgot ?

43. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 7th [July, 1757].

My dearest Angel,

What you tell me of Mr Harriss's place for Barker makes me fear it is laying ourselves under too great an obligation, as I understand he is very poor ; but that we'll talk of when we meet. I told Mr Fox about the Primate's not going to the Castle as he used to do, and more particularly his not appearing there the Accession day. He says that he fancies he will now throw off all restraint, and declare himself an open enemy, as he is, in connection with all these people here ; that at the time he was well with Mr Fox he had still hopes of being so with you again ; and he and Lord George Sackville had both said things tending

<sup>1</sup> Henry Coningham (1705-81) ; cr. (1753) Baron ; (1756) Viscount ; (1781) Earl.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Hotham, Bt. (d. 1767) ; later Groom of the Bedchamber to George III.

that way ; but that as all intimacy now was over between him and them, they must of consequence give up that scheme, and all their views now are *for futurity*.

Mr Fox and my sister are both gone to town to visit the Pay Office. It's so hot I resolved to stay quietly at home and write to my Jemmy, but have been twice interrupted ; first by Lady Harrington, who loves me as dearly as ever, and since by Mrs Walsingham. She has quite recover'd the loss of her son, and has begun her Park, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall diversions again ; nothing ever did rout about to the degree she and Lady Carrick<sup>1</sup> do !

The last junction between these people was not brought about by any particular person, nor was it attended with any difficulty. They were both parties much too well inclined to have share of the Government to cause any, and both joined also in their hatred to Mr Fox, so that they soon agreed. Who wou'd have thought Lord Winchelsea wou'd have behaved so disinterestedly and with so much honour ! He is really to be admired for it !

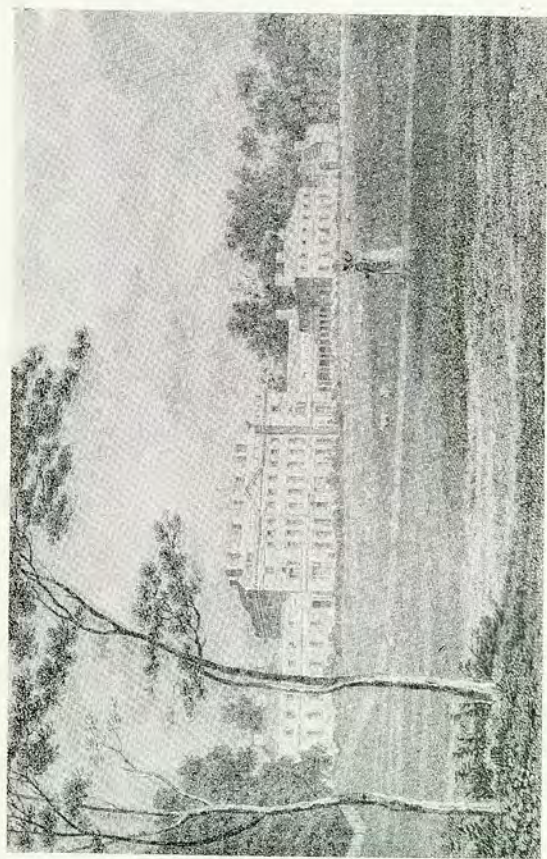
The gardener had set out by the wagon before this determination of Duncan, and so that I thought it best to make Barker write to him not to wait for us, but go on board the first ship that sailed for Dublin. I send you my copy of our agreement.

What hot weather this is ! I dread my journey, tho' I long for the end of it. I must travel slow if it continues so hot. It's impossible, my Love to take leave in all the forms before I go ; it would take up a fortnight, at least. I propose going a Sunday to the King, and that's enough indeed. I am to carry poor Tag ; that foolish Lady Carrick won't carry her, so she beg'd I wou'd, for she wants to *see the King and the Countess of Yarmouth*. It's the fashion to think Louisa and Sarah vastly alter'd. My brother has given them birthday gowns ; mine is a slight trimming, very genteel, upon lila satin. I have got one handsome dressed sack and a very slight *négligé* ; now pray is that being very extravagant ? And yet Mr Fox is the plague of my life about these clothes, and says I ruin you. He worries me from morning till night.

My scheme is to pay my old bills only, and any of the trifling new ones ; but it wou'd be too much to pay all indeed. Besides

<sup>1</sup> Juliana (1728-1804), only dau. of Henry Boyle, 1st Earl of Shannon ; m. (1745) Somerset Henry Butler ; cr. (1748) 1st Earl of Carrick.





CARTON, COUNTY KILDARE

*From an engraving of a drawing by George Peirie*

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

the people here never worry one for money, you know. Another reason is that you wou'd imagine it was all spent now that I have been here, which is not the case. My diamonds are delightful; set so well, and so useful! without any trouble.

My Jemmy, won't you have the bookcases taken down at Carton and the mouldings carved, ready to put up in the new library? I shall long to go about it the minute I come, for I shall wish to have our house look *sprucish*. Every mortal's house here is so pretty, and smart, and well furnish'd, that I do long to have ours so too a little. If old K— and old C— would die we might very well afford it; but how do people here, who can't afford it half so well as us, contrive to have things so pretty in their houses? I do believe the case is as Lady C. Duncannon<sup>1</sup> said t'other day with a good deal of truth: "that everybody in Ireland spend all they have in eating and drinking, and have no notion of any other sort of comforts in life; they don't care whether their houses or anything in them is fit to receive company—provided they can stuff them, that's enough." After all, my dear Lord K., there is a good deal of reason in what she says. I own it struck me—it's so generally the case amongst us! I hear, by the by, talking of her, that Lady Betty Ponsonby<sup>2</sup> and she are not well together. How I have scribbled! Adieu, my dearest Angel. Ever yours,

E.K.

44. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Holland House, July the 12th. [1757].

I don't expect to hear from you any more, my Jemmy, for you undoubtedly think me on the road since Sunday, the 10th. How grieved I am not to be so, nobody knows; tho', as it happens, I cou'd not have gone that day, my sister being taken ill with a feverish complaint that she has not yet got rid of. She will not be able to go with me as far as Woburn, which she once intended; but Mr Fox does. We shall set out Thursday

<sup>1</sup> Caroline, 1st dau. of William Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Devonshire; m. (1739) William Ponsonby, 1st Viscount Duncannon, (afterwards 2nd Earl of Bessborough).

<sup>2</sup> Lady Elizabeth Ponsonby; younger sister of Viscountess Duncannon.

[1757]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

evening. What immoderate hot weather this is! Many people want to persuade me that it will give me a fever to travel in it; but I shall run the risk of that, and hope that as I shall travel chiefly in the night that there is no danger of it. Mr Fox makes great fun of my impatience, and I hardly dare own how much I long to go; he laughs so much about what he calls the *end of my journey*. Your Excellency must go into weepers for the Queen of Prussia; my Excellency is getting mourning; but shan't make it up till I get to Dublin, as that would delay my journey. I am rejoiced now that I had not spent my money in buying lutestrings, which now I cou'd not wear; my winter clothes it don't interfere with. My sweet boys leave me tomorrow. I feel as if I shou'd bear this parting as well as I did that last summer; I have reconciled and accustomed myself so much to the thoughts of not living with them, that it don't appear new to me to part with them, still looking on the first time they left me as giving them up once for all, and every time I see them only as so much got. I hope you approve of my calling at Woburn; 'tis what I don't vastly like, but I have my reasons for it as you know; those things have an effect with our country people more than one imagines; have not they? I hear Charles Tisdal<sup>1</sup> is dead. What possesses old Carter to live so long? I fancy Bel: Boyle suspects your scheme, for he mention'd his dying once or twice to me with a significant look! Did you ever mention it to him? He makes me long visits here—a little tiresome, sometimes. Adieu, my Jemmy. I have had £200 from Calcraft. I don't believe it will pay all, but there is no getting the people to bring one their bills even when one wants to pay them. I am sure if I waited for all mine I shou'd not go this fortnight; it's a fault of the right side, tho', and much better than being dunn'd to the degree one is there in Dublin; if it was not for the plague of getting things over, I never wou'd have a bill there again. Once more, adieu. I'll write again a Thursday. Your,

Emily.

---

<sup>1</sup> He married (1754) a daughter of Ambrose Cramer, of Dundalk.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

1759

45. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, Tuesday the 17th April, 1759.

I fear you have had a mighty disagreeable passage, my dear Lord Kildare, the wind seemed contrary several times and but little of it. I thought of you very often, poor soul, sick and miserable, shut up in a nasty cabin all Saturday and Sunday nights ; for I dare say you did not land till yesterday morning. In the day, as it was so fine, I suppose you were upon deck ; and that to you who do not detest the sight of the sea as much as I do (if you were well), might be pleasant enough.

I went to Church Saturday morning after you were gone ; the man told me I cou'd not go to my own seat, which was not ready, for that no *quality* was ever expected at Church of a week day. I dined with your mother, who, contrary to my expectation, was very good-humoured to me ; tho' she saw me out of spirits, which is generally the time she chooses to be cross to one. We had a pleasant airing here in the evening ; it was not dark, I assure you, when we came, nor near it. Sunday morning I went to Manooth ; after church, drove almost all round the plantations ; everything look'd lovely ! I am all impatience to have these holidays over, 'tis so much time lost in my work, which I long to have completed ; but there is no hopes of any of them till the middle of the week, I'm told ! There was fine races, I assure you, just without the park wall, a field near Lyon's !<sup>1</sup> I hear there was vast numbers of people there ; post-chaises in number. All our servants ask'd leave to go ; Sarah and I stay'd at home to take care of Charles and Charlotte,<sup>2</sup> who the women wanted to carry with them, but I wou'd not consent, as you may imagine. The farmer's famous mare was one of those that run ; they say he lost a great deal of money, foolish man. Moll Bath is dress'd out, I am told, *as fine as any lady* with her cardinal, and her silks and flounces

<sup>1</sup> Co. Kildare.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Charlotte Mary Gertrude FitzGerald (1758-1836), dau. of James FitzGerald, 20th Earl of Kildare. She m. (1789) Joseph Holding Strutt, Esq., M.P. for Malden, Essex. In 1821 she was created Baroness Rayleigh.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

and *gold watch by her side*. This is all the country news. But what a simpleton am I to write you all this, who I know don't care a farthing for it. I had resolved not to enter upon the third page ; positively I will not exceed the half of it ; so adieu. Yours,

E.K.

46. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

London, Thursday, April the 19th, 1759.

My dear Emily,

I came here yesterday evening in perfect health. I met George and William in the street. They are so much grown and look so well, that when they came up to the chaise I did not recollect them at first. I don't think it is possible for them to be better, and I hear they are extremely good in every particular.

Poor Ste looks very ill, and is full of motions. I think Mr Fox and Lady Caroline look extremely well.

The Duchess of Richmond and Lord George Lennox are not yet return'd from Holland. I ask'd Lady Caroline about Lord G.'s match. She said that he says that he knows nothing of it.

I kiss'd the King's hand to-day, and was graciously received. I think he looks just as he did, but less colour, and one eye gone. I cannot be present'd to any more of the Royal Family till next Thursday, which is a great disappointment to me, for I hoped to have had all over by the next Drawing Room.

I have not seen Lady Louisa, she is out of town at Lady A. Conolly's,<sup>1</sup> where she stays till Saturday, to keep out of harm's way for three or four days. Mr Conolly<sup>2</sup> is in town and dined at Mr Fox's to-day, as also the Hillsboroughs, who are very well.

I should have been in town sooner, but my chaise broke, which did keep me a day longer upon the road than I intended.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Wentworth, dau. of Thomas Wentworth, 1st Earl of Strafford ; m. (1733) Rt. Hon. William Conolly, of Castletown, Co. Kildare, who had died in 1754.

<sup>2</sup> Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly, of Castletown (1738-1803), a Privy Councillor in Ireland ; m. (30 Dec., 1758) Lady Louisa Augusta Lennox, dau. of Charles Lennox, 2nd Duke of Richmond.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I have told George and William that they shall go to Ireland next time they brake up, which will be the last week in July, for six weeks, so that they will have a month to stay in Ireland.

I don't hear of any news, but a great want of money is complain'd of ; but that want is what you and I are very well acquainted with.

The Duchess of Bedford was at the Drawing Room at St. James's to-day ; she looks very ill. Lady Caroline Russell looks very well, and I don't think that she looks so fat as she did ; the Duke of Bedford is not in town, nor Mr Rigby, but will be next Saturday or Sunday.

I suppose you are very busy at Carton, where I expect to find everything done in the most complete manner, with as little expense as possible, when I return to my dearest Emily.

Yours,

K.

I hear a general complaint that you never date your letters—pray don't forget to date those to me.

47. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, Thursday, the 21st of April, [1759].

I don't intend plaguing you with my letters above twice a week.

This westerly wind is very unfavourable to my wishes, my dear Lord Kildare. I long to hear from you, I don't doubt your having had a good passage, but I want to know how you do.

I was interrupted just here by a visitor, who do you think ? My Lord Primate, to be sure. We had a great deal of conversation about indifferent things ; at last he stammer'd and coloured, (and looking as foolish as he cou'd for his life) and told me that besides having the honour of seeing me, he came to request a favour, which was that I wou'd permit his sister to wait upon me. You may guess I said I shou'd be glad to see her ; but now the question is whether upon this I ought not in civility to go to her ; 'tis the usual way I know in common forms, but whether I shou'd in this case I really don't know. He really is so very

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

obliging and civil that I shou'd be sorry not to do what was most so in my turn. I wish you was here to advise me ; you know I am always at a loss upon these occasions. I was two days in town ; dined with your Mother and Lady Drogheda<sup>1</sup> ; went to the play both nights. I carry'd your friend Sir Kildare's *lady* with me to Neale's Benefit ; I am afraid she will not improve the breed, for she is as fair and as silly as her husband. The first news I heard in town was that Mrs. Dancer<sup>2</sup> was gone off with Poitiers ; only think what an event, and how much Mr Leeson has to say upon the subject ! Mrs Sandford has a daughter. Maile is gone to Leinster Lodge<sup>3</sup> ; I saw but two carpenters about the house, and enquired where the others were. I was told, one in the stables, one in the drying yard, and two at the chapel ; now was not that provoking when I am in such a hurry to get the house done. For if it was possible, I wou'd get the attic storey painted while I am at Brockley Park<sup>4</sup>, where I do intend to go Wednesday sen'night ; sooner I find I cannot. I long to hear you have had an interview with the Duke of Bedford. Easter Monday I turned a woman out of the laundry at nine o'clock in the morning that had no business there ; was not that a clever exploit ? This morning I went thro' the offices below, and set Snell particularly to work scrubbing and cleaning his ; told him I *wou'd* and *must* see it clean, scolded Giles that we did not find it so—there's a wife after your own heart for you. Charles is delighted with his chaise. Kiss George and William's foreheads for me. Oh, dear, what shall I do about Mrs. Stone !

Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

48. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

London, Saturday, April 21st., 1759.

This day, my dearest Emily, I dined with the Hillsboroughs, and drank coffee with Lady Louisa, who looks extremely well, and is to have a ball next Thursday.

<sup>1</sup> Bridget (d. 1767), dau. of William Southwell ; m. (1737) Edward Moore, 5th Earl of Drogheda.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Dancer, the actress (1734-1801), she m. (1768) Spranger Barry.

<sup>3</sup> Near Athy, Co. Kildare ; a residence belonging to the Earl and Countess of Kildare.

<sup>4</sup> The seat of Lord Jocelyn (afterwards Earl of Roden).

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I have not seen the Duke of Bedford yet, as he has been out of town ; I heard he was to come to-day. There is to be a ball at Bedford House next Monday, where I am to be. Mr Rigby has been also out of town, so nothing has been said or done upon my affair as yet.

There is no sort [of] news. Everybody that you care about seem to be very well. I am going to sup at the Pay Office, where I shall remove to in a day or two, as they go to Holland House.

Adieu, my dear Emily,  
K.

49. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, April the 24th, [1759].

I am very happy, my dear Lord Kildare, to hear you had so good a passage and had no complaint of any sort on board the ship. My next, I hope, will be from London. Pray be particular in your account of Ste Fox, for you know what pain I am in about him. Our sweet boys will be happy to see you, I am sure. Mrs Stone came the day after I wrote to you ; I wou'd have returned her visit the next day, but that to save Lady Drogheda the tip which she must have given our servants had they gone purposely to fetch her, I took a jaunt to town myself, dined with your Mother, and came back at night ; but this day I intend going to Leixlip town. I am foolish enough to hate the thoughts of it, tho' Lady Drogheda's going with me, who knows Mrs Stone, will make it go off better. I am really ashamed of myself for having profited so little from *les usages du monde*, which I have always lived in the midst of, not to behave myself better on such an occasion ; but you have no notion how confused I felt when coming in from airing after dinner, I found this same lady in the print room. She was very awkward too, and said she hoped I shou'd not think her impertinent for coming *again*. You know I always thought her a very sensible, agreeable, woman. We fell by degrees into a chatty conversation enough, and this evening as there will be more people 'twill in all probability go off still better. I must tell you that your Mother has a spruce parson that dined with

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

her yesterday, who I really think she is quite in love with ; his name is Robinson—he is her Chaplain, too! Think how pleasantly Mrs Crofton and Lucy Crosbie<sup>1</sup> surprized me Sunday night at nine o'clock. They were to go out to take the air after dinner together ; one proposed coming here, the other consented, and away they drove. They supped here, lay here, and went away after breakfast the next morning to town again. Lady Mornington<sup>2</sup> has miscarry'd. Think what a fuss Pommy was in here, and Mrs. Trevor<sup>3</sup> will be (tho' in London) when she hears it ! Lady D. asked me if she might bring her son, the collegian, here. I consented, you may be sure ; he lies in the camp-bed next room to her, and runs about all day, so he is no trouble to me. Maile is still at Leinster Lodge ; the carpenters are tedious to a degree. Dear little Charles has a sore toe. The rest are all well. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

50. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, April the 24th, 1759.

I have the pleasure to inform my dearest Emily that I am perfectly well, and so are our boys.

Ste Fox was rather better yesterday, I heard, but did not hear to-day ; he is at Holland House.

I was last night at a ball at Bedford House, where there was everybody. I did not stay supper, but was at home a little after twelve o'clock.

I think I am worse received by our Lord and Lady Lieutenant than by any in London. I have not spoken to his Grace yet upon my affairs, but have put them into a dilemma in regard to the new Board's interfering with my Department. There is certainly no such thing as talking of business to either his Grace or his Secretary.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Eldest daughter of Arthur Crosbie, of Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Anne Hill (1742–1831), eldest dau. of Arthur Hill-Trevor, later 1st Viscount Dungannon ; m. (1759) Garrett Wellesley, 1st Baron Mornington, cr. (1760) Earl of Mornington. She was mother of the first Duke of Wellington.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mornington's mother.

<sup>4</sup> Richard Rigby.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

I have not been out all day, but writing a sort of case, and only stop now, as I would not let slip the opportunity of assuring my dearest Emily, that I am most tenderly her affectionate

K.

I have not had a line from Ireland since I left it.

51. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, Thursday, the 26th of April, 1759.

My dear Lord Kildare,

I thank you for giving me an account of yourself, and all those I interest myself most about where you are. Surely when you saw the dear boys so well, so improved, so glad to see you, it must have given you pleasure ; and yet you pretend to say 'tis what you never desire, when you can't have it ; you are a happy creature in that respect at least ! I am rejoiced to find their holidays begin sooner than I imagined ; but, indeed, I must have the six weeks complete here. They may set out the last week in July. Ste Fox's looking thin and ill must be expected ; but I fear'd from Louisa's expression that he was a shocking sight, and appeared at least as if his understanding was affected (tho' I know it is not so). But that sort of look, you know, is terrible. This you don't seem to have taken notice of, so I hope he may not have it.

I am glad H.M. received you graciously ; not so so much for the sake of the royal favour in itself, as for the value which the foolish people here set upon it. The presentations are mighty tiresome. I hope the dear Duke<sup>1</sup> is well ; he is the only one among them that I desire to know anything of. I don't wonder the chaise broke ; 'tis a very rotten one, I believe, from the constant use it has been in ; if you divert yourself with making a new one, as I don't doubt but you will, pray don't paint it yellow.

I made my visit at Leixlip a Tuesday ; there was Hornes, Edmonstons, etc., and a nephew of the Duchess of Bedford's, a Mr Erskine. The P.<sup>2</sup> was all complaisance, very easy, and

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

<sup>2</sup> Primate Stone.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

it was altogether much more agreeable than I expected. Yesterday evening we drank tea with poor Rosy. Lady Drogheda has walked herself into a fit of the gout. She went to bed very well last night, but I hear rested very ill. I have not seen her this morning, but Mrs Liddal tells he she had violent pain in her foot and that 'tis certainly the gout. It may confine her here a good while ; but if she can feel easy to herself and be as well attended here as in town, I shall not be at all sorry for it. You know she is the best company in the world. I did intend going to town Monday to go to the Provensale's Benefit, and setting out Wednesday for Brockly Park, but this may change my motions. I assure you there is nothing done here since you went. Maile is the disagreeablest creature to deal with in the world. I wanted to set about painting, but he does not know where the paint is to be got ; I think you told me you order'd some, but where he does not know. Your answer to his queries was *Bere<sup>1</sup> can tell* ; but he has let Bere go away without asking him. However, I have ventured to let Marshall write to your druggist, Mr Barton, for a small quantity, and have made Maile send for two men from Mr Archbold immediately to do it. I am sure you will be glad to hear I have a fine bed of double jonquilles in bloom, which delights me ; you know I have a passion for them. You can't expect any news from hence, I am sure ; and a chatty letter you don't love, but I can't help making mine a little so ; 'tis quite natural to me, so pray excuse it. Adieu. Yours,

E.K.

52. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

London, Saturday, April the 28th, 1759.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of two letters from my dear Emily, the first I have had since I left you.

I missed writing to you last Thursday, as I was in a great hurry all day ; for I kiss'd the Prince of Wales's<sup>2</sup> hand, the

<sup>1</sup> Under- gent to the Earl of Kildare.

<sup>2</sup> Prince George William Frederick, el. s. of Frederick, Prince of Wales ; cr. Prince of Wales on his father's death in 1751. He became King in 1760.

## EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Princess of Wales's,<sup>1</sup> Prince Edward's<sup>2</sup> and Princess Augusta's.<sup>3</sup> Between kissing the Prince of Wales's hand and the Princess of Wales's, I went to Lady Harrington ; and beg'd that she would be so good as choose you a birthday gown, which she has undertaken. I desired she would not consider the price, as you had nothing to do with that, and that I thought gold would be better than silver as you had so many gowns with silver in one shape or another. I have not heard of it since ; but she told me that before she fix'd upon anything that she would see all in London first, *least that after she had bought your gown that she should see one that she should like better* ; this you may believe I approved of very much. That day I dined at the Hillsboroughs', and went in the evening again to Lady Harrington's to a drum, where there was a great deal of company ; and after that to a ball at Mr Conolly's, where I saw Lord George Lennox and the Duchess of Richmond, who came to town the night before from Holland. Her Grace did not answer my expectations. Between dinner and Lady Harrington's, I went to see Lady Essex,<sup>4</sup> who sent me a message to desire I would come to see her. She looks quite thin and ill, and told me that you had not answer'd her last letter, which she had wrote to you a great while ago. I wonder'd how it could happen, for there was nobody I was sure that you had a greater regard for, etc., etc. When I was coming away, she beg'd that I would come to see her again before I went to Ireland. She has been confined these six weeks, as she is with child ; which I hope you are not, as neither you nor I wish it for some time.

Our dear boys are very well. I see but little of them, for they ride out every day with Mr Conolly by turns, and in the evenings go to Ranelagh, the opera, or the play ; where I have been twice, the first time to see the new play, call'd *The Orphan of China*,<sup>5</sup> which you ought never to go to see, for you would cry your poor dear eyes out. It was extremely well acted ;

<sup>1</sup> Princess Augusta of Saxt-Gotha (1719-72) ; widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Edward Augustus (1739-67), 2nd s. of Frederick, Prince of Wales ; cr. Duke of York, 1760.

<sup>3</sup> Princess Augusta (1737-1813), eldest dau. of Frederick, Prince of Wales ; m. (1764) William, Duke of Brunswick.

<sup>4</sup> Frances Hanbury-Williams (d. 1759) ; m. (1754) William Capell, 4th Earl of Essex.

<sup>5</sup> A tragedy by Arthur Murphy, based on Voltaire's play.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Garrick<sup>1</sup> has perform'd each night I was at the play. Barry<sup>2</sup> has engaged Masson for next winter, I am told for certain.

I don't know whether I am to believe what you say about Mrs Dancer being gone off, or not.

I have not had any conversation with the Duke of Bedford about my affairs yet. But I have had some with Mr Rigby, who I desired would tell the Duke of Bedford what I said, for I did not care to speak to his Grace till he had consider'd a little of what I told him, for I was sure he would be very hot when he heard what I had to say at first ; and if he was so to me, I could not answer for myself, but that I should be so too. Therefore, it was better to give his Grace time to consider a little of it before I saw him to speak to him about it.

Lady Caroline and Mr Fox are at Holland House. Ste has been better these two or three days past ; but I have not heard to-day, for I have been out of town at Woolwich to learn my trade<sup>3</sup> under Colonel Desoguliers, with whom I dined, and was very well entertain'd, and by seeing everything going on in the best manner in a business ; which, maybe, I shall have nothing to do with in ten days. But you know me so well that you will not be surprised at my going.

In regard to the request the Primate made you about Mrs Stone, I would certainly let her come to Carton first.

I shall see the boys to-morrow morning before they go to Eton, where they are to stay till the long breaking up, when they are to go to Ireland ; which they are very happy at the thoughts of.

I am extremely well, which you will let my Lady Dowager know.

I was going to conclude my letter here, but could not till I had assured my dearest Emily that without flattery I have seen nobody so handsome as you since I left you, tho' I have been at two balls and other places where the youngest and handsomest women have been assembled.

I am, my dear Emily, yours most tenderly,

K.

<sup>1</sup> David Garrick, the actor (1717-79).

<sup>2</sup> Spranger Barry, Irish actor-producer (1719-77).

<sup>3</sup> In 1758, the Earl of Kildare had been made Master-General of the Ordnance in Ireland. In 1760, he raised the Royal Irish Regiment of Artillery, of which he was appointed Colonel.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

53. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, Saturday, the 28th [April, 1759].

My dear Lord Kildare,

You are very good to write to me so constantly, and to tell me what you do with yourself. I have got a cold that affects my eyes sadly, so I can write but little this post. Lady Drogheda is better. Lady Kildare dined here yesterday; she is in good spirits, and seem'd pleased you had wrote to her. The work here goes on very slowly; but there is one finish'd very expeditiously out of doors that I am frightened about, least you shou'd be displeased at its being done. I walk'd one day to the kitchen garden, and was complaining how bad the way was to it. Murray<sup>1</sup> said you had given him leave once before to make a way at my request; that he had not leisure at that time to do it, but now if I pleased it shou'd be done. I was glad of this, you may be sure, and accordingly went that way a few days afterwards to see if he was about it; when, to my surprise, instead of a little path which I expected I found a great broad gravel road quite finished. It runs in a straight line almost to the back of the Pigeon House. He is a strange fellow! He says he is sure you will approve of it; and has a hundred *excellent* reasons, he says, to give you for it, besides its being a dry walk for *my Ladyship* which he is sure you will still think the best of all. One thing is the plantation will entirely hide it; and he assures me it won't cost you four pounds.

My sister has been so kind as to offer to let Sarah stay with me this summer, but as I have given my brother my word she shou'd go in May I think I cannot consent to it. Besides, if she were to stay, 'tis ten to one Bob Clements<sup>2</sup> proposes for her, which you know we have often agreed wou'd be a distress to us; she wou'd marry him I am sure with all her heart, but 'tis a match I am also sure the family wou'd not like. I thought it best to tell my sister about it, don't you think so? God bless you and keep you in good health and spirits, my dear Lord K.,

Yours most truly,

E.K.

---

<sup>1</sup> A gardener.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Clements (1732-1804), s. of Rt. Hon. Nathaniel Clements, cr. Baron Leitrim (1783); Viscount (1793); and Earl (1795). He m. (1765) Elizabeth, dau. of Clotworthy Skeffington, 1st Earl of Massereene.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

54. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, May the 1st, 1759.

My dear Emily,

Enclosed is a bill which was brought me by Mrs Corrage in person, who desired to speak to me. She presented me with it. I told her that if you had known where to have paid the money you would have done it before, but I would send it to you and when it was return'd with your approbation of the account, I would pay her. You need not be jealous; she is not in the least pretty, in my mind. Indeed, I don't see anybody pretty to my taste since I left my dear Emily. Nor don't suppose I shall till I see her again.

I have not done anything as yet with the Duke of Bedford, but have sent him a state of the affair between my Lord Rothes<sup>1</sup> and me, and hope in a few days to hear for certain about it.

I am very well, and most affectionately yours,

K.

Yesterday evening I went to see Lady Caroline Adair, who is very well.

55. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Dublin, May the 1st, [1759].

I had no letter from my dearest Lord Kildare by to-day's packet, but as Bolle and my sister Car: both write to me without mentioning you, conclude you are well. I go to Brockly Park to-morrow, and will write to you by the first post that goes out from thence; but when that will be I cannot tell. I hope soon to hear you have despatched your business to *my satisfaction*. The £1500 is a most comfortable thing to us poor wretches. Adieu. I left all well at Carton. I have a sad cold, but must go to Provensale's Benefit. My head is quite distracted with business.

God bless you. Yours,

E.K.

<sup>1</sup> John Leslie, 10th Earl of Rothes; he was attached to the Irish military staff and rose to be Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

56. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

[May 2nd, 1759.]

As I shall not have an opportunity of writing to you to-morrow, my dear Lord K., I trouble you with a few lines to-day just to tell you I am well after all my hurry of going to the play, supping at Miss Macartney's, and getting up at six. I am now just going to Brockly Park, but propose breakfasting at Russborough<sup>1</sup>; which Harry Sandford (who I know I may depend upon) says is not much out of my way, and that if I stop again a second time on the road to bait my horses, will not be too long a journey for them. I cou'd not have ventured upon this without some clever body's opinion, but he I know I may depend upon. Adieu, my dear, God bless you. I'm in a violent hurry.

Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

57. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, May the 3rd, 1759.

This day my dear Emily's gown was given to Mrs Lafor to be made up; which I flatter myself she will like, for then I shall be much pleased in having made choice of a silk both to her taste and mine. It is not a silk of last year's, but one of the first made for the next winter; I will not tell what sort it is; but it is what you will look handsomer by far in than anybody else would, that I have yet seen in England. I was at Holland House yesterday, Ste is, I think, a good deal better; little Harry<sup>2</sup> has the smallpox coming out. I have never seen him.

I dined this day with the Duchess of Richmond, and went to the play with her to see *The Orphan of China*, which I like extremely, and have sent it to you by this night's post in four covers; it's vastly well acted.

I have been with the Duke of Bedford, who is as usual. Nothing I said had any weight; and all the papers I had to show him, he said that he should look upon them as waste

<sup>1</sup> The seat of Joseph Leeson, 1st Earl of Milltown.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Edward Fox (1755-1811), 4th s. of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; he entered the Army in 1770, becoming General in 1808.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

paper. So I am going to give a Memorial to the King. All I want to do is to put him in the wrong, which will not be difficult to do ; and to resign with a good grace.

I am my dear Emily's ever affectionate

K.

I have been to see Lady Caroline Adair. Mr Fox and Lady Caroline Fox are glad I did, to break the way for them, as she said she would soon now ; but seem'd to want somebody to begin, which she was sure I would do when she heard of my coming to England. Let my Mother know I am well.

58. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Brockly Park, May the 3rd, [1759]

My dear Lord K.,

I met Lord Jocelyn's<sup>1</sup> horses between Kilcullen Bridge and Athy, which made the journey nothing to yours, and we were here in very good time. This seems to be a sweet little place, from what I can see out of the windows ; for I cannot judge any other way, for I am but just up, and 'tis very late, so adieu. You may guess how well I slept after all my fatigue.

Yours most truly,

E.K.

59. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Saturday, May the 5th, 1759.

I received my dearest Emily's letter of April the 26th yesterday and am sorry that you have been disappointed in regard to the painting of Carton House ; what you order'd about the getting of paint was right, but Bere is by this time got to Carton, and I think you cannot be at any farther loss about what should be done.

I have given your pattern sheet of India paper to Mrs Vesey, but she has not received any letter from you about what she is

<sup>1</sup> Robert Jocelyn, 2nd Viscount Jocelyn (1731-97) ; cr. (1771) Earl of Roden. He m. (1752) Anne, dau. of James Hamilton, 1st Earl of Clanbrassil.

to do in regard to it ; which you told me that you would write to her about, so I have only desired to know if it can be match'd ; I am to dine with her to-morrow, where I shall hear if it is to be got.

I have been to wait upon the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Holderness, and Mr Pitt ; as I shall again, to shew them my Memorial before I lay it before the King. I shall desire my Lord Lieutenant to present it for me, which I believe he will decline ; therefore, I am pretty sure I shall deliver it myself. I don't expect it will have any effect, but I shall have done all I can for to support the honour of the employment I have, before I resign. I wish it was all over that I might return to my dear Emily, whom I never know how much I love till I am absent a little time, and then I find that it is impossible to be happy when distant from you.

I told Lord George Lennox to-day that I heard he was going to be married to Lady S. Stewart.<sup>1</sup> He said there was nothing in it, that he never had any thoughts of it, and since his return from Holland he found it so strongly reported, that he told the Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Susan that it was what could not be ; which I am sure you will be glad to hear. Don't mention that I have told you this.

Ste is better, but I cannot give you a more particular account of him till I have the happiness to see you, my dearest Emily, again.

I heard before you told me that my Mother kept a *spruce parson*. I don't care how many she keeps provided she do's not marry one of them ; which I am not much afraid of, or her producing a brother to me, for to cut out poor William.

I hear George has been whipt since his return to Eton, but I don't know it for certain. I suppose you will hear from Bolle that they are well, as I frank'd a letter of his to you for to go by the night's post.

I think it very lucky that Lady Mornington has miscarried, for of all misfortunes a fool in one's family is one [of] the worst, for you remember the old saying : the next child one may have some hopes of.

---

<sup>1</sup>Lady Susan Stewart (d. 1805), dau. of Alexander Stewart, 6th Earl of Galloway; m. (1768) Granville Leveson-Gower, 2nd Earl Gower, afterwards Marquess of Stafford.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

The Duke is very well, and so is all the Royal Family, and have all been very civil to me.

I have no news ; I am well, and am most tenderly and affectionately yours,

K.

Compliments to Lady Drogheda ; if she is laid up at Carton still in the gout, I fear it stops your visits.

60. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Brockly Park, Sunday morning the  
9th of May, [1759].<sup>1</sup>

I am just going to Stradbally church just by this pretty place. You can't imagine anything more like the country of England than it is all round us here ; shady lanes with oak trees in the hedges, a river just under the windows, fields and meadows with paths thro' them, no stone walls, no miserable looking cabins near it—in short, just this spot is vastly pretty. The house is very small and not a comfortable one for the size ; Lucy Crosbie that came with me and Lord Clanbrasill,<sup>2</sup> who we found here, added to the family, fill it entirely. 'Tis a very dry country ; the walks about us are quite so ; we are out almost the whole day and live in the way I like, easy and comfortable. Yesterday I saw a most delightful place indeed, much beyond any place I have seen in Ireland—Ballyfin. We dined and spent the whole day there very agreeably with Mr Pole and Lady Sarah<sup>3</sup>. There is a piece of water there very like what I fancy ours will be, only broader ; fine plantations and the greatest variety of trees and flowers almost that ever I saw anywhere. I told you I was to see Russborough ; the house is really fine and the furniture magnificent, but a frightful place ; Mr Leeson carry'd us to see a very fine waterfall near it. Only think of his bringing Mrs Oliver and her two daughters, Suzy and Bob, to meet us and to entertain me ; which, indeed, they did, for I assure you none of the stories that are told of her are at all

<sup>1</sup> Wrongly dated. Correct date : May 6th.

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

<sup>3</sup> William Pole ; m. (1748) Lady Sarah Moore, dau. of Edward Moore, 5th Earl of Drogheda.

## EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

exaggerated, she surpasses anything that can be imagined. I propose leaving this place next Tuesday, for I grow *very* impatient to know how my work goes on at Carton. Adieu, my dear Soul. God bless you.

Yours,

E.K.

61. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Tuesday, May the 8th, 1759.

I am vastly sorry to hear by my dear Emily's of April the 28th, that you have got a cold that affects your eyes. I am certain it was going out some evening in the cold easterly wind, which we had also at that time here ; it did not effect me in the least. I am very well, and lament much the loss of my dearest Emily's company for so long as I have been absent, and fear as the season is drawing near for my being ill, that when I return she will only have me to nurse as last summer.

I hope to leave this some day next week ; I am quite tired of waiting and getting nothing done. I shall beg of the Duke of Bedford to present my Memorial to the King ; I have shew'd it to Mr Fox who approved of it, but is sorry that things should come to this crisis. I don't believe that he thinks me in the wrong, or that I am too warm about it, but wishes I should be in employment ; but you must have heard from your sister about it, and you know her opinion has weight with me in most things.

I agree with you about the sending of Lady Sarah, for her stay would lay us under the difficulties that you mention in your letter about the proposal, which your brother, I should think, would disapprove of, and of consequence your keeping her.

As to the walk that is made to the kitchen garden, I can have no objection to it but the expense, or its being too broad ; if you like it, and find it convenient to you, that will be sufficient for me not to disapprove of it.

Mrs Lafor promised to send your gown to me next Thursday, which I flatter myself you will like ; all the other commissions that you gave Armstrong are almost perform'd.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I hired a chariot to-day (which I said I kept by the week) to send Mrs Handcock into the city to look for India paper to match the sheet you sent. It could not be match'd anywhere nearer, and people who sell India paper think it cannot be match'd in England ; but I shall hear to-morrow or next day, and will let you know.

Enclosed is a note I received yesterday from Lady Harrington, in which she says she will pay for it. Whether she do's or not, I beg you will get a very good piece of the quantity she desires ; she has been very obliging about your gown.

I have not made a new post-chaise, or anything else. I find the passion of making is almost gone off ; it is to be thoroughly repaired, and painted the same colour it was.

I suppose George and William are well ; I have just franked a letter from Bolle to you about them.

I have a mind to make Yorkshire my way home ; if I can bring myself to defer the pleasure of seeing my dear Emily a week longer than I am obliged to do, for I long much for the pleasure of driving you about in the one-horse chaise at Carton, etc., etc.

I never see the Conollys ; they are running about everywhere like mad people, and are reckon'd the youngest couple that ever was. Everybody commends her behaviour in public, which gives me very great pleasure, and flatters me much to hear how you are spoken of upon account of it.

I have enquired about a clerk of the kitchen. La Marche was with me to recommend one, but Mr Robinson is looking out for a good one. I expect to hear from him in a day or two.

I have no good news to tell or very bad, so shall conclude with assuring my dearest Emily that I long to have the happiness of assuring her in person that I am her tender and affectionate.

K.

62. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Tuesday night, May the 8th, 1759.

I wrote to my dearest Emily this morning, but since that I have seen Mr O'Brien, who tells me that he sent a packet of consequence for Lord Inchiquin by Mr Jefferes under cover

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

to me. If any such is carried or should be carried to Kildare House, I beg, my dear, that you will open it, and if directed to Lord Inchiquin send it to my Mother, and desire she will send it as soon as possible to him, as it's about business of importance. Once more this day, or morning and evening makes no difference, I do assure you, of my sincere love and affection.

K.

63. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Tuesday night, the 11th of May<sup>1</sup>, [1759].

I am just come to town, and tho' sleepy and tired to death must tell you, my dearest Lord K., what pleasure I received from your three kind, obliging, and entertaining letters. How good you are to think of my gown, to send me a play for my amusement, and even to have so much attention for what you know pleases me as to remember to tell me about Mossop<sup>2</sup>; indeed, I feel it all, and will answer all you say in your dear letters more particularly next post.

Lord Jocelyn's horses brought me twelve mile on my road. We dined at Naas, stay'd there but two hours; but our wheel broke, and the horses lost their shoes, so all together delay'd us sadly, and I did not get here till ten. Why does a journey in Ireland of thirty miles tire one more than one in England of fourscore I can't imagine, but so it is? I am quite fatigued with it, to say the truth, I have a sad cold still hangs about me. I hope in God you escape free from one. What a provoking little mortal our Lord Lieutenant is! I can't help being very very sorry for the £1,500, tho' I am persuaded you are doing right. What says Mr Fox to all this? Good-night. I am really asleep, but always yours most affectionately,

E.K.

Pray excuse me to both my sisters for not writing to them this last week. I have hurry'd about so I have hardly found time to write to you.

---

<sup>1</sup> Wrongly dated. Correct date: May 8th.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Mossop, actor (1729-74). He was Etan in Murphy's *Orphan of China*.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

64. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday, May the 10th, [1759].

My dearest Lord Kildare,

I was yesterday evening at the Park, and this morning am setting out for Carton, where I hope to find a great deal done in my absence. I am rather better to-day than when I wrote last to you. I hope some physic Conyngham has order'd me to take to-morrow will set me quite right again. You see by that you need not fear my being like Lady Essex, but since we are upon the subject of health, why don't you tell me what Duncan says about you? I am sure he don't approve of the vomits. Of all my commissions, don't forget Ward's<sup>1</sup> drop, for I have finish'd my bottle. I wrote to Louisa for the taffeta and desired her to consult Lady Anne about it, who is mighty clever about them sort of things. The Veseys I was told had left London. My dear Lord Kildare, don't let Louisa forget the Indian paper, and if you see any you like buy it at once, for that I have will never hold out for more than three rooms, and you know we have four to do; for I have set my heart upon that which opens to the garden being done, for 'tis certainly now our best and only good living room. I really think Carton House when 'tis spruced up will be vastly pretty and full as fine as I wou'd ever wish a country house to be. I have seized upon the blue paper that was for the great room here. Don't be angry, you may have enough for that before winter, and it will make one of the middle apartments at Carton so pretty, with the fine chintz furniture lined with blue silk, that I have taken out of the old beds. I must tell you that I have made myself quite mistress of the dairy knowledge at Brockley Park, where there is the finest cream your eyes ever beheld, and have also got some hints about soap, etc., that will be very useful to me; for since my dear Lord K. leaves me so much at liberty to please myself about my house I am determined to shew him I can save his money as well as spend it.

I must say I think his Grace of B—'s expression about waste paper was a very impertinent one; you never mention the Duke of Devonshire.

I believe it was high time for the boys to go to school again;

<sup>1</sup> Joshua Ward, a quack doctor (1685-1761).

## EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

for I am sure Conolly and Louisa spoilt them sadly. Is not the Duchess of Richmond just what I told you? I hear Prince Edward is in love with her. Adieu. Yours,

E.K.

65. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Thursday, May the 10th, 1759.

I had the pleasure of three letters yesterday from my dearest Emily, and am extremely glad to find that your poor eyes were not so bad as to prevent your going to Brockley Park; which I hope answer'd your expectations, as also Russborough, which I should have thought a great deal out of your road. I wonder that you would venture yourself among all those mountains with the young Lord of the seat. I hope nothing happen'd that can cast any reflections upon me. Maybe you carried Lady Sarah there, as you did Lady Louisa and she to Castletown<sup>1</sup> and Dangan<sup>2</sup>, to shew what fine places they might be mistress's of; but the Park will I think beat all, if a journey don't prevent it.

I did not write to you one post; I forgot what it was prevented it, but I have wrote to my Emily constantly since.

The Duke of Bedford has refused to carry my Memorial to the King, so I shall, I believe, give it myself to-morrow or next day; I shall know to-day which will [be] the best, as I am to dine at Holland House, where they are all well, and Ste better than he has been for some time.

Mrs Handcock can get but two good sheets of India paper to match yours as yet, but she is gone again to-day to the last and only place that she has not been at, where there was the least chance of getting any.

I hope you have had good weather for your visits. The weather has been very fine here since the easterly winds are gone. I hope to leave this next week if possible, I don't think I shall go into Yorkshire, for I cannot think of being longer from my dearest Emily than business obliges me, and no place can be worth seing so much as to make amends for the time I lose of my Emily's company.

Yours most tenderly,

K.

<sup>1</sup> The seat of Mr. and Lady Louisa Conolly.

<sup>2</sup> Dangan Castle, Co. Meath; the seat of the Earl of Mornington.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

66. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Saturday, May the 12th, 1759.

I am sorry to put my dear Emily in mind of anything which she don't like to hear of. The great expense that all your commissions (which are very numerous) will come to is the occasion; especially those to Lady Louisa, who has not time to think of getting or looking for things as other people would, and if you will consider that she do's not care whether the same thing cost a guinea or a hundred. You will join with me, that till she is a little more acquainted with the world than it is possible she can be as yet, that she is the most improper person in England to employ. The hundred and fifty yards of taffeta is a commission that people are surprised at, and say that they believe you don't know what an expensive thing it is; and there is hardly any such thing to be got as even a hundred yards of the same pattern; besides, it cannot be brought into Ireland without it be run, and such a quantity will be very difficult to do, if possible. My dear Emily, I wish you would have wrote to me at the same time that you did to Lady Louisa to let me know what commissions you gave her; for I shall have such a sum of money to pay here for things that I know nothing of, that it will be very disagreeable. I have had a bill brought me for things you bought when you were here of £10 which I never imagined was due, and as one is come there may be more.

I call'd this morning at Spencer's to know if your picture, which I am to give Mrs Walsingham, was finish'd, as he had promised me that it should be the beginning of this week. To my great surprise he told me not, and the reason was that, since I had order'd that, you had sent him orders by Lady Louisa Conolly for two more, one of them to be enamel'd, and that they should be all done at the same time; surely my Emily has not order'd these pictures.

Your gown is made and Mrs Lafor has pack'd it up in a case, as she told me that it must not go in a trunk with anything over it, and that she had a suit of blonde for to send with it; so I desired she would put them up together. I sent another suit of blonde to her to put up also, that Lady Louisa Conolly sent here. My love, my love, it is very great pleasure to write

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

for things to be sent to one ; but the paying is not so when it's inconvenient, and it will be to me now more than I expected, for Bere has not brought near so much money from his circuit as he used to do.

I am extremely concern'd to send such a letter as this is to my dearest Emily, but she will I hope take it as a hint, and not as a lecture for what is passed.

I received a letter to-day from our little George, desiring a great many things as other boys have to wear at school. I return'd his letter, that Bolle might see what William and he wanted, and wrote to George that he might desire Bolle to get them.

I fear I shall not get away before next Saturday, which I am impatient to do, as I long much to have one of my dearest Emily's dear kisses ; tho' the first part of my letter may have the appearance of not caring for them much, yet be assured I did not feel to love you less than I have done when I have wrote before.

Everybody you know is well, and Ste I think is much better.

Yours most tenderly,

K.

67. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, May the 12th, [1759].

I can't help being very sorry, my dear Lord Kildare, when I think you are upon the point of losing this good employment, but I am sure you are right in what you do. Poor little Letablere<sup>1</sup> and I have just been mourning over the good £1,500, but it can't be help'd. He is very unlucky too, poor man, for this coolness, or rather this warmth, between the Duke of Bedford and you destroys all his little hopes, and puts an end to a mighty pretty project of his that was just coming to bear—nothing but disappointments in this world !

Here my painters are all going away and leave the work half done, half undone. I am plagued to death with them and poisoned into the bargain. My paper-man, too, has used me very ill, and I am returned to Gordon again. I am quite sick of them all. I found my poor, dear, little Emily with an ugly

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Daniel Letablere, appointed in November, Dean of Tuam.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

cough. I have a mind to take her with me when I go to Dundalk ; the change of air and journey may do her good, and I shall have her under my own eye, too. I am sure she will be very welcome there, and poor little soul it will be a great pleasure to her ; the lowness of her spirits is terrible. I am grieved to think of George's being whip'd ; Bolle does not mention it—I can't bear it I own. Oh, my dear Lord K., what a play *The Orphan of China* is ! It would kill me were I to see it ; I perfectly sobbed at hearing Sarah read it. You shou'd not have bought me this fine gown till you knew whether you kept the place or not. It was not Mrs Vesey that was to match my paper but Louisa. It was about the painted taffeta I was to write to Mrs Handcock, but was told they were set out for Dublin, so sent that commission to Louisa too, for as Lady Anne does them all for her I cou'd not choose a better body. I am afraid by all I hear that Conolly does not intend being here next winter for any time. Now nobody has more power with him than you, and I wish you wou'd represent both to Louisa and him how necessary it is for them to settle their affairs here, and how much better that wou'd be done by bringing their family and coming for some time than just to hurry over for a couple of months. I am quite miserable about it, do pique his pride by telling him of what *consequence* he may be of here. Sarah desires me particularly to give her love to you ; she is a very very pleasant companion to me ; I saw the dear one-horse chaise this morning airing in the court, and cou'd not help wishing for the time that it will carry us round the sweet grounds, when we may have all our comfortable chat pleasantly together. Adieu. Yours,

E.K.

68. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Tuesday, May the 15th, 1759.

Yesterday, I had two letters from my dearest Emily ; one of Sunday May the 9th, which was only the 6th, the other of Tuesday the 11th, which was only the 8th in England.

I am glad you liked your jaunt to Brockley Park, etc., but I am sorry to hear you have a cold. As you carried Lucy Crosbie I suppose you and she will now be as great as ever.

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I am very happy that my letters should entertain my Emily, for except writing to you, and hearing from you, I have no great pleasure here, and long much to set out for Ireland.

I cannot find that any of Miss Mac's great and good friends has ever wrote one single word about her Pension, tho' she wrote to Mr Rigby about it, and mention'd either that they had or would write for to obtain one for her.

I wish I could bring myself to the art of promising without ever intending to perform, which I am sure I never shall, for when I promise a thing of that sort I feel impatient till I do it.

There is so great a doubt whether the hundred and fifty yards of the same sort of India taffata can be got, and the price is so much, besides all the hazard of getting it safe in Ireland, that I desired Lady Louisa not to buy it till she heard again from you. I could wish my dear Emily would think of things that were not so difficult to get and so dear, if to be found, to furnish Carton with. I assure you without a joke, or even being the least cross about your commission, it is the most surprising to everybody that hears of it, both for the expense and quantity, for that sort of thing is only got by chance, and at different times as I am inform'd.

I really am so loaded with things, not only for you but others, that I don't know what to do, or how I shall get them ashore in Ireland.

I cannot say what day I shall leave this, as I am not certain whether I shall give my Memorial to the King yet. As I have wrote again to the Duke [of] Bedford by Mr Fox's desire, which he says will, if his Grace will not do anything in the affair, put him more in the wrong, that looks as if he did not think me so.

I have no news, I have had a little cold, but am pretty well. All well at Holland House, etc., etc. Ste remains better than he was when I came here, and I hope will mend, as he has not half the motion he had when I first saw him, and speaks better.

I dined last Sunday with the Duchess of Richmond, and I like her better than I did at first.

I am to go and see my Lady Fludyer<sup>1</sup> to-day, as I dine with Mr Nesbit in the City, for it is too far to go for a visit only.

I am, my dearest Emily's most tender and most affectionate.

K.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Brudenell, m. (1758) Sir Samuel Fludyer, Bart., Lord Mayor of London, 1761-2.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

69. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Tuesday, 15th of May, [1759].

My dear Lord K,

No packet has come to my hands as yet ; if there does, I will certainly take care of it, and when I am at Dundalk will leave orders for your letters to be carry'd to the Dowager Lady Kildare. I will get Lady Harrington's gown to-morrow, which I suppose must be the yellowest French white ; we have not any silk that goes by the name of cream colour, but I am sure the other is what she calls so. I am very glad you have resolved to come away and leave your Memorial to be given to the King, for I suppose you do not mean to resign till you know what notice will be taken of it, and the more time you have to consider of that step the better. If by a resignation you cou'd distress his obstinate, wrongheaded Grace, I own I wou'd give the £1,500 with pleasure, for you know I don't want that sort of spirit ; but as the only distress will be to ourselves (and a very great one, in my opinion, it is) I own I must wish you may alter your mind.

I came to town to-day ; dine at Clement's to-morrow, and did intend going to Dundalk Thursday, but your saying you shall set out this week makes me doubtful if I shall or not. I mean to return a Monday and think you can't well be here before then, but I hope to hear with more certainty to-day what time you have fix'd, and whether you pursue your Yorkshire scheme ; if you do I may make them a longer visit at Dundalk. I think I wish you may go to Yorkshire ; you will have so much pleasure, I think, in seeing all those fine seats ; at least, if I judge of you by myself, for to my taste there is no entertainment equal to it, particularly at this fine time of the year. I rejoice to hear you are so well—how can you talk of nursing, and so forth ! Don't you know that if I thought I cou'd give you a moment's ease by my care and attention, I shou'd be the happiest creature in the world. You tell me the commissions I gave Armstrong are almost finish'd, but I hope you don't forget a little paper I gave you with some also, Ward's drop among the rest. You will find Carton in sad confusion and dirt ; the house stinks enough to poison one of paint. I cannot get

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

the stove grates up. There is a combination among all the stone cutters not to work for their masters unless they give them more. This is very unlucky for us just now, tho' I wou'd not distress poor Darley<sup>1</sup> too much by pressing him when this is the case ; but Jackson's people are most intolerable. There was a sad accident happened to one of our poor painters ; he lies very ill at Carton ; you may be sure I have ordered him to be taken very great care of. I have had a sad quarrel with Barker, such a one as I think must end in his going away. Adieu. I still direct to London till I hear the day is fix'd for your leaving it. Yours,

E.K.

70. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, May the 17th, 1759.

—past 11 o'clock.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of my dear Emily's of the 12th of May in Ireland, but only the 10th English style. I should be glad to know how long it is since you have alter'd the style settled by Act of Parliament<sup>2</sup>, and by what authority, or is it that you have been convinced at Brockley Park that a style between the old and the new is more correct ?

I am very glad to hear your cold is better, but am sorry to find that you are grown so old and infirm as to get cold upon a change of weather from indifferent to fine clear sunshine. I am so well that I must bring a lady over with me, if you don't get well before I set out, which will not be till next week, and maybe not till the latter end, which will give you time to recover, so as not suffer by a little cold pig the morning I arrive at Kildare House before you are awake.

I accused my dear Emily unjustly in my last letter for giving Lady Louisa Conolly so many commissions to execute out of her own head, and without advising with anybody of more

<sup>1</sup> Members of the Darley family came from the North of England and settled in Co. Meath. They superintended the masonry of many of the stone buildings in Dublin and the province of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> The Kalendar (New Style) Act, 1750.

prudence than herself. But since that she shewed me your letter, in which you desire she would consult Lady Anne about what she is to buy. The taffeta is bought by my desire when I heard that ; but how to bring it over is a difficulty, which must be got over as you desire to have it ; as I did get over all thrown in my way when I desired to have you.

As to the India paper you want, there are patterns gone to Chester of every kind in London, for you to choose out of ; so that you will please yourself, and will be time enough before the room going into the garden comes to its turn to be furnish'd. I should advise the door next the chimney in that room to be made up like the rest of the wainscot, *of oak*, least if it is done with fir there will be a difference in the shade of the painting after it is done some time. But do you as you like about the door. I mention it that we may not be sorry afterwards, as it is of no sort of use and never open'd.

As to the paper you have taken from the large room in Kildare House, when you have used all you want of it, and know how much remains, it will not be difficult to get it match'd, therefore I do not disapprove of your making use of it.

As to letting you know what Doctor Duncan says about vomits, I don't know that he disapproves more of it that it is a bad custom, for the more one uses them the more you will require them. About two or three days ago I thought I should have had a fit of my old disorder, but it went off, and I am perfectly well. I shall not forget Ward's drops, you may depend upon it, as I think it agrees with you.

The Duke of Bedford will neither do anything himself in regard to my affairs, or refer them ; so my Memorial will be presented to the King by one who loves you most tenderly in a day or two, as I shall shew it first to the Duke of Newcastle. I long to have it over, that I may return to my poor, cld, infirm Emily, who I hope, will be glad to meet an old admirer of hers.

As to saying anything of anybody, I shall postpone it till I have more time.

Yours most tenderly,

K.

Ste is much better. Lady Louisa is not breeding.

## EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

71. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Thursday. [May 17th, 1759].

I am just setting out for Dundalk, and have only time to thank you for the very obliging letter I received from you last night—you make me quite happy by writing so funny—'tis a sign you are well and in spirits. I long to see you so, and am, my dear Jemmy, yours most truly,

E.K.

72. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Saturday, May the 19th, 1759.

As no mail came in yesterday from Ireland, I could not hear from my dearest Emily since I wrote last, but hope you found everything gone on to your satisfaction (during your absence) at Carton.

I have got ten pieces of taffeta, which I hope I shall bring safe; they cost sixty-five guineas, too much to lose at the Custom House. I have two pieces of chintz, which the Duchess of Richmond sent to me to carry to you. She had paid Mr Calcraft the ten guineas before she went to Holland, so whatever she laid out for you in Holland I must pay her. I don't know of anything she bought for you there.

I have got you two bottles of Ward's scurvy drops, least any accident should happen to one upon the road.

I shall not have the happiness of seeing my Emily by some days as soon as I expected, as I have not given my Memorial to the King yet, nor shall not till I have shewn it to the Duke of Newcastle, which I shall do next Tuesday, and beg of his Grace to mention my intention to the King of giving it, lest his Majesty should be surprised when I desire the audience and present it. I fear I must stay some days after to wait the knowing what the King will order upon it, which will prevent me leaving this till the week after next.

Last Wednesday was almost as hot a day as I ever felt, Thursday a very fine day, and yesterday as cold as at Xmas. Lady Caroline Fox told me to-day at Conolly's, where we dined,

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

that there was such a frost this morning at Holland House, that they could not mow the grass; everybody left off fires and have begun them again.

I have got a little cold upon this change of weather, but am not ill, and am going to take a vomit of mustard, by Doctor Duncan's advice, instead of horse radish. As the hour is come, I must bid my dearest Emily 'adieu till next Tuesday.

I hope I shall get a letter from you before that day, as I have no greater pleasure at this distance from you than receiving a letter wrote by you.

Armstrong is laying the things for my operation, as it's near ten o'clock, so God bless you, and believe me to be sincerely,

Your affectionate

K.

Ste is so well that he is gone to make a visit to his friends at Eton.

73. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Monday, [May] the 21st, 1759.

This day I received my dear Emily's two letters of the 12th and 15th, and am sorry to find that your works at Carton do not go on so well as I could wish. You mention a sad accident having happen'd to one of the painters at Carton, without saying what it is.

I am sorry to hear that poor Emily is not well; any place would be better for her than where there is a strong smell of paint, I believe.

As to Conolly's living in Ireland, everyone here says that he certainly will. As for my part, I don't think he or anybody else can tell what he will do. He says he will go over to Ireland the latter end of September, and stay till Xmas, and then return early in spring and stay the whole summer after this. You desire I will tell him that his affairs require his taking care of them, it will soon prove itself without my speaking to him. I think Lady Louisa seem[s] more inclined for settling here than he do's, for she wants to buy every house she sees; but they are both so young that they don't know what they are about,

## EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

or what to do with themselves. But one comfort is, that neither of them has the least harm in them, and she behaves extremely well. Lady Ann took care that Miss Conolly<sup>1</sup> made most of her visits for her.

What I wrote about George's been whip't is without foundation, and an invention of Mr Conolly's by way of a joke : you know his jokes sometime are very bad. I am sometimes uneasy particular when ladies are present, and, least they should not be understood, he repeats very often the same thing.

I am sorry *The Orphan of China* affected you so much, but I have sent you a new book of Voltaire's call'd *Candide*,<sup>2</sup> that everyone likes here extremely, and I hope will entertain you, to make amends for the play. I have also sent with it (by Colonel Honeywood) two bottles of Ward's drops. He sets out to-morrow or Wednesday morning, which I cannot do before next week. My Memorial is not yet presented to the King ; I shall give it myself. I am to shew it to-morrow to the Duke of Newcastle. Whether I shall resign or not is still in suspense. I shall not do it without I think it cannot be kept with honour : I am really concern'd upon the Doctor's<sup>3</sup> account, but it is the fate of everybody to meet with disappointments.

I have perform'd all the commissions that belong to you. As to pictures, tables, brooches, they have not been enquired after yet, and I am afraid to look for them, they will cost so much, and this year I fear will be my ruin. Carton will cost so much, and no money coming in. There never was anything like the want of money here, and in Dublin I hear it is as bad.

I wish with all my heart that I was with you to drive you this fine weather about in the chaise.

I dined at the Hillsboroughs to-day with all your brothers and sisters. My sister had such a headache that she was obliged to get up from dinner.

I am my dear Emily's most tender and affectionate

K.

Ste continues pretty well.

I write this to-night lest I should not have time to-morrow, as I am to dine at Holland House.

<sup>1</sup> Anne, 2nd dau. of Rt. Hon. William Conolly ; m. (1761) George Byng.

<sup>2</sup> *Candide*, just published.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. D. Letabiere.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

74. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Kildare House, Tuesday, the 22nd, [May, 1759].

It is a very great disappointment to me, my dear Jemmy, when I thought myself so near having the pleasure of seeing you to find you have not even fixed a day for your setting out. However, I hope some good may proceed from your staying longer where you are, and that matters may yet be settled between you and His Grace in regard to this affair. Calcraft writes Colonel Sandford word that Rigby is to be talk'd to that evening about it by H. H., meaning I suppose Mr Fox, and seems to think the Duke of Bedford very much in the wrong, from which I conclude H. H. thinks so too; tho' my sister has never once mentioned it to me, which I wonder at, but, indeed, her letters, poor soul, are all about her son's illness; but this and what you tell me looks as if he saw it in the light we do. Calcraft, and indeed everybody that wishes you well, joins in thinking that for one man to sacrifice £1,500 a year to the obstinancy of another wou'd be very wrong. Indeed, my dear Lord K., I am more of that opinion than ever; because I hear all your enemies here triumph so much in it, and are so much delighted at the thoughts of your giving up so good a thing as this is in a huff. If 'tis done when you receive this you will hate me for telling you this, but I will run the risk of that in the hopes that if you are inclined to keep the employment it may strengthen you in any such intention. 'Tis really a pretty one; it suits you, and tho' you may not carry your point just now, you perhaps will another time, with a less positive wrongheaded man than our present Lord Lieutenant.

I am very glad, my dear, that you are convinced that I did not employ Louisa *only* about the taffeta; she indeed wou'd have been a very improper person to execute a commission of such consequence. Indeed, I own I had no sort of idea that it wou'd come to so much money, having seen beds at Woburn, Petworth<sup>1</sup> and other places (not in the best apartments) of this sort. But I suppose, as you say, it was got by chance as your Mother did Lady Hillsborough's which was but £15. Now, I hope, my dear, this may make you think me a little more excusable than I must appear to be at first, knowing our

<sup>1</sup> Petworth, Sussex, seat of the Earl of Egremont.

## COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

poverty to think of such expensive furniture. The quantity was what Spring told me was necessary for our two beds, a pair of window curtains, and four chairs ; but since it cost so much I shall be almost tempted, if you approve, to hang the drawing-room with it, 'tis so elegant and beautiful a thing. However, it's time enough to think what we shall do with it when 'tis come, and since 'tis bought I must tell you I am out of my wits at the thoughts of being in possession of what I think the loveliest, sweetest thing in the world. You have no idea how delighted I am at the kind manner in which you tell me it is bought. And now, my Jemmy, what do you think is the difference between this and the frightful Nassau damask they sell in Dublin ? You wou'd not have thought that a very unreasonable demand ; well, nine shillings a yard is what they ask here for that. And Comes *Commerce*, which I just now consulted to be certain of what I am going to say, tells me that 150 yards of that comes to £67 : 10, and the sweet India taffeta stands us in £70 : 0 : 0 ; what a vast difference in the beauty ! and how little in the price ! The breadth the same, and as to India taffeta not being lasting, if anybody says it, send them to look at that at Goodwood, which has been up forty years. In short, it is as cheap *silk* furniture as one can have. I know you will smile at this, but 'tis really true.

You can't imagine how surprized I am at Spencer's saying I had bespoke two pictures, I really know nothing of them, and have made Sarah write to Louisa by to-nights post to beg she will explain it.

I came from Dundalk yesterday in a great hurry, imagining it was possible for you to be here to-day if you had set out last Saturday ; which I am now sorry for, as I hear the paint at Carton stinks most insufferably, and Dublin is shocking this fine weather. The landau wheels broke all to pieces at Drogheda ; we sent to borrow some at Platten. Harry and Ned Sandford were there ; and Mrs. Sandford. They and Mrs. Graham came in post-chaises and carry'd us to Platten, where we breakfasted and were teased to death, as you may imagine, to stay, but the fear I was in of losing a moment of your company made me refuse, and come with my own horses in Mr Belford's coach to town. I shall send it back to-morrow, and the same horses will bring back the landau. I dined to-day with Rachel, and

[1759]

EARL OF KILDARE TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

drank tea with Mrs Walsingham at Glasseneven, where she is with her father. It was a heavenly evening, and I thought of the dear one horse chaise. I am so stupid I cannot understand you about the door. Lady Clanbrassil's room at Dundalk is the prettiest thing in the world. I am pleased at sweet George's writing to you so directly about what he wanted without any roundabout ways ; it looks so like his thinking you his best friend. I hope in God he always will do so or I shall be a miserable woman ! My pen and ink is so bad I believe you can hardly read what I write. You laugh at my getting cold in fine sunshiny weather, but 'tis the easterly winds that hurt me, which often come in the finest weather and makes very cold evenings. I assure you I never felt worse in my life than I did for a week, and I thought my dear Lord K. was too well used to those sort of complaints with which one feels low and ill, tho' one may not appear so, to laugh at them in anybody else. But that is always the way with people who have no complaints of their own, and if that is the cause of your not feeling for mine, I shall joyfully and most willingly forgive you. Adieu. Yours most tenderly,

E.K.

Pray tell my sister Caroline I will write to her next post.

We hear that the Duke of Devonshire is to be marry'd to Lady Molesworth—is it true ?

75. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Thursday May the 24th, 1759.

I have not had the happiness to hear from my dear Emily since I wrote last, as no Irish mail has come from thence. I have the pleasure to think that I may with some certainty say that I shall set out from hence Monday evening or Tuesday next. I propose going to Clifden for a day, and to send for my bags to meet me there.

I shall present my Memorial to-morrow to the King, and let it rest there till I hear further.

I have nothing to inform my Emily of till I do it in the most agreeable manner to myself, which I hope will not be long.

Yours most tenderly and affectionately,

K.

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

*76. Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

May the 24th, [1759].

You can't imagine, my dear Lord Kildare, how puzzled I am with all the different accounts I hear about you. Some people will hardly believe me when I say you have not given up your employment. Mr Clements and Mr Tighe both assure me they hear the Duke of Bedford begins to hear reason, but that is what I have no notion of. In short, I grow vastly interested about it, and tremble for the £1,500, but when will you come? The Park was lovely last night; it was a sweet evening, Bob and Sal went on very well. I cou'd look at nothing, mind nothing, think of nothing, but the India taffeta; Mr Clements got it over in a box, with paper and a bill at the top from Bromwich, with the contents of the paper which lay at the top and the taffeta in the bottom. He pay'd a hundred pound for his ten pieces, so ours is not dear. What sweet furniture it is—there is nothing half so pretty for the country! This weather is most delightful, but very hot for you if you are upon the road. I shall direct to London till I hear you have fixed the day for setting out. I saw Miss Macartney at the Park. She did not say a word of her pension, but everybody says she is to have one. Why shou'd you wish to be deceitful? Think of Mrs Nicholson at the play! I cou'd hardly believe my eyes. Your Mother is vastly well, and in high spirits. When do the Hillsboroughs come? I am quite happy you don't disapprove of the blue paper nor the garden road, for when I have done anything that I imagine can possibly be disagreeable to you it hangs upon my spirits till you assure me of the contrary. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

Emily is better.

*77. Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

May the 25th, [1759].

My letter was wrote and sealed yesterday morning, my dearest Lord Kildare, before I received yours of the 19th, and when I came from the play where I went with your Mother (who lives there, by the by) it was too late to sit down and write another. I shall, therefore, answer it now, tho' it cannot go till to-morrow,

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

and leave it in town for the post, as our poor horses have been so hack'd and that I have nothing of consequence to say. It will do just as well as sending a man from Carton with my letter.

I hope as you do that I shall find everything to my satisfaction when I go to Carton ; but I very much doubt it, for the tediousness of the workmen when one is not perpetually at their heels is most intolerable.

The taffeta will, I hope, come safe. It wou'd actually break one's heart to lose it. Mine is set upon it, and I dream of it all night, without a joke 'tis the thing in the world that I have all my life most admired, and not a *whim* or *fancy* that will change, I assure you, tho' I own I have those sometimes but not in this case, upon my word. I am really grieved about the mistake, and that the Duchess shou'd have lay'd out the ten guineas, tho' she had already pay'd Mr Calcraft. For tho' a chintz is always a pretty thing I am not in immediate want of one, and *money* we always want, besides I am quite shock'd at the thoughts of my Jemmy's having such sums all at once to pay for his extravagant wife. I fear that besides distressing him it may give him some unkind thoughts about her, which she cannot bear. Apropos to these things, how very, very obliging it was in you to think of asking Lady Egremont<sup>1</sup> about the bowls. She knew nothing of them ; but they were bought by Lady Forbes, and some other china, for Mrs Sandford, which she begs you will pay at the same time you do for them you were so good as to say you would give me instead of the piece of china you gave Mrs Sandford. Hers and mine will not be above three guineas. Armstrong's stupidity about all this is astonishing. But that I will reserve for you when we meet, for the coach is just come to the door to carry me to dear sweet Carton, from whence I will not stir till I positively hear your day is fixed for setting out. I long for that day, believe me, my dearest Lord Kildare, for your company is always a comfort, pleasure, and satisfaction to me. I hope in God you are by this time perfectly recovered. Such a sudden change of weather cou'd not but affect those who have the least complaint. How you flatter me by saying you have such pleasure in my letters. I always thought you only desired to hear I was well, or I shou'd

<sup>1</sup> Alicia Maria (d. 1794), dau. of 2nd Baron Carpenter ; m. Charles Wyndham, 2nd Earl of Egremont.

[1759]

# COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

oftener have indulged myself in the pleasure of scribbling to you ; but was always afraid of tiring you. But now I must bid you adieu. Yours for ever,

E.K.

## 78. *Earl of Kildare to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Saturday, May the 26th, 1759.

Nothing can give me more pleasure than the thoughts of the happiness I shall have soon in seeing my dearest Emily ; it would be too extravagant to say what I would really give (if I had it) for that pleasure this moment.

I shall leave this next Monday evening, and lie at Clifden, where I have desired Bolle to bring our boys to see me Tuesday.

I shall get to Chester on Friday, and flatter myself I shall kiss my Emily the Tuesday after, as I shall go to Holyhead, except everything answers to go from Parkgate when I get to Chester.

I gave my Memorial to the King yesterday, who received as well as I could expect, and told me he would enquire about it. I should be glad my Emily would be in town a Saturday next, for if I should go from Parkgate, and not find her in Dublin I should be vastly disappointed. Excuse me for this hint, tho' I flatter myself that without it you would be there to meet me ; but fear prevents me leaving to you, what I have no reason to suspect, but the contrary.

Ever yours, my Emily,

K.

I shall write no more to you, for I shall be with you as soon as a letter, I hope, after this night's post or the next.

## 79. *Countess of Kildare to Earl of Kildare.*

Carton, May the 28th, [1759].

I am quite tired, my dear Lord Kildare, of expecting you next week and next week—pray let me have no more next weeks. Carton looks charmingly, and as cheerful as it can without its master, but as our favourite song says, Tho' the trees blossom, the birds sing, etc., there are no sweets in Carton Vale when he is away. Without a joke, tho', I wish you wou'd not lose all this fine weather which we shou'd enjoy so much in the dear pea-green chaise. When I came here a Friday I had the satisfaction

[1759]

COUNTESS OF KILDARE TO EARL OF KILDARE

of finding almost all the chimneys stoved and the grates put in, but the painting goes on very slowly. I don't know what I shall do with the children when we paint below, for their rooms above will smell a vast while, I fear. The painter is well again. You have heard how terribly hurt poor Jocelyn was from a kick of a horse ; and last night, Gaffney, one of your cart boys, died of a hurt which he got in the same manner—'tis really shocking ! I hate that Conolly and Louisa shou'd be two such very children as you describe them. I am sure as to her you might easily dissuade her from buying a house in London. And you might at the same time commend your own wife to her for readily agreeing from prudent motives to give up that you had in London, tho'she was fond of it and had still more reason to love England than Louisa can, having been bred up there. Conolly's simple joke about George's being whipt cost me some uneasiness ; nothing in the world almost can vex me equally to that dear boy being guilty of anything wrong, for my heart and soul is set upon his doing well, and I dare say I shall not be disappointed. I am not very sorry you have done nothing as to the great room at Kildare House. I had so much rather complete this, and both, as you say, is too much for one year. Ruined you will be indeed if you give up the Ordnance ; but think that one year's income of it pays all the expenses we are at here. Do you imagine, my dear, that if you cou'd not keep it without dishonour all your friends wou'd wish you to do it ? That wou'd not be a question, I hope, but whether your honour is really concerned in giving up this point or not is the thing to be consider'd.

The Doctor's hoped-for Deanery is not given away yet ; 'tis kept in reserve for him, I suppose, if you behave well, I assure you I am no less provoked with the Duke of Bedford than you are ; whether you keep the place or not, I shall equally dislike him always for the part he has acted. What can Mr Fox say for him ?

There is to be a fine review at the Park today ; I was much persuaded to go, but am quite tired of rambling and find myself quieter and pleasanter here than anywhere. Dear little Charles does not a little contribute to my being so ; I do doat upon him more than ever. Adieu, my dearest. Believe me ever yours most affectionately,

E.K.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

1761

80. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Monday, the 10th, [May, 1761].

I hope my dear Lord Kildare has had a pleasant journey, for I am told the weather is just such as one cou'd wish for travelling.

I write a little to-day—tho' not a post one—that I may not make my head giddy by too much at a time. Sarah's being with me is mighty comfortable. The boys sit with me the whole evening. Last night I had my two Viscounts. Lady Harrington and her daughters the night before, besides Lady Albemarle<sup>1</sup> and hers; which, added to my sister who has been here every evening, has kept me in a continual hurry of company and tired me a little; but I make up for it (now I have nobody to wait for to breakfast) by sleeping in a morning till twelve or one o'clock.

George gives himself great airs of authority in the house; one I took the liberty of putting a stop to, viz. that of ordering three dishes of meat for dinner. They are waiting now with great impatience for Mr Fox's post coach which is to go with our horses to Mr Mayne's. Your landau has something the matter with it.

There was a conversation at Whites t'other day about the Queen's<sup>2</sup> brothers, what they were, and who they were. *No matter what, who, or where*, (says Lord Bath<sup>3</sup> interrupting those who were talking, and throwing down a news-paper he held in his hand peevishly), *since Harry Fox is not one of them*. The King is mighty fond of the Queen's picture, but won't let any mortal look at it. There is to be a gallery rail'd in for Peers' daughters at the Coronation. It is say'd Mr Stanley's<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Anne, Countess of Albemarle.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Sophia, dau. of Charles Louis, Prince of Mecklenburg—Strelitz; m. George III. on September 8th.

<sup>3</sup> William Pulteney (1682–1764); cr. (1742) Earl of Bath; wit, orator, and one time opponent of Sir R. Walpole.

<sup>4</sup> Hans Stanley (1720–80), chargé d'Affaires at Paris, 1761.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

proposals for peace have been rejected with disdain by the French, and that peace is farther off than ever.

Sir James Lowther is to be made a peer before the Coronation.

I am all over bug-bites, in such a condition as you never saw ; I hope they won't get to my poor little Brat.<sup>1</sup>

*Tuesday morning.*

Tormented all night with these bugs ; cou'd not sleep. The Doctor and Mrs Moss advise me to go to the next room, and have my bed taken to pieces and examined.

Mr Fox has just been here ; says the Bishop of Norwich<sup>2</sup> is to be Bishop of London by Lord Talbot's<sup>3</sup> interest. It's a matter of surprize to all the world, as the King has professed disliking him of all people. Perhaps this is old news, but I shall write you all I hear. At present I have nothing more to add but that I am extremely well and affectionately yours,

E.K.

81. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 13th of August, [1761].

I had no letter from you yesterday, my dear Lord K., which was a disappointment to me, tho' I will hope you were not prevented by illness ; in all probability you have had a fine passage.

This morning I had a long conversation with Mrs Clarke, our new housekeeper. She seems a sensible, notable, genteel sort of woman ; not fine, but just the manner to create a little respect from the under-servants, and enters perfectly into our schemes. We are to give her £25 E. the first year, and £30 E. if we approve of her afterwards. I told her the allowance for tea and sugar, and that for strangers'-servants when at Carton. I like her vastly, and so will you, I am certain. She has quite persuaded me to have a housekeeper's maid, and shew'd me the necessity of it ; she is to take one over with her from

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

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Hayter (1702-62), Bp. of Norwich, 1749 ; of London, 1761.

<sup>3</sup> William Talbot (1710-82) ; cr. (previous March) Earl Talbot ; Steward of the Household, 1761.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

hence. She wants if you approve of it to set out soon ; as she says she wou'd choose to know all the places, furniture, etc., perfectly before we go over, or else she shall appear awkward and stupid to us. My only objection is that we not being there her authority may not be so well establish'd as if we were on the spot to support her ; but that may be removed by Bere's undertaking to settle her on a proper footing in the family at first. I am much mistaken if she don't answer our purpose.

Yesterday being determined to grow notable now I am well and in spirits again, I look'd over the house accounts. It's well I did, for you wou'd have been ruined in fruit cakes and tarts if I had not made a little regulation about it.

I know no news, so you must be content with hearing of family affairs this post. My four boys and I are all well, Charles more ridiculous than ever. Mr Fox is gone to Woburn, my sister and Charles Fox both complaining ; so I see but little of the Holland House people. Sarah is a vast comfort to me. I go to bed exactly at ten o'clock, which does me good, I find. I have got into my outward room, and am going to dine upon a fine pheasant Lady Harrington has sent me.

This minute I received your letter, which has made me quite happy. I dreaded your having the asthma on the road, which, having Mr Ward with you, wou'd have been more distressing than usual. What a creature Bonfoy<sup>1</sup> is ! You were in the right not to trust his dilatoriness, but to go the surest way. You will be at sea, I fancy, to-day and the wind is brisk and fair, I am told ; so I hope you may lie at Kildare House to-night. God bless you, my dear, believe me ever yours,

E.K.

82. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Saturday, August the 15th, [1761].

My dear Jemmy, neither George or William have been well since I wrote to you. George is, thank God, much better. He went to bathe at a place call'd Peerless Pool, and came home seized with a violent pain in his side, for which he was im-

<sup>1</sup> Probably Nicholas Bonfoy of Abbots Ripton, Huntingdonshire.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

mediately blooded, and in all probability saved him from a pleurisy. Mr Adair,<sup>1</sup> who they sent for, found poor little William in such torture with an imposthume in his ear and the side of his head that he apply'd poultices immediately, or it might have been, he says, an ugly thing ; and to-day he bled him and makes him keep his bed. He is at the lodging, George at home. It was necessary to part them. Little Brat, too, has been sick, and is not well yet, so I have been in a sad fuss. My brother is come to town and begs I wou'd desire you to let Cecilia<sup>2</sup> come over in the ship with you, and he wou'd convey her to town from Chester to see the Coronation. I told him I wou'd write to you about it, tho' I believed it was a scheme you wou'd not approve of. Send me such an answer as I may shew him and keep myself out of the scrape.

The Council has been sitting these two days till very late about the peace. I hear the proposals that we sent the French, with their answer, is to be made public, to convince the people that our Ministers have not been unreasonable, and the necessity of further supplies for carrying on the war.

Lord Anson is arrived in the Elbe, so we may soon have the Queen over. Everybody talks of going out to meet her in barges.

The Hereditary Prince's brother is dead. The ball was got out of his body in a most extraordinary manner, by the common way of digestion, of which they say it is perhaps the only instance. This news I had from Lady Mary Forbes.<sup>3</sup>

Little Harry Fox I just now hear has got a fever. Lady Susan<sup>4</sup> is come, so Sarah goes to Holland House for a night or two, and returns when Lady Susan goes to Mrs Digby's.

I have got the same velvet and petticoat for the Coronation as Lady Harrington. She took all the trouble of it for me. Only think how dear everything for it is ; the gold rope that is to go round our waists and to tie the mantle on the shoulders, the Duchess of Richmond gave £18 for this morning ! I have

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Adair, surgeon.

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

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary Capel, dau. of William Capel, 3rd Earl of Essex ; m. (Aug. 1758), Admiral John Forbes, Lord of the Admiralty, 1756-63.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, el. dau. of Stephen Fox, 1st Earl of Ilchester : she m. (1764) William O'Brien, an actor.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

not got mine; I hope Mr Sanxey will let me have it cheaper; it looks not worth above two or three guineas. How can the poor Scotch peeresses afford to walk, such as Lady Halkerton,<sup>1</sup> for example, who has wrote to my sister to provide everything for her? I don't write to Lady Kildare, as you will tell her I am well, and holding down my head much makes it ache. I long to hear from you when you get to dear, sweet Carton. Adieu, my dear Lord Kildare. Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

83. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Monday, the 17th of August, [1761].

I long to hear of your landing, my dearest Lord Kildare, tho' I make no doubt but you had a fine passage. The boys are all better, thank God; George quite well. Mr Adair says William's is owing to bad humours in his blood, and is very earnest to have him made to use exercise and eat less. He says it is of real consequence to attend to this, and that he ought to have a horse kept for him, since he don't use the common exercise of boys in running about and playing at cricket, ball, or any of those stirring amusements.

The Council have agreed to reject the terms of peace sent us from France, which are as high and as impertinent as if they had a hundred thousand men at Knightsbridge. Some people say the best thing we can do is to withdraw all our troops and give Germany up to them entirely, keep our conquests in America, etc., and *much good may it do them with the rest!* It's say'd all people in employment are to give one year's income if we go on with the War, and a voluntary subscription to be made by all those who have estates and property. You will pity the poor Duke and Duchess of Leeds<sup>2</sup>, I am sure! Lord Carmarthen<sup>3</sup> had been twice inoculated. The last time he had the regular small-pox fever, his arm ran, and a few

<sup>1</sup> Lady Falconer (1731-1814); wife of Alexander Falconer, 5th Lord Falconer of Halkertown.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Osborne (1713-89), 4th Duke of Leeds; m. (1740) Lady Mary Godolphin, dau. of Francis Godolphin, 2nd Earl of Godolphin.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Osborne, Marquess of Carmarthen, el. s. of Thomas Osborne, 4th Duke of Leeds; d. of smallpox on Aug. 15th, aged 13 years.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

pimples appear'd, but did not stay out the right time. However, Sir Edward Wilmot<sup>1</sup> and all the physical people agreed he wou'd never have it. Upon this assurance they ventured to put him to Westminster School, where he caught the very worse sort, naturally, and died the day before yesterday.

I am to have a half-crown Loo party this evening for Lady Harrington. She has really been vastly good to me, been here almost every evening. I have never been alone, some one body or other constantly dropping in; numbers come to town to buy Wedding clothes. I had a Dutch cousin Bylande to see me t'other day, who the last time he was here in England found me lying-in; *apparemment la famille de Mi Ladi doit être assez nombreuse*, says the man, which diverted Sarah and Lord Powerscourt prodigiously. They told him it was true, for that I had done nothing but lie-in ever since. Lord Powerscourt lounges away some part of every evening here. If he comes early we make him read *Tom Jones* to us, which diverts the boys. Indeed they are mighty good to me, and hardly ever leave me. You will say they have been sick and cou'd not do better, and I must acknowledge that may possibly be the case. They have been out but one evening since you left me, which was the day they were at Mr. Maynes. George desires me to tell you the horse is better; he is mighty careful of his charge. I shall finish this letter to-morrow, till when adieu, my dear Jemmy.

*Tuesday, the 18th.* My Loo party turned out very ill. I lost fourteen guineas, and Lady Harrington was so noisy and overbearing that she tired me to death. Mr. Fox was here this morning. I cou'd get no news from him but that Drummond,<sup>2</sup> Bishop of Salisbury, brother to Lord Kinnoull,<sup>3</sup> was to be Archbishop of York and that peace is farther off than ever. It is his opinion, he says, that we shall have war as long as either country has a farthing to carry it on.

Little Joe: Henry<sup>4</sup> is come to England; Lord Charlemont<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward Wilmot (1693-1786), celebrated physician; cr. a Baronet, 1759.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Robert Drummond (1711-76), Bishop of St. Asaph, 1748-61; Bishop of Salisbury, 1761; Archbishop of York till his death in 1776.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Hay (1710-87), 8th Earl of Kinnoull.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph Henry, of Straffan; m. (1764) Lady Catherine Rawdon, dau. of John Rawdon, 1st Earl of Moira.

<sup>5</sup> James Caulfield, Viscount Charlemont (1728-99); cr. (1763) 1st Earl Charlemont, Irish statesman. He was chosen Commander-in-chief of the Irish Volunteers, 1780.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

ask'd my leave to present him to me. Lady Harrington says she is sure Lord Kildare will execute any commissions of hers with pleasure, and therefore desires he will send her a blue poplin like the enclosed pattern, enough for a sack and petticoat. The boys are all well. Adieu. Believe me ever affectionately yours,  
E.K.

84. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

August the 20th, [1761].

I thank you, my dear Lord Kildare, for your kind letter from Dublin. I assure you I look'd upon the manner in which you left me as an attention to the weak situation I was in, not as proceeding from any want of tenderness, but the contrary, so pray be quite satisfy'd on that head.

What a lucky man Lord Hillsborough is! Why won't people leave our poor children such good things? I have a second, third, and fourth son at their service if they want heirs.

Sarah is come to stay with me again, Lady Susan going to Ditton, Mr Fox and my sister to Sussex to see another place by the sea-side. Harry is well again.

Lady Susan is just come from Court to dine here. She says His Majesty did not look the least out of countenance when he spoke to her.

Mrs Clarke, my new housekeeper, is upon the look out for a maid, and then will set out for Ireland.

I go on mighty well in the notable style, look over the accounts, scold Snell for buying expensive fruit for the boys, etc.

I send you a letter from Louisa that I opened by mistake. The Queen is expected Monday or Tuesday. There is no news; at least I have seen nobody that cou'd tell me any, so adieu. God bless you, my dear Jemmy. Yours,  
E.K.

85. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

August the 22nd, [1761].

By this time, my dear Lord Kildare, you have had the satisfaction of seeing your piece of water; which I hope is executed to your mind, for then I know it will be so to mine, as our taste in these sort of things generally agree. I shall

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

expect an account of everything at dear, sweet Carton—the children not excepted.

I have at last got a man for Charles, vastly well recommended, speaks good French, and is not of the common sort, writes it and reads it well. But I cou'd not get him under £15 a year. I remember you once say'd you wou'd go to that, but wou'd not have him out of livery, and with much ado I got over that article. I told Marshal that I believed as Jacob had wore his clothes so short a time they might serve this man; but he says the frock is too short, the man being tall. Our now having another little boy made me still more desirous to have this man, as he will probably, if we like him, stay on with the little one when Charles goes to school. Charles now lives at the door with a seraglio of little girls all about him that he doats upon. He dined with them last Sunday at some of their houses and attended them to church in the evening.

Mrs Clarke comes here every day about the maid she is to take over with her, so that I have frequent conversations with her, and I like her better and better. That disposition to talk so much to one about the servants is a good sign in itself. She seems very difficult too in her choice of this maid, who is to be upon the footing of an upper housemaid.

Mr Stopford is going to be marry'd to a relation of mine, a pretty agreeable girl, Miss Powis, daughter to Lady Mary Bowlby.<sup>1</sup> She has £20,000 fortune.

I hear the Irish peers are to make their demand of walking at the Coronation. Lord Charlemont and Lord Farnham<sup>2</sup> are the two who are most eager about it; they wanted to draw in Lord Powerscourt, but he declared he wou'd have nothing to do with it.

You can't imagine what a racket the Holland House people make with this new Mr Macartney<sup>3</sup>; he rivals Lord Shelburne,<sup>4</sup> I think. Adieu, my dear Jemmy. Yours affectionately,

E.K.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Brudenell, eldest dau. of George Brudenell, 3rd Earl of Cardigan. She m. (1) Richard Powis, (2) Thomas Bowlby.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Maxwell (d. 1779), 2nd Lord Farnham; cr. Viscount (1760), Earl of Farnham, 1763.

<sup>3</sup> George Macartney (1737–1806), diplomatist; knighted 1764; cr. (1776) Lord Macartney; (1792) Viscount; and (1794) Earl. He m. (1768) Lady Jane Stuart, 2nd dau. of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute. He was a close friend of Lord Holland's family.

<sup>4</sup> William Petty (1737–1805), 2nd Earl of Shelburne; cr. (1784) Marquess of Lansdowne. He was Prime Minister, 1782–3.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

86. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

August the 27th, [1761].

My dear Jemmy,

I did not give your written message to my brother, but only told him that you did not approve of the scheme. For to tell you the truth, there was a sort of appearance of huff in it, that as he is warm and sometimes wrong-headed might make him take it ill of you ; which wou'd vex me, as he really is vastly kind and obliging to me just now. He has been a great deal in town, and both him and the Duchess have been here almost every day playing at silver Loo ; at which, by the by, I am as unlucky as at the deep Loo, playing as carefully, too, as at the other, but I lose five and six guineas continually. Sunday I am to have the Bedfords. If I cou'd have one good night at their Loo, it wou'd retrieve my broken fortune. The Duchess press'd me much to go to Woburn before the Coronation, said the Duke of Bedford took it very kindly of you to dine with them in a family way. He quitted the Council in a great huff, because Mr Pitt wou'd not allow of any alteration in the letter to France. There is sad disturbance among the Ministers. Mr Fox and the Duke of Devonshire, who is as usual frightened out of his wits, have long conversations. This is what I pick up from my sister, for I hardly ever see Mr Fox, and tho' I begg'd of him to tell me news for you he never does ; surely he is vastly alter'd. Only think of poor Lord Powerscourt's having a fit of the gout ! It wou'd do him good if he coax'd it and nursed it like Bob Sandford. But he will go out with it, sometimes laughing, sometimes swearing at it, suffers a great deal, tho' he affects to rattle it off both in mind and body about it, for the terrible example it made of his father (who, they say, was a miserable object for many years) frightens him, which I don't wonder at ; his stomach is as bad as ever. I have been interrupted in my writing by Lady Betty Cobb.<sup>1</sup> All Ireland is coming to the Coronation I find ; I have not seen any of them yet, except her Ladyship. The wind is quite contrary to the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Beresford, youngest dau. of Marcus Beresford, 1st Earl of Tyrone ; m. (1751) Thomas Cobbe, only s. of Charles Cobbe, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

Queen, the King is seen holding up his handkerchief upon the end of his whip every day when he rides out to try how it will be. Furnace had a letter from Mrs Murray telling her that the laundry maid at Carton begg'd to have a help two days in the week, to which I wou'd not agree without your approbation ; but as she is an exceeding good servant, and that Furnace, Nelly and all of them agree the work is a great deal for one person, I shou'd think she might have some help allow'd her till the family returns ; but of this you are the best judge, so I shall send no answer. I do intend the maid we hire shall be a sort of upper housemaid ; the gadding about I have charged Mrs Clarke to put a stop to. The scheme you mention of having only one standing maid (if one may use the expression) at each house, and one to go backwards and forwards, was what I always liked, but you will not find it easy to make Mrs Bolle agree to it. Mrs Clarke is mighty nice about getting one to her mind. I fancy she can hardly set out before you come ; but if she does I will follow your directions in regard to money, etc. I hope to hear something of your setting out in your next letter. How happy I am to hear you continue so well ! Poor Lady Drogheda, I pity her sincerely about her son. No grief I believe goes nearer to the heart than the misbehaviour of one's children. Ours are all well, thank God ! I shou'd think the heaps of dirt about the piece of water took off from its beauty very much for the present. I shall be very impatient, I am afraid, for their removal. I was sure all along that there was a good deal of prejudice in the representations against Satturthwaite.

The Primate's behaviour is just as I imagined it wou'd be ; what a fine living Lord Halifax has given Mr Young<sup>1</sup> ! The boys must look out for another tutor at Eton. Only think of his doubting whether he shou'd accept it, which he did for some time, but Mr Fox persuaded him at last.

Mr Fox is come to live in town—quite a fine gentleman ! I hope you have not say'd a word to Cecilia about my brother's proposal. Mr Fox and my sister will be very mad with you, for they were violent about it. Sarah says Mr Fox was mighty angry with you for what you said one night about inoculation. You can't imagine how Lady Betty Cobb seem'd to respect

<sup>1</sup> Edward Young, successively Bishop of Dromore (1763) and of Ferns (1765).

[1761]

# MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

*the Lady Marchioness.* God bless my dear Marquis ; I have tired him with nonsense, I am afraid. Ever yours affectionately,  
E.K.

## 87. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

September the 1st, [1761].

It seems an age since I wrote to you, my dear Lord K. My queer head wou'd not let me have that pleasure the day I took physic, but George is a very good little secretary. Your youngest boy was christened last night by the name of Henry ; he is a fine little fellow. Lady Harrington and I have reason to complain of our two gossips, who never paid us the civility of a kiss. Lord A. came from Windsor on purpose to stand, and return'd immediately. Lord P., who is not at all well, the gout flying all about him, fell asleep on the sofa ; so I had much ado to make up a little Loo for Lady Harrington. Everybody hates to play with her. I shall leave you to make your own excuses to her when you come about the stuff. To be sure you are abominable, considering her fondness for you. Poor Lady Stafford<sup>1</sup> is dead ! Lord Farnham almost distracted ; you can't imagine how it shocks me to see the straw lying still before the door ! It was a fever that carry'd her off. She was brought to bed very safely. Her son is well. I dread seeing her go by to be buried. You know what a fool I am about all those sort of things ; she has cost me some tears already.

Dear little Charles is lame ; he has a sore leg. I have had quite an hospital here, but I hope it won't signify. He is mighty comical about it, calls it the gout. His new man goes on vastly well with him. He seems a mighty good creature and not stupid as the Swiss mostly are ; he is very young, but mighty sober. I have been out of a morning and not got any cold by it. I made Truesdale quite happy by telling him you were so well. I hope in God you will continue so. If the laundry-maid is breeding we certainly have no loss of her ; otherwise she is a good servant, but the disorder she had the last time will very probably return.

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Cantillon, dau. of Robert Cantillon ; m. (1) (1743) Henry Stafford Howard, 3rd Earl of Stafford ; (2) Robert Maxwell, 2nd Lord (later Earl of) Farnham.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

I had a letter yesterday from Sandford notifying her sister's marriage with our frisky uncle ! I told you he cou'd never be happy without a wife or a Miss Drury.<sup>1</sup> I can't help being mighty glad of it, for I like her and love him, and after all, poor man, why not spend his days happily and in comfort. Everybody makes such a rout about the hardship of the case to the O'Briens—it quite provokes me. It may be some disappointment, I will allow, but there is no injustice or hardship in it that I can see. They will be mighty mad to be sure. Sandford, I can see, enjoys its vexing Mrs Nicholson as much as any part of it ; this between ourselves tho'.

There is some good news about the King of Prussia, which I suppose you will see in the newspapers. One is quite tired of expecting this same Queen, who in all probability is put back by the contrary wind, which now seems quite set in. Alas ! alas ! the Duke of Marlborough<sup>2</sup> is come, saw Sarah at Ranelagh, took no notice of her, and walk'd all night with Lady Caroline Russell ! Is not it quite mortifying ? This is an unlucky year for our poor little Sal. Lord Charlemont is now giving himself a vast deal of trouble about the Irish peers walking at the Wedding, which it seems is disputed. Lord Halifax has given in a representation to the King of the different cases where there has been precedents of their walking ; which, if rightly stated, the King say'd they certainly ought, and that he wou'd call a Privy Council to sit upon it. Adieu, my dear Gemmy. Believe me ever your truly affectionate,

E.K.

88. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

September the 3rd, [1761].

I was afraid, my dear Lord Kildare, it was impossible but that you must have some return of your complaint in all this time. Upon the whole you have kept surprizingly well, thank God, and will I hope continue so. I was vastly diverted with what

<sup>1</sup> 'Miss Drury' (subsequently Countess of Buckinghamshire), favourite mistress of Lord Halifax.

<sup>2</sup> George Spencer (1741-1817), 4th Duke of Marlborough ; m. (1762) Lady Caroline Russell, dau. of John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

you say in your last letter about Charles, who is now paying for his wickedness, being confined with a sore leg, which he first hurt by a fall out of a cart with one of his girls, as he calls them. Truesdale says he has a great sharpness in his blood, or it wou'd have been well long ago.

My new post chaise is vastly pretty, but wants some additions which you will make to it when you come. As for the Queen, one is quite tired of expecting her. She has stayed so long that I am afraid, unless I confine myself entirely, I must go to Court upon the Wedding. I am perfectly well and have got no cold by going abroad.

I dare say Nesbit entertained you very well with his accounts of people and things.

Lady Mornington and Mrs Crofton are grown so frisky that I never see them; they live at Ranelagh, and in public.

I have a silver Loo party for the Duchess almost every night, and lose all my money; but what can one do? Cards are a necessary evil. I can't venture to go to stay at Holland House yet a while. I shou'd be kill'd there, I know, for I cou'd not (even for my first visit, which I thought a little unkind) get them to keep the doors and windows shut. I really found it very cold, but I saw it was thought affectation and fancy. They play at quadrille there now every night to divert Lady Susan, who I like less than ever. Adieu, my dear. Yours most tenderly,

E.K.

89. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

September the 5th, [1761].

I had no letter from you yesterday, my dear Lord Kildare, but conclude you are well. Berdez tells me little Louisa is not quite as much so as I cou'd wish. Take care of her for me, pretty angel, for I doat upon it. Charles breaks out in scabs and blotches more and more every day; both his feet sore. He bears the confinement vastly well, which I attribute chiefly to his man, who diverts him all day, and is good humour itself. Mrs Clarke has got a maid at last to her liking, and they set out next Monday sennight. Our weather is mighty fine.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

I can't say I get much strength, tho' I am perfectly well. The Duchess makes me rake a little now and then. You know she loves sitting up ; so I give her a little cold meat after our Loo, which keeps one up later than my usual hour, and don't agree with me. I shall not do it any more, tho' 'tis pleasant enough. There is a sad fuss among the Lords of the Bed Chamber and the Groom of the Stole about putting on the King's shirt. This subject has almost put that of the Wedding and Coronation out of fashion ; one is sick of them all I think. The Duchess of Bedford lives at Ranelagh now, where she seldom or never went before. It's taken great notice of, as it is since the Duke of Marlborough's arrival that their passion for it has begun. My sister carry'd Sal one night, but to no purpose. When shall I hear you are set out ? Adieu, my dear Jemmy.

Yours,

E.K.

90. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

September the 8th, [1761].

My dear Lord Kildare,

The King is just now marrying ; all the world is gone to see the ceremony. The Irish nobility do walk, notwithstanding Lord Delawarr,<sup>1</sup> the Duke of Bedford, and many more who opposed it warmly. There was a Council sat upon it last Saturday ; they referr'd it to the King. The King says he has not leisure to decide on so important a point, but that it is his pleasure that such of the Irish nobility as are at the wedding do walk. Lady Brandon<sup>2</sup> is for erecting a statue to Lord Charlemont in gratitude for the pains he has taken to carry this point. I am vastly obliged to Lady K. for her roses. You will not, I hope, receive this letter if you set out as soon as you intended. Only think how unlucky I was to come to Lady Harrington's just ten minutes too late to see the first meeting between the King and Queen. The coach drove thro' the park,

<sup>1</sup> John West (1693-1766), 7th Lord Delawarr ; cr. Earl, 1761.

<sup>2</sup> Ellis (1709-80), dau. of James Agar ; cr. (1758) Countess of Brandon for life. She m. (1) Theobald Bourke, 7th Viscount Mayo. (2) Francis Bermingham, Lord Athenry.

[1761]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

stopp'd at the garden door, which the King opened himself. She threw herself at his feet, he raised her up, embraced her and led her thro' the garden up the steps into the Palace. All this they saw from Lady Harrington's wall as plain as possible. She is tall, has a fine air, and brown hair like mine—this is all that anybody yet knows ; to-morrow I shall hear all about her. Charles is firing squibs at the door, and is mighty happy ; he is all over scabs at present. The dear boys according to your directions went to school last Sunday morning. I made them very happy the night before by giving them and half a dozen of their schoolfellows a fiddle ; Lady Molesworth's daughters and Lady Harrington's made up a good set. They danced till eleven, had a little cold supper, went to bed by twelve. I really owed them this for their goodness to me. I assure you they never once left me the whole time they stay'd, except for two or three hours in a morning ; besides, they lost a great deal of pleasure by not going to Ireland and my lying-in in town. Adieu, my dear Lord K. Ever yours,

E.K.

91. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

September the 8th, [1761].

As I hope, my dear Lord Kildare, you set out when you intended it, this letter may meet you at Chester. I have wrote to Dublin besides, with an account of the Queen's arrival, etc., but I flatter myself your curiosity will soon be satisfy'd about her now, if you are on the road as I wish. Before I received your letter, I had ask'd company for next Saturday ; which I am now mighty sorry for, as probably you will come that day and that it will be uncomfortable to us both. The girls had plagued me to give them a silver faro party with Mr. Selwyn, and unluckily Saturday was fix'd for it. I shall wish them all hang'd if you shou'd happen to arrive just then. Adieu. I shall write on till I hear you are set out. Yours,

E.K.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

1762

92. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, April the 6th, 1762.

I had the great pleasure of hearing from my dearest Emily to-day, and find she has fix'd her ball for the 27th. I hope I shall get away from hence pretty soon, for I find by Lord Bute, who I saw this morning, that a great deal of the delay in my affairs were owing to my not been here to explain some things ; but when they are to be explain'd, I cannot say, as Lord Egremont<sup>1</sup> will not do any business till next week.

Mr. Fox had a great deal of company at dinner to-day, and told Charles Fox and our boys that they must dine abroad ; upon [which] I invited them to dine with me. So I gave them, Dean Letablere, and Dean Dixon's son, a dinner at the St Alban's Tavern<sup>2</sup>, and after dinner a guinea apiece to the boys ; so I gave them meat, drink, and money, all which they seem'd to enjoy.

Tell Lord and Lady Hillsborough I call'd this morning at Hanover Square to see Lord Kilwarlin,<sup>3</sup> as I imagined he was in town for the holidays, but he was not ; he is very well.

Lord Harrington's servant, whom Lord Petersham<sup>4</sup> cut in the leg, is now out of danger.

Mr Fox and Lady Caroline are uneasy at not hearing from, or of, Ste Fox from Paris, as he was not very well when the last letters came from thence of the 5th of last month.

The Lady Bunbury you saw by the papers was dead, was mother to our brother that is to be.<sup>5</sup> It's likely Sir William will marry again, which will not be quite so well for Lady Sarah ; she is not so fat as she was. Lady Caroline looks very

<sup>1</sup> Secretary of State for Southern Department.

<sup>2</sup> Near Pall Mall.

<sup>3</sup> Arthur Hill (1753-1801), Viscount Kilwarlin, son of Willes Hill, 1st Earl of Hillsborough (cr. Marquess of Downshire) ; whom he succ. 1793.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Stanhope (1753-1829), Viscount Petersham, eldest s. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington, whom he succ. 1779.

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Charles Bunbury (1740-1821), son and heir of Sir William Bunbury, Bart., and of Eleanor Graham, Lady Bunbury ; succ. his father as 6th Baronet, 1764. On 2 June, 1762 he m. Lady Sarah Lennox ; she divorced him in 1776.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

well. Mr Fox's cold is not quite well, but is better ; he does not look well.

I am, my dearest Emily's most tender and affectionate,  
K.

Not the least sign of spring yet ; there never was known so backward a season.

The Richmond family are not come to town yet, nor nobody knows when they will, tho' they were expected yesterday.

93. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Thursday, April the 8th, 1762.

I have not heard from my dear Emily since I wrote last, nor can I expect it while this easterly wind lasts, which tho' there is sunshine, yet the wind is very cold and sharp, and keeps back the spring.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady George Lennox<sup>1</sup> are come to town. I dined with them to-day at the Pay Office, when there was not the least coolness to the last of the ladies, and everything seems to be quite forgot, which I was glad to see.

I am to dine to-morrow at the Duke of Richmond's, who has been so obliging as to offer me apartments at White Hall, which I thank'd him for ; but shall remain in my indifferent lodgings, which you know me enough to be sensible that I prefer anything where I can do as I please, better than any place where there is likely to be any constraint. Besides, I don't believe if I was to lie at White Hall I could ever sleep, for thinking that in that house it was that I first took possession of that which for about fifteen years I have enjoy'd, and still have the greatest love, and the happiness of my life depends upon.

Our boys are very well.

I am my dearest Emily's most affectionate

K.

Let my mother know I am well.

I have read Grammont's *Memoirs*, which entertain'd me very much, but am sure none of those mention'd therein are equal my Emily.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Louisa Ker, dau. of William Ker, Earl of Ancram (later 4th Marquess of Lothian) ; m. (1759) Lord George Lennox.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

94. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Saturday, April the 10th, 1762.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of my dear Emily's two letters of April the 1st and 3rd, with others which she return'd. As to Mr Fox's, he allows [that in] his information in regard to Ordnance affairs he was not well inform'd.

There is nothing more done in regard to that affair than when I wrote last, and don't expect there will soon, as next week nobody will do any business.

I am to dine at my Lord Mayor's<sup>1</sup> next Monday; Lady Caroline and Lady Sarah and Mr Fox are to dine there. There is to be a ball, which I believe will be worth seeing, as I fancy the City ladies upon such an occasion are curious personages.

What you tell me of Mr O'Hara's reply to Mrs Osborne upon her complaining, was like him, and well done.

The Inchiquins<sup>2</sup> are very well. I have seen them once or twice at their lodging; they seem very comfortable, and call'd here yesterday morning in their walks. She puts me very much in mind of a kept mistress; but don't say so to anybody. I don't fancy they will return by Cork.

Our boys are very well, and I have nothing to add but that my absence from my dearest Emily I look upon as so much of my life lost, as I find I cannot enjoy life with[out] you are with me.

Yours most affectionately,

K.

As Bere goes into the country to get money the Sunday before your ball, you should send to him to come and get what wine you shall want before he goes, such as burgundy and champagne, as I have not any, or at least but a very few bottles. Don't forget this, as it would be a shame not have it, tho' it's ever so bad, for none good is to be got, I am very certain.

95. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, April the 13th, 1762.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of my dearest Emily's letter

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Fludyer, Bart. (1705-68), Lord Mayor of London, 1761-2.

<sup>2</sup> William O'Brien, 4th Earl of Inchiquin, had m. (Oct. 1761) as his second wife Mary, dau. of Stephen Moore, 1st Viscount Mount Cashell.

## MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

of the 6th, in which she says she has a mind to go to Kildare with Lady Louisa. I am sure if my dear Emily has a mind to go I have no objection, particularly as she is to be in her sister's house there. When I make objections of that sort, one reason is, being in a common lodging, and the other is my losing so much of her dear company, as I don't like going to those places myself.

I told you in my last that I was to dine at my Lord Mayor's, where I did yesterday, and handed Lady Caroline Fox to dinner, etc., according to form, as I was the first man there and she the first woman of quality. If you had been there, I should have had the happiness of sitting by the person I admire, etc., etc., etc., above all the world put together; for I have not, and shall never see anybody equal to you, let me go where I will (tho' I was to say) into all kinds of ill, I shall ne'er see such a beauty as she is.

I am glad to hear my Emily's cabriolet is arrived at last, and hope to have many a little drives with you in it this summer.

I am sorry to say that I cannot fix a day yet for my return, as I am just where I was when I wrote last.

The Inchiqins go to Cliffden to-morrow. I believe I shall go there next Thursday, therefore don't expect a letter from me by that night's post.

Lady Inchiquin has her hair curl'd French and powder'd, which becomes her extremely, and my Lord is quite in love with her. I dined with them to-day.

I am, my dear Emily's ever affectionate

K.

I gave Lord Ophaly five guineas this morning for Mrs Ciber, for dressing you for the Coronation, and would give more than I could name to have the pleasure of undressing you myself, than loveliest of the sexes.

96. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Saturday, April the 17th, 1762.

My dear Emily,

I return'd about eight o'clock this evening from Cliffden, where I walk'd about more than I ever did before, and think it

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

a most charming place. I often thought how I could enjoy it with my dearest Emily, for enjoyment I can have none without her.

Last Thursday before I went to Clifden, I saw Lord Egremont, and by what I could pick out, I fear nothing will be done till my Lord Lieutenant<sup>1</sup> arrives here; and when that will be I cannot tell, but hope it will be soon, for I long to return to you, but cannot till my affair is settled some way or other, or I should make but a silly figure after such a journey.

I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since I writ last, there being no mail yesterday from Ireland, where I hear the riots are over; everybody talk'd of it here as a rebellion, and some of the newspapers mention'd that the Pretender was proclaim'd, etc., etc.<sup>2</sup>

We have had three or four very fine days, but nothing green yet about London, which is very surprising.

I have not seen anybody from the Pay Office since I came to town, but believe they are all well.

I hope you will have got my letter in regard to your going to the races at Kildare time enough to clear up all your doubts about going, and that you will have good weather.

I am my dear Emily's ever affectionate

K.

97. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, April the 20th, 1762.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of my dearest Emily's of the 10th from Castletown, in which she desires to know a great deal of the people at Holland House, etc. Mr Fox, when I came to town, look'd I thought very ill, as he had a cold of five or six weeks standing, but is quite well again, and recover'd his looks; his cheek is very well. Lady Caroline looks very well and in extreme good humour, lies at Holland House two or three nights in the week, where there is to be a play Wednesday,

<sup>1</sup> George Montagu Dunk (1716-71), 2nd Earl of Halifax; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1761-3.

<sup>2</sup> A reference to the Whiteboy disturbances described by Lecky as being "at once the precursor and the parent of all subsequent outbursts of Irish agrarian crime."

## MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next, by Lady Sarah and the boys. Lady Susan will abet no more, so has no part in these ; one of their performances is to be *Tom Thumb*,<sup>1</sup> which I shall certainly go and see Wednesday. Lady Sarah is just the same she was ; but neither she nor Mr Bunbury seem to be much in love according to my notion of being in love ; she seems to me to court him more than he do's her, in a free way, (*but I would not [have] you say so to anybody*). As to him, he seems a little affected, but not so much as I was told he was. I don't think him a beauty as some reckon him. They will have but £1,800 a year clear while Sir William lives, and at his death £2,200 a year more, in all £4,000 a year (I think clear). They must be good managers—or it will not do—at their first setting out.

I was delighted with your account of the friendship that Charles has made with the bear ; nobody but himself would have contracted an intimacy with such a creature.

I am glad you are so well entertain'd at Castletown, where you say you have variety of men going backwards and forwards ; I only fear that when I return you will find Carton stupid and dull.

I don't find here that Lord Halifax is to stay the summer in Ireland, for he is expected over soon, and a man-of-war is gone to convoy him over. I wish I knew when he is likely to set out, as I greatly fear that nothing will be done in my affair till he comes.

I am very sorry to hear there is no chance of Lady Louisa's being with child. I suppose the quiet life she leads is in hopes of being so. I find Conolly is just the same as he was.

You mention going to Carton almost every morning, but don't say anything as to what is doing in the house towards finishing the furniture, etc., which I hope is going on to your mind. Don't let Miller be idle.

As I was in hopes to come away long before I believe I shall, I find I exceeded your commission in regard to your stockings with colour'd clocks ; fearing it would be too late to bespoke them after I should get an answer about them, so as to bring them over with me, therefore I bespoke two pairs with *bright blue*, two pairs with *green*, and two pairs with *pink-colour'd* clocks, all different patterns, and will wash very well, as Barker

<sup>1</sup> A farce.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

informs me. I hope you will not dislike them ; I am sure when you have them on, your dear legs will set them off. I will bespoke you six pairs more with white clocks ; you mean to have them embroider'd I suppose, therefore shall order them so, and make you a present of the dozen. The writing about your stockings and dear pretty legs makes me feel what is not to be express'd, tho' I want nothing to remind me of my lovely Emily, for she is always present wheresoe'er I go. I would give ten worlds to be an hour with you my dearest Angel, for life to me is nothing without you.

Yours most affectionately,  
K.

98. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Thursday, April the 22nd, 1762.

Yesterday I received my dearest Emily's two letters of the 13th and one of the 15th ; and have been extremely well ever since I came over, till yesterday and to-day, when I had a return of my complaint ; but not so bad as to keep me at home. For I went yesterday evening to Holland House to the play of *Creusa*,<sup>1</sup> (I don't know whether I spell it right), and the farce of *Tom Thumb* ; both very well acted. Lady Sarah and Charles Fox did extremely well. Lady Susan don't act this winter, nor will she any more. George did much better than I expected ; William did the Princess Hurchquamurka, and made a fine jolly, bold-looking girl ; Nicols did his parts in both very well. They are to act to-night *The Revenge*,<sup>2</sup> but it was so hot there, and not being well after I came home last night, I did not go to-night ; they are also to act to-morrow and Saturday nights. The Inchiquins being in town is vastly convenient to me, for I have dined with them three days following, as no dinner was to be had at Mr Fox's on account of the plays this week. The Duke of Richmond is gone out of town. He ask'd to go upon the staff to Portugal, and had an audience of the King, but he apply'd too late, for it was fix'd ten days before. I own I am surpris'd he did not apply before, as he was in town, and

<sup>1</sup> By William Whitehead (1754), afterwards Poet Laureate.

<sup>2</sup> A tragedy (1721) by Edward Young.

## MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

everybody knew that it was a great while depending. Lord George Lennox goes, and Lady George is to go with him, to Lisbon.

I am not surprised at what you say about Lady H.<sup>1</sup> in regard to Carton, and am much obliged to Lord P.<sup>2</sup> and Lady L.C.<sup>3</sup> for their being so warm about it ; there is nobody shews it so well as he, or puffs it off so much.

It was vastly good in my dear Emily to think of adding in the evening (before she went to the Provost's ball)<sup>4</sup> to her letter of the morning, for at this distance nothing can give me so much pleasure as reading her dear letters.

Surely it is impossible, but you must have mistaken when you wrote Mrs Trevor (Dowager) was with child ; if it was not too wicked to think she was capable of such an act, I should think it was she that was teaching her son, instead of the stories we heard before his marriage.

You should laugh Conolly out of his notions in regard to Mr. H.'s conscience, or he will never be of any weight.

I don't wonder Mr Hamilton<sup>5</sup> should make the House of Commons his enemies, if he abused Irish understandings in it, tho' I am sure there might be great room for it.

I saw Lord Bute and Lord Egremont yesterday at the House of Lords, and spoke to them both about my affair, and am in hopes that next week something will be done. You may be assured I shall lose no time in returning to my dear, dear Emily, for every day's absence seems to me an age.

I had a letter from Lady Drogheda to pay Barker a draft of her son Bob's<sup>6</sup>, which Lord Drogheda refused. I shall do it, but don't mention it to her, except she speaks of it to you.

I went last Monday to see the Exhibition, and the first thing I saw when I went into the room was Charles's picture, and as a companion to it, a pretty little girl with a rabbit in her arms.

<sup>1</sup> Countess of Harrington.

<sup>2</sup> Viscount Powerscourt.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Louisa Conolly.

<sup>4</sup> At Trinity College, Dublin.

<sup>5</sup> William Gerard Hamilton (1729-96) ; known as 'Single-speech Hamilton' ; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1761-4 ; Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, 1763.

<sup>6</sup> Hon. Robert Moore, younger s. of Edward Moore, 5th Earl of Drogheda, by his second wife ; m. Margaret, dau. of James Stephenson, of Kildeigh, Co. Down.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I have got for Carton, Fielding's *Works* that is just come out in quarto, that is 5 guineas out of the 10 that I am to give yearly. I hope you will approve of the purchase.

You will if the wind is fair etc., get this the day of your ball, where I hope everything will be to your satisfaction, which is always a pleasure to

Your most tender and affectionate,

K.

My love to Dowager and the little ones.

We have had three very hot days, and some rain last night, which has improved the looks of everything extremely. I hope you have had it also.

99. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Saturday, April the 24th, 1762.

This morning I had the pleasure of my lovely Emily's of 17th from Castletown, in which she returns me most sincerely the kind expressions of love I made her; they were from my heart, and not half what I feel, I do declare. I would use stronger terms if I knew them, and yet they could not equal by many degrees what is never from my heart or mind. You have never mention'd or hinted at feeling the effect of my happiest moments.

I cannot fix a day yet for my setting out, but expect to have it in my power every day; but everybody is so dilatory here there is no bearing it, especially with my impatience to return to the dear object of my happiness.

I have nothing to add but to assure my love to the dearest of beings, to her affectionate

K.

Your commands shall be obey'd about the ribbons, and everything else in my power.

It's so hot I have left off fires, and one of my windows is open, tho' it's ten o'clock at night.

There goes by the wagon next Monday to Chester *fifty* tuberose and *twenty-four* narcissus roots; therefore, give orders to have them sent to Carton as soon as they arrive.

## MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

100. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, April the 27th, 1762.

While my dearest Emily is in the midst of crowd, noise, and heat at her ball, I sit down in a cool room, to tell her that yesterday I received her dear letter wrote (of a Sunday) from Castletown, to come by Tuesday night's post, as she was to be at Kildare, where I hope she was well entertained. I am glad to find my letter came just time enough to clear up any doubt she had in regard to going, which I greatly fear'd would have happen'd if the wind had proved contrary. I was very much pleased to hear that you did not carry Charles with you, and should have mention'd not doing it, *but did not think you would have thought of it.*

Lady Holland<sup>1</sup> is to be presented at Court next Thursday. I would have sent you a list of the peers and peeresses, but that Lady Ann Conolly told me she had sent it to Lady Louisa a post or two ago.

Nothing done yet in my affair, tho' I speak almost every day about it. It depends upon Lord Egremont speaking to Lord Legonier<sup>2</sup> about it, who when he sees him I fancy forgets it, but I shall go to Lord Legonier to-morrow morning to get him to speak to Lord Egremont ; but fear he will not recollect it when he sees him, no more than the other.

Be assured the delay is not owing to me, for I long much for one of my dearest Emily's sweet kisses, which I hope never to be so long without again, and envy everybody that even has the pleasure of looking upon her ; which is a happiness that I am deprived of at present, but flatter myself that when I return, it will in some measure be made up by the pleasant hours we shall have at Carton in going about there, etc.

Our boys were to have gone to school to-day, but Sir Edward Montague ask'd me to let them go to a ball to-morrow, which, as I knew would please them, I could not refuse, so they go next Thursday to Eton.

<sup>1</sup> On 3rd May, 1762, Lady Caroline Fox was created Baroness Holland. Henry Fox was created Baron Holland of Foxley, Wiltshire, within a year of the creation of his wife as a peeress, 17 April, 1763.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Ligonier (1680-1770) ; cr. Viscount 1757, and Earl Ligonier, 1766 ; Commander-in-Chief, 1757-66.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Lord Inchiquin has taken a great liking to Lord Ophaly, where we dined last Sunday.

Mr Fox and I agreed to-day in regard to Lady Sarah and Mr Bunbury being the coolest lovers, etc., just as I wrote you an account of a few posts ago. Mr Fox has got a fresh cold, so has almost everybody. I am very well, and ever my dear Emily's affectionate

K.

I hope your ball went off well and that everything was handsome and to your mind.

101. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, April, Thursday the 29th, 1762.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of my dear Emily's letter the Thursday after her return from Kildare, in which she says it was pleasant enough, therefore I fancy it was not so agreeable as you expected.

I long to hear how your ball went off, and if everything was to your mind.

Our boys return'd to Eton to-day. I have given them at different times a vast deal of money.

Instead of the Duchess of Manchester's<sup>1</sup> being created a peeress, Sir Edward Montagu is made a peer, by the title of Lord *Beaulieu*, to the surprise of most people, and great joy to him; it was not known that he was to be a peer till Tuesday.

There is an epidemical cold going about here that nobody escapes; my turn is not yet come. It is not dangerous, nobody has died of it, but it's very severe for three or four days. There never was any disorder ever known to be so general; the most hardy people have had it. Mr Fox was very ill yesterday, but is well to-day; so was Dean Letablere, but is pretty well to-day.

Lady Charlotte Johnston<sup>2</sup> died yesterday, but not of this cold; she had been ill for some time past.

<sup>1</sup> Isabella Montagu, eldest dau. and co.-heiress of John Montagu, 2nd Duke of Montagu; m. (1) William Montagu, 2nd Duke of Manchester; (2) Edward Hussey-Montagu, created Earl of Beaulieu.

<sup>2</sup> Sixth daughter of George Montagu, 1st Earl of Halifax, and wife of Col. James Johnston.

## MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Lady Holland was presented to-day, and made Lady Sarah and Lady Susan take place of her coming out of Court.

I was with my Lord Legonier yesterday, as I wrote to you I would, and begg'd he would speak to Lord Egremont to know what his Majesty's commands were in regard to the Ordnance in Ireland; but greatly fear that it's out-of-sight out-of-mind with them both. I am tired to death with their delays.

I am impatient to know if Carton is near finished at the inside of the house, so that we may be comfortable there when I return to my dearest Angel, who is never out of my thoughts; and I should be miserable if it was not that I indulge myself in thinking that when the day is over that there is one less before I shall enjoy the greatest of happiness that I can figure to myself.

I am my dear Emily's ever affectionate, etc., etc., etc.,

K.

102. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Saturday, May the 1st, 1762.

In my last letter to my dearest Emily, I inform'd her that everybody here had got colds; yesterday mine began, and this day my eyes and nose run more than I remember they ever did before. I am otherwise very well; mine is reckon'd the best kind that is going; in town or country nobody escapes. I really am not surprised at it, for these two or three days past the weather is extremely cold, and fires which were left off, are all lighted again. It seems as if we were got into another climate, for the last week and most of this you saw most people in the streets with white waistcoats, and yesterday and to-day with greatcoats.

Enclosed is a letter William sent me to be forwarded to you.

I have not heard from my lovely Emily since I wrote last, as the Irish mail did not come in yesterday; but I comfort myself with the thoughts of having two letters next Monday, as she is so good as to write to me every post.

Barker sent home to-day your stockings with the colour'd

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

clocks, which I hope you will like. I think they are very pretty, and when upon your dear pretty legs will look much better—oh! what would I give to see them. I must stop here, for if I was to let myself go on to express what I feel by being absent, I should put my eyes out, and I have but one at present that I can see well with. Your other stocking with white clocks are in hand, and will be finished soon.

I have not heard a word of Lord Egremont and Lord Legonier since I wrote. I curse them every hour, as they are the cause of my being from you, who are my only delight and happiness.

Yours most tenderly,

K.

I have got your ribbons from Barker.

103. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, May the 4th, 1762.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of my dear Emily's of April the 24th and to-day of the 27th, and long very much for the acknowledgement her dear, dear legs are to make me for the trouble I have had upon their account, and make no doubt but I shall be amply rewarded for the care I have had about them. My expectations this day has been so raised by what you say for them that I doubt I shall sleep but little to-night for thinking of them. I am impatient to hear how you are after your ball, which I shall to-morrow, if the wind and sea has been favourable.

You were quite right in ordering the family to Carton the 2nd of May, for since you don't stay much in Dublin they had better be all there, where, I assure you, I wish of all things to be with my lovely Emily; but what day that happiness for me is likely to be, I cannot with any certainty guess at, for I am just where I was. I wrote to Lord Egremont yesterday, who I find is laid up with the gout. I wish my Lord-Lieutenant was come, for I despair of anything being done till he arrives.

Mr Fox and Lady Holland etc. are gone to Holland House, where I am invited to stay, but don't believe I shall go to lie there. Lady Sarah is not [to] be married before the latter end of the month at soonest.

[1762]

# MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

The Duke of Portland<sup>1</sup> died last Saturday suddenly after dinner. Lord Bruce<sup>2</sup> is to be created Earl of Aylesbury, and Lord Brudenell<sup>3</sup> to be Lord Montague ; such a number of peers, etc., were never made at one time since Queen Anne's twelve peers.

My cold is much better to-day, but well or ill I am always the same as to my love and tenderness towards my Emily, who is dearer to me than any else can be to her affectionate

K.

I think you were quite right in drinking near a pint before your ball, but should have advised madeira rather than hock, lest the effect might have occasion'd your going-forth oftener than you would have chose upon such a day.

I am to dine to-morrow at Lord Shelburne's, and *Mrs Oliver* has invited me the 14th, if I am here, which God send I may not.

## 104. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Thursday, May the 6th, 1762.

I had the pleasure of my dear Emily's long letter with the account of her ball, which I was glad to find went off well, tho' Stoyte<sup>4</sup> was more careful than was quite right upon such an occasion ; but notwithstanding his want of judgement, I hope there was little appearance of his economy in general.

The account of poor Miss F. gave me great concern, for if marriage don't ensue (as I doubt it will not) she is undone ; the gentleman will never be quiet till he has his throat cut, which he really deserves.

As Lord Halifax is arrived (but I have not seen him), I hope to set out next week, as I have no business here now he is come. For my part, I am so tired and vex'd that I care not what is done with the Ordnance, and wish it at the devil, and myself too for giving myself so much trouble in putting it in order,

<sup>1</sup> William Bentinck (1709-62), 2nd Duke of Portland.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Brudenell-Bruce (1729-1814), 2nd Lord Bruce ; cr. (1776) Earl of Ailesbury.

<sup>3</sup> John Montagu, Lord Brudenell (1735-70), eldest son of George Montagu, 4th Earl of Cardigan (later Duke of Montagu), whom he predeceased. He was created (1762) Lord Montagu of Boughton.

<sup>4</sup> A butler.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

as I suppose I shall return without an employment. I am sure everything will be done for whoever succeeds me, as it cannot go on without what I had proposed is put in execution.

My cold is quite well, tho' our weather is a black easterly high wind, and such dust in the streets, there is no seeing, which is the most disagreeable weather you know that can be.

I have had the greatest patience till yesterday morning, but I own it is all gone, for by a letter from Lord Egremont (who had spoke to Lord Legonier), he says that neither of them can be judges whether what I propose is right or not. Pretty treatment for a person so circumstanced as I am in regard to character, rank, fortune, and having had the government of a Kingdom in my own hands for nine months without any other interfering; by which one would think my word and representation in such a matter might be trusted too, without a scrutiny such as I offer'd to undergo. It's really treating me like a rogue, or a fool who did not know what he was about, and not to be bore by a person who can live tho' he had not an employment.

The only thing that makes me stay an hour longer is that I would not appear hot and violent. *Don't mention anything of this to anybody, or of my coming over till you hear again.* I would give the world to see my Emily to give vent to my abuse, etc., and be blessed with a dear kiss, which I languish for.

Yours ever while,

K.

105. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, May the 11th, 1762.

Yesterday I was most agreeably surprised with receiving my dear, dear Emily's letter of the 4th, as the wind has been for some time so strong easterly that I did not expect it, tho' I was sure you had not fail'd to write to me, as the getting a letter from you is the only thing that can make my absence tolerable.

I have wrote and spoke again to Lord Halifax, and begg'd it as a favour that he would put an end to my affair some way or

## MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

other, I cared not. I would not stay here an hour if I did not fear it's being said I did something disrespectful, or would put me in the wrong. Only judge what I must suffer. Lord Egremont and Lord Bute [are] both ill, and Lord Halifax says he must speak to them before he can mention my affair to the King. I wish with all my heart I had never troubled myself about the Ordnance, and let it gone on in the same manner I found it; but my *busy temper*, which you commend, is my misfortune at present.

Don't mention your brother's going over, as he has desired everybody not to mention it to you or Lady Louisa, as it's to be a surprise to you both. I dread my Mother's coming to Carton when they are there. Contrive if possible to prevent it, which you may by not putting up the beds below stairs (tho' they should be ready), by which they must have her apartment, and contrive to mention it before her, if you find an opportunity and occasion.

I really pity the poor little Dean, who is, as I am, like a fish out of water; tho' he says nothing, but I am sure repents of his friskiness in coming.

Susan Winter and the house-keeper's daughter (who I hear is a child) set out with Marshall in the flying machine for Chester next Monday at all events. I hope nothing will happen upon the road to your *nun*. I thought the machine was better than a post-chaise for the girls, and a horse for him with them, as there would not be so much time and opportunity in two days, as in four upon the road; beside the fatigue of going night and day will prevent other thoughts. Don't you see what care I take of your nun's virtue; when she arrives, if it's not too late, you must take care of it yourself.

I saw Mr Brown<sup>1</sup> the day before yesterday at his own house at Hammersmith; he return'd the night before from some place where he has work going on. He says he will certainly come if he can possibly, and will let me know a month before. I press'd him to come; he said he was very ambitious of coming, and

---

<sup>1</sup> Lancelot Browne (1715-83), known as 'Capability' Browne; landscape-gardener and architect.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

would certainly if his health would permit him ; he was indeed very ill.

I am my dearest Emily's  
ever affectionate

K.

I hope the sickness you complain'd of did not last or return, for I had flatter'd myself that it was over, by the situation you tell me you are in.

Everybody, I think, have got pretty well again of their colds.

The Duke of Manchester<sup>1</sup> died yesterday. Lord Chedworth<sup>2</sup> is also dead, but not of these colds, for I have not heard of anybody dying of them, tho' nobody has escaped. James's Powder in small quantities are the best remedy that has been found out for them, as I hear.

Order your new garden chaise to Carton (by the cart or wagon) before it's taken out of the case.

106. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Thursday, May the 13th, 1762.

My dearest Emily,

Your letters of the 5th and 6th arrived yesterday, and I am glad to find my Mother will not be at Carton when your brother will be there, as you say she is going to Hillsborough. As to her complaint of my not paying her, I think it very surprising that a single old woman should be distressed for the delay of the paying of £300 for a month or two, when she has £3,000 a year ; much more in proportion than £12,000 a year to a man who has a family such as mine.

I wrote yesterday to Lord Bute to beg he would remind the King of my being here a great while, and that it was not possible for me to return to Ireland in the situation I was in, on account of the gentlemen and others I had brought over for his Majesty's service ; and that if it was not agreeable to the King to do what I proposed, I hope he would not be offended if I beg leave to resign my patent to my Lord Lieutenant. I have had no answer yet. This is very unlike being created a Duke. I have had some

<sup>1</sup> Robert Montagu (1710-62), 3rd Duke of Manchester.

<sup>2</sup> John Thynne-Howe (1714-62), 2nd Baron Chedworth.

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

letters to the same purport of Mrs Agar's.<sup>1</sup> I hope this week will set me free. I also begg'd his Majesty would be so good as to employ the gentlemen I brought to Ireland, as I believed they had merit; till such time, I should prevent their being sufferers out of my private fortune, as I was in honour obliged to do.

I hope you are satisfied now you have got Charlotte home, and that you will be happy when you have your eight children all together this summer.

I am my lovely Emily's ever affectionate

K.

I am sorry to have so bad an account of Lord Powerscourt; his watch is making.

107. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London; Saturday, May the 15th, 1762.

I had not the pleasure of hearing from my dearest Emily yesterday, as there was no Irish mail.

Yesterday morning I saw my Lord Lieutenant: and the King has agreed to everything about the Ordnance. But there is a new objection raised (which I believe will be soon got over), it's by my Lord Legonier, who says that if the King should ever go to Ireland attended by the Master of the Ordnance in England, that he thinks in that case he is to act there and not me, tho' some months ago he said it did not interfere in the least. As it's a thing that never will happen, I suppose he will not insist upon it; I don't think I shall, but I am to see Sir Charles Frederick<sup>2</sup> about it. It's a terrible thing that every day some objection is raised to prevent me from returning to my dear lovely Emily, whom I languish to be with, but hope next week will be accomplished everything, and an hour shall not be lost after, for every one is a year to me.

I have paid Mrs Mercadis the ten guineas you desired.

I am my dear Emily's ever tender and affectionate

Kildare.

I dined with Mrs Oliver yesterday. It's impossible by letter

<sup>1</sup> Lucia (1732-1802), widow of Hon. Henry Boyle-Walsingham; m. (1760) James Agar, afterwards Viscount Clifden.

<sup>2</sup> Sometime Surveyor-General of the Ordnance (1709-85).

[1762]

MARQUIS OF KILDARE TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

to let you know how terrible it was ; she had a great drum, but I did not go up, I could not bear it any longer.

Mr Fox, etc., go's to the sea-side to-morrow.

108. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Tuesday, May the 18th, 1762.

This day I had the pleasure of two letters from my dearest Emily ; by the latest you say you have got a great cold, which I hope is nothing but the cold that has now left us, and by travelling will have lost its force, and flatter myself that to-morrow I shall hear it is over, for they did not last above three or four days here.

I have been for this week past extremely well, but dying with impatience to return to your dear arms, which I have hopes of doing this week or the beginning of the next, but cannot say positively, but hope in a post or two to be certain.

I cannot bear the thoughts of the uneasiness that Lord Kerry's<sup>1</sup> servant gave my dear Emily by his neglect about my letter ; as I am sure by the uneasiness I feel when anything ails you, that you (by the tenderness you always have for me when I am sick) must be impatient to know how I was.

I dined last Sunday at Ingress, where Mr Fox, Lady Holland, and Lady Sarah lay in their road to the sea-side. I carried Mr Bunbury, but would not bring him back, as he was pressed to lie there, which I also was.

It is said for certain that the Duke of Newcastle is going out, and that there are to be a great many changes in the Ministry here, but :

Careless am I let who will reign

O'er Britain's Isle,

Nothing on earth shall give me pain

So Em'ly smiles.

I had a letter from the Duke of Richmond two days ago, who says, if I return to Ireland before the 30th, he will be at the water side that day, as the yacht is to [be] ready to carry over Lord and Lady Stopford.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Francis Thomas FitzMaurice (1740-1818), 3rd Earl of Kerry.

<sup>2</sup> James Stopford (1700-70), cr. (1758) Lord Courtown, and (1762) Viscount Stopford and Earl of Courtown. He married (1726/7) Elizabeth, dau. of Edward Smith, Bishop of Down and Connor.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

I have sat once to Mr Ramsay<sup>1</sup> for the Holland House gallery ; and of all the painters I have ever seen in London I like him the best, for when I went there he had not a picture of anyone I ever saw but I knew ; and as for Mr Reynolds,<sup>2</sup> I call'd there a few days before, and did not know anybody. If I had seen his pictures last winter, I should certainly have had one drawn of the most beautiful of her sex's.

I am lovely Emily's ever tender and affectionate

K.

Marshall, your *nun*, and the house-keeper's daughter set out yesterday for Chester ; you may chance to see them before you receive this.

109. *Marquis of Kildare to Marchioness of Kildare.*

London, Thursday, May the 20th, 1762.

At last I am to set out to-morrow evening, and hope to embrace my dear lovely Emily next Thursday at farthest, as I propose going to the Head, except I should find a ship ready and wind fair to sail from Parkgate ; which if it so happens, I may have the happiness I so much wish for, something sooner than by going thro' Wales.

The difficulty started by Lord Legonier is not yet over, but I can answer any objections of his much better in Ireland than I can here ; which I think a lucky circumstance, as it expedites my setting out. I don't know what they are yet, but they are to be sent me.

Adieu, my dearest Emily, till we meet. Yours ever,

K.

110. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Thursday, November the 11th, [1762].

My dear Jemmy,

About an hour after you left me I sent a note to poor dear Lady Barrymore<sup>3</sup>, to know what day she wou'd fix to come and

<sup>1</sup> Allan Ramsay, the painter (1713-84).

<sup>2</sup> Joshua (afterwards Sir Joshua) Reynolds (1723-92).

<sup>3</sup> Margaret (d. 1788), dau. of Paul Davys, 1st Viscount Mount Cashell ; widow of James Barry, 5th Earl of Barrymore. She was a renowned card-player.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

make a little Loo party ; guess how shock'd I was to hear she was in a high fever and raving ! I can't express what I felt at this unexpected event ; the thoughts of losing the most agreeable and entertaining companion, as well as one of the best friends upon earth, at a time when my spirits were just lower'd by parting with you, quite sunk me. But yesterday evening, thank God, she grew something quieter, and this morning Nesbit<sup>1</sup> tells me she is better, but does not yet say he has any great hopes of her ; the most favourable expression he made use of was : *perhaps we may hold our ground*.

My Love, you had a charming day yesterday, and I hear sail'd with a fair wind ; this morning it is, I believe, changed, but since you had no storm I am satisfied.

Conolly was in town yesterday, and continues his resolution of going, talk'd a vast deal of nonsense about politics in order to make me think him mighty cunning, and that he knew *the way of the world* as well as anybody. I happen'd to mention to your Mother our wanting a housekeeper, upon which she recollected Miss Smith's<sup>2</sup> having recommended one to her who lived with the two late Mrs. Smiths ; I believe they were orderly people. She understands kitchen business, which does no harm if we come to town an odd day without a cook, and that we like dining at home. Lady Kildare as soon as she return'd to her own house wrote to Miss Smith (not by my desire), whose answer she sent me this morning ; I have enclosed it to you and shall give none to her till I have your opinion about it.

I shall take care of your key, and have wrote on it in case I should die. Adieu, my dearest Lord K. Yours affectionately,  
E.K.

Lady Barrymore is much better to-night. I have just heard.

III. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Kildare House, November the 13th, [1762].

Just this moment as I was sitting down by myself very quietly to write to my dear Gemmy, a dear little child run in to me and

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Nesbitt, of Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Ellis (d. 1781), dau. of James Smyth, of Tinney Park, Co. Wicklow ; she married (1764) Francis Mathew, cr. Earl of Landaff.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

put its arms round my neck ; who shou'd it be but sweet Henry ! I did not know him the least in the world, but yet my heart warm'd to him somehow or other. Whether he is alter'd, or that from not expecting to see him, his dear little image was out of my mind, I can't tell ; three months makes a surprizing change at his age, but yet I wonder I did not know him. It was dear Louisa's contrivance to surprize me ; he came to town with her and they return to-morrow to Castletown. Yesterday poor Lady Barrymore had a change for the worse and was blister'd last night ; this morning is a little better, but not yet out of danger ; I have vast hopes from the strength of her constitution ! Lady Kildare says now she has changed her mind about Charlotte and won't have her ; that she was quite miserable t'other day at her house without her sisters, and seem'd to dislike being with her ; that it wou'd be cruel to separate them ; besides, she was too old to bear being troubled with her all day, tho' she sometimes diverted her, and that she cou'd always send for her when she chose it ; then again, you and I were both so exact and had so much *fiddle faddle* about our children ! You indeed were worse again than me, she wou'd not be your servant nor your child for the world, you was so tiresome ; concluded all with saying she hoped I did not *take it ill*, that she had considered it long, and thought it best for all parties that the child shou'd remain where she is. To all this I answered that I begg'd she wou'd do as she pleased, and if she shou'd change her mind again she was at her service ; that I did not wish to part with any of my children, therefore cou'd certainly not *take it ill*, but that if it contributed to her amusement or comfort to have her I shou'd very willingly part with her. I think this was very civilly said in me, and as much as even poor dear Lady Barrymore cou'd desire, for I certainly am mighty glad she don't take her.

This is charming fine frosty weather for you, my dear Lord Kildare, and I hope you will have had as pleasant a journey thro' Wales as the time of the year will allow of. I long to hear of your landing, tho' I make no doubt but you had a fine passage, the day was so good. I hear no news, so you must be content with this family detail. Adieu. Yours most tenderly,

E.K.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

112. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

November the 15th, [1762].

I was mightily disappointed, my dear Jemmy, to find you had so bad a passage, after having flatter'd myself with its being a good one ; we were lucky, however, in not hearing the wind, which wou'd have given your Mother and me much uneasiness. She dines here to-day, and Betty Southwell. I have not once play'd at Loo since poor dear Lady Barrymore's illness ; I had not the heart to make parties without her who is the life of them. Doctor Nesbit sends me word she is just the same, no amendment, nor does any worse symptom appear ; it is one of the bad fevers now going and of course a very doubtful case. You can imagine how miserable it makes me. Miss Nicholson's burns are some of them much better than cou'd be expected so soon, but there are two that lie deep among the arteries, and Daunt thinks it very probable that when these come to suppurate the arteries may burst and she may bleed to death ; this has very injudiciously been told poor Mrs Nicholson, whose mind has been in an agony about it ever since. I wish you joy of your Ordnance affairs being quite settled. Pray write me all the politics you can, for the people here seem so glad to represent everything in an unfavourable light for the side I am interested in that one hears a hundred stories, which one shou'd be glad to have it in one's power to contradict.

I really believe Lord Kerry and Mr Leeson must fight in consequence of the violent quarrel they had t'other night at Mrs Martin's on account of Mr Leeson's saying that *Girouette* (as he calls her), the new dancer, who it seems is frightfully ugly and old, was reckoned very like *a lady in this town*. He named no names, but a lady in company took it to herself (for whom to be sure he intended it), and said that if it was a woman that had found out such a likeness for her she shou'd forgive it, supposing that must proceed from *envy* (looking at Lord Kerry), but if it was a man she must tell him he was very impertinent and shou'd have every bone in his body broken. Many smart repartees follow'd between her and poor Dody, but at last Lord Kerry interfered, abused his family, etc. ; in short, sent him away in a violent passion, which luckily for me he came and

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

vented here, telling Louisa and I the whole story in a very ridiculous way and mimicking the lady so well that it was delightful ; but I now hear that it will come to something serious ; but I hope they will think better of it.

This frost will I flatter myself hold till you get to London, which you may very well do to-morrow. Did I do wrong to take upon me to order the ice-house to be fill'd at Carton ? You will hardly destroy it next summer, I think, but if you shou'd 'tis no very great loss. I have been out once, but got a little cold by it, I believe, for I have had some return of my complaint since. Adieu, my dearest Lord K. Believe me affectionately yours,

E.K.

113. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Tuesday the 16th [November, 1762].

I wrote to you yesterday morning, my dear Angel, thinking it was post-day, and as you say you love my letters it shall go ; to-day's will be a melancholy one, perhaps before night I may tell you my dearest Lady Barrymore is no more ! Last night Nesbit's account of her was a bad one ; she felt, he said, no pain (which I thank God for), but that her head was more affected than it had been yet, and the fever not lessen'd ; this morning she is much worse again and he does not give the least hopes of her ! Poor Mrs Nicholson lost her daughter last night at nine o'clock ; 'tis imagined the sores mortify'd, but I have heard as yet no particulars ; indeed, what I feel for Lady Barrymore puts everything out of my head ! You must expect nothing from me, my dear Jemmy, that does not relate to her ; tell my sister the same and thank her for her kind letter. My head and heart are both so full I can't write any more.

Yours affectionately,

E.K.

Tuesday November the 16th ten o'clock.

I have had a better account of Lady Barrymore to-night ; the symptoms rather more favourable ; she sweats and is more composed, thank God. Conolly sails with this night's packet.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

114. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

November 18th, [1762].

My dear Lord Kildare,

I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since Holyhead. I hope your journey has been more successful than your voyage. the weather here has been most delightful ; I have been out two or three times. Mr Conolly has I hope had a good passage, but it is impossible ever to depend upon the appearances of the weather at land after being so much deceived in that you had. Lady Barrymore continues in the same doubtful situation. The sweat she fell into wou'd have saved anybody else, but her positiveness in insisting upon changing her linen, combing her head and having her bed made, notwithstanding all Nesbit's entreaties to the contrary, has made the good effects that might have been hoped for prove abortive ; he is sadly distress'd about her, she is worse than Charles. Lady Kildare has a little cold, poor little Harriet still complains, Charles lives in his working frock. Mrs Clements, who play'd at cribbage here this evening, assures me you are to be Lord Deputy and a Duke immediately. My love to Mr Fox and my sisters.

Yours affectionately,

E.K.

115. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Saturday the 20th, [November, 1762].

My dear Jemmy,

Lady Barrymore is pronounced this day quite out of danger if she will submit to proper care, which she seems inclined to do ; her head, poor soul, was much disorder'd, which, added to her usual wilfulness, made her a most ungovernable patient. I have been employed these three mornings, my dearest Lord Kildare, in laying out most immense sums for you : coarse sheets without end, upper servants' sheets, small sheets for the children's bed, fine holland sheets for the apartments on the middle floor at Carton and for our own use, table-cloths for the steward's table, which both Mrs Clark and Mr Richardson

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

persuaded me to buy of diaper, the same price and the same breadth as the huckaback, assuring me they were twice the wear; plate cloths, waiting napkins, rubbers, in short all sorts of necessities to the amount I believe of £150, tho' bought, I assure you, with all the economy possible. I must also do Mrs Bolle the justice to say that upon examination of the old linen she has bestow'd a vast deal of time and work upon it. I really think I have made myself a tolerable mistress of this business; only think of my being so anxious about it as to wake at five o'clock in the morning for fear of oversleeping myself and losing the mornings while Mrs Clark is in town. I had no notion I shou'd have been so much in earnest about it. Louisa is gone to-day to Temple Oge and has left Miss Conolly<sup>1</sup> with me. I have ventured to offer to lend her my mare as her own horse is sick. I hope I have not done amiss. This is not post-day, but I find it mighty pleasant to write a little to you every day about anything that I have much in my head; and this linen business runs in it continually at present. We want small table-cloths for a table of six, that also serve for breakfast cloths at Carton; these are to be had very good for about nine shillings a piece, but are all those ugly sort of patterns in squares without meaning that we both hate; no birds-eye pattern to be got, nor has there been any they say in Dublin these eight years; I fancy you cou'd get them in London, about six or eight of them wou'd be of great use. You may see by the change of my pen that I finish my letter to-day tho' begun yesterday. I have received one since that time from you, and am mighty sorry you had so disagreeable a journey with that odious Favot, who I detest for being such a plague to you; only think what you are reduced to when Marshal can be a comfort! I was very much entertained with your account of the drovers. How lucky Conolly has been! Had a passage of eight hours only. I know you love mourning, so must inform you that we are to wear it a fortnight for poor Sally Nicholson. Lady Barrymore is quite well to-night, I hear, thank God. Charles desires me to tell you he was *fort bon* twice to-day, he constantly enquires about you, and I find loves you vastly. If this delightful weather

---

<sup>1</sup> Harriet, daughter of William Conolly of Castletown, and sister of Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

continues I hope to go to the country with Louisa a few days next week. Yours affectionately,

E.K.

116. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Kildare House, November the 23rd, [1762].

I thank you, my dear Jemmy, for your letter from Chester ; I had none by to-day's packet, so conclude you did not get to London till the Friday after. My sister Holland writes me word there was a warm lodging ready for you, so I hope you found it comfortable. I like your being among all the foreign Ministers ; it is said here that Mr Pitt joins in opposition with the Duke of Newcastle. Pray write me some news when you are in the way of hearing them, there is none stirring here.

Thank God dear Lady Barrymore is perfectly well again and was, I hear, carry'd to her own house to-day in a chair, roll'd up with blankets ; I hope she won't be the worse for it, but I think it was venturing a great deal. I have got a little cold in my head, but nothing that signifies. Charles lives in his working frock, sweeps the stables, carries out the dung, cleans the harness, and makes the prettiest little hostler's boy you ever saw ; he enquires much after you. Miss Conolly is left with me ; Louisa is at Temple Oge ; the former desires me to tell you your stool is going on very well. I am afraid your journey was in some respects very disagreeable, but I agree with you that being entirely at liberty to stop or go on just as one likes is very comfortable. I hope the Philip you have with you is as agreeable as the one you left me ; I perfectly doat upon him. The other footmen behave very well, and we are a peaceable, orderly family. I have sent Harriet out of town for her cough. I hope Mr Cleveland entertained you the day you were ill at Glanskerry. Lady Barrymore's illness has quite put a stop to the Loo parties, except in the duty set, which I have hitherto kept out of, having no temptation to engage me in it while Lady Barrymore is out of it ; when she begins again I can't answer for myself ; this being the case the fifty guineas remains untouch'd. Stoyte calls for no money neither, so we go on living pure and cheap, agreeable to the economical

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

scheme. I don't suppose we shall ever see Monsr. Favot again. I wish you may get one to your mind in London. Do pray now settle with Barker what I am to pay for Susan's<sup>1</sup> apprenticeship. Will you be so good as to send the enclosed note to Miss Read. Yours, my sweet Lord K., most affectionately,

E.K.

117. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

November the 25th [1762].

My dear Lord Kildare,

Yesterday being a fine soft day and at the same time a bright sunshine, I took the opportunity to come down here, where I found Louisa's bedchamber and dressing [room] made so warm and comfortable by her for my reception that I can hardly believe myself at Castletown; she has settled it that I shall not go downstairs at all, but live entirely in these two rooms till I am quite harden'd. I saw she was mighty desirous to have me come down here with her, and I am sure I owe her this piece of complaisance after all her attendance and kindness to me in my illness, and indeed at all times. Besides, as I cannot venture much out for some time yet awhile, I had rather be confined here than at Carton, where I shou'd be tempted at least to walk about the house, if not out of doors. In another fortnight I hope to have got my strength again and not catch cold with every breath of air that blows upon me, and then I may enjoy being at Carton, which at present I cou'd not do. Lady Barrymore talks of coming there to me by way of recovery, which she thinks the country air will contribute to. Only think of her allowing that any good can come of the country! What a change! Indeed, it's true the town is very sickly. Seven people died in High Street one day of spotted fevers; Mr Sharman, my shoe-maker, was one of them. Mrs Cutts Harman<sup>2</sup> is dead of that disorder.

I have a great favour to beg of you, my dear Jemmy, which is that you will give me a copy of your picture at Ramsay's, which

<sup>1</sup> Susan Winter, the housekeeper's daughter.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Reverend Cutts Harman, Dean of Waterford.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

I hear is so good a one and so like you. I have none, you know, but the little one in a ring, and I shou'd be mighty happy to have one in my new blue mohair room.

Harriet, I think, looks better than she did, but is still very thin ; she is here with me, also Charlotte, Louisa,<sup>1</sup> and Charles. Henry [is] at Carton with Mrs Clarke, who doats upon him. Cecilia and Emily making the most of their time with Mr Kelly and Mrs Hill.

Adieu. Yours most tenderly,

E.K.

Is it true that Mr Pitt joins the Duke of Newcastle ? I long to hear some account of this day's transactions in the House of Commons.

118. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

November the 27th, [1762].

I can't express to you, my dear Lord Kildare, how much I am obliged to you for your kind long letter from London ; I received that from Towcester the same post, and was sorry to find you advanced so slowly in your journey. However, as you assure me you are well, must be satisfy'd at your meeting only with these inconveniences which the time of the year makes unavoidable ; but did not ten days appear terrible to you that have gone the same journey so often in four or five ? Cleveland was a very necessary companion, and I hope diverted you.

I own honestly I did read the letter signed Turner (you had, if you remember, desired I wou'd read all that came) but felt ashamed to mention so nasty a subject to you ; the hand look'd like a feigned one and I suspect General Sandford wrote it for a joke.

You were very much in the right not to venture to Holland House the night you got to London ; their staying there I fear'd wou'd be very disagreeable to you, and was very sorry when my sister Holland first mention'd it. How does she bear Mr Fox's time being so much taken up ; was not she cross any part of those five hours you spent with her ? I long to hear an account

<sup>1</sup> Lady Louisa Bridget FitzGerald (1760-65), sixth dau. of James FitzGerald, Marquess of Kildare (afterwards 1st Duke of Leinster).

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

of the first meeting of the Parliament. *Mr Shepherd says his daughter assures him Mr Fox, to use his own expression, has it hollow.* I shou'd be glad to know where Miss has conversed with Mr Fox that she shou'd be so well acquainted with his expressions. You can't imagine what fun we have in making him read the girls letters to us, and what nonsensical, studied, affected things they are.

Your fogs can't be worse than ours; what unwholesome weather it must be ! I can't expect dear little Harriet to recover while it lasts ; she has left off the asses' milk, and as I have her with me here all day long I nurse her up myself with jelly, chocolate and nourishing things. You can't imagine what a pretty turn she has for drawing ; Louisa amuses herself with teaching her. I have taken such a fancy to work now I sit at it all day long. We are mighty quiet and comfortable, live all day long in one room, muddle and dress in the morning for all day—in short, just the lazy kind of life which you know when once I get into I love mightily, and it is much better for you than if I was losing my money at Loo in town. Lady B.<sup>1</sup> has not, I hear, been well enough to play yet, but continues better. I think dear little Henry alter'd for the worse, but 'tis a sweet thing for all that and so delightfully hardy that I am quite happy about it ; he runs out in the cold without his shoes or stockings and does not mind it the least in the world. There came some bottles of cherry brandy from Lady Inchiquin's for you, which I desired Oliver to take care of for you. God bless you my sweet Lord Kildare.

Yours most affectionately,

E.K.

119. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

December the 2nd [1762].

My last letter will have convinced dear Lord Kildare that I have never miss'd writing to him any one post since his departure. I have paid dearly for my carelessness in directing to Dublin instead of London. I fear I am too old now to hope that even this will cure me of what ever was and will be so

<sup>1</sup> Countess of Barrymore.

natural to me, but as the fault was all my own can only blame myself. I have been of no parties since you went away, either in or out of town. I had cards once or twice at my house, and one of those nights I believe Furnace or Louisa might have been employ'd by me in altering the directions of your letters, if I happened to be engaged at play when the postman call'd, as is very possible ; but no engagement how agreeable soever did or ever will prevent my writing to you, and this I might have hoped you have e'er this been well convinced of.

Cecilia and Emily made us a visit to-day. I thought it wou'd do your black horses good ; they set out as soon as it was light, and leave this before three, not to be in the dark.

I am extremely obliged to you for all the news you write me, as I cannot but be extremely anxious about politics at this time. I pity poor Lord Bute, who you say is so much broke in so short a time. He has too deeply engaged both himself and his master to give up now, and yet such violent measures are frightful ; the Opposition being so powerful the consequences are to be dreaded. I think they are right, tho', and hope they will persevere in their intention of dismissing all those who join in it, and their dependants.

Is Lord Albermarle<sup>1</sup> expected over soon ? What part can he take ? He will be distress'd, I fancy ; my brothers having taken what we think the right one gives me great pleasure. I don't know but it is lucky enough that George is in Portugal, lest he shou'd have influenced my brother from some private pique of his own, himself influenced by Lady George ; for otherwise I can never suppose him wrong, never myself having known an instance of his being so, tho' often heard him accused of it, which I all lay to her charge.

The Black Standish man is call'd Whitby, and lives in Mount Street ; those with two bottles cost a guinea, those with four, five and twenty shillings. I am glad for Mr Conolly's own sake as well as his friends' that he is steady, for wavering minds can't be happy, in my opinion.

I hope you did not increase your cold by getting out of your chair going to the House of Lords ; your pinching colds plague you, but when I don't see you distress'd by them, I had

<sup>1</sup> George Keppel (1724-72), 3rd Earl of Albemarle ; Governor of Jersey, 1761 ; Commander-in-Chief of Expedition against the Havana, 1762.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

rather you had them than the other sort on your breast, which are more dangerous. I hope you will have dear George and William with you soon, if it was but for a day, as they seem much hurt at not hearing from you. This was a charming soft day ; I went with Louisa to the wood in the post-chaise, where I intended setting her down to walk, but found it so shelter'd and (now the leaves are off the trees and the walks gravel'd) so dry that I got out and walk'd a little with her ; my knees were weak, but otherwise was not fatigued with it. That wood is worth a million to people who live here in winter, besides the beauty of it in summer, for to have so charming a walk or ride where no wind comes nor wet underfoot is delightful. It's a pity we poor invalids have not *such* a one ; I hope that is not coveting one's neighbour's goods.

Pray tell me something of the Duchess, and whether she and my brother have praised Carton to Mr Fox and Lady Holland. I shou'd be glad, too, to hear if she plays at Loo as deep there as she did here ; I hope she does, for otherwise I know my brother, who hates it, will lay it all upon me, who was not the cause of it ; however, I shall forgive him.

I am threatened with a rebellion in our house among the maids, if I persist in their helping to make the new linen, but like H.M. I shall be firm.

I fancy Bunbury holds Conolly cheap, for the latter writes word he is much *too great a man* to take any notice of *him*, which vexes poor dear sweet Louisa vastly.

Harriet is much better. Lady B., I hear, quite well. Your Mother has not wrote me a note these three days, for a wonder, I always send to her when I have a letter from you. I am, my dear Lord Kildare, notwithstanding your injustice, your affectionate

E.K.

120. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

December the 4th, [1762].

I am very unlucky, my dearest Lord Kildare, to displease you when I least think of doing anything disagreeable to you. I have sent the mare back ; Miss Conolly does not like her.

As to any harm that might possibly happen to her, I thought her in as little danger here as at Carton; where you have no particularly careful person about your horses; and if any servants cou'd be so here I shou'd imagine it was the grooms, where they have the care of so many valuable ones; however, there is no harm done, and she is returned safe and well to Carton.

I shall obey your commands about the table-cloths when I go to town, but do not intend being there till the week after next, as I propose spending some time at Carton first. I wish my rooms to the sun had been finish'd for me, these two I live in here are so warm'd with it that I am afraid I shall find a great difference. You will see that as I have managed it, I cou'd not possibly catch any cold coming here, as I never have occasion to go thro' the passages or staircases at all, but when wrapt up to go out to take the air, which we do every fine day; to-day is a clear frost. Louisa cou'd not rest till we sent for Henry, so now I have five children with me. Charles rides a great deal, Silver and the Bear are now so like I hardly know one from t'other. Pray tell Conolly I never saw Louisa in such a passion as she has been with a Mr Duncan, whose hounds came and kill'd one of her foxes in the wood; she knew him to be one of those they turn'd out by the mark. You are very good in saying you love my letters; I am sure there is nothing in them entertaining enough to make them agreeable, and when I have told you I am well (the only interesting circumstance they contain) I am afraid of tiring you with saying more.

You don't imagine I hope that I have been buying any fine suits of damask linen for the £150; none but useful and necessary things I assure you, such as coarse sheets of two sorts, second sheets, children's sheets, a few fine ones for ourselves, coarse table linen for the steward's parlour, pantry linen, and some for Fiaski, beef cloths and mutton cloths, which Stoyte say'd were wanting. As for fine damask cloths we do not want them; small diaper ones for the table of six, which serves for breakfast in the country too, is what I propose getting; long diaper ones for a table of twelve might be of service sometimes in the country, but as to fine damask ones of that sort, according to our present scheme of living in the comfortable (not the magnificent) style they wou'd be quite useless; if you are made

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

Deputy it will be time enough to buy them. I hope we shall have Lord Gower for our Lord Lieutenant. I wish he wou'd marry Miss Pelham first and bring her over. Your letter of advice to stay in town came too late, but you are by this time satisfy'd I have not got any cold. As to waiting till something we wish'd shou'd happen, I might have stay'd long enough not having had the least sign of it ; Dr. Carter attributes it entirely to the complaint in my lying-in, which has set me quite *astray* is his expression. Lady Jocelyn<sup>1</sup> told me Lady Anne Dawson<sup>2</sup>, after such a case as mine, was not right for two years, but my constitution is, thank God, much better than hers. I can't help fearing there may be a very natural cause for this with me ; at present I am often sick after eating, but that may be occasion'd, too, by obstructions—in short, we must hope the best. My maids don't seem to suppose any such reason at all, so if they are as great prudes as poor dear Calcot was I might chance to be brought to shame. Apropos to Calcot, you were very good about the money, indeed I think she might live very well upon her annuity, but the poor old creature I found had run in debt to her apothecary, and wanted some assistance. I hope these new people she has got among won't cheat her. I am sorry she left the Liegeois, who are honest and good ; no new acquaintance I shou'd think wou'd choose to be troubled with such an old woman unless they proposed some profit or advantage to themselves by it, which makes me imagine she is cheated, tho' she gives Doctor Negus the highest character—what a queer name Negus is !

The guns are just now firing off at the Park, we hear them here ; I suppose peace was proclaimed. You can't think what fun we have in making Mr Shepherd read his daughter's letters to us ; she talks of all the great people in London as if they were her most intimate acquaintance. I never pay'd anything that I remember for Susan, but her clothes and her journey to England. I remember asking Mr Callion what his wife wou'd ask for an apprentice in the millinery way ; he said 15, 20 or 30 pounds according to the time ; the longer the term the less the sum, I understand, because they then become useful to their

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

<sup>2</sup> Anne, youngest dau. of Thomas Fermor, 1st Earl of Pomfret ; m. (1754) Thomas Dawson, afterwards 1st Viscount Cremorne.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

masters. I remember Mrs Leprince, who I once thought of binding her apprentice to, talk'd of £30 or £40 for 3, 5 or 7 years, but then hers is properly speaking two trades, being like most of the French both milliner and mantua maker, besides being the first woman of that sort in London next to Mr Lafare; as for Callion, she was only milliner. Putting all these things together, suppose we offer'd Barker £25, what think you of it? Adieu, my dear Lord Kildare. I hope by to-night's post you may possibly receive that letter directed to Dublin instead of London, which will clear me of all neglect—an accusation I little thought of ever receiving from you, and which was and ever must be unmerited by your most tender and affectionate

E.K.

My love to my sisters.

121. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Castletown, Tuesday, [December 7th, 1762].

Your last letter, my dear Jemmy, has made up to me a little for your unkindness in the former, which had, I own, made me very unhappy. It was excessively good in you to think of sending me the cocoa-tree letter; anything of that sort is at this time most welcome; it seems to me very clever, that part about the Duke of Newcastle particularly so. I dare say you answer'd her Majesty in better French than half what she hears spoke, for many pretend to speak it who do not know it so well as you do when you please to exert yourself. The little girls long to know what you said—pray remember it for them when you return, and pray when do you return, my Lord? I suppose you know it is a month to-morrow since you went. I am going with my brats to Carton for a week. I don't think I can settle comfortably there without you for longer. Harriet is much better; they all desire me to send their loves to you when they see me writing, so you may always suppose it. Cecilia and Emily made us another visit. Charles desires me to enclose this morning's judgement to you. The things you mention that are for me in London were commissions I gave Bolle, and I gave him the money to pay for all, so there is no demand on you of that sort. I am obliged to you for your care of them;

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

the pins, which are heavy, I can wait for. I have wore no colour'd clocks since you went away. I have been in mourning a fortnight for poor Miss Nicholson. I am rejoiced to hear you will have your dear boys, it will make them happy, and I shou'd imagine their company at meals wou'd be very acceptable. Are you much with the Hillsboroughs? Give my love to the Countess. Sal knows the value of dear Charles's company, and he will be well bestow'd on her; think (as Miss Conolly observed) of there being a house in the world where he is not adored! I pity the Holland House people for their taste, but 'tis all jealousy, seeing how far he excels Harry, tho' a pretty sweet boy. Lord Powerscourt, Mr Marley and Barret,<sup>1</sup> a landscape painter, have been here; the latter is painting views of this place, which by-the-by, is too flat ever to make a pretty picture. But what I was going to tell you is that he says Harriet has such a genius for drawing; he drew several little things for her which she copy'd mighty well, and she is vastly fond of it. Dean Letablere was here yesterday; he said perhaps your cold was a political one, not to dine with Lord Bute at this time while he is so unpopular, tho' you kept well with him in private. I told him he was an arrant Jesuit, and that you had no such false ways. He is going to sit for his picture to Mr Watson; is not that delightful? I believe you are by this time tired of my nonsense, so adieu.

God bless you, my sweetest dear Jemmy.

E.K.

122. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Carton, the 9th of December, [1762].

My dearest Lord K., I have been here these two days and wou'd you believe it? starved with cold after coming from Castletown, which shews the coldest houses when constantly lived in will be warmer than the warmest when any time uninhabited, as is the case here. I feel the want of my winter rooms now sadly, and shall set about finishing them directly. You will say, what, was the print room cold? No, but the

<sup>1</sup> George Barrett (1728-84), Irish landscape painter; Bourke had introduced him to Lord Powerscourt.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

way to it from the apartment we are in at present perishingly so—those stairs running with wet, as is the passage above and most of the rooms to this back side of the house ; which shews, my Love, the necessity of having very, very often fires almost all over the house. We must never be sparing in the article of coals, not indeed was it ever our orders they shou'd be spared, but the maids are exceedingly so of their trouble ; however while I am here I shall worry them pretty well. This morning I am mighty busy matching all the beddings to their proper bedsteads, in which there has been sad blunders made hitherto. I have not had the pleasure of hearing from you since I wrote last, and as I have not seen anything here out of these three rooms (for I live in the India paper room chiefly, as 'tis near my own, and that I have no passage or staircase to pass) have nothing to say but that I am my dear Jemmy sincerely yours,

E.K.

123. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Carton, Friday, the 10th [December, 1762].

My dear Jemmy,

I have been out all morning in the post-chaise. The new river is beautiful ; one turn of it is a masterpiece in the art of laying out, and I defy Kent,<sup>1</sup> Brown, or Mr Hamilton to excel it. This without flattery, and now that you may not be too vain, the shape of the island in its present state is not pretty. Whether its rising so much above the water be the cause of it or not, I can't tell, but it wants that grace and easy pretty turn that you have really without compliment given to all the rest, and in one part especially. The end is extremely well hid at present, and when the banks are dress'd and green, it will be altogether a most lovely thing. I had great pleasure in seeing ten men thickening up that part of the plantation between the Dublin and Nine Mile Stone Gate with good, tall, shewy-looking trees—elm and ash ; but there are still quantities of holes not fill'd, and I suspect that to satisfy our impatience last autumn Jacob Smith dug more than he will get trees to fill this winter. I am glad I have got out to see these things, tho' they afford

<sup>1</sup> William Kent (1684–1748), architect and landscape gardener.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

but little pleasure in this dreary season, except that which one's imagination forms for the ensuing summer from their progress. But I have a cheerful and pleasant prospect before my eyes within doors : the dear little brats are, thank God, so well, so merry, so riotous, so hardy, and so full of play from morning till night that it wou'd enliven the dullest of mortals to see them. The two nurses, Milburn and Glexton, are the best play-fellows for children I ever saw ; they invent some new diversion every night, they play and romp in Lady Kildare's dressing-room, and I sit in the India paper drawing-room, so I have them or not just as I like ; Henry naked is the dearest little being on earth. I have my mornings all to myself, for Louisa and Miss Conolly come but just at dinner time, and stay till after supper, which is better to me than if they were quite in the house ; for in a morning I can have no idea of ever wanting company, nor indeed shou'd I be distress'd in being alone at night if my eyes were good enough to use them long by candle-light, but I find they will not bear above an hour or two's application without being much the worse for it. Mrs Clarke grumbles sadly about the maids ; they won't get up in a morning, and she catches her death with cold going to call them. I have given her leave to have a bell, which she is mighty desirous of, tho' as I told her it will do no good, and that the only way to make them get up early was to make them go to bed early ; that they won't do—why, because they have nothing to do, and so sit up gossiping and prating—give them work to do, make them mend and make the linen, you'll find they will be ready enough then to go to bed as early as you please. My dear Jemmy I hope this letter will not come to you in company, nor when you have other matters in your head, for it will appear very trifling and tiresome ; but if you receive it when you are sitting over your fire alone of an evening such sort of chat may be acceptable enough. I shall write again to-morrow ; for the present good-night.

Saturday the 11th.

Here is another fine day, my dear Jemmy. I have been out again a little, but return'd in time that I may finish my letter and let the man go soon enough, not to be in the dark. I hope you will think I have done right in ordering Michael Carr to be discharged. He was left in town purposely to attend

Cecilia and Emily, but wou'd never be in the way, kept Mr Kelly waiting above half an hour at the door, stay'd out, and when spoke to was very saucy, so for example's sake I desired Arrel to part with him ; the two others behave mighty well.

I was made very happy by two letters from you, my dearest Lord Kildare ; this is but the second time that they have come in two at once. In general the packets have been mighty regular, which I reckon a piece of good fortune, for the uncertainty of hearing from anybody one is anxious about is the worst part of a separation, provided tho' that separation is not for too long a time. Conolly says he shall return in three weeks. Lord Strafford<sup>1</sup>, he writes word, is mighty angry. Mr Fox treated him with great delicacy ; one said very rude things to him, t'other shew'd an opinion of both his head and his heart ; so you see Mr Fox has been cunning, perhaps in pursuance of some hint of yours, for you know Lady Barrymore says you are the devil for that. She expects her son very soon, and writes me word she can't come to me ; I guess'd what her fine country scheme wou'd come to. I suppose she is in a good run, tho' she does not own it in her notes ; which I receive from her frequently to inform me of her health. She is weak, I hear, still. What shou'd I have done without her ? I am sure you wou'd have been mighty sorry for me, tho' you so often scold at my being too fond of her ; but you will own that the world can't produce such another agreeable acquaintance, putting friendship out of the question. If you can do that in regard to a person that loves one as she does, that enters with such warmth into everything that interests one, all one's little views of pleasure, profit or ambition, in short one that has such a heart—but I know you are growing cross at my violent partiality, so will say no more.

You are vastly good to write me so much chat. I thought Mr Pitt's part was taken, and am glad to find it otherwise. I hope at least he will not be against us ; for us can't be expected, but if he is neuter it will be very well.

Mr Handcock writes Louisa word that the mob is much more violent in London now than ours was in '53 ; how that can be I don't understand, unless they actually tear poor Lord B. to pieces, which he says is not unlikely. You have no good of Mr Fox,

---

<sup>1</sup> William Wentworth (1722–91), 2nd Earl of Strafford.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

that I see plainly, so give your vote when 'tis wanted, and make haste back again, my dear Jemmy. The Richmonds are never comfortable folks but in the country ; the Hillsboroughs are much the best people for you at present, their house warm, dinners good, conversation agreeable, party the same, in short a good resort of any but an Opera day, and then you know they are upon the fidgets from four o'clock. I was very giddy in losing Louisa's note to Miss Read, but it does not signify as it happens.

I did not mean to give you the trouble of sitting for your picture to Ramsay as he has done so good a one, a copy of that will content me, only I beg it may be dress'd in your Major General's coat ; I shall be excessively obliged to you for it, and prefer it to any other present you cou'd make me, were it ever so magnificent or pretty and *just arrived from France*. I do pity the Duchess of Bedford extremely if she has not a right taste for the French, whose dress, manners and life I know are delightful beyond measure.

I will write to Mrs Agar about the bills, and promise you I won't draw you into any more scrapes of this kind. I have done a vast deal of business with Mrs Clarke since I came here. Adieu, my dearest. Yours most tenderly

E.K.

Little brats all well and pretty.

124. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Carton, Tuesday, the 14th [December, 1762].

Yours of the 7th, my dear Jemmy, has made me quite happy, as you seem so well convinced you did me injustice when you cou'd think a minute I had neglected writing to you, which I really think nothing less than being dying cou'd prevent, as I know the pleasure there is in receiving the letters of those one loves in absence. But since you tell me what you said on this subject was in pique, occasioned by disappointment, I am quite satisfy'd and shall think of it no more, as nobody in the world knows better than I do how very unjust passion often makes one, having said myself at times the things in the world that were farthest from my real thoughts.

The table-cloths are not yet bought, so I wish you wou'd

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

bring over some of that pretty kind, of a proper size for a table of six, which is what we most want ; two for a table of ten wou'd not be amiss, and ten of the others—a dozen in all if they do not come very dear ; napkins we also want, about eight dozen will do. We have not a napkin or table-cloth now in the world that I have not examined, and I am a perfect mistress of the state of our linen at present. Most of our damask cloths are for a table of eight, and scarcely reach from end to end on a table of ten. Now large damask cloths are an unnecessary piece of expense to us at present, and what you at no time admire, but in order to render our table of eight ones of use we want a long, fine diaper one under them ; do you understand me ? Of these we have hardly any, so that we use perhaps three damask cloths, two under and one over, every time we have a table of ten, which is neither handsome nor good economy. You see by this, my Love, that two of those I mention'd wou'd be useful. If you are in a generous mood bring four, but don't take them off from the number ten of those for the table of six, which are the most necessary of any, as they are wanted often in the country, three times a day, for breakfast, dinner and supper. So much for linen. Now as to politics, I am sorry we have lost so good a Speaker as Charles Townshend.<sup>1</sup> Mr Pitt I own I am wicked enough to hope may have the gout ; he always has a fit or two every year, and so why not then as well as another time. I dread your having the asthma, poor soul, and hope to have no letter from you next packet, which will be a sign you went to the House, and if once there the heat will keep you well. Nobody but you in the world wou'd have given themselves so much trouble to have detected a poor man in a lie, as you have done the Captain of the yacht. I told Lord Powerscourt (who dined here with Louisa from Castletown) of it, and he was much delighted with it, 'twas so like you ! But how can people who know your character be such fools as to venture at imposing on you ! The little Dean dined with me and Mr Bere, so I had a grand company ; we drank your health and safe return, which I hope will be soon, my dear Jemmy. After this great day is over I reckon you can guess at the time when you can set out ; I shall long to hear both that and the event of the day, tho' you say the Court is sure of it. I wish you cou'd see the cows

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Charles Townshend (1725-67), Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1766-7.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

in the garden, they look so pretty and they eat such fine mouthfuls of grass, and seem to enjoy it so; there is a man to watch them, who is generally asleep. The butter and cream is excellent; I enjoy it so much after that at Castletown, which is bad; the ale and small beer I have not ventured on, as my stomach and bowels are often much out of order. I shall see Dr. Carter when I go to town, to know if I may venture to take anything for them. The pills I take now have done me no good. Adieu. Yours affectionately,

E.K.

125. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Dublin, December the 16th, 1762.

You see, my dear Angel, that upon change of place I always alter my date, and so go on afterwards, only mentioning the day of the week or month; but since it is a method you don't like shall not pursue it.

The new farce at Crow Street<sup>1</sup> call'd *A Trip to the Dargil* (one of the prettiest pantomimes I ever saw) brought us all to town. We went last night to see it, Louisa, Miss Conolly, Cecilia, Emily, Harriet, and—who do you think? Why, who but dearest Angel Charles, which with your humble servant fill'd a row in the front box (for there we sat to see it in perfection) very prettily. I assure you the people in the pit seem'd to like me and my little family very well altogether, but such admiration of Charles! *The sweet fellow, a fine boy, lovely creature*, were words repeated over and over in our hearing; he was all attention both to the play (which was *Jane Shore*<sup>2</sup>) and the farce you may guess delighted him; Harlequin he doats on, he cry'd out once pretty loud when he saw him jump: *Look Harriet! Look Harriet!* but upon the whole behaved vastly well, ask'd more questions than it was possible to answer, tho' as you may guess I sat by him for no other purpose than to answer them and explain everything as well as I cou'd. He never was the least sleepy. I hope my dear Lord Kildare will not be angry with me for taking him without leave. I am

<sup>1</sup> Theatre, then under the management of Spranger Barry.

<sup>2</sup> A tragedy, by Nicholas Rowe.

certain if you cou'd know half the pleasure it gave me you wou'd not be sorry but pleased that I indulged myself. To complete the happiness of the whole day they all dined upon minced pies with us at Lord Powerscourt's. Your Mother, who I had offer'd myself to (having all the wedding people belonging to the Burgh family) had refused me ; to-day I am to be with her and at Mrs Hussey's in the evening. *The Dargil* was mighty ill executed, and the worst part of the whole farce, but the Water Fall was the prettiest thing I ever saw, much beyond that at the Opera, and so like that at Powerscourt that you actually fancy yourself in the very place.

I was quite happy to find dear Lady Barrymore so well. She is reduced to cribbage when I am out of town, so I was doubly welcome as my arrival changes the party to-night into Loo. I hope it will use me well, since I have brought it to life again. I was not sorry to come and get a little of it, and Louisa wanted also to come and see a few plays while Conolly is away, as he hates town so much when he is here, but we shall be both glad to go to the country again soon, we are so comfortable there ! I received the enclosed letter concerning Philip, and shall do nothing in it till I hear from you. He is by much the best servant in that station we ever had, knows the town and everybody in it, was as handy at Carton as butler as ever Stoyte was, the same at breakfast, is sensible, intelligent, sober, observant, civil to everybody, always in the way, in short quite a treasure, and I beg if it is possible you will keep him. The guinea Mrs Cockburne gave him he says was on account of wages, and that they still owe him half a guinea. He was with them but two months ; he gave up all the plate in his care to the same servant in the family who had given it him ; he did go to the country to see his father-in-law, and there heard of our place ; cou'd not obtain a discharge from Mr Cockburne, so offer'd himself to us without. This is what he says for himself. I hope it will appear sufficient to you, as he is a delightful creature.

The seeds, etc., are come ; the walnuts and chestnuts I fear spoilt, which is vexatious, the rest all safe. Bere consulted me about putting perch in the new river, I advised he shou'd. I shall see the housekeeper to-morrow. Mrs. Bolle has taken it into her head that Stoyte has set you against her. I have assured her it is her own carelessness that has done it and

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

nothing else. I have got the better about the maids, and they are doing part of the linen. I think I am much more notable when you are away than when you are here; there is something pleasing in the thoughts of being employ'd as you like and in your service. Indeed, my dear Jemmy, nothing else I think cou'd make me take so much pains about things that are in themselves so disagreeable to me, and which I know I am not fit for nor have no turn to. I think it right, but that alone, I fear, wou'd not be powerful enough to make me do it if I had not the additional view of doing what makes you love me and excuse my other failings more readily. I had wrote this before your last letter came, which I thank you for ten thousand times, all I now can do, for Florence is come; it's three o'clock, and I dine at your Mother's; notwithstanding which (just as I was going to answer at least some parts of your letter) in she comes in one of her pert ways, says she won't stay a minute, sees all your letters and mine upon the table, and yet chatters on full half an hour telling me a shocking story of Mrs Frederick Hamilton's running away from her husband with Sir George Warren,<sup>1</sup> as if it was the best joke in the world, laughing at it all the time! What a queer woman she is! But I must have done, my dear, dearest Lord K. God Almighty bless you,

E.K.

126. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Kildare House, the 17th of December, [1762]

Plagued by the servants, worry'd by the children, my dearest Lord Kildare, I have not been able to sit down and write to you till this minute. I did not stay to sup at Mrs Hussey's, but play'd till twelve and lost £20, which is a great deal at the plain crown Loo without forces, which is really not deep play, tho' poor dear Madam Clementina argued with us the whole night that it was deeper than the half guinea Loo, which is delightful; you know she might just as well persuade people that five shillings is more than ten-and-sixpence. Lady Barrymore looks pretty well again, but is determined to go to the Bath for the remainder of the winter, then spend the summer with Lady

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Warren, K.B., of Poynton, Cheshire.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

Lepel Phipps<sup>1</sup> at Mulgrave ; and to put me in good humour with this scheme, promises to return in August, and to come and make a long visit to me at Carton, allowing what I have always say'd to be true, that because I am but ten miles from Dublin I never have half so much of her company as all the rest of her friends who live at a distance. I rejoice at the Bath part of the expedition, as I am certain it will contribute to preserve her to us, and that I think her in a bad state of health ; but why she need spend a whole summer with that nasty Lady Lepel I have no notion. Lord Barrymore<sup>2</sup> is vastly improved ; you know I am not partial to him, but he is really infinitely mended in his appearance, has not that sulky shyness about him at all. I beg, my dearest Lord Kildare, you will say nothing more about our little tiff, 'tis all forgot I assure you ; the letter which occasioned it was sent to London by the Dublin post office, and that in London, seeing Dublin on it, return'd it here, and it was brought here among the other English letters ; it certainly went and return'd. I had a letter just now from Rachel Crofton : she has taken the house where Mr Nicholson lived in Merrion Street, and hopes you don't forget your promise of Indian paper to furnish one room. Your Master General's coat will be sent as soon as possible. I shou'd have liked the red as being more becoming, but upon recollection like the blue best, as character rather than beauty is what shou'd be consulted in your picture ; and your being Master General has been more a mark'd part of yours than the Major General, tho' I don't doubt but if it had come in your way you might have shewn as much ability in that as in the others. The picture must have a very handsome French frame ; I don't like that Carlo Marat<sup>3</sup> frame for a portrait. Let it be bespoke after some handsome frame at Richmond House, not the light sort ; there is one of Cardinal Fleuri<sup>4</sup> I shou'd like, if not too dear. It shall hang in my new mohair dressing-room here, upon the hangings, not to be made up as part of the chimney, for a lady's room that is not pretty. Besides, I like the blue hanging shou'd

<sup>1</sup> Lepel (1723-80), eldest daughter of John, Lord Hervey ; m. (1743) Constantine Phipps, afterwards (1767) Lord Mulgrave.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Barry (1745-73), 6th Earl of Barrymore. He had succeeded his father in 1751.

<sup>3</sup> Carlo Maratta (1625-1713), Italian painter of the Roman School.

<sup>4</sup> Cardinal Fleury (1653-1743), French statesman.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

appear a little behind my fine china, which is to stand on the white marble mantelpiece, then your picture above, and I think it will be very complete. Nurse Martin and Doctor Carter both give me hopes that I may be right in two or three days again, as the three months from the time of my being brought to bed will be out. I wish it may prove so, but I fear otherwise ; however, I have resolved not to grumble ! After all, are not my pretty babes a blessing ? When I look round at them all, does not my heart rejoice at the sight, and overflow with tenderness ? Why, then, repine ? They are good, they are healthy, they are pretty ; God Almighty bless them ; if they gave me pain, they now make up for it by giving me pleasure.

I think you were vastly in the right to talk to Mr Fox as you did. I think I see you and he going up the stairs ; it's very provoking, tho', after taking such a journey, for him never to be able to obtain one conversation about your own affairs. I don't doubt but you will get what you desire for yourself in the military way, but I shou'd not quite give up the Civil neither, and think a reversion of some of those employments that the Rigbys, Conways, Jocelyns, etc., are in possession of might be good things for Charles or Henry. As to your not making your services to a new Lord Lieutenant too cheap, I am much of your mind that it is not politic so to do, and think your intentions on that head very much so. I wish we may have Lord Gower. If it is likely to be soon determined who comes, you are certainly right to stay a little, but if *l'affaire* should *tirer en longueur* then surely you will think of the comfortable time you lose here. I assure you I shou'd never think of comparing you to poor Conolly in anything. Do you think I have come to *my years* without distinguishing between the real and settled wish of spending one's life together, and the hurry of a boy to come to what he will leave the next half hour for a new hound or horse ? I have seen the woman Lady Kildare recommended to me this morning ; she has not the pecked nose right housekeeperish look, but seems not to want spirit. I was very particular with her as to all what we required of one in that station ; she seem'd to think it reasonable and promised to execute our orders to the best of her power ; I believe I shall not meet with one better recommended, so will hire her. Mrs Bolle is mighty sorry she has not been happy enough to please

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

you, particularly as the place you put her in was by your own desire and opinion of her, unsought by her; she was happy in being with Cecilia and happy in having given me satisfaction in that place. It was all true, and moved me; she beg'd she might stay about three weeks longer, to which I agreed.

*Saturday the 18th.*

There was more people at Lady Blayney's<sup>1</sup> than I have seen gather'd together for some time in the Assembly way. I shall have a party at home next Monday, not a great one, only a few tables. Everybody is mighty inquisitive for news, and apply to me as one *au fait* of all the affairs. Handcock wrote Lord Powerscourt word that Mr Fox was *miserably poor* in his speech, and I begin to believe it, for you don't say a word about it in your letters. I am vastly obliged to you for all the detail you write me of what was done the great day. I had no notion of the Lord Cavendish's doing so unhandsome a thing as not to give notice to their party that they wou'd not vote; it's unlike what I have always heard of them. I am glad the peace is better liked. To-night I am to be at Mrs Clements's. Yours, my dear Lord K., most affectionately and tenderly,

E.K.

127. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Kildare House, December the 21st [1762].

My dearest Lord Kildare, I received yours of the 14th of December Saturday night at Mrs Clements's, with the bills enclosed. I am happy to find you continue well. There came a letter from Ned Sandford for you at the same time, which Mr Clements was so good as to say (while I was at Loo) he wou'd direct and send to you, as it wou'd be too late when I got home, and I had wrote my own letter to you before I went out. I am particular upon this subject, because it is the only letter (since the fatal ones that made so much mischief between us) which I have not directed with my own hand of all that have ever been brought to me. All Sunday I spent with Lady

<sup>1</sup> Mary (d. 1790), dau. of Sir Alexander Cairnes, Bt., of Monaghan; she married (1) Cadwallader Blayney, 7th Lord Blayney; (2) Col. John Murray, M.P.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

Barrymore. Yesterday had a party at home, and am now going to Castletown. Upon the whole Loo has not used me ill this week that I have been in town ; which is lucky, for the fifty you gave me is almost all gone in the common necessities ; a black *négligé* excepted, which I bought for Miss Nicholson's mourning, and really wanted. Stoyte has had fifty once ; what shall I say to my dear Jemmy about the immense bills he has pay'd for me in England ! Nothing, for I cou'd never say half enough ! So 'tis best to be silent and leave you to imagine my gratitude, rather than attempt to express it.

Sir Thomas Maude<sup>1</sup> has taken the house Lady A. Ward had in Kildare Street.

I know no news and have nothing more of yours to answer ; Louisa is come to call upon me, so adieu. Ever yours,

E.K.

This minute the packet is come and brings me your charming long letter. I shall answer it with more comfort and leisure from the country by next post, so shall only thank you for it now. I will call at Cottingham's as we go by and make him send you the bills by to-night's post. Once more adieu.

I am pretty well ; my stomach better, but not as you wish me to be ; the weakness in my knees still continues.

128. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Castletown, December the 23rd [1762].

I am both sorry and glad, my dear Lord Kildare, that you go to Goodwood ; sorry, because I think the air is cold and sharp there, and I fear won't agree with you at this time of the year, but glad because that you are on the spot with my dear, dear, venturesome boy, and will take more care of him if anything shou'd happen (which God forbid !) than anybody besides myself, and that nothing can equal a mother's tenderness but a father's. I really feel vast comfort in the thoughts that you are together ; you know I have long dreaded this same Goodwood expedition for him. How fond he must be of Carton, dear little soul, to think of sending his boat to it, which I shou'd think wou'd give him so much pleasure at Eton. If William

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Maude (1727-77), of Dundrum ; cr. (1776) Lord de Montalt.

has a turn to anything I think it is farming, but as you say he loves nothing with a degree of passion to excel in it ; he is a fine boy too and far from silly. I hope you will win money at Goodwood ; you were lucky the last time you were there, ten guineas a night may very well be pick'd up at that little play. Tell me who your company is, don't make the Duchess colour about Lord Frederick as you used to do here, for it is barbarous. I have a fine subject now for colouring. You know Lord Powerscourt is Henry's Godfather, so the day he was here by way of making the child very dutiful, Nurse makes him come up to Lord Powerscourt and cry *Papa, Papa* ; think of poor me ! Mr Marley and Barret, if they condemn me upon my looks, must I am certain be both convinced it was really so.

I did use the brazier at Carton, and it did some good ; but as the charcoal must be burn'd clear before it comes into the house I find it consumes mighty fast, and the maids are too lazy to renew it often. There is one of a much better sort here than ours, I have had an opportunity of watching it as it stands just at my door ; it never smokes, tho' the coals are not first burn't, but put in once and last all day ; the cover is constantly kept on, and there is a thing under it which receives the ashes ; it gives an immense heat. The next morning I go to Carton I will enquire for the other, since you say there was two. Eight-and-six pence was cheap for the table-cloths if at all fine, they ask'd me twelve and sixpence for some here. It was very good in you to remember the fine huckaback. I doat upon it, as it cleans my face and neck well without being rough enough to bring out red spots, which you know *some rough things are apt to do*. I took your advice and wore my clock'd deep blue stockings yesterday, they are much the prettiest of any ; the gold colour, as Barker terms them, are mighty ugly.

I long to see my bracelets ; I am sure they are just right from your description of them, and £7 is about what I expected they wou'd cost. What you say of Ellis<sup>1</sup> shews a littleness of mind which is just what I shou'd have guess'd from his appearance to have been his character. The Agars will indeed

<sup>1</sup> Welbore Ellis (1713-1802), had recently been made Secretary at War. In 1765 he married for the second time, Anne Stanley, but there were no children, and the Barony of Mendip descended to his sister's grandson, Henry Welbore Agar, 2nd Viscount Clifden, who thereupon assumed the additional surname of Ellis.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

be disappointed if he marries again. I wrote to her as you desired, but have not yet received an answer. Lady Brandon is gone down to them about her brother Jemmy Agar's<sup>1</sup> borough, which there is some violent fuss about between him, Mr Flood<sup>2</sup> and Mr Weymes; it's vastly talk'd of, but as I don't understand it shall not attempt explaining it. Now you are at Goodwood you might speak to my brother about the grapes and figs; Murray says they must not be cuttings but whole plants. Only think of your Mother owing Mrs Burgh money; perhaps, tho', it was some left by old Madam Downes for her granddaughter in trust; I think I have heard some such thing. She is mighty busy, fidgety and notable about this same match as you may guess; 'tis neither of those that was at Carton last year, but one that is reckoned pretty—not at all so to my taste. You never told me Lord Allen<sup>3</sup> had got into the English Parliament. I am glad of it, poor man. By whose interest was he brought in? I know the borough is Lord Cornwallis's.<sup>4</sup> I think Lady D<sup>e</sup> said a delightful thing when she heard of some blunder that poor Lord Carysfort<sup>5</sup> committed in his speech in the House of Commons; *oh Lord! why did not he take little Mayne in his hat with him to have set him right?* I do think considering Mayne's size and her cleverness it was charmingly said, and had it been by George Selwyn wou'd have been much admired.

I told you in my last letter but one, my dear Jemmy, what were my thoughts in regard to your staying a little longer in England. It is certainly very right and necessary that you shou'd take every opportunity of laying the foundation, as you say, for future emoluments where there is such an increasing family. I wou'd never have you rest content on that score, but keep a diligent watch towards everything of the kind which suits your active temper, too, better than quietness, and need

<sup>1</sup> James Agar (1734–89), cr. (1776) Lord Clifden, and (1781) Viscount Clifden.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Flood (1732–91), statesman and orator. Flood had been returned for the borough of Callan in the place of James Agar, who was declared 'not duly elected.'

<sup>3</sup> Joshua Allen (1728–1816), 5th Viscount Allen.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Cornwallis (1738–1805), 2nd Earl Cornwallis; cr. (1792) Marquess Cornwallis. He took a prominent part in the American War. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1798–1801.

<sup>5</sup> Countess of Drogheda.

<sup>6</sup> John Proby (1720–72); cr. (1752) Baron Carysfort. He married (1750) Elizabeth, dau. of Joshua Allen, 2nd Viscount Allen.

[1762]

MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

not hinder but rather forward our enjoyment of our Carton life, since it will enable us the more to go on with our schemes for improvements there without reproaching ourselves for spending what our poor brats may want. Adieu, my dear Lord K. Yours most tenderly, E.K.

I am sure if you are well you are funny enough with the Duchess. Tell me something of the dear little Lennox girl.<sup>1</sup> Is it as pretty as my Louisa? Henry admires clock'd stockings as much as you do; he is for ever peeping under my petticoats—what nonsense I do fill my letters with!

129. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Christmas Day, Kildare House, [1762].

My dear Angel,

I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. If you are at Goodwood, and that the sun shines as bright as it does here, I hope you will take a walk up to Carne Seat, sit down in the little room, and think of that you took with Lady Emily Lennox, just return'd from Bognor Church, sixteen years ago, and believe that I love you sixteen times better now than I did then. I came to town yesterday to go to church to-day in town, for when one stays long in church, those in the country are so cold, that I was afraid to venture at this time of the year. I dined yesterday with your Mother, who is very well; so am I and all the babes. The bell rings, so God bless you. Yours affectionately,

E.K.

130. *Marchioness of Kildare to Marquis of Kildare.*

Castletown, December 30th, [1762].

I can never tell you half how much I am obliged to you, my dear Lord Kildare, for your delightful long letters, which wou'd be a real entertainment to one less interested in the writer than myself; they are so full of news and pleasant chat; guess then how agreeable they must be to me.

<sup>1</sup> Louisa (1760–1843), dau. of Lord George Henry Lennox, who had married (1759) Louisa, daughter of William Ker, Earl of Ancram.

## MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE TO MARQUIS OF KILDARE

You may depend upon my taking the greatest care not to drop any letter in which you mention the affair of the Lord Lieutenancy, which I am far from imagining is likely to take place, nor indeed were it so to do, wou'd it give me any great degree of pleasure any farther than as it answer'd your views for our dear brats, and satisfy'd the little ambition that is so natural of triumphing over those who one thinks wou'd be glad to lower us or give us any mortification in their power. To punish envy rather than raise it ; but even this desire in me is not strong, and if I know my own heart at present it is my wish to spend our days in quietness at dear Carton, improving that pretty place without hurting the children ; and for this reason I am rejoiced at the thoughts of your succeeding in the view of increasing your income in the military way, as we may lay that up for them, and not deprive ourselves of what I think the greatest amusement the world affords, and amusement you know I cannot do without. I own my weakness, but 'tis a very general one, and you are almost the only person I believe in the world who can find it in your business and the very things you ought to attend to. It is a particular happiness you enjoy above all, or at least most other people. Mr Conolly gives a charming account of you ; says you look perfectly well, are in high spirits, full of joke and fun, and eat like a horse. I wish you had happened to have given my bracelets into Mr Handcock's care, I shou'd have had them now ; instead of that they are at Parkgate with Conolly's things, who, you might guess, wou'd never give himself any trouble about them ; he does not even seem to know he has any such thing, but Dezerant says there is a packet and a band-box for me.

The complaint I mentioned in my last letter goes on very well and puts me quite out of all doubt, which is a vast comfort ; but I am exceeding ill and low with it, more so than I ever was in my life ; I find in that as in everything else that I am growing very old. This confinement and the fevers at Carton have prevented my spending this week there as I did intend, but hope to do so the next ; tho' I shall have little of Louisa's company there now Conolly is come, for you know he won't let her stay out at night, and the evening is the only time I want her. God bless you, my Love.

Yours, sick or well,

E.K.

[1756]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

LETTERS OF LADY CAROLINE FOX (LADY HOLLAND)

1756

131. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, the 6th, 1756.

I have the pleasure to inform my dear sister that the dear little boys arrived here yesterday at five o'clock in perfect good health, except a little cold George has, which he says he has had all the time he was in Ireland, but his eyes are lively and he looks clear and well. They are going to school to-day, where their cousin Charles will be glad to see them, I'm sure, for he certainly loves George exceedingly.

Mr Bolle tells me since I began this that Lord Ophaly was not very well upon the road, but is now quite so, I'm sure. William's beauty is a little hurt with the loss of his tooth. I pity you, dear siss, from my heart, being obliged to part with them, but I do think Wandsworth School is the best nursery for delicate children in the world. I pity you, for I can hardly accustom myself to the absence of my two boys. (Ste indeed I live in continual fears about), but sweet Charles I miss vastly, and can't yet grow very fond of Harry, who is very entertaining tho', and particularly good-humoured and merry. Lord Digby and Mrs Digby delight in him; he is really a pretty monkey, but I find my attachment to them at that age is not near so great as 'tis when they grow older, tho' I'm entertained with their little ways. I have two letters of yours to answer, one of the 24th I received last week, and one I received yesterday just after your boys arrived, in which you mention their setting out. I don't hear of these dreadful sore throats spreading at all. I do hate you for not being brought to bed. I was with Ste at Eton last week for three days; he had the chicken-pox, and sent for me to go and nurse him; he is well again, or rather it's over, for ill he never was; it's a very slight distemper. I believe it's one of the little Hunters that was at school that's dead, but am not sure, but that poor Mr Hunter has left four children is certain. While I was at Eton a most melancholy accident happ'ned. A Mr Allgood, a youth of 15 years old, was drown'd swimming in the Thames, a remarkable clever good sort of boy; he has a father





CAROLINE, LADY HOLLAND

*From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds*

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

and mother infinitely fond of him, who have but one more child, and that a sickly one. These sort of things make one really miserable when one thinks of them, but those anxious reflections ought not to be indulged, since we are sure every misfortune as well as every blessing is sent us by Him who orders all for the best, and every day convinces me more and more, and every event that happens confirms me in the opinion, that to enjoy ease here ought to be the utmost of our ambition. Continued happiness is not design'd for us in this life, and I think the only really comfort one can have here is the hopes of meriting it hereafter, and to keep up one's cheerfulness of mind as much as one can. I fear, dear sister, that disposition you and I have (tho' you are so vastly better than me in that respect; I should not compare you and I) to fret at trifles is a great fault; but I find I mend in that respect as I grow older, at least if I'm vex'd for the minute it's sooner over.

This is a long letter about nothing, you'll say, but when I get into a settled correspondence with you I must write my thoughts as if we were conversing. The weather is heavenly, just what one would wish. Lord Digby and Mrs Digby are no confinement to me, for I leave them the minute breakfast is over, and saunter or sit by myself in my own room. In the afternoon Lord Digby is wheel'd out in a chair to drink tea out of doors with us, and after loitering about some time, if no company dine with us, Mr Fox and I take our walk by ourselves; but somebody or other you may imagine is continually with us at this time a year, and in Mr Fox's present situation, he oftener dines abroad, but that you know was never one of my grievances. He is well and cheerful in the main, tho' often vex'd about public affairs. He is a cheerful man to what he was last year and the year before, but not the same very happy being he was before Mr Pelham<sup>1</sup> died. He takes great care of himself, rides, drinks very little and goes to bed by 12 o'clock; his legs swell, but he is so well otherways that I can't think it of any consequence at all. Mr Horner has given me a painted taffeta for you and a painted gauze for myself, which I expected would be very pretty, and turns out mighty ugly; the taffeta is pretty. Let me know how I shall send it you; being Indian, and unmade, I fear 'twill be seized unless some careful body carries it. Mr Bolle says just now he believes Oliver can, so I hope to send it

<sup>1</sup> Rt. Hon. Henry Pelham, statesman, had died in 1754.

[1756]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

by him. Mr Fox, a toad, wanted me to send you the gauze and take the taffeta, but Ministers of State<sup>1</sup> you know have no conscience.

No more news yet of Minorca; poor Blakeney<sup>2</sup>! Besides the public I own I feel vastly interested about him; it's pity such courage should be of no use by the folly at least, if not want of courage, in others. My brothers are always at quarters and only come now and then for a day or two to town.

Poor Lord Digby's cure goes on slowly; he eats, drinks and sleeps, and is in vast spirits, but his wound is not yet heal'd, and some people's heal in a month, many in six weeks; there is still a weakness in his bladder too. In the old way of cutting for the stone there were frequent instances of people's never being able to hold their water, but they say it never happ'ned in this new way that Hawkins performs the operation. I hope in God poor Lord Digby will not be the first. What possess'd you to send two dogs, dear siss? You know how Mr Fox hates them, and he grows to have a will of his own (since he is a great man) in private.

Your letter, dear sister, relieved me from the anxiety I was in on your account lest the journey should put you back again, as I really think you had got to be almost quite well before you set out. I'm sorry poor Bully suffers from his journey. Your bracelets are just come; I sent Mr Harrache to Mr Rowley's with them that no time may be lost. Harrache says I'm to pay his bill; I told him I would inquire of you about it, so pray let me know. Mr Fox desires Lord Kildare may know he won't write to him this post about the fortune, affairs, but by next Saturday's. We have some troops going abroad; the rendezvous is in Isle of Wight, where they are going is a secret as yet. God send them to succeed on whatever expedition they are going! Don't you pity poor Lady Ailesbury? General Conway goes; I hear she is very unhappy about it.

I'm better but have still something wrong in my stomach and bowels. I take physic which does me good; I have taken some to-day, so will write no more. Adieu, sweet siss.

Yours,

C. Fox.

Thursday 21st—Your boys went cheerfully and prettily away.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Fox had been appointed Secretary of State, 25 Nov., 1755.

<sup>2</sup> William Blakeney (1672–1761), 1st Lord Blakeney, the defender of Minorca which fell to the French after a siege of seventy days.

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

1758

132. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

H. House,<sup>1</sup> Monday, July the 10th, [? 1758].

My dear Sister, I have had a most hurrying journey to Goodwood. Last Wednesday my brother<sup>2</sup> sends an express to Mr Fox and I to beg we would come for a few days to Goodwood, where he then was. Mr Fox had long settled and engaged to go to Chatsworth, where he was to meet Lord Waldgrave, Rigby, and some more of his friends, so could not ; but I being in a gracious fit, and wishing to spend two or three days with my brother, set out Friday, and arrived at Goodwood early that evening. But behold, when I came and brought the news with me of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville and six regiments being order'd to Germany to join Prince Ferdinand,<sup>3</sup> my brother's regiment not being one of those, he could not rest, but must set out in haste to advise with Mr Conway whether he should not go immediately to the King to say how hard he thought it to continue going in this cruising about expedition all summer, that since some regiments went to Germany he begg'd his might be one. He was very warm about [it], said he gave up a great deal to be in the army. Learning his business was his point, and he had rather go quite out than continue this summer going about on this silly, useless, unhealthy, and unpleasant service (which indeed I believe it is) ; but how the objection from a Colonel of a Regiment may appear I don't know, as I understand nothing about it, I'm sure. I think Colonel Conway will advise him to take no step rashly about it. But as I told you before, I came to Goodwood Friday evening, and he found it necessary to set out Saturday morning early. He would have persuaded her<sup>4</sup> to stay a day or two till he knew whether he should come back soon or no, but she would not upon any account ; and you may be sure

<sup>1</sup> Holland House.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond.

<sup>3</sup> Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, brother of the reigning Duke of Brunswick, and Commander of the Hanoverian Army against the French.

<sup>4</sup> Duchess of Richmond.

I advis'd she should go, or she would have thought I was the hindrance. So Saturday morning we came away, I to Eton, where I supped that night and dined next day with my boys, who are very well and jolly as ever I saw them. This morning I came home, and shall not easily be persuaded to another jaunt unless I'm very sure the people I go to are likely to remain in a place. I don't expect Mr Fox these ten days at least. I must deliver you Charles's message to Ophaly; he begs he would make himself exceedingly perfect in the Greek grammar; both Ste and Charles say 'tis of more consequence towards making learning there go on easy than can be imagined. My love to your dear boys. When are they to return? We have had too much rainy weather this summer, particularly of late, and I think very little hot weather and scarcely any hot evenings; if your weather has been as wet your plantations must be benefited by it. I'm glad your dear boys have so much riding, they love it so much, and it is a pleasure they can seldom be indulged with here, because Mr Fox has parted with all his little horses, and indeed keeps as few as he can of any. I fancy Ophaly loves riding so much he will be a great rider of horses at Eton; it's much the fashion there. Charles don't love it at all, but Ste is most passionately fond of it and it certainly does him good, tho' he gets into scrapes for it. I have lately complained I was indolent about writing; that's not the case now, for I have run on without having anything to say a long time. My letter won't go till to-morrow; if I see anybody to-day and hear any news I will let you know. Lady Caroline Keppel is imposingly better, I saw her yesterday. Lady Albemarle has got a house at Windsor for the summer. She looks ill, but not near so bad, as I expected, it being seven months since I had seen her; they say her illness now is quite hysteric and nervous. But she now eats and sleeps and don't suffer. This great change happ'ned ever since she fell into a fit about a fortnight ago, which lasted from seven in the evening till ten the next day, during which time she was quite senseless, cold and still. They blooded her in it, and shaved her head, and put on a blister; the last operation brought her to herself, and nothing but their doing it while she was senseless could have brought it about, for she has always most obstinately refused to let a blister be put on her head, because she would not be shaved. She has been very odd

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

indeed the whole time, and poor Lady Albemarle has had a dreadful time of it; she is wore away to nothing, poor woman.

*Tuesday evening.* I received a letter from Louisa yesterday, which tells me you are well. The King has refused my brother going a volunteer, and also to let him or his Regiment go at all; he is much vexed about it, and I believe has thoughts of resigning, but that must not be mention'd. However, he will consult the Duke,<sup>1</sup> Lord Albemarle, General Conway and Mr Fox before he does take any step. The regiment my brother George is in don't go to Germany now, but with the expedition; he will be concern'd, I reckon. I hear there are dissensions among the Ministers about these troops going. I don't think you'll make out sense of my letter, it's so scrawl'd; but I grow so blind, and this has all been wrote by candle light. Adieu. Yours sincerely,

C. Fox.

133. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

July the 28th, [1758].

I have two letters to thank you for, dear sister, one the 9th, the other of the 15th of July, which I found here yesterday at my return from Wooburn, where I spent two whole days agreeably enough, and am pronounced to be a better quadrille player than you; I hear you did not succeed at that game at all. I have been pretty free lately from the disorder on my spirits; 'tis indeed the worst of all complaints. There are particular times I am most subject to it, as one is to all disorders, you know, but then it lasts sometimes a week or ten days and makes me quite a wretch, and what is extraordinary in my constitution is, that being as I should be don't leave me the better at all for it. Bob Sandford sent me the ribbon; I did not see him, he went away suddenly, and we were engaged the only day he could have come. As for the Persian, it's gone with the expedition; it could not be unpacked, which I'm horrid mad at. I longed to see the *blanc de lait*, and am vastly obliged to you. I pity you for having the Dowager all summer, but those things don't trouble you as they do me; you are used to it. I don't wonder Lord Kildare is fond of his boys. I feel quite

<sup>1</sup> William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland.

angry at you all tho' for running down little William so ; it's like the Carton fashion I find. Mrs Milward will be in a better house by the time your boys come, I should say in a better situation, for as to the house she now goes to she must build to it ; and the present way of settling is that Ste and William are to lie together. Ophaly a bed to himself in the same room, and Charles in a little one by them, for neither Ophaly or Charles like to have bedfellows ; besides, they kick off the clothes so that the other boys don't like to lie with them, and I'm told Ste and Fitzy agree mighty well ; pray ask them if they approve. This is only for a time, because they will be quite accommodated by spring ; your boys and Bolle will have a room to themselves and my boys and David. The Hunters are to come to Mrs Milward ; tell your boys. Till her house is done, Mr Bolle and David are intended to lie at the house she now has, which is very near the other. The great hurry of her moving to a worse house is because that she now has is just out of bounds, which the masters object to. 'Tis not the custom of the place for servants to board at any of the houses, and they must not depart from the customs of the place, else Mrs Milward would be glad to oblige you if you chose it, but you know those things must be regulated by custom. Charles has no distresses at all ; he never thinks of being with his brother when they are not in their lodgings ; all that is order'd so well among them ; the great boys and little boys never con, as they call it, together ; the two brothers agree perfectly well indeed. The Duke sent for them to Windsor t'other day ; he loves children, and encouraged Charles till he made him exceeding pert indeed (which he is mighty apt to be). The Duke asked him when he determined to quit the army and study the law. Says he, '*when a certain event happ'ned which you ought to know, I'm sure, if nobody else does,*' meaning the Duke's

*Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[A fragment, undated, probably a continuation of the previous letter.]

quitting. I'll inform Lord Ilchester<sup>1</sup> of your objection to his

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Fox (later Fox-Strangways) (1704-76), 1st Baron, afterwards 1st Earl of Ilchester.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Bill. He is I hope in vast spirits now, for Lord Stavordale<sup>1</sup> has spit up the abscess that was formed in his breast, and ever since the fever and every other bad symptom has left him. How can Lady M. Cappel's match prove happy, dear siss? She is certainly madish, and was once quite so. I agree with you in disliking the Carysforts.<sup>2</sup>

We had last week bad news, you know, of the King of Prussia, but accounts are since come that say 'twas not so bad; and there is great reason to think he has since gained a victory over Comte Daun.<sup>3</sup> My brothers are sailed to-day; I fancy they embarked this week, and the wind is fair I believe to-day.

I have received the draught on Mr Calcraft and the memorandum which I gave Mr Fannen.<sup>4</sup> Lord Albemarle offer'd his service to His Majesty the beginning of the summer, who said he had none for him. He has taken an aversion to all the Keppel family, is but barely civil to Lady Albemarle. I'm glad the dislike is come so late.

I fancy Lady Caroline has a little weaned her mother from the vast partiality she had to her. Her behaviour has been odd and unkind to Lady Albemarle during her illness. You wrong the Countess; they have both been undetermined a long while I do believe, as they always are, you know, when expense is in question. Mrs Bellenson died of a fever, having attempted several times to cut her throat; a natural death was a lucky event to her friends, I think.

Mrs Frankland is now Mrs Pearson's name; her husband is Doctor Frankland, Prebend of Chichester, cousin german to him that was in Ireland. The man that carries letters is just going, so adieu, I can't have time to say a word more.

C. Fox.

134. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

August the 8th, [1758].

I received yours of the 22nd, dear siss, for which I return

<sup>1</sup> Henry Thomas Fox (1747-1802), Viscount Stavordale; afterwards 2nd Earl of Ilchester.

<sup>2</sup> John Proby, 1st Baron Carysfort, and Elizabeth Allen, dau. of Joshua Allen, 2nd Viscount Allen.

<sup>3</sup> Leopold Josef (1705-66), Count von Daun, Austrian field-marshal and commander.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Fox's steward.

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

you many thanks, and one since from both Louisa and Sarah, which inform me you have had a very bad sore throat, but at the same time give me the satisfaction of knowing you are better, as 'twas a cold. I flatter myself you continue so ; but hope to hear soon from one of them again, they are really vastly obliging and attentive about writing to me. I wish my brother to find some proper opportunity of quitting the army. I own I can't reconcile myself to both our brothers being in it and liable to be both continually sent out together ; it's too much in one family. The Duchess is in town, talks of coming to stay here every day, but her heart fails her ; I believe she thinks 'twill be so dull. She dines and sups with us every day, my sweet siss ; she is so simple ! It provokes one, but at the same time so excessively good-humoured, one is angry at feeling provoked with her. Mr Fox was obliged to go to Wooburn again yesterday to meet the Duke<sup>1</sup>, who is there ; he will return to-morrow I hope. He has jaunted about a good deal this summer and has one or two more upon his hands, but it does him good I think. I agree with you about Colonel Sandford ; he is a vast favourite of mine. The life you lead I should think vastly pleasant. I love regularity of all things, and find it suits my spirits and disposition ; it's a sign of growing old to be sure. Indeed, my dear sister, tho' I hate visiting in general, was it not for the fear, I do assure you a gracious fit, as you call it, would take me to visit Carton ; but it's such a fuss. I'm so sick, and it must be for so long a time from home, which I own is what I can't have the resolution to undertake, especially since I'm subject to be nervous ; nervous people are very troublesome indeed ; believe me 'tis not want of affection. I don't mean to be conceited, indeed for I don't reckon my hand so bad, but it's the fashion for Mr Fox and my boys to abuse it, so I'm persuaded to suppose it not legible. Adieu ; love to all at Carton. Yours affectionately,

C. Fox.

135. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

August the 12th, [1758].

Cherbourg taken August the 8th, 80 pieces of cannon, several mortars, some of which brass, 20 merchant ships in the harbour.

<sup>1</sup> John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

40 men kill'd in the attack, no officer kill'd—Ensign Cox wounded in the shoulder, but not dangerously. This account came yesterday; you'll have it in the papers, but as your anxiety on account of my brothers might make you wish to have it confirm'd, I copied the account that came to Mr Fox, dear siss. Thank God we are well off hitherto with these expeditions! I received a letter from you of the 1st of August which makes me very happy by telling me you are well again. I'm sure you'll be delighted to hear Caroline Brudenell is going to be married to an immense rich citizen, Sir Samuel *Fludyer*<sup>1</sup>; he is about 50, his person neither remarkable one way or other, an exceeding good-tempered man. Lady Hillsborough, Mrs Johnson brought it about. She likes the man very well; his only objection to her was at first her being too young, which he said made too much disproportion in their ages. I hear her family are happy to a degree about it, the mother in the sweetest of tempers. Sir Samuel is excessively generous I hear as to settlements, etc.: her jewels are to be magnificent. Is not this an unforeseen piece of good fortune? Mrs Johnson was charmed with Miss Brudenell at North End and determined to bring about the match, Sir Samuel being an intimate friend of Mr Johnson's and hers. I think, as you do, it's lucky Rachel escaped the Black Earl<sup>2</sup>, there can't be a more dangerous situation for a woman than to be constantly in the way of a man she thinks agreeable and knows likes her. Entirely breaking off all acquaintance is the only sure way in such a case, and what every woman that has true notions of virtue and piety ought to do, tho' it's difficult in some cases such as hers. I hear she likes this Mr Crofton; Lord Thomond<sup>3</sup> is an acquaintance but no particular friend of Mr Fox's. Lord Middleton<sup>4</sup> is odious to be sure. Did I ever tell you Miss Allen was married to an immense tall man? I could not well avoid my visit to Wooburn, the Duchess pressed it so much in so civil a way. I knew 'twould oblige Mr Fox. William Keppel<sup>5</sup> is quite affronted; you think

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Fludyer (1705-68); knighted 1755; cr. baronet 1759; Lord Mayor of London, 1761; M.P. for Chippenham, 1754-68.

<sup>2</sup> Viscount Hillsborough.

<sup>3</sup> Percy Wyndham-O'Brien (1713-74), cr. (1756) Earl of Thomond.

<sup>4</sup> Francis Willoughby (1725-74), 3rd Lord Middleton, who had recently succeeded to the title.

<sup>5</sup> William Keppel (d. 1782), 4th s. of William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle; a distinguished soldier.

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

it's him that's going to be married, for you said William tho' you meant Frederick.<sup>1</sup> School will be a sad thing for your boys after such long agreeable holidays, I fear. I shall pity Lord Kildare and you to part with them again. I was a fortnight without writing, I believe. I will now get into my old regular way of writing once a week. Adieu, my dear siss, I have nothing more to say at present; I never intended to fill this long sheet, but there was no other paper near at hand. Yours,

C. Fox.

136. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

August the 19th [1758].

My dear Sister, I received your short letter of the I don't know what day of August; there is no date I find, and am sorry to hear little William has any return of his favourite disorder which he was so subject to in winter; but, as he has got both flesh and strength now 'tis not of so much consequence. I wish you joy of the good news of Louisbourg being taken, it's the best event that has happened in our favour this great while.

I send you Mrs. Greville's verses, they are exceedingly pretty indeed. Lady Carlisle's<sup>2</sup> I have not nor do I know how to get them. I have heard a vast deal about Mrs. Mac's<sup>3</sup> affair, more than I am sure you would wish to hear, and I'm sure more than I should care to write. She is an immense devil indeed, and poor Mac<sup>4</sup> has a good riddance of her. The parting affair was transacted between Calcraft and Lord Bateman; only think how ridiculous in the latter to act in such a case! She abuses Mrs Greville and the sisters at a most violent rate; poor I was drawn into a *tracasserie* this winter among them, and your name has been mentioned too. Mrs Mac says Kitty<sup>5</sup> tells me lies of her; I tell them again to you and give you a bad impression of her; this she knows from her dear sister devil

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Keppel (1729-77), 5th s. of 2nd Earl of Albemarle; later Bishop of Exeter. He married in September, Laura, nat. dau. of Sir Edward Walpole.

<sup>2</sup> Isabella, dau. of William, 4th Lord Byron; m. (1) Henry Howard, 4th Earl of Carlisle as his 2nd wife; (2) Sir William Musgrave, Bart.

<sup>3</sup> Henrietta Gardiner, wife of Francis Macartney.

<sup>4</sup> Francis, el. s. of James Macartney; m. (1748) Henrietta Gardiner; M.P. for Blessington, 1749.

<sup>5</sup> Catherine, 2nd dau. of James Macartney.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Miss Mac. Lord Bateman was vastly violent about them indeed in winter, and abused Mrs Greville and Kitty to me in a shameful manner, saying they made mischief between young Mac and his father, which I'm very certain they are both incapable of doing. I could answer for Mrs Greville in that, I think, and as for Kitty I really don't know any one person the world, man or woman, in whose truth and perfect disinterestedness I would sooner trust to ; she has the strictest notions of that kind of anybody I know. What drew me into the scrape was my giving her a hint of what I found by Lord Bateman, Mrs. Mac was endeavouring to persuade her husband of, that they might clear themselves to their brother, who certainly was at times much influenced by his wife, and as he is an honest creature himself, everybody says I own it vex'd me to have him think Kitty was not his friend with old Mac. Lord Bateman was mad at me, as you may imagine. However, now young Mac has parted with Madam he is vastly well with his own family, and all goes on mighty well. I saw Mrs. Harry Grenville<sup>1</sup> t'other day. She lies in of a daughter ; she was immensely ill, poor creature, thirty hours in strong labour, but is well, looks pretty, is in vast spirits, and enquired much after you.

I received a letter from Sal yesterday ; she tells me I have been four months without writing to her. Pray tell her the letter must be lost, for I wrote to her about ten days or a fortnight ago, and to Louisa, either the post before or the post after, I don't know which. I beg they will let me know if they have received my letters ; it's vexatious to lose one's trouble. Adieu, my dear sister. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

The Duchess<sup>2</sup> has not heard from my brother since the letter with the account of Cherbourg being taken. Since I wrote this the Duchess tells me she this morning had a letter from my brother ; they were again embark'd, and he imagined they were going somewhere else before they return'd home, but he did not know where. Bob Sandford, who is very obliging in writing often to Mr Fox, says both my brothers are very well. As I have no other copy of the verses pray let them be copied, and send it by the boys, which will be time enough.

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Banks, m. (1757) Hon. Henry Grenville, 5th s. of Countess Temple.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Richmond.

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

137. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

August the 26th, [1758].

I will take care, dear sister, to obey your command about Davila.<sup>1</sup>

I should think as you do that Louisa had thoughts of Lord Mornington,<sup>2</sup> tho' I don't imagine she is in love with him ; neither her not being embarrassed when she saw him is a sign of the latter, to be sure, or of great childishness ; I do believe she is quite so as to those things yet. I think it much better not to mention it to her any more, but let things take their course ; by all I hear it's not a very desirable match, nor is it one her friends could at all object to. I did not see him.

I pity you exceedingly for being obliged to part with your boys, but can enter perfectly into your reasons for doing it ; it's certainly right, more particularly in your situation, poor dear little fellows ! I fear they will feel the parting and leaving home very much. I hope you don't imagine, my dear siss, I pressed you to keep them because I thought they would be troublesome to me ; I only was willing both you and they should enjoy one another as long as you could, and thought you did not know when the school met again. They will find Holland House very dull after Carton. Horses, stables, etc., being no part of the amusement here ; but believe me I shall be quite glad to see them again. I'm always happy to have them but when they are sick, and then indeed I'm so anxious and uneasy on your account that I heartily wish them in Ireland, for I am always more alarm'd at children's disorders than most people. I told the Duchess what you desired me about the money ; she has as yet taken no notice about it. She is still in town, dines every day and sups here most days, except when she goes to Marybon or Vauxhall. Lady D. Hotham<sup>3</sup> is in town and jaunts about with her. The Duchess seems made to pass thro' life more happily than most people, very good health, great good humour and very little sensibility. As to my brother,

<sup>1</sup> Enrico Caterino Davila (1576-1631) ; Italian historian.

<sup>2</sup> Garret Wellesley (1735-81), 2nd Baron Mornington ; cr. (1760) Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington. He married (1759) Anne, dau. of Arthur Hill-Trevor, 1st Viscount Dungannon.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Dorothy Hobart (d. 1798), only surv. dau. of 1st Earl of Buckinghamshire ; m. (1752) Charles Hotham, later 8th Bart.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

she would be overjoy'd at his return, happy to go and travel day and night to be with him an hour sooner, don't go into Yorkshire upon a party she would like vastly to Lady Strafford's, and to Chatsworth, for fear of being a day longer without seeing him when he comes home ; and yet seems under no anxiety nor fears for him, never dreads any bad news, nor thinks about danger, or his being sick. It's vastly happy, dear siss, to be of such a disposition. I have had an opportunity of knowing a good deal of her lately, she is as good-humoured and as easy to live with as anybody I ever saw, but not agreeable ; there is a roughness in her that is not pleasing at all, and a very good opinion of herself ; indeed I never saw anybody so young with less diffidence of themselves. Altogether she is an odd character, and not the kind of woman I should have thought my brother would have chosen ; but I dare say they will be very happy, for I hear from the servants that she is saving, and that she don't buy or order the least trifle into the house of any kind whatsoever without his orders and directions, and in everything seems to have a deference for his opinion.

The bad news from Crown Point<sup>1</sup> is shocking, so many people killed. Dear siss, what a dreadful consideration war is, what a disgrace to human nature ! Poor Lord Howe<sup>2</sup>. People are much concern'd for him.

I'm sure you'll like Davila, it's immensely entertaining ; would you have it sent you immediately ? Don't imagine I monopolized all the resida, mine was seed saved from last year, and put into the hot bed before your letter to get resida arrived, or you should have had some of it. I will take care you shall this year have some.

The plantations are delightful with this wet summer. I saw Miss Brudenell yesterday and her *future* ; he looks vastly good-humoured and cheerful.

Adieu, my dear siss ; here's a vast long letter,

C. Fox.

You understand that what I say of the Duchess is *entre nous* and not to be mention'd before the girls, for I would not offend my brother for the world, he is so vastly kind to me. I love him dearly.

<sup>1</sup> Crown Point was abandoned by the English on 14 Aug., 1758.

<sup>2</sup> George Augustus Howe (1724-58), 3rd Viscount Howe.

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

138. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, August the 31st, 1758.

Your dear boys arrived here yesterday about twelve o'clock from St. Albans, where they had lain the night before. I find they were a good while at sea. I never saw them look better, except that William's beauty is a little disguised by a scabby mouth; they seem very happy at the thoughts of going to Eton. The Duchess of Richmond set out last night to go to my brother at Weymouth, where he has been wind-bound with the fleet some days. I think she will find him sailed, for to-day the wind is east, which is fair for them. Her own servant is big with child and could not go with [her], and 'twas with great difficulty Mr Fox and I could make her promise not to go without a woman servant. Only think of her intending such a thing as going above a hundred miles by herself without one woman with her! But we prevail'd on her to promise she would. But how it could come into her head to go alone is my surprise. She is young to a degree in some things; for t'other day even when Mr Fox talked of their being in danger she seem'd quite unconcerned, seeing my brother soon again seems to be all she thinks on. It's vastly happy. Charles is immensely happy Ophaly is come. I propose sending them all to Eton Sunday sevensnight; next Tuesday or Wednesday is the very soonest any boys go, but very few so soon. I have no letter to answer nor no news to tell you, and only wrote to inform you of the arrival of your boys. Adieu.

Yours,

C. Fox.

139. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, September the 7th, 1758.

My dear sister, by Sarah's letter that came yesterday I find your eyes are weak, which I'm very sorry to hear, as I was in hopes you had got the better of that complaint, tho' such weather as we have had this summer must make all the disorders one ever had return. The wet here has been prodigious; the bowling green has not been dry one day these three months,

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

now it's quite a pond. Your dear little boys are vastly well and much improved, I think. We play at commerce every night, the Duchess when here, Mr Fox, Peter Brodie, our four boys, and it's a party I like exceedingly. Monday next they set out for Eton. I think Ophaly is to the full as extravagant as his dear mother. I really never saw anybody dispose of their money faster than he does. The Duchess was absent a week; she return'd Tuesday after being disappointed of seeing my brother, for they sailed the morning she left London. I believe I told you her scheme of going without any other woman; however, she picked up Mrs Erwin, wife to Colonel Erwin, who runs about after her husband and is willing to lose no time. These ladies set out together without any woman servant, and arrived at Weymouth the day after their husbands sailed. Mrs Erwin, the mother-in-law, I hear, says, "*Lord how the poor things must be baulked. I'm quite grieved for their disappointment.*" The Duchess being in Town so much of late you may be sure is a grievance to me, but much less troublesome than I imagined it at first, for she often makes engagements with Lady D. Hotham or somebody in town for the evening to Marybon or to walk in the Park. She sometimes returns here to supper, and always dines here even when she stays the evening. I don't mind her tho', but walk out (which she don't like much, and I don't wonder at that, for at her age and not at one's own place it's no amusement). She either reads story-books or works, she is really mighty notable and clever at her work, does it vastly well, and when we come in she plays at commerce with us and the children with great good humour indeed. She shew'd me a letter from her mother, the only one she has received from her in six weeks. It's a pretty letter, with an account of Harrogate, which is a strange place, but not the least like the letter of a mother to a daughter, a coldness and form in it that astonishes me. Dear siss, how could you ever take to anybody that has such a cold, reserved disposition so contrary to your own? Such a want of frankness and openness. I'm of the Black Earl's mind; I can't conceive how Conway and she ever could produce a child with such icy dispositions, but to speak seriously, I do think there is in mother and daughter as much insensibility and want of that sort of cordial unreserved affection in their nature which I can't describe, but which you

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

can comprehend, than ever I saw in any people. The Duchess's love for my brother is as a child loves its play-fellow, for she does love him vastly, tho' not as our two boys love one another, for they do love one another so dearly one hour and quarrel so violently the next. Poor dear Charles is so attached to those he loves and so apt to take things ill of them, it grieves me to think how much unhappiness that poor child will meet with in life.

Lady Fludyer was married last Saturday, and went out of town immediately.

The good news of the King of Prussia beating the Russians is confirmed.<sup>1</sup> He is a most extraordinary man indeed, and the events of this summer have been in our favour. God send it may continue and that we may have a good Peace. The miseries of war is what one can't bear to think of, and the many unhappy wretches every battle leaves is a shocking reflexion. Lady Essex is at Bristol with her father, very happy I imagine, for he [is] by all accounts very well. Mrs Greville is very big with child at Wilbury, where she proposes to lie in. What a length have I spun out this letter to. Adieu, it's time to have done.

Yours,

C. Fox.

140. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, September the 14th, [1758].

I have not time to answer your long letter, dear sister, nor shall I till the end of next week, for I go to the Ellises Saturday for four or five days.

The Duchess had no letter from my brother by yesterday's express, which brought the news of the troops being landed some miles from St Malo without any opposition from the French. Where we are going to, is not yet known.

Your boys are well and happy at Eton. Adieu. I will obey your commands about the dainty widow, which I find is her name at Bedford House.

Yours,

C. Fox.

Turn over—

<sup>1</sup> The defeat of the Russians at Zornsdorff, on 25 Aug., 1758.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

*Postscript in Mr. Fox's handwriting:—*

Pray tell your chap to whom I wrote by last post, that I was under a mistake as far as related to a tutor for the Geraldines.<sup>1</sup> I find Mr. Bolle was to put them under the same tutor my boys had, and has done so accordingly. And indeed I have all the reason in the world to be content with Mr Young. Perhaps his diligence may be my boys' objection to him. As to the rest, I hope for Lord Kildare's answer soon.

Lady Bath<sup>2</sup> died this morning, somewhat richer than your Ladyship I believe.

Adieu. I have not wrote to you a great while, Patsey. I suppose you are with child again are not you?

141. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

October the 5th, Thursday, [1758].

I have a short letter of yours to thank you for, dear sister, indeed it's very vexatious to be debarred two of the chief amusements of life, the pleasure of being in the air and that of reading and employing oneself, but I hope a little time with a good deal of care will quite recover your eyes. Indeed I'm much concerned Lord Kildare's disorder increases so much of late, surely change of air would be of use to him. Lady Burlington<sup>3</sup> has made a reasonable will, left all that remained in her power to the Duke of Devonshire for his life, and afterwards to which of her grandchildren he chooses. Poor Tom Hill is dead; he had a violent fever for five weeks, but went off easily at last. I feel mighty sorry for him, but dear siss, if one lives to be old how many friends and acquaintances one must expect to see go before one. It's a melancholy consideration to me who am fully persuaded I shall live a vast while. Lady Bath's riches go to her poor Lord. What lovely weather we have! nothing is so pleasant as *ces beaux jours de cristal d'automne* (as Madame Sevigné<sup>4</sup> calls them), both for riding and walking; I do both

<sup>1</sup> Traditional name of the FitzGerald family.

<sup>2</sup> Anna Maria Gumley (d. 1758), wife of William Pulteney, 1st Earl of Bath.

<sup>3</sup> Dorothy (1699-1758), dau. and co-heiress of William Savile, 2nd Marquis of Halifax, and wife of Richard Boyle, 3rd Earl of Burlington.

<sup>4</sup> Marquise de Sévigné (1626-96), celebrated for her letters.

[1758]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

very much just now. I am also busy planting and moving trees, but have not the comfort you have of a good gardener.

I saw Lady Fludyer; she seems in great spirits and very happy. I go to meet Mr<sup>1</sup>

142. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, [October] the 17th, 1758.

This is your birthday, dearest sister. I most sincerely wish you joy of it, and hope to have the same pleasure for many many years. That you should be twenty-seven years old is what I can scarcely believe. How time does go, how much oftener that thought comes into one's mind as one grows older! *Cela sent la vieillesse*, to be sure. Mr Fox and I are both vastly pleased with this place that is to be offer'd Lord Kildare; surely I have heard you say it's what he would like of all things, and £1500 a year I should think would not be at all inconvenient to you, living as you do. This if Lord Kildare accepts it, and old Dowager's<sup>2</sup> death together, will I hope determine a journey to England.

I have no letter of yours to answer, but could not omit writing to-day, I feel so glad of this news. My stomach has been so extremely bad of late I am above half determined to set out for Bath in a fortnight's time. I dread the thoughts of it more than usual, because I'm less sure of receiving benefit by it. Last year it heated me so, I could not go on with it; but indeed the weather then was excessive hot. My scheme is to go now, and return for the boys' holidays. In case we should have Harry in town, my dear siss, should you have any objection to your boys lying at Whitehall? for we are vastly crowded at the Office. They will equally breakfast, dine and sup with my boys, it's so near, you know, and my brother and the Duchess are never in town till February to stay, so that they will be no trouble to them. Next year I shall hope to have more room if we continue in this place, as the soldiers will probably be removed out of the Horse Guards; and this year it's only in

---

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

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth Jones, widow of John FitzGerald, 18th Earl of Kildare, died 10 Apr., 1758, aged 93 years.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

case Harry is in town, which probably he won't be. But I would not put your boys at Whitehall without asking you, tho' my brother and the Duchess both always desire me to make use of the house as freely as I please for any of the children. Since you are grown so fond of plantations, don't you love the American trees that look so beautiful in autumn—tulip trees, scarlet oaks particularly? I am immoderately fond of them, they look so cheerful when other things are going off. I'm very fond of planes too, and Norway maples; acacias have been in great beauty this year. Do those kind I mention thrive much with you? I do think planting one of the greatest amusements. I have got a little snug greenhouse upon my leads of each side of my dressing-room window; it looks vastly pretty in winter to have the greens so close to one. My tuber-oses that I bought when I sent you yours are now in full bloom, but I must go to Bath and leave this sweet place. Indeed I must have left it for London the 14th, so I don't lose much of it. The weather too is abominably cold, but yet one is so comfortable here at this time a year I always leave it with regret.

143. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, October the 22nd, [? 1758].

Considering the hurry you have lived in of late, dear sister, I think you have been very good about writing. I fancy you enjoy the quiet of Carton very much after it, and the company of your little ones, tho' I think the little brat was in town with you. I used formerly to like very well to pass a fortnight or three weeks in that kind of hurrying life, and then be quite quiet; but I grow too old now ever to like the least hurry or racketing about; it makes me really feel ill and miserable; it's undoubtedly a symptom of old age. I'm mighty glad your politics are likely to go on so well. I agree with you the Duchess<sup>1</sup> is a person one never feels easy with; her manner is sensible and civil and she has a proper dignity, but there is a reserve and great want of conversation in her. Don't you like Lady

<sup>1</sup> Duchess of Bedford.

Caroline<sup>1</sup>? Mrs. Greville is just return'd from Paris. She desires her best compliments to the *belle comtesse*, and informs her that nobody can be dressed without diamond pins, which one must have from the value of a guinea to £20. The principal pin must be put in the poke of the cap, and the ribbon round pinn'd on with them for those that wear caps, and those that don't stick them in the curls and pompons; in short, nothing but diamond pins must appear in the head *d'une femme accommodée selon le bon ton*. The little curls are entirely out; great buckles carri'd very back and brought low over the ear are now the fashion. She says 'tis absolutely necessary you should know all this. She has several fine stories of her friend Mde Bassompierre for you whenever you meet again. It's prodigious she says how people were alarm'd in France about our mighty expedition, only think how provoking tho'. Mme Mirepoix<sup>2</sup> is one of Madame Pompadour's<sup>3</sup> first favourites; the latter is more mistress than ever; she governs entirely. I must tell you a pun that was they say partly the cause of Mons. Maurepas's<sup>4</sup> disgrace; the King<sup>5</sup> told him he intended giving Madame Pompadour's brother, whose name is Poisson, the cordon bleu. *Sire, dit il, en vérité c'est un trop petit poisson pour accommoder au bleu*. When the King was wounded he was most exceedingly fright'ned, and told the Queen,<sup>6</sup> *Madame vous êtes la maîtresse, tailliez comme vous voudrez je pourvoirai à tout*. Madame la Marquise very much alarm'd too, had order'd her coach *pour décamper*, but Mme Mirepoix advised her to stay and write to the King who (being watched by the Queen and the Dauphin<sup>7</sup>) she could not see of some days; but as soon as he got pretty well he went to her apartment by a back stairs from his own, and ever since she had govern'd in a more absolute and declared manner than ever, and Mme Mirepoix' well tim'd

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Russell.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Marguerite Gabrielle de Beauveau-Craon; m. (1739) Marquis, afterwards Duc, de Mirepoix. She was *Dame d'Honneur* to Queen Maria Leczinska, and played a prominent part in Court intrigues.

<sup>3</sup> Jeanne Antoinette Poisson (1721-64), Marquise de Pompadour; favourite of Louis XV.

<sup>4</sup> Comte de Maurepas (1701-81), French statesman. He had been exiled from Paris for an epigram against Mme de Pompadour.

<sup>5</sup> Louis XV.

<sup>6</sup> Maria Leczinska, wife of Louis XV.

<sup>7</sup> Louis Dauphin of France. He died during the lifetime of his father, Louis XV., in 1765.

## HENRY FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

advice will probably prove of use to her. I know you love these particulars or I would not trouble you with them.

I'm very glad poor Lady Margaret<sup>1</sup> is at last wrote to. What do people say to the step the Duke has taken? I should imagine it must be approved of. He looks vastly well in health and spirits, which I know you'll be glad to hear.

It has really appear'd a second summer to me here, for till yesterday the weather has been most delightful. How beautiful some of the American trees look in autumn, tulip trees and scarlet oaks particularly. I have planted a vast deal more pericantha in my lane for all you. Mr Fox is indeed better than ever I remember him both in health and spirits, indeed none but such ambitious toads as you could wish him in any other situation in such times; I'm glad you are convinced. I'm very sorry for the poor little doctor. Do you play tolerably at quadrille and with luck? If you don't I reckon you lose a fine deal, for theirs is deep play. Adieu, dear siss,

Yours,

C. Fox.

144. *Henry Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Dec. 12, 1758.

Dear Patsey,

In vain you bid me not start. What! has *poor* Miss Mac kept the only worthy action of her life a profound secret till now? And the first time she ever tells truth, is it upon her own generosity, compassion, and circumstances reduced by those virtues? Well! I will say nothing on the subject, for I could not have the face to talk either to the Duke of Bedford or Rigby in the strain your Ladyship writes. It would be impossible.

I was the better prepar'd for this incomparable tragic story, by having heard a little before of a new house taken, the house-warming, magnificent presents, magnificent supper balls, and other symptoms of distress'd virtue. But to be more serious (for you are by this time very angry). Nothing could induce me to solicit a pension; nor would my solicitation have the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Margaret Bentinck (d. 1779); younger dau. and co-heiress of William, Earl Cadogan, and wife of Charles John Bentinck, Count Bentinck.

[1758]

HENRY FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

least weight, even with this Lord Lieutenant, on that head. Such solicitations should come from Ireland; and in a case of *poor Miss Mac's*, if I am not misinform'd, the Primate will be as zealous as Lord Kildare. Be assur'd, dear Madam, then, that I will do no harm where I do no good, but be secret, and no more speak, than I believe, one word of this strange matter.

This is all I can promise, were I to try to do more, I should betray my opinion. To conceal it in the manner requir'd, is beyond all power of hypocrisy.

Yours most sincerely, (You'll say too sincere, may be),

H. Fox.

Since I wrote this I hear that the Ponsonbys too are ready to join with you for *poor Mac*.

145. *Henry Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, Dec. 14th, 1758.

Dear Patsey,

I have the pleasure to acquaint you that old Maccartney has let *poor Miss Mac* know, that though he never intends to be reconcil'd to her, yet he shall do her justice, and that she shall not lose by having lent her brother money. Suppose now, that she had such an assurance in her pocket when she was moving your compassion; I believe she had. But sure I am she has such a promise now. I suppose old Maccartney does not think of the matter as I do. I believe she thought, as well she might, that her brother, though given to drink, would outlive his father, who was both old and infirm. She therefore fed his pockets with money, and his ears with the most *infamous false* things of his other sisters, in order to gain him to sacrifice them to her. This, and this only, can account for the profound secrecy she observ'd, and this supposition is consistent with that character which your Ladyship has heretofore given me of her. I am come to the knowledge of this promise of old Maccartney's, and of the infamous things she told young Macartney of his sisters, without making the least enquiry, nor did I make any comments.

I see a great deal of your two boys, and nothing in them that

## HENRY FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

puts me in the least in mind of *poor Miss Mac*, though they seem to have both generosity and good nature—which are (you say) her attributes. Your boys have them, that is certain. I never saw them in better health, or merrier. Like my own boys, they are not spoil'd by the liberty of this house, which continues as usual free from any constraint. It only makes Lord Ophaly love me the better, and Fitz<sup>1</sup> say that I am a good old fellow. Adieu, silly Patsey, to think that at Mac's age people mend. If you had wrote me word that she was fourteen again, and a virgin, I should as soon have believed it. Adieu.

---

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

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

1759

146. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

January the 9th, 1759.

I must begin, dear sister, with my sincere congratulations to you all on this happy occasion, and return you many thanks for informing me of it so immediately.<sup>1</sup>

I will not interrupt your present joy by entering into any more particulars of the uneasiness now subsisting between us; and must only more clearly explain myself on one article which I fear by the way you take it in. You did not rightly understand I never meant to hasten Sarah's coming before the time settled between you and my brother in your last letter to him. 'Twould make you too uneasy to part with both at once, and grieve Sarah so much to leave you just now; I'm sure I don't desire it; whenever she does come I own I do wish it may not be unwillingly. Pray let her coming remain settled to be when you do. Adieu, my dear sister; believe me very few things would make me happier than thinking you was not in the wrong to me. Yours,

C. Fox.

147. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

January the 16th, [1759].

Dear sister, a maidservant at one of the boarding houses at Eton having died lately of the small pox, Mr Fox and I thought it not advisable to send Ophaly. I in my own mind don't think he will have it ever, but if infection can be taken by him, its being at one of the boarding houses makes it very sure for him to be in the way of it. I hope you'll think we did right. Charles and William went away very merrily yesterday, leaving their elder brothers behind; Ste stays on account of a swell'd

<sup>1</sup> On 30 Dec., 1758, Lady Louisa Lennox was married to Rt. Hon. Thomas Conolly.

[1759]

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

face. I never saw Ophaly better than he is, he improves vastly and is in every respect a very fine boy. I long to hear more about the wedding. Lady Ilchester<sup>1</sup> will get me some antimonial drops for you from the country when she gets hers.

You can't imagine how polite and civil Lady Anne Conolly is. Was Louisa a woman before she married? Lord Powerscourt told me she took the hint and grew immensely tall, fat, and womanly in her looks. From the time Mr Conolly proposed, by growing fat I supposed he meant her neck and presence. Adieu, dear sister; being on friendly terms with you is so natural to me that I forget that perhaps a letter in this style may not be agreeable to you after those that have lately passed between us. Yours,

C. Fox.

148. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 24th of January, [1759].

Dear sister, Ophaly went back to school last Sunday, all fears of the smallpox being over at Eton. I came here Tuesday with Ste, for whose state of health I am at present under the most cruel anxiety, as he has a return of St Vitus's dance, and tho' I thank God not in the degree he had it some time ago, enough to alarm me very much and fill me with a thousand melancholy ideas. I believe the fox-hunting at Goodwood brought it on. Lady Anne Conolly sends me word Sarah comes with her sister; I hope my letter alter'd that determination. Indeed I did not mean that, when I wrote you the letter you took so ill; nor was the delay of their coming what ever struck me as unkind in you. The thing I took to heart was your seeming to think my brother's having an equal good opinion of me as of you was an offence to you. I can't look upon that in any other light, but still beg Sarah may come only when you do. She will I'm sure not think it unkind in me, but be happy to stay longer with you. Adieu. Yours

C. Fox.

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth (1722/3-92), only dau. of Thomas Strangways-Horner, of Mells Park, Somerset; m. (1735) Stephen Fox, cr. Earl of Ilchester.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

149. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, January the 31st, 1759.

I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. Believe me, dear sister, I am always willing to banish when I can any unkind thoughts of you, but fear 'tis not in my power so entirely to do it as I wish for my own peace of mind it was, at least yet. Time will I hope bring it about. But whenever we meet especially, I doubt I shall not be able to conceal my feelings on the past occasion, and consequently shew a coldness which you will take ill. However, I will endeavour to get the better of it and persuade myself, if I can, that you did not mean to be so much in the wrong to me as I can't help still thinking you have been. I am extremely glad it's settled for Sarah not to come just now; I could not bear the thoughts of her being hurry'd away from you so suddenly in so unpleasant a manner to you both. My love to her, and tell her I hope she thinks herself obliged to me, and that when the time comes for her to be with me I will make it as pleasant as I can to her, and that except the separation from you, I flatter myself she will have no other cause to be unhappy.

Poor dear Ste is rather better, but till he is free from this uncomfortable disorder I can't feel easy; 'tis more unpleasant now he is grown up than when he was a child, because he is so uneasy about it himself and so shy of being seen; but as the cold bath has already done him good I flatter myself he will soon get well of it. He was infinitely worse some years ago. Ophaly has had a cold, but Mr Bolle can give you a more particular account of him from Eton than I can.

I do long to see Lady Louisa Conolly of all things, besides wishing to see her my curiosity is great. I have no idea of her but as a girl quite; rather a child. Her house is a vast way from me, but a pretty good one I'm told. Lady Anne is civil and obliging to a degree. I'm more acquainted with her in two months than I am with Lady Ailesbury in two years. When one has connections with people so much politeness is pleasing, and takes with me, I own. I'm told she is cross and touchy, which to poor Louisa will not be quite so agreeable. There are a terrible heap of sisters too. The eldest seems agreeable.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

The Duchess of Hamilton and Colonel Campbell<sup>1</sup> are to be married. 'Tis a mighty pretty match. They are neither of them lively or clever, but gentle and decent, and will suit one another vastly well I think. What a beautiful couple they will be ! I'm sorry you have suffer'd so much with your plaster on your back ; you should be cautious of those sort of things, your flesh is so apt to inflame. To be sure you know Mrs Cunningham ; she is a most immense fine lady. She is quite shock'd at the early hours of the London ladies. At an assembly, she says, people look at their watch and run away quite frightened at half an hour after ten. You don't reckon her agreeable, do you ? I paid Mr Bolle five guineas at Xmas for you as usual, so I owe you still fifteen shillings for the white lutestring, and something for some green ribbon, which when I know what it is I will pay altogether to Mr Bolle for you, if you please, as I suppose he has some bills to you always. Adieu, dear sister. Yours,

C. Fox.

The weather is like summer.

Mrs Digby wants to know if Dixon, the man that does the flower pieces, is now in Ireland.

150. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Harwich, Feb. the 12th, [1759].

Indeed, my dear sister, I am to be pitied, for unless you was to see the illness my dear boy has, you can have no idea what a melancholy sight it is. Tho', thank God, his apprehension and memory are as clear and quick as ever, yet his countenance is so affected, his face so convulsed, and his difficulty at times to speak so great, that he don't look like himself at all. When I'm with [him] I am vastly unhappy indeed, not easy from him, tho' I flatter myself more then ; because everybody assures me it's a distemper that always does go off, that there is no danger in it to his life ; and as to epileptic fits, which it does sometimes turn to, certainly in all his illness, neither now nor last time, has [he] ever shew'd a tendency towards anything

<sup>1</sup> On 3 Mar., 1759, Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, m. John Campbell, later Duke of Argyll.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

like fits. When I reason about it I persuade myself he will do well again, but in the mean time it's infinitely uncomfortable indeed. But I think it's one's duty to hope for the best, and submit to Providence.

I came here Saturday, he came the day before. He has as yet been but three times in the sea, so that he has not had a trial yet of that. I reckon he is worse, I think, than he has been at all since he came here. I hurried my visit to him that I might be in town when Louisa arrived, which I imagine will be the end of this week, and my not being in town might be a disappointment to her on her first<sup>1</sup>.....

pretty secure of not going upon it. I'm reading a new *History of Scotland*,<sup>2</sup> just come out, extremely entertaining it is. My brother is vastly surprised I can think of being a week or ten days here without being tempted to go over to Holland. I assure him that was I to [be] here ten years that voyage would never tempt me. Your chairs, dear sister, shall be sent, but your damask will be seized; you can't pay duty for Indian paper.<sup>1</sup>.....

I feel, and the contrary is a great comfort to me in any distresses. Our Etonians keep well, I hear, God send they may! My Charles is a sweet boy, my dear sister, and so is Harry in his way, but I don't yet feel about him as I [do] about Ste and Charles. I suppose I shall. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

151. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Wednesday, the 21st of February, [1759].

I was in haste when I wrote yesterday, dear sister, and will therefore finish answering your kind and obliging letters to-day. I must begin tho' by telling you I saw Mr Trotter to-day, who says the chairs will be ready immediately, but begs to know if you would have them gilt now. He says they will tarnish, as you have not the silk ready, besides that, putting on the nails after they are gilt, he says, will break and spoil the gilding. The damask, I before told you, could not go in that sort of way, it being seizable. Let me have your directions.

<sup>1</sup> Part of page lost.

<sup>2</sup> Doubtless, William Robertson's, published in Feb. 1759. See Letter 174.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

What you say of Mr Conolly's excessive passionate grief is really quite shocking, and terrifies one for him ; tho' 'tis to be hoped his great youth, great fondness of her, never being as you say broke to affliction, has made this more dreadful to him than any shock he may again meet with. Poor thing ! It's pity they could not enjoy a little longer the deceit of happiness uninterrupted. But it may have its use with regard to making her more prudent about her health (a very difficult thing to persuade young healthy people to be). I own I can't help considering two such young creatures with a degree of compassion, beginning the world with expectations of so much joy and happiness, which a little experience informs us is not to be had. Tho' Mr Conolly's grief would have been so much more immoderate now than if he was to lose her some years hence, 'twould have been sooner over. I own I pity those most who are parted after a long time of tenderness, friendship and affection ; it's being divided from oneself, one may say. God send you and I may never experience that misery, my dear sister, and thank God this poor dear girl is recovered, since from her situation in life (and still more from her own amiable disposition), there is a probability of its being as happy a one as anybody's. I'm much concern'd to find you complain of your spirits, dear sister, it's the most unpleasant turn a disorder can take, and I imagine yours is from illness, 'tis not your natural disposition. Mine it rather is, and yet I think I alter in that respect as I grow older ; my spirits grow better, tho' I have been exceedingly out of order with my head and stomach for some months. I really much oftener bring up what I eat than not, and can seldom exceed the wing of a chicken at dinner. I grow thin, as you may suppose, and suffer much from headaches ; but what I imagined nervous all comes from my stomach.

Poor dear Ste has been bad one day since I left him, but we have had too little trial of the sea to expect good yet. Indeed, I endeavour to keep up my spirits about him, and trust in God that he will get over this melancholy disorder, but it's very tedious, I feel, to want to be with him again.

To-day is post day. I began my letter yesterday because I have so little time to write in town, and am so interrupted. This morning I was sent for to Lady Albemarle. A most vexatious affair has happened in the family : Lady Caroline

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

is gone away with Adair the surgeon; her illness last year, they say, was mostly shammed to keep him with her. Lady Albemarle is in a furious passion, indeed she has been ill used; but I own I should, at least I think I should, in such a case, try and make the best of it, tho' it's difficult to say what can be done. I pity the poor girl very much.

My brother is going to Germany. The Duchess, fond of him as ever, wishing never to be a moment from him, yet don't seem at all alarm'd about it. What a happy disposition! You say you wish me to write. Dear sister, believe me, few things contribute more to my happiness than a friendly unreserved correspondence with you, as I indeed have a most sincere affection for you. Little Harry is not quite well, 'tis but a trifling disorder, I hope, tho' 'tis a pretty little soul. There have been several balls, London is gay just now. I'm invited to two next week, one at the Duke of Bridgewater's,<sup>1</sup> and one at Lady Essex's. I wish the latter would not have given one just this year that her father's unhappy situation is going to be confirmed by a commission of lunacy being taken out against him, and that she is really exceedingly affected with it. When we begin a dispute in our letters it never ends, you know. I do insist upon it, Lady Ailesbury is the most forbidding woman in the world. She is dull without being serious, affects gaiety without being lively. Adieu. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

Love to Sal.

152. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, February the 27th, [1759].

When I once get into a way of scribbling to my dear sister I worry her with letters every post. I think I can by this give her the satisfaction of knowing that my last accounts from Harwich were better, tho' there is not amendment enough yet, I fear, to depend on, but he was three days together better. God send I may find him so next Sunday, when I hope to see him, for I propose setting out Saturday. I can't feel easy

<sup>1</sup> Francis Egerton (1736-1803), 3rd Duke of Bridgewater.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

to be long from him, nor shall I be much more so with [him], I fear, unless he should mend a great deal. I wish he could be nearer town. I can now hear but three times a week from him, which is very seldom when one feels so anxious. Lady Albemarle, who is still in a most violent rage, tells me she has wrote to you herself. Poor woman, I pity her from my heart, an uncommon share of misery has fallen to her lot. I also pity the poor unhappy girl,<sup>1</sup> who has certainly some pleasing qualities. To be sure, her behaviour about her illness is inexcusable, and there is certainly something nasty in the idea of a woman of fashion falling in love with her surgeon, and not only making the first advances, but by her own confession, I find, pressing him (who has I hear declared more than once that he was not at all in love with her) to marry her. But bad as it is, I own was I Lady Albemarle, I should not object to her friends and relations seeing her. I don't think in her case I could bring myself to see her myself, but I should rather wish other people would, and I would make her what allowance I could afford, to satisfy my own pride, that my daughter need not ask Adair the surgeon for every shilling she wanted. One don't know, but I think I should act so in Lady Albemarle's situation. The brothers behave with great temper, and have taken the right part of never saying a word upon the occasion, never mentioning either his or her name, as they suppose and hope nobody will to them. Lord and Lady Essex have been twice to see her. I love them for it ; they can have no motive but good nature and humanity. There has been a vast friendship between her and Lady Essex some time, and I am sure whatever faults the little Countess has, this shews want of good nature is not one. And tho' I believe that sort of compassionate good nature is not a real good quality, at least by many people not esteem'd so, I feel a great partiality to those who are possess'd of it, and it makes up for many failings in my opinion. Some of your good sort of people express themselves too hasty, I think, on those sort of occasions, and are too apt to forget that text in scripture where our Saviour bids the person that has no sin throw the first stone to the woman found in adultery. I hope when Lady Albemarle's passion subsides a little, she will not be so unreasonable as to desire her friends not to see her ;

<sup>1</sup> Lady Caroline Adair.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

surely so unhappy an affair ought not to be made worse by people's abandoning her quite. What she now says is, that she expects it of her relations, not to take notice of her, and that she shall by degrees without saying anything leave of other people that do. I own I intend when her first rage is over to tell her I think it wrong both to her and Lady Caroline quite to abandon her, and shall go and see her. Are not you of my opinion, dear sister? I was at a ball last night at Lady Essex's and to-night go to one at the Duke of Bridgewater's, so you see we are mighty lively just now in town. I come away before supper, so they are no more fatigue to me than an Assembly. All the misses are enraged at Lord Weymouth's<sup>1</sup> match with that dismal ugly Lady Bentinck, the Duke of Portland's eldest daughter; 'tis *les beaux yeux de la cassette* to be sure that charm him, nothing can be less pleasing than her appearance. They say she is mighty good; he is a very pretty man. Lady Anne Conolly and I long for Louisa to shew away her fine dancing and fine figure at all these balls. I obey'd your command and waited on Lady Barrymore. Adieu, dear sister. Yours,

C. Fox.

Lord Powerscourt tells me he has sent you the *History of Scotland*; it's vastly pretty.

153. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, Thursday March the 1st, [1759].

I dined and supped at Eton last night, came back this morning, and can with pleasure inform my dear sister I never saw Ophaly better; he looks pale to be sure, but clear, his eyes lively, and is in most riotous spirits as ever you saw him; William is very well. We had a most agreeable evening with them. I to-day received a letter from you dated the 15th; Lady Anne Conolly had one of that date a week ago. I'm glad Louisa continues to mend. My accounts from Harwich to-day are very uncomfortable. I hope to be there Sunday. Adieu. I'll write from thence. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Thynne (1734-96) 3rd Viscount Weymouth; cr. (1789) Marquis of Bath. He married (22 May, 1759), Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck dau. of William Bentinck, 2nd Duke of Portland.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

154. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday night, March the 13th, [1759].

It's impossible to be more sensible than I am of your diligence and care, my dear sister, in getting me this medicine so very soon. Indeed, every one of your letters and everything you say to me on this present unhappy occasion fills me with gratitude and affection for my dearest sister. God send she may never feel what I have and do still, for as yet there is no amendment in my dearest child; he will be better for some hours almost a whole day sometimes, then be as bad as ever again. Wilmot, Duncan, Truesdale, Ranby<sup>1</sup> and a Doctor Reeves out of the city attend him; he is now taking tin, as yet nothing seems to have any effect. We called in this city doctor as one who attends the hospitals, and sees numbers of these disorders. All say he will do well, except Truesdale, who says nothing and I fear thinks ill of it; he has not he says great experience in this disorder. To-morrow we are to see Doctor Barry,<sup>2</sup> one of your famous Irish physicians; he is in vast repute here. Indeed my dear sister, I wonder I keep up my spirits so well as I do, but my trust in Providence is great. My poor Charles was restored to me when there were no hopes left, and I will hope for the same blessing again with regard to my dear Ste. Louisa is perhaps set out by this time; seeing her will be a pleasure to me, but I fear she will find a melancholy house, and her good nature will make her feel for my unhappiness amidst all her joy and happiness and youthful spirits. Poor thing, she has had a severe taste of what she must meet with in life if she lives long! You hear of your boys from Mr Bolle, I know. Poor William has had a little fever, but was well again when I heard of him. Ste was vastly pleased with the fine buckles. Adieu, my dear sister; you shall hear often. Believe me most sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

*Postscript in Henry Fox's handwriting:*I like the Norfolk banister better than either of Mr Ware's,<sup>3</sup><sup>1</sup> John Ranby (1703-73), Sergeant Surgeon to George II.<sup>2</sup> Edward Barry, physician (1696-1776); cr. Baronet in 1775.<sup>3</sup> Probably Isaac Ware, architect (d. 1766).

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

but I think a handsome plain rail gilt will be at once cheaper and more magnificent. I approve the arches.

155. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 15th, [March, 1759].

My dear sister,

A letter from Mr Conolly informs Mr Fox that they landed Monday and will be in town Wednesday next. I feel as you may imagine vastly happy with the thoughts of seeing Louisa, and if my dear boy continues to mend shall be able to enjoy that pleasure. His disorder seems to have taken a new turn ; he was taken Tuesday night with a sickness and vomiting which has since turned to a violent purging, and he has slept well two nights following, and seems better in every respect, tho' to anybody that had not seen him before would I fear appear very ill. But yet I own I can't help flattering myself it may be going off in this manner, that it must be a work of time one must expect ; how happy shall I be if it please God to restore this dear boy to his health and strength ! Doctor Barry seems a sensible man, and to understand his disorder, at least it squares with my notion of it ; he gives vast comfort about him, so does Duncan, who is positive he will get well. Wilmot is so too, but then he is such a fool.

Adieu, my dearest sister ; believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

Mr Fox is going to Malmesbury immediately to choose Mr Conolly there. We shall have a Ball to treat Louisa with on her first arrival. Lady Harrington has an immense fine one next Thursday, which she begg'd I would secure Louisa for. As she came from you she said she was sure she would be inclined to be civil to her. To be sure my brother has been abominably rude.

156. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, the 19th of March, [1759].

My dear sister,

I was a little disappointed last post to receive a letter from Louisa to inform me some business detained them at Stretton,

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

which would prevent their coming to town for some days. However, as she is well, and safely landed among all these storms, I rest satisfied with the hopes of seeing her soon, but fear she will be much disappointed at her arrival not to find either of my brothers or the Duchess of Richmond, who all three set out for Holland next Friday. George goes in order to return with the Duchess, who is delighted to go as you may suppose; their scheme is to visit my aunt at the Hague for a fortnight, and when my brother proceeds to Germany the Duchess and George return to England; this thought was taken up yesterday and determined to-day. Louisa will by her stay in Staffordshire not see my brother at all while she stays in England, I fear. I begg'd my brother to inform poor Lady Margaret by to-night's post of the Duchess's intended visit, and am much diverted tho' with the thoughts of the kind of bustle and fracas 'twill make in such a little quiet family as Lady Margaret's. Poor dear Ste has been very bad again since I wrote, but for these last two days vastly better again. It's some relief both to him and us to see him better sometimes at least, but indeed 'tis a most melancholy shocking disorder, and I don't see that it as yet shews any symptoms of going off, I fear; it's always tedious; he grows immensely tall and thin with it. Doctor Barry seems to be a mighty sensible clever man.

Tell me, my dear sister, do you think you shall come to England this summer or no? I rather fear by what I hear from everybody that comes from Ireland that your journey is not certain. You desired to know in one of your letters what people say of Mrs Cunningham. She is in general reckoned a humdrum stupid kind of woman that is neither liked or disliked. She has been to see me, which is free and easy enough, for I never saw her above four times, and play'd twice at the same table with her. Indeed, I have been mighty little about this winter; I did not come till after Xmas to town, and since have been going either to Harwich or Holland House with Ste. Since I came this last time from Harwich have been nowhere. I really have not had the heart to go out, and I find when I have anything on my mind I'm much better when I live quietly and sit at home reading or working, and have time to reason myself into submitting myself to my affliction. At all times any hurry puts me more out of humour and out of spirits than anything. Have you

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

got the *History of Scotland* yet? Is it not charming? Lord Powerscourt saw your boys well at Eton Friday last. Adieu, my dear sister. Lady Essex tells me she has wrote you a long letter and expects an *answer*.<sup>1</sup>

157. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, March the 21st, [1759].

I received your most obliging letter, my dear sister, yesterday. Louisa is not yet arrived in town. Next Saturday is the soonest they propose being here, and perhaps not till Monday or Tuesday. Lady Anne is I'm told mighty mad at it; to me she only expresses great concern. Indeed I'm very glad she did not come Wednesday, for she would not have resisted Lady Harrington's ball to-night, consequently must have gone to both Courts this morning, which would have hurry'd and fatigued her sadly. I shall always be glad to give her my advice when she asks it, but the difference of our ages, and consequently of our ways of thinking, must be so great I shall be cautious of doing it unasked. As [to] the keeping late hours, I fear her own health will soon convince her how bad it is for us, for we have none of us constitutions to bear it. To be sure eating quantities of beef and mutton seems rather indelicate in a fine young lady, if she does that the violent exercise may be very proper. While I'm on the subject of health, dear sister, pray let me advise Lord Kildare to try lemon juice not mixed with water or sugar, 'tis indeed not the same thing, but the juice of one whole lemon taken a quarter of an hour after dinner. You have said sometimes that he thought his complaint came partly from his stomach. It has really done me a vast deal of good. It carries off that phlegm which is the cause of my stomach disorder entirely, I believe, because it's immense, when I'm bad, the quantities I bring up of it in a morning while I have nothing else on my stomach. I have been near a month without headache or sickness of that kind, which has not happ'ned to me for this last year before. It can do him no harm for his asthma, but rather good, but it must not be mixed with water or sugar.

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

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I'm sure I shall join with you in advising Louisa upon no account to let the sister live with her ; that never can do well were she an angel.

My dear siss, do when you write to Lady Albemarle some time hence try and soften her about Lady Caroline Adair ; represent to her how wrong and cruel 'tis to insist on her friends and relations not seeing her. Don't you think it is ? If you are, which I don't doubt, of that opinion, this advice will come better from you than anybody else. Lady Albemarle loves you as she does her own children. Besides, you know from me 'twould not be so proper ; indeed, poor woman, she is to be pitied, and so is Lady Caroline. Lady Essex who goes and sits whole evenings with her says she is always alone and very melancholy.

I told in my last I had nothing of Mrs Cunningham, but that she was a stupid civil humdrum woman. Lord Powerscourt begs I'll tell you she is only now swallowing the dose which will work off with great violence next winter for the benefit of you all at Dublin. She does now and then shew away to him and other friends, he says. I only see her in form. He is much diverted with her coming to see me ; he says she does it lest I should think she had not taken proper notice of your sister. The two pretty Duchesses of Hamilton and Richmond are not to be at the Ball to-night, nor Lady Coventry. Lady H. you know don't visit our Duchess, and she had a quarrel about a box at the Opera with the two sisters. 'Tis to be a magnificent Ball, and will I dare say be very pretty. Had Louisa been here I should have gone to see her there, but as it is I shall not ; my spirits are not good enough for a Ball, which indeed is not the least amusement to me. Ste is better sometimes and worse again at others, upon the whole better a good deal than when I brought him from Harwich. His fits, which he has been free from several days, thank God, are not epileptic, which is a vast comfort.

Lord Kildare and Lord Strafford are not the least alike. Lady Strafford everybody says is as good a creature as ever lived. She will be very civil to Louisa, I dare say, but as to being much with her I believe her Ladyship won't choose that. Louisa is too young and too pretty. Lady Ailesbury and she seem to hold that as a maxim not to admit very pretty and

[1769]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

very young people to their parties or to go much about with them. It's certain they never have any with them, which is you know rather remarkable ; it's vastly odd people can't give up their pretensions of that sort at a certain time of life.

Indeed, my dearest sister, I do think you have as many good qualities and as few faults as any human creature can have. Believe me, I find too many faults in my own breast not to excuse those in others. Adieu. I am with a most sincere affection ever yours,

C. Fox.

158. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Monday, March 26th, [1759].

My dear sister, Louisa arrived yesterday morning ; was with Lady Anne Conolly before nine, breakfasted with her and came here before twelve ; she stayed all morning with me and we dined together at Richmond House ; she is extremely well after her journey and not heated, she says, 'tho she came from Stretton<sup>1</sup> to Dunstable in a day. She is indeed a charming girl, very pretty in her person and infinitely amiable in her manner, which is both like yours and George's ; she puts me in mind of you both, she has more vivacity and eagerness in her manner than George, which I don't like her the less for. Lady Anne Conolly when she came told her she would give her up entirely to her own friends these next two days, that is yesterday and to-day, for my brothers go to-morrow. My brother makes a little Ball for her to-night. I did but just see Mr Conolly ; he did not dine with us. He seems free and easy and good-humoured ; his *abond* is not *prévenant*, I think tho'. She seem'd vastly glad to see me, which I really feel vastly obliged to her for, so little as we have lived together. I could not have expected it ; she says she will take great care of herself, and begs I'll remind her to do so.

Indeed, my dear sister, the hurry of spirits the pleasure of seeing her gives me has made mine very bad to-day. I saw how shocked she was at the sight of Ste, who she saw by chance (I did not intend she should). She should never have known

<sup>1</sup> Stretam *ms.*

[1759]

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

him, she says, and will I dare say express it in a stronger manner to you than she would to me. He is indeed very bad again, falls away most excessively, and is so alter'd ; indeed I'm in a miserable situation, and when I exert my spirits for a time feel more unhappy than I can express afterwards. The physical people continue to assure me and other people they mention it to, that he will get well. Adieu. I'll finish my letter to-morrow.

*Tuesday.* I went to the Ball with some degree of comfort, my poor child being better yesterday evening. I can't say enough of sweet Louisa, indeed, my dear siss, she does you honour. There never was anything so natural, so easy and pretty as her behaviour is ; she dances charmingly ; supper was early and she prudently went away before one o'clock and danced but little. I'm afraid of growing too fond of her for fear of worrying her with my company, our ages are so very different. Everybody admired her of all things. I dare say she will be very fashionable, less so tho' than if she had more airs, for that contributes to make people so. I don't think her so handsome as many people do ; her face is improved rather, but very much like what it was, her shape mighty pretty. The Conollys all seem to adore her as yet. I am to dine and pass the evening at Lady Anne's with her to-day.

My brother is by this time set out. I do not like this German expedition of his, but my spirits are bad and everything looks black. Adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

159. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

April the 3rd, 1759.

I have two very kind letters of yours to answer, dear siss. Poor dear Ste has begun a new medicine which Mr Fox has some faith in. I had but little I own, but it certainly don't disagree with him. I rather think it has done him some good already, tho' he has taken it but four times ; one is afraid of flattering oneself, but I think him better. My dear sister, what a blessing it will be to see this dear boy well again, should we be so happy. Louisa is very much commended by everybody, she is a sweet amiable girl indeed, and so very properly behaved at her age is

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

surprising. Lady Anne goes about to operas and plays with her very much ; and she seems mightily pleased to go with Lady Anne, which I'm glad of, for I do think so young as she is and in a strange place to her it has a better appearance. I go to neither, but have the pleasure of seeing her often. We have dined often together, and she goes to Holland House of a morning with me sometimes ; indeed nothing can be more proper or more obliging than her behaviour to everybody is. There is something vastly natural and easy in her manner ; she is much liked. To-morrow the dear little Etonians come home.

Lord Kildare in his letter to Mr Fox talks of coming to England. Don't you intend coming too, dear Siss ?

Mr Conolly seems vastly good-natured ; he seems immensely careful of Louisa and fond of her, and she of him. Adieu, my dear siss ; your letters were in answer to mine, so I have nothing more to add but that I am yours most affectionately.

Send me an answer about your chairs, to what I wrote about them some time ago. I have forgot now, but I know I wrote what Mr Trotter desired me.

160. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

April the 7th, [1759].

Your dear pretty boys came home in perfect good health and looking vastly well yesterday. To-day, my dear sister, they are gone to Louisa's, where they are to be till we go to Holland House. It's better for them, sweet little angels, now Ste is so ill ; for we are so confined in room here that they had no place to be in, but with him or their own small bedchamber, which is is unpleasant to them. Besides they will be together when they are so near ; and last night it overcame Ste, who was then growing worse, very much, so I thought it better to desire Louisa, who is vastly glad of it, to take them till we went to Holland House. There it will be different, they will be continually out of doors, and the house being so large 'twill be easy to keep them more apart. I felt unpleasant, I assure you, at letting them go from me to anybody but their own home ; but hope you'll think as I do 'twas better for them just now. Poor dear Ste had a wretched bad night, and is very bad again

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

to-day as ever I knew him. It's vastly discouraging to see him relapse when one had such hopes from this new medicine, and yet I don't despair of the same medicines taking effect. He has a great tendency to some eruption on his skin, and sweats profusely, which is the way the man who gives the medicine expects him to be cured. My brother and the Duchess landed at Helvoet the 30th of March ; they were all well at the Hague the 31st. Adieu, my dearest sister, my spirits are too bad to say any more. Yours,

C. Fox.

Are you coming, sweet siss ?

161. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

April the 10th, [1759].

I received, my dear sister, two kind letters yesterday of the 29th of March and 1st of April ; indeed, I can't at all reconcile myself to the thoughts of Lord Kildare coming without you ; it's really a sad disappointment. I own I had for some time given up all thoughts of seeing you this year, till I heard of Lord Kildare's business, then indeed I did flatter myself I should see my dear sister, but thought to your not mentioning it [it] look'd a little suspicious. Poor dear Louisa cried sadly the whole afternoon about it yesterday. Poor soul, I love her for it. Your boys are disappointed too. In short, dear siss, Lord Kildare will find everybody here vastly vex'd at your not coming with him.

Ste has been now for some days a great deal better I thank God ; and tho' to those who have not seen him before, he would appear very bad, to us the amendment seems so great it quite gives us spirits. And yet, my dear siss, one is afraid of flattering oneself, he has had so many relapses, but he has kept tolerably well four days together now ; and 'tis upon taking a new medicine that he seems to mend. He is quite in a new method, the intention of this medicine being to make him perspire and bring something out on his skin. He is to use a warm bath ; every two or three days he takes cooling physic, and his mending on this new way of treating him makes one hope it

may do, as it already has the effect of making him perspire, and sleep well. But to enjoy ease of mind till one sees him quite so, is, my dear siss, impossible.

Louisa keeps house for a violent cold in her head; 'tis really nothing else, but he seems quite frightened for her. She is obliged to put off a dinner to-day at Lady Ailesbury's and one at Devonshire House to-morrow on that account, tho' she is really very well, so don't be uneasy; but Mr Conolly seems to be quite terrified when her finger aches. He seems immoderately fond of her, and of a very warm affectionate temper. Mrs Greville has your picture and likes it very well, and returns you many thanks for it. Louisa is vastly liked, not thought near so handsome as you, but she is so well behaved, gentle, modest and civil, and seems to have so much good sense and propriety about her it's impossible but that she should please. I shall think her handsomer than Sal, because she is tall and has so very pretty a figure. I don't mean to mortify you about your beauty, you know my opinion on that subject. To be sure you was an exception to Lady Ailesbury's rule, but you was so much in her way it could not be avoided; you talk'd of caps, etc., to her and seem'd to put her on the same footing of youth with yourself. Then 'twas the only way she had of getting into genteel company in Ireland and seeing the finest men; she would have liked you better had you been ugly. Then, Patsy, you are agreeable, and people that converse with you must like you. You flatter me when you say I have no vanity; indeed I have more than a common share of that foible; but as to beauty in particular I confess I never was vain on that account; I seriously think people may be and are so often disagreeable with it. It's not worth being vain of. Good sense and a pleasing manner is so infinitely preferable, in worldly light I mean, for in a moral or religious one God knows what have we to be vain of? If I had no vanity, dear siss, why [would] I love people that flatter'd me and really dislike those I think don't like me? As for you, believe me I never hear you named by the people that like you best, but they always talk more of your pleasing manner and good sense and agreeableness than of your beauty, so you need feel no reluctance at giving up that pretension whenever the time comes, which is far off too. The rest will last your life. The Duchess of

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Richmond convinces me of the little consequence of a pretty face without other *agréments*. She don't improve in the least, to be sure she is a queer mortal ; there is a good humour about her, too, that nothing ever gets the better of.

Adieu. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

I am in too much haste to read my letter over.

162. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, April the 12th, [1759].

My dear Sister,

I did not answer what you said about Sarah's coming in my last letter. Indeed, I am very glad she did not come with Lord Kildare, to leave you alone just now ; besides that, I should be very sorry to have her come while Ste is in this melancholy way, she would have a dismal summer of it, and I fear his distemper is but too likely to be very tedious. He is not worse than when I wrote last, but not better ; this damp weather is very unfavourable to his disorder, they say. I am vastly obliged to you for all the enquiries you make about cures for this unhappy disorder, my own opinion is that time and his youth alone will get the better of it ; I have no faith in medicines. Mr Fox has an opinion of that he now takes, which is the tonquin medicine, and he certainly is better this week past, but he seems to stand still, and is not better than he was three days ago. Lord Powerscourt says he is sure the books are arrived by this time.

I have met Lady Caroline Adair at Lady Essex's more than once. She looks very ill and very unhappy ; your kind letter to her has given her vast pleasure. The Duchess of Norfolk has wrote to Lady Albemarle about her in a very kind manner, and has let Miss Clifford write to Lady Caroline. Lord Albemarle is very angry undoubtedly, but he takes the part of never naming her or Adair to anybody, which is surely the wisest way. Lord Kildare has not yet arrived, 'tis indeed vexatious to a degree to think he comes alone ; but no more of that, 'twill only vex you and do no good. I send you by Mrs Cunningham,

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

who goes next Saturday, a little short dres't cloak to wear instead of a tippet or fichu full dress't ; they wore them in the days [of] mourning made of black crepe and of white Italian gauze. This I send is silk, and what's making for second mourning ; before the mourning began they wore them made of black lace or all blonde. I could not afford to send you one of them, as they come to eight or ten guineas ; but this is just proper for the change of mourning, and shews you the pattern. They are vastly fashionable here. I imagined you had them at Dublin till Louisa told me not, and that she was sure you would like one. They are worn only with a necklace or ruff or with a little tippet. I send Sal some *coque de perle* ear-rings which Louisa told me would be acceptable. Adieu, my dear siss. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

163. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

April the 17th, [1759].

I have two obliging letters of yours to thank you for, my dear sister, one dated April the 10th, the other without any. I shall not answer them all by this post, only write to inform you about Ste. Indeed, I don't well know what account to give you, his illness changes so from day to day without our being able to find out what makes him better or worse with any certainty. Yesterday he was vastly bad, to-day is as well as he has been at all since the illness. In short, my dear siss, one grows sadly discouraged about it, as they all seem quite in the dark as yet, and don't know from what cause it proceeds. The longer it lasts the worse certainly I am, much out of spirits to-day about it tho' it seems a good day with him, because I don't forsee when it's likely to end. As soon as we have fine weather we shall go to Holland House. I hope in God 'twill be better for him, for me I know it will. I have been very quiet this week past ; our dinners on Louisa's arrival are over. She is now at Lady Anne Conolly's in the country for a few days. Your dear boys are well ; they dine here now she is gone, and are but little with Ste. Lord Kildare is not yet arrived ; we

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

expect him every minute. Adieu. I'll answer your letters another time. I am very often in a writing humour lately. Yours ever,

C. Fox.

164. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

April the 17th, [1759].

I will begin this by answering all your questions, dear siss. I have seen little Vesey two or three times ; we have visited one another in a morning ; we have intended asking them to dinner, but various things have put it off. I should wish to do what was civil by them, for I like the queer little woman well enough ; now we shall soon be at Holland House, I hope, and dining there they will like. How fat she is ! The Bedfords talk of Lady Barrymore as if they liked her vastly ; I never saw them together above once tho', at a private party at Rigby's ten days ago. Lady Anne Dawson I saw once at Lady Hillsborough's some months ago. She is I believe little about, and in a quite different set of company ; everybody seem'd to think her vastly alter'd ; her beauty is quite gone. Mrs Dunbar I have never seen. She I believe lives quite in a coterie with her sister ; I have heard nobody mention her, she is a sweet woman. I saw her often at Bath. Her sister Mrs Pitt makes herself quite ridiculous ; she is so proud of that superior name of Pitt that she looks upon all the world with contempt. I should not have expected it of her, should you ? But I'm told she carries it to a degree. As for Mrs Mac, she has the decency to keep out of public. Molly Gardner and Lord Bateman take no notice of one another in public places, I'm told, but he is for ever at their house, rides out in a morning with her, and it's said gives them a good deal of money. His friends say he spends the income of his place quite unaccountably, and their acquaintances say they live at a rate they can't afford. There is a Captain Norris, who is Mrs Mac's friend. No woman keeps them company I believe, nor ever have since they lived in England. How does little Lady B. like it, you'll say ? Why, she either don't believe it or carries it off better than anybody ever did such a thing. Lord B. and she seem ex-

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

ceeding fond of each other, and she seems so happy and cheerful, I think she can't be unhappy. I have seen a vast deal of her these two winters. She is continually with Mrs Digby, and is of our comfortable suppers with Lord Ilchester and Mr Bateman,<sup>1</sup> etc. There is to be sure an affected manner *qui ne prévient point*, but she is altogether a very amiable woman, very good sense, a little too confin'd in her ideas from her education; but great cheerfulness and good humour, with a great deal of good nature and sensibility. I don't think the Duke of Devonshire likely to marry. He seems more attach'd than ever to his ancient Countess, who is an agreeable woman really; I have lately you know been in her company four or five times, and she seems very pleasing. I have now told you all I know relating to the people you enquire about, which is not a great deal, but you can't imagine how little I have lived about this whole winter. I have been at four plays, two oratorios, and I dare say not at ten assemblies. I have been but at one Bedford House, tho' the Thursdays have been kept at usual. Lady Essex has been often confined this winter; she is in a bad way, I think six months gone with child, continually in pain and a constant little hectic disorder. I often go to her when she keeps house. Mrs Ellis,<sup>2</sup> too, has been confined, but she has a quadrille party generally, which I hate so much I don't very often go to her. She is not breeding, to her great sorrow. I send by Mr Agar, who goes next week, some books Mrs Dunoyer brought me for you; she says she has orders to send you all the new books. Mrs Greville is in town; she lives a good deal with Lady Carlisle this winter, who has got Sir Thomas Robinson's<sup>3</sup> house in Whitehall. She is the happiest of beings—little parties and suppers continually.

Thus far I had wrote yesterday, when Lord Kildare arrived. He had a good passage, and is perfectly well. I think him grown thin; Mr Fox thinks he looks exactly the same as he did. He seems in good spirits, and thinks his boys both look remarkably well; indeed they are so. I expect Louisa in town to-day; she has been at Lady Anne's in the country. You

<sup>1</sup> Richard Bateman (d. 1773); brother of William Bateman, 1st Viscount Bateman.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, dau. of Hon. Sir William Stanhope; m. (1747) Welbore Ellis, cr. (1794) Baron Mendip of Mendip. She died 1761.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Robinson (? 1700-77) Colonial Governor; cr. Baronet, 1731.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

must indeed be partial to Conolly not to think him immensely silly, dear siss ; sure he is a tiresome boy, and one feels sorry he is so, he seems so exceeding good-natured. I can but think how miserable I should have been at Louisa's age to have had such a husband. I hope and believe she won't find it out ever, but I should have thought it dreadful. What you tell me of the two sisters astonishes me, for Louisa I'm sure is affectionate enough, as you would have thought if you had seen her cry, poor soul, as she did the whole afternoon when she found you did not come with Lord Kildare. Don't you reckon her vastly like George in her temper, manner and disposition ? It strikes me vastly.

Ste has been very tolerably well these three days ; he is now taking nothing for a time by his own desire and Doctor Duncan's advice. I'm rather sorry the musk was left off. I think it was of some use, but the man who prescrib'd it says 'twill be more beneficial when the weather is warmer, therefore we don't press it now. I should never have sent your boys without Bolle. They were vastly happy at seeing their papa. I believe little Harry will be inoculated the beginning of next week. It has been put off lately two or three times, but he is now so well I believe 'twill be done ; if it is, your boys will remain where they are till the school meets again, which will be in ten days. Lord Kildare says he did not find Ste at all worse than he expected, but I don't mind what people say to me about him. I'm so sure it must be a most shocking thing to people who have never seen the illness. I have the comfort every day of hearing of people who have had this distemper and recovered it, indeed that is what keeps up one's spirits, particularly when one sees him a little better. I have great hopes from warm weather, for warmth certainly agrees with him, and I don't doubt but the going into the cold bath and sea made him much worse. Could we be so fortunate as to get any irruption out on his skin I don't doubt but he would get well. I have a great opinion of the warm bath for him ; in some cases of this sort a hot climate has been of use. Poor dear angel ! this illness affects his temper so much it makes it more difficult to know what to do, because he is vastly eager to try a new method, and when he has tried a thing any time and happens to have one of his bad days with it, then he takes a dislike to it

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

and won't go on. One can't much wonder at it ; you shall hear very constantly how he does. My love to Emily, tell her I'm mightily obliged to her for her message, and shall be very glad to be acquainted with her, for I hear she is very agreeable. Lord Waldgrave is going to marry Maria Walpole.<sup>1</sup> Lord Kildare says it's reported in Ireland that George is to marry Lady Susan Stuart; it is said so here. He says he knows nothing of it ; but I don't think it unlikely, if she is much in his way ; she is most exceedingly agreeable, vastly liked, and a Scotch woman. One would not advise such a match, and yet I dare say 'twould be a happy one. She is called here "the Duchess of Hamilton's understanding." I believe she likes him very much. There is an open, cheerful, lively manner about her that's very taking I do think, but she is I imagine a good deal older than him and very plain. I hear nothing of him or the Duchess,<sup>2</sup> but expect them every day ; the Hague can have no charm to keep them, I should think, now my brother's gone. Adieu my dearest sister ; this is a tedious long letter, but now you're alone and in the country you'll have time to read it. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

165. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 24th, [1759].

I have the pleasure to inform my dear sister that Ste continues better ; that is, he is vastly better than he was a month ago, certainly better this last week, tho' one day of it he was worse, which is constantly the case if he grows the least costive. He had one very bad day after taking the musk for ten days, which has made him take such a dislike to it, he insisted upon leaving it off, the man that presented it having said it was to cure him in ten days. He now takes Mr Compton's<sup>3</sup> medicine, which they say is no medicine, and therefore Doctor Duncan and Truesdale have long encouraged him to take it, particularly Duncan, who is clear it's better to let him alone for some

<sup>1</sup> James Waldegrave, 2nd Earl Waldegrave ; m. (2ndly) Maria, dau. of Sir Edward Walpole. On his death, she m. (1776) Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Richmond.

<sup>3</sup> Spencer Compton (1738-96), later 8th Earl of Northampton.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

time and leave nature to work. The man that gave the musk and cinnabar was of opinion it might be omitted for sometime, and if given again given in warm dry weather, in which he says it's more likely to prove efficacious. I think it has indeed been of use to him, as it has softened his skin. The warm bath, too, which he tried once was of service to him, and will be every now and then repeated. At present he only takes once a day a little powder made of a flower called Lady Smock, which Mr. Compton's family seem positive cured him, and which all assure me can't possibly hurt him if it does him no good. This powder and gentle physic to prevent costiveness is all he does at present. Doctor Duncan approves this method extremely, and Ste himself was so desirous of it we thought it right to try it for a time at least; he is here now and goes out a little every day. I did not write last post; Lord Kildare told me he had inform'd you Ste was better. Lord Kildare sat with me chatting above an hour t'other day in my room. He is to meet Duncan at our house. I'm the more desirous he should because Duncan says such frequent vomits is enough to destroy any constitution. I'm come here to settle. My dear pretty Harry was inoculated this very morning, it's an unpleasant anxiety to be in, but we think it so right we could not answer to ourselves not doing it. He is now in perfect health, thank God, just four years old, the proper age, and the season of the year is good, so I trust in God we shall have good luck.

I was yesterday at Bedford House Ball; it was much too numerous to be agreeable. Louisa look'd very pretty and danced very well. She is a sweet pretty-behaved girl, indeed people don't reckon her very handsome I find, but everybody likes her; she gives a Ball next Thursday. Adieu, my dearest sister; you shall hear every post from me. Believe [me] most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

166. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 26th, 1759.

My dear sister, I have no letter of yours to answer, but thought

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I would not omit letting you know how we went on every post. Ste, I thank God, continues better, but he don't get on fast ; yet when one reflects on the difference now and even three weeks ago one must feel very thankful. Dear little Harry is still, as you may suppose, well, which is all one expects as yet. Louisa gives her Ball to-night. I thought somebody or other might be afraid of me, so would not go, as I'm of no use at a Ball. Mr Fox is gone to make up the Duchess of Bedford's card party. Your dear boys were very happy with the thoughts of it. Mr Conolly and they are quite playfellows. He was here t'other morning with me walking about near an hour, only he and I, and I agree with you he don't seem to want sense, but in company he is dreadful sometimes. I think he is more silent before Lord Kildare ; I fancy he is afraid of him. Mrs Fannen<sup>1</sup> has received some commands of yours, she says, from Mr Armstrong about some worked ruffles she knows nothing of, nor can he give her any account, but that you desire she will send the three pair of worked ruffles which she has never had any orders about ; she would also be glad to know to what price you would choose to go for the china basins, what sort, and whether beau or china. Adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

167. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Saturday, May the 5th, [1759].

My dear Ste's amendment I wrote you word of last post continues, and a very great one it is ; tho' he is not well yet, a little more will make him quite so, God send he may not relapse. I hardly dare give way to the joy I feel at seeing him so much better, lest he should.

Little Harry is not full ; he had a rash came out with the smallpox, which made me apprehend he would be full ; but that's gone, and I don't believe he has a hundred in all. There are none on his body, only on his face and hands, and a very

---

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Henry Fox's steward.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

few on his feet. He seems to-day perfectly well. It's a vast while, dear siss, since I have had a letter from you. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

168. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

May the 8th, [1759].

I last night received yours of April the 26th, the first I have received from you in three weeks ; indeed, your being of the party would have made us all very happy and I dare say my dear siss would have been so here with me. I have been chiefly alone since I came here, for when we settle here so early Mr Fox has always business that calls him a great deal to town, and there have been some long days in the house, so that Lord Kildare and my brother George have been here but once. Louisa is mighty good, and calls as often as I expect her, but plays and Ranelagh engage her constantly, Louisa says. As for your dear boys, whose company along with my own I prefer to anybody's, they were not here, as you'll find by my two or three last letters, on account of Harry's inoculation. This is the sixth day of the smallpox appearing. He is as well as possible, I thank God. His arm is sore and troublesome a little, but better than it was ; two days ago it pain'd him vastly, pretty little dear ! it's a charming thing over. Apropos to your boys, I must tell you how shock'd Lady Anne was, while they were at Louisa's, at their rudeness ; 'twas time for them to go back, indeed she said she never saw two such rude boys. I'm mightily diverted with the notion of their worrying her a little. Louisa says 'twas nothing very violent tho', but common boyish rudeness. Ophaly to be sure is well inclined that way, but they are never so here, I assure you, so as to be the least troublesome, for when any riot begins I only beg them to go into the hall or garden or some proper place to riot in, and they will oftener prefer staying with me and be quiet. Then, when we have any company they never make any racket in the room ; I don't remember it ever happ'ned here. I'm mighty proud of their being so much more orderly here, I assure you, because

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

you know this is reckoned such a house of liberty for children, as Ophaly observes sometimes, tho' I do maunder, and they laugh at me and mind me notwithstanding.

I hope you'll like your cloak. Louisa does not wear them. She dresses mighty neat and genteelly, in my opinion, never wears anything on her neck but a ruff dressed or a blonde handkerchief undressed. She does not come into the fashion of wearing such a quantity of ruffles, sleeve knots, lapels, cloaks, tippets, etc., etc., and, what's still more frightful, the caps sit up a yard high. The Duchess of Grafton<sup>1</sup> is really dressed like a strolling actress; the Duchess of Hamilton too puts on quantities of things; Lady Coventry dresses vastly the best of the very fine ladies generally, now and then a queer conceit, but not often. I think the little cloaks genteel, particularly for people that are not very young, tho' the young people do wear them just as much. They are much the prettiest in black lace.

About Sarah, my dear siss, I really do think her coming alone would be very improper. Louisa certainly goes [to] Ireland about September, and as certainly returns to England. (Mr Conolly has no idea of quite living in Ireland. I wish some other people had been of the same opinion, but that [is] over.) Now surely that's the proper time for Sal to come. As for this match, your answer is surely very easy, she is so very young, and going soon to England Lord Kildare and you beg to decline settling anything about it. I don't think, if the man is a good sort of man and she likes him, my brother will object to it so much as you think. I should think George has more of that family pride than my brother a great deal. After all, my dear sister, *entre nous*, is there such a vast difference between that, as to birth I mean, and Conolly? What is his estate? What kind of young man is he? She is so exceeding young that to be sure one would wish to stay another year, and let her pass her winter in town. I would have her here by the King's birthday; if Mr Clements likes her extremely he will stay till next spring for her surely.<sup>2</sup> This is entirely my settling, dear siss, so my brother can't take it ill of you. I will talk to George about it, and dare say he will agree with me. She will see

<sup>1</sup> See letter 19, note 1.

<sup>2</sup> See letter 53.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

nothing this summer here to make her change her mind any more than with you. By the time she could come all the summer diversions will be over, and nothing can be more solitary than the environs of London after midsummer, to my great comfort. As for me, I love Sal, and consequently should be glad of her company at any time, but by way of being of use to me it's not at all my ease ; living alone suits my disposition best, at least passing a great deal of my time so. I'm always in the best spirits when I do. I don't love work much, you know, nor do I vastly love being read to. I love to saunter about the gardens, looking at plants, flowers, etc., by myself, or being shut up in my own dressing room reading or writing ; this is the way I love to pass my mornings. In the evening Mr Fox is always with me, you know, at this time a year. We have company generally the latter end of the summer. He and I saunter in the evening, and when we come in he and I play at cards with the boys, when they are at home, or he reads to me. I only mention this to shew you, dear siss, I don't want a companion in my kind of life, and that 'twill be a dismal kind of life for a young woman at her first coming to ; one should not mind it so much afterwards. In winter it's different ; she will go about and see what's to be seen and who is to be seen, and take her chance of getting married.

I'm obliged to you for all your receipts. Ste is not worse but not at all better than he was that day I wrote you word he was so vastly mended, which was last Thursday ; I rather fear he is not quite so well, he got a little cold in his feet. Poor dear boy, he is mighty untractable about his health, the distemper itself makes him so. When I consider tho', how much better he is than he was three weeks ago I can't help flattering myself he will get over it this summer ; he continues the powder. Adieu, my dear sister. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

I don't believe George could well go for Sarah now, surely her coming alone would be odd ; the end of the year he is more likely to be able to go, he says, if anything should prevent Louisa's coming to Ireland. It won't be her fault if she don't, for her heart is set upon it.

Louisa and Mr Conolly both doat upon the Duchess of

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Richmond, which is natural, she is so young and good-humoured. I hope she won't draw Louisa into any scrapes of not being civil to people. It's unreasonable in me, dear siss, but I can't help being provoked at her for her perfect ease with regard to my brother. Youth and spirits naturally get the better, but surely sometimes it seems natural for that thought to come across.

169. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[May, 1759].

You are indeed, my dear sister, a very bad correspondent of late, but I hear you have been jaunting about, which I am very glad of ; it's very good for you I believe, you love it and seldom do it. My dear Ste continues better, tho' he does not yet get quite well. He has scarcely any convulsion or motions now, only when he speaks very eagerly his face is a little so, and his left side is still weak, but he talks, walks, rides, and feeds himself ; he can't yet write, and he has a heavy look in his eyes, but upon the whole is as much better as one can expect. Harry is about again, quite well. I saw Lord Kildare at Lord Powerscourt's at Chelsea two days ago ; we dined there. I don't find any time yet fixed for his return ; he looks surprizingly better than he did when he first came. I was at old Windsor last Sunday, but did not see your boys. I would not send to them as Harry had not then taken physic or been out of his room ; I can't help being scrupulous on that account. Mr Conolly was at Eton the same day and they were with him, so they had not the mortification of Charles's coming and leaving them at home. I have seen a vast number of taffetas Louisa has been looking out for you. She has really taken a vast deal of pain about it ; she does rout about immensely and use a great deal of exercise ; it seems to agree with her, for she looks extremely well. George is not to marry Lady Susan Stuart.<sup>1</sup> He found the report prevail, so that he has left off following her, which I think is very handsomely done in him ; to be sure he is in a much better situation unmarried, unless it was to an immense fortune. But I fear he has an attachment which I own would

<sup>1</sup> See letter 59, note<sup>1</sup>.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

vex me most exceedingly was it to come to anything—Lady Louisa Kerr.<sup>1</sup> You must not speak of it, but I believe he likes her ; and I do believe she is a little devil as ever lived. She is reckoned very clever ; the Duchess of Richmond says she is a sad, artful, false little toad. Then, her mother, you know, is as disagreeable a character of a woman as can be. Her education has been the worst in the world. It's a constant cabal between Lady Ancram and her to deceive Lord Ancram, who is ill-tempered perhaps, but it's shameful to talk of it in the way the mother and daughter do to all their acquaintances. You comprehend all things put together how sorry one should be for dear George to have such a wife, and yet I fear it. It's often that anything so good as he is gets a devil to his wife. Pray don't mention this to anybody. I'm in hopes the Duchess, who knows her, will tell George (as she did her uncle Campbell, who liked Lady Louisa vastly last year) her opinion of her. My fear of this makes me almost sorry Lady Susan's was not serious, for I do believe she is as amiable a character as ever was in the world ; every creature speaks well of her. George is much disturbed at some little imprudence of the Duchess of Richmond's among others. T'other night when Louisa and she were at the play together, the former went away before the farce, which the Duchess having a mind to see stay'd, the only woman in the box, with a Mr Meadows and some other gentleman. George was out of town, and heard of it as an extraordinary thing, and told her of it ; she insists upon it, he is such a prude, and that there is nothing in it. She means no harm, she says, and there is no persuading her a young woman's character may be vastly hurt without her meaning the least harm, oftener in my opinion than when they do, for then they are if they have any sense at all more prudent. George thinks too and I agree with him, that racketing about to the degree she does, my poor dear brother abroad, is not quite decent ; you have no notion of how she routs about. We don't mean she should shut herself up, but it's too much. She is beautiful this year, more admired by the men than anybody, which she likes. Prince Edward and Mr Thin always at her ear in public. George says always five or six men about her, she laughing loud and talking a great deal, all this in public from morning till night,

<sup>1</sup> See letter 93, note<sup>1</sup>.

and her husband abroad. I really fear, poor thing, with the most innocent intentions (for I'm sure she loves my brother of all things) she will hurt her character. George wants me to speak to her. I tell him she would mind him much more, besides I don't choose to get into any scrape of that kind. I believe you'll think me in the right. I caution Louisa a little, who is immoderately fond of her and always with her now. Nothing can behave better than Louisa does at present, but example is so apt to spoil young people, and people reckon poor Conolly such a fool, that one is afraid. Indeed I'm horridly vex'd about the Duchess, for tho' she is not a person one has a great personal affection for, I can't bear the thoughts of my brother's wife and the Duchess of Richmond's being on the footing of the fine flirting ladies about. I have told Louisa that people abused the Duchess by way of caution to her, indeed among other reasons this makes me wish not to have Sal till winter; 'twould be very difficult to prevent her from being continually with them, and yet in my opinion extremely improper. I am a little old-fashion'd in that I own, but I don't approve of constantly frequenting the summer diversions; a woman of quality there is in common mixed with all the mob, which does not suit my idea either of the dignity or decency required in a young woman. In winter I shall attend her to plays, balls, assemblies, operas or send her with Lady Albemarle or some such kind of body.

I hear Lord Charlemont is violently in love with pretty Mrs Dunbar and that she don't discourage it, which I'm sorry to hear, for she was a sweet pretty modest-behaved woman as ever I saw; but everybody says he is so agreeable, that very possibly she may like him, if that's the case she is to be pitied very much. Lady Essex is very big with child, you have not yet wrote to her, you creature, you! I have sent you a little story-book called *Candide*, said to be wrote by Voltaire<sup>1</sup>; their is wit in it, but the plan of it is gloomy and wicked to a degree. I think there are some droll things in it; it's mighty entertaining. When I say I have sent it, I mean by Bob Sandford. I gave it into his care for you; I don't know of anybody that goes before, tho' I don't know when he goes. We have a nasty cold north-east wind just now which I hate, tho' in the main

<sup>1</sup> *Candide ou L'optimisme*, traduit de l'allemand de Mr. le Docteur Ralph, MDCCLIX.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

the weather has been lovely since I came here, and I have spent a mighty comfortable quiet month. My dear Ste's amendment puts me in spirits. I'm pretty well myself to. Adieu, my dearest sister. Most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

I have fitted up the gallery with blue paper, gilt borders, and a few good pictures; it's very pretty; we breakfast in it.

*May the 19th.* Mrs Lasare will set about your ermine gown, which it seems is not done. Lady Essex says you desired it might not till further directions. I hope Sarah liked the earrings.

170. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

May the 29th, [1759].

I answer'd but one of your letters last post, dear sister, and will now answer t'other. Louisa is vastly happy with one of sixteen pages you have wrote her, and put off Ranelagh last night to go home to answer it; she will give you all particulars of the places she goes to. They jaunt about a good deal out of town, which I'm glad of; she likes it of all things, and so very young as she is it's better than the Duchess of Richmond's and her being so constantly in public together, tho' Mr Conolly's being with her makes Louisa's very different from the Duchess. Don't tell Louisa I said anything of the sort to you, I beg, because I promised her to speak to her myself if I ever thought she did anything wrong; but I can't help thinking I'm talking always when I write to you, dear siss; and writing down whatever comes into my head. I must tell you a piece of prudence of Louisa. Miss Conolly and she were to go to Vaux Hall; she said she thought there, so young as she was, for chaperon, it would be better to ask some grave people, so they had General and Lady Lucy Howard,<sup>1</sup> whom they seem mighty fond of. You can't imagine how Lord Strafford admired her for it. By the by, 'twas a ridiculous scene t'other day here; the Straffords dined with us and of course the Duke of Devonshire; the former were to go out of town the next day, and his Grace was the melancholy lover all

<sup>1</sup> Gen. George Howard (? 1720-96). He was made K.B. in 1763, and Field-Marshal in 1793. He m. (1) Lady Lucy Wentworth (d. 1771); (2) Elizabeth, Countess of Effingham.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

day quite in the dismal *Amadis de Gaul* style. I could not at first conceive the meaning of it, but 'twas really droll, it's such an old story, you know, I did not take it at first. She was a little so, but not so bad as him; she is really an agreeable woman; she commends Louisa extremely.

Your little Emily's illness is certainly worms, for which there are several cures, so I hope 'twill be of no consequence; poor little soul, let me know how she does.

Ste has a sort of mumps or vast swell'd face, I don't know which, but it's my opinion that if we can prevail on him to be careful of himself with it 'twill be of vast use to him. It seems to be a turn the humour has taken, he speaks still better since it came and can use the hand better that was not recover'd before. God send it may restore that dear boy to perfect health. Lord Kildare set out yesterday afternoon from hence, looking a vast deal better in my opinion than when he came; he was to see the boys to-morrow. George is of my opinion about Sal; I will write to my brother about it. They seem all very quiet at present in Germany. God send they may remain so. The books I sent you by Mr Agar were *L'Esprit, Les Annales Politiques, trois petites brochures*. Mrs. Dunoyer brought them for you. I rather repent of letting her put up *L'Esprit*; 'tis an affected wise book you'll never read, I believe. I'm glad you like the *Orphan of China*. I think it one of the finest plays I ever saw, and the most moving; 'twas too much to see indeed, so finely acted as it was by Garrick and Mrs Yates,<sup>1</sup> who is a beautiful figure. I should think Mr Clements a good match, if she likes him. His not being such a boy in my opinion would be much better. Lively as Sal is, do you know I'm a little afraid of her Ladyship's vivacity if she should fly out and be very wild. Adieu, dear siss, Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

171. Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.

June the 15th, [1759].

Since you love a folio sheet of paper, dear siss, you shall have one. I'm sure I shall fill it, for when once I get into a talking

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Mary Ann Yates (1728-87); a great tragic actress. She played Mandane in Murphy's *Orphan of China* at Drury Lane on 21 Apr., 1759.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

or a writing way there is no end of me. I have two letters from you, one of the 24th, the other the 26th. I name the dates because you suspect your letters being sometimes lost. The last is a long one which I return you many thanks for, indeed I will not allow that we should quarrel oftener if we lived together or love one another less. I believe the contrary, at least I know myself I'm much oftener disposed to be angry at people when they are absent; it's easier to explain things when together, indeed all resentment is out of my breast and I dare say will never have cause to enter there again.

What a comfortable little habitation you describe Lord Jocelyn's to be. After all if there is any difference in situations towards contributing to happiness, that sort of life is the best; but except extreme poverty or extreme greatness, those are undoubtedly the worst, I believe the rest are pretty equal and depend on one's own mind. I should think, tho', Lady Clanbrasil can't be quite so happy as you describe if she loved him as well as you thought she did, which I should imagine was not the case, for one must seem so forlorn in the world at her time of life to have one's friend and companion torn from one. Time lessens everything of that sort undoubtedly, even Mrs Digby will I believe get over her loss. She is surprisingly well when she is at that place of hers, more amused with and more eager about the works there, both in her house and garden, than I could ever imagine I should have seen her. And yet she has not I believe that sort of piety Lady Clanbrasil has, which I should think must be the only support God sends when it does please God to afflict us in any way, my dear siss, that we may submit to it as we ought, and consider how little while it all lasts. I can't but always reflect how much more than my share of happiness I have enjoyed already, and that very reflection (sometimes tho') makes me dread what's to come; to see my dear child as he is now when I think of him some months ago, is a blessing beyond what I can describe, and yet he is not well yet. He had a swell'd face, which obliged him to leave off the medicine for a few days, and he was not quite so well; now he takes it again, but surely it proves it does him good.

The Duchess and my brother<sup>1</sup> will be always happy if she

---

<sup>1</sup> The Duke and Duchess of Richmond.

don't take to flirting, but he would dislike that most exceedingly, and I don't see how it can be otherways ; she don't mind what George says, calls him a prude, says she means no harm, and therefore will do as she thinks proper. She likes men's company and don't like women, which she professes vastly. What diverts me is, the men admire her good understanding because she has no foolish female delicacies ; she is an odd composition. George says she has good sense, which I doubt ; that she has infinite good humour, no envy in her temper, nor no resentment is certain, and yet she has one quality that makes a sort of contradiction to the rest, a vast deal of pride. Feelings, what you and I mean by them, to be sure she has none. I hope you read nothing out of my letters to Sal that might make her think I found any fault with poor Louisa ; 'twould look very ill-natured in me to make reports to you, for it's impossible to behave better than she does. I only fear'd the Duchess's imprudence ; Louisa is a most amiable girl indeed. After all, the Duchess I am perfectly convinced means no harm. I would not give you a bad impression of her, indeed as George says, it's partly my brother's fault not bringing her to town in winter, and living so little as he does in the world makes it so new to her, she is quite wild, poor thing ; and it shews her fondness for him, her living with so much good humour in so different a way when he is with her, because he chooses it. As for George's love, I had it but from too good authority for talking to Mr Fox and I about Lady Susan Stuart. He told us there was another young woman that he liked much better, if it suited his situation in life to marry just now, and named Lady Louisa Kerr. I really can't bear to think of it ; there never was a woman so truly *l'esprit intrigant* as Lady Ancram, and I fear the girl is but too like her ; always educated to deceive the father, it's shameful how they behave to him. I'm glad Sarah is so reasonably disposed and so amiable a girl. I will take care to inform my brother 'tis my fault she did not come now. I have already desired George to do so when he wrote, but will on purpose ; we will certainly have her here before winter, and if Louisa don't come we will settle some other way to bring her. I find Louisa and Mr Conolly now propose staying the winter in Dublin ; 'tis such a boy, tho' it don't know it's own mind I believe two days together. He is vastly good-natured,

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

and I really love him vastly, but he is more a child than William : Charles and Ophaly are men to him.

People have now a curious story about a Mr Stopford and Lady Carlisle. Lord Pembroke<sup>1</sup>, Sir Charles Bingham<sup>2</sup> and more of her good friends have persuaded the poor woman (without much difficulty to be sure) to believe this Mr Stopford was dying for her ; and to complete the thing they sent him to see her t'other day with a long melancholy story of his passion for her ; but, his father being alive and intending to make some great match for him, would not consent to his proposing himself to her ; but his love was so great that—in short he was as rude to her Ladyship as could be, except to the last favour all passed that could on such an occasion. But she scream'd and expostulated and, in short, did and said everything to make him desist but what she should have done—which was to ring the bell and bid her servants kick him downstairs. However, she escaped, is convinced 'twas all owing to excess of love, and is mighty good friends with him again, and he goes about giving the men a description of all he saw. It's really infamous tho', and the poor woman's folly almost incredible. I do wish he had been beat soundly. Adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

Mr Fox is gone to Montem<sup>3</sup> to-day to see the boys very happy. He wrote to you last post his sentiments with regard to Lord Kildare's affairs ; I am entirely of his opinion and join in rejoicing with you it's likely not to be given up. Mr Fox gives up his friends on this occasion ; to be sure his Grace was most exceedingly impertinent. I think I am not partial to that set of people, I own they don't improve upon acquaintance. Mr Fox is ; but not with regard to this affair, I assure you, not even to his friend Rigby ; indeed, I don't like any of them in private life, I'm sure. The whole scene is not clever, but Mr Fox with all his good sense does not know people's characters at all, and as my brother often observes, admires people too much for

---

<sup>1</sup> Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Bingham, 7th Bart. ; cr. (1776), Baron, and (1795), Earl of Lucan.

<sup>3</sup> A festival, triennially kept at Eton College. It was last celebrated in 1844.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

being good company and clever, which after all is nothing valuable unless it's attended with as much good nature as he has with it.

172. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[A fragment : ? June, 1759.]

*Saturday.* We shall stay with our Etonians all Sunday and return here Monday. It's very true that your time in England is passed in a continual hurry, but your stay is usually short, and so many relations and friends as you have here make it impossible to be otherwise. Besides that, Holland House is never the same kind of quiet life May and June that it is afterwards. This Spring indeed it has been much more so than usual, but I love it better now. I never liked a racketing life, but now I grow old, and I think when one is nearer forty than thirty, which is now my case, one has an excuse to indulge oneself in the way of life one chooses. That among many other reasons I think makes the middle age the happiest time of one's life. I'm sure mine is ; and middle age everybody must allow thirty-five to be, tho' many women choose to put themselves on the footing of being young at that time. I have been very busy with reading a continuation on Lord Clarendon's *History*<sup>1</sup> lately ; it's not public yet, but was lent me. Did you ever read his *History of the Rebellion* ? He was a worthy man, and shamefully used by the King.<sup>2</sup> Adieu. Yours,

C. Fox.

173. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

June the 17th, 1759.

There is something wrong about the coming of your letters, dearest sister, for I received one from you dated the 2nd of June only last Wednesday, and Louisa had one of the 6th from you or Sal two posts before. The letter I mention was the first that inform'd me of Lord Kildare's arrival. I received one

<sup>1</sup> 'The Life of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon . . . written by Himself,' publ. in 1759, was a continuation of his 'History of the Rebellion.'

<sup>2</sup> Charles II.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

from you yesterday of the 8th, which I return you many thanks for. I'm glad you think Lord Kildare looks so well; I think we sent him you back much better than he came. I thought him alter'd when I first saw him, I own extremely, but he seemed perfectly well and cheerful the whole time he was here, and without any flattery conducted himself with as much calmness and good sense in the business he came upon as it was possible to do. I am sincerely rejoiced with you at the keeping the £1,500 a year. Conolly was generally better behaved when Lord Kildare was by than he is at other times; to be sure he is reckoned a mighty silly boy, but I am as you are about it. I feel to love him, he is so good-natured, neither is it a kind of silly way I dislike so much as many others. I look upon him as a boy of ten or eleven years old, and treat him as such. I only dread her feeling ashamed of him sometimes; my brother George thinks she does, but I hope not, she is a dear girl and I would have nothing vex her. I feel quite grieved at her going, which is fixed for Tuesday next. Miss Conolly is asked to go, I know, and I believe does. I comprehend that not being agreeable to you very well. I'm quite happy when Louisa comes here without Conolly; when he is with her, which is almost always the case, one can't have any conversation, he worries so. She and Lady Caroline Russell were not at all intimate; I don't know how that was in Ireland, but nobody is so strict as the Duchess of Bedford. Lady Caroline neither goes or stays anywhere without the Duchess, and these last two months they have not been in a way of meeting.

I must tell you a comical good-humoured thing of the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Caroline, says she to me t'other day, "Lord George tells me you are troubled at Lord Rochford's<sup>1</sup> following me; why should you be afraid of speaking to me about it; he is an old man of fifty; I believe he admires me." She then told me she knew the women hated her because the men liked her, and would be glad to get any stories of her. I told her my opinion on that head, and said she ought to be more cautious because of her situation and my brother being abroad. She took all I said with infinite good humour, said she meant no harm, that 'twas mighty natural for her who loved being in public to divert

<sup>1</sup> William Henry Nassau de Zulestein (1717-81), 4th Earl of Rochford; courtier and diplomatist.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

herself as much as she could, when my brother was away, that when he was here she loved being with him better than anything else, and he not loving public places she prefer'd his company. She told Lady Albemarle t'other day she had missed Mr Thin, who used to be always at her ear, this last fortnight, and that she had asked him what was become of him for so long. You see this kind of way will be likely to draw her into scrapes, poor thing ! She went seventh in a coach to Vaux Hall, and sat in Lord March's<sup>1</sup> lap ; she has verses or love letter, *anonymous ones*, sent her continually. I'm a little afraid how it will turn out at last, but her situation is ticklish ; she intends staying in town, she says, while anybody else does, she then goes to Goodwood. Mrs. Fitzroy<sup>2</sup> goes with her, I believe ; she don't love to be with her mother, who has asked her to Park Place, the properest place for her now to be sure. I don't think Louisa is any danger of being spoilt ; tho' she is so young and he so simple, she has a decency and dignity about her that will do. I only fear'd a little while she was running about so much to Ranelagh with the Duchess, both for her and more for Lady Susan Strangways, who was then with them a good deal. Lady Hillsborough, to tell you truth, told me that they were all wonderfully noisy one night at Ranelagh, but I promised not to name her ; she was vexed too on Lady Susan's account, who luckily went out of town. I do love the girl vastly, and have it much at heart to have her do well. She has uncommon good sense, great vivacity, and good-humoured, very diffident of herself and obliged to one for any advice one gives her ; in short, a mighty amiable girl, and of a most pleasing disposition. Lady Hillsborough was vastly good to her this winter, but in general I know to the full as many agreeable good sort of people as others. I don't think wit a necessary ingredient at all, which is what Mr Fox admires so much ; a constant joke wears me. The most entertaining companions in my opinion are people that know a good deal both of books and mankind. In short, I think men of learning that have travelled and that are communicative are infinitely preferable to people of wit, particularly if they have any imagination with it, a thing much

<sup>1</sup> William Douglas (1724-1810), 3rd Earl of March ; succeeded his cousin as 4th Duke of Queensberry, 1778 ; latterly known as 'Old Q.'

<sup>2</sup> Anne, dau. of Sir Peter Warren, K.B. ; m. (1758) Col. Charles Fitzroy, (afterwards 1st Baron Southampton).

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

wanting in numbers. Poor Duke of Marlbro' used to say people play'd so much at cards now, they had no other ideas and consequently no conversation, which is literally true of many.

I have always forgot to tell you how happy Lady H.<sup>1</sup> was with Lord Kildare's kind behaviour to her and the Black Earl when he was here ; she is not a sort of body directly to tell one so, as you or I should, but I plainly perceived how much it pleased her. I grow to love them two people mightily, and am sorry they want to part with North End ; they suit me in many things, and are I believe partial to me. They have their faults ; who is without ? He has certainly the appearance at least of being too interested ; she has what the French term I think describes exactly, *un peu d'humeur*. I'm glad you think Poccourante<sup>2</sup> like him ; he partly agrees to it. I do admire the strokes you mention in *Candide* mightily. I also like Martin's<sup>3</sup> answer to Candide's asking, *pourquoi ce monde a-t-il été fait ? Pour nous faire enrager*, replies Martin ; which thought naturally comes into one's head on several occasions, tho' it's a false maxim. I have been broiling at Court this hot day.

Mr Fox is this afternoon set out for Mount Edgecombe ; he visits Lord Ilchester and Lord Digby<sup>4</sup>, who are in his way ; he will be absent near three weeks or more. Louisa is very obliging in pressing one much to visit her. I could dine there the second day from London, I find, so perhaps I may for a few days the latter end of the time, if Ste is pretty well ; but I'm not sure, for I don't like to leave him, and he is not well enough to be from home, especially with that boy Conolly, who is mighty kind and civil to him, and would consequently rout him to death. He has been once in the cold bath, and it has made him better these two days. He look'd so *abattu* and languid with the great heat of the weather, I thought it could do him no harm ; I had Truesdale's opinion, too. Duncan was not in town ; he is the person I depend on about Ste at present the most ; because Truesdale, who is as mad about sea water as Ranby about bark, is singular in his opinion that drinking sea water would be of use to Ste, and has all along been desirous of it ; when he bathed at Harwich he drank it

<sup>1</sup> Viscountess Hillsborough.

<sup>2</sup> and <sup>3</sup> Characters in Voltaire's '*Candide*.'

<sup>4</sup> Recte : *Mais à quelle fin ce monde a-t-il donc été formé ?*

<sup>5</sup> Henry Digby (1731-93). 7th Baron Digby ; cr. Earl 1790.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

enough to purge him at first a good deal, and I'm sure he was in a miserable way at Harwich. Now Duncan and some other sensible people, whose opinions I have heard, say Ste will undoubtedly get well unless any violent medicines of any kind are used; the less it's done the better. There are things might perhaps throw out humours and cure him quite, but great risk is run by it of fixing it on the nerves, the fatal consequences of which must be affecting the head; this you know must deter one from trying any such. Duncan is fair enough to say he believes this powder does him good; it has no effect of any kind. His hours, diet, and exercise must be regular; the latter is the most difficult to persuade him to be moderate in. As there is great latitude in his diet he is desired to abstain totally from tea, coffee, broth, soup or any slops, from milk and cream, sweetmeats, fruit, except strawberries, very moderately, and not boil'd meat; but rather roast and broil'd, which seems odd I think. Ice water is good for him, and a glass or two of wine. We have hitherto kept pretty well to this; I hope 'twill continue. Poor dear boy, I wish him at school again, 'tis such a loss of time at his age, but thank God 'tis so well as it is. Adieu. Yours,  
C. Fox.

174. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[A fragment. ? June, 1759].

... I not having been at leisure to go much about with her, and she is so grateful to her for it, you can't imagine. Lady Hillsborough always told her, too, whenever she thought she did wrong; her only fault is a little affected way she has. Of late those parties have been at an end; Louisa has been constantly going out of town for a day or two. The Duchess<sup>1</sup> is now a good deal with Lady Coventry, which Louisa has entirely declin'd, and has been but of one party where she was, which she could not have declined without being quite rude. I have wrote to my brother<sup>2</sup> about Sal; both the Duchess and George agree with me about it, so pray make yourself easy on that account, dear siss. *Candide* is a wicked book to be sure, but

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

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Richmond.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

infinitely clever in my opinion, and diverts me vastly ; it gives me no uneasy thoughts, being I think upon a false principle that is every day contradicted, for undoubtedly there are many virtues and many good things in the world. The book you mention is an ingenious clever one, but surely a book calculated to do much harm. I don't quite like it, at least I did not when I read it, but will read it again. The subject of it is one of those things human reason was not intended to comprehend among many others, and according to my idea Bishop Tillotson<sup>1</sup> in these few following words, "religion makes the life of man a wise design, regular and constant to itself, because it unites all our resolutions and actions in one great end ; whereas without religion the life of man is a wild fluttering inconsistent thing without any certain scope or design," explains that matter better than all the volumes wrote on the subject. Robertson's *History* is I think most excessively pretty. You mean the Queen Dowager of Scotland, Mary's mother,<sup>2</sup> don't you ? I'm sure that history makes for *Candide*, never was such miserable times ; they seem to make nothing of assassinations.

The amendment in Ste is great, but he don't get quite well. I fear his always being unhealthy, then 'tis such a disadvantage to him, poor dear boy, to lead this idle life at home ; he wants occupation and amusement. 'Tis an awkward age ; he can't amuse himself as Charles can with reading five or six hours together, nor with seeing the works go on here, which Charles can also do, but he is a very particular child in that respect. Lady Ailesbury seems to like Duchess Hamilton very well. I dare say you'll have the latter in Ireland. She appears to me to be one that one can neither like, or dislike, but I know little of her ; she seems decent.

I hope Lord Kildare told you Lady Harrington's speech to Miss Walpole, now Lady Waldgrave. The taffeta is I think pretty ; I have seen prettier. I like my own better, but that was the prettiest among many we saw, except one on a white ground, of which there was only a small quantity to be had. Mr Fox is extremely concern'd to hear of any distress occasion'd by your indolence or carelessness, he says, being well assured that your domestic activity will never be worth to the Earl of Kildare

<sup>1</sup> John Tillotson (1630-94), Archbishop of Canterbury, 1691-94.

<sup>2</sup> Mary of Guise (1515-60), mother of Mary Queen of Scots.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

above three half crowns per annum. If you never bought anything whatever not made here or in Ireland, it might save more, he says, as well as the trouble of writing to the Duke of Newcastle, perhaps in vain. She bore Colonel Cambell's match, Mr Fox says, very well; she had her share of him, and they had left off some years ago. Mr Fox loves you dearly and therefore is afraid to tell you what Duncan says: "Lord Kildare is like Ferdinand of Spain<sup>1</sup> and Louis the Twelfth of France." He will say no more; so much for him. Now I must tell you I don't believe any harm of that same Lady. Lady Car Peachy, who knows her very intimately, says she knows her to have such strict principles and so good a way of thinking she could answer for her, tho' she believes she likes the white Duke very much. What a taste! I'm delighted with Lady Dowager's being so frisky. Adieu, my dear siss; believe me yours,

C. Fox.

175. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

June the 21st, [1759].

You really grow quite affected, my dear sister, about the dullness, as you are pleased to call it, of your letters. I can't expect you to entertain me with an account of people I don't know, who live in a town I don't know; tho' I do you, with what passes among those you are acquainted with, which I sometimes reproach myself with too, as it is in reality very often propagating scandal. Colonel Seabright<sup>2</sup> is a good kind of man. The coterie has been little talked of these three or four years; they live as much together as they used to do. Lady Mary FitzGerald<sup>3</sup> is of their set; they sup often together, but they don't make a talk about it, and when at assemblies or balls they mix with other people, in short I think seem to live a decent reasonable kind of life. Madame Pitt looks as well as ever, but is as deaf as Lady Suffolk.<sup>4</sup> She dresses just as she used to do, only a

<sup>1</sup> Probably Ferdinand VI, King of Spain (1713-59).

<sup>2</sup> Lt.-Gen. Sir John Sebright (1725-94), 6th Bart., succeeded 1761.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Mary Hervey (d. 1815), dau. of John, Lord Hervey; m. George FitzGerald, Esq.

<sup>4</sup> Henrietta Hobart (1681-1767), Countess of Suffolk. She was for many years the mistress of George II. In later life she became almost stone deaf.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

little older, and it would amaze you to see how plain her dress now appears in comparison of the generality of the fine ladies. I often see Lady Stafford at Lady Hervey's<sup>1</sup>; she is really a sensible agreeable woman. Lady Fawkner has taken a house and settles in town. Her whole care and attention seems about her children. She has £1200 a year; none of her children will have a farthing till she dies, then this £1200 a year goes among them. In the mean time she must live upon it, and educate her three children, two of which being boys, whose educations are now very expensive; she is not in affluence for one of her generous extravagant turns. She was vastly concern'd for Sir Everard at first, but is now the same cheerful good-humoured creature she always was. She has let her place in the country, which she was very fond of, as she could not live in town, and there too she thought it better for her children to live in the world, and in the way of making friends. I do believe now to such a one as Fawkener a public school and the intimacies he makes there, such as Ophaly and Lord Fitzwilliams<sup>2</sup>, and perhaps Charles, may be of vast use; her girl is charming; she has taught her everything herself, even dancing.

I don't doubt George and Charles's friendship continuing all their life, it seems quite a settled one. You are very good, my dear siss, to wish to see Charles, but we could neither of us resolve to part with [him]; tho' I love Ste better, I could with much more ease part with his company for some time, and Harry's too, than Charles's; you can have no idea how companionable a child he is nor how infinitely engaging to us he is. If Mr Fox and I are alone, either of us, or only us two, he never leaves one, enters into any conversation going forwards, takes his book if we are reading, is vastly amused with any work going on out of doors or indoors, furniture or anything that's going forwards; will sit and read by me when my stomach is bad and I lie down between sleeping and waking, and is in every respect the most agreeable companion. I know you'll make allowances for my partiality, for these same qualities so pleasing to us often make him troublesome to other people. He will

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> William Wentworth Fitzwilliam (1748-1833), 4th Earl of Fitzwilliam; he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1794-5.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

know everything, watches one if one wants to speak to anybody, and is too apt to give his opinion about everything, which tho' generally a very sensible one, makes him appear pert to other people; but you see, dear siss, how impossible 'twould be to part with our little friend and companion. I lay at Eton Sunday night and passed all Monday morning with the dear boys at their boarding house; they all kept out for colds, very trifling ones I believe, for they were very pert and merry; Ophaly is out of his wits with the thoughts of his Irish journey. I will always flatter myself with the thoughts of your coming to England, but if that don't happen one time or other I will visit my dear sister in Ireland, but when God knows; so many things must happen to make it quite convenient. I admire William's care of the Waldgraves vastly. The Duchess of Marlbro,<sup>1</sup> by all accounts, was not from the very beginning in any great affliction for the loss of the poor Duke, which is very surprizing, and one of those unaccountable things that happen in this world. The book you mention, the *Minute Philosopher*, is a very favourite book of mine. I have no great idea of Mrs. Nicholson's piety, one should not judge hardly, but from all I ever heard of that lady's character, that very essential thing to true piety is wanting, called a good heart.

My poor dear Ste does not get better; he is far from being, my dear sister, what I wish him to be as yet. He looks so *abattu* and languid at times, he don't get ground; this hot weather don't seem to agree with him; I think now going into the cold bath might be of use. Louisa left town yesterday. It's so hot I'm tired of writing, so adieu, dear sister. I felt vastly sorry to part with dear Louisa, she is an amiable, good, *agreeable girl* as ever lived. Yours,

C. Fox.

176. Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare

Friday, June the 22nd, [1759].

Tho' my letter yesterday was a tolerable long one, I did not finish answering my dear sister's, the weather has been so hot

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas Trevor, 2nd Baron Trevor; m. (1732) Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough. She died, 1761.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I really could not go on. It's charming delightfully pleasant tho', and I enjoy it excessively ; it particularly agrees with me this year because I was troubled all spring with rheumatic complaints. I hope it won't hurt your eyes, which I imagine are quite well as you never mention them.

The Duchess of Richmond has not been well, and is subject of late to be very irregular. Truesdale advises her to go to Tunbridge, which I believe she will do. I approve of that very much, so many people have been cured and bred after Tunbridge, and I own I am immensely anxious she should have children. I wonder Louisa don't breed yet, but I don't doubt she will, indeed, unless she wishes it (and I would have her have everything she wishes), sweet girl. I don't think it signifies much whether there are many Masters and Miss Conollys. I'm glad for her sake she don't begin too soon. Indeed, with regard to your two Countesses I never heard any harm of them. Lady D. I never heard of at all, but from you, and Lady Barrymore is not abused here, at least I do think her very agreeable, and would have been more acquainted with her, but she did not take to me. I asked her to dine here with her friend Lady Anne and Louisa and Lord Powerscourt, a week beforehand too, but she did not come because she could not get early enough to play at cards with the Duchess of Newcastle. If she did, which you know proved she did not much care to come, so that I, who can never go above half way towards an acquaintance, let it drop there. I'm sure I can be even with you and match your Countesses, if they are ever so much abused, with my little friend Lady Essex, who I certainly do love ; she is very big with child, poor soul, and looks wretchedly ! As for Lady Jocelyn she always puts me in mind of Madame's speech, *Ah ! que les bonnes gens m'ennuyent*, but in<sup>1</sup>.....

177. Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.

June the 26th [1759] Pay Office.

Dear Sister,

I am come here to meet our three Etonians, who are come with the whooping cough, a most teasing uncomfortable

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

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

disorder, but I hope in God at their age not a dangerous one.

Mr Thimber, the apothecary at Eton, thinks the journey to Ireland would be of great use to your boys ; to be sure change of air is reckoned the best thing in the world for the distemper. They eat, drink, run about, and between the fits seem quite well ; 'twill be a vast comfort to you to nurse them yourself and have so much more of their company. When I have sent Harry away to-morrow I shall bring these three boys to Holland House. Truesdale, who is just come, says he don't doubt its being the beginning of the whooping cough, but thinks he should not venture the journey till one sees more how they are, which before we can receive your answer to this we shall be better able to judge. Adieu. Yours,

C. Fox.

178. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, the 28th of June, [1759].

Your boys, my dear sister, are settled here very well indeed, except in their fits of coughing. Duncan was here yesterday. He says he should not choose to have them set out on a long journey under a fortnight hence ; by that time he shall be better able to judge how they will have it ; they whoop a good deal all three now.

The doctor says being out in the air (but not late at night) is good for them. Their bodies must be kept open, and the less trash they eat the better. *Pray, Sir*, says William, *what do you call trash* ? Why, all garden stuff, peas, beans, etc., cream, milk, he desires they won't eat, nor cherries ; strawberries in moderation ; otherwise to go on as usual and take nothing as yet at least. Cold bathing agrees with Ste ; he is really pretty well now if he don't fatigue himself, but that he is so apt to do.

Do you think Sal likes Clements ? I should fear she did. I don't know why I should fear it neither, for if she is happy with him I don't see the great objection. Do you think he will [come] to England in winter ? I hope Lord Kildare has made a good report of my blue gallery and my dressing-room, fitted up with a great deal of pea-green china and painted pea green. I have been extravagant enough to buy a good deal of

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

china lately, but I'm in tolerable circumstances. I like Colonel Seabright very well, the little I know of him. I can't help being sorry that you don't make your great room. I can by no means agree with Lord Kildare in thinking Carton a bad house, that alteration would make it a good one. However, as it's once determin'd I think it's comfortable to fit it up, for living in a constant litter I should hate of all things, and anything one fits up and does one's own way one grows to love, I'm convinced of. How shall you furnish the room that's to the garden where the prints used to hang? Do give me some information about it. Mrs Maine is an arrant devil, but not disagreeable, so her visit will not be very unpleasant to you. Does Lady Jocelyn love her? You have no idea how the little creature *se fagotte à la mode*, one can't call it dressing that queer person of hers. Your little dear D. of D.<sup>1</sup> is a[t] Mount Edgcomb; Mr Fox went to meet him; he has a *tendre* for him which provokes me. I find, my dear siss, I am very sorry to say it, I have more resentment in my temper than one ought to have; there are some people I can't cleverly forgive, tho' they have brought about what I like. I believe my dislike to your pretty gentle friends is partly owing to that. Adieu; yours ever most affectionately.

The news came last Friday that the two armies were so near, a battle was expected. I would not tell you that because I would not put you in the same apprehension I was in, but I'll now tell you news is since come that says they are retired farther off from one another.

179. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, July the 5th, 1759.

I am sitting in the pretty porch by the hall door in one of the niches (what would I give to have my dear siss sitting in t'other !), seeing our four dear boys play at quoits upon the green before the house. Ste continues much as he has been of late; the whooping-cough boys are really exceedingly well in all other respects except their cough, and that they have in the slightest manner. William seems now and then a little

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

peaking and *abattu*, but George and Charles are quite well. It never came into my head till t'other day that you never had it, if not 'twill be unlucky for you to be deprived of seeing the dear boys, but it's so very catching, I suppose you'll not send for them over if you have not had it. I had a most obliging letter from my brother<sup>1</sup> to desire I would consult my own conveniency about sending for Sarah ; adds he hopes to see her when he comes, which he fears will not be before the time I propose her coming. I wrote him word about Mr Clements ; he says she will be the properest person to judge for herself when she is a little older, but I can find he thinks much as you and I do about it ; to be sure it's not a thing to oppose, nor to encourage. He tells me in his letter, poor soul, that I'm very kind to his Duchess (she writes him word, I find, that she has quite lived here), that it's good in me to do anything that can contribute to divert her, for she, he fears, suffers sadly on his account. It drew tears from my eyes, which is foolish, for it's much better surely to have him deceive himself that way. Perhaps she may suffer, God knows, one can't see into people's hearts, but indeed there is not the least sign of it, in all outward appearance ; she is gone to Park Place now. I fancy I contributed to her going there for the 22nd of June at Court. I asked Conway if the Duchess did not intend visiting them. He seem'd to think I imagined they had not invited her, I believe, by his assuring me they had been pressing her to come these last three weeks, and would press her again, and she went the next day.

I just now receive your short letter of the 27th. I will send the plan of the bookcases as soon as I can get them drawn out. I will also send you some of the Lady-smock powder, directed to Lord Kildare, immediately the flowers are all gone ; now they have done blowing before the middle of June ; with it shall come directions how to take it. I shall send you a canister of it ready prepared to take by the first Chester coach ; if it agrees I will send more of the flowers which we have ready dried, but not in powder, with directions how to do it. I have the greatest reason imaginable to think 'tis that has done Ste good ; it is no confinement, nor has it any visible effect. How old is the child that is to try it ? I most sincerely wish

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

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

the poor people success with it; peppermint water is the right thing to take with it. Ste could not be prevailed upon to take that with it, so took milk water; it began in nine or ten days to do him good, so it did Mr Compton; an amendment may be expected in that time. Ste's great amendment of recovering his speech was in less than three weeks.

I write upon this folio because I had no other paper near at hand. Lord P. calls me Curante because I found great faults with his villa at Chelsea, he says, and said his . . . was rather particular. There was an excellent cold dinner on the table, and on the side table an exceeding good hot dinner, which to be sure is new fashioned. Pray tell him I don't find the least fault with his way of playing at loo. I think it vastly genteel, and hope the ladies in Dublin will approve of it as well as the ladies here. We used him abominably the last evening here, and turn'd him out of the house at one o'clock, whereas he proposed staying till daylight, raking.

Adieu, my dear siss. Yours most sincerely,

C. Fox.

180. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, July the 10th, [1759].

I send you the plan by this post, dear sister; the china is at the Pay Office, and Lady Forbes is paid for it. The Lady-smock is gone by the Chester coach, so I hope I have obliged all your commands. Your dear little boys will I believe set out Friday. Mr Bolle is gone to town to see about a return post-chaise he saw advertised. William look'd a little heated and not quite so well as the other two, so Truesdale order'd him to bleed yesterday, and he is better since. Indeed they all seem to have it very slightly. I think Ophaly perfectly well. I shall long to hear they are arrived safe. I don't pity you in the least for parting with all the other brats, these two sweet boys will quite make up for the loss of the others company, I should think. They don't make Charles at all less agreeable. Ophaly is as sociable almost as Charles when he is with him. 'Tis dear Ste routs 'em all about and worries them here and there

<sup>1</sup> Page torn.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

and everywhere, which is very right as well for them, but not so pleasant to oneself. As long as sweet little Harry is well I can give up his company, the more willingly as he is such a great amusement and pleasure to poor Mrs Digby, who could never prevail on him to lie a night at Thames Ditton. He insists upon it nobody can like to lie out of their own house. He went with all the good humour in the world tho', but assured Mrs Digby 'twas for fear of the cough, nothing else could have done he said. Mr Fox, who returns home to-morrow, will miss him exceedingly, I believe; he doats on him. I wonder you are not more partial to Emily. Truesdale will write down directions for your boys. Did you ever read *Histoire de Charles VI*,<sup>1</sup> the poor mad King of France that reigned so long? I have just finish'd it; it's exceedingly entertaining and interesting, tho' wrote by a silly vain Frenchwoman, I should imagine, by the reasonings and reflections in it.

I have been to see Lady Caroline Adair, and she has been here. I deferr'd it till Lady Albemarle went into the country, that she may cool about it before I see her again. Lady Car seem'd vastly thankful for my visit, and talk'd much of Lord Kildare. Indeed I think 'twas right (for me more particularly than another), tho' several of my friends I know will blame me about it; as long as my motive was a good-natured one I don't much care, nor do I believe Lady Albemarle will take it ill. Adieu, my dearest siss. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

I got your letter to Walter properly directed at Richmond House yesterday, and Kuse promised to put it in the post to-day. The Duchess<sup>2</sup> is going to Goodwood with Mrs Fitzroy.

181. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, July 26th, 1759.

It's above a fortnight since I wrote to you, dear siss, but I have been much out of order lately with headache, sickness and low spirits. I feel most excessively what the French call *abattue*. The great heat of the weather, and not being well,

<sup>1</sup> Probably written by D. J. N. Baudot, 1753.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Richmond.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

make me quite incapable of stirring at all till quite night, and then I can't walk so far as my flower garden without being tired to death ; so that except in a chaise I don't stir, and the dust in our situation makes that not very pleasant. This is the finest summer there has been for years. If I was well I should enjoy it I think, but some people tell me it's the heat disorders me. I am certainly mighty uncomfortable to myself, which I might as well not tire you with the account of, tho', for as Madame La Fayette<sup>1</sup> observes, *c'est un grand défaut envers ses amis que d'être souvent malade*. I often feel that, I assure you. My complaints are of a nature that so often affect my spirits, yet till those last ten days I have been surprisingly well in that respect these six months. Mr Fox returned from his journey before your boys set out. I don't think that he is quite well ; he kept later hours and ate and drank more, I believe. But regularity will I hope soon make him quite well again ; he is better already ; 'tis surprising the effect good hours has upon his constitution. I really think my dear Ste is as well as ever he was, except a little motion sometimes in one of his arms. I don't think you would find any difference in him from when you saw him last ; if you was to be with him only for a few hours in the house with him and watching him you would sometimes find some remains, but so little I trust in God he will get quite over it. Charles's cough is grown very bad ; he is otherwise well, thank God.

I'm quite sorry your boys set out, but your letters to Bolle and to me seem'd so positive about it, and Truesdale was so sure 'twould do them good, we thought it better to lose no time. They did not go till the Friday tho', after we had your letter, which was Monday before, and by Wednesday's post we had none. I long to hear they are arrived, and as well as when they went. My Charles's cough is sadly increased since. I was most exceedingly shocked at poor dear Lady Essex's death. I saw her poor thing a very few days before she was brought to bed. She was safely delivered and well for some hours after, she then was seized with a malignant fever, and carry'd off in three days. It hurts one to think of her young and happy, enjoying life and pleasure. I really lament her extremely ;

<sup>1</sup> Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergue (1634-93), Comtesse de la Fayette ; French novelist and writer of memoirs.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

she was a most obliging pleasing acquaintance to me, and one whose company I shall miss more than I should some of my friends I love better. I sincerely congratulate you on Lady Kildare's<sup>1</sup> recovery. I should imagine Lord Kildare would be much concern'd for her, for in their own particular way they love one another vastly I believe. I have three letters to thank you for, a long one of July the 4th, one which informs me of Lady Dowager's illness, and one of July the 16th. I can't write any more now, it tires me. But if there is anything to be answer'd in them, will do it another time. Dear siss, adieu.

C. Fox.

182. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, August the 2nd, [1759].

Whether being ill made me suffer more from the heat or whether the heat made me ill, I can't tell ; but I'm vastly better and more comfortable since it grew cooler. I thank you for your two letters of the 20th and 25th, and am glad you have got your dear little boys safe over. I hear William was ill on the road. Pray make my compliments to Bolle and thank him for his letter. Charles's cough is very bad. Pray ask Bolle from me if he thinks the change of air has done them good for their coughs, if it has I shall try it with Charles. I have bespoke your cloak at L'Abord's. I went to Chenevix about pearl ear-rings ; there are none but seed pearl ones, round, with four a little larger in the middle, the price about two guineas. If that is what you mean I'll get 'em for you, but as you did not mention seed pearl I would not venture to take them till I knew farther about it. Your card shall go to Bromage to-day. I don't forget about the green paint, but have not found the man yet.

Mr Fox is better than he was, and would, I believe, get quite well if he was not vastly plagued with a most vexatious affair, a steward of his proving one of the greatest villains I ever heard of. Mr Fox will lose some thousands by him ; but what vexes him and affects his mind so much is this man, whose name is

---

<sup>1</sup> Mary, Dowager Countess of Kildare.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Ayliffe, was formerly Mrs Horner's<sup>1</sup> steward, and produces a deed sign'd by her, he says, which grants to him and his wife then living, any other wife he shall marry, and his son, £420 a year and £3000 in money out of Lady Ilchester's estate. It's most undoubtedly a forgery, but will not be an easy thing to prove, and gives Mr Fox more plague and uneasiness and trouble than you can imagine; half his time is passed with lawyers, but the most unhappy part of it is its making him so miserable as it does. Things do take hold of his mind most unaccountably sometimes, he is not endowed with the least grain of philosophy. In short there must be something always; to be sure, the thing is exceedingly vexatious and provoking; he will lose three thousand pounds himself;<sup>2</sup> . . . . . that he did not fret about till this<sup>2</sup> . . . villainous deed came out, which to be sure, is a most infamous cheat. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours,  
C. Fox.

183. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

August the 7th, 1759.

I send you enclosed the receipt you desire, with directions. I wish to God poor Mrs Rowley's son may find benefit from it; I have with reason great opinion of it. Mr Compton's disorder used to come by fits, and was not constant like my dear Ste's. I know some of our physical people told us the having fits made it easier to be cured. Ste is really in a manner well. He began to nauseate this medicine and could scarcely keep it on his stomach, so I made him leave it off in order to return to it some time hence. Mr Compton I hear still takes it at times.

I'm vastly glad your boys' cough is gone. Charles is still very bad. Indeed, my dear siss, could I ever keep well two months together I should undertake an Irish journey with pleasure, but that has not been the case with me this long while. When I'm at best I have one of my headache sick fits; for some days after a particular time always, and then indeed I'm quite unfit to be from home, as it makes me quite ill and so miserably low-spirited at the time. I can't help thinking too

<sup>1</sup> Mother of the Countess of Ilchester.

<sup>2</sup> Page torn.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

that the sea would make me bad, and when one is ill one has no enjoyment of life anywhere, this is really, my dear sister, the case, and the single and only objection I have to an Irish journey. But even that I don't doubt some time or other to get over, and visit you some September or other, that's the month I should like best to pass in Ireland. I would set out in August, spend the whole month of September with you, and return to England after the equinox winds are over ; this scheme I do hope some time or other to put into execution.

I did not doubt but you would be shock'd at poor Lady Essex's death. It's a melancholy reflection to think how very unhappy she was, poor thing, at the thoughts of death always ; she could not bear to hear it named ; the child is dead of the same fever. Lady Frances<sup>1</sup> is in the greatest affliction, she and Lady Essex had been vastly well together of late ; poor Lady Essex spoke of her mother the last time I saw her in the kindest manner imaginable, and very sensibly. She told me if her mother had always treated her in the friendly manner she had done this last year 'twould have prevented many imprudences and wrong things she had done. Lady Frances is a very sensible woman, not an ill-natured one, but of a violent temper ; she is much in my favour of late from the humane sensible part she acts in regard to poor Sir Charles. The other girl<sup>2</sup> married the day after her sister was buried, which was quite indecent, and left her mother in all her affliction. About that match, Lady Frances has behaved all along kindly and sensibly. You'll have that young lady in Ireland ; I suppose she is clever, but in my opinion not agreeable. Poor Lady C. Adair is in vast affliction, to be sure Lady Essex is a very great loss to her.

I know neither, but I like the notion of Lord Kerry preferable to Bob Clements. I would have him travel, then marry Sal two or three years hence. I cannot but think that time enough for her ; a very good offer must not be refused, but I own I'm vastly against girls and boys marrying so young, in general at least. Poor Mr Moore is dead of an apoplectic fit ; you knew him in Ireland, I suppose ; he was a mighty agreeable man I think.

<sup>1</sup> Frances, dau. of Thomas Coningsby, Earl of Coningsby ; m. Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte Williams ; m. (July 1759) Robert Boyle, who took the name of Walsingham, younger son of Henry Boyle, 1st Earl of Shannon.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I'm more *personne d'habitude* than you are. I should be miserable at the thoughts of a great many people in the house with me, but if they were once there, should grow used to it. In general, tho', I don't love company so well as you do. I'm older and of a more retired disposition. I love conversation too, but one may live very much in company now and not meet with it, I'm sure. My spirits don't require variety, the most settled way always suits one best; enjoying the fresh air and my own thoughts and reading are amusements enough for me; when I'm well I don't require much dissipation. Adieu. Yours  
C. Fox.

184. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, August the 11th, Saturday morning, [1759].

Thank God our dear brother Richmond is come, and I just now received a note from him from Whitehall to tell me he was so fatigued he was going to bed, but hoped to see me in the evening. I would not delay informing my dearest sister of this good news. Indeed, I do feel very thankful to Providence every one I at all interested myself about have escaped. Thank God I know none of the unhappy wretches this battle<sup>1</sup> has made, tho' I feel most sincerely in general for them.

My brother came with Mr Fitzroy,<sup>2</sup> who brought Prince Ferdinand's despatches. The Prince commends both Fitzroy and my brother extremely, I hear. They were near him in the action, as volunteer and aide-de-camp. He speaks prodigious highly of General Walgrave's<sup>3</sup> bravery and conduct. The cavalry were not engaged. Napper's and Steward's regiments suffer'd most. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

There are very bad reports of your old friend—you'll guess who I mean.

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of Minden, in which the French were defeated by the English and Hanoverians under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

<sup>2</sup> Col. Charles Fitzroy (1737-97); cr. (1780) Baron Southampton; was A.D.C. to Prince Ferdinand at Minden.

<sup>3</sup> Hon. John Walgrave (1718-84), 3rd son of 1st Earl of Waldegrave; succeeded his brothers as 3rd Earl in 1763.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

185. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, August the 14th, [1759].

The battle of the 1st turns out a total dissipaton of the French. I believe no man ever had in any battle so much honour given to him as Major General Waldegrave, this day made Lieutenant-General. When you have read the enclosed, you will think no man was ever so disgraced as Lord G. Sackville. Colonel Fitzroy who carry'd the order, which was not speedily obey'd by Lord George, is in town. Lord G. asserts his innocence, complains loudly of Prince Ferdinand and has desired to be recalled, in order, 'tis supposed, for farther examination into the affair. Lord Granby<sup>1</sup> has the command; Prince Ferdinand a garter given him. The orders are really very extraordinary; I enclose you a copy. You'll allow either the Prince or Lord George are much to blame. Leicester House, I hear, wish to defend Lord George, if he can defend himself; the army are one and all against him. I dare say, my dear siss, will greatly rejoice at her old friend Johnny Waldegrave's having gained so much honour, and I believe your good nature will make you feel a little for the other's distress in general; he is not pitied, to be sure.

My brother is vastly well again. I thank you for your last letter without a date and am glad you don't think your boys spoiled by Eton or Holland House; they are dear amiable children as ever lived; I love 'em exceedingly. I rode out so long this morning that I could not find time to write then; in an afternoon I hate writing, for I grow to have a mighty queer head of my own, and a sort of flushing and hurry that makes writing in the evening not pleasant to me. I'm pretty well, tho', this last fortnight. I have got a green board painted; you shall have it sent by the very first opportunity. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

---

<sup>1</sup> John Manners, Marquis Granby (1721-70); he commanded the Blues at Minden, where his advance was stayed by order of Lord George Sackville; the latter was dismissed the service.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

186. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

August the 18th, [1759].

I received a letter from you of the 9th of August, dear sister. I'm sorry poor Lord Kildare finds himself the worse for the hot weather, but this is his bad time of the year, I think ; I hope it won't be so bad to him as last year, tho'. I'm obliged to Mr Bolle for his account of your boys' coughs and sincerely glad they are got so well. Charles has had a feverish cold, which is better, but he coughs terribly again.

I do think a party at cards in hot weather dreadful. You know I'm not in a situation to make any of those kind of visits fall in my way, and I'm sure one would not seek them. The buckles you enquire after went by a Major Macullah some time ago, at least I suppose they were the buckles, for 'twas a box Mrs Chenevix sent me which she said Lord Kildare had order'd her to send to me for you. I will take care about the ear-rings. Lord Essex has very genteelly sent me your picture that Lady Essex wore, which he said I should value, both as it represented you and was so highly valued by poor Lady Essex. Poor dear little woman, I really do feel vastly sorry for her ! How you and I, dear siss, agree sometimes without knowing one another's opinions. I never could like Mrs Boyle.

Lady C. Adair says she thinks it very likely Lord Essex will marry Lady Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> ; I wish he may. My brother is quite well again, looks very happy ; our queer pretty Duchess don't look the least happier than she did before. It seems all one to her, she says she is vastly happy at his return, but indeed I do not think she loves him so very much as I once thought she did ; not that I think them the less likely to be happy for that, she is a comical character altogether ; one can't form a settled opinion of her. I think the dissipated kind of life she has led has made her relish any other less. She complain'd of the dullness of Tunbridge vastly, there were no men there she said, and she did not love to converse much with women, tho' she had her most intimate friends there, Mrs Cornwallis in the house with her, and Lady M. Bowlby and Miss Powis next door. I hope she won't grow to dislike Goodwood.

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Keppel (1739-68), sister of Lady Caroline Adair ; m. (1764) Francis Russell, Marquis of Tavistock.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

I was much surprised to see boy Conolly in town last week ; he came upon business one day and return'd the next. Louisa was not quite well, so very prudently did not come. They are to be in town a few days before they leave England, which I'm mighty happy with the thoughts of. I do love that sweet girl dearly. Hers is an amiable disposition, she enjoys everything, is as happy I hear in the country as it's possible to be, has two carpenters constantly at work for her, rides, walks, in short takes all the country diversions. Mr Conolly tells me she is as happy dancing country dances with his sisters, one or two other people he has in the house, and the servants, as at the finest ball in town. I do love the boy for seeming, too, very fond of her as he does. Apropos to Sal, we must begin to settle something about it ; the beginning of the winter is as good a time as any to set out in, I believe. That is the end of October. Indeed, besides many other *désagrémens* she will I fear find in being with me, she must be at two expenses that she is not now at—a chair and a footman, for we have as few servants as we can do with, and but one miserable pair of horses to use. I never go about in a coach in town : I get so many colds if I attempt it. I have got some rooms added to the Pay Office, so there will be room enough for her and your dear boys in the holidays ; I should hate not to have had them in the house. I wish you and she would talk over these matters and also about the time. Would she wish, as she is to come, it should be by the Birthday, or had she rather make her appearance at the Castle ? You can't conceive the fuss it all puts me in. I don't love to think of things past, but it might have been prevented all by my dear siss some years ago. However, so it is now, and must be settled as well as we can. My cabriolet was made at Twittenham after the Princess Emily's ; it cost eight guineas harness and all. I have commission'd Ophaly to get me a little horse for it ; Charles's horse, who goes in it now, I'm afraid of spoiling for his riding, so have not been able to use it much of late ; besides, he rides it out constantly, and I find it difficult to get a horse small enough for it. The coterie is so much out of the question in the *grande monde* now that except from you I don't hear the name of it.

Mr Fox's mind is more at ease about his lawsuits. Indeed his

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

own never gave him any concern, but the man will have so many forgeries proved upon him that I should hope the deed against Lady Ilchester would not stand good. I don't mind the talk about it, indeed Mr Fox hates to talk about it except to the lawyers ; but I was most exceedingly hurt to see him in the way he was in some time ago about it, excessively miserable, saying he never should be merry again. He believed he should not mind losing the estate that came to him by Mrs Horner's death (which there was a rumour that this *Ayliffe* intended to claim), but this deed against his brother dwelt so on his mind. This you'll allow was a more than uncommon uneasiness for such a thing, for to be sure £20,000, tho' it is a serious thing, would not have ruined Lord and Lady Ilchester. But he is easy again now I think, and only teased and worried in a common way about it, which tho' I'm sorry for I don't mind so much. Do you know that Charles never leaves his Papa when there are any of the lawyers or people that talk over this business with him, and is *au fait* of it all as much as anybody but the law people are. Is not that an odd turn at his age ?

Every conversation now public and private is about poor Lord George ; the cry is prodigious against him, indeed a second Bing they say. Only think what a situation for a proud ambitious man to be in. I do pity him and his friends ; but it is provoking to think how much more complete the victory would have been had he brought up his cavalry. I don't see how it's possible for him to come off, I own. There will be a court martial it's supposed as soon as he returns. My brother is very moderate about him, but I see plainly is clear in his opinion ; indeed so are the whole army.

Adieu dear sister. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

187. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, August the 24th, 1759.

When your dear little boys come, which I suppose will be soon, they will find us much dispersed, for next Monday Ste and Charles set out for Brighthamston,<sup>1</sup> a sea-bathing place in the east of Sussex. Ste is pretty well, but Duncan is so very

<sup>1</sup> Brighton.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

desirous of having him bathe for a fortnight or three weeks before the cold weather comes on that, tho' I believe it not quite necessary, I could not answer the not doing it. Truesdale, too, has from the very beginning of his illness been quite anxious to have him drink sea water, which he is to do very moderately tho' ; Charles's cough has been bad again. He is now fourteen miles off, for change of air, and is to go with his brother, which will I hope cure his cough, at least Duncan thinks so; particularly the sea air he thinks good. I really think we put off Charles's going somewhere too long, but he was so vastly unwilling to go without Mr Fox and I. Mr Fox did not care to move again, having been such a long jaunt already, and having business here, and I'm always glad to stay at home ; but I think that consideration ought not to prevail in this case any longer. We shall go to Brightamston for a week or ten days. Charles is now at Lord Tylney's<sup>1</sup> fine house at Wanstead for the air. We were going to take a lodging at Richmond or somewhere for him, when Lord Tylney's steward (an old friend of Mrs Fannen's) offer'd in his Lord's name to lend Charles this fine house, which Charles with vast joy accepted, and insisted upon going immediately. There he is, with Peter Brodie, and his man, in a fine palace, with a dozen servants of Lord Tylney's waiting for his orders about dinner, etc., its quite ridiculous to see him there ; we dined with him yesterday. The best of it is too Lord Tylney and Mr Fox are hardly acquainted. It's really the finest house I ever saw in my life I think except Petworth; the place is not pretty about it, nor the country it is in. Now I'm on the subject of the boys I must tell you what a sweet-temper'd little animal Harry is; he has been two months now with Mrs Digby and she says she has not seen him shed a tear, or be once out of humour, tho' he is constantly with her. It's mighty odd he don't talk a little plainer than he does. I'm surprised, too, at his never being the least out of temper when he can't make himself understood. He only says, 'indeed you can't understand me' ; he is incessantly talking his jargon.

Lord George Sackville is expected over soon. I hear the Duke of Dorset is excessively hurt, it must be a most cruel

---

<sup>1</sup> John Tilney (1712-84), 2nd Earl Tilney.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

stroke to a parent. We have mighty bad news of the King of Prussia's being defeated<sup>1</sup>; some people say he is dangerously wounded.

Tell George I have got a little horse for my cabriolet, which will do. I had desired him to get me one in Ireland; 'twas a commission I thought he would execute mighty well, but now I won't trouble him.

I have since I wrote this received a long letter from you dated the 16th, which I return you many thanks for. I told you in my last that I did not see the Duchess express any great joy at my brother's being come, but one can't judge of other people's feelings or I should imagine his absence affected her but little; she is really to me a very incomprehensible character. I think I see more art than I thought, she had indeed no want of it; imagination she seems to have none, therefore can neither enjoy the pleasures or horrors it sometimes creates. I do love Goodwood vastly. My brother hates London, so I don't think there is any danger of its being deserted. George has been with his regiment almost the whole summer. I don't know anything of the puff concerning the Duke of Dorset's levee. I believe he saw nobody while in town, and got away as soon as he could. He is I'm told quite brokenhearted. I neither regard or esteem any of them, but can't help feeling sorry for them. Lord George is a man that will meet with less pity than most people from his imperious character; but only think what he must suffer, cried about the streets, abused in every paper, a lost man for ever, let the event be what it will. I can hate nobody enough I own to rejoice at such an event. I'm sorry poor Louisa is so apprehensive of dying, indeed it's a great misfortune to dread what must come sooner or later. I thank God I could never see it in the terrible light at a distance, how I might feel upon a nearer view I don't know. Mercadies coming with Sal will be much properer than the two girls together. Lady Essex's estate goes to Lord Malden<sup>2</sup> upon the death of Lady Frances<sup>3</sup> and Lady Coningsby<sup>4</sup>; Lady

<sup>1</sup> At Kunersdorf in Brandenburg on 12 Aug. by the Russians.

<sup>2</sup> George Capel (1757-1839), Viscount Malden, afterwards (1794) 5th Earl of Essex. He was eldest s. of William Capel, 4th Earl of Essex, by Frances, dau. of Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams.

<sup>3</sup> Frances, dau. of Thomas Coningsby, Earl of Coningsby; m. Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams.

<sup>4</sup> Margaret, Countess of Coningsby, in her own right (1709-61). She was eldest dau. of Thomas Coningsby, Earl of Coningsby.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Frances told Lady Caroline Adair so. You shall have *Lord Clarendon* immediately, but I would advise you who [have] never read it to read the *History of the Rebellion* first, the other will entertain you more after. He was a worthy good man as ever lived. I believe you'll hate King Charles the Second. Mr Compton is Lord Northampton's<sup>1</sup> younger brother. I do most sincerely wish that the powder may be of use to poor Mr Rowly. Won't Sal grieve very much to leave Louisa so soon after she comes to Ireland? Adieu, my dearest siss. Indeed my teasing kind of health is the only thing makes me dread the thoughts of an Irish journey.

Yours,

C. Fox.

188. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[A Fragment, 1759.]

It won't be civil to give away the picture Lord Essex sent me, will it? 'Tis not so pretty as my own, but it's set prettily for a bracelet, so I propose wearing it as such and setting t'other in a frame; if I ever find in my heart to part with either, Lord Kildare shall certainly have it. I don't know why I scrupled naming Lizy in my letter as the person I was so silly as to be uneasy about, not that I dislike her—'tis impossible, for she is infinitely amiable, sensible, modest and exceeding handsome; but I can't bear her being here as one of the family. Mr Fox would doat on her if she was, and I am unreasonable enough to be unhappy at it. He don't want to have her here on the footing of a fine lady, but to dine with us when alone, be sent up for to play at cards with the boys, and to be with us in that sort of way. She loves and courts Mr Fox very much, which is mighty natural, and I own to you my feeling in my own mind how hard it is in me to want to deprive her of that pleasure makes me imagine myself quite wicked sometimes, and the dread I am in of not behaving quite well to her is one of my greatest reasons for keeping her away as much as possible. I wish her well married, and shall be quite happy to have Mr Fox do everything that is right by her and generously too, but

<sup>1</sup> Charles Compton (1737-63), 7th Earl of Northampton. In Sep. 1759 he m. Lady Anne Somerset, dau. of 4th Earl of Beaufort.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

to be much here I can't get the better of myself enough to bear. You need take no notice of this in your letter ; I hope you won't think me ill-natured.

How does your planting go on ? I grow fonder every year of my pretty plantations and always routing the trees about, opening in this place and planting up in another, it's infinitely amusing. I have an aviary and greenhouse upon the leads by the dressing-room windows, which is very pretty. I'm out of conceit with perincantha, for I find unless it's against a wall it grows ragged.

Your *Lord Clarendon* shall go immediately it's in the house. The regular proper way to read it is to read his life first, then the *History of the Rebellion*, then the continuation. It's the most interesting period of history I know. One is sorry to hate a daughter of Harry the Fourth<sup>1</sup> so much as one must do King Charles's Queen.<sup>2</sup> When one is well, and one's mind at ease, and that one is got into a way of reading and amusing oneself out of doors with one's works, how short the time does seem ! The days are gone in a minute, and never more so than [when] one is in a regular way of living, that makes an immense difference in the length of time ; but as Madame Sévigné observes, *le temps s'en va et nous emporte avec lui si terriblement vite*. Why, the older one grows, does the time seem shorter ? and why does one less like its drawing near a conclusion ? I'm sure I ought to come to a conclusion, for this letter is of a most enormous length. I must tell you Louisa and Conolly come here Monday, stay till Saturday, then go to Goodwood where they stay two days. I shall not be able to go with them, I much fear, which is a great disappointment to me ; but 'twill be a time I can't. I shall be glad to be old, to be rid of *that* plague. Yours,

C. Fox.

Mrs Devil has just finished your ermine. I shall desire Louisa to carry it.

189. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House. Friday September the 28th, [1759].

I found a letter from my dearest sister at my return here this morning. I left Goodwood sooner than I intended, the Duchess

<sup>1</sup> Henry IV., King of France.

<sup>2</sup> Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. of England.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

coming to town in a great hurry to have a tooth out, which had kept her awake two nights. Mr Fox and Ste went from Goodwood into Wiltshire, where the former must be at Malmesbury the 29th. From thence he will go the annual shooting party to his brother's<sup>1</sup> before he returns home.

I'm quite glad my letter made you easy on a subject that I assure you I'm entirely so about. I pity you exceedingly for parting with your dear boys; the older they grow the more they are attach'd to home; you must expect that. They were very well and in good spirits here all Sunday and Monday last, Hobson tells me, and he hears the joy of Charles's and their meeting was excessive.

I hope next week to make a visit at Eton. I quite long to see the dear little souls. Louisa left Goodwood last Saturday, they were to be at Stretton Tuesday the 25th; they proposed staying about ten days there and hoped to be in Ireland the 15th of October. I have desired Louisa and Sarah to settle it between themselves when Sal shall set out, you and I shall both like that best. I will now give you some account of our Goodwood meeting. My brother was obliging and attentive to a degree to Louisa and her little spouse, they both seem'd to think so; as for her Grace she is a little out of favour with them, I find. She was in one of her short queer ways to Conolly, one evening before I came it was, and Louisa seem'd mad at her for it. She is mighty apt to find fault with people's want of sense, and despises Conolly most prodigiously. George has been very shy to Louisa ever since she came to England. She was telling me of it, and hoped she might attribute it to his being taken up with his love for Lady Louisa Kerr, whom he is certainly to marry when she is of age; she is now but twenty. The Duchess says he is quite alter'd with it, his temper sour'd by it, and at the same time that he is so in love, he has such a jealousy and suspicion of her not liking him that he teases both himself and her to death. Louisa says he is not at all the man he was in Ireland. I must own I have thought he has some strange odd ways about him of talking, at least what the French call *des travers dans l'esprit*. He never now would join in commending General Waldgrave; why is a man to be cried up for doing his duty, he says. Lord G. Sackville he defends

<sup>1</sup> Lord Ilchester.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

absolutely, he says it's particularly intolerable in the women to go about gossiping and abusing him; they can know nothing of the matter, only the love of scandal; now he is the single person I have heard defend him. Poor Louisa is out of favour with him (she don't know it tho', so don't tell her) but the Duchess and I were commending her, and George said she was a good girl to be sure, but there was something very unaccountable in her, he could not make it out any way in the world, but that she pretended to be too much a woman and too prudent for her age. Why, says the Duchess, you're always abusing me for want of prudence. He said that was true, out of them two a right kind of woman might be made, but in their different ways they were both what he could not understand. I really felt quite angry about Louisa, as for the Duchess it's true enough hers is a very unaccountable character; but surely Louisa is freer from all affectation or pretence of any kind than anybody I ever saw at her age. I must repeat it to you, because I know 'twill please you, always her behaviour is really perfect both in public and private, she has all that pretty youthful girlish spirits without any airs, and a very sedate way of thinking. But you can't imagine the odd sort of things he says. The Duchess says tho' he is perfectly good-natured, has a very good heart, he will make his wife very unhappy. I believe this little devil he will marry has art enough tho' to get the better of him, at least I fear so. Poor boy, he has met with such devils, makes him suspicious of women in general, I believe, for he was in Paris I'm told vastly in love with a girl quite in Miss Townshend's style. He has not that family affection my brother has about him. You he loves vastly and commends, Sal he never liked much, nor did he ever show any partiality to me who was naturally partial to him; now Louisa is out of favour. Is it not odd? My brother was more delighted than you can imagine to see Louisa ride so well and with such courage. Goodwood looked in vast beauty. I was twice at Carny's seat, which my brother and the Duchess seldom go to. Louisa was surprised to see the Duchess so lazy in the country after seeing her racket as she does in town. I rode every day. I do delight in this fine autumn weather exceedingly. My brother and the Duchess propose meeting Sal on the road, I believe, when her journey is fixed. Shall I like her as well as dear Louisa?

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

As children I preferr'd her. Adieu my dear sister, believe me, tho' I do love my brother dearly (I should be infinitely ungrateful if I did not) and that I love sweet Louisa now as well as the difference of ages will permit, and believe I shall Sal ; none of them will ever come in competition with you in my affection ; it's a kind of friendship I never had or can have for anybody else. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

190. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House. October the 9th, 1759.

Summer is return'd, we have had three days hot enough for July, there never was such a season in my memory. I am just come from Salt Hill, your dear George was confined with a cold or rather the remains of a cold, for he seems very well, at Eton I visited him in the morning and have promised another Salt Hill visit, for that's what they delight in, when he is well again. Fitzy<sup>1</sup> is quite so and took a long ride with us yesterday to the Duke's Park and Island. Ste seems pretty well settled at school again ; indeed, my dear sister, I can by no means make up my mind to his being a pickle as you say you hear he is ; I should hope the indulgence he has had would prevent it, tho' if he should be so I have great comfort when I think of my brother, Richmond, who is sobriety itself in every respect and has been ever since he came from abroad. Do tell me what Mrs. Fortescue says of Ste ; they were much acquainted at Brighthelmstone. He is lively, dissipated and extravagant. I own 'twould grieve me to have him a buck or a rake ; my notions are old-fashion'd, but I can't help it.

I'm much obliged to you for your kind long letter of the 24th; all your questions about our Goodwood party were answer'd in a letter I wrote last week. The *Address to the Public* and the *Vindication* I have sent, and should before, but concluded you had them immediately. I'll send any pamphlets Mr Fox says are worth reading for the future about it, but there have been such a pack of grubs they were not worth sending indeed. I should doat on your little Emily; pray whenever you come to

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Robert FitzGerald.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

England bring her with you. Mrs Fannen says with regard to your girl that Mrs Henry, who oftenest makes for me, tho' she is a good kind of woman in all appearance (I know nothing more of her) is so poor your girl will be starved; she rather advises Mrs Le Prince, who seems to live in a more thriving way and who sometimes makes for me.

I have been mighty busy planting and making a very pretty alteration in my pleasure ground. I have asked you forty times and you won't answer me, don't you delight in scarlet oaks? Is it not charming to sit under shade of one's own planting? I'm fonder of plants and trees than ever I can rightly take to flowers. I love some excessively, particularly the spring ones, but I can't mind them enough to have 'em in great perfection; I should like a gardener that could. Could you send me some arbutus seed? I know no news except that Sir William Stanhope<sup>1</sup> was last week married to that Miss Delaval I told you Ste was so in love with; she is a fine girl and I'm really glad of it as it can't hurt my friend Mrs Ellis<sup>2</sup> much. Mr Fox came to Salt Hill last night and here to-day with me, and here we shall I hope be till it's necessary to remove to town, except a visit of two days we promised to Sir William Stanhope at Ethrop. This is my season for travelling, whenever you get me [to] Ireland I advise it should be September and October. I'm really much fitter to be from home then, for in summer I'm not fit to keep company with anybody and in winter mighty apt to be laid up with colds. I hope your cold and spirits are better. I don't wonder you felt at parting with your sweet boys, they are very amiable. For once I have confined my letter within the sheet. I'll make haste to have done for fear of beginning another.

Yours,  
C. Fox.

191. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[October, 1759].

I have two letters of my dearest sister's unanswer'd, which is not often the case, but my head and stomach have been bad

<sup>1</sup> Brother to Lord Chesterfield; he m. Anne, dau. of Francis Blake Delaval, as his 2nd wife.

<sup>2</sup> His daughter. She had m. (1747) Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendip).

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

this last week, particularly my head which always makes writing unpleasant. Your last letter informs me of dear Louisa's being arrived. What an escape they had ! By her account 'twas really too childish not to be more cautious, so many accidents happen that way; one continually hears of ships being lost in that passage for want of hands. I'm diverted with her account of the Duchess of Richmond to Sal. I never saw the great civility she says she had for her at first. I think it's much the same, but she must know best, and I'm sure she has behaved in her odd way to her because Louisa seems a little piqued with her. She is the oddest composition I ever met with ; one can't love anything that loves nothing but themselves, and yet her great good humour prevents one from disliking her, but such affectionate obliging tempers as Louisa's are apt to be disappointed when they don't meet with a return. I'm sure Louisa at first grew quite to love her. I'm glad she was pleased here ; I'm sure she was very agreeable, and there was no amusement for her. Conolly has a grateful honest heart as ever creature had. Mr Fox was very glad to be useful to him ; indeed, besides the pleasure it gives you I'm glad they are in Ireland just now. I should imagine by what I can understand, which is but little tho' of those matters, it's very necessary with regard to his affairs that he should get Lord Kildare to direct and advise him a little. He seems so very boyish about them, as well as about everything else, and not at all in affluence. I suppose they will live a good deal in Ireland ; she likes it best, he don't, I know, that is as far as he knows his own mind. It's mighty pleasant for you to have them so very near you when they are there. That Fanny Conolly<sup>1</sup> is a comical wild-looking girl ; she is Louisa's favourite I think.

My eyes with spectacles hold out pretty well. Most part of my morning when I was alone here, indeed all that fine weather, I was employed in planting and alterations out of doors. My spirits are generally good when I live alone, which is odd I think, but indeed since the violent hot weather went I have had no complaint of them. To be quite well above ten days at a time I never expect, when it comes to being very bad for a fortnight or three weeks together it wears me out, and I rather

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

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

wish to be bad enough to have it over for good. Indeed I do know how to pity what you feel now ; one grows weary of life in that situation. I hope it won't continue so bad, tho' all the time I should not think riding so well for you. You are much in the right to escape this first rout and bustle. I can't see the necessity of suffering exceedingly, which you would do for those kind of forms, I own. When one's well and in spirits one may submit to a little fatigue and spending a week disagreeably. I'm glad Lord Kildare went tho', and am delighted with his playing Loo. By the by, I think Loo a pleasant game and fear I shall be simple enough to play at it in winter ; it really goes too deep for women as they play it, at least. Louisa will tell you there was not the least foundation for the story of my brother's rudeness to Conolly. I won't be angry at you at being huffed with my brother, tho' I'm sure he never meant it unkindly to you, but we won't dispute about it. I'm glad it did not take effect.

Great joy here for the taking [of] Quebec,<sup>1</sup> 'tis indeed very great news. Poor Wolfe is a great loss ; he has acquired great honour. I had rather be him than Lord George ; I even think I had rather be his mother than the Duchess of Dorset.<sup>2</sup> I go to Sir W. Stanhope's at Ethrop to-morrow for two days ; only Mrs. Ellis pressed me so much to meet her there, to bring her and her mother-in-law acquainted, I could not refuse. My head grows queer with writing this long letter. Adieu. Yours,  
C. Fox.

October the 18th [1759]. Yesterday was your birthday dearest siss, twenty-eight I think ; don't the near approach to thirty make you feel old ? I think that's the age it strikes one most, all pretensions to youth are then over. God send you health and spirits to enjoy many many more ; 'tis astonishing when one reflects how the time slips away ; *il s'en va*, as Madame Sévigné says, *et nous emporte avec lui* very fast indeed. What fine news ! We are in luck this year. Poor General Wolfe is a great loss ; he was brave and clever ; his end is glorious. I

<sup>1</sup> Maj-Gen. James Wolfe (1727-59) ; wounded during the battle on the plains of Abraham whither he had led his men, having scaled the heights above Quebec, and died 13 Sep., after having heard that his attack had been successful.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth, (d. 1768), dau. of Lt.-Gen. Colyear, wife of Lionel Sackville, 1st Duke of Dorset ; and mother of Lord George Sackville.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

would rather be him than Lord George now. I even think I had rather be his mother than the Duchess of Dorset.

192. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

October the 25th, [1759].

I don't think, dear sister, I have ever missed writing once a week, and I'm sure I'm got into such a scribbling way I have not wrote you a short letter this summer. To be sure, this delightful weather does make one idle, for I actually grudge to be an hour in the house while it's light. We had a mighty agreeable excursion to Sir William Stanhope's; it's a very particular but a very pretty indeed fine place. I like Lady Stanhope exceedingly. She seems sensible and good-humoured, quite unaffected, rather girlish, vastly happy with her good fortune, very much attach'd to her own family. In short, altogether a good and a pleasing young woman. She takes to Mrs Ellis extremely and is quite frank and open to her, which I'm quite happy about, for Mrs Ellis doats on Sir William to that degree that I'm sure any coldness there would break her heart. Talking of brides, I saw a young woman t'other day at Court that pleases me more than any I have seen for years except my own sisters. 'Tis Lady Northampton.<sup>1</sup> She is not a beauty, but so much sense, modesty and air of a woman of fashion both in manner and person make her vastly pleasing. None of the Kitty Fisher<sup>2</sup> style either in dress or manner, which all the young women affect now. I can't help wishing my brother had seen her when he was in his marrying disposition; he admires her of all things, and thinks her vastly handsome, which she is not. Lady Harrington and I stood together at Court, and we both agreed her blushing and manner put us in mind of you. Nothing, says Lady Harrington, is so charming as that modesty and blushing. The remark was charming in her to make: she is a comical woman. I'm glad you are so well pleased and so happy with Louisa, but I'm sorry Conolly deals in led captains. To-day I reckon Sal sets out. George

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Somerset, dau. of 4th Earl of Beaufort; m. (Sep. 1759) Charles Compton, 7th Earl of Northampton.

<sup>2</sup> Catherine Maria, known as Kitty Fisher (d. 1767). She m. John Norris. She was a favourite subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

[1759]

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

called here yesterday ; he is wonderfully disturb'd nobody goes to meet her. I can't see the necessity of it or I would go, I'm sure. I will take care to send about the morreen and to enquire of Brumich. All your notes and messages have been sent immediately ; a parcel of Indian and English paper arrived t'other day with directions. Morreen is very pretty furniture.

Mr Fox is gone to town to-day to be ready if called, it being Mr Ailliffe's trial. Mr Fox has and still will have an immense deal of plague, there never was such a nest of villains got together, forgery upon forgery has come out and will I hope be proved. I'm grown a tolerable lawyer with hearing so much about it. There is one of Mr Fox's lawyers, a Mr Patterson, who is really one of the most agreeable men I ever met with, but I'm partial I believe to the profession. Indeed, I am to all preferable to the military, which I have a most inveterate aversion to ; 'twould grieve me beyond measure to have any of my sons take to it. Ste is inclined to it, but sees my dislike, so I hope has laid aside all thoughts of it. Dear siss, only think of poor Mrs Wolfe<sup>1</sup> ; she lost her husband six months ago, and now her only son ; they say she will die of it. He is really a very great loss to the public, being so clever a man in his way and in the prime of his life ; such people are much wanted. At present there is no talk of peace ; we are now so elate[d] (and with reason) that we are to subdue France. Adieu. Most affectionately yours,

I'm rejoiced you grew a little better.

C. Fox.

193. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, November 6th, [1759].

It's near a fortnight since I wrote to my dearest sister, but I was in hopes I should inform you before this time of dear Sal's safe arrival. Here is Tuesday, Saturday is the Birthday and she not yet come. I received yours of the 27th yesterday. I hope she has not had a tedious passage, and that she may be now landed or with you at Dublin waiting for a wind. I'm like you about the French landing ; it's a sort of thing I don't fear.

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Thompson, wife of Edward Wolfe ; mother of Maj-Gen. James Wolfe.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

because I don't believe they will, and I perfectly agree with you in regard to public news ; tho' I own I do feel glad and interested in it at the same time that I feel for the private misfortunes, but our good success will I flatter myself bring about a peace the sooner, which I'm sure is a great blessing.

I'm vastly glad to hear you grow better. I so well know how very uncomfortable it is to be constantly complaining ; it wears one out, and to be obliged to carry one's complaints about in company is really terrible ; that's one among many other reasons that makes me love home so much. I don't think 'twas clever in Conolly to rout Louisa away before Sal went. I was thinking they would not be able to racket about in Ireland as they did here ; travelling is not so practicable. It's very well while they are so young, but I fancy she will grow tired of it in time, tho' it agrees with her and I do believe it's wholesome. In general, she is alter'd in her person, but not so very much I think neither. What you tell me of the Primate<sup>1</sup> is delightful. I have heard but little of Lord George of late. He is I believe at Knowles<sup>2</sup> in Kent, where I hear they all affect great gaiety, and gives balls and assemblies to all the neighbourhood. One hears no more of a court martial.

What do you mean, dear siss, by lamenting growing old, as you call it ? So much I think, indeed, that turning thirty is the first step one feels to take towards old age, and consequently one minds it most ; but why is it so dreadful I can't find out, tho' I'm near forty. I had no pleasures at twenty I don't enjoy to the full as much now. I'm told you look as handsome as ever you did, therefore you need not yet regret the loss of beauty, which I can't persuade myself, tho', to think you can look upon as a real misfortune ; when it does happen your good sense must get the better of that foible. Lady Coventry and those that have nothing else I will allow to regret it, but not my dear sister, because it's one of her least merits. Expecting Sal every day has prevented me visiting the dear Etonians yet. I promised Ophaly another visit. I don't see anything tyrannical in his temper nor anything amiss ; he is very quick and passionate, but it's soon over. He has had several colds lately, but is in the main well. Mr Fox saw him

<sup>1</sup> George Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

<sup>2</sup> Knole, Kent ; seat of Duke of Dorset.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

last week. His colds always fall on his glands. I should think burnt sponge a very good thing for him, tho' he will certainly outgrow it. Adieu. Yours,

C. Fox.

194. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, November the 15th, [1759].

Sarah writes to you to-day, my dear sister, and I have not time to write you a long letter, but can't help informing you how much pleased I am with the dear little girl you have sent, she is very pretty and full of graces. We are sadly disappointed this morning at her clothes not being come to carry her to Court, for we go to Goodwood to-morrow for a week. She seems very sensible and very amiable indeed, very different from Louisa too. I wish I may be able to make her life here at all pleasant to her—as pleasant as Kildare House I don't imagine I can; there is too great a disparity in our ages, that alone would prevent her time passing so agreeably. My brother and the Duchess admire her exceedingly, so does Mr Fox.

Your blue morreen will go to Chester and stay there till Mercadie comes, who will carry it in the ship with her, and also four Indian pictures painted on glass, which I send you as a present. Sal says they are not common in Ireland, so the novelty may make them acceptable, particularly as you are fitting up everything with Indian paper and taffeta, etc.

Do tell me what we must give Mercadie. I really don't know, and Mr Fox, you know, won't help one in any of those things. I have desired Sal to take her whole money in.

195. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Goodwood, November the 20th, [1759].

My dear siss, we have been here since Saturday. I do pity you very much parting with sweet little Sally, who seems to be a most amiable girl indeed. And I pity her, too, coming from those she loves and is acquainted with, quite among strangers. She really behaves herself with great good sense; her manner is vastly engaging, and she is immensely pretty.

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

You can't imagine how fearful I am of her situations not being agreeable to her. My brother and the Duchess admire her exceedingly. Saturday we go to town again. I won't set you against the military profession, but am surprised what Lord Kildare sees in it so charming. I am vastly delighted to hear Lord Kildare is in such good humour with the Castle and they with him. It must be much more agreeable to you than as it was last year they were there. I don't find I left anything unanswered in your last letter when I wrote last week, and am not in a writing humour. I must tell you tho', that the picture in the White Room here you wanted to know is Madame La Vallière, for it's the same face, only younger, of one Lady Hervey has in a carmelite dress of her. If one was inclined to write here the ink is so vile one could not. Sal flatters me, sweet siss, with seeing you and Lord Kildare next winter in England. I hope the mutual good humour won't prevent that. Adieu. Yours,

C. Fox.

I hope Sal loves me, I do her, vastly.

Tell Louisa she was very good in writing me word she was safely landed. I answer'd her letter very soon, but have had none since from her. Sarah seems to have more cleverness and observation about her than Louisa, but to be sure, tho' entirely different, they are sweet girls. I actually can hardly write with this vile pen and ink, it makes me cross. The poor wretch Ayliffe<sup>1</sup> is hanged. He shew'd no remorse till the last, then he died penitent and full of horror. It shocks me to think of, my dear siss, tho' to be sure he deserved his fate.

All about Lord Temple resigning and taking the Privy Seal again you'll hear at the Castle.

196. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, November the 29th, [1759].

I received a letter from you dated the 17th, my dear sister. Sarah's having come too late for the Birthday is of no great consequence since the Princess<sup>2</sup> keeps hers, which was doubted, but is now fixed for next Thursday. I shall really be glad to

<sup>1</sup> John Ayliffe, executed at Tyburn, for forgery, 7th November, 1759.

<sup>2</sup> Augusta, Princess of Wales.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

have dear little Sal see a little of the world here, for except a few plays nothing can be less entertaining than London just now. It's very dull to me, none of the people I see often are come yet, and private Loo parties are I find the fashion just now; 'twill be as usual after Xmas I imagine. I left Goodwood with regret, 'twas very pleasant being there; my brother had none of his toad eating officers with him. Could Mr Fox have come to us I should have liked vastly to stay longer. We are all in hourly expectation of news from Hawke,<sup>1</sup> and much alarm'd on account of Ireland; when the scene is likely to be so near home it grows interesting.

Indeed I do believe what you say on the subject of growing old, and am exceeding sorry you find your spirits grow worse. I'm sure that's reason enough to regret youth, indeed mine improve every year of my life I think; one grows less nice in one's amusements, at least I do. I find I have a vast many more than I had when I was very young, and then that sort of bashfulness and timidity wears off, which is a vast drawback on the pleasure of youth. By what I hear of you, dear sister, I should imagine you grow younger every day; you look as well as ever, and lead a much gayer life and seem to enjoy it more than ever. You'll say I'm in Lady Jocelyn's style, but I have a notion of you much more gay and dissipated than ever, not that I think that any sign of really good spirits. I don't perceive any disagreements more than is usual among boys of the same age between your two. Fitzy is not very good-humoured certainly, but he goes his own way a good deal, and George loves him of all things. I do believe he loves Charles better, they are more suited. William don't at all enter into any of their amusements, and yet he is a mighty agreeable pretty boy in his way. Adieu, my dearest sister. Yours most sincerely,  
C. Fox.

Sal was presented Sunday. The King was most exceeding civil to her. She is thought vastly pretty. Sal only sends you the cap, and begs you'll give an answer immediately what's to be done with the rest of your feather. If she has no orders about it she will send it by Colonel Hale.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hawke (1705-81), Admiral; cr. Baron 1776.

<sup>2</sup> Col. (afterwards Gen.) John Hale (d. 1806).

[1759]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

197. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[December, 1759.]

My dear sister, I received yours of the 26th., in which I'm surprised you mention nothing of the riots that I hear there have been at Dublin.<sup>1</sup> I'm mighty glad to hear Sal likes me. I do her exceedingly. She is now very happy with the thoughts of the Birthday to-morrow. The boys all came home to-day, poor George with a sad cold; he is terribly subject to colds, poor little man, he looks very well, tho'. I do think it a most unlucky thing for Conolly to be so fond of toad eaters and for Louisa, too, that he should, for she is determin'd never to let Conolly be out of her sight. She told me last time I saw her, she thought it a bad custom to begin with ever to let him go anywhere without her. I'm sure her routing about agrees with her, for she is as lively again as she used to be, and much the healthiest of our family. I saw Lady Anne this morning, who is much discomposed with it, but while they both like it and have health and spirits to do it, I think they are in the right to please themselves. She will grow tired of it in time, but I really think the love of toad eaters and led captains a real misfortune. Sedgwick may and will help Sal in her affairs, but as the money is now regularly paid (£100 a quarter) 'twill be very easy for her. She learns to dance of Gatini, who has three guineas a month, which is intolerably dear to be sure, but he is reck'ned the best, and certainly she does want air and carriage very much. My opinion tho' is that it is not to be taught; some people have it naturally.

*Thursday.* I wrote thus far yesterday. Ophaly's cold is better. I intended writing more to-day, but had not time. So adieu, dear siss. Sal is at the ball with the Duchess, very happy I suppose; she looks as pretty as an angel to-day.

---

<sup>1</sup>The people feared that a parliamentary union between the two countries was intended; riots followed, when the crowd was dispersed by cavalry.

1760

198. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday morning, January the 10th, [1760].

Dear sister, for some days past little dear William has had a cold and a little cough ; last Saturday he went to bed at six o'clock complaining of being not well and heavy. Sunday, I sent for Truesdale, who found him with a good deal of fever, coughing a great deal, and saying it hurt his side ; upon which he order'd him to be blooded between five and six Sunday evening. His fever has abated since, but he is not free from it, there is still a quickness of pulse and cough, but no pain on his breast or in his side. If the symptoms I mention continue he must be blooded again, which I shall be sorry for, as he seems low and is so exceedingly afraid of bleeding that it goes to one's heart to see him so frightened. Truesdale assures me, and begs I'll assure you, that at present 'tis nothing but a feverish cold, which by keeping warm (bleeding if necessary again) and living as he does now upon panada baulm tea, etc., will go off soon. If he grows worse I will send to Duncan ; at present, as you had desired Truesdale might first be sent for always, I have had only him.

I last night received a letter from you dated the 30th of December. Mr Bolle had one from Mercadie dated the 3rd of January, who says George is arrived ; I wish you joy. The Bedfords don't know him much, otherwise they must like him, as you'll find, now you are acquainted with him. I'm very glad you agree with me about Louisa's proposal. I wrote a letter to you two or three posts ago that may be shewn. I hope you'll approve it.

This mourning has prevented my buying the *blonde pèlerine* ; you can't want it yet, so I will wait for directions about it. The mourning here is vastly strict, one must not even wear a bouquet or a garnet. The variety of hoods are charming ; some people wear them set out from their face and done down before like a tippet, others have a black peak that comes instead of a pompon down low upon the forehead. There is no white crape to be had ; when there is would you have a suit ? People

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

are so mad after it 'twas all bought up the first three days. I think it frightful. Mr Moore had got my picture to carry and also the French flowers for Louisa and Sarah, I promised them, and a bandbox from Lady Hillsborough to you.

I liked my Goodwood jaunt well enough. Ste was so well entertained there and so happy, and my brother so good to him, that it made it agreeable to me ; besides, I have been better in health and spirits these last three weeks than for some time before. I take vitriol drops and drink seltzer-water, and I think they have both done me good for two different complaints I had ; but I'm sorry to find how very nervous (or what's called so) I am when the least thing ails me, or hurries or fatigues me. Mr Fox is at Blenheim. I'll send your letter by this night's post. I never passed my time so comfortably and agreeably in town as I have done hitherto this winter. I'm not much engaged and we keep immense early hours.

199. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Jan. the 31st, [1760].

My dear sister, I received a letter of yours yesterday without a date. Your dear boys are comfortably settled at Knightsbridge in an airy warm lodging ; they drink asses' milk and William mends every day. I don't find either Duncan or Truesdale think it was a worm fever. Indeed I think it certainly was not, or it would not have gone off without any medicines but asses' milk and cooling draughts. Truesdale now does, and I believe Duncan, to apprehend some weakness in the glands, which they say such a fever as he had at first might bring on, and they still think great care and attention should be had to his constitution, it's so very delicate. He is, thank God, well now, and I hope will continue so. I must tell you tho' with regard to your other children what Duncan says, which is, that he has seen many children's constitutions ruin'd by their complaints being mistaken for worms. Indeed, I have the greatest opinion of his method, which he perseveres in, of giving less medicine than anybody else and almost always of the gentle sort.

What Mr Fox tells you of Lord Ancram is undoubtedly true. Lady George's own accounts of him make it out, the reconcilia-

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

tion is to be immediately.<sup>1</sup> We heard here Lord N. and Lady Caroline were going off together. I suppose 'twill end in a match, at least I think 'twill be the wisest way to have it, and after the talk about it, as I suppose they like one another. I'm sure if you find yourself the better for it it's much pleasanter in town to stay at home of mornings, 'tis the only time one has to oneself. I love frost in town mightily. In general cold weather suits me best of late. We have a great deal of sickness here in town, it really casts a gloom over everything : poor Lady Granby,<sup>2</sup> young and happy in the full enjoyment of life and everything she could wish for, poor Lady Bessborough, too ! I pity her daughters, she was a very kind good mother.

I am this day sevensnight to have a ball, a great many couple I could not avoid, but very few setters by I shall have. Sal's mighty happy about it. We laugh at Sal very much about what the Duchess of Bedford told you. I assure you I think I'm a great judge of those matters, for I said 'twas Cimen and Iphigenia. The first time he saw her his eyes grew lively, and he coloured as he spoke to me of her ; it improves him excessively. I'm so glad it's not his odious brother ; we should have been worry'd to death. I'm very partial to the eldest. I'm sure he is good-natured, and the great bashfulness he has is always with me a sign of sense. You can't imagine how much our Duchess improves ; she seems to have discarded all her lovers. If my brother stays always at home for these next two or three years at least, she will do vastly well. She has the most perfect confidence in him, tells him everything in the world, the least trifling even, loves him as well as she can love anything, and grows more formed a great deal. He loves her ten times better than ever he did. It's vast pleasure to me to think that will be a happy marriage. She was so giddy when he was abroad last year I really was afraid about her. George does not look contented nor satisfied, poor boy. The Duchess says he has got into a way of being dissatisfied and can't get over it, but I fear 'tis his natural disposition. Your friend Lady Molesworth is a great deal about at the card assemblies, and much liked, notwithstanding the prejudice those don't

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Lennox, being refused Lord Ancram's consent, had eloped with Lady Louisa Kerr on 21 Dec., 1759.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Frances Seymour, dau. of Charles, Duke of Somerset, who had just died. She had married (1750) John Manners, Marquis of Granby.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

know her take against her for her dressing out so fine as she does. Nothing could be more ill-judged than her going to the Birthday in an immense fine gown, when the King<sup>1</sup> has just given her a pension because she had not bread to eat. It's really pity and not consistent with the great propriety, decency, and good sense she shows in the rest of her conduct, for to be sure she is a sweet woman.

The time draws near of my dearest boy's going, Tuesday sevensnight is fixed. He is so well now I thank God that I'm less uneasy than I should otherways be, and yet, dear siss, to think of his going so far off for years, too, is very uncomfortable. Poor Lady Coventry is going, I hear, at Bristol. One is less sorry for her I think, because she must have been unhappy when old age came on and beauty went. The Duchess of Hamilton is big with child and looks sadly. She is grow[n] intolerably affected and disagreeable, and gives herself great airs to his family too, which is mighty simple in her. Lady Waldgrave is with child too, but shines more than any of the beauties. She grows genteel, and looks most divinely beautiful, indeed tho' I think I have seen more pleasing faces than hers often, she is so shewy, so well dressed, and don't appear at all affected. Sarah likes her prodigiously. I don't encourage any violent intimacy there, as I don't think her just the thing for a young girl to go about with. Lady Mary Bowlby is a good body for that purpose and often takes Sal with her. I must say nothing be more complying than she is to everything of that kind one tells her of. I'm seriously hurt tho', with her disguising that sweet little figure of hers by holding herself as she does. The worst of all is her way of coming into a room; it's terrible *comme elle se présente mal*, quite different from any of the family; she has not the least air; it's a thousand pities.

Adieu, my dearest sister. Most affectionately yours,

C. Fox.

200. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Tuesday, February the 12th, 1760.

My dearest boy<sup>2</sup> left me this morning, dear siss, to go to

<sup>1</sup> George II.

<sup>2</sup> Stephen Fox.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Harwich, where he proposes to embark to-morrow morning for Helvoet. I did not know how very ill I should bear parting with him till it drew so near. He was, dear angel, just as one would have him, pleased to go, and sorry to leave us. I have the comfort of seeing him set out, I thank God, in a most perfect state of health, and as much disposed to do everything that is right as can be. If he will but take care of his health I shall be very easy on his account. He is as reasonable with regard to one's advice about his conduct as it's possible to be, and I have the satisfaction of being persuaded that it is a right thing we do, to send him abroad, tho' not an agreeable one to ourselves. I'm sorry it is so, but indeed I'm thoroughly persuaded no place is bad as England for youth; vice is less condemned and youth less restrain'd than in other countries. I hope I shall use myself to this dear boy's absence, but as yet it's terrible to me. Your boys dined with me to-day and are perfectly well; they return to Eton next Thursday. I would not let them lie here before they went back. I dreaded their catching cold, and besides that they would have dined at our irregular hours and gone to plays, both which I do think hurtful; and tho' they are in perfect health now, yet a cold catch'd just upon their recovery might be of bad consequence; now they dine here early, return before it's dark to Knightsbridge.

My ball was pretty and went off very well. Sal seem'd much delighted. The Duke of Marlborough admires her of all things; my brother is vastly anxious to have it come to something. I'm grown too much of a philosopher to feel eager, at least to allow myself to be so on such occasions. In the first place he is so very averse to the thoughts of marrying yet a-while that I don't at all believe it will succeed. Lord Bateman is one who is wild to have it come about. Secondly, I think a woman who marries so young a man as the Duke of Marlborough runs great risk of being very unhappy very often. He is excessively wild and given to women, as was his poor father before him. Then, the Duchess of Marlborough would be the most troublesome of all mothers-in-law, being a weak, capricious woman fond of governing, knowing nothing of the world. On the other hand, to be sure his fortune, title, figure are just what one would wish; his temper good they say, and the best heart that can be with exceeding good sense. He has never

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

been known to talk so much or seem so well pleased as he did at this ball, and seem'd charmed with Sal. The men and women too, admire her of all things. Her behaviour is charming, indeed so natural and so free from coquetry ; she is gone with Lady Ailesbury to-night to a subscription ball and concert. Nobody that sees George often will think him remarkable for sweetness of temper ; now I believe there seems a constant gloom and discontent about him. We supped at Richmond House t'other night, only a family party with Mr Fitzroy and his wife added to it, who are exceeding agreeable people and favourites both of George's and my brother's ; 'twas remark'd by all the company that from nine o'clock till twelve that we were together he did not once open his lips, surely dear siss that must proceed from a wrong turn of mind at his age and in perfect health too, without any visible cause of any one thing to vex him. He is an odd young man indeed and I grieve for the great ascendant he has got over his brother. I never saw anything improve like the Duchess in my life. Lady Coventry will recover, a thoughtless end, dear siss, with an innocent heart and mind I'm sure one must not pretend to judge ; but where that's not the case it causes many shocking reflections, as to a reasoning doubting end, I believe and hope it very seldom happens. Few people that think doubt a future state, I believe, when death draws near ; but as La Bruyère<sup>1</sup> says *le soleil et la mort ne se regardent point fixement*.

I'm sure I don't wonder at your laziness with respect to Balls, not about putting on a hoop, nobody wears the little hoops here ; Madame Pitt and Lady Stafford, in general, they wear them less than they did I think. Don't you like the Duchess of Bedford's dress in general ? I admire the fashion of going quite without a hoop, and did from the first of all things ; people look infinitely genteeler in my eyes. I might think Ly W.<sup>2</sup> like fontange, only I have seen fontange picture at Lady Hervey's. Prince Edward was at the Ball. Indeed, it's making you no compliment to say you are handsomer than the Duchess of H.<sup>3</sup> This winter I dare [say] she will recover her looks when she has lain in, but at present she looks sadly

<sup>1</sup> Not La Bruyère, but La Rochefoucauld, *Réflexion* 26 : *Le soleil ni la mort ne se peuvent regarder fixement*.

<sup>2</sup> ? Maria, Countess of Waldegrave.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

indeed. I have answer'd all your obliging long letter of the 25th; mine is of a tolerable length now. I had not spirits to go out, but gave up this evening to write to you. Adieu. I hope to recover my spirits in a few days, as yet I'm very uneasy. Letters from Holland will I hope revive me. Please God they bring me news of my dear boy's health, and safe landing; what anxiety one must feel all one's life for one's children, of one sort or other? Charles I love dearly; little Harry is a dear little creature, but it's not at all the same thing. I can't attach myself to anything so young in the same manner. My dear, dear Ste is nearest my heart and of late constantly in my thoughts. Adieu. Good night, dear siss.

C. Fox.

201. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, March the 1st, [1760].

Since I wrote last I have had two letters from my dear boy, sweet siss. He is delighted with the Hague, diverts himself vastly there, hires a Berlin of his own, is invited out to dine and sup, and is altogether much happier than he will be in any other part of his life. I find the hours there as well as at Geneva are exceeding good, which Mr Fox and I are particularly glad of for Ste, as it's certainly very material to his health. Drinking is scarcely to be met with abroad, and the play is very low, all things considered. I'm clear 'twas perfectly right to send him from this country, the worst nursery in the world for youth I believe, except Dublin, and my dear Ste is one who will never think of doing anything he don't see others do. Please God he enjoys his health. I can for his good bear his absence. Mr Fox has promised I shall go see him whenever its practicable, or meet him somewhere abroad; indeed seeing him is the only thing could induce me I believe to stir out of England.

Your dear children are well at Eton, where I fancy I shall soon see them. Mr Fox has had a fever and cough, the former is thank God removed by James's powders, the latter still continues very bad, and he is advised to go into the air. Holland House is so cold that we propose going to Salt Hill, and passing some days at the Inn there, where we shall probably see the boys.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

My brother Richmond came to town to-day, being called to Lord G. Sackville's court martial, which is put off till next week. I will say nothing about it. I dare say you hear of nothing else and are as much tired of it as I am. Did I ever tell you George and his wife were to live with my brother and the Duchess? Tho' I'm sure they don't like it, my brother Richmond says it's so advantageous to George and saves him so much money; neither Lord or Lady George's manner is at all agreeable towards the Duchess. My brother says Lady George has not the least grain of sincerity in her composition. Only think of those people living all together! Lady George is mighty civil, conversable and chatty, to be sure, and what one might like very well if one was not prejudiced against her; but indeed her way and George's is very unpleasant to the Duchess. He is always saying his wife don't run about so; she don't go every night to the play and public places; she can stay at home and such sort of silly talk, which you can conceive one should not like from people one lets live with one. I'm quite troubled about it, indeed their finding fault with her conduct is very impertinent; besides that 'tis impossible for a woman to behave better than she does. My opinion of her you know was much stagger'd last summer, but at present indeed no fault can be found, and towards my brother 'twas always infinitely affectionate and open, without that fawning sort of complaisance t'other has both to her own husband and my brother Richmond. The more I see the Duchess the more I blame Lady Ailesbury every day. Poor thing, she has I'm sure had no advantages from her education, and was quite a wild untaught thing turn'd loose. I can work myself up to be in a passion about it. Indeed George is very far from being the sweet temper you do, and I once imagined he was, *tout au contraire* I assure you; perhaps it may mend, but every mortal remarks how grave and dismal he looks. This is all *entre nous* if you please, for Lady George is civil to a degree to Sal and me and seeks our acquaintance and intimacy vastly. Mr and Mrs Fitzroy are mighty intimate with the Duchess. She seems an exceeding pretty kind of woman; they have been at Goodwood with them, I think. I have given you a long detail of family affairs, but I know you like one should. Lady Albemarle says there is no truth in Lord Essex's proposing to Lady Elizabeth. Mrs

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Walsingham is very clever, but not near so agreeable as poor little Lady Essex, and has but a bad heart I fear. Her behaviour on her sister's death was horrid surely.

So you are invaded, tho' you despised people here for suspecting it possible. I hope and believe 'twill have no other ill consequence than hurting a few poor wretches where they landed, which must always be the case. Sal has given you a long account of the ball. She has some engagement every night now the town fills, so I hope she finds it better than it was. I don't think great gaiety seems the fashion at all. There is a fine story here about a message you had from the mob upon your having cards at your house of a Sunday. Is there any foundation for it? Surely it's very wrong in the Bedfords to have a card party publicly anywhere of a Sunday in their situation. It's much less here than it used to be. I think altogether there seems a more serious turn of late among people in general; how it comes about I don't know, unless it's from people's knowing the Prince of Wales<sup>1</sup> to be very religious. I'm sure it's a change for the better, let it come from what it will. We reckon your Governors the most contrary to all that's grave or serious of any people here, they and their set. How true that is I don't know.

Is it true you have four and five loo tables at an assembly? One is the most can be pick'd up here. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours most sincerely,

C. Fox.

202. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Pay Office, March 6th [1760].

I'm quite sorry dear siss, I expressed myself in such a manner about the D. of M.<sup>2</sup> being smitten with Sal as to make you flatter yourself about it. I wish you had enough of my philosophy, as you call it, not to be disappointed at its stopping just where it was. He is scarcely ever in town, has not been since the ball one day, is not likely to see her three times these next six months, and a young man extremely determined not to marry

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards George III.

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Marlborough.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

young. Perhaps had I foreseen it likely I might have been more *ébloui* with it. To tell you the truth, joy, except that of hearing from Ste, has for some time been a stranger to me. My mind is so fixed as yet upon that object I can think of little else, and I confess I do grow too old, at least to know the world too much, to be elated with greatness of that kind. I think it one of [the] comforts of advancing into life to see things in their true light, for tho' one loses some pleasure one also escapes many uneasinesses; one can only judge by oneself, I know I find it so.

I came this morning to town to go with Sally to the ridotto; we have been since Sunday at Salt Hill. Mr Fox is rather better, but really not at all well yet; he gets little sleep and coughs sadly. I return to him to-morrow morning and stay till next Monday. Your boys pass all the time with us they are not in school. They look most charmingly. We ride out and I think pass our time very agreeably. You can't imagine how good a correspondent Ste is, we hear almost every post from him its<sup>1</sup> . . . . . pleasant to hear how very happy<sup>1</sup> . . . . . he will be so at Geneva<sup>1</sup> . . . . . be so well entertain'd there<sup>1</sup> . . . . . Little Sally's immense partiality to Dublin is the strongest I ever saw in anybody. She is easy, good-humoured and complaisant, but it's easy to see she wishes to be there. I fear London won't grow more agreeable to her, she has many acquaintances here now and some engagement whenever she chooses it. Mr Fox fancies she likes Bob Clements. Do you? Adieu, I thank you for your letter, dear siss. Most sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

203. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 8th, 1760.

It's a vast while I believe since I wrote to you, dear siss, indeed I don't very exactly remember when I wrote last. Since we first went to Salt Hill we have lived an unsettled life, sometimes here, sometimes in town, and constantly people coming to us, which at this time of the year is you know generally the case, particularly now Mr Fox has been so much confined,

<sup>1</sup> Page mutilated.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

having neither dined or gone out of evenings these two months. The often change of air has been of great use to him. This last week that we have spent here has I think quite set him up. He don't yet sleep so well as usual tho', which with a very trifling cough is now I thank God the only complaint he has left; these last two or three nights he has slept better too. We go to-day for a few days to town, return here again for a day or two, then go to town again, so you see we are mighty unsettled. The weather has been lovely this week, but I have been too much out of order to enjoy it much. My complaints now are attended with that great lassitude and uneasiness upon moving, that when I am so I have little pleasure in being out of doors, except from the cool air. Spring is as yet very backward, which I rejoice at. My lovely hyacinths are in full bloom, they you know are always early. Your boys are charming well, William a little scabby, but that's no harm. I don't enjoy much of their company in a pleasant way because there are Lord Ilchester's two rude boys<sup>1</sup> constantly here almost, and two or three of our boys' school fellows, so that it's quite a mob. There is a little girl of Lady Ilchester's here till her inoculation is ready for her to go to town, so that we have an absolute school, and so many children together are not pleasant, one enjoys none of them. Do my sweet siss give Ophaly a little advice in your letters. I have such a memory I forget whether I spoke to you of it before or no, but I always intended it. He is, dear little soul, so very idle the masters say, so very dissipated, and says he don't care about getting high in the school and being a scholar; he minds your advice and it would be useful to him. William says his brother's only ambition is to be a buck. William really improves and grows a charming boy. Don't speak of it again, but I must tell you that my brother George upon some conversation that passed one night between him and Mr Fox about Colonel Calcraft, in which they were both warm, declines coming near us, says he shall always be glad to see me but won't expose himself to Mr Fox's saying unpleasant things to him. You'll believe how unpleasant this is to me. Mr Fox was certainly warm that night, but indeed has had repeated provocations from both my brothers on account of

<sup>1</sup> Henry Thomas Fox, Lord Stavordale (1747-1802), afterwards 2nd Earl of Ilchester and Stephen Strangways Fox, aged 13 and 9 years respectively.

Calcraft the agent. My brother Richmond indeed, upon Mr Fox's desiring him a year and a half ago not to mention anything of the sort any more, has very obligingly never done it, and behaved so kindly in every other respect that Mr Fox has forgot all uneasiness upon that subject with him. But George is constantly harping upon it in a most disagreeable way to Mr Fox, with whom it is a very tender point, and now he chooses to make a quarrel of it after being exceedingly in the wrong himself very often. I may be partial on Mr Fox's side, it's very natural, but I'm sure I'm not so to Calcraft, whom I by no means like, as I think him very much the cause of so much abuse as Mr Fox has suffer'd from the world, from the insolent kind of behaviour he has. Besides, I don't think his behaviour to Mr Fox just what it ought to be, so you see I am not prejudiced in his favour. I believe him naturally a good-natured and I dare say an honest man, but his riches have spoilt him. Few minds can bear such prosperity so much beyond what they were born to. But all things considered, dear siss, Mr Fox and he always being so much joined in all the public abuse, it's extremely unkind in my brother George always to be entering upon the subject with Mr Fox of the great unreasonableness of Mr Calcraft, and his brother's good fortune, when he has always found, too, how it hurt Mr Fox; and he himself allows young Calcraft to be a very deserving young man, much liked in the army, which they say he is.

The Duchess is greatly come into my favour but what use that will be of to her, sweet siss, I don't know. 'Twill be of very great to her to have my brother stay at home, as she seems to form her conduct quite to his mind, and he is very sensible. She shews much more diffidence of herself than she did, which is the greatest mark of sense in my opinion any young body can give. Your imagination is lively, so perhaps you may conceive she is grown extremely agreeable. Now, she is not that, her understanding has been kept backward and her ideas are not lively, but she has an infinite deal of observation, which in some degree suplies the place of quickness; that same observation makes her grow civiller and more attentive, and not seem to have so high an opinion of herself. Then Lady George affecting to be so superior (which she is in sense) has rather done the Duchess good I believe. A little mortification often does,

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

particularly where is not that quick sensibility that some people have and which one would never wish to those one wishes happy, tho' it has its pleasures, but in the main people are better without it, unless their temper and their spirits are exceeding good it only tends to make them unhappy. Sal grows prettier every day, she is vastly amiable and good-humoured, childish I think in her disposition, vastly so when I think of Patsy at that age ; I have always heard my mother<sup>1</sup> was so. Sal is excessively like her in the face, she begins to hold up her head better than she did. The Duke of Marlborough sat by her and talked to her at the last ridotto, I hear. For him you have no notion how extraordinary it seems, 'twould be clever to be sure, but I'm determined not to think of it, all appearance of desiring it would do harm. He must be infinitely amiable ; he has settled upon each of his brothers £2,000 a year for their life, given his mother Langly<sup>2</sup> for her life, and to the man that was his tutor £600 a year ; these are noble things and shew a great and good mind.

She goes about a great deal to plays, not at all of mornings, she is fond of loo, but I have desired her, except in quite private parties with the Duchess, not to play. I hope, dear siss, you don't hear that she goes too much in public. She goes to the play perhaps five times in one week ; the next we are here and she is not seen for a week or ten days. My going so little in public myself is the only thing that makes me fear people may take notice of her doing it, but it would be very improper for her to lead my life, and more so for me to live in public, if my health and disposition would permit me. I have too much vanity to be one of those oldish ladies that are always carrying about *un visage de quarante ans* to every assembly and public diversion in London. I sometimes think it's excessive vanity in me that makes me wish not to be thought of just in the common style, for, I must confess, to be rank'd with the generality of the middle-aged ladies would mortify me.

I hope Louisa won't leave you when you lie in. I hear she is going to Derry. We are all impatient to know Lord George Sackville's sentence. Adieu, I'm tired of writing. I hate to be so much in arrears, a constant regular correspondence

<sup>1</sup> Sarah, 2nd Duchess of Richmond.

<sup>2</sup> Langley Park, Buckinghamshire, a seat of the Duke of Marlborough.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

is much more comfortable. I don't expect you tho' to write much now, poor soul; let me know just how you do and I'll write constantly to you, for believe me conversing, sweet siss, with you is one of my greatest pleasures. I have heard from dear Ste from Brussels. He is now I hope at Geneva. He is a charming correspondent, which boys seldom are; how far off he is I can't bear to think of it. Yours,

C. Fox.

The last letter I had from you is dated the 13th of March, a long while ago.

204. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, Wednesday, the 30th of April, 1760.

I'm much obliged to my dear sister for her long obliging letter of the 19th. Indeed you lead a most uncomfortable life. I know by experience how terrible it is to be constantly not well and sometimes really very ill, which has been my case this two months past. Mr Fox's cough has been of no consequence this vast while, nor has it kept him awake, but he still complains of bad nights without either cough or fever. We came here Sunday to stay till Sal and I go the end of next week to Goodwood for a week or ten days. Mr Fox will be in town while we are there, and then we shall settle here for the summer. I believe the weather is extremely disagreeable, just now a nasty dry north-east wind which is the only cold weather I dislike. The Hillsboroughs are at North End. She has a cough and is thin, but much mended lately; they are in their usual uncertain way about what they shall do this summer. They have put their boy<sup>1</sup> to Wandsworth, where I hope he will grow a little more agreeable, he is really a good fine-looking boy. My sweet good Harry has been ill and is still peaking. I believe he has worms or slime. Duncan is rather too much set against believing children to have that complaint. Truesdale seems sure it is so. Sal goes to the Installation with Mrs Keppell<sup>2</sup> and Lady Elizabeth<sup>3</sup>; she is to lodge at Mrs Milward's at Eton the two

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Hill (1753-1801); afterwards (1793) 2nd Marquis of Downshire.

<sup>2</sup> Laura Walpole, m. (1758) Hon. Frederick Keppel, s. of 2nd Earl of Albemarle; afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Elizabeth Keppel, afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

nights she is there. Friday the 9th of May Lady Fludyer gives a ball at her country house at a village called Lee about a mile beyond Greenwich; any ball is better than none, but Sal doubts this being pleasant, she fancies there won't be clever people there. She is not so easily pleased as Louisa on those occasions, and her two sisters-in-law, I think, spoil her a little in that respect, tho' it's very natural to young people in general to be so, and Louisa's disposition is uncommon as to that. I should not be so violent about it as Lady Anne,<sup>1</sup> but 'twould make me mad sometimes never to see Louisa but in that hurrying disagreeable way, because one knows she is a girl that would enjoy a more settled life more than she does this, I'm very sure. I can easily imagine she can be of no use to you in your lying-in. I should think indeed in a large airy house like Kildare House 'twas better to be in town during that confinement, when I think one wants company more than at any time. The environs of this town are I own very pretty, but being so full of houses, and even all that neatness you admire, gives one so much an idea of London that I don't admire it so much. I prefer a wild country, less inhabited, look more, tho' this has its beauties too. I don't doubt but being amused is good for Lord Kildare or for anybody, but can't quite believe it keeps off the asthma, or prevents his having coughs any otherwise than it prevents his sitting after dinner too long; for people may say what they will about that, but I'm sure if they sit with wine before them till nine or ten o'clock at night it must end in drinking more than if they get up sooner. I heard from dear Ste from Lausanne, which is but thirty miles from Geneva. I am naturally a little partial to foreigners, and the great civilities my dear boy has received don't make me less so. Every letter hitherto informs me he is well and happy, thank God; his kind attention in constantly writing to us is vastly pleasant. Indeed, I can't help flattering myself the change of air and climate may contribute to make him more healthy than he has been. All are well at Eton. Adieu, my dear sister. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

---

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

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

205. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[*A Fragment.* 1760.]

[. . .] woman of quality, he offer'd himself to Lady Pembroke<sup>1</sup> and Lady Northampton. I don't know him at all. He is immensely rich, one of the best matches in England in point of money. I did not think George's<sup>2</sup> misdeeds of so bad a nature as to make it necessary to inform his parents. He is certainly just now what one may call a mighty rude riotous boy, and when he is at home puts me in fear for him sometimes, lest he should do anything to hurt himself; and as he does not mind me I sometimes complain to Bolle, sometimes scold myself. Poor dear little fellow, we are mighty good friends in the main, tho' I seriously wish he was not so very idle, but shall not tell him your message because he has too much sense to believe it. One of his great enormities that frightened me and made me complain to Bolle, was his insisting on eating ice when he was exceeding hot.

I don't believe any of the civilities Ste has received abroad are on his father's account, but my brother's, some on my poor father's. At Besançon the Duke de Bandan was the politest creature in the world to him; told him how happy he was to see the grandson of *son ami le duc de Richmond et le fils de cette petite Lady Caroline*, I don't remember him at all. Ste likes Geneva extremely. He don't mention Voltaire; the papers say he is dead.

The Hillsboroughs as usual don't know their own mind whether they go or stay. She is not at all well I think. They are mighty fond of the Duchess of Grafton just now; the Black Earl does love a Duchess. Mr Fox bid me say a great deal I have forgot about his not liking a spoilt child. You would be mad at me, but I'm sure I should not admire your Charles so much. I do not love a child that keeps company with the stable people. I think my Harry too meek rather, but he is mighty sensible and observing; I do believe there never was a little being so free from mischief as he is. I hope he will always be as good as 'tis now, but that's hardly possible. We intend him for

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Spencer (d. 1806), dau. of Charles, 3rd Duke of Marlborough; m. (1756) Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>2</sup> George, Earl of Offaly.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

the Church. I have set my heart upon his being a clergyman as much as one can on anything at such a distance. His brothers approve of it, so won't set him against it, and as he is taught to think so from his youth, perhaps he will like it. Charles says he will study the law, so that except my dear Ste insists on being in the army, I shall [have] none of my children of the murdering trade, I thank God. These are distant views, but why may not one indulge a so rational a hope as seeing one's children do well in the world and be the comfort of that old age I'm so persuaded I shall arrive at. Charles really has a very uncommon understanding. I'm sure your Emily would be my favourite of your children that I don't know. I could make neither head or tail of *Tristram Shandy*<sup>1</sup>, and had not patience to go on with it, tho' I tried because that same thing of the clock took my fancy at the beginning. Mr Fox admires it. He is now very well again, but has had an exceeding bad sore throat of the quinsy kind. He is so often ill it really alarms me; he looks sadly too. Adieu, my dearest sister, I have, as I often do, begun on a half sheet of paper. Yours,

C. Fox.

206. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Salt Hill, Thursday, June the 12th [1760].

Mr Fox, Sal, Lady Susan and I dined Tuesday at Old Windsor, where Mr and Mrs Garrick<sup>2</sup> met us. We had a very agreeable day and came here in the evening, where Sal and I have been with the boys ever since. Mr Fox and Lady Susan went on yesterday to Redlynch,<sup>3</sup> where the former goes to meet and spend seven or eight days with the Duke of Devonshire there at Lord Ilchester's. I have received a letter of yours since I wrote to you; indeed I never omitted writing, thinking you brought to bed. I have done expecting that event.

I never saw your boys look better; they are immensely happy with the thoughts of going to you. I can't help, dear siss, fearing it looks like your journeys being uncertain, tho' I own I think at all events you are in the right to have them

<sup>1</sup> Laurence Sterne's novel, published 1760.

<sup>2</sup> Eva Maria Violette, a Viennese dancer; m. (1749) David Garrick.

<sup>3</sup> In Somerset; a residence of the Earl of Ilchester.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

come. I don't believe Belle worries him at all about his health ; indeed I never saw any servant or tutor's behaviour towards children I thought so perfectly well judged in every respect as Bolle's. I send you enclosed a letter from George. I have seen Lord Powerscourt very often of late ; he is in tolerable spirits, but is still in the same way very ill I think. Nobody seems to understand his case.

I feel vastly sorry for poor little Mrs Mayne. I don't like Lord Littleton's<sup>1</sup> book, tho' there is good sense in it ; the two last dialogues in the book, which are not his, I like best. I won't be too positive, but tho' I dare say your Charles is a charming child and a fine child, yet I don't believe he is the sort of child I should like, as I love the gentle kind of children that don't play much with other children best ; the bold ones do as well afterwards, but the meek and gentle ones are more agreeable to me while they are children, one feels so much less in fear lest they should hurt themselves or worry anybody else that it's pleasanter to have them with one. The holidays begin Monday the 28th of June. Was not you shocked for poor Lady Anson<sup>2</sup> ? So happy as she was, enjoying life so much, and a mighty good creature. Sore throats and malignant fevers are terribly about in town. I told you all I could about the Bedfords last letter, and have really nothing more to say in this, but that I am sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

We return this evening. Time enough I hope for these letters to go by the post.

207. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

June 30th, [1760].

Dear siss,

I send you by Lord Powerscourt (who is by this time in Ireland I believe) Lord Littleton's *Dialogues of the Dead*, Yorick's *Sermons*<sup>3</sup>, Madame Villar's *Letters*, and another volume of

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Lyttelton, 4th Bart. (1709-73) ; cr. (1756) Baron. His '*Dialogues of the Dead*' had been recently published.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Elizabeth Yorke (d. 1760), eldest dau. of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, and wife of George Anson, 1st Baron Anson.

<sup>3</sup> Laurence Sterne's sermons, the first vol. just published by Dodsley.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

*La Reine Cristine*, Mrs Dunoyer sent for you, and the book you desired, which I forget the title of, revised by Richardson,<sup>1</sup> I never read it; Yorick's *Sermons* I like vastly. Madame Villar's is entertaining because she and her correspondent are one's intimate acquaintance. I think poor Lord Powerscourt in a very bad way, tho' he looks surprisingly well considering he don't yet eat, and is in pretty good spirits.

Ste is at present in the country. He writes word for the summer season. He continues, I thank God, very well and likes Geneva exceedingly; he never will tell one anything about Voltaire tho', but that he dines often with him, and that Voltaire is in very good health. Ste says now he hopes to pass two or three years where he is. I hope he will continue in the same mind, for I believe at his dangerous time of life it's the best place he can be in, at least I hope so.

We are to go next week to Goodwood. My brother and the Duchess are now at camp, but the camp being at Ripley between London and Goodwood, he will make many excursions to the latter I believe. He is not so violently military as he was, and is immoderately fond of Goodwood. They have a house at camp this year for Lady George,<sup>2</sup> whom they can't live without now they are so fond of her. I hope this bad weather will have made the Duchess live in the house, for I can't reconcile myself to a woman's living in a tent. Lady George, who is now at her father's, is to carry Sal to Goodwood and to see the camp in her way to it. Sal behaves mighty well with them all really and does not enter into any of their ways that I don't approve of, such as being very masculine and living in a riding habit, which is my aversion; you know the sort of think I mean, don't you?—tho' one can't exactly express it. Our rejoicings are great on Quebec not being taken. I'm vastly obliged to Lord Kildare for his card every post. Here is fine weather coming I hope, after above a fortnight of the worst I ever knew at the time of year; tho' I ought to like the bad best, I'm always in better health when it's not hot I think. I have no letter of yours to answer nor any news to tell you, so must bid you adieu, dear siss.

C. Fox.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Richardson, novelist (1689-1761).

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

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

The Hillsboroughs set out to-morrow just in time to take Lady D. off your hands during the hot weather on your first arrival at Carton, where I suppose you are impatient to go.

208. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Goodwood, July the 10th, [1760].

Here we are since Monday, dear siss, with a most immense number of people in the house. Lady Ailesbury, Mr Conway, Mr and Mrs Dayrolle,<sup>1</sup> Mr and Mrs Fitzroy, Lord Frederick Cavendish and us; Mr C. Hamilton is expected to-morrow. It's rather more company than I like, but it's agreeable enough altogether. The weather has hitherto favour'd us, and if we are not routed to see places as we were yesterday to Arundel Castle, an expedition of six hours, I shall spend a week pleasantly enough; but you know the places hereabouts are not new to me; the roads very bad, which one minds more when one's disused from them, and in general I'm not fond of seeing places, it's really fatiguing to me in summer to be out many hours together. I'm sure our jaunt yesterday was a most unlucky one and might have been a dreadful one. Mr and Mrs Dayrolle and Mr Fox and I, who were in an open landau first, saw Lady George Lennox and Mr Conway, who were in a curricule, overturn'd just before us; she thank God was neither hurt or frightened. We took her into the coach with us, and in about a quarter of an hour after we saw the Duchess<sup>2</sup> and Lord Frederick, who were in another curricule, overturn'd, and the Duchess fall down a bank, I thought very high; but thank God nobody was hurt, but it was really very terrifying to see them. You have not a notion, dear siss, of Lady Ailesbury's tranquility at seeing this when she had an hour or two before expressed the greatest and most ridiculous fear on Mr Conway's and Missy's<sup>3</sup> going up a steep tower at Arundel, where there was not the least danger in the world; every creature took notice of it. Sal is exceedingly pleased and happy here, which makes me so; she is very fond of Mrs Fitzroy, who by all I

<sup>1</sup> Solomon Dayrolles, diplomatist (d. 1786); he m. Christabella, dau. of Col. Peterson, of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Richmond.

<sup>3</sup> Miss Anne Conway.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

see of her is a very proper acquaintance. She seems to be a most amiable woman, and so sweetly pretty it does one good to look at her ; I forget whether you ever saw her, she must be a beauty of yours, I know. I'm much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 26th of June ; I should have answer'd it sooner but was a good deal out of order those three or four hot days before we came here. Dayrolle and I you may be sure are much amused with talking over old stories here; you would be one of our party, there is a vast pleasure in that I think. Lady George grows big, she lies in about October, I believe; she is clever and has fun about her, but not agreeable; her manner is underbred and masculine. I can't help feeling anxious to have her have a son, tho' to be sure she will have enough. I should think that a trial of the Duchess's infinite good humour tho' to be sure 'twould be unreasonable to be angry at it. I can't give up the hopes of her breeding yet tho'.

Indeed, my sweet siss, I do feel vastly sorry you should lead so uncomfortable a life as continually breeding and lying in makes you do, and I don't wonder it wears your spirits, but something there must be. I could not help thinking when the happy good-humoured Duchess fell out of the chaise yesterday to be sure she would lame herself or hurt herself in some terrible way, for the happiness she now enjoys can't last, and little things don't break in upon her peace ; she is formed to be as happy as a human being can be, but as it's not possible for that to go on one always fears some terrible stroke. Did I ever tell you that my little Harry says he hopes he may die at about twelve years old, because perhaps at about thirteen he may see some wickedness and do it, may be; it's an odd thought for a child, is it not? As to your not being alter'd I can really believe it, tho' it's a thing often said to people of course, and if you're told so five or six years hence I think you'll be right not to believe it, but at your age women I sincerely think often look as well as at any ; once turn'd thirty they decline apace. Lady Egremont is I assure you as well as ever, and she is older than you. Sal has received and delivered Mrs Fitzroy's ribbon. Adieu, yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

I desire to have it under your hand whether the sealing wax you sent was intended for me or Mr Fox ; I'm clear the former, and thank you for it, tho' he violently seized on half.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

209. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[July, 1760.]

You'll guess how much your friend Lady Ailesbury was the fashion at Goodwood when I inform you Lady George abused me for humouring her by talking of books, plants, and Mr Walpole,<sup>1</sup> which she loved talking about, they said. The Duchess says she and I are immensely civil to one another. You know when a house is full, people naturally separate ; Mrs Dayrolle, who she took to vastly, and she being the oldest of the company, I of course fell into most conversation with ; this was all my civility to the poor woman that I know of. The Duchess, give her her due, behaves well to her, but they are not like mother and daughter. Lady George does worry and make fun of her to a degree ; 'twas she made Mr Conway go up the tower at Arundel, and sent Missy (who is disagreeable as ever) after him; she was ridiculous to a degree about that certainly, and her indifference when the Duchess was overturn'd was intolerable. Lady George used I'm told to pay her immense court formerly, now she takes every occasion to worry her by telling her " Only think, Maam, Lady Car Fox thinks such or such a thing too young for her to wear," and those kind of things which, as she does it cleverly, must be monstrously unpleasant to anybody ; she stayed but two days, so I believe she did not like it much all together. How I go on gossiping, but those things inform you a little *de la carte du pays*.

210. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[July, 1760.]

I told George I should not write to you by this post, but finding I have time would not defer thanking you for your obliging long letter of the 28th. I'm sure you are very happy just now to see your dear boys, and to see them so much what you would wish them to be. Lady Stafford is a very particular character, quite singular, thought as much so, Lady Hervey tells me, at Paris as

---

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole, (1717-97), afterwards (1791), 4th Earl of Orford ; the famous letter-writer.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

in London, and there too few people venture particularity ; those that know her very well say she is a very amiable woman ; to be sure she is affected to a degree but I don't dislike her at all. She is very sensible, knows a vast deal, speaks ill of, nor laughs at nor despises nobody, and is very polite. Seabright did propose himself. I'm told you are in love with him ; I believe you speak so tenderly of him. The correspondence with Lady M. Churchill<sup>1</sup> is queer to be sure, what can they say to one another ? They are not lovers certainly. Lady M. lives quite out of the world of late. I'm afraid their circumstances are but bad. I really have a regard for her, tho' we never meet. I think all that appears simple in her character is to please Mr Churchill, who is a mighty shallow gentleman, and more ridiculous about some things than you can imagine ; my intelligence is from one that knows and loves them both.

When Conolly will let her alone for any time Louisa will be one of the most rational amiable discreet women in the world. I'm sure she don't lose her gentle sedate agreeable manner, tho' she lives the post-boy life. It's certainly impossible not to be entertain'd with Lady George tho' I own to you now I could not enjoy her worrying Lady Ailesbury ; tho' I don't love the woman I feel hurt at seeing others ridiculed, because I always conclude my turn will be next, and after all those failings are not offensive in society ; everybody has some, and it's really a bad nature to be much entertain'd with seeing them exposed in other people, and what one ought to check oneself in. I felt so out I do assure you when she worry'd poor Lady Ailesbury about my cap that it will cure me of laughing at her any more about those things, at least in company with those who can make so much of it. I do admire little Mrs Fitzroy of all things, but you're mistaken if you imagine I'm much acquainted with her for all that ; I have no idea of an intimacy with any thing of her age. I encourage the acquaintance with Sal because I think there is a decency, a propriety and a gentleness in her very uncommon among the girls now, who for fear of being formal and in order to appear lively have a roughness, and a rudeness in their manner that provokes me of all things. Mrs Fitzroy has never lost at Loo, she intends to leave it off

<sup>1</sup> Mary, nat. dau. of Sir Robert Walpole, 1st Earl of Orford ; she m. Charles Churchill.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

if she ever loses by the winter, and she has a rich mother<sup>1</sup> doatingly fond of her, so her economy may be easier accounted for ; she plays very fair, very prudent and well at it, she is abused by people in general for playing so much at it tho', and is conscious of it I believe, for she play'd seldomer last winter and don't choose to be thought to love it so much as she really does. As for the Duchess cheating, I really don't know what to say about it, one can hardly believe it, and yet so many people say it. If I ever play at Loo, 'twill be in your party, the confining it to five guineas I like, besides I like the strictness Lord Kildare has introduced of looking into one another's hands. The Duchess of Richmond's Loo, which they call low, is abominable, for they look at one another's cards and play so childishly ; one loses more money, tho' one stakes but a crown, than at the deep Loo, for 'twill run high you know if it is not confined, do what one will ; but whether I shall play at all I don't know. I don't love belonging to a party which in London, Loo players being scarce, one must do if one plays. I can't help when I play deep having an unpleasant feel about it, as if I did something wrong, perhaps a little vanity in not acting inconsistent with the rest of one's character ; in short, I don't quite know what but tho' I love it I don't feel pleasant at it, and fear encouraging myself in it ; what company I like to be in may make me sometimes do I can't tell, but those two last winters I have done vastly well without playing at cards—very seldom at least, for I detest quadrille, and cribbage is out of fashion. I hear from many people the same character you give of Lady Barrymore ; I'm prepared to like her vastly I assure you. When do you come . . . .<sup>2</sup>

211. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare*

July the 17th, [1760].

I have two of your letters, dear sister, to answer both which I received at Goodwood ; to begin with the first of the 4th of July. How can you be so childish, for indeed it is so, to want any assurances to convince you how happy the thoughts of your

<sup>1</sup> Susannah de Lancy, wife of Sir Peter Warren.

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

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

coming next winter makes me? We grow too old both of us, my dearest sister, for those delicate kind of sensations, and yet I fear we are so made that they will remain with us while we have any sensations left. But be assured I enjoy the thoughts of seeing you without any drawback or alloy to the pleasure I propose in conversing with the only person in the world I can open my mind quite freely to on all subjects, except Mr Fox.

You'll find [him] very glad to see you too, and I hope you'll find him in as good spirits as he now is, for he really talks more nonsense these last six months than ever I remember, which you'll say is pretty well; but he has, I thank God, no one thing to vex or torment his mind at present, which of late years has frequently been the case. I think he never was better in his health except that he has often bad nights, but his appetite is better than ever it was, his spirits as I said before as good as ever I saw them, and till this very hot weather his legs not at all swell'd, and now very little; he grunts and grumbles and complains of being old in a ridiculous way, but I really think if you saw him you would think him mighty well. Lord P's house is a vile distance to be sure, but having a neat pretty lodging so ready is very tempting. My brother says he hopes not to see Ciss<sup>1</sup> till she is quite grown up, so you won't be pressed on that subject I assure you; as for me I should have [been] glad to see her, more out of curiosity than for any other reason, but I think it just as well as it is. It's very odd little Louisa<sup>2</sup> should be so pretty so young. I hope it will continue, but the old proverb is you know against her. I'm glad you think Lord Powerscourt better, but, poor man, till he can eat something solid there is I fear no essential amendment.

I agree with you about Madame Villar's *Letters*, they are entertaining only because they are genuine and about those people one is so well acquainted with. My memory is too bad to remember anything I read in Sully's *Memoirs*.<sup>3</sup> I will make some enquiry about *La Connetable Collene*. What odd characters hers and her sister Mazarin's were! You have read her life in St. Real's works, I imagine; if not pray do. I am a good deal of your mind about Sal, but yet it's impossible

<sup>1</sup> Lady Cecilia Lennox.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Louisa FitzGerald, 6th dau. of James, 20th Earl of Kildare and Emily, Countess of Kildare (afterwards 1st Duke and Duchess of Leinster).

<sup>3</sup> Duc de Sully (1559-1641), French statesman.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

to avoid sometimes leaving her with them ; she is now there till they go to camp, only for two or three days tho', and I am return'd here since yesterday. But long at a time I think would do her no good, she gets into an unsettled way which, I'm sure, tho' she don't think so, makes her not so happy to herself. I would not have you see her just now, you would think her so alter'd ; I hope 'twill go off in winter, but I'm grieved to see her look so, even for a time ; the riding out from twelve till five or six this broiling weather has tann'd her to that degree *elle est à peine reconnoissable* ; you can have no idea how it changes her, not a common brown-looking tan, but red and flushed, her nose swell'd. I had quite a tiff with my brother and the Duchess because they would encourage her, coming home hot from this riding, to wash her face with cold water, and insist upon it it's very dirty not to do it ; however she promised me she would not, and I hope will recover her complexion. She has had two falls which she will only allow to be slipping off her horse, she calls it ; she rides very ill and very careless, but it's the greatest pleasure she has in life, she says ; and Duncan and Truesdale both say exercise is necessary to bring her to be regular, which she is not ; nor is that scurf in her head well ; walking she detests ; now all these things put together, what can one say ? You know my own opinion is that getting up early and walking a couple of miles or even once round the ground here would do as well with regard to her health as riding, but it's the physical fashion of the times to set everybody on horseback ; in some cases I believe it's very good, now for Mr Fox. When people are not young nor thin they can't walk, and then the trotting on horseback is I believe good for them. I'm afraid Louisa will be mad at Mr Fox's thought ; I hope not, for I love her dearly. I'm sorry Tom Conolly has got the jaundice ; does it keep him quiet ? I don't think Louisa wanted any inducement to visit you, but the pleasure of seeing you, otherwise the being twenty miles off would have been one. One can't help growing to like Lady George when one's in the house with her ; she is so very funny, so attentive, and so conversable I can't help liking her. She grows big and lies in in October, I believe. Her attention to my brother is prodigious, even in her dress she wears a vast thick handkerchief, that the least bit of an exceeding white

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

neck she has may not appear, crops her hair like the Duchess, and squeezes her cap close down to her face (in your life you never saw such head-dresses as they both wear, spoiling their charming hair which they both have so pretty). She had a notion I believe that Mr Fox and I did not admire her, and is determin'd we shall, and succeeds, for I don't pique myself upon being proof against liking those that try to please me and make themselves agreeable, why should one? She had a letter from George, while we were at Goodwood, who is very well and has rode over the plains of Minden, and owns he grieves to think what an opportunity the cavalry lost. Mr Fox says he knows nothing of the matter, only hopes Mac will have no pension.

I shall insist next winter on your bringing Lady Barrymore and I acquainted. Mr Fitzroy left Goodwood three days before we did; she seems to be, as far as one can judge of anybody in five days, one of the amiable pretty little creatures that ever existed. Mr Fitzroy says she is the best economist in the world, her pin-money is £400 a year, and he always owes her two or three; she manages the house, she is magnificently or rather elegantly dressed always, plays at loo, and don't run in debt, is immensely fond of her husband and her little girl, gives up a great deal of time, and they say pays great attention, to her mother, who is an old housekeeper-like sort of woman. We told her we was sure she was a vixen and had some great fault that did not appear, if she has not, she is a little angel. She is big with child again, and yet her figure is so smart, pretty, and genteel, it's surprising. Mrs Dayrolle is delightful with Dayrolle, she makes fun of him and never goes too far with it; she is mighty sensible agreeable woman, a little affected, but very little and that of the foreign kind, but very civil and good-humoured.

Adieu, my dear siss. This is rather a longer letter than you like, but what you hate I know is an immense letter after a long silence; that's not the case now, for I wrote two posts ago. Sal will return Sunday or Monday. Yours,

C. Fox.

I have a pretty pair of spotted horses, and must have a pretty light chariot, which I hope Lord Kildare will give himself the trouble to bespeak for me when he comes.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

212. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[? July—August, 1760].

I have not wrote to my dear siss this fortnight—but a large field reaping, a pond digging, a new farm taken, the weather delightful, Mr Fox at home with no business, and little interruption from company has drawn us out all day long ; as I am in general a very exact correspondent, you'll excuse me. I thank you for two letters of yours I have received. I don't doubt but you are very happy to have got into the country. I suppose you'll finish furnishing your house this summer. I'm vastly sorry Conolly looks so ill, for I have an affection for him. Did his illness keep him quiet? The Lady Dowager was no favourite of mine ; I always thought her a good woman and as pleasant a mother-in-law as any I ever knew. I'm vastly sorry for poor little Mayne. Lady Lincoln's<sup>1</sup> death was shocking. I dare say he is very much afflicted, for they lived vastly well together, and he has a great deal of that tender-hearted feeling kind of good nature about him, at least he had, and people seldom lose it entirely. She had been ill of an indigestion only, which they imagined going off, and was suddenly seized with a convulsion fit, and died immediately ; the child had been dead some days. I don't regret her poor woman half so much as poor Lady Anson, because she was not a very happy being in herself. Constant confinement for fear of miscarrying, being very ill when she did, her pride and unsociable temper, and her incapacity of living alone<sup>2</sup>....

213. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

October the 5th, [1760].

I'm much obliged to you for your letter of the 28th. I'm glad you passed your time agreeably at Hillsborough. I grow to have a great regard and affection for the master and mistress

<sup>1</sup> Catherine (1727–60), dau. of Rt. Hon. Henry Pelham, m. (1744) Henry Fienn s Clinton, 9th Earl of Lincoln, subsequently 2nd Duke of Newcastle.

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

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

of it, she particularly has like her brother<sup>1</sup> that first of all merits with regard to society, and which one finds by living in the world so scarce to be met with—great veracity; for after all what dependence can one have or really what safety in conversing with those who don't pay any regard to truth, which is too often the case. *Cet esprit défiant* is the greatest fault my friends the Hillsboroughs have, it's so like the Black Earl to fancy the Bedford people set Mr Fox against him. I can't agree with you that the Countess governs, she loves him too much and has a way of her own, in which case people never govern anything. *Elle a de l'humeur* to be sure, and he humours her. I own I think any woman has a right to expect that from a man that loves her, and generally meets with it from a sensible man, but that don't square with my idea of governing at all. Her being grumpy about the shirts is delightful. I hope you saw the letter Mr Fox wrote : 'twas charming.

Sal liked Wooburn, tho' she went I believe determin'd not, my brother etc., had said so much against it. As for me, dear siss, I love no place but home, but the life at Wooburn suits me of all things; their<sup>2</sup> hours are vastly regular, they live mighty airy, don't rout one out eight hours at a time to see places, and play'd at cards no more than I think agreeable in a mixed company. The card table never appear'd till near nine, and supper was on table while the clock was striking eleven. The Duchess and I had a vast deal of conversation together; how agreeable she is ! The Duke was exceeding jolly and good-humoured. I must do them all the justice to say that whenever I see them *en famille* I like them the better; and wonder why people in general should have the very bad opinion of them they have. As for what you tell me of the Duchess liking me, as she thinks it worth her while to make one think she does, it's exactly the same thing to me as if she did, and I am equally obliged to her. As for Rigby, I fear I must be ungrateful; I can't like him, tho' I wish him well, because Mr Fox does, and he I believe loves Mr Fox. He was not at Wooburn while we were there.

I'm vastly sorry we shall not see you so soon as you intended, tho' you never let me into the secret when that would be, nor

<sup>1</sup> James, Earl of Kildare (afterwards 1st Duke of Leinster).

<sup>2</sup> Duke and Duchess of Bedford.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

do I know what you mean by Chappell Isard affair. Pray do tell me when you think we may hope for the happiness of seeing you, and don't tell me sooner, for I am not wise enough yet to bear disappointment well. Pray get me some gumm'd or half glazed gloves; I don't know which they call them, but they have the smooth side of the leather to the arm; you know what I mean, I dare say. If you do, pray bespeak me six dozen the same size of your own, for I never had a glove to fit me well so won't send a patron.<sup>1</sup> Mrs Handcock is with Lady G., and stays with her till she is brought to bed I believe. I like her of all things; how beautiful and how like Patsy she is! She is very pleasing I think, and seems a mighty rational good kind of body to be with them; she is quite an acquisition to the house. We have had vile weather, but I live in hopes of *les beaux jours d'automne* which I prefer to any weather. I'm always better at this time a year. I'm quite ashamed I have not yet visited your boys, but hope for that pleasure early next week. We are so busy here you can't imagine, spending an immense deal of money. Mr Fox's eagerness and joy in the works surprises me, but as you may suppose pleases me very much; it amuses him so exceedingly; it certainly is pleasant tho' I don't so much love work within doors. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

214. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Holland House, Friday evening, October the 24th, [1760].

It's above a fortnight since I wrote to my dearest sister. I have three letters to thank her for. The Chapel will be lovely, it's really done with great taste, not gothick, as we found a pretty ceiling of Inigo Jones<sup>2</sup> ready in it, which is in Italian architecture. The apartment above will be for Charles when he is at home, and when he is not, a very pretty warm convenient one for anybody. As for dear Ste, when we are so happy as to have him in England again (God knows when that will be) I fancy he will have his choice of apartments here, but he don't

<sup>1</sup> Pattern.

<sup>2</sup> Inigo Jones, architect (c. 1573-1652).

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

care so much about a room, nor has he the same eagerness about any of the works here Charles has. Charles never lets one rest when anything here is doing till it's settled the way he approves. I have had accounts of dear Ste's being in perfect good health ever since he left me, a blessing I can't feel too thankful for, but now it's six weeks since I heard from him; the wind has been contrary a vast while, which is an unpleasant suspense. I can't say he has been quite so much settled this summer as I should wish him to be; he rides about from place to place, and has got some English and Scotch acquaintances which I'm sorry for; but as he is acquainted also with many of the inhabitants, that winter is coming on, and that one or two of his friends are coming away, I hope he will live a little more quiet, which I know is better both for his mind and body. I pity poor Mrs Rowley from my heart; does nothing her son has taken take any effect? It's a most cruel misfortune.

Mr Fox gives his love to you. He will do his best with Lord Anson, but he says the time to solicit is not till March. How do you like Mrs Wingfield? We have jaunted about this summer, at least I think so, for I don't love it, but we have never been long from home; Goodwood and Wooburn were really because I thought t'would amuse Sal. Tylney Hall was rather a dull party for her, tho' agreeable to me because I love Mrs Ellis's company of all things, and that unless we went out, which as the weather was bad we did not much, I could go into my own room from breakfast till dinner time, which I often like doing. Lady Susan Strangways is come here to go to the Birthday with us; Sal and she are both extremely at it.

I don't like your account of Lord Powerscourt. Mr Fox has had I think a melancholy letter from him, declining coming in for Stockbridge<sup>1</sup> again. Pray make my best compliments to him and assure him of my best wishes for the recovery of his health. Louisa's house can't hold us all; the boys will be broke up the 7th of December. Surely my gloves may pass for yours; I'm sorry the Custom House officers are so strict, as I wanted a stuff for a friend of Mr Fox's very much. Poor Lady Coventry the last fortnight would not let her curtains be open'd, not [to] be look'd at by any mortal but her nurse; she would let no light but a lamp burn in her room; she was grown quite

<sup>1</sup> Borough of Stockbridge, Hants.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

disfigured, and could not bear to have that once beautiful face seen when it was no more, so there is something very shocking in seeing youth and beauty go off in its full bloom. Poor soul, her illness was long and painful, and yet surely, dear siss, it was probably better for her it should be so; it gave her time to think, her going off very suddenly would have been more shocking. The Duchess of Hamilton only waits for a pass to go to Naples immediately. Lady Susan Stuart says she has had a constant slow fever all summer; she is immensely fallen away, but as she is going to a better climate, and that she takes all the care she is desired of herself, which her sister never would, it's to be hoped she may recover. Adieu, my dearest siss.

Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

215. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

October the 30th, [1760].

It's very odd to say the death of an old man<sup>1</sup> at seventy-eight years of age should be unexpected, and yet really his late Majesty's was so. I should have thought him as likely to live ten years longer as any one of his age could be. A young King opens a new scene here, which excites one's curiosity, and causes great speculation. Things seem likely to remain as they are for some time at least. How the three great men will go on together nobody can guess; the D. of N.<sup>2</sup> asks everybody's advice whether he shall resign (as he had always said he would when this event happ'ned) which is a certain sign he has not the least thoughts of it.

His Majesty has been as civil as it's possible to be to the Duke,<sup>3</sup> which I hope is a good omen for Mr Pay Master remaining in the Pay Office, and I'm sure that is all his ambition as well as mine. The King represents as King vastly well; I hear his manner is infinitely gracious and pleasing; I always had a great partiality towards him. I pity him for receiving this bad news from Germany just upon his accession. My brother George is, thank God, safe and well after having been in great danger, and [is] much commended by the Hereditary Prince.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> George II died suddenly at Kensington on 25th Oct., 1760.

<sup>2</sup> Duke of Newcastle.

<sup>3</sup> Duke of Cumberland.

<sup>4</sup> William, hereditary Prince of Brunswick.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Do, my sweet siss, write me word immediately this event shall not hinder your journey to England, tho' it may Lord Kildare's ; your house ready taken, all settled, 'twill be a most horrid disappointment. Lord Kildare will be so busy with elections you'll not see much of him if you stay ; so pray do come and don't disappoint your boys and sisters. You would be diverted to see Sal and Lady Susan on this occasion, it being an event everybody so busy. The thoughts of the young King and a young Court, the Burial of the old King, the Coronation of the new one, altogether is matter of great fun and conversation to their youthful cheerful naive hearts ; it's entertaining to see them ; the disappointment of there being no Birthday, and what's still worse to them, no plays this long while is quite got over. My brother Richmond tells me the Duchess finds Bath dull to a degree, which I don't wonder at, as he says she avoids as much as possible making acquaintances. I see with concern the wrong turn my brother and she take, as I'm sure 'twill make their life very unpleasant to them as they grow older ; the world soon grows shy of those who despise them. It's so unnatural at their age, it provokes one ; the fault of youth is generally to have too good an opinion of the world, and the worst part of growing old is being undeceived in that point, at least I think so. I often think of a line I met with in a French play, which my brother should learn : *Nos besoins nous ont faits esclaves l'un de l'autre*. The longer one lives the more one is convinced of the truth of that maxim.

Only think of an odious Prince *Taxis de la Tour* [Turn] that has quarrell'd with a Dutch postmaster, and in consequence of it stops all the letters, so that I have not heard from my dear boy these six weeks ; it's vastly uncomfortable really. Adieu, my dearest siss. Write soon and believe me, yours,

C. Fox.

## 216. Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.

Monday, November the 3rd, [1760].

My dear siss,

Lady George was yesterday brought to bed of a fine large girl,<sup>1</sup> who I hope will do well, tho' it runs a great risk, poor thing ! she having provided no wet nurse ; one was to be got from the

<sup>1</sup> Louisa Lennox ; d. unmarried, 1843.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

lying-in hospital yesterday. They must, you know, in that case take what they can get, and a nurse got in such a hurry and in London I'm afraid the chance is much against. I feel very angry at her. I own I was pretty near as young as her, and yet I was very anxious to provide a good nurse. I think it a duty and the only way one can justify to one's own mind not nursing one's child oneself. I was to dine with her after Court; she was ill when I came to the house a quarter before four, just getting into her bed, and in three quarters of an hour after she was deliver'd. Mrs. Handcock, who went to Court with us, left her laughing at a little before one, and had no suspicion of her being ill, so she could not be so very long, you see. There was as you may suppose a most numerous Court; the King<sup>1</sup> is lovely, has so much dignity and so much affability, and behaves hitherto as well as it's possible on every occasion.

The funeral is to be to-morrow sevensnight. Sal is absolutely in love with the King; she looks so mortified at his not taking more particular notice of her yesterday than he did of others, you can't imagine, which it was very natural he should not, such numbers as were presented, and his first Drawing Room. H. M's great civility to the Duke of Cumberland (no more the Duke, I understand) continues, which I do love him for dearly.

I wrote thus far two days ago when one of my bad headaches prevented me going on with my letter. I have received none from you since. I am most exceedingly impatient to hear you will come. Lord G. Sackville has been at Court and spoke to, but not much; however, being at all taken notice of for him is a great deal. All the world is in town, they will be gone again soon I suppose; indeed Lord Kildare should come to kiss the King's hand, tho' he returns. Great civilities have been expressed to the Duke of Bedford from the present Court on account of Lord Gower's not remaining Master of the Horse, and assurances of wishing to keep well with his Grace. Everything at present looks as if we should remain where we are. Adieu, sweet siss. You'll want to see a Coronation, won't you?

C. Fox.

Wednesday night.

Do you ever remember so bad an October?

No family seems more in favour than the Bedfords. The

---

<sup>1</sup> George III.

[1760]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

Duchess and Lady Bute<sup>1</sup> are cousin germans, and everyone says one of [the] most sensible best kind of women in the world. Room is to be made for Lord Gower to have a Cabinet Councillor's place immediately. Won't you agree with me, dear siss, that it's a strange infatuation that people of all sorts and all parties are agreed in, that this nation must be undone unless the Duke of Newcastle is at the head of the Treasury? I'm glad it is so, as I think it's a security for us to remain in place while all is quiet.

There is much talk about a challenge G. Townshend<sup>2</sup> sent Lord Albemarle; it's too long a story to add to a long letter. Sal copies an account of it to send you. This letter is wrote by bits in a queer way enough, but you'll make it out.

C. Fox.

217. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

Thursday, December the 10th, 1760.

My dear siss will be surprised to hear my brother has resigned his Bedchamber already. Lady George told Sarah last Thursday she would set out Friday morning early for Goodwood, from whence she hoped to send up my brother as angry as she was, at the King making Lord Down<sup>3</sup> and Lord Fitzmaurice<sup>4</sup> his Aide-de-Camp, and their going over George's head. Accordingly, his Grace<sup>5</sup> came, was twenty minutes with *H.M.*, whom I believe is as much displeased with him as it's possible to be, and refused giving George rank; the particulars of the conversation are not known, but that he has resigned is certain. He had, very wisely, loudly threatened before that if Lord Fitzmaurice had this rank he and his brother should resign; which you know

<sup>1</sup> Mary (1718-94), dau. of Edward Wortley-Montagu, by the well-known Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu; and wife of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute. She was cr. (1761) Baroness Mount Stewart of Wortley.

<sup>2</sup> George Townshend (1724-1807), eldest s. of 3rd Viscount Townshend, whom he succeeded in 1764; cr. Marquis 1786. Townshend challenged Lord Albemarle, the favourite of the Duke of Cumberland, to a duel, because of a pamphlet said to have been instigated by the latter, which commented on Townshend's part in the capture of Quebec.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Pleydell-Dawney (1727-60), 3rd Viscount Downe.

<sup>4</sup> William Petty (1737-1805), Viscount Fitzmaurice; succ. his father as 2nd Earl of Shelburne, 1761; cr. Marquis of Lansdowne, 1784.

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

was putting it out of the King's power, had he been inclined to make George a Colonel. He had indeed made a fine *tripotage* altogether; he don't resign his regiment neither. I'm glad I was angry at him before, else I should have been exceedingly hurt at this; as it is I am very sorry, for it's a thousand pities with so many good and pleasing qualities as he has, to give himself such a *travers dans le monde* and throw away the prospect (at least of a most agreeable situation in life) before him. He is gone into the country again; we have not seen him this time of his being in town till Mr Fox to-day accidentally met him at the Mews, where they both went to look at some horses there; for the first time he mention'd some of all this past transaction to Mr Fox. I'm convinced by his never once consulting with him or asking his advice about it all; he spoke his real opinion to Lord Bute when he said Mr Fox was a good-humoured *sociable man*, and that he thought his own opinion and judgment much superior. One can scarcely think him so absurd neither; indeed I don't know what to make of him. He seems sorry and displeased with himself, Mr Fox tells me, and the Duke told Mr Fox he never saw any one look so dejected. He desired Mr Fox to say whenever the affair was mention'd that he had resigned his Bedchamber, finding he was likely to have so little weight with his Majesty, tho' he had the greatest veneration, respect, etc., for him, and that he hoped his brother would not resign. He this afternoon set out for Goodwood, where I hope he will stay till this storm is a little blown over, and time makes everything forgot, but it's vexatious to those who wish him well. The King's behaviour has been, by what I find, very sensible, very polite and very firm. The Duke of Grafton had an audience too, about Fitzroy, which was very short, and his Grace behaved very well, but did not get his brother the rank. I do think the King is in the right not to be bullied into these things by silly boys, who go over people's heads every day, and then are violent because he chooses to show a great mark of favour to a man he personally loves, and to one of his own Lords of the Bedchamber. There are several new Lords and Grooms made from among the Tories, who it's to be supposed would expect something when they vote and join with the Court.

I thank you for your letter of November 28th and December

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

the 1st. Mr Fox says you'll not receive this if you set out the 20th. I say you will. You ought to come immediately to town, not stop at Stretton any of you ; if you positively will I will contrive to come tho' now 'twill be very inconvenient, probably Mr Fox can't. Show Louisa all about my brother and thank her for her kind letter to me. Lord Bristol<sup>1</sup> is not dead; poor Lady Hervey was so ill 'twould have killed her I believe, had it been true. She is naturally a cheerful woman, but as to her sentiments they are too like the author of *Candide's*, I fear, for her to have gain'd any comfort from reflection, tho' she bears the immense pain she suffers with the gout nine months out of the twelve with amazing patience, but seems quite wore ; suffering, she says, is the lot of man and must be bore. I perfectly agree with you that the great eagerness and pleasure some people take in trifling amusements make great part of the happiness of human life. I'm philosopher enough to think it wisdom, for after all how trifling are most of the serious amusements and concerns of human life. As for myself, tho' I own the relish of those amusements go off when I'm either not well or unhappy, and I'm often the former, I have not the satisfaction from them (tho' I love them) that some people have, partly from indolence of mind I believe, which is itself a happiness. So one argument prevails greatly with me and contributes much to my happiness, tho' it often makes me lose amusements (diversions at certain time of life is out of the question), which is never to seek much for amusement if I'm walking or reading or chatting in a quiet way, why go to anything else to divert oneself; if one's well and content why set about what may give trouble and not answer at last. This same maxim makes me old and stupid if you please, but I find the use of it and encourage it. You'll say I put it in practise now and that you suppose I'm very well satisfied writing to you and intend writing on all day, so adieu. Your dear boys came yesterday. They are well and happy. Yours,

C. Fox.

Grey stuff will do for Mrs Greville, but for this Lady Downing,<sup>2</sup> if you can get a piece like this, it's what she wants.

<sup>1</sup> George William Lord Hervey (1721-75) ; 2nd Earl of Bristol; his mother, Lady Hervey, was the celebrated 'Molly Lepell.'

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Sir Jacob Downing, 4th Bart.

[1761]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO COUNTESS OF KILDARE

1761.

218. *Lady Caroline Fox to Countess of Kildare.*

[1761].

My dear sister, I can't express how much pleasure the sight of your handwriting gave me and the kind expressions of your friendship and affection to me. Believe me time nor absence have not lessen'd mine for you nor will any new object of affection ever fill your place in my heart. Except little Harry I have no objects growing up, and I'm sure I'm not disposed to seek for any, but rather wish in some degree to wean myself from those I have ; as I must either leave them or they me before it's long, and I find the older one grows the shorter time seems. I hear from everybody that your dear child's cure must be a work of time, tho' I don't find anybody doubts but time will bring it about. I was in hopes Gataker had done you good for the complaint in your eyes. I could not find a *flambe* on a green ground, but have got you a pretty one I think ; they are very dear this year. You know that Rose Martin curls hair, [I] suppose ; whether that may be a convenience to you I don't know ; it would to me, I know. We purpose to set out the 21st of this month in the afternoon. I shall stay but a few days in town, and attend you to Holland House with pleasure, tho' we shall I fear have little time to ourselves there at this season of the year. Holland House life has not been an agreeable one these many years, and I always regret that I can't lead a pleasant life in the place I love best at the season when it's most pleasant. I don't love a life of company in general, but that of Holland House is the worst sort of company. I like this house and sincerely wish to keep in it, and yet I dread if the enquiries come into the House of Commons what may be the consequence. It's Mr Fox's fate to be always the dupe of a great man whose friendship to him is so cold, if not false, that I'm astonished he can meet with any return from Mr Fox ; but so it is. I'm sure he can influence him, and I fear will, to take a part in those matters ; for he has, cold as he is, a very

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

warm friendship for Conway and is violent, I hear, about it. I have seen Lady Aylesbury but once; our acquaintance will drop, I fancy. I can't taste her; she is so reserved at first and so trifling in a grave way when you see more of her that she don't please me, and I'm surprised at her being reckoned so sensible. The Duchess of Richmond has really more good humour and sweetness of temper than ever I saw in anybody, and that may make up for the want of sense which she does want, for she is certainly rather silly, and the worst of it is I believe she thinks herself quite otherwise.

I remember liking the book you mention extremely; 'tis vastly ingenious and prettily wrote. A Mr Solmes Jennings<sup>1</sup> is the author. Adieu. I think I have answer'd all I had left unanswer'd in any of your letters of late. I'm so blind, and scrawl so to-day, having tried my eyes before I began to write, that you'll hardly be able to read this. I find by Sal's letter Louisa knows of the proposal; what does she say to it? Did the boy tell her himself or did you? George is well.

*Tuesday evening.* Fitzzy is much better to-night. I'm going to represent you at Dayrolle's.

219. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare*<sup>2</sup>.

Holland House, December the 18th, 1761.

I'm much obliged to my dear sister for her kind long letter, which is without a date tho', that informs me your dear little girl has no remaining complaint but soreness, which I know is troublesome to a degree when they have been full and what nobody bears with patience. I'm sorry for her pretty eyebrows and complexion but I reckon you have been so afraid of losing her that you are pretty well satisfied as it is. I own myself most exceedingly anxious about Cecilia's beauty in her situation, 'twill make so material a difference and by all accounts she has so much to lose.

My dear Ste left me Wednesday morning; he [has] taken the opportunity of going over with Monsr. Choiseul,<sup>3</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> Soame Jenyns, M.P.; (1704-87) author of *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757).

<sup>2</sup> James FitzGerald, Earl of Kildare was cr. Marquis of Kildare on 27 Feb., 1761.

<sup>3</sup> Étienne François de Choiseul, (1719-85), Duc de Choiseul; French statesman.

[1761]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

besides the short passage from Dover to Calais will in other respects I hope make his journey more agreeable. I bear parting with him better than I expected; my acquaintance with his character while he was here makes me less anxious about what he may turn out, and about everything but his health; *that* indeed I do think him so careless about, I tremble when I think of him. But with regard to other things, thoughtless and expensive as he is, he seems to have so much ambition to be of some consequence that I think him safe from entering into bad company, which is the great point with me; nor do I see any turn in him towards great debauch or profligacy, which would make me miserable. In short, please God to give him his health, I shall feel easy about him. I hope they will get leave to stay at Aix some time before they go to Italy.

Mr Fox has wrote to Lord Kildare lately and I suppose inform'd him how politics go here. There seems to be an end of Mr Pitt, I think; my opinion is he will have a fit of the gout this day sevensnight; the House of Commons shew'd he had no one to support him there. Rigby has gain'd great credit with speaking twice very well; there is an Irish Colonel Barry who they say speaks finely and abused Mr Pitt in his own style but much too grossly in the opinion of all those who judge without prejudice. Lord Errol<sup>1</sup> has near £4000 a year, but that's over, so we will say no more about it. I hope she will be happy when she marries, and that she may get married before her pretty face grows too common; but one so likely to make a woman happy as Lord Errol she will not probably meet with, as I believe they are very scarce. But my ideas of happiness in marriage are I find so different from most women's, that I can't judge for anybody else, but feel more thankful every day of my life for my own happy lot.

We shall be vastly obliged to you for the account of poor Miss Knox,<sup>2</sup> by the accounts in the papers it seems the most shocking story I ever heard. Your boys are well, very sociable and agreeable. George shew'd Mr Fox some verses of his that Mr Fox says give him a much higher opinion of his Lordship's scholarship than he had before. Adieu, my dear sister. Most sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

<sup>1</sup> James Boyd (afterwards Hay), 15th Earl of Errol (1726-78); he was refused by Lady Sarah Lennox.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Knox had been murdered the previous month.

1762

220. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Pay Office, January 19th, [1762].

It's a vast while, dear sister, since we have heard from you, but flatter myself you all continue well. We left Holland House last Saturday to my great regret, notwithstanding the badness of the season, which has been the worst I ever remember. Sal says you and I are perfect almanacks to record the weather. I can't yet settle myself to a London life. The crowd at St. James's was as usual yesterday, as great as it could possibly be. The Duchess of Richmond and I had much the handsomest clothes there, almost exactly alike, and the only two silks of the sort that have been made, the most beautiful shaded chenille flowers on a white satin ground without gold or silver. The Whitehall people are all in town. George has not yet resign'd, but I fear intends it. I am with them just on the footing I hope to remain, very civil and no more, whether it was that she was afraid of me or that living abroad has civilised her I don't know, but she was better behaved yesterday when I dined than ever I saw her.

We have had two plays at Holland House, *Creusa* and the *Revenge*, in both which your son George perform'd his short parts exceeding well, and as if he understood what he was about. Mr Fox's commendation of him for it and for a good exercise he shew'd him seems to have given him great ambition, which I think very desirable in a young man. I know you're not so desirous as I am of mine, of their being scholars, but I suppose it's what you would rather be glad of, as it certainly renders a man fitter for any business or employment he takes to, besides the fund of amusement it affords them. My dear little Harry's going to school is, I'm sure, a proof how much I wish mine to be, for I do hate the thoughts of parting with it most exceedingly; he goes this week to Wandsworth and seems quite pleased with the thoughts of it. I had a letter from Ste of the 4th of this month; he was at Paris and in good health, thank God. We are

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

to-night going to Lady Mayoress's<sup>1</sup> at the Mansion House. Lord Albemarle is going to command some secret expedition ; poor Lady Albemarle is much shock'd about it. She did not at all expect his going. Adieu my dearest sister. Yours,

C. Fox.

To-day the House meets ; some talking is expected.

221. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

January 27th, 1762.

I received two letters from you last Friday, dear sister, these are packets of an older date due, and in one of those letters I have not received, I suppose you tell me Louisa is breeding, as in that of the 16th, which I have received, you say you fear she will miscarry, which is the first hint I had of it. Lady Strafford told me of [it] last night as a certain thing, and I hope to God she will go on, she will be so happy ; I most truly rejoice at the news. I have also a letter of yours dated the 8th. I'm very sorry you are plagued with the rheumatism ; 'tis a most teasing complaint ; when I had it one winter nothing did it good that I did for it, and I did not get rid of it till warm weather came, it's so much worse in the night is the great plague of it. Sarah will certainly go and see Lady Inchiquin, so shall I. *Love à la mode* is inimitable.<sup>2</sup>

Mr Fox says the immense draught of air you speak of was more likely to have brought the infection ; so much for your physical knowledge !

I'm glad you have so much of Charles's company. I feel the loss of my little angel Harry exceedingly. He likes school very well. I tell you once for all *et je me tue de le dire* tho' people won't believe me, Mr Fox is to have no employment but Pay Master. Mr Fox wants nothing but the peerage. Mr Fox will not be desired to be Minister or have any responsible place, and Mr Fox would not be it if he was desired.

There is no such place at Chelsea ; Lord Ophaly was misinform'd. Your boys return'd to Eton in good health

---

<sup>1</sup> Lady Fludyer.

<sup>2</sup> A farce by Charles Macklin (1697(?)–1797), first produced at Drury Lane, Dec. 12, 1759.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

last Sunday. Mr. Bunbury<sup>1</sup> seems much in love with Sal, and follows her whenever there is any opportunity, talks very seriously to her, and tho' he has not yet, will probably before it's long make some proposals; do let us know your thoughts about it. She says she likes him, and can't I see avoid talking to him; indeed he talks so much to her that unless she absolutely forbids him speaking to her I don't see how she can help it, but it's very particular and taken notice of it everywhere. She very sensibly says that she likes him very well. She is so happy at present, she feels afraid of marrying, or, as one may very properly say, in this case, of changing her condition. The young man has a very good character, but he is very young, his father not 50, and likely to live; the estate of £5000 a year; an estate of £800 settled on the younger brother; so you see it's far from a good match. These particulars I have from one that is related to him, and knows it to be so. Lady Albemarle, who is for it, says she has been told Sir William Bunbury said if his son married to his liking he would take the lady's fortune and give his son £2000 a year; this may possibly be true too as Sir William and Lady Bunbury are very retired people, very fond of their children, and very good kind of people. Mr Bunbury is much attach'd to Lord Shelburne, who shall have no peace in case the match takes place, till he gets him a good place. I'm rather distress'd to know if one should or should not encourage it; the way I take now is to do neither, rather to advise Sarah to keep out of his way. If they are both in earnest I suppose 'twill be, and it's a thing one can't advise her against neither; here are all the good matches going by her. Lord Grosvenor<sup>2</sup> is going to marry Miss Trevor, Mrs Hambden's daughter; where they met and how 'twas brought about I can't imagine, but some girls are in luck. I must tell you Sal is vastly improved in her behaviour this winter; the few times we have been in public she has behaved very well. Let us have your sentiments in this affair, my sweet siss. Mr Bunbury you may be sure is reck'ned a coxcomb at Richmond House, but that is just nothing at all to the purpose. I really think the material and only objection is that both so young as they

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Charles Bunbury (afterwards 6th Bart.).

<sup>2</sup> Sir Richard Grosvenor, 7th Bart.; cr. (1761) Baron Grosvenor and Earl Grosvenor (1784); he m. (1764) Henrietta, dau. of Henry Vernon.

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

are, and in high life, they will not have the prudence to live within their income, which is involving oneself in distress as long as one lives. There is to be a ball at Richmond House next Tuesday.

George has not yet resign'd. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours most sincerely,

C. Fox.

Ste is thank God well and you may be sure very happy during the carnival at Paris, with *bals masqués* etc., etc.

There was since I wrote this a very long conversation at the play, and to-day a long copy of verses, (he is a poet), full of sighs, miseries, pains, etc., etc., etc. ; he is a swain, that's the name he goes by *dans toutes les formes*.

222. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Friday night, February 4th, 1762.

Dear siss,

I have at last received your letter of the 2nd of January, which tells me Louisa is with child, which I am extremely happy to hear. I have also two letters of a later date to answer, but having been much out of order these three days, in the way I was in when you came last year, and the violent headache I have had has made my eyes so weak I can't think of writing much, only to inform you how Sal's affair goes on, which I'm sure you must be curious about. She has given him leave to speak to his father ; he told her his father had always told him he would on his marriage give him up an estate of £2,000 a year, and a house in town and country ; this is to the full as much as one could expect out of an estate of £5000 a year. I own I at first discouraged this and advised her much not to encourage him to flirt with her, but she has encouraged him so much and been so particular with him that I could not now wish it off ; they like one another excessively, and I daily hear him so much commended that I have quite made up my mind to like it. He seems a grave young man of an elegant ingenious turn ; now he is in love, mighty delicate and sentimental ; he is a scholar and a poet. I believe I told you in my last Lord Shelburne, who you know I'm partial to, commends him

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

of all things, and thinks all the goodness, virtue and honour in this country are confined to him and two or three other friends of his Lordship, *cela c'est penser en jeune homme*, and one don't so much mind it. The Richmond House people don't approve, they call him a coxcomb. My brother and the Duchess upon being acquainted are fallen in love themselves with Lord Errol, and now regret she did not like him ; to be sure he is more in their jolly style ; my brother says he could not have believed he could have liked a Scotch man so much. I only tell you this to shew you my partiality was not particular. Adieu. I'm tired of writing. Believe me, yours most sincerely,

C. Fox.

As I can't feel indifferent about things, I'm grown to like this match, and fancy the temper and turn of the young man likely to make Sal happy (not the less so for being very different from her) and give her a turn for a domestic home life, which it's the present turn of the young men to admire at present ; the worst of it is they are both so young it's uncertain what turn they will take.

223. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

February the 9th, 1762.

I yesterday received your obliging letter of February the 2nd and am much disappointed, I confess, at your thinking dear Louisa is not with child ; and yet tho' I don't pretend to so much skill as you have either in physic or breeding affairs, I can't still help flattering myself it may be so, for surely she would be ill was it not so, having had reason so long to suspect it.

I have been exceedingly out of order with my old complaint and a feverish cold added to it, but am pretty well again, thank God. I'm glad we agree so perfectly about Mr Bunbury ; he has his father's consent, and he and she sat whispering here three hours together last night while the Batemans and I play'd at quadrille ; he had dined here with Lord Shelburne and other men and stay'd *cooing*, as Mr Fox calls it, the whole evening. We have had no proposal in form yet, but that I believe is her fault. I hope she won't trifle on too long with the young man, who seems so much in earnest. Don't tell her I gave you any

hint of it, but I do suspect, now she sees she is sure of him and of our consent, no difficulties in the case, she has a mind to coquette a little and tease him, for I observe sometimes in their conversations her to look very pert and he mighty melancholy. By some little things she has repeated I fancy 'tis so, and Lady Susan is now coming to town, which makes me fear a little about it, therefore, dear siss, do advise her not to trifle and flirt; she has gone too far with this young man to be off, besides she likes him too well to intend it; Lady Susan is what I dread. The father will give up an estate of £2000 a year, a house in town and one in the country at present, and will settle his estate; this is as much as one can expect of him. The house in the country I should hope they would not yet take, as 'tis in the county he is chose for, and where he must keep up an interest, which is very expensive; the father now lives in it. He tells her his father and he are like brothers; he wish'd him to have married a greater fortune, and fears Sal may be a fine lady (this is natural enough), but since his son likes her is willing to consent. Mr Bunbury talks much to Sal of intending to live chiefly in the country, but that's a bad scheme for two such very young people. You understand I dare say just what I wish you to say to her. She thinks I believe, and it may be so, my whims of love too romantic for one near forty; but the natural sincerity of my temper makes it quite incomprehensible to me if a woman likes a man how she can like to tease him, so vastly fond of her as he seems, and in so delicate a way; he has no eyes or attention for any one but her when she is by. I must again repeat: "I fear Lady Susan."

We have had great debates in our House of Lords; the Duke of Bedford moved for the recalling the troops from Germany; they divided on the previous question and there were only sixteen in the minority; my brother was one. Lord Shelburne spoke very finely on that side. The question it's they say to be brought into the House of Commons, and that Mr Bunbury is to move it; but don't mention that, as I hope he will be persuaded off it. Mr Fox says he is too young to move an affair of such consequence. Lord Bute, tho' for recalling the troops, don't approve of its coming into Parliament, and spoke against it. The K.<sup>1</sup> is angry I hear with the Lords that

<sup>1</sup> The King.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

voted in the minority, and did not speak to some of them that were at Court. The Dukes of N. and Devonshire and the Duke of Cumberland are against the measure of recalling them, so the Council is much divided. Mr Fox, thank God, is not of the Council. I don't believe he could be Minister if he would, and I'm sure he would not if he could, on the contrary he wishes to be more out of the way than he is, and has no greater wish than when he has the peerage for me to go and live a whole year, if he can, near the sea, quite out of the way of politics and business. You'll easily imagine how much I encourage those thoughts, for tho' I don't approve of too great retirement for young people, at our time of life, having seen so much and known so much of the world, a little release from it must be very agreeable. Mr Fox's great cheerfulness of temper and capacity of amusing himself both with books and trifles make him very capable of enjoying it; as for me I dare hardly indulge myself in the thoughts of it; if I enjoyed as tolerable health as I have this last eight months and those I loved were in health, I can have no idea of greater happiness than as Mr Johnson in his play of *Irene*<sup>1</sup> expresses it:

to fly the busy pleasures of my sex

and treasure up the pleasures of remembrance.

My situation is so happy, the more time, leisure and quiet I have to reflect on it the happier I am, but human events are so subject to disappointment, I really fear to please myself too much with the thoughts of any future happiness. I'm just recovered being sick and miserable for some days, and that always makes me feel so thankful and so cheerful. George will I fear resign at last. My brother, Lord Albemarle and Mr Fox work hard against, but Lady George's and his own passion is too powerful on t'other side.

I'm glad Lord Kildare and the Black Earl are very busy about anything, no matter about what, it amuses and employs them and therefore makes them happy. Lord Kildare professes to love business, and I'm sure the other is the most given up to *ennui* of any mortal I know if he has not something to do. This is as long a letter as I had wrote you a week ago and out of a mistake burnt, 'twas impossible you know then to write over such another, besides I was beginning to be ill just then. Agathe

<sup>1</sup> *Irene*, by Samuel Johnson; produced at Drury Lane in 1749.

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

stays on with me some time, and to tell you the truth the servants among one another work themselves up with such a notion of Ireland it's difficult to persuade them to go. Agathe is no great genius, and they have fright'ned her, and persuaded her if I part with her to go to Lady Ilchester who wants her; all the servants doat on that house.

I send you some patrons of ribbon which I beg you'll have made. Adieu. Yours most truly, sweet siss,

C. Fox.

*C'est un animal que ce Prince Charles.*<sup>1</sup> My love to the Countess when you see her. I'm vastly sorry to find you have been so much out [of] order this winter, dear siss, you seem'd so well after your lying-in here I was in hopes you would continue so.

224. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

February 16th, [1762].

I send enclosed for yours and the Marquess's perusal, a paper given by Bunbury to shew to Sal's guardians and relations; 'tis a very poor match indeed and by what George said last night, I should fear my brother Richmond would be much against it. If it was to go off now Sal's character would be exceedingly hurt, and tho' I preach'd against it at first as much as anybody, I wish it, now it's gone so far, and I hear every day something in favour of the young man's character. I can make allowance for George disliking it; it's natural for him to think this is not so much a better match than Lord Newbattle<sup>2</sup> for us to have opposed one so exceedingly, and come into t'other; the difference of characters he don't see in the same light I do. I have lately seen an instance of Mr Bunbury's good sense and good nature with regard to his politics, which pleased me very much.

You have heard to be sure how displeased the King is, and how much hurt Lord Bute is at what passed in the House of Lords concerning the Duke of Bedford's motion for recalling

<sup>1</sup> Prince Charles of Mecklenburg, bro. of Queen Charlotte.

<sup>2</sup> John William Ker, Lord Newbattle; succ. his father as 5th Marquess of Lothian in 1775.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

the troops from Germany. Lord Bute was particularly hurt with Lord Shelburne's speech, and the turn it took in the world was as if Lord Shelburne was setting himself at the head of a faction against the Court, and which, after the marks of favour he had received from the Court, was not talked of in an advantageous light for him. He, seeing the turn it took, grew very uneasy and wish'd Bunbury not to make the motion in the House of Commons, which Bunbury gave up; tho' contrary to his opinion, he says, for the sake of his friend, with great good sense and good nature. To be sure it's much better for his own sake; so for a young man moving a question of so much importance to this nature was at least ridiculous if not indecent. I'm extremely happy over it, as Mr Fox must have taken a part and would have spoke against them; tho' nobody wishes more to recall our troops from Germany, he thinks it an improper thing to come into Parliament, and I hope and think the share he has had in putting a stop to this silly affair will have obliged Lord Bute; I know it ought. These young men are such politicians and have such notions. Lord Shelburne assures me Mr Bunbury has such notions of independency he would not take a place for the world; this would vex me had I not seen so much of all that talk come to nothing. I must tell you a ridiculous epigram made on poor Sal, I believe by C. Townshend; 'tis in his style very much.

If Lady Sarah means to wed,  
and take young Bunbury to her bed,  
she's much mistaken in her notion,  
for what's a man without a motion?

Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Fox.

Mr Fox has had a bad sore throat, but is pretty well again, thank God.

225. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

[Acephalous] [1762.]

. . . and riotous it consists of my brother and the Duchess, Lord and Lady George, the Fitzroys, Mr and Mrs Merrill, Lord Essex, Lord Errol, Lord Cavendish and Lord Orford<sup>1</sup>, they play and sit up at one of their houses every night till four or five

<sup>1</sup> George Walpole (1730-91), 3rd Earl of Orford.

in the morning ; then instead of their own equipages, come home six or seven together in hackney coaches. During these elections in the House the four ladies attended as constantly as the men, come out to eat their dinner and return'd to the House. The Duchess goes everywhere with Mr Merrill in his chariot ; they are as you may suppose finely abused, which makes me glad that young and lively as Sally [is] she is not likely to be among them, tho' I dare say 'tis all quite innocent. What diverts me in the Duchess being so delighted at Lord Orford's telling her that he had no idea of women of fashion being like them, so free and jolly that he never desired to keep other women company if they were like them. They all went twice to Cock Lane to hear the ghost. My brother Richmond I think don't quite enjoy it. What a shocking [thing] this is of Lord Pembroke and poor Kitty Hunter<sup>1</sup>. I pity both families of all things. Dowager Pembroke<sup>2</sup> is miserable to the last degree, Mr Hunter quite distracted, and young Lady Pembroke very unhappy, but bears it better than was expected ; she is with her brothers at Blenheim, I believe, as Lord Pembroke says in his letter to Mr Stopford that he has for five years past taken so much pains to wean her from him that the shock is less to her than people imagined. What an unhappy fate for so sweet a woman, as everybody says she is so domestic and so doatingly fond of him, as she was without the least thought of pleasing any other man, tho' so much liked and admired by them all as she is.

Mr Bunbury admires Lady Elizabeth Keppell and Lady Caroline Russell vastly and wishes to encourage Sal to be intimate with them. He was in love with her when he first came to England, and Sal is so jealous whenever he commends her 'twould divert you to see her ; she would not let me invite her to play their quadrille here 'tother night, and says it's very hard Lady Car. Russell must always interfere with her. Lord Tavistock<sup>3</sup> is Mr Bunbury's first friend, and she knows she says

<sup>1</sup> Great scandal was caused by Henry Pembroke, 10th Earl of Pembroke, eloping with Kitty Hunter, dau. of Charles Orby Hunter, a Lord of the Admiralty. He afterwards returned to his wife.

<sup>2</sup> Mary, dau. of Richard Fitzwilliam (1707-69), 5th Viscount Fitzwilliam of Merriam and widow of Henry Herbert, 9th Earl of Pembroke.

<sup>3</sup> 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 Keppell, dau. of William Keppel, 2nd Earl of Albemarle.

## LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

they will want her to be intimate at Bedford House, but she won't positively. The Duchess of Bedford, now she thinks her safe out of the way, is so fond of her. That great lady has made herself more ridiculous than ever she has been, making a bustle about Lord Charles Spencer<sup>1</sup> being so particular to Lady Caroline, which nobody but she ever found out, nor has that pretty boy the least thoughts of her. She went to Lady Bolingbroke about it, and there is a fine *tracasserie* between them, which has I hear ended in the Duke of Marlborough<sup>2</sup> being vastly angry with her Grace. I don't understand what the meaning of all this is, but I find they are now courting the Duke of Bridgewater violently. I fancy that will soon be a match. I'm sure I should be very sorry to have any young people I love intimate at that house, the turn of which is in my opinion more calculated to corrupt the minds of young people than any set of company I ever saw, and the more so as 'tis carry'd on with an air of decency and decorum. Her Grace does delight in bringing people together in some way or other; living civilly with them is all one would wish. My brother Richmond has not the least thoughts of adding to her fortune, nor I believe of giving the wedding clothes even. I don't think it unlikely he may like him better in time. I always introduce the conversation of pictures, etc., to set them talking, but Bunbury is very proud and won't make court if they don't make the first advances. When I form a scheme of living a year in the country, I don't mean such absolute retirement as when we talked of it for six weeks; I want to stay a year in a place and that place to be fifty miles at least from London. Mr Fox chooses it should be near the sea and also we both wish to have a goodish kind of a private gentleman's house with two or three spare beds for any one or two friends that choose to visit us. The Eton boys, your George especially delights himself with the thoughts of next Xmas in the country with us; as for Harry he will come when he breaks up. What I wish is only to live one year in a less and more private way than we now do, just as many people of 2 or 3000 pounds a year do in the country, for Holland House, tho' I doat on the place,

<sup>1</sup> (d. 1820). 2nd son of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough; he m. (1762) Hon. Mary Beauclerc, dau. of Lord Vere of Hanworth

<sup>2</sup> George Spencer, 4th Duke of Marlborough.

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE,

distracts me for the two first months I get there. Of all things I should never have found out saving money as one of Mr Fox's amusements, spending it and doing a thousand generous things is I think more his turn. He has had a bad cold of late ; we have not either of us been out of an evening three times these three weeks. Adieu, my dear siss. I have got into my gossiping style of letters to you again ; if they amuse you I'm satisfied, being ever most sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

Saturday, February 27th, [1762].

226. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Pay Office, March the 9th, [1762].

My brother Richmond in a letter from Goodwood agrees with us that after what Sir William Bunbury said, which I told you in my last, 'twas impossible to press him to do more ; and adds, it confirms him in what he thought before, that this was a most miserable match in point of fortune, and he wishes it had been discouraged at first, as he has no great opinion of the steadiness of his pretty sister's attachments. Now he says were it worse than it is, it's necessary for her reputation it should not now break off. He is certainly in the right of what he says, and I feel very happy I can't reproach myself of having in the least encouraged it at first, on the contrary, said all I could against it ; and it accidentally hap'ned that Ste's eagerness for Lord Errol made him play several tricks to keep little Bunbury from Holland House, which I find he did for a vast while. Sal might have been kept from marrying him, I don't doubt, but I'm sure not from flirting with him this whole winter. Little Lord Cadogan<sup>1</sup> said to me t'other day, to be sure this is a very poor match, but the young lady is so apt to be in love it's better to secure this than venture her making a worse. I discover two things in the young man's character (tho' upon the whole I like him extremely) I wish otherwise. He is to be sure a mighty fine gentleman, which disposition don't suit his narrow circumstances, tho' I fear I see in him a little disposition to the spleen. His father is very splenetic and was once,

<sup>1</sup> [?] Charles Cadogan (1687-1776), 2nd Baron Cadogan.

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

two years I'm told, without speaking at all, God forbid the young man should ever be so to any degree. £2000 a year jointure rent charge is to be asked for, no pin-money, as all agree more than 200 could not be demanded, and I'm sure that won't do. My brother Richmond wanted them to live only in the country and have no town house ; that I objected to of all things. I have no idea of young people burying themselves ; have you ? Indeed I believe Mr B. would not have come into it, for as he is not very fond of sports, few men love the country vastly that have not that amusement ; besides his necessary attendance on Parliament must bring them often to town. The house in town is ready furnish'd and very well ; Sir William gives them his plate, so they want but little to set out with. The lovers will I hope be very well acquainted, for they pass two or three and sometimes four hours *tête à tête* every morning. I think Sal is often grave and thoughtful. I hope she will be happy, but it's in my nature to work myself up to be afraid at times about it. He was with us, a party, last Saturday and Sunday to Salt Hill. You would have been diverted to see your son George's melancholy dismal face on the occasion, he was so jealous he could not bear it ; the young gentleman seems indeed to be mighty amorous, so is my Charles, but Lady Sue is his passion. Except his love, I never saw George look better, William is very well too, and we spent two exceeding agreeable days there. George is aide-de-camp to the King, so I hope all grievances there are over now. Lady Pembroke says she don't yet give up her Lord, she is sure he has a good heart. Did I tell you of his writing her a letter to beg her to come to him and Miss Hunter at Utrecht ? Miss H. was perfectly innocent, he assures her, and they might all live very happily together. The house in town might be let, which would save money. He desires her to bring with her the violoncello and a fiddler he names with her. If she don't find them at Utrecht she will hear of them there, he says, and begins his letter " Dear Betty, follow the dictates of your own tender heart, consult nobody but come to us" ; he must be mad, I think. The Dowager Pembroke is inconsolable, sees nobody, 'tis a cruel affair to be sure. Adieu, my dear siss. Believe me most sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

227. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Pay Office, April the 8th, 1762.

I have two letters of yours to answer, my dearest sister, but am afraid you must not expect to find me what you are so obliging as to call a comfortable correspondent. These next two months, this time a year I always get into a most unsettled and consequently not a pleasant way, one is so hurry'd when all the world is in town, and of mornings when the weather is tolerable I must go to Holland House, so that I never get into that quiet settled way which makes one write long letters. I'm not quite easy at present about my dear Ste; his last letters were March the 5th, since when I have had none from either of them, tho' several packets have come from Flanders; the last indeed was not from him but from Mr Mac, who inform'd us he had been ill, of a sore throat, which was better, but he was still confin'd. I imagine the French letters are stopp'd since this Martinico<sup>1</sup> affair. I know I live in almost perpetual anxiety about him with regard to his health. Charles has had a cold, but is well again. Your boys seem in perfect health, I think I never saw Lord Kildare look better than he does. Mr Fox don't get quite rid of his cough, but looks pretty well again, and has a better appetite, which he had quite lost for some time. We have a house<sup>2</sup> by the sea in the Isle of Thanet, not a place to be at above three summer months in the year, but very pretty for that purpose, and if I can bring about what Mr Fox says he can't at present foresee any hindrance to—spending the winter at Holland House—I shall like the disposition of our time very well, if nothing else happens from any of us being ill, to make it otherwise than happy. Sal won't be married before the middle of May. Sir William Bunbury has settled it for that time, as he takes a journey into Cheshire first. The young man is going out of town for his youngest sister's wedding, and Sal imparted to us t'other night she was very glad he was going; tho' she was not tired of him yet, she liked to see how it would be to be without him. One laughs at first, but really it makes one tremble for her as nothing but liking him immensely can make the match tolerable. It proves worse and worse, now the

<sup>1</sup> Martinique had been captured on 12 Feb., 1762.

<sup>2</sup> Kingsgate.

[1762]

LADY CAROLINE FOX TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

lawyers have examin'd it ; the estate is a nominal £6000 a year, but so incumber'd that when Sir W. dies they will never see more than £2,500 in hard money probably.

The ribbons are very pretty. I'll pay Lord Kildare before he goes. Adieu. Yours ever most sincerely,

C. Fox.

I'm now in my fortieth year. The Richmonds are in town. My brother is much displeased with Lady G. ; he says she does all she can to make George repent staying in the army.

Since I wrote this I have heard from Paris Ste was well the 29th of March, and setting out for Lyons in his way to Aix, so my present anxiety is over. This letter should have gone last post, but was forgot. Monday we all dine at the . . . <sup>1</sup>

228. *Lady Caroline Fox to Marchioness of Kildare.*

[April, 1762.]

My dear sister, I have been very busy this last week at Holland House. We have had plays perform'd four nights following, the first night *Creusa* and the three others the *Revenge*, in which Charles really play'd most astonishingly well ; there never was a play better acted. Charles Zanga, a son of Charles Gardener's (who is a very sensible well-behaved ingenious youth) play'd Alonzo very well, Sal Leonora and Ophaly the old father in perfection ; the audience were numerous, and the applause they met with very great. *Tom Thumb* was also exceedingly well acted. Your son William did the part of Iluncamunca with humour and fun, then he look'd it to perfection, a fine overgrown handsome miss. I'm return'd to town again for a few days. The wedding will not be till the middle of May. The young pair, as our boys observe, are the coolest lovers imaginable ; she certainly seems very indifferent, and he is not impatient or it would be sooner. Mr Fox says he is sorry to see it, as a vast deal of love is all they have for it. I differ with him, as I think they like one another better than they do anybody else, and it's much happier not to have that warmth and sensibility of temper that in some shape or other is the continual torment of those who are possessed of it as long as

<sup>1</sup> Remainder of this letter is missing.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

they live. You'll have a letter next week from Lady Holland. I'm to kiss hands next Thursday. I have just heard my dear boy was well at Lyons the 8th of this month ; that's a respite of ease for some time I hope. Adieu, sweet siss ; the hot weather in town now, and the hurry I have had with the plays this week past, don't agree with me. I hope to go Saturday next for a week into Kent to our new house, in order for Mr Fox to get rid of his cough, he having got a fresh one again.

I have not seen Lord Kildare for years look so well as he does. Adieu, dear siss. Most sincerely yours,

C. Fox.

229. *Lady Holland<sup>1</sup> to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 13th, 1762.

I flatter myself my dear sister don't take it ill I did not in form acquaint her of my new title, as I had no letters of hers to answer, am rather in a lazy humour about writing, and was sure Lord Kildare would immediately inform her of it. It seems to me a long while since I have either had one or wrote a letter to you, but have had the pleasure of hearing from Lord Kildare you were all well, and I hope in good spirits, as you have given so magnificent a ball. To be sure your memory must have failed you a little to forget Dame Clements ; will she ever forgive it ? What a vile story this is of that odious little devil Newbattle ; he must marry the girl after all. What an unhappy creature she will be ! Lady George and my brother set out Sunday for Portsmouth and are, I suppose, embark'd by this time. Lady Ferrers<sup>2</sup> is also gone with her husband, and carry'd her two sons. Lady Charlotte Burgogne<sup>3</sup> is likewise gone. What good this army of women of children will do I don't know ; if I was a man I know I should not like it. Lord Tyrawly<sup>4</sup> will I fancy look a little surly about it.

We propose going Sunday to Kingsgate for a week, and in

<sup>1</sup> On 3 May, 1762, Lady Caroline Fox was cr. Baroness Holland.

<sup>2</sup> Charlotte, *suo jure* Baroness Ferrers ; she m. (1751) George Townshend, afterwards 4th Viscount and 1st Marquis Townshend.

<sup>3</sup> Wife of Gen. John Burgoyne.

<sup>4</sup> James O'Hara (1690-1773), 2nd Lord Tyrawley, commander of the English forces in Portugal, 1762-3.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

about a week after our return little dear Sal will be married, I suppose. Now it comes to [it] I feel mighty sorry to part with her, the more so as I really don't think the match good enough for her, tho' I have the satisfaction of hearing from everybody and of thinking myself that he is a young man that has no vices nor no harm in him. He is not lively, and seems very cold, which makes him not very agreeable as you may imagine, tho' he's sensible and ingenious. I believe he is of those kind of people one can't find any fault with, and yet that don't grow more pleasing upon acquaintance; indeed one don't grow at all more acquainted with him. Can't you understand what I mean exactly? Every creature that knows him says his temper is the best in the world, which is really the chief thing. With regard to her happiness one very great fault he has which I must mention, he despises story books. I had a letter dated the 26th of April from Aix where my dear boy is, very well and very civilly received by the Governor, the Duc de Villars<sup>1</sup>, and others. He has been recommended to these, and has none but French to converse with there, so I hope he will stay some time. I beg Louisa and you won't expect me to be so very magnificent as your letters seem to say, I have let Mrs Fannen and Mrs Martini buy a stock of good creditable things for her, but no finery except a French silk which Ste Fox chose to give ninety louis for, and then send it without any care at all, so 'tis in the CustomHouse. But Lord Barrington<sup>2</sup> has promised to do his best for us to get it out for us. She will be in mourning all summer for Lady Bunbury; 'twould have been hard out of her £10,000 to have bought clothes, so Mr Fox desired I would for her, since my brother did not—to be sure he should. Adieu, sweet siss. People talk here as if the Duke of Newcastle was to go out, but I never shall believe it till I see it. Yours,

C. Holland.

230. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, May the 23rd. [1762].

Dear Siss, now Lord Kildare is return'd to Ireland our correspondence will be renew'd I hope. You never told me so,

<sup>1</sup> Honoré Armand (1702-70), Duc de Villars, Governor of Provence.

<sup>2</sup> William Wildman Barrington (1717-93), 2nd Viscount Barrington; Secretary-at-War and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1761.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

but I comprehend that writing constantly to him prevented your writing to me ; after you had said all you had to say and told all the news and chit chat, you had not the heart to write it over again to another person. He is by this time in Ireland I imagine, for he was to leave London the day before yesterday, and I'm sure the wind has been as favourable for him as possible, the same N. E. wind is as unfavourable to us in this place as anything can be. We have it directly off the sea in the front of our house, but notwithstanding the bad weather Mr Fox is most surprisingly better since he came here, and leaves it with great regret, on account of Sal's business to-morrow ; tho' thanks to the coldness and little impatience of the young gentleman I'm in hopes he will be able to return here Wednesday, to stay till the King's Birthday. We imagin'd our wedding would be Friday, but Mr Bunbury writes Sal word that he finds so much business to keep him in town longer, that wishing their marriage should not be known, so as to be obliged to go to Court and receive the visits of the relations, he fears it must be put off, so as to marry only just before they can go out of town. I feel most exceedingly peevish with him, am convinced myself 'tis that he don't choose to miss B. House<sup>1</sup> ball, the first of June. He is so very fine a gentleman, but indeed it has surprised us all this good while to see how little in love and how little impatient the gentleman is ; happily for her she is not the least in love with him. They are together just like two people that have been married a long while, and that live exceedingly well together without any great fondness, which at seventeen and twenty-two, just before marriage, is extraordinary, tho' it may turn out as well perhaps than if the love was great ; was there a good deal of the ready, as Charles calls it, 'twould be very well, but want of love and money too discomposes me. You can imagine nothing more comfortable than this little habitation—a neat little parlour to dine in, a little comfortable drawing-room, paper'd all over, and four bedchambers with linen, furniture, a little stable, and beds for two or three livery men. We are so quiet and pleasant here it's quite delightful. I really look on it a lucky incident our meeting with this place just now ; the expense is a trifle. Here is a little quiet retreat within a day's journey of Holland House at any time, the

<sup>1</sup> Bute House.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

situation the most healthy imaginable and as beautiful as an open country can be, with the sea as near the house as Mr Fox could wish it. I believe the latter end of the summer is the best time for it, the east winds being the worst we can have for this place. We purpose being here in August; June is the month of the whole year to enjoy Holland House, which is more beautiful than ever this year, and I should rejoice at returning to it, could I enjoy any peace or quiet at it the first part of the summer. After the King's Birthday 'twill I hope grow a little better; people have been so long in town they will be glad to get away. Just now Mr Fox is not desirous of being in the way of hearing all the bustle the D. of N.'s resignation<sup>1</sup> causes. My opinion is his Grace already repents, and would be very glad to be press'd to stay, but Lord Kildare will give you a long account of all those things, so I will conclude assuring you I am, dear siss, yours,

C. Holland.

I never saw Lord Kildare so well, so cheerful and so agreeable as he was all the time he was in England.

231. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

June the 5th, [1762].

I am really exceedingly out of spirits to-day, parting with dear sweet Sal, who was married last Wednesday evening,<sup>2</sup> and left us soon after eight this morning to go down to Barton<sup>3</sup> in Suffolk. I knew parting with her would vex me, but did not know how much it would. The anxiety I feel about her makes it worse, tho' indeed, except that they have not money enough there seems all the reason in the world to flatter oneself she will be happy. Everybody speaks well of Mr Bunbury, tho' I own he don't take with me, neither Mr Fox or I are at all more acquainted with him than we were the first week, tho' we have seen so much of him. He seems too, as far as I can judge, to have some very essential qualities to contribute towards making

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle's resignation was announced on 26 May; Bute succeeded him as First Lord of the Treasury.

<sup>2</sup> On 2 June, 1762, Lady Sarah Lennox was married in the private chapel at Holland House to Thomas Charles Bunbury, afterwards Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart.

<sup>3</sup> Seat of Sir William Bunbury.

them happy ; he is good temper'd, don't want sense, has no taste for low company, seems to understand and mind money matters, is desirous of conforming and doing what's right and proper, and don't despise what the world says, even in trifles ; and yet with all this, sweet siss, there is a cold insipidity that disturbs me, and would you, I'm certain. His passions I believe are not very strong, or he is very sentimental indeed for two and twenty. I tell you all just as it comes across me about him, and leave you to make out his character from it. Nothing could behave with more propriety and modesty than pretty Sally has done these last three days. God send her happy, for she deserves it, and her own disposition, living as I hope she will with good people, will make her so, I hope. Louisa is a good affectionate soul as ever lived, but she loves so many people so much, one can't feel so much flatter'd with her being glad to see one, as a person that had fewer attachments, I think, for she really now don't vastly love the Duchess, and yet is so delighted with her coming. I shall long to hear about them and what they do ; they will suit you exceedingly I should think, as they will rout all morning, leaving you to your own ways, and play at loo with you in the evening. I'm glad my brother is coming to you on his own account, that he may be diverted and think less of a thousand absurd schemes he told Mr Fox of the night before he left us. What the Duke says is certainly true of him, he has parts which he would be better without. I do love him vastly tho', with all his faults there is something affectionate and pleasant in him, and not the fault I find with dear Louisa, of loving too many people too much.

I have two letters to thank you for. I have one from Aix of the 17th of May from Ste, who had then been above a month there and was in good health, thank God, which is a respite from anxiety for some time. To be long easy about him is impossible, for as Mr Macartney writes word his constitution is certainly delicate, tho' his person is so robust, and he is the only person who won't allow that, but thinks and acts as if he was the strongest man in the world. Indeed, my dear siss, I don't despair nor have I made any resolution not to go to Ireland. To be sure, the sea is a most horrid thing and frightens me. I know by all your ways and discourse and the sort of spirits you have that you don't think so, but believe me except

[1762

LADY HOLLAND TO LADY LOUISA CONNOLLY

Mr Fox and my children there is nothing I love in this world in the least to compare to you ; nobody but Ste is so often in my thoughts ; your happiness and peace of mind is one of the things I have most at heart, being very sincerely your truly affectionate sister,

C. Holland.

I ought to leave out Caroline, I'm told ; what do you say ?

232. *Lady Holland to Lady Louisa Connolly.*

June the 14th, [1762].

I have two obliging letters of yours to thank you for, my dear Louisa. Sal wrote to you herself the day after she was married. Our wedding was quite private, but my brother and his Duchess will have given you an account of it long before this time. I have a letter from Sally in which she expresses herself much pleased with the place and people in Suffolk, and very fond of Mr Bunbury, indeed except that they will be in narrow circumstances I think there is great prospect of their being happy. He seems to have a very prudent turn with regard to money, which is lucky. Mr Fox and I miss her most exceedingly ; she is an amiable little girl to live with, and one must grow immoderately fond of her when she is with one. I reckon the Suffolk people will adore her. We propose visiting her this summer for a few days. Mr Bunbury is very desirous of keeping up his interest in the county, and of being mighty civil to his neighbours ; our Sal will do that very well. They don't propose coming to town till they settle in winter, so she won't be presented till she is an old married woman.

Ste was very well when I heard last from him. I really did not expect a letter in form from you on my peerage. I am always sure of your good wishes and know that you very kindly interest yourself in everything that concerns me or mine. The Birthday was not at all a fine one. His Majesty has been ill ever since, but is better. The Queen lies in the end of July or the beginning of August. The Duke of York told somebody there would be shows and fine doings on the birth of her child. The King and Queen are to be at the installation of P. William<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester (1743-1805), 3rd son of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

and Lord Bute, I understand, and I heard were to reside some time at Windsor ; these things will bring all the world to town and about town again in August I suppose. I hope we shall at that time be at Kingsgate. We have a comfortable little neat house there, and the air agrees so much with Mr Fox that I grow quite fond of the place ; in autumn, too I should imagine 'twould be particularly pleasant. No place can be so just now for want of rain ; the dust here is terrible and everything so burnt there is no beauty in the country. There has been no rain to signify these three months, and the town and its environs are still very sickly. It is true poor Lord Powerscourt is in a dropsy ? You was very obliging to Sal about Stretton, but you never know anybody seem more attach'd to a place than she seems to Barton, which by all accounts is lovely. Adieu, my dear Louisa. Believe me most affectionately yours,  
C. Holland.

My love to Mr Conolly.

I will beg to have a copy of your picture done by Ramsay when I have settled what size it should be.

233. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, June the 15th, [1762].

My dear sister is by this time I dare say very happy and settled at Carton with my brother and the Duchess. I long to hear some account of them, whether they stay quietly there or run about to see places. I have very cheerful letters from Sal ; she seems very happy and quite at her ease. I could not have believ'd I should have been so sorry to part with her as I am, as we both went our separate ways, and except meals passed so few hours in the day together. However that will wear off if I see her as I believe she is, and will be, very happy. This dry hot weather disagrees with Mr Fox and I very much. We are neither of us well, his legs don't swell as they used to do in hot weather, but he is vapourish and dispirited. Except the fortnight we were by the sea-side, and about a week before that, I don't think he has been well since February. He thinks himself, which God forbid, his constitution is breaking ; he is not well to be sure, but yet being so well at Kingsgate don't look as if

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

that was the case ; he has the scurvy, and that not appearing outwardly as it has frequently done, I suppose affects him all over. It has been indeed the most sickly time I ever remember, and is so still. Don't you as a physician think bathing in the sea would do him good ? Lord Kildare's family way of growing more agreeable as they grow older is delightful and uncommon. Apropos to the Dowager Lady K.<sup>1</sup> I fear she must think me a brute never to have thank'd her for her obliging card of congratulations, but the coming to town, then the fuss of the wedding and Sal's going, put it quite out of [my] head. Pray say something handsome from Mr Fox and me to her ; tell her how much obliged and how much ashamed I am about it ; I think now I have left it undone so long 'twill be better than writing a message to her. Sal will pass half her summer at races ; his being chosen for the county obliges them to that.

His Majesty has been ill, worse I imagine than they own'd him to be, but is thank God recover'd. I thank you for your last letter of the 1st of June. My head aches, and I'm too stupid to write any more.

Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

It's the fashion here to be so sorry for the poor Duke of Newcastle ; is it so in Ireland ?

234. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

June the 22nd [1762].

I yesterday received your letter of July<sup>2</sup> the 15th, my dear sister, by which I find you have been very bad with what they call the influenza. I believe it's the most sickly time that ever was known. Mr Fox is I thank God surprisingly better within these four or five last days. The hot weather has disorder'd me. The rain is at last come and will I hope make this part of the world more healthy. The King rides out, and is, they say, all but a little cough, quite well. I hope he will take care of himself, for at his age, subject to that humour in his face, disorders too frequently fall on the lungs. You'll find by my last letter I had heard from pretty Sal, who writes in vast

<sup>1</sup> Dowager Countess of Kildare.

<sup>2</sup> *sic*, read June.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

spirits, expresses herself very happy, and how much Mr Bunbury and she love one another. She will pass a most agreeable summer in Suffolk to her taste, for she has just been at some races forty miles off, goes again to some the end of July; the middle of it we pay her a visit and in October comes Bury<sup>1</sup> Fair. She is quite cut out for what he seems to have at heart, being very popular among the people in the country, and she is such a civil little creature in her nature that I reckon they will adore her. He told me once that nothing would vex him so much as not being loved by his country neighbours. His vanity is monstrously flatter'd by being member for the county at his age. I do hope my brother Richmond will interest himself in trying to get him a place; there will be a difficulty too in that as he is chosen upon the Tory interest in Suffolk he may find it difficult to be chosen again. Secretary to the next Lord-Lieutenant in Ireland is what I should wish him, besides the pleasure 'twould give you and her it don't, you know, vacant their seat in Parliament, and they generally secure some good thing for life. This is quite an idea of mine and I fear not likely. I doat on your wanting the Duchess to take physic. My brother says Cecilia is handsome, but wants the *physionomie intéressante* of his other sisters. I know she would be no beauty of mine. I dare say the Richmonds will continue to like Ireland, and being with you my brother was determin'd so to do, and give her her due her immense good humour disposes her to like every place alike. They will certainly spend their time very agreeably and be much flatter'd, which she enjoys as much as anybody. I shall send you in this letter some verses in English of Charles Fox's, which are I think pretty and everybody thinks extraordinary for his age. Perhaps I'm more pleased than one ought to be with a trifling accomplishment of that sort, but it flatters my vanity; tho' 'twill be of little use to him as a lawyer, there is something genteel and pleasing in it. I set a higher esteem upon literature in men than you do, I know, but the generality of those that want it are such idle creatures and know so little how to employ themselves that it wears one to see them. My Ste is again at Geneva; they had wrote three times for a new passport to Monsr. de Choiseul, and having had no answer were impatient and went

<sup>1</sup> Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

away. Where they will fix I don't know. Don't mention it, but I fear Ste plays and loses wherever he goes, which makes me wish vastly he could be somewhere that he would be out of the way of that temptation. He is well....<sup>1</sup>

235. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, Tuesday July the 20th, 1762.

I have two very kind letters of yours to answer, my dearest siss, and intended doing it last week at Barton, but the weather has been so excessive hot I had not the heart to take a pen into my hand. This has surely been the finest summer that ever was known, tho' I love what's call'd a bad summer better. Barton is not a very pretty place to my taste, tho' it's much to my taste in some respects, for it's not more than a spruce private gentleman's house in a large flat green field; no garden but a kitchen one, every conveniency about it within and without, the house neatly and more fully furnish'd than any I ever saw; so that I don't think it possible for them to lay out any money upon it, nor can it be at all an expensive place to keep. The country all about is pretty and practicable for riding and driving, gentlemen's houses as thick as about London; the people there pass their whole life in dining and visiting about. Sir William Bunbury don't want sense, and is a gentleman—like generous hospitable country gentleman, but so civil 'twould (I know was I to live with the poor man) make me so peevish I should not be able to bear it. Sal and I divert ourselves mightily with the notion of him and the Duchess together, for she flatters herself about Newmarket time my brother and she will visit them, 'tis but twelve mile good road from Newmarket. Miss Bunbury,<sup>2</sup> who loves Sarah excessively, as well as Sir William, is a most amiable young woman, very sensible, very pleasing, looks as if she was naturally lively, and they say she was, but has now a settled kind of melancholy that goes to one's heart to see. From their childhood an odious Lord Torrington<sup>3</sup>

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

<sup>2</sup> Anabella Bunbury, sister of Mr Bunbury; m. (i) Sir Patrick Blake, (ii) George Boscawen.

<sup>3</sup> George Byng (1740-1812), 4th Viscount Torrington. He m. (1765) Lucy, dau. of John Boyle, 5th Earl of Cork.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

and she had liked one another, and were engaged to marry when he return'd from his travels, for which he set out in company with Mr Bunbury ; but in less than a year he wrote her word (they having corresponded all the time) that he had consider'd how imprudent a match 'twould be for both, and that in short he thought they had better be off, and since his return to England has taken no notice of her. She tells Sarah that, with her mother's long illness and death, has so got the better of her spirits she fears she shall never recover it ; the tears continually come into her eyes when anything is said to put her in mind of him. I saw her cry when Lady Emily Hervey<sup>1</sup> was singing a melancholy kind of song. Poor thing, she has all the symptoms of a broken heart, if such a thing there is. I don't think Mr Bunbury so great a coxcomb as he is reckon'd, nor so very fond of himself ; he seems to me a cold insipid disposition, loving Sarah better than anything else, very good temper'd and indolent, having no pleasures, at least not seeming to enjoy them with the eagerness natural to his age. She seems extremely fond of him, always following him about and sitting next him. She says she did not think she could love anybody so much as she does Mr Bunbury, nor should I have thought she would. She is as natural, good-humoured, lively, and as much at her ease as she ever was, as pert or more so than ever, but that's call'd affability among country neighbours ; she must do the honours too and it does very well. Indeed I have the pleasure to think she is very happy. Mr Bunbury is sobriety itself, and very domestic, and don't appear to have any little teasing ways with him, so that she may be just as happy with him as if he was more lively. I don't love to see young people without eagerness and passions. Adieu, my dear siss, I'm sorry not to be mistaken about you, I have indeed known you and loved you too long not to be able to read your thoughts even when you don't choose to communicate them, but you wrong yourself very much. To know you as I have done ever since you could think at all and not to love you *extremely is impossible*. Adieu, yours,

C. Holland.

Lord Talbot is talked of for your King, that is to say, next year.

---

<sup>1</sup> Dau. of John Hervey, 1st Earl of Bristol.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Pray thank the Duke of Richmond for his letter ; two letters to Carton from Holland House by one post would be too much. "To hear the silence of the midnight hour" is a line of Mr. Macartney's in some verses of his, which Ste used to say was a bull.

236. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, August the 8th, 1762.

I have two letters of my dearest sister to answer, one I received before I left Holland House, the other since I came here, where I have been since last Wednesday. I left Holland House with less regret than usual, 'twas so exceedingly burnt up, and the environs so cover'd with dust, it really did not look pretty ; this is the month of the whole year I least regret leaving it. Mr Fox seems to enjoy this place as much as ever, tho' the weather has chang'd from excessive hot to very cold for this season of the year. I hope we shall have some more rain and then a fine autumn, which I enjoy more than any season. The heat of the last two months has been terrible to me indeed, but thank God I'm very well now. I wish you joy of your dear boys' company; besides the pleasure of seeing them, enjoying so very little as you do of their company, the improvement you must observe in them must please you extremely; more particularly in Lord Ophaly, whose person improves and whose understanding forms daily ; he is quite manly within these last six months, and a very agreeable sensible young man he will be, I'm sure. My love to him and his brother.

My brother's fondness for the children don't surprise me ; he loves children vastly, which makes one the more regret his having none of his own, poor soul. I exactly agree with you about the Duchess who is a favourite of mine. I should have felt very mad at him tho' for worrying the little ones, because I think it spoils their tempers more than anything in the world. As for his commendations of Louisa I know exactly how it was. He does love her. You know she is a good girl, has not a way of contradicting and disputing with him, which I think most people must have with him sometimes, and does him good in the main ; then she is perfectly free from vanity, and strong

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

and robust and able to do anything, which has great merit with him, as I know he thinks the contrary an affected delicacy. The Duchess holds Louisa too cheap to be angry at his excessive commendations of her. As for Conolly, if his crossness to Louisa appears only in preventing her gaming, I'm of his side the question. Cards is the amusement of older age and an excellent resource against ennui, ill health, bad spirits, and bad eyes; but young, active, healthy, happy both from temper and situation as dear Louisa is, both her time and money would in my opinion be ill spent at cards.

Charles is here very busy reading the *Doyen de Kellerine*.<sup>1</sup> How we used to love that book! I love it still, and am delighted to have found out likenesses to *Rose* and *Patrice* in *Sal* and Lord Charles Spencer. *Rose* is *Sal* as to character exactly, Lord Charles's character I don't enough know to judge how like it may be, but figure, manner and address is just the same, I know. I hope you continue as great a simpleton as ever about those things. I do you know; we never could find likenesses for them. I have just finished Rousseau's *Sur L'Éducation*<sup>2</sup>; there are more paradoxes, more absurdities and more striking pretty thoughts in it than in any book I ever read that he did not write. The first half of the third volume is upon religion, for which he is banish'd France and for which his whole book has been publicly burnt at Geneva. His principles seems to me to be something between Arianism and Deism, but not laid down with certainty, but modestly and humbly, not in the least offensively I think, 'tho a vast fuss is made about it; indeed so much, I did not care to read it with the same attention I did the rest of the book, and only ran it over; but indeed by what I can judge it don't deserve being so violently abused, and the character of the author being so run down as it is, as a man that would destroy all re'igion and principles. I beg you'll read the book, I know you'll like it. Ramsay has done a charming picture of Lord Kildare, a most pleasing likeness; when and how shall we get a half length of you, dear siss? Is there any painter in Ireland that could do a head of Cecilia for us; our gallery advances so much 'twill soon be ready for all the pictures. Adieu, my dear sister.

<sup>1</sup> The Abbé Antoine-François Prévost's novel, published in 1735.

<sup>2</sup> *Émile*, or *de l'Éducation*, published 1762.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

This place is really very pleasant, at least it's very pleasant being here some time. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

They won't let poor Mr Fox alone, now he is postillion to Lord Bute, who drives the coach under the direction of the Princess,<sup>1</sup> and asks which way he must go. It's thought the Duke of Bedford will go immediately to Paris, God send he may and settle a lasting peace—the only politics I care much about. Your friend the Duke of Devonshire is one of the most violent against Bute ; it's impertinent in him to pretend to be violent, *il n'est pas fait pour cela* ; he has you know my good word on all occasions.

Sally in her letters seems quite worn out with visiting, she was engaged to no less than eight different turtle feasts in the town of Bury last time I heard from her. Ste was, thank God, well at Geneva last time I heard from him.

237. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, August the 18th, [1762].

I have just received yours of the 8th of August, and thank you for your congratulations on Lord Melcombe's<sup>2</sup> place, which you must be sure is great joy to me, as every acquisition of that sort will better enable us to support my dear extravagant boy without hurting his brothers and ourselves. Children I think alter one's ideas about money exceedingly, at least I find it so. I'm glad you think George improved. I mention'd to you in my last how much I thought he was ; he will be a most amiable young man, I'm sure, both in figure and disposition and very sensible. Calcraft writes word from town that Lady Car Russell's perseverance will do at last, for that there is the greatest reason to think the Duke of Marlborough now intends to marry her. Madame L'Ambassadrice will then be completely happy. I think she will like that character and do it very well. There is great probability of my going abroad next year. Mr Fox talks of it as certainly as one can of anything, a year hence seeing my dear Ste will make me very happy. Mr Fox himself

<sup>1</sup> Augusta, Princess of Wales.

<sup>2</sup> George Bubb-Dodington, 1st Lord Melcombe ; he had died on 28 July, 1762, aged 71 years.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

has a great curiosity to see Aubigni<sup>1</sup> ; but I own I shall not like France the better when such numbers of English are there. The Ambassador's House will be an agreeable circumstance. If folks are always with child to be sure they can do nothing. When are you to be brought to bed? Great rejoicings in town I hear on the birth of this new Prince.<sup>2</sup> Court as full as at the Wedding, people full of business and politics. Mr Fox and I both very happy and comfortable here quite out of it. We have had a good deal of bad weather since we came, some exceeding fine. I think any weather preferable to the heat we had for two months, and don't find a rainy day distresses me at all. I would not for the world have taken so much pains to bring about anything as the Bedfords have Lady Car's match, for when it succeeded I should have so many anxious fears lest it should turn out ill, which when one lets things take their course in the world, doing what one thinks just and right, saves one much care and anxieties. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours,

C. Holland.

238. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, September the 5th, 1762.

Dear sister,

Let me have Cecilia's picture immediately. I'm resolved to treat myself with it, while she is in beauty: only a head, in whatever dress of her own you think most becoming to her. I'm really grieved to hear that she goes off, and that should she even have the good luck to escape the smallpox she is likely to lose her beauty. Nobody will agree with you more than I do that Holland House is one of the finest, most agreeable places in the world both within doors and without, and such is my fondness and partiality to it I should feel exceeding sorry not to pass the greatest part of my life there ; but that I live so comfortably there as here, I will not allow. Health, spirits, solitude, and regularity, are things I enjoy here, the two first very much owing to the two last, which are not in my power to enjoy long together at Holland House ; a sweet place to be sure, with

---

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Richmond's residence in France.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards George IV.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

pretty loitering and sauntering about, great pleasure in my plants and flowers, but even that I can seldom enjoy for a whole morning without interruption. Here, I confess, there is no amusement of that kind ; but one's hours are one's own, very regular, and very early, not one visitor to come and prevent one taking a walk or a drive, both delightful in this place. The latter almost impracticable from the dust about town. No people of business coming to Mr Fox ; no dressing to go to Court, or any other stupid engagement ; no loo, no great dinners, in short none of the things *qui sont faits* (as *Martin* says this world was) *pour me faire enrager*. Don't be afraid of coming here ; we have not a spare closet in the house, nothing but your wishing it exceedingly, my good lady, could bring it about, in which case we must bring no children nor above two or three servants. Thank God now, we have not above half our family, and are so infinitely better served for it, which you'll easily believe. I thought Mrs Dunoyer would send you Rousseau and will write to her to do it if she has not already. I'll wait for your picture till you come to England. I would have it a half length and well done, as for its not being so young and blooming as it once would have been, that makes very little difference in a picture, except quite old people and children. Painters make their other portraits, I think look much the same age. You'll be handsome enough this twenty years to make the best picture in our room, if the painter does you justice. Lady Susan is very near if not quite as pretty in Reynolds's picture as Sal, so that vast beautiful bloom is of little consequence as a picture.

I can easily believe what you say of Lord Charles's beauty and your being a fool about him ; I have a very high opinion of both. Why should you send him to Wandsworth ? He learns French at home, and you don't so much dislike his being with servants as I should, which are I think the only reasons for that school, at least they were my only motives for sending Harry away from me. He came down here yesterday. To-day I have parted with my agreeable companionable boy Charles, who I have more reason to be pleased with and thankful for every day, he is so rational and goes on in so regular a right way. I wish I could be as easy about my darling irregular boy, who has taken lately to play so much. I'm very unhappy about

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

it, but flatter myself as he is very young and very sensible he will get the better of it. Mr Fox's goodness and kindness to him about it is, as it is to everything belonging to him, without bounds, tho' I think he is as uneasy at his play as I am, if not more, for my weakness with regard to Ste is so great that while I hear he is in good health I can comfort myself about the rest. Mrs. Pampellone<sup>1</sup> has not yet left Wandsworth, so I know nothing of her successor, but that she is well recommended, and Mr Fox thinks Mr Devis the best schoolmaster that can be. If Lord William is intended for the army I wonder you don't send him to some of the military academies which are the fashion here now, riding and fencing would I should think make him more active *et le dégourdir un peu*.

The Duke of Bedford is to be at Dover to-morrow night, and Monsr. le Duc de Nivernois<sup>2</sup> comes here, so I hope peace will be quite sure. Mr Selwin writes word the Duke de Nivernois (who is properly Duc de Nevers) is Madame Montespan's<sup>3</sup> nephew, he is also Madame Mazarin's.<sup>4</sup> I have some curiosity to see him. God send he may bring us a settled and lasting peace, tho' 'tis so abused by discontented factious people. The abuse of the Court and Lord B. is really shocking and indecent, poor Mr Fox too, tho' keeping out of the way comes in for his share, which is very hard. I'm not much interested in politics, he not being concern'd, but besides sincerely wishing for peace I own I . . . .<sup>5</sup> for those that make it I think it's cruel and hard to abuse a man so that seems to intend well, at least has as yet done nothing to deserve such violence against him; and indeed, except H.R.H., I wish well to none of his opposers, but despise most of them exceedingly, and of some I have a very bad opinion. Nothing will I suppose convince people of Mr Fox's having no share in the Councils, since his keeping so entirely out of the way don't. Sal and her spouse are to be at Holland House when the Parliament meets till they go to Barton for the holidays, so they won't begin housekeeping till January. Louisa will I hope let me know when you are

<sup>1</sup> Wife of M. Pampellone, master of the school at Wandsworth.

<sup>2</sup> Louis Mancini-Mazarini (1716-98), Duc de Nivernois, sent to London to negotiate peace.

<sup>3</sup> Marquise de Montespan (1641-1707), mistress of Louis XIV.

<sup>4</sup> Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de Mazarin, d. 1699.

<sup>5</sup> Page torn here.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

brought to bed. When do you expect? Yours, dear siss,  
C. Holland.

I forgot to inform Louisa, who inquired about them, that I had a very civil letter from Lady George, dated July the 8th, which showed they were well.

239. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, September the 14th, 1762.

I thank you for your letter of the 29th, my dear sister. I'm sorry your courage fails you, for you would certainly be better till you lie in at least, if you could stay in the country. A one-horse chair is the best of all exercise; there is no comparison between that and a post-chaise, and when you go to Dublin you will lie abed, play at loo, and keep bad hours, which heats the blood and hurts your nerves; great physician as you are you must know that tho'. Mr. Fox has wrote Lord Kildare word that his stay in Ireland must be so short 'tis not worth while to take the journey, as his business can be done without. As for me, my dear siss I'm sure would not wish me to be sick and hurry'd to death, as I should enjoy no comfort of seeing her nor she me in that case. You'll make Ciss sit for her picture when you're in town. Little Harry is with us now. The Duke of Bedford is gone, and the Duc de Nivernois arrived, so I hope our peace is sure.

We all continue well and happy here. I wrote you a long letter last week, and the uniformity of our pleasant life here affords no news, therefore, sweet siss, adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

240. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, September the 28th, 1762.

To-morrow we shall have spent eight weeks here, which have seem'd but eight days, so pleasantly have they glided away; and we thought with regret of leaving it the 5th of October, But such is the unpleasant uncertainty of Mr Fox's situation, notwithstanding all the pains he has taken to be left quiet,

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

that an express from the only person he could not refuse carry'd him yesterday morning to town ; this person you'll easily suppose to be his very *great friend*. I really never saw him more vex'd and disappointed. I remain here a few days, as he hopes to come back for a week, and that I'm amusing myself with a very little flower garden just begun. If Mr Fox can't return, I shall go in two or three days, for I do long to see Holland House after all the rain, and before the leaves begin to fall, having also a plantation to complete there. What makes this journey still more irksome to Mr Fox is being certain that it's for some unpleasant reason he is fetch'd. He and his friend can never talk pleasantly on a subject on which they so totally differ ; as Mr Fox can never be brought not to think a German war ruinous to the nation, nor can he be persuaded to wish the D. of N. minister rather than Lord Bute, who I hope will have sense and courage enough to despise the popular clamour. I was inclined to wish him well before, but this unreasonable clamour and faction against him makes me grow quite eager to have him succeed. Peace I most ardently wish for, not as a courtier nor even as an Englishwoman, but as a human being, who if they feel at all must wish an end, or at least a cessation of the destruction of one's own species ; and those who are accessory to the promoting it have in my mind much to answer for. The Duke of Bedford had, I heard, sent for the Duchess, who sets out this week for Paris, which I thought look'd as if he thought he should stay ; but I hear since, the Duke de Nivernois delays taking a better house in London, which looks ill. So much for politics, and a great deal from one who cares so little about them in general as I do.

I thank you for yours of the 17th. Both your boys you may be sure were sorry to go to school, but George was I dare say sincere in saying he wish'd not to lose his time. He grows very manly and reasonable, and has a quality one would wish very much in boys, viz. ambition ; idleness sometimes gets the better with him but he has certainly good parts. William has not parts for school learning, which make it so unpleasant for him. I want you to enquire about the military academy ; there is one by Holland House where Lord Howard,<sup>1</sup> and Lady M. Churchill's

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Howard, Lord Howard (1747-91) ; afterwards (1763) 3rd Earl of Effingham.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

son is, both designed for the army. I have had another very civil letter from Lady George, more than I deserve you'll say ; she talks of being brought to bed and then going to where George is, just as you or I should talk of the most trifling thing we had to do. It's charming to have such courage and spirits.

Charles was ten days at Barton, and made a vast fuss with, I find. Your boys wrote to Mr Fox to get them tickets and places at the Installation rather late, he wrote about it immediately, and I hope they succeeded. Windsor was a gay place from Saturday till Wednesday. Their Majesties stay'd there. I was in luck to be here and avoid that, as well as the Christening at which peeresses and Privy Councillors' wives were expected to be ; but in my opinion *un visage de quarante ans n'a que faire aux fêtes* and one's glad to miss them without appearing affected. I have got a new amusement here, reading travels and studying maps, which are infinitely entertaining. Dear little Harry is a pleasant child to have here; he really works very hard all day out of doors, which is very wholesome and quite according to Monsr. Rousseau's system ; he eats quantities of fish, and is so happy and so pleased all day. At night we depart a little from Monsr. Rousseau's plan, for he reads fairy-tales and learns geography on the Beaumont wooden maps ; he is vastly quick at learning that or anything else. The Duchess of Bedford I have just heard comes to Dover to-night. We had about a fortnight ago the most beautiful sight I ever saw, pass just under our windows—two fleets from the West Indies ; the weather was fine and the sun shining on the sails was indeed charming. I have built a little cover'd seat on the top of a cliff. Have you received Rousseau's book ? Mr Macartney went to Neuchatel to see him ; lazy Ste would not accompany him. There is a great number of fine French people at Geneva, *c'est le bon ton, il faut absolument faire le voyage de Genève pour consulter le Docteur Tronchin*.<sup>1</sup> Is not that charming ? It's lucky for Ste, as he is by that means I hope in French company, tho' there are too many English there too. Voltaire shews a way. If I don't see Nivernois I shall be sadly disappointed.

Tho' you don't like to write long letters you'll see I conclude you like reading them ; this is queerly wrote, but being an

---

<sup>1</sup> Louis Tronchin (1709-81), celebrated Swiss physician.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

economist I must use my half sheets of paper. Yours ever most affectionately,

C. Fox.

I shall wait with impatience till I hear you are well and brought to bed of a boy. When I come to Holland House I'll write to you again. How I shall regret the pleasant rational life I lead here, which there are but two objections to ; the time, which always flies fast away, does much more so here, and living so much at one's ease will make the necessary duties of society and compliance with forms seem more unpleasant.

241. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, October the 1st, 1762.

My dear Siss, Mr Fox came down here late last night, after being hurry'd to death in town, with the delightful news of the Havannah being taken, Lord Albemarle having acquired infinite honour and, what's still better, will have got, Captain Hervey<sup>1</sup> says (who came with the news), £150,000. Is not it delightful ? He is not very well tho', and hopes to be in England the 20th of this month. No field officer kill'd, and more riches taken than ever was known in our wars, in that part of the world at least. How happy Lady Albemarle must be. Surely Mr Pitt has had no hand in this victory, tho' I dare say, unless the mob can fancy he has, it won't please. We are a strange set of people. Mr Fox dined with the Duchess of Bedford at Rochester yesterday ; she is to be at Dover to-night. She proposed in joke what I should have accepted in earnest, had I had a few days' notice, for Mr Fox to send for me to Canterbury, and for me to go with her to Paris. I do think I should have done it had I thought of it a week ago. But my spirits would not bear such a hurry as setting out in twenty-four hours. George Selwin is gone with her, and a Miss Wriothsley, just come from the boarding school, who has never seen anything ; only think of the girl's happiness. 'Twould have been a sudden change from Kingsgate to Paris, tho' not so bad as one might imagine, people don't hurry themselves to death there as they do in London and Dublin. I fancy I shall go early in the spring,

<sup>1</sup> Capt. Augustus Hervey (1724-99), afterwards (1775) 3rd Earl of Bristol.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

please God we have a peace. When I go I must stay some time. I had rather not see Ste than see him for a minute. Yours,

C. Fox.

Your last of the 20th of September says your reck'ning is out, so I hope this will find you brought to bed, and well.

242. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, the 12th October, 1762.

Louisa's letter of October the 5th, tho' at the same time she tells me you are pretty well again, gives me great uneasiness, as I think accidents of that kind in lying-in very unpleasant and sometimes long of recovering ; tho' thank God immediate danger is over, and I hope you'll take an infinite deal of care of yourself. Indeed, my sweet siss, I did not want this additional concern on your account added to the uneasy state of mind I am now in. Nine weeks spent with perfect ease of mind, and body perhaps makes this week in which I have enjoyed neither seem more terrible to me ; I have been ill of a bad cold and am far from well now. Then as to my mind, you'll easily conceive how very unhappy I feel at the thoughts of Mr Fox's again embarking in the troubled sea of politics I had so vainly flatter'd myself he was safe from the rest of his life, but alas! how vain is all dependence upon affairs of human life. Without any event happ'ning that appears in the eye of the world to be my misfortune, the real comfort and enjoyment of my life is for some time, perhaps for ever, gone ; for the more I think of it the less I think Mr Fox's constitution fit to go through a life of business. He was certainly in a very bad state of health last spring, and nothing but the extreme regularity of his life at Kingsgate join'd to sea air, and a mind free from all anxiety, could have recovered him to be as well as he is now. I shall have the additional uneasiness if his health is impaired of thinking I could have prevented it, for disinclin'd as he was to enter into the scene of business, I could have prevail'd on him to decline it, I don't doubt ; but can't help seeing the necessity tho' I feel the unhappiness of it. But call'd upon by the King as the only man capable of carrying on the business of the House of Commons in this troubled discontented factious time, how could he

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

avoid it? And any one that feels must for the King on this occasion, and do all in their power to prevent his having the man he loves forced from him, those he dislikes put in his place, and in short to submit to the mob headed by a few factious nobility. Mr Fox remains where he is. Secretary of State, with the management of the King's affairs in the House of Commons, he knows by experience is too much for anybody to go thro'. Had not some of our friends convinced me, dear siss, that it would not have been consistent with Mr Fox's character and honour in the eyes of the world to have declin'd taking this part, I could never have prevail'd with myself not to have used my endeavour to prevent it, but my notion is that in the end one never repents acting what one thinks the right part, so that I will flatter myself if I can that all will go well and his health not be hurt by it; he himself was less willing to undertake it as he don't see in the light other people do the use he may be of.

Adieu, my dearest siss. A thousand thanks for the very pretty ruffles. My mind is too full of one subject to write on any other, and on that I have probably already tired you. I shall be exceeding anxious to hear how you do. Excuse me to dear Louisa for not writing; I will soon. Yours,

C. Holland.

My having said so much makes Mr Fox not write to Lord Kildare this post.

243. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, Saturday, October the 23rd, 1762.

I yesterday received Louisa's two last letters, my dearest sister, one of the 12th, the other of the 14th, and very happy for me I received them both at once, as that of the 12th (in which she mentions your disorder being attended with pain) would have increased the great uneasiness and anxiety I felt before. I have indeed been exceedingly unhappy about you, my sweet siss, but hope to God I may now look upon all danger as over, but still feel very anxious for more letters to know whether you gather strength. Louisa will I hope continue to write every post. This alarm about you, a bad cold I had, these nasty politics, and the change from Kingsgate have unsettled my mind to a degree, I have not that cheerful happy feel I had

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

in Kent ; but my spirits at best are not of the strongest, and consequently easily disorder'd. I have exceeding good accounts from Geneva, where Ste chooses to pass the winter, being as he says very much with the French, and the people of the place ; he has abstained from play some time and is in perfect health. Mrs Greville is in town to lie in, she comes here often and is very agreeable and pleasant. Adieu, my dearest sister. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

244. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, Wednesday, 27th of October, 1762.

Your letter wrote in your own hand, my dearest sister, makes me so very happy after the most unhappy anxiety I have been in on your account that I can for the present feel no other uneasiness, tho' indeed Lord Kildare is in the wrong ; for Mr Fox is exceedingly sorry to be taken out of a very comfortable situation, having no one thing to wish for himself or his family, no ambition to satisfy, to enter into one that can't be agreeable and may be prejudicial to his health. It's natural for Lord Kildare to think business necessary to people's happiness, he loves it, and at forty years old I'm of his opinion. But at near sixty the case is alter'd, where every desire of profit or ambition is satisfied, and the constitution a good deal impaired, till recovered in great measure with the very regular life led in Kent. Nobody ever laugh'd at or was less inclin'd to think regular hours so very necessary to health as he now allows them to be, not only going to bed, but dining early, which last is not practicable with business, tho' he is determin'd the first shall be the reason why he absolutely declin'd Secretary of State, which place might have been more eligible for him as a Minister, as having more *éclat* with it. It looks I think as if the session would be more quiet than was at first imagined. His Majesty was gracious beyond measure to me at Court Monday, told me he should never forget how infinitely he was obliged to me for not preventing Mr Fox's taking this part, tho' 'twas natural for me to be anxious about his health, which he flatter'd himself it would not hurt, repeated again how obliged to me he was. This is all mighty fine but, my dear

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

siss, I can never be brought to relish this scheme. Time, which reconciles people to great misfortunes, will make it easier while I see Mr Fox continue well, but till the Parliament meets that trial don't come. To return to a more agreeable subject—my dear siss's recovery—you have no idea (I hope you have tho') how happy it makes me. I was vastly frightened at first, then the letters of the 12th and 14th made me pretty easy and cheerful, but that of the 16th I received when I came home from Court last Monday, made me as unhappy as ever. I tremble when I think of the danger you have been in, and have too much experienced how much dearer to me you are to me than all the rest of the world together after Mr Fox and my children. My heart bleeds for Lady Clanbrazil; those are indeed strokes one can't bear to think a minute of, if one does one must wish to die as soon as one can to avoid ever feeling such misery. My dear boy was vastly well when I heard last, and that lately. He by choice spends this winter at Geneva, and is at present very good and full of good resolutions. I'm quite well again; why Lord Kildare would not pity me I can't imagine, for if I felt unhappy I was to be pitied, tho' he did not think it a misfortune. I have some new work going on here, but I'm sorry to say I have not yet got the true relish for this place, 'twill come again I hope. As you say, two months perfect happiness and ease is so much gain'd in this journey of life, and unless one is very miserable under some great misfortune, it goes but too fast; one grows old and wishes the more to enjoy the little time that remains in quiet. Adieu! I hope to hear every post from somebody till you are perfectly well. We are now and have been most evenings pretty quiet *tête à tête* in the library. Good-night. Yours,

C. Fox.

245. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, November the 2nd, 1762.

I thank you vastly for your two letters. Indeed, sweet siss, I was miserable about you, and am happy to a degree at your recovery. What you say is very true, the apprehension ever of losing those one tenderly loves makes other misfortunes appear trivial indeed. I should not allow myself to have

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

fretted as I did at Mr Fox's situation, merely because 'twas less comfortable, but I have the anxiety of fearing it may shorten his life. He is well now, thank God, and I will hope for the best, look forward with the pleasing hopes of the time coming when he may with honour retire into the House of Lords, the present point of my ambition. I'm vastly well in health myself just now, this clear cold weather agrees with me, and I amuse myself out of doors. The Parliament don't meet till the 25th of this month, which makes our stay here till after Xmas more practicable, which is a vast difference to me indeed, for I am grown quite to dread the idea of town. I can't get the better of it, I have try'd staying at home and going out, and can't feel comfortable in London. I'm quite angry difference of place should have so much effect on my spirits, but so it is. I like the name of Sophia<sup>1</sup> vastly. I'm so mad you have another girl that I should join in despising her, you won't tell me what kind of animal Henry is. I want to send Cecilia some present; let me know anything that might be particularly acceptable. His Grace of Devonshire<sup>2</sup>, Lord Bessborough and Lord George<sup>3</sup> have resign'd. Adieu, dear siss. Yours,  
C. Holland.

246. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, November the 9th, 1762.

I'm really much obliged to you, my dear sister, for writing so often to me since your recovery. It's a vast satisfaction to me, besides the pleasure your letters always give me, to see it under your own hand that you recover daily, for I have been greatly alarm'd for you. Why don't you come with Lord Kildare and go to Bath? 'Twould do you a great deal of good. I have never flatter'd myself you would come with him, tho' at so short a warning, if he is likely to make any stay I should hope you would. Conolly has wrote to Mr Fox, who was a little doubtful whether he should wish him to come or no. May not he be embarass'd about Lord Strafford, who I suppose

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sophia Mary FitzGerald, b. 26 Sept., 1762.

<sup>2</sup> He was Lord Chamberlain.

<sup>3</sup> Lord George Cavendish, 2nd s. of 3rd Duke of Devonshire; he was Controller of the Household, 1761; (d. 1794.)

will take part against the Court with the Duke of Devonshire ? I don't find his Grace has so many people of his side as the manner of his being discarded, one may say, made me think he would. I admire the King telling Lord Rockingham<sup>1</sup> when he came to him that [if] he intended to end his speech with resigning he had better begin with it, as he wish'd nobody to serve him against their inclination ; and upon Lord Rockingham resigning, call'd to Lord Huntington<sup>2</sup> in his hearing to order him to send to the Duke of Manchester<sup>3</sup> to take his place. Upon the whole things look well, but Mr Fox already begins to lose his good nights, and his appetite. He is gone to Lord Mayor's feast to-day. I hope the city will be quiet, tho' I can't help having some apprehension. Just now the news is come of the preliminaries being sign'd and the peace made, which I wish you joy of. The Hillsboroughs are arrived in great health, good humour and spirits ; politics are, to his Lordship's mind, Lord Halifax and Mr Fox, his dear friends, in power.

I pity poor Louisa for the loss of her friend ; she has indeed a settled turn for her age, her disposition in the main is a happy one. Sal is busy planting, she writes me word, and don't come till the 23rd of this month. Lady Susan says she is mighty like me in some things, particularly in scolding her husband whenever anything goes wrong, or that she has more visitors than she likes. I hear from everybody how happy they are.

Mrs Greville is in town expecting every day poor soul, and tired to death with a most wretched cough, and with her uneasy situation. I often call on her, oftener than if I lived in town, for I don't dislike a morning drive. The weather is delightful. I dined alone and walk'd this afternoon till it was dark. I'm still engaged in my books of travels. I'm sorry you are again in that odious loo ; I'm sure your life would be pleasanter without it. It must be bad for the health, as it always ends in late hours, and must cause some anxiety of mind.

I will obey your commands to Ste. He is a sad toad about writing, all particulars we have from Mr Macartney. His

<sup>1</sup> Charles Watson-Wentworth (1730-82), 2nd Marquis Rockingham ; a Lord of the Bedchamber to George II and George III, 1751-62 ; he was subsequently 1st Lord of the Treasury, 1765-6, and again 1782.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Hastings (1729-89), 10th Earl of Huntingdon, Master of the Horse, 1760-1 ; Groom of the Stole, 1761-70.

<sup>3</sup> George Montagu (1737-88), 4th Duke of Manchester ; Lord of the Bedchamber, 1762-70.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

letters are quite schoolboy's. He is well, hopes we are, and compliments to everybody. Adieu. Yours most sincerely.

Harry is returned to school. Have you read Rousseau? Mrs Greville likes it. Sal and I propose being mighty comfortable with the boys here and Mr Upton<sup>1</sup>, who is to come and play quadrille with us when Mr Bunbury and Mr Fox are in the House of Commons. Yours,

C. Holland.

247. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Sunday, November the 15th, [1762].

I thank you for your kind letter. Lord Kildare's lodgings are not yet got I find, but a very well aired bed is kept ready for him at the Pay Office in the mean time, and Mrs Fannen will take care as soon as ever the lodging is got to obey your commands; it's vastly clever in Lord Kildare to come, and acting like himself. We have persuaded my brother to go in to the King, which he did, and was very graciously received. I thought now was the proper time to bury the past in oblivion by offering himself handsomely at this time to His Majesty. Things look very well I think, and I don't fear the opposition. I wish I was as easy with regard to Mr Fox's health; he begins to lose his sleep very much. I hope something will be done for Mr Bunbury, as Sal says [with] two such friends as Lord Shelburne and Mr Fox it's hard if he gets nothing, but to be sure he will. I fear he has not parts to push himself forward, tho' some people think he has, but I own 'tis not my opinion of him. What I want for him is to be Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, whoever he is, as he need not then be re-elected, which I hear is not sure he can be. Mr Barker is just come, tells me there is a lodging in Suffolk Street taken for Lord Kildare; the man don't go out till to-day, so you may be sure it will be aired. I have charged it should not be wash'd, and you may depend on proper care.

I am obliged to you for your hint about Ste, but I who am anxious about several things other people don't attend to with

<sup>1</sup> Clotworthy Upton (1721-85), cr. Baron Templetown, 1776.

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

regard to their children, am in that respect quite easy. I think Ste the least likely boy to marry in that sort of way I ever saw, I should certainly wish him not to marry at all these ten years if he would follow my advice, but should not look upon it as a great misfortune if he did. His taking a good modest sober Geneva girl to wife would not grieve me half so much as an attachment to a nasty Italian woman who would cheat him of his money, endanger his health, and keep him in a scene of immorality and debauchery; that all the custom and example of the world can never reconcile me not to look upon as a real misfortune. He will have enough, and provided he marries a good woman I'm very indifferent as to rank, fortune, or nation; the Italian woman is what I most dread, they are such abandon'd wretches. He never went to see Rousseau, 'twas Mr Macartney, but he don't mention him. There is certainly a small objection to the putting his scheme of education in practice, viz. that it's impossible—there are also a number of contradictions in his book, but it's immensely pretty. My little Harry was the properest object in the world to have try'd that education on, being from the education he had had, and from the innocence of his ideas, more in that style than any child I know, but Wandsworth begins to spoil him a little.

I will take care about the caps. Labord has some pretty ones now; I will pay her bill for you, and very likely remain in your debt. For the two Irish stuffs and making them, with Cecilia's picture, will I imagine be more than you owe Labord. Adieu, dear siss; my letter don't go till to-morrow, so if I have any news I'll add it to my letter; perhaps Lord Kildare may arrive to-day. Yours,

C. Holland.

The sea air has I believe given me a new constitution, for I am surprisingly well of late, and this delightful clear sharp weather agrees so much with me.

248. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Tuesday, December the 7th, 1762.

I hear or know little about you, dear siss, for going home from hence of evenings is what you know Lord Kildare can't often do, nor can one desire him, he looks ill, but says he is well.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

This day two months we left Kent. What a tedious two months compared with the preceding ones, and how much one sacrifices to the opinion of the world ; indeed, we are strange mortals to let that same opinion get the better of one's private happiness. You see, my dear siss, I can't reconcile myself to this last event, it having an end is the only thing I can with pleasure look forward to. In the meantime it affects my temper and my spirits ; we have probably but few years remaining to spend together, and to have the enjoyment of them so unexpectedly, so vexatiously broke into, does prey upon my mind continually. Mr Fox hitherto continues pretty well, except his sleeping.

Sal and Mr Bunbury are here. She is just what she was, pretty and good-humoured as an angel. She is very fond of him, and mighty anxious about keeping him always with her, which, as he is so young a man, won't I hope grow upon her, as she will find it difficult, tho' he is very fond of her, and very sober and domestic. Conolly has been hunting at Goodwood, which I'm glad on, for if he had been too long confined in town he would have grown so tired he might have repented his journey. They have had one division in the House of Commons, and we had a great majority. The grand day to shew who are friends and foes comes Thursday next. What a pretty drawing Louisa has sent ! She is an ingenious girl. I'm glad you are with her instead of being in Dublin, where I hear fevers are so about.

The weather is now charming. You are in Rousseau's book I think now ; I hope you like it. I am delighted with it and yet wonder how a book setting out upon a principle I think false, viz., the possibility of happiness in this world, so full of absurdities and paradoxes, can please me so much. Horace Walpole says it's the finest piece of eloquence he ever read, and the first book that gave him an idea there was such a thing as French eloquence. Mrs Greville admires it, but she and several others don't like what he says of women, nor his notions about them, so unwilling are our sex to give up being wits, *bel esprits*, *politiciens*, gamesters, and fine ladies, and to allow a woman shines most in her own sphere. Several people say the first book is puerile and trifling ; there again the vanity of our nature shews itself ; we think ourselves lower'd by so much attention to our childhood. I like the first and fourth volumes the

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

best, the third the least, tho' I don't think it so very wicked as some do. What I first mention'd is in my opinion the great fault, for daily experience must convince one this is not a state of happiness. I feel in myself a strong proof of it having every blessing with regard to the world I can wish, happy in my family, in my fortune, and, I flatter myself, in the esteem of the world, of late very tolerable health, and yet these vexatious politics have destroy'd my peace ; but it's right there should be something. Why should I enjoy more happiness than others that perhaps deserve better ? I might forget from Whom those blessings came, and grow too fond of life, therefore will think and hope always to do so, whatever is right. What I really most regret when my spirits are hurry'd is that time for reflection which, thank God, always brings me to a right way of thinking. I should not omit one happiness I have greater than all the rest, the infinite . . .<sup>1</sup>

249. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, Saturday, December 19th, 1762.

I have a very comfortable long letter of yours, my dear sister, dated the 30th of November from Castletown. I do not take it ill of you writing so seldom, as I exactly understand how that is, tho' I don't very often hear of you from Lord Kildare when we are here ; last week I was in town for a few days. Lord Kildare has told you all news of politics, and how we triumph. When one has given up so much to the world, applause and approbation, which always follow good success, must give one some pleasure. I try to appear and to work myself up to be eager, but it won't do. Retirement I always regret, the more for having enjoy'd it just before, and having brought Mr Fox to like it quite as well as I did. Indeed when he is in business this place is quite a coffee house and wears me quite out, and did I not think it better for his health to live in the air should settle in town now. Last time he was in business the case was greatly different ; great increase of income, arriving at the thing we had long had in view, the low-spirited way he had been in before, all contributed to make

---

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

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

up for whatever was disagreeable in it, added to the view of getting something for one's children—*à présent il n'y a rien de tout cela*, we lose time and get nothing. I must wear you to death, sweet siss, with my complaints, but it's so comfortable to unburden one's mind. One unpleasant circumstance attending this is that I shall, whenever the time comes of Mr Fox quitting his public life, be so glad to leave this place that I shall not wish to return to it in haste. Holland House is so convenient for his intimate friends to be constantly with him, that they take up all the time I could see him alone, and plague me ten times more than people who have real business with him.

I send you by that good-humoured boy Conolly, who dined here to-day and sets out to-morrow, six caps, one is for Louisa, a pinch'd one with a pink ribbon. There are five for you, one like the pink with a ponceau ribbon, a large one with a white ribbon, those two I had of Mrs Laplace. I'm very fond of that sort of cap, it's made in the French style, very becoming and not in the extreme; three I send you of Mlle Labord's, two a large and a middling one *toute à la française*, a poky one *à l'anglaise*. I hope they may please; you did not say whether they were to be large or small so I thought variety would be best to send. No small caps are now wore except a little French flat cap, a very few wear very large poky ones set up staring, or flat ones, but you know people don't dress at all alike, so that it's difficult to say what's the fashion. All the young people dress without caps, that I think is the prevailing fashion, and curl their hair like the Queen, only better, without powder, tho' it becomes some very well. I grow to like Mr Bunbury mightily; he is so very easy and good-temper'd, and don't at all want sense. I should fear he has not very good spirits, and he is indolent to the greatest degree, which is a fault in so young a man, but Sal says that of him, there is certainly a want of youth and vivacity about him; he is a sort of body one is never mad at. Don't you understand that exactly?

How can you give in to that vulgar error of imagining anything your girls could learn of their masters would be of half so much advantage to them as being with Louisa and you in the sort of quiet way you seem settled in at Castletown? I should think nothing so desirable for a girl. Mr Leeson is intolerable about the Portugal laurels, 'twas all the young ones I had;

[1762]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I may not in three years get so fine a parcel, and they were so sure to have done well had they been planted immediately. Oh, *fye Dody indeed*. I detest that little Fanny Conolly, and should feel mightily embarrassed with her in the corner, was I with you. Sal, Charles, and I sometimes pass a mighty comfortable day together ; he reads to us. The boy is like an agreeable young man of five and twenty, very sensible and lively, not at all like a boy nor the least pedantic. Your boys grow tall ; Ophaly is a very agreeable young man and improves daily. How they grow up in a minute ! Adieu. Supper is on the table ; I can't read my letter over again, so it may go as it is. Yours,

C. Holland.

It's well for you that my letter must go by the Digbys to town, for I should else write on for ever.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

1763

250. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, January the 5th, 1763.

I wrote you word I had received your kind long letter of the 18th of December, dear siss, and also that the two gowns were arrived. I like them mightily. This cold weather prevents my wearing them, as I am, you know, apt to clothe warm ; it's the only kind of heat I like ; at present I live in a wadded gown, which is so warm and so light how I shall ever leave it off I don't know. Sal and her spouse went to Goodwood to-day. She has been sadly seized with a swell'd face and pain, which for the present is removed by her pulling out a tooth yesterday. Mr Fox is by my advice gone for three days to Mr Rigby's near the sea ; he has been so nervous lately and slept so ill I hope it will be of service to him. I am here with my two boys, not sorry to be a little quiet. My spirits are better ; I grow more reconcil'd to Mr Fox's situation. The opportunity he has had of being useful to some friends has help'd to quiet my mind ; besides, my dear siss, the natural occupations of devotion this season leads one to, have had great effect upon me ; we have had sacrament, prayers, very good preaching all comfortably in our own chapel. Indeed those things (tho' one sometimes from indolence or not being well, or fear of cold, works oneself up to imagine are only matters of form, and that one can equally perform one's duty in one's own room) are very necessary to keep the mind in that peaceful state devotion alone can give ; at least I find it so. I'm happier, and the better for it ; however tender-hearted or good-natured one may be, piety makes one think more and exert oneself more to be useful to one's fallen creatures, at least I find it so. Voltaire says somewhere, *la devotion est la ressource ordinaire des âmes sensibles*. Perhaps there are people good to do their duty in this world without it. I know I am not, and I feel a satisfaction in it this world can't take away for any time. I always have and hope I always shall return to it. Your sentiments

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

are the same, and I hope, my dear siss, they will always influence your conduct, so as to give you peace here and happiness hereafter ; but don't deceive your own heart about it, you are too good not to be wretched if you do.

Mrs Greville was here a few days with her pretty daughter, who seems amiable. I love Mrs Greville, but don't enjoy her company as I formerly did. I have been trying to get her to be Bedchamber Woman, but the next was engaged, and upon talking to Mr Fox and I here, she said she should much better like something for Mr Greville than a promise for her or even having it soon ; so Mr Fox has very obligingly to me got him a signature of £500 a year. I knew you would be glad of this for your old friend Fanny ; I'm quite happy about it. I should think Conolly and Bunbury would not suit at all. He is a cold youth to be sure, but she is immensely fond of him. He seems to like her fondness, and be as fond of her as he can be ; they always get together whispering, and sit hours together in their own room ; no kissing, which discomposes the Duchess of Richmond most prodigiously, *it's so odd, so unnatural*, she says ; she is a comical character to be sure. Sal is gone to meet foreigners at Goodwood, which she likes, and they will certainly like her. The Duchess is fine with them, so perfectly at her ease, not taking any notice of them, and wishing them gone so prodigiously. I dined there one day when they were in town with Nivernois and some others, and she was delightful, so much in character, which is you know always entertaining. I never saw Lord Kildare so well and in such spirits, he minds this bitter weather less than anybody does. Adieu, my dear siss. Believe me ever yours,

C. Holland.

Merry Xmas and a happy New Year to you.

251. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Pay Office, January 22nd, 1763.

We are at last settled in town. Neither Mr Fox or I are at all well, nor in spirits ; he thinks himself in a bad way, I flatter myself indeed without any reason ; that he is far from well and very nervous is certain. What two different mortals we are from what we were four months ago ! When one is

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

not well how little enjoyment of life one has. The Birthday was crowded. Sal had a most beautiful and magnificent gown, and look'd like an angel. My dear siss, how unpleasant it is to have Lord Kildare out of humour and determin'd to make a bustle, which determination I fear he carry's with him to Ireland. My brother too is displeased at not being Lord Lieutenant of Sussex and at the D. of M.<sup>1</sup> being Chamberlain, and he having nothing; tho' George has got an old regiment, a point they had at heart, these things make Mr Fox very sick indeed of being Minister.

The Richmonds are in town; my brother confined with a cold, the Duchess playing at loo with her Lord Cavendishs. I hope you liked the caps, going without a cap is vastly the fashion this winter, and being curled *à la Reine*. Lady Bolingbroke<sup>2</sup> is the *bon ton favorite de la Reine*, all the men in love with her, Monsr de Nivernois, who is very agreeable, Lord Gower, Rigby, etc. She wears rouge, and looks quite handsome. The other ladies, particularly Lady Egremont, is [*sic*] so jealous of her favour with the Queen, which amounts to nothing, tho' that's serious. The Duchess of Grafton is the head of the opposition ladies, which makes but a small figure. Deep loo don't flourish at all, they tell me. The Duchess of Marlborough stays at Blenheim till March for fear of miscarrying. The Duke and she are quite taken up with one another, I hear, and don't mix with the world; the Bedford set talk of him as a very particular man, but extravagantly fond of her. Here is a great deal of gossiping for you. I have order'd the necklace and ear-rings for Ciss; they will come by Lord Kildare. You will have a sweet table Mr Fox sends you as a present.

Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

Mrs Fannen is much mortified Mrs Somebody that is with Ciss don't please you.

252. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Pay Office, January the 27th, 1763.

We are much obliged to you, my dear siss, I find, for Lord Kildare's returning in good humour; it makes Mr Fox exceeding

<sup>1</sup> George Spencer, 4th Duke of Marlborough.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Diana Spencer, dau. of Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

happy, as he was really most extremely vex'd when [he] saw Lord Kildare acting as he thought very unreasonably. This letter and Lord Kildare will probably arrive about the same time, as he sets off to-day. I never saw him in better health I think, and he seems to have suffer'd less by the extreme cold than most people. I did not pay him, nor did he give me the money for Mrs Crofton's Indian pictures; we may settle accounts together afterwards. I only received your letter Wednesday, and Friday he was to go, so I had no time to execute your commissions, but will do them as well as I can. Have you any particular place in the city you would have me buy the pictures at? I don't know of any but Margass,<sup>1</sup> who is very dear. One Cromtom in Audley Street I generally buy of. Ten guineas will buy thirty very pretty ones, I'm sure, and furnish a room better than the fine[st] of all. I'll consult Mr Bateman in buying them. When Mrs Greville comes to town I'll consult her and Mr Upton about the *compagnon de voyage*, but you know what a difficult thing that is. I send by Lord Kildare two poky caps, but if you would have any made in quite your old style let me know and I'll order them, but you desired to see the new fashions, and except two large ones I sent you, the others are what now looks poky. People put them on very forward and wear no pompon to hide the poke; most young people go quite without caps this year. I also send Cecilia the ear-rings and necklace, odious frippery dabs in my opinion, but if she likes them *cela suffit*. A thousand thanks for your most affectionate letter and kind expressions of friendship towards me, which make me very happy I assure [you], and I would not delay thanking you for them tho' I'm really not well, and have that kind of hurry and agitation of spirits that makes it seem difficult to me to write down three lines of common sense. It's a most uncomfortable disorder I have had at times this month past, my stomach and head are out of order too, so I suppose that's the cause, but it's very unpleasant. Mr Fox is pretty well, he has as much leisure as if he was no Minister, but my spirits give me a thousand anxious thoughts I can't get the better of, and a London life don't contribute to quiet them. How much happiness depends on one's own feels, and how little on anything else, at least on what are call'd blessings in life,

<sup>1</sup> Fashionable china shop.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

of which I have so great a share that I blame myself as unthankful to Providence when I'm out of spirits. To be sure nobody has more reason to be thankful, nor can anybody at times feel more happy than I do, and when illness prevents me I endeavour to think, and indeed do, that it's all for the best. But I will trouble you no longer, my dear siss, writing is irksome to me, and my letter must certainly be so to you. Yours,

C. Holland.

This letter is so full of blots and scratches it's scarcely intelligible.

253. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Saturday, the 5th of February, [1763].

I'm vastly concern'd and anxious about you, dear siss, having such a disorder yourself, and a sick house besides, must be terrible ; tho', thank God, by Louisa's account Harriet's illness must rather rejoice you ; it's charming to have it so favourably, and a weakly constitution (as I have heard you say she has) often grows stronger and mends after the smallpox. I don't know what to wish with regard to the others' taking it, God send you may all do well and your anxiety be soon over ! I was taken with one of my miserable sick fits last Saturday, have not been out since except dining these two last days that I'm grown better. I never was worse than this last time. I hope it was the crisis of my distemper, for my spirits had been bad, and I not quite well for some time before, as I told you. So I hope in God now I shall be better after bleeding and other prodigious evacuations I always have when I'm in that sick way. How has the thaw agreed with Lord Kildare ? His journey was to be sure the worse for it, and he too I fear, because he was so remarkable well in the frost.

I hope Louisa will write constantly. There was the greatest Ball ever known at the Mansion House last night. Everybody of this end of the town was of it.

I received your note to say nothing about a Governor. The Indian pictures I'll get when I'm well. Adieu. Yours,

C. Holland.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

254. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Pay Office, March 21st, 1763.

My dearest Sister,

I have bought Mrs Crofton's India pictures. There are thirty-one, very pretty I think; they come under £10. I hope you'll like them. Send me word how they are to go. I do long to hear that you bear a little air and a little light. What an uncomfortable winter have you had, my sweet siss!

Have I ever told you what a delightful house we have bought, with a court before it and a fine long garden behind, so conveniently situated for everything, such a healthy part of the town, and so little pavement to drive over when I go to Holland House, which at this season of the year I seldom miss doing every morning. The price is immense to be sure. Mr Fox paid £16,000 for it; the builders offer £14,000 tho', and Lord Granville's<sup>1</sup> house is sold for £15,000, which you know has not a foot of ground to it, and is in my mind a most melancholy gloomy place. Now is the time to sell houses, they go at such a rate. Pray, dear siss, find out for me what piece of furniture would be agreeable to Lady Louisa. I hear she likes L'Anglays inlaid things very much, and I would wish to send her something that might suit some of her rooms, whether commode table, bureau, or *coins*, which to be sure one might vulgarly call corner cupboards; but really they are lovely and finish a room so well. I have two beauties in the salon at Holland House. When will Cecilia's picture be done? I have wrote as much as your eyes will I fear allow you to read, but you may make the girls read my letters to you. I'll write nothing but what they may read till you are well enough to correspond again, and if I have anything particular to say will direct it to Lord Kildare, so you need not even trouble yourself to cast an eye on my letters addressed to you. Lady C. Ponsonby<sup>2</sup> is going to be married to Mr Beauclerc, Lady Charles Spencer's<sup>3</sup> brother. Adieu, Yours,

C. Holland.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Carteret (1721-76), 3rd Earl Granville.

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

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Mary Beauclerc, dau. of Lord Vere of Hanworth; m. (1762) Lord Charles Spencer, 2nd son of 3rd Duke of Marlborough.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Mr Fox and Charles go to Kingsgate in Passion Week, your boys, Harry and I to Holland House. This spring season I can't find in my heart to leave the beauties of it for the bleak sea winds ; besides, it's only for a few days, and the comfort of Kingsgate is being settled for a couple of months at a time in a quiet way. You comprehend me exactly I'm sure about it. If you come next winter we can lend you the Pay Office.

255. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 8th, 1763.

My dear Sister,

I suppose Mr Fox has wrote Lord Kildare, but lest the hurry of the present times should have prevented him, I must inform you of the great events that have happ'ned. Lord Bute this day resign'd the Treasury. George Grenville<sup>1</sup>, the man who brought them into the distress they were in last October, takes it. Is not this most surprising ? Charles Townshend is to be First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Shelburne, of Trade. Lord Northumberland<sup>2</sup> it's thought will go to Ireland. Mr Fox would not have come into business as he did last winter had he forseen this. When Lord Bute first imparted his design of quitting to Mr Fox, he proposed to him to take the Treasury, which Mr Fox absolutely refused, as impossible for him to undertake without destroying his health, and this refusal, you may suppose, I much rejoiced at, and every real friend of his thinks he did right. I may also tell you now that at the beginning of this session when he took the House of Commons business upon him, the only bargain he made was that he would quit it and go into the House of Lords this spring when the session ended ; that promise was the only thing made me the least easy about it. Whether he goes into the House of Lords or no is I believe still undetermin'd ; in his own mind to have

<sup>1</sup> Hon. George Grenville (1712-70), 1st Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1763-5.

<sup>2</sup> Hugh Smithson (afterwards Percy) (1714-86), 2nd Earl of Northumberland ; cr. Duke of Northumberland, (1766) ; he was Lord-Lieutenant, 1763-5.

done with a public life and character is his final determination. All I think that can be said against his going into the House of Lords is that in time as nobody knows what may happen, that if a new Ministry should attempt to turn out or molest any of his friends, as a commoner Mr Fox can always protect them. Being a peer is not at all inconsistent with his keeping the Pay Office, indeed I feel happy at the thoughts of his being out of all other business.

I believe we shall go abroad in May ; nothing but the illness of some of us is likely now to prevent it. At present I'm so low that I can't bear the thoughts of a journey, having been for some days worse than usual with my old disorder, which was partly occasion'd by a very bad cold, neglected at first. I came here by Truesdale's advice the day before yesterday ; the air has I think done me good. They tell me Mr Fox and I shall both be the better for a journey and change of air ; if we are advised it we will to to Spa. Our first intention is to go directly to meet Ste at Paris, where we have wrote to him to be, in waiting. I grieve, my sweet sister, to find you are still confin'd in a dark room. I dread the effect it may have on your nerves and health. Your first, I thank God all accounts agree in, is not in the least endanger'd in any degree ; we must thank God for that, and hope your strength and patience will hold out, tho' it's terrible to think what you have suffer'd. I heard poor Lord Kildare is very low at seeing you suffer so long. Dowager Lady Kildare's accounts of you are better than Louisa's. I'm going to take Mrs Bolle for housekeeper to my house in Piccadilly, which, as she lived so long with you and Bolle, is so great a favourite. I hope you'll not disapprove. Adieu, my dearest sister. Inform the Conollys of these changes ; I have not spirits or strength enough to write another letter by this post. I will take care of the Indian pictures, and send the bill after I have deducted from it what I owe you for the gowns. Once more, adieu.

C. Holland.

Poor Lord Waldgrave died this day of the smallpox. Lady Waldgrave is breeding ; till she is deliver'd General Waldgrave can't know whether he is Earl or no, as there are now only three daughters.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

256. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 12th, 1763.

Our scheme for going abroad now seems fixed, my dear siss. We shall set out next month, desire Ste to meet us at Calais, and go on together to Spa without taking Paris in our way. There I'm much advised to try the Geronster water, having really had two very bad attacks of my disorder this winter, very near together. The Pohen water Mr Fox has always had a fancy to try for himself, as they agree with him here. We were before determin'd to cross the sea and visit Ste so I think it's worth while to try. We shall take Paris in our way home. I'm glad we have fixed it in this manner, as I own, having been ill and out of spirits of late, my heart fail'd me to think of Paris immediately, as one's way of life there must be subject to many constraints which we shall not have at Spa, a place of ease, and liberty to go one's own way ; a couple of months there if it agrees with us will give us spirits and accustom us by degrees to foreigners. One would imagine by the great concern I felt at Mr Fox's coming into business this winter (tho' I knew he was to quit it in spring), I had foreseen the many disagreeable things that have happ'ned, too minute, too long, indeed impossible, to explain in a letter. Mr Fox determines to go into the House of Lords. I own it's against my opinion, but hope 'twill turn out for the best. I can't help feeling mortified at his ceasing to be of consequence, tho' I would neither have him in power nor in opposition, such is the frailty and weakness of the human mind, but my vanity is hurt. However, if he is happy I shall soon get over that, and think it well exchanged for peace and quiet. One thing has happ'ned that gives me great pleasure, Bunbury goes Secretary to the Embassy in France ; they like it ; it's a step to farther preferment, will break into their expensive Barton life and suit them both very well.

I long impatiently to hear your eyes are well. When we set out for *foreign parts* you shall know how to send your letters. Sal says her head turns round with the thoughts of going abroad. I'm sure mine does with all these events, and these schemes, but besides seeing my dearest boy it's better for Mr Fox to be

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

out of England this summer, to change the scene entirely. One of the most unpleasant circumstances attending all this is the being deceived, as I fear we have been, in our opinion of a friend, which friend is Lord Shelburne, for whom I own I had a most sincere friendship and kind regard ; but nothing of that kind ought to surprise one when one has lived forty years in the world, which forty years I completed a few days ago. I hope now no more to be denied the privilege of being an old woman, which my friends say I affect to like, but that's not true. I only choose to give it up cheerfully without repining ; those that strive against it only make themselves ridiculous and gain nothing. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

Lord Harford<sup>1</sup> goes Ambassador. Whether you'll have Lord Northumberland or Lord Granby is not yet fixed, I believe. My brother Richmond will have the Blues when vacant.

257. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 22nd, [1763].

As you say you like to receive my letters, dear sister, tho' you can't read them yourself, I will continue writing to you. In the first place your Indian pictures for Mrs Crofton are gone. When I have paid you for the gowns you will owe me but little, so I shall pay for the pictures. As to Louisa's anger and yours against Mr Fox (for I never will call him Lord Holland)<sup>2</sup>, he must answer for himself. Next Wednesday his Lordship and Charles Fox propose to set out for Kingsgate, where Harry and I shall follow as soon as we can, to proceed to Dover, from whence we sail (that's the sad part of the story) to Calais, hope to meet Ste at Brussels, and so to Spa. I shall continue informing you very constantly of our motions. I can't reconcile myself to the thoughts of this same journey, tho' I like to see Ste, as you may imagine. I like also to be out of England this summer. I really am convinced the journey will be of use to

<sup>1</sup> Francis Seymour Conway (1718-94), 2nd Baron Conway ; cr. (1750) Earl of Hertford, and Marquis of Hertford (1793). He was Ambassador to Paris, 1763-5.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Fox was cr. on 17 Apr., 1763, Baron Holland of Foxley, Wiltshire.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Mr Fox ; if the waters are not, the change of scene and dissipation will. I have great faith in the Geronster waters for my stomach, and yet I should be very much disappointed if I did not go. I dread the thoughts of the journey, and regret leaving this lovely place, where I have passed a mighty quiet fortnight, and which is in vast beauty. To-day I'm to have a fête for my cousin Madame d'Usson,<sup>1</sup> a dinner and assembly in the evening. She seems a good-humoured unaffected woman, not lively, handsome in the style of Lady Louisa, that honest good sensible countenance, vastly fat and large, just nine and thirty years old, had a fine person till she grew fat. She is a Dutch woman, the widow Munter you heard so much of. Her husband, le Comte d'Usson, who has been here all winter, is much liked ; they really seem good kind of people free from all airs. We shall all return fine and foreign. Mr Fox won't take any himself or let us take any clothes with us but what is on our backs, and says we must equip ourselves first at Brussels, then at Spa. We shall return vast giggs to use the Eton expression. I fancy I go quite in state with *mes deux femmes de chambre* and a *friseur*, a good sort of little man who will be mighty useful on the road to us. The French people here are quite delighted with Sarah's coming to Paris ; they say she will be made more fuss with than anybody ever was : *c'est une naïveté, une simplicité, qui est charmante*. Poor Lady Hertford<sup>2</sup> will make but a poor figure ; tho' one don't know, for after their not liking the Duchess of Bedford, one does not know what will please ; all agree that Sarah will.

Everybody is delighted with His Majesty naming a Lord of the Admiralty while Mr Townshend was bargaining and changing his mind every day. Adieu. Believe me most sincerely yours,

C. Holland.

I hope soon to hear this mild weather does you good.

Lady Holderness<sup>3</sup> begs to know if Lord Kildare would object to letting them his house till June two years, as they propose to build ; 'twould be very convenient to them.

<sup>1</sup> Comtesse d'Usson, her husband later became Envoy to Sweden.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Isabella Fitzroy, 2nd dau. of 2nd Duke of Grafton ; m. Francis Seymour Conway, 2nd Baron Conway (afterwards Earl and Marquis of Hertford).

<sup>3</sup> Marie Doublet, wife of Robert Darcy, 4th Earl of Holderness.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

The stuff shall be delivered to Mrs Liegois safely if I should be gone. The Fannens don't go abroad with us, so any commands of Lord or Lady Kildare shall be obey'd here.

258. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, April 26th, 1763.

My dear Siss,

Friday I leave this beautiful place and go to Kingsgate, which we propose also to leave in a few days after and set out for Spa. Mrs Liegois' stuff shall be taken care of when it comes ; also any other commands of Lord Kildare or you should have if you'll send them to Mr or Mrs Fannen, who except two months in the summer will reside constantly here. I hurry to Kingsgate, as I find it's impossible to live out of a hurry while I stay here ; what with the people I wish to see and those I must see, I have no time to myself, and get nothing done, by way of preparing for the journey by staying here. Then I want Mr Fox out of the way. He is so excessively hurt with Calcraft's behaviour, it preys upon him and makes him more dejected than I almost ever saw him. The story is too long, depends too much [on] circumstances, nay is impossible to tell in a letter, but it will suffice you to know that Lord Shelburne having acted a very false and unhandsome part with regard to Mr Fox, Calcraft and Rigby openly side with him. The former has resigned the Invalides, a place he had under Mr Fox. They both live with Lord Shelburne ever since, and seem to have entirely broke with Mr Fox. He is hurt about Lord Shelburne and Rigby, but not as he is about t'other, nor can I, sweet siss, wonder at him. What friendship in this world can be depended on after this ! Every indifferent person that enquires whether it's true that Calcraft and Mr Fox are broke, and are told yes, say immediately Calcraft must be a rascal. Indeed it appears to me that finding Mr Fox would not take the Treasury (in which place Lord Shelburne and Calcraft thought, and with some truth, they should govern him, which would answer their ambitious views) they think they had best drop him. Rigby's is certainly so, for he disliked Lord Shelburne so much a few months ago he and I quite quarrell'd about it. It's a strange world indeed. You

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

have no conception of the court Lord Shelburne has paid us all this last year, trying every means to get into our utmost confidence and into Mr Fox's favour by Charles, Sal, and me ; it appears now so plain I'm surprised I was the dupe of it. I'm vastly unhappy Mr Fox takes it so to heart about Calcraft, but flatter myself this journey, change of air and change of scene, will recover his spirits. One ought to wonder at nothing, and yet ingratitude will always shock one. Calcraft does not see the entire ruin of his own character in this, which is inevitable, for who can ever trust him ? 'Twas a most unlucky thing for Mr Fox he came in last October, and I should for ever lament the share I had in it (prevail'd on and persuaded by Mr Calcraft and Lord Shelburne) did I not think that without his coming in the Peace would not have been made ; indeed it seem'd right at that time. Adieu, my dearest siss, I must always unburden my mind to you, which is indeed the only purport of this letter. Continue sending Lord Kildare's and your letters to the Pay Office. I'll write from Kingsgate, Brussels, Spa, in short from wherever I stop. Yours,

C. Holland.

259. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Sunday, May the 8th, 1763.

This, my dearest sister, is I hope the last letter you will for some time receive from me dated this side the water, as we purpose sailing, if the wind proves fair, from our own door next Tuesday morning. If we have a very fair wind, and I don't think we shall sail till we have, I'm told four hours will carry us to Calais. Mr Fox and Charles persuaded me to go from hence, tho' 'tis rather farther than from Dover ; but to be sure the comfort of waiting in one's own house rather than in a bad inn is worth an hour more sea. I came here last Friday, have not been at all well since I came, nor have we till these last two days had any fine weather ; but the life here is so easy, so quiet, that I really think I suffer less from being sick than I do anywhere else, tho' I must allow this season of the year is not the time for Kingsgate : the winds are so piercing cold, and the place so bleak and unshelter'd. Then one leaves the environs of town

in all their prime beauty. One thing indeed must always make me prefer this to all places, which is seeing Mr Fox so infinitely better in his health, and happier than he is elsewhere. I think it really surprising one place should agree with anybody so much better than another, and he too that is generally so chilly bears the cold winds here that affect everybody else in the house. If ever my dear siss comes here it must be in the middle of summer ; 'tis a sad place for the eyes. Molly always finds hers bad when she comes here ; which makes me think that Ireland is a bad place for you ; it's a less island than England, consequently nearer the sea and more damp. I should think a warm climate would be of vast use to you, and wish we were all to pass next winter in some of [the] southern towns in France. I'm not sure we shall not, but we determine nothing at present but to go to Spa, then to Paris and Aubigni. Ste I hope to see at Brussels by this day sevensnight.

Lord Kildare is vastly good to invite Charles, who, as well as us, are [*sic*] extremely obliged to you both, but you'll find by my last letters that he goes with us. I think we run a risk in taking this measure. If he returns to school very willingly, as he assures us he will in September next, I think no harm will be done, but rather good, as French will I hope have become easy to him ; but if he should dislike school, I think we shall have done him great harm. Mr Fox wrote Lord Kildare a long letter last post with a full account of all the late transactions and ingratitude he has met with from those he could the least expect it from ; it has hurt him exceedingly. Calcraft's is to be sure almost an unheard of baseness. Lord Shelburne I own surprises and grieves me, because I loved him better than the other two. Rigby taking part with them I own I did not expect. I never liked or loved him, but I thought he loved Mr Fox, and was of a generous disinterested nature, tho' it seems you knew him better in Ireland ; you in particular thought well of him I believe, and was rather partial to him.

I'm very unlucky to miss seeing dear Louisa, but I believe you'll agree with me. I hope that 'twas so much better in all respects for us to get out of the disagreeable scene Mr Fox had been engaged in that we could not well delay our journey. I hope she won't take it ill. I'm sincerely glad to find Lord Charles mends so fast ; but you must have some attention to

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

his health for some time, not let him drink ale and strong things with the servants. I'm glad sea water is advised, as I have seen many cures from it. After Peter Brodie no child with that humour should be dispaired of. I remember for years Mrs Fannen always when she came from Mrs Brodie used to say she wish'd it would please God to take that poor child out of the world, for he must be an object and a living misery to his mother, and he is really as healthy a young man as I know. He was twice with Ste at Southampton, which did him a vast deal of good, and lived chiefly on puddings, milk, bread and butter, etc., not upon any gross diet. Don't omit sea bathing and sea water, I beg. I know your Irish doctors don't love it, but it's certainly right.

I shall hardly write from Calais, but, unless I'm ill, promise to be a good correspondent and give you an account of my travels; I hope much from Spa waters. Adieu, my dear siss. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

What ill blood, my dear siss, this affair of Wilkes<sup>1</sup> shews there is in this country! I really think it has a frightful appearance.

260. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Valenciennes, May the 16th, [1763].

As my letters to my dearest sister will be sort of journals while we continue travelling, I begin this here, tho' I shall neither finish or send it till I come to Paris, to which place we are immediately proceeding, having been most terribly disappointed at not meeting my dear boy at Brussels. Thank God there was nothing to alarm us in his illness, tho' he was too much indisposed to travel, upon which you will not wonder at my immediately taking the resolution to go to him there as he will probably not be well enough to have come to us this fortnight, or three weeks, and that the season is rather too early for Spa. Tuesday the 10th of May we embark'd at Kingsgate, had a tedious voyage of fifteen hours, some part of which time I was excessive sick,

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

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

but found vast comfort in following Lord Kildare's advice in sitting in my post-chaise upon deck ; I really suffer'd much less for it.

Thursday following we set out for Dunkirk, after resting all Wednesday at Calais. Dunkirk is very well worth seeing ; it's an exceeding pretty town and the most populous and busy I ever saw. We went to see the famous *bason* and *cunette* so much talked of, now filling up. It's a sort of place Lord Kildare would delight in, really tho' vastly pretty the town is, from the immense numbers of people in the streets all looking so busy. Friday we came to Gaunt, a fine large noble town not much inhabited, the churches very fine ; Saturday to Brussels, and yesterday here. We are now in French Flanders. We yesterday dined at Mons, and came by the famous Ramillies and Malplaquet. This disappointment of not meeting Ste has damp'd my spirits a good deal, otherwise 'tis charming travelling and infinitely amusing, everything is so new. I admired Flanders as much as I did when we went thro' it before ; 'tis the most cultivated country and the richest I ever saw. About Brussels, 'tis not at all flat, but infinitely beautiful to my taste. This town is large but not pretty. I flatter'd myself with getting fine lace here, men's ruffles there are in plenty, excessively fine, but I could meet but with one pair of fine broad lace for myself ; they send it all to Paris I believe, so I shall meet with it there. The fine sort I have got is immensely fine indeed. Mr Fox at Brussels and this place has furnish'd himself with a dozen pair of lace ruffles, I believe.

*Senlis, Wednesday the 18th.* We came here last night and are but thirty miles from Paris. Neither the towns nor the country here please me so much as Flanders ; some of the inns are so dirty, it's shocking, tho' all the beds are good. We dined at Mons one day, near the famous woods of Malplaquet. Yesterday at Cambrai, where we saw Fenelon's<sup>1</sup> bust and epitaph in the great church. Charles left us at Valenciennes ; by two in the morning he and Mr Macartney (who came to tell us why Ste could not meet us) reached Paris that night, and we expect them all here every minute. We shall dine and be at Paris I hope this evening. Adieu.

*Paris, Thursday, May the 19th.*

<sup>1</sup>François de Salignac Fénelon (1651-1715), writer, and Archbishop of Cambrai.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Ste came to our inn yesterday, and here we came in the evening into a bad hotel *garni*. I'm glad I wrote before, at present my head turns. Ste seems pretty well, thank God. I can't help wishing Brussels had been our place of meeting, it seems so quiet. We are all pretty well after our journey ; a week hence you shall hear again. At present, dear siss, adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

*May the 20th.* The post did not go till to-day. I heard by letters yesterday of Ciss having the smallpox. God send she may get over it ! I pity you of all things, dear sister, so many anxieties you have had of late. Providence will support you under them, since all is for the best. God bless you, and believe me most truly yours.

261. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, l'Hôtel Treville, May the 28th, [1763].

How unpleasant it is, my dear sister, to hear you are coming to England and I not there to have the happiness of seeing you. The Duke de Nivernois told me you were expected in town last Saturday or Sunday night; by your not sending to have the Pay Office I conclude you will be at Richmond House till you go into Worcestershire, and that your stay in London will be short. Let somebody write to inform me of your motions, for I feel quite anxious to know all about you ; as for mine, they remain settled for going to Spa about the middle of next month. I shall then return here and, except the visit to my brother at Aubigni, I rather think I shall stay in this place till next Spring ; but as our motions depend on ourselves, our schemes may be subject to change. At present, I own, after losing the pleasure of seeing you and the beauties of Holland House this summer, I should be very sorry to return to London (the place I like least of any in the world) in the winter. You will have arrived time enough for my brother's fête, which I fancy must have been very pretty. What I see of this place now I like of all things, the place itself is so pretty, so airy, so full of pretty large gardens and beautiful airings. I have made a few French acquaintances ; they seem civil, obliging, quiet people. I see none of that vivacity this nation used to be so famous for

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

but indeed I can't be any judge yet. I'm sure you would all at Richmond House be diverted to see me go by in my berlin all over glass and gilding, with my hoop and my million of curls and my rouge, and my lace liveries, and in this manner one is dressed every day, tho' one is perhaps only to make one visit or two airing. The want of my hat discomposed me vastly at first, but there is such thick shade wherever one walks that one really don't miss a hat so much as one imagines; besides that they pull the immense hoods that they have to the French cloaks over their heads and faces. The fine ladies of all, I believe, never attempt to walk, or to go out of their houses till nine at night but to make visits. The beautiful Madame Brionne<sup>1</sup> lies so ill of the smallpox that if she don't lose her life she will lose her beauty. There is a Princess de Salm, a cousin of the Duchess of Richmond's, who is a mighty pretty English-looking woman, and don't look to be thirty years old, tho' she has a great goose of a boy of ten, very handsome, and a girl of seventeen whom they say is charming, and whom she is going to marry to the Duc de la Tremoulle, a very worthless man who used his last wife very ill. How can custom and prejudice so get the better of reason and humanity? They make a vast fuss here about *leur parents*, and the Princess de Salm will be quite delighted to see the Duchess of Richmond. Adieu, my dearest sister. Believe me ever most affectionately yours. Let me hear of you from somebody or other often.

C. Holland.

262. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

June the 4th, [1763].

It's very hard, my dearest siss, I can learn from nobody where you are, where you are going, nor how you do. In a letter of May the 10th I hear Lord Charles and you are to go to Mawburn<sup>2</sup> in Worcestershire. Monsr. Nivernois tells me you are expected in town when he left it; since that I know nothing about you. Those eyes of yours, besides the being so painful and uncomfortable to yourself, will make us lose our acquaintance, which our constant correspondence used to keep up; do let somebody

<sup>1</sup> Louise Julie de Montauban, Comtesse de Brionne.

<sup>2</sup> Malvern.

[1763]

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

write me word, something about you and your motions. I have been here above a fortnight, in another fortnight I hope to go to Spa. I was much determin'd against liking Paris, but I find I do ; 'tis a pretty place indeed, so full of fine hotels and large shady gardens to them, the streets so well paved, and no black smoke in the town. I find the people very civil and obliging. I have a good many acquaintances, *devotes* and *beaux esprits*, etc., and was to have dined with Madame Geoffrin,<sup>1</sup> who is exceeding agreeable, with Monsr. D'Alembert,<sup>2</sup> Diderot,<sup>3</sup> and a dozen other *savants* last Wednesday, but was prevented by a nasty headache. Mr Fox is really very well and in good spirits, and seems to like being here mightily. I hope to return and stay till after Xmas. The Duchess of Bedford goes next week ; she says she is very glad (*je n'en crois mot*), but I have discover'd of late her Grace is much given to say the thing that is not ; this is between you and I if you please, for we are mighty great together. The china here is lovely; I will send you some when I have opportunities, a little bit at a time. I'm going to dine with the Bedfords, who give a fête for His Majesty's Birthday ; 'tis only a great dinner, nothing in the evening. They do not certainly understand those things, and continue to please neither French or English here, and yet have spent an immense sum of money. Since I wrote this Mr G. Selwin, who is come to Paris, tells me you made no stay in town, but went immediately to Worcestershire, so I shall direct my letter there to you, and I hope 'twill get safe ; pray let some of your girls write to me. Sal writes from Barton that she goes to you in July. God send, my dear siss, the waters may do both you and your dear boy good. Adieu. Believe me, ever most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

263. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, June the 12th, [1763].

My dear siss, I have at last had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you in your own hand, a pleasure I have indeed

<sup>1</sup> Marie Thérèse Geoffrin (1699-1777), widow of a rich manufacturer, who presided over a *salon* for many years.

<sup>2</sup> Jean Le Rond d'Alembert (1713-83), mathematician and philosopher.

<sup>3</sup> Denis Diderot (1713-84), man of letters and Encyclopaedist.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

been long deprived of ; you can't imagine how happy it has made me, tho' at the same time I grieve to find you are so miserable about your dear little boy. I don't wonder at you, and know how to feel for you ; but keep up your spirits, dearest sister, so many children have entirely got over those disorders and been healthy strong people afterwards. I have heard the Malvern waters do wonders in that case, but for my own part have more faith in sea water and sea bathing. Indeed I don't remember ever saying I could not love that child. I may have express'd my uneasiness at your partiality for him when you had two such charming boys as George and William, whom I'm exceeding partial to ; but if you'll consider a moment, my dear siss, how is it possible not to love and feel to wish well to any child that belongs to a person one loves. Indeed, it's natural to love any child that comes much in one's way, so pray don't take it into your head I don't love that sweet little boy. Sal is very sorry Mr Bunbury's militia business prevents her coming sooner to you. If the waters do Lord Charles good you'll be very comfortable in your farm house at Malvern. I have wrote twice or thrice since I left England to you, and sent one or two of my letters to Richmond House. I hope they are come safe to you, tho' your letter which is dated June the 1st mentions nothing of them. We have been here four weeks ; our scheme was changed on Ste's account, as you will have seen in my former letters. In a fortnight I hope he may go to Spa with us. His *illness* is, thank God, nothing dangerous, tho' he looks sadly, and it grieves one to think that since his birth he has never enjoy'd six months' health at a time, and that he has so many dangerous years to go through ; 'tis a most inexpressible pleasure to me to see him and be with him. Charles is as you may suppose the happiest of beings. I agree with you we run great risk in bringing him here, and yet I have so high an opinion of his steadiness and understanding that I do flatter myself he will return to Eton and be the schoolboy again. The unsettled life here don't suit Harry, and he would have been happier at school I dare say. Indeed I'm convinced more and more every day that if health permits it, school is the best place for boys. I love Emily for wanting to see me. I should like her I'm sure of all things. I should most certainly have visited you at Malvern, and regret most extremely to have so unluckily

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

fixed on this summer for coming abroad, tho' Sal will tell you when you see her how desirable it was for us in many respects. Lord Holland is vastly better in his health now, and has recover'd his cheerfulness. I dare say your indignation against those who have used him so ill is as great as mine. *Sal est au fait de tout*, so when she is with you she can answer any questions you'll put to her, about things past. Lord Shelburne I shall ever regret, because I loved him ; Rigby I never liked, or loved, Calcraft one can't bear to think of. Mr Fox will find more justice done to his character here than in his own country, for I find he is in great repute in France.

What I see of the French I like. I have been introduced to several people, two of Lady Hervey's intimate friends, la Duchesse douairière D'Aiguillon<sup>1</sup> and a Madame Geoffrin I like very much ; both *savantes*, but without affectation. The former answers my idea of a true well-bred woman of quality more than almost anybody I ever saw ; her manner is so genteel, graceful and easy, with great remains of beauty. Madame 'Geoffrin *n'est pas noble*, but very fond of the English, is constantly at home of an evening, and sees all sorts of company, *dévots, savants, beaux esprits, petits maîtres robins*, etc., etc., she herself is a very sensible agreeable woman, and was much the Duchess of Bedford's favourite of all the French. She says of the Duchess : *Madame de Bedford est polie, elle a de l'esprit, mais elle n'est pas intéressante*. Does not that describe her exactly ? I'm also acquainted with a Madame Chabot,<sup>2</sup> a *dévote* ; she is an English woman, sister to Lord Stafford,<sup>3</sup> whom we remember ; she is very agreeable, fond of the English and England, keeps the best company, and is very much respected here. I have also been to see Madame Puisseux, who was a vast friend of Lord Albemarle's, her husband being Minister when he was here ; she answers the idea one has of an old lively French *coquette* in a story book, or play exactly. I don't vastly like her, nor a Duchesse de La Vallière<sup>4</sup> who is much liked by our English here, and who is amazingly handsome for

<sup>1</sup> Anne Charlotte, Duchesse douairière d'Aiguillon.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Howard, (d. 1769,) dau. of William Stafford-Howard, 2nd Earl of Stafford ; wife of Comte (afterwards Duc) de Rohan-Chabot.

<sup>3</sup> William Stafford-Howard, 3rd Earl of Stafford.

<sup>4</sup> Anne Julie de Crussol, dau. of Duc d'Uzès, and wife of Louis César de La Faune Le Blanc, Duc de La Vallière.

fifty years old. I must not forget our Ambassadrice Madame de Gueretri,<sup>1</sup> who is very ugly, neither *dévot*e nor *savante*, but seems a mighty good plain sort of a woman ; her husband is one of the most agreeable men I ever saw, very handsome, unaffected and sensible. I thought you would like to know a little about the people. I visit several others, and find them all disposed to be civil. The English are quite the *bon ton* here. I don't meet with much of that vivacity in general the French were so famous for ; they appear to me rather grave people. I have seen Belle Vue, but have not yet been at Versailles nor seen Madame Pompadour. I fear I shall not get a sight of her. We have several *parents* here, all the Fitzjames family, whom I visit. The plays amuse me, tho' I find it a little difficult to understand them. The actors are good, none equal to Garrick, but none very bad. The hotels and gardens make Paris a most beautiful town to live in. Could I without sea come here for four months every year, I should prefer it to London infinitely, but I regret Holland House and Kingsgate. A country life is my turn and no other, but [mean]while the novelty diverts me, and that would last long in this place, which is really immensely pretty. As I shall take every opportunity I have of sending you some Sèvres china (what we call Vincennes), let me know your taste a little about it, for I know some particular kind is always the fashion with you. For the time when I return to England would not you like a sack and hoop, as they wear them quite different from our hoops ; one can't appear without a hoop here, that is, no person of fashion, the common people don't wear them. Going without my hat is a real grievance and inconveniency to me, tho' I begin to grow a little used to it. I saw Madame La Vallière's picture at the Carmelites, *en Madeleine* ; 'tis beautiful. Mr Selwin and I propose great pleasure in passing a day at Saint Cloud, and seeing where Madame Henriette<sup>2</sup> lived and passed her time.

I just perceive I have wrote this letter in such a queer way you will with difficulty find out how to read it, but have mark'd

---

<sup>1</sup> Claude François (1715-67), Comte de Guerchy, was French Ambassador in London.

<sup>2</sup> Henrietta (1644-70), 5th dau. of Charles I and Henrietta Maria ; m. (1661) Philippe, Duc d'Orleans.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

the pages to make it more easy. Adieu, my dearest sister. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

I have met with a thing here which so exactly suits Lord Kildare one would think it made on purpose for him, which I send him as a present. Mr Fox sends it to Mr Fannen, to be given him when he arrives.

264. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris June the 25th [1763].

Louisa's letter from Malvern, my dear siss, gives me but a bad account of your dear child. Poor little soul, I hear he suffers sadly. God send this letter may find him better, for tho' I most sincerely do believe there is no danger in his illness, yet the seeing him in pain must be a constant misery to you. You said my letters were acceptable tho' your spirits were so bad, therefore will continue giving you accounts of all I see, as I most sincerely [wish] to contribute to your amusement, my dearest sister. I have seen Marli<sup>1</sup>, which is I think the prettiest place in the world; the waterworks please me of all things. The Comte de Noailles<sup>2</sup> did the honours and shew'd me the famous *salon* so much talked of in Maintenon's letters, and the *pavillons*. He himself is son to the Maréchal<sup>3</sup> who married Mlle. D'Aubigni, and who is still alive, but has (as is common here) given up all his honours and places to his son. There are a numerous family of these Noailles, all greatly provided for at Court; le Comte de Noailles has a beautiful daughter, la Marquise Duras. I have also been at Versailles, where I went to chapel; saw the whole Royal Family, coming from mass; in the antechamber the Queen and the Dauphin stopp'd to speak to me very graciously which was very *polie*, as we English ladies are not presented. But the Dauphin said so much to me that in the meantime the King passed by, whom I'm told intended speaking to me, and

<sup>1</sup> The Château at Marly was built by Louis XIV for Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de Maintenon, his second wife.

<sup>2</sup> Louis, Duc d'Ayen (1713-93), afterwards 4th Duc de Noailles.

<sup>3</sup> Adrien Maurice (1678-1766), 3rd Duc de Noailles, who served in the wars of Louis XIV, and who was beaten by the English at the Battle of Dettingen.

I lost the opportunity of seeing him near, which I regret, for at a distance he appears to me the handsomest man I ever saw. The Dauphin is an unhealthy lean man, has a good look, but not at all handsome. The Dauphine<sup>1</sup> and the Mesdames seem well-looking women, neither handsome or ugly; the Queen, old and ugly, is vastly pleasing. I passed my day there with the two ladies, who carried me to chapel, the Duchess of Fitzjames<sup>2</sup> and Madame de Borozoles, the Duke Fitzjames's sister. I was with them from twelve till five in the afternoon, dined with them two only and one gentleman. I need not tell you they are agreeable women when I tell you I have seldom passed a more agreeable day, and was sorry to leave them. The Duchess Fitzjames is daughter to the Marquis de Matignon; she is about forty, lively, genteel and has been pretty, but looks thin and decay'd, *et fait la vieille* in her dress, which I don't like people the less for. I supped with a lady last night, quite in a different style (at Madame Geoffrin's), which was the Duchesse de La Vallière, who was a favourite with the Duchess of Bedford and is liked by the English here. She was a great beauty, is still surprisingly handsome, and dresses as if she was fifteen, tho' she is past fifty; she was *galante pour ne point dire débauchée*, but has they tell [me] mended her conduct and retriev'd her reputation of late. I don't like her, tho' she is well-bred and sensible. There is a daughter of the Duchess Fitzjames, a little Princess Chimez, about eighteen, so pretty and so like Sal you can't imagine; she takes my fancy of all things, and the family are so happy at her being reck'ned like Sarah; she is to be sure a pretty little creature, much slimmer than Sally and holds herself well. The women here in general are excessively genteel and well shaped, none of those short waists and *hanging presences* so much the fashion in London now. I saw the fireworks for the peace, which were very fine, tho' part of them fail'd, which always happens with fireworks, I think. Lady Hillsbro' has sent me a commission for lace to the value of near £100, I should imagine, and tells me she shall not grudge laying out £20 or even £40. By this time dear little Sal is with you. I'm glad Louisa likes Mr Bunbury, and is so well reconciled to Sarah and Lady Susan's friendship,

<sup>1</sup> Maria Josepha, of Saxony, wife of Louis, Dauphin of France.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Charles FitzJames, Duc de FitzJames.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

which is really a serious settled friendship and affection that will I believe always last, which considering their age is saying a great deal.

265. *Lord Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, June 26th, 1763.

My dear, dear Lady Kildare,

I am in too much concern to say Patsey. Yours of the 19th came since Caroline's went to the post. I have but a minute. I'll say my say. You'll give that attention to it it deserves. Sea water, burnt sponge and diet are the only cures for Lord Charles, which a warm climate would greatly help.

I don't know my dear god-daughter's cure. But I saw the late Lord Digby and Lord Stavordale brought from the very last stage of consumption, by bark, in quantity.

Your distress, coming on the back of your very kind expressions about me, together with recollection of you and yours, quite overpowers me. Adieu.

266. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

June 27th [1763].

I have since the writing of this received a letter from my brother, which informs me of your being come to town on little Harriet's account. Good God, my dear sister, how I do pity your distress! I can think of nothing but you; it casts a damp on all the amusement I could find here; melancholy and serious ideas are too natural to me not to return upon every melancholy occasion, and soon send all cheerful ones from my mind; how do you keep up your spirits? I hear Lord Charles looks surprisingly well after what he had suffer'd; when I recollect Peter Brodie and Mr Cadogan I do sincerely think he will get over it. As for Lady Harriet, when I think of Lord Stavordale, whom I saw so near death, I can't despair, tho' I hear she is extremely ill. Ranby saved his life by persisting in the bark contrary to Duncan and even Truesdale. Lord Digby's recovery was also owing to bark.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

My love to pretty Charles ; tell him I send him a French knife by the first opportunity. I also will send my nieces something from Paris ; there is a watch Sir Charles Hotham had from Geneva, which I intend for Cecilia, and will write about it, for I'm told he is in England. Adieu, my dearest sister. This letter may be troublesome if it finds you in bad spirits, but one must hope for the best, and I flatter myself if your mind is tolerably at ease it may serve to amuse you. God bless you and enable you to go thro' the severe trials you experience at present. Yours,

C. Holland.

I saw St Cloud and the room Henriette died in. 'Tis a charming place.

267. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Spa, July the 15th [1763].

I received yours of the 5th of July, my dear sister, at Liège. In my road here, indeed, all the journeys I have gone are only pleasant airings compared with that from Brussels here—the worst roads and the most tedious I ever went. We came here the night before last. Lord Holland has not yet recovered his fatigue ; at least I hope 'tis only owing to that that he is not so well as he was before he came here. We found Lord and Lady Bateman, who came to this place on purpose to meet us. Spa is full of German princes ; a brother of the King of Prussia's with his wife are here, as also *le futur de* Lady Auguste,<sup>1</sup> a well-looking man enough. 'Tis not the fashion with these same German princes, I'm told, to be civil to us English. I was sorry to come, and don't feel disposed to like Spa, tho' very likely I may ; if the waters do us good I certainly shall, but as yet can judge but little of the place. It's situated, like all mineral waters, among hills, the country about it like Somersetshire.

I am very happy with your accounts of your children, particularly that of Lord Charles, who I sincerely do think will get over it. As for Harriet, 'tis a deceitful flattering distemper ; however, should Bristol agree with her, it has done great cures.

---

<sup>1</sup> Princess Augusta, who m. (1764) William, Duke of Brunswick.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I'm glad you hear that the French people like me, because I really like many of them vastly. I like the turn of life and conversation there, and their town of Paris most extremely. I was much surprised at one thing, which was to see how much the Frenchwomen work; they are for ever at it, and I don't find, by what I can judge, that in general they read so much as I imagined, as I see a great variety of works about in their room, and seldom any books except among a few particular people. You can imagine how they admire Hume's<sup>1</sup> works.

I'm delighted your taste for pretty things continues, for I have sent you *un petit déjeuner* I do think you'll admire; it goes to England by a Mr Rutter, and consists of a china plate, upon which are a cup, saucer, milk-pot, and sugar-dish; the china is new and particular. Send me word always when you have received anything, that I may know it's arrived safe. By the French Ambassador's things, I have sent you two of the biscuit china figures, which I admire vastly, but you'll not get them this great while. I hope dear little Charles will by this time have got his knife, which I sent him. There are also three Geneva stone necklaces for the girls, and a new-fashion'd pin-cushion and scissors, one for Emily, t'other for Harriet. In England somewhere there is an enamel Geneva watch, that Ste by my desire sent by Sir Charles Hotham to England a great while ago, and which I intended for Cecilia, but have heard nothing of it; however, some day or other it will I suppose be forthcoming.

We stayed a day at Brussels, and were much entertain'd with seeing all Prince Charles's cabinets and palace. We also saw at the house of the Pope's Nuncio, lately dead, more magnificence than ever I saw in my life, both as to china, furniture of all kinds, etc., etc. 'Twas all going to be set up to sale the 27th of this month. Was it not for the extreme badness of the roads, Lord Holland would be tempted to go. 'Twas a beautiful sight, indeed. We left commissions to bid for things. How you would love travelling, sweet siss, and how should I, to travel with you! The excessive dirt of the inns, to be sure, is a great drawback on the pleasure of travelling, hot weather too is unpleasant, but we have been particularly lucky in that respect, for the weather has never been very hot

<sup>1</sup> David Hume (1711-76), historian.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

when we were on the road. At Paris we had some very hot days, but it's a cool place, the houses large, the rooms high, and the people so very airy there, with all those immense windows and doors open, and jalousies to keep out the sun, that I suffer'd less with heat than I should anywhere else. Adieu, dearest siss; continue giving me some account of you all as frequently as you can. Yours,

C. Holland.

268. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Spa, August the 10th [1763].

I have received no letter from my dearest sister since I came to Spa, but have lately heard from Sarah, and often from Sir John Seabright, that your dear boy continues to mend. This is the third time I write to you since I came here. I mention it that you may know whether you receive all my letters—and the posts from this country are I find very irregular. I fancy I shall stay here the time first intended, which was till the 22nd or 23rd of August. I'm seldom impatient to leave any place, and Lord Holland and Ste both drink the waters. The former was told one pump was famous for the scurvy, and the latter advised to drink by way of strengthening him after his long illness, which I thank God he seems to have entirely got well of, and to be in better health than ever I saw him. He has been here near a fortnight. He is in love with Lady Spencer,<sup>1</sup> which I am delighted with; *cela l'occupe*, and prevents him gaming, which is the chief occupation of this place—there is nothing else to be done. I have got a gaming fit upon me, and play hazard, faro, and *berlan* continually; the latter is a French game (consequently useful to know when I'm at Paris); it's something like bray, and *quinze*, and loo. I find this place really the worst for a young man of any I know, as 'tis almost impossible to avoid play; and Paris, which I apprehended, seems to be as good a place for a young man, when once you wish him to come into the world, as he can be in—at least by what I can judge of it. The waters don't agree

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Poyntz (d. 1814), wife of John Spencer, 1st Viscount (afterwards Earl) Spencer.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

with me. I have drunk them a fortnight without interruption, they never feel comfortable to me, and yesterday and to-day disorder me very much ; for tho' 'tis my old complaint, I think I should not have had it just now. We have been here about a month, full three weeks I have tried to drink, and am rather worse than better upon the whole since I left Paris, so shall give it up ; for it's an additional disorder to a habitual one to be doing something for one's health which if it don't succeed always increases one's disorders—at least I have found it so. The climate here is uncomfortable, generally rainy, and at times so close and sultry it affects one's spirits to a degree, which effect I find the waters have upon me and several other people ; the regular life here is wholesome and pleasant. I have found one material difference in the climate in France, which is that it promotes perspiration. Sir John Seabright tells me you are in th old way again ; *il faut prendre patience*. Please God you keep pretty well, and your dear child recover, you will comfort yourself. I hope the *déjeuner* and the white figures that are gone by Monsr. Guerchy's things will arrive safe. We shall see Antwerp and Lille in our way from hence ; at Brussels part with dear Charles, who goes with Mr Macartney to England, the latter having some business there, which happens very lucky for Charles. I shall feel mighty unhappy to part with him, it's so pleasant to have them all with one. Let me know how you like Sal and her spouse together. He is too cold and formal to take your fancy, I'm sure ; but he is a worthy honest good sort of man, and is better the more one knows him. Adieu, my dear siss. Is Lord Kildare with you yet ? If he is, my love to him. Lady Mary Coke<sup>1</sup> is here, and all the princes wêre departed before she came, which to her was a great misfortune, to other people a lucky event, for we did not like them. We have delightful French Marquis de Montaset here, who has two stars, two ribbons, a snuff-box for every day, with the Emperor and Empress's pictures, scars, wounds, and in short everything to talk of ; these ridicules apart, seems a well-behaved sensible man. We have had besides, two delightful coxcombs *de la robe*, a *petit maître président* that wore rouge, and a *maître de requêtes*—a

<sup>1</sup>Dau. (1726/7-1811) of 2nd Duke of Argyll, and widow of Edward, Viscount Coke. In her *Letters and Journals 1756-74*, 4 vols. (1889), the Hollands are frequently mentioned.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

new-fashioned coxcomb of the present *bon ton* in the grave way. The insolence of the French to the Germans is beyond expression, and the admiration and court paid them by the Germans is incredible. I fear 'tis not in our favour, but I have observ'd that all nations like one another better than they do us ; envy may have some share in that. Adieu, yours,

C. Holland.

This letter goes by Mr Clements, or some of the gentlemen going to England, so you'll have it soon.

269. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Brussels, August the 26th, [1763].

We left Spa last Tuesday, and came to this place the day before yesterday. We passed yesterday in seeing the little there is to see in this town, which is very prettily situated in a charming country, and is a very neat pretty town. I went to the play, and saw Prince Charles there. To-day we set out for Antwerp, where Charles and Mr Macartney are to meet us. They have taken a tour to Düsseldorf, Cologne, and some more places in Germany. Ste, who stayed at Spa to see Lady Spencer a little longer, will also come to us there, I hope. Two days is the most we purpose to stay at Antwerp ; our next *gîte* is Ghent, where we part, Charles, Mr Macartney to Ostend, in order to embark for England ; Lord Holland, Ste, Harry and I, by a new road to Paris, taking Lille in our way, which is worth seeing. We were all glad to leave Spa. I was disappointed to find the waters disagree with me. Lord Holland, whom they agreed with for three weeks vastly well, at last was thrown into a violent purging by them, which he has not recover'd the effects of yet, being low and not at all well. The account of our life there I can give you in a few lines. Ste made distant and humble love to Lady Spencer, rode out with Lord Spencer,<sup>1</sup> Lord Holland *s'ennuyait beaucoup*, but could talk a deal of nonsense to Lady Bateman about drinking the waters in order to breed. Charles attach'd himself to every French coxcomb that came, admired and affected them, and nothing so insolent and impertinent as a Frenchman among Germans—there were luckily few there.

<sup>1</sup> John Spencer, 1st Viscount Spencer, cr. Earl, 1765, d. 1783.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

As for me, I gambled with the gentlemen, for except Lady Mary Coke, who was terribly fond of me, no ladies play'd. Mr Burton has promised me to teach you *berlan*, which I'm sure you'll like. People divided into sets, so I saw less of Sir John Seabright than I could have wish'd. He is good-humoured and agreeable, but he was not of our gaming party. He comes to Paris immediately, where he is to belong to Ste and I. He loves you of all things, and often told me what he heard from Malvern about you and Lord Charles, from Madame Pitt, I suppose. Just before we left Spa a Princess Amely of Prussia came there, the most polite well-bred woman I ever saw, exceedingly fond of the English. She is an object now, poor woman, blind of one eye, scarcely able to speak or walk, but one may see she has been pretty and agreeable. She is a favourite of her brothers, and was reckoned a beauty, wit, *galante, esprit fort, et tout cela*; now indeed she is a dismal object, and if she is *esprit fort* must be a wretched being. I hate to think of her, for there is something so obliging in her manner, one must feel to wish her well. My little Harry is grew quite a blackguard, and I can't help fretting about it, tho' it must be the certain consequence of being from school at his age, if a child has any spirit. I hope school will cure all again. I'm impatient to hear how you go on, and how long you stay at Malvern. I was vastly happy to hear from Ophaly Lord Charles could walk and ride, surely he must mend vastly by that. I hope in God to hear soon both he and Harriet are in a fair way. Adieu, dear siss, Yours,

C. Holland.

I had wrote a long letter to Sal, but recollected you might not still be together.

I am very well. H.

I have this minute received Sal's letter of the 17th of August. I'm sorry the children don't mend faster.

270. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

September the 11th [1763].

I have received yours of the 3rd this afternoon, my dearest sister, and am much interested in answering it immediately.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I beg you will, as soon as ever you come to town, settle with Ramsay to do your picture for the Gallery. I shall be vastly sorry to let slip this opportunity. You'll see your name marked for one of the half-lengths in the Gallery, there are but two full-lengths in the room, so if the mark should be effaced you can't mistake, as the rest are either heads or half-lengths of a particular size, which Ramsay will go and see, tho' he knows it already. The two full-lengths over against the chimney are for Louisa, and the picture of Sal, Lady Sue and Charles, done by Reynolds. Ramsay is doing mine, to go between the doors, over against the window. So much for pictures; pray don't neglect sitting. I'm glad you have passed your summer so tolerably at Malvern. How long is sweet Lord Charles to stay there? How I lament having missed you in England, tho' I rejoice more than ever at not being in England just now, and that Lord Holland is in the House of Lords.

What are we about? Strangers don't know what we are at.

*Les français sont heureux, les anglais cherchent à l'être*, says a French farce with great truth; as to your commission, my sweet siss, about a servant, I don't think 'twill be easy to find in a minute. I don't know who I must apply to for a Protestant, but I'll endeavour. The playing after supper draws me in to late hours, which is the only thing I dislike here; otherwise the life is very pleasant, to my mind at least. In two or three days we go to Aubigni. If these odious politics should keep Lord Holland long in England when he goes to the meeting of the Parliament, I shall be horrid mad. Adieu. Why is not poor dear Siss a favourite? I'm sure I should love her. Your Emily has more life and spirit, I suppose, which does take more with one. Yours,

C. Holland.

271. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Aubigni, the 21st of September [1763].

I answer'd the part of your letter from Malvern of the 3rd of September that required an immediate answer, my dear sister, and I hope by this time your picture is much advanced. Let me know about it, and in what dress and attitude you're

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

drawn. I hope you have often been to see the place it is to be in—pretty Holland House ; this wet summer must have made it look in high beauty. We came to this place Sunday last. I was surprised to find so comfortable and so good a house, so well kept up, and in such good order and repair. The country about it is pretty enough for a sporting country. Was it not for the abominable dirty inns I should delight in travelling about France, but they are bad beyond imagination. I do think the French are at least fifty years behind-hand in regard to the real conveniences and comforts of life, tho' they consult their ease much with regard to some things. Travel indeed they seldom do, and if by chance they do, 'tis the *bon ton* to go night and day without stopping to sleep, so the bad inns are not the same inconveniency to them as to us. We have no company here but Jones and Carlton. The Duchess is delighted to be here, and in vast spirits. She is jolly and good-humoured to a degree, nothing but that indeed can make up for her queer behaviour with my brother ; 'tis really quite imprudent, *et cela me révolte*, for I'm one of those that think a woman had better have an intrigue with another man in a decent way than be imprudent with her own husband. I have not of late seen her quite at her ease, so had seen nothing of this ; but it's really abominable. My brother, Lord Holland, and I have been studying the family of the Stuarts who have enjoyed the possession of this *terre*, which was given to Johan Stuart, a Scotch gentleman in the time of Charles VII., Roi de Bourges, in consideration of the help he brought him from Scotland.<sup>1</sup> This Johan was ancestor in direct line of Matthew, Earl of Lennox, the Regent of Scotland, Robinson<sup>2</sup> mentions, and father of the Earl of Darnley ; he descended from the eldest son of Johan Stuart, who gave the *terre* of Aubigni to his second son. So, you see, it has always been in our family ; 'tis a mighty agreeable thing to have, as far as anything of that sort can be. I have employ'd a gentleman to look out for such a servant as you wish ; the point of being a Protestant makes it difficult. Cecilia, as you describe her, would please me vastly

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Stuart (1365?–1429) went with his brother to the aid of France in 1420, and was Constable of the Scots Army in France ; for his services he had from Charles VII in 1423 the Lordship of Aubigny, and the right to quarter the lilies of France with his own arms.

<sup>2</sup> William Robertson (1721–93), Scottish historian.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

*par rapport au caractère.* A beauty she is not, I dare say, to my taste. We are to dine at a Madame Putanges, at her château, some day this week, which I'm delighted with, as I long to see some French *noblesse de campagne*. By Fannen I sent you three pairs of worked ruffles, deep, such as they work on purpose for the English. I hope they are such as you meant. Your *déjeuner* you'll have as soon as you come to town; the figure went with Monsr. Guerchi's things, perhaps are not arrived, most likely not unpack'd. Let me know if you are fond of china set in ormolu. I admire it vastly and, if you do, will send you some, but would know your taste first, as 'tis very dear. Adieu, yours,

C. Holland.

I'm very sorry none of my houses are fit to receive you in, unluckily.

272. Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.

Paris, October the 21st, [1763].

My dear siss, Cecilia's last letter gave me some uneasiness, as she informs me the accounts from Malvern are less good. I should imagine tho', the cold weather coming on must affect poor dear Lord Charles's health; you have also a sore eye she tells me, so near your time. I'm sure you need have no other complaint to make you uncomfortable. I send you by the Duchess of Richmond a most comfortable bed-gown and petticoat *pour vos couches*, quite smart, light, and warm. Now, my dear siss, I must explain to you if I can, what must appear to you extremely odd, that I by my own choice prefer spending the winter here, tho' you are in London, and let Lord Holland go by himself. You and I have lived so little together of late that I fear 'twill not be easy to make you comprehend my feels on this occasion. You will easily believe 'tis not merely the amusements of this country that keep me, nor even Ste, tho' being the same side of the water with him is no small satisfaction, and a family kept here at home for him is of great use to him; but that alone would not determine me. My greatest motive is to secure Lord Holland's returning here to me, as I'm persuaded this place, or at least being out of London, is best

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

both for his health and spirits, neither of which are so good as formerly ; was I to be with him in town now, I should be very unhappy, I know, and not contribute to his tranquility. I have really such a hatred to all the odious politics that it would keep my mind in a continual agitation, and if after all the ill usage he has received he again lets them draw him into the scrape, to use him ill again (which I do not think quite impossible), I will have nothing to do in it, *je m'en lave les mains*. Was I in town I should be unhappy every time Lord Sandwich<sup>1</sup> or any of them conversed with him, always fearing the result of their conversations. In this situation of mind, my dearest sister, I should not have any real enjoyment of your company ; here, I shall patiently wait, quietly amusing myself, the events of all those things, and when once anything is determin'd I can make up my mind to it. I could not help troubling you with this long account, as I do think you must with reason reproach me for voluntarily choosing to be absent when you are in England. My brother and his Duchess leave Paris Tuesday, so you will soon have the pleasure of seeing her, not at all *à la française*, I believe ; for she came yesterday from Fontainebleau in an exceeding dirty white lutestring night-gown, as like a housemaid as ever you saw anything. Her beauty was admired at Fontainebleau, I hear ; she is to be sure good humour itself. Our Fontainebleau journey is again deferred, perhaps it may end in not going. They liked it, and said 'twas the only opportunity of seeing the Ministers and Court people. The Choiseuls are agreeable, particularly Madame, who is little Lady Essex *en belle*, lively, civil and obliging to a degree, but in general *la société de la Cour n'est pas la meilleure*, at least, not esteem'd so.

I play'd at piquet t'other night with an archbishop and a bishop, both vastly agreeable people, at the Dowager Duchesse d'Aiguillon's, who was a vast friend of an unfortunate cousin of ours one must not name. She has promised to shew me some of his letters, and says *qu'il est très aimable*. She is a delightful old woman, what you call a *maîtresse femme*, proud to a degree, but lively, sensible, and well-bred ; knows more than most of them, for in general I do think the French very ignorant.

<sup>1</sup> John Montagu (1718-92), 4th Earl of Sandwich. He had become Secretary-of-State the previous month.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Great numbers of the *savants* and *beaux esprits* have never read anything, I believe, but some metaphysical brochure, upon which they value themselves upon being *des esprits forts*. Take them altogether they are an agreeable, polite people, tho', very attentive to those they wish to be civil to, and I like the whole turn of life and conversation here extremely. Don't ever mention anything I say against them, as it may come round, and I really receive great civilities, their ridicules divert and never offend me. We have ours, God knows, but one is used to them, so they don't strike one. Adieu, my dearest siss; you'll see Lord Holland soon; he sets out the first of November I believe. Lord Kildare and you will be surprised when you talk with him, to find anybody can be so void of resentment for ill-usage as he is. Yours,

C. Holland.

My health is infinitely better here [than] hitherto.

273. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Fontainebleau, November 8th, [1763].

Mrs Fannen tells me, sweet siss, that when she had the pleasure of seeing you she did not think you at all well, and that you had a degree of purging upon you which must weaken you, I fear very much. I hope from Lord Holland, who by this time you have seen, to have a very particular account of you, and also of you about him, when you are able to write. I want to know what you think of his health; not having seen him for some time may make you better able to judge of it than those who are constantly with him. I hope to God I shall be satisfied with your accounts of each other. I wrote you a very long letter some time ago, which I hope you received.

I have been here some days. I don't much like it, tho' I must say the Court here has the greatest air of magnificence imaginable. The *spectacle* of the Opera is exceeding fine beyond anything I have ever seen of the kind. Yesterday there was a Ball in the Opera House, the King, Queen, Mesdames, etc., playing at cards on the stage, dancing below in the pit, and all the Court dress't out in the boxes below. I could only see it from a box quite above, not having been presented, so that I could not see it in perfection, not being able to distinguish the

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

people's faces so well. There were two quadrilles danced, one of them the prettiest thing I ever saw. The young women dress, dance so well, and have such a pretty carriage. Two or three of the beauties I have frequently met at suppers and visits, and am sorry to say that their behaviour is far preferable to our young women's. I don't mean those under one or two and twenty (for they don't speak at all), but those that are at liberty in the world. What lovers they may have, or what they do in private, I can't tell; but nothing is so proper, so decent, and so civil as their behaviour in public. I don't know a place, in my opinion, so proper to form a very young woman's behaviour as Paris and the Court here. Young men they with difficulty admit into company either of their own or any other nation, and the young Frenchmen pass their time with the Opera girls.

Madame de Choiseul, the Minister's wife, is one of the most pleasing women I ever saw in my life, vastly well spoke, and has a most engaging manner and address, with a pretty little figure. Lord Rochford and I find her out to be vastly like little Lady Essex, but it don't strike other people so much, I find. I have not met Madame de Pompadour, which grieves me; the Duchess of Richmond saw her at Madame Choiseul's one night when she was here, and can give you an account of her. I regret that *malgré* the etiquette of us English peeresses, I was not presented when I came here, as I should have seen more of the Court, and they want us English ladies to be presented vastly, I find. After all why should I not be contented to be on the same footing at Court as the Duke of Fitzjames, or any other duke's sister or great lady that is not duchess, particularly as they won't give our duchesses the *tabouret*. Now the journey is over 'twill hardly be worth my while, but here 'twould have been infinitely more agreeable to me, not that any Court life even for a week pleases me. I prefer Paris much to the Court, but my brother and the Duchess, who were delighted with this place, particularly he, persuaded me to come, and as I wish to see everything, I came; but at Paris one enters into and sees much more of the characters and the *ton* of the French than here, as all Courts have some resemblance of one another; a great supper at Monsr. Choiseul's, tho' not quite like a great supper at Newcastle House formerly, yet is not so unlike it as a *petit souper* or *diner* at Paris is to what one meets with in England.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

To-morrow, now, I am, when I arrive at Paris, to dine with the old Duchesse d'Aiguillon, another old woman, and an Abbé de Broglio, who is some years past fourscore ; that's the kind of thing I like. I'm sure you comprehend me.

I have just had a letter of November the 1st from Mrs Fannen, who tells me you and your little brat are well, my dear siss. I hope you liked the bed-gown, and found it of use to you. Lord Holland brings you some ribbon *au gré*. Nothing is more pleasant than the situation of this place, in a vast wild romantic forest ; the hunting is exceeding pretty. I drive to the rendezvous, and sometimes see the hunting in my coach. We have had quite fine summer weather for these six weeks past. I'm clear about the climate, people may say what they will, but I'm sure the air is less damp and oppressing than ours, I have not been so well this last week as I was, tho'. I long to hear how sweet Lord Charles does. I suppose he will soon come to Holland House, where I hope you will choose for him what apartment you think most healthy and convenient. Don't let him be in town at all ; it must be bad for him. If Malvern waters should fail doing him good, surely, my sweet siss, you should try a warm climate for him, at least a dry one, but in his case I believe quite a southern one would be of use. Adieu. Believe me ever yours,

C. Holland.

The fuss made here about Mr Hume would divert you.

274. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, November the 23rd [1763].

It's a long while, my dear sister, since I have wrote to you, but you have heard of me from others constantly, and have often seen Lord Holland, whose looks and health I hope you think well of, tho' I should fear this severe cold weather would affect his asthmatic disorder. 'Tis excessively cold here, but generally clear ; the going about in a coach of an evening is quite uncomfortable, tho' I am hard'ned to it pretty well. There is something very agreeable to me here in the being unengaged of evenings, and being able consequently to stay at home when

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

one is lazy, without sending excuses about, and one is pretty sure of two or three people dropping in when one does so. Lady Holderness likes that part of the life here as much as I do ; the exceeding low play she dislikes more than I do as you may imagine. Lady Hertford and she are both very agreeable here ; you know I was always partial to Lady Holderness. I have made one remark, and several English agree with me in it, which is, that the English are more agreeable abroad than at home ; they find themselves in some degree more necessary to one another, and consequently are more desirous of pleasing ; the English men are infinitely more agreeable abroad than they are at home. I hear Lord Charles is at Holland House. I hope the air agrees with him. Mr. Upton, who sets out to-day for England, brings you the ear-rings you desired, and brings some china I send Louisa. You are very happy, I reckon, to have her. Pray, dear siss, anything you may want from Paris by way of commission, don't put it off till I'm coming away, and hurry me out [of] my life. I must tell you that the winter silks are beautiful beyond imagination, to my taste at least, especially those velvet ones without gold or silver, under £30 English ; one may have a gown as rich as it's possible to be without gold or silver, there are satins with chenille flowers in two colours, and in several colours very pretty ; they are dear in proportion ; a gown of one of them comes to about £14 or £15. I tell you all this in case you should have any commands. Blondes are as dear as in England, very near at least ; lace is cheaper, and so it need be, such quantities as they wear. It's quite scrubby for anybody that is not vastly young to wear blonde in winter. Dress is immensely expensive here. I really don't think it would answer to Mr Bunbury and Lady Sarah to come, and I hear every day so many objections to Sal's coming, I begin to rather wish they did not come. 'Tis a doubt, I'm told, whether she can be presented at Court here. Have you seen the Gueretris ? I hope you like him ; he is really mighty agreeable. Let me know for certain, sweet siss, when you return to Ireland, if you know yourself. Adieu, yours,

C. Holland.

I send you two story-books ; the *Citoyen de Genève* is supposed to be Diderot's.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

275. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, November the 27th, [1763].

I am delighted, my dear siss, to imagine you sitting in my dressing-room at sweet Holland House, tho' I fear you are very cold there. I'm exceedingly concern'd to think Lord Charles is worse since he left Malvern. Don't they advise you, dear siss, to a more southern climate? I wish it was to be try'd; this even is better than ours, Aubigni two degrees better than this, and if that did not do, you might go farther south. I would with pleasure go with you to any part of France that should be advised, and stay a couple of months with you; indeed I should think it worth trying. Poor Lord Holland has got a very sore but a mighty healthy complaint, I find. I have not wrote lately to you except last post, not because I had no letter of yours to answer, but because I had nothing to say, and you heard of me from others. My life at present passes in a mighty regular quiet way; my spirits, I thank God, quiet, easy and cheerful. I live a great deal at home, see as few and as many people as I wish. People are much mistaken in their notion of the gaiety of Paris; as yet I have seen no appearance of it except at the plays, and they are not full. I have never seen twenty people together at [one] time since I have been here. In the carnival, I think, they tell me there are balls.

What do you do with yourself in London? Is loo still in favour with you? I do beg when poor Mrs. Goldsworthy<sup>1</sup> comes to town you will let the woman see you; 'twill be such a mortification to her if you don't. I heard you dined with Lord Warwick<sup>2</sup>; are My Lady and he parted? She talks of nothing but Lord Warwick; and he told Lady Hertford that he should feel vastly obliged to her for any civilities shew'd to Lady Warwick<sup>3</sup>. There is a queer Mr Nugent that was at Spa, and is now here; he talks for ever of you; do you know him much? How odd it was in my brother George to march away to Berwick

<sup>1</sup> Dau. of Capt. Vanbrugh, R.N., and wife of Barrington Goldsworthy, sometime Consul at Leghorn.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Greville (1719-73), 8th Baron Brooke; cr. Earl Brooke (1746) and Earl of Warwick (1759).

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth, dau. of Lord Archibald Hamilton, and wife of Francis Greville, 1st Earl of Warwick (d. 1800).

[1763]

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

without seeing Lord Holland. Lord and Lady Hertford are better liked by the English here than the Bedfords were, and can't be more disliked by the French. I'm so glad to be at liberty to hate that set of people, which I could never bring myself cordially to like, as I do from my heart believe them to be more void of all principles than any set of people I ever met with. Pray make some of your girls write me word how you like my Gallery, and how you'll be drawn, to be in it. Adieu, yours most affectionately, sweet siss.

C. Holland.

276. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, December the 21st, [1763].

Madame Chabot *est dévote, c'est à dire, elle ne porte point de rouge, elle fréquente les églises, elle ne joue point, elle ne soupe point, elle ne va point aux spectacles*: these are what make a *dévote*. She is a better thing for she [is] a good woman, and what's still more to the purpose, as I wish you all to be civil to her, she is an exceeding agreeable woman. My dear siss, I know you can't shew civilities; you are a stranger in town. What I beg of you is to let her in if she comes to see you, as she wants to see all my sisters. If you happen to be confined, don't be deny'd, for she is so very easy and conversable you'll like her vastly. The Richmonds, Sal and the Hillsbro's will I hope have her to dinner; she is an Englishwoman and speaks English as well as French, tho' she has lived here most of her life, and is more respected than anybody. So much for Madame Chabot. Tho' you can't answer my letters, I hear you like I should write to you, therefore I will continue so to do, tho' at present I have very little to say. I'm glad Sal has determin'd not to come as *Madame la Secrétaire*. I find from all people here 'twould not have been a proper situation for her to appear in, in this country where those things are look'd on in a different light from ours. I have sent you two more story-books, not very pretty, but you desired anything new. I hope those Tatty<sup>1</sup> brought you came safe. I suppose you see a good deal of Mrs Greville; she writes in bad spirits about her affairs, poor

<sup>1</sup> Clotworthy Upton.

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

woman ; I fear they are in a bad way. I'm very happy Ciss is so well recover'd ; 'twas a most frightful thing, and alarm'd me vastly, for her. Lady Holderness's girl, your namesake, Lady *Emily*,<sup>1</sup> puts me so in mind of you at her age ; she is just a naughty clever agreeable girl as you were. She dined with her mother at the Duc de Nivernois t'other day with twenty people, and make me think so much of old times ; she was the object *dont toute la compagnie s'occupait*, and as well-behaved and as much at her ease as any grown-up person, not minding her father or mother in the least. Lord Holderness agreed with me 'twas exactly you, which comforts him he says when she plays the devil, as she does at home, to know 'twill turn out well. The Hertfords go on pretty well ; Lady Hertford hates it, and suffers from her own shyness still more to see what her pretty daughter<sup>2</sup> suffers ; 'tis really a distress to her if one asks the poor girl how she does, she looks ready to sink into the ground. Could she give her brother<sup>3</sup> a little of it 'twould not be amiss. He has a pretty figure and address, is sensible, but too self-sufficient for his age, and too wise. I will always take boys' word for character at Eton, tho' much commended by the masters he was not liked by the boys. I must repeat to you, dear siss, don't find out you want any commissions to be executed when I'm coming away. I dread it hap'ning then ; now I can at my ease do anything of that sort for my friends, but towards my going away 'twill worry me to death. I'm glad you like the ear-rings. There is a fashionable work here that would suit you, 'tis a little better than knotting, and it makes the prettiest bell-ropes for one's rooms that can be, and requires no eye-sight.

I supp'd t'other night with the famous Madame de Brionne. She is a very unaffected agreeable woman as ever I saw ; great remains of beauty, but no bloom left, the small-pox having entirely taken it away, and left her a good deal mark'd. Her eyes are beautiful, her person immensely fine, and the shape and turn of her face still charming. She must have been a most

<sup>1</sup> Lady Amelia Darcy, only child of Robert, 4th Earl of Holderness, whom she suc. as Baroness Conyers, 1778. She m. (i) (1773) Francis Godolphin-Osborne, Marquis of Carmarthen ; (ii) (1779) John Byron.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Anne Seymour-Conway, (d. 1789), eldest dau. of Francis, 1st Earl of Hertford ; m. (1776) Charles Moore, 6th Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Drogheda.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Robert Seymour-Conway (1748-1831).

[1763]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

perfect beauty, but not so pleasing I imagine as Lady Coventry's or the Duchess of Hamilton's, except that is no appearance of affectation or being sensible of her own charms—nor ever was, I'm told. Indeed, I believe that, for had she ever had any airs she would not have lost them tho' she lost her beauty. She got the small-pox this summer, nursing her son, who had it. What I admire her for is seeming so cheerful and so easy with the loss of her beauty, under thirty years old too, and she was the kind of beauty to last a great while, her features being so perfectly regular. There is a Comtesse d'Egmond<sup>1</sup> here, daughter to the Duc de Richelieu, much the fashion that puts one in mind of poor pretty Lady Coventry, both in manner and figure, tho' better-behaved infinitely; indeed all the young women are well-behaved in company here, flirting seems entirely an English fashion, that they do worse I don't doubt, but certain it is their public behaviour is decent. Adieu, yours,

C. Holland.

1764

277. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

[A Fragment. ? 1764.]

..... Indeed, my family connections are grown so numerous they alone fill my hours, but all pleasures in life have their inconveniences, and one must submit to them.

I shall not, I own, leave this place without regret. I'm not French like Lady Hervey, but I do think they are the only people who know how to put society on an easy agreeable foot; they don't like us run after diversions, nor think themselves *ennuyé* unless something clever is going on; they are trifling, chatty, and easy, have some formal old-fashion'd customs which I was amazed at at first, but which clearly [I am] of opinion contributes to keep up a certain decency and politeness in

---

<sup>1</sup> Sophie Jeanne Louise Armande Septenianie de Richelieu, dau. of Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, and wife of Comte d'Egmont.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

society that we want. The men are not near so agreeable as ours, but a certain attention they pay to women of all ages makes up for the want of that superiority of understanding our men are endowed with. The women in general are better than ours; every woman here has a character—the generality of ours have none; there is here a great attention paid to old people, and the old people here are exceedingly agreeable; the most disagreeable animal in nature is a young Frenchman. Upon the whole, I think every woman past thirty that really lives a Paris life among the French, and understands the language, and who likes conversation better than cards, will prefer Paris to London; Kingsgate life I prefer to either. Adieu. I'm at the end of my paper.

278. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, August the 13th, [1764].

Many thanks, sweet siss, for your letter; our correspondence seems to be got upon a comfortable footing again. I hope it don't hurt your eyes. Your account of yourself and boy are charming; early hours, particularly in a morning, are certainly the best remedy for bad nerves, the morning air is so pleasant. I wonder, when I'm up and dress'd before seven, which is frequently the case here, that I don't always do it; the custom of lying a-bed all morning, as many people do, is really losing half the enjoyment of life. If Lady Emily is flatter'd by my good opinion she has reason to be vain. I'm very partial to her, I don't know a more amiable girl to my taste, and one whom I should sooner wish for my own daughter. She will I dare say, please God, if she is healthy, be quite as pretty as one would wish a girl to be; but I take her to be of a mighty delicate constitution, and think she ought to have great attention paid to her health. So, dear sweet Louisa grows a little vulgar with her Irish companions. It's very odd, but I don't think I know any Irish people (Lord Kildare and his sister excepted) however agreeable, sensible, they may be otherwise, that have not a little more or less of that vulgar familiarity about them, which I dislike more than one ought to dislike what is no real fault; but it's unpleasant to a degree. The queen of vulgarity is our sister George, who has sense enough tho' to know when she

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

may or may not be so. Mr Marly is the man Louisa and you were so mad at Lord Holland about, I believe. We have a neat comfortable church and a good preacher about a mile from us, which is a pleasant circumstance to me. At your leisure quite, pray order me a dozen pictures, if Dixon still paints, and bespeak the lutestring. Indeed you shall have green vases, so pray set your heart at rest. You shall have *Mlle. Jenny*<sup>1</sup> sent you—'tis very pretty. *Madame Blemon* is what one calls a stupid book, but it's interesting, and it diverted Charles and me mightily. He has not forgot you, I assure [you], but admires and loves you vastly. *Louise* is a sweet creature; hers is by much the best story in the book. The French have in general queer ideas of us English, to be sure, *Mlle. Jenny* is a better wrote book; 'tis by the author of *Lady Catesby*. Adieu, my dearest sister. My love to all friends at Carton.

C. Holland.

Why did the poor little Duchess of Leeds die? What a number of them go when one least expects.

279. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, August the 19th, [1764].

'Tis quite comfortable, dear siss, to receive a letter so regularly every week from you. As you don't mention your dear child, I conclude all goes on well. I'm glad you keep to your early hours. I'm sure they have been of great use to you as well as Lord Holland; they are very pleasant and I like them, tho' I can't say I find the same effect, except from dining early; as to going to bed I don't find any difference between ten and one or two with regard to my health. Why do all servants hate one should get up early, but they certainly do. I had rather not sup, but Lord Holland is extremely ready to eat his crabs and divers other things at half an hour after eight, after eating an exceeding hearty dinner at two; a good breakfast he always eats; the difference in that respect this air and any other makes, is hardly to be believed; from scarcely eating at all he now eats too much, in my opinion; but you know I'm

<sup>1</sup>*Histoire de Miss Jenny*, by Marie-Jeanne. Riccoboni (1764), author of *Lettres de Milady Juliette Catesby*, a novel (1759).

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

apt to grudge people their victuals. I know your Carton house is immensely comfortable and pretty. I don't despair some day or other of seeing it, I assure you. I'm glad you think me reasonable about Ste; he is at present at Spa, where there are two of his loves, if not three, tho' I believe Lady Spencer, who is one of them, is come away; the other is a sweet pretty Irish Miss Ryley who was there last year. Only think of the Beggar<sup>1</sup> pretending to be nice, with her ugly phiz. We have lately most shocking bad weather, and yet we generally contrive to get a drive in the one horse chair which I grow to like more and more every day. Another horrid tragedy in Russia, poor Ivan, the son of the Princess Anne, put to death on the report of a commotion in his favour<sup>2</sup>; he was Czar when he was an infant. Any revolution that would dethrone the present Empress<sup>3</sup> would, I must own, give me as much pleasure as anything of that sort could; she is a horrible woman, to be sure. I don't intend my alcove should be immensely comfortable, but have so many different schemes in my head about it that at present I'm not determin'd upon the manner of making it comfortable. Charles has taken to study these two days, which will make him less agreeable, I suppose, than when he is idle and reads only story-books; but he is in the right to make use of his time. Study is rather a lucky turn for a boy, because it keeps them out of harm's way, and that's the chief use of it I believe. He likes this solitary quiet life of ours mightily, which to most people of his age must appear dull.

I'm diverted with the Dowager's reason for wishing not to die from home.

Adieu. Yours, my dearest sister, most affectionately,

C. Holland.

Lord and Lady George Lennox will grow quiet and settled, I fancy. They are so fond of their new house in the country, and she is so busy fitting it up that they will take to a rational sort of life, I believe, being very fond of their little ones too.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Pelham.

<sup>2</sup> Czar Ivan VI. of Russia, who succ. Empress Anne in 1740, had been deposed in 1741. An attempt was made to reinstate him, when he was killed by his guards in 1764.

<sup>3</sup> Catherine II (1729-96), who reigned as Empress of Russia, following her husband, Czar Peter III's, deposition and murder in 1762.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

280. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, August the 20th, [1764].

I have had no letter this week from my dearest sister ; but conclude you all go on well at Carton, and that dear pretty Charles continues mending. My Charles has just left us to take leave of Lady Susan,<sup>1</sup> who is to sail for New York the tenth of next month. He was so anxious to go, I own I thought it better not to persuade him against it, tho' 'twill I fear be a melancholy party. His attachment to her is still very great, and since he came here, tho' in the main he has been vastly well and cheerful, he has had several melancholy fits about her. Lord Holland heard from a gentleman of his acquaintance, that dear Ste was well, and lived a regular sober life at Spa ; from him himself I have not heard since he arrived there. The harvest in this country is very beautiful, and this has been a delightful week for it, the finest bright clear weather imaginable. Lord Holland and Charles talk of a sea voyage next week to visit Lord and Lady Ilchester in Dorsetshire ; if it takes place I shall take the opportunity to visit Holland House. The Richmonds are not gone to France, that project is over for this summer. My brother is appointed one of the reviewing Generals which, according to custom, he likes and don't like. Adieu, my dear siss. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

281. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Saturday the 28th [August, 1764].

My dearest sister, many thanks for your kind letter. Tho' I'm always happy to see your handwriting, don't write when it's the least troublesome to you. After suffering so much as you have with your poor eyes, when they are easy and that you can enjoy air and light, I reckon you think yourself well. I'm sincerely rejoiced to hear Lord Charles goes on well ; time gain'd is very material in his illness. I do not wish Ste to marry

---

<sup>1</sup> On 7 Apr., 1764, Lady Susan Fox-Strangways secretly married William O'Brien, a young Irish actor. The following September they went to America.

Miss Greville<sup>1</sup>; one can't wish a match when the girl is so young; 'tis impossible to judge of her character. Indeed, I don't wish any match for him these three or four years at least; but as I imagine he will marry, I would have it entirely his own doing, if he will but allow himself time to know whether he has a choice about it or no. I have so often seen too much prudence turn out worse than the evil apprehended, that I quite scruple setting myself against what could not be look'd upon as a real misfortune. You can't imagine how much I reproach myself having in any degree (which I certainly did) put a stop to Mr Macartney's flirting with Lady Susan; it might and I believe would have come to something, had I not mentioned it to Ste one day, who told him of it and he out of regard to the family desisted talking to her upon it. Mrs Digby's uneasiness at her son's love for Lady Diana Clavering<sup>2</sup> gave a different turn to his way of life. Who knows, had he married her when he liked her so much he might have been alive now? And she is one of the best wives, best sort of women in the world; and 'tis my firm persuasion that a too prudent foresight in us shortsighted mortals is the most imprudent way of acting for one's own happiness. Please God to preserve my boy's life and health. My only anxiety will be to keep him as much out of vices as fashion and his own sociable nature will permit. He has tied himself up with some of his own companions from gaming while at Spa, which otherwise I should fear infinitely more than Miss Greville's pretty face. Sir John can't possibly, as you say, have a wife among us, now Lady Elizabeth is gone. He has some thoughts, I find, of the Beggar, as they call the youngest Pelham.

Lord Holland continues well and in good spirits. We have delightful weather. I'm better than when I wrote last; this quiet life agrees with my spirits. We dine at two, soon after five go out in the one-horse chair till towards eight, sup before nine, to bed exact at ten, up as soon after six as we can, never in bed at seven. I don't walk so much here as at Holland House; indeed I don't go out much in a morning, as we want shade, tho' there is for sitting out a very pretty circumstance,

<sup>1</sup> Frances Anne Greville, (d. 1818,) only dau. of Fulke Greville. She m. (1766) John Crewe, afterwards cr. Baron Crewe.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Diana West, dau. of John, 1st Earl Delawarr, and 1st wife of Sir John Clavering, the opponent of Warren Hastings.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

viz., a shady mulberry tree close to the house of the garden side, not looking to the sea. We are going to make an alcove in our little drawing-room, which has two windows looking to the sea. This alcove will have a window down to the ground, to go immediately into the garden, under this same mulberry tree, and this will be more comfortable than can be imagined by those who don't enjoy those sort of comfortable things, but which you will perfectly understand. I'm going to furnish it with green and white strip'd paper, which is the prettiest paper to my taste I have yet seen, at least 'tis my passion at present. I beg you'll have some when you have any attic storey room to furnish, or some such sort of chamber, as 'tis really immensely pretty. Pray tell Mrs Vesey of it, if you ever meet now, and set her wild by telling her Mrs Anne Pitt has it. I can enter into the pleasure you feel at having that worthy Dowager pleased and amused at Carton, without being put out of your own way : neither you or I, my sweet siss, have that sort of complaisance in our temper to make those sort of things easy to us ; and yet I flatter myself we have that sort of good nature and regard to what's right to feel unhappy if we don't do it ; besides that, you really love her, and have reason so to do, by all accounts. There must be a satisfaction in contributing to the ease of old age, which I fear at best is but a sad affair. Adieu, I contrive, without having anything to say, to write very long letters from this place ; but I propose to keep to the old custom of writing once a week, whether I have anything to say, to tell you I am yours most sincerely,

C. Holland.

282. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, September the 4th [1764].

I came to this place yesterday, my dear siss, thro' more dust than ever I saw, except that day when you and I, some years past, dined at Ingress with Lord Bessbro'. I often thought of it yesterday ; 'tis part of the same road. I find this place green, shady, and pretty within itself. I should not have seen it so soon, but that Lord Holland and Charles having resolved upon a sea voyage, which will probably take them up

a fortnight, I press'd them to set out upon it before the equinoctial winds, the latter end of this month, were likely to blow. They have indeed at present delightful weather for their expedition; their scheme is to stop at Chichester and visit my brother at Goodwood, then proceed to Weymouth in Dorsetshire, which is but twelve miles from one of Lord Ilchester's houses. Sarah is in town to take leave of her unfortunate friend, who sets out Friday for Falmouth, from whence she sails in the packet to New York. Poor dear Sal, tho' sorry to part with her, sees how right it is for her as well as Lady Susan that she should go; they both go cheerfully I hear, which I'm glad of.

Many thanks for your kind letter. Indeed, my dear siss, if you knew how infinitely happy I am to hear you are so makes me, you would never for a minute doubt of my sincere affections for you; dear Charles going on so well is really delightful. I don't despair one day or other of seeing your works at Carton. I agree with you I do think I have some taste in planting and laying out ground, which is very amusing work; I have none of that at Kingsgate. My little garden there is soon done; flowers grow well, plants slowly if at all. Lord Holland's works don't amuse me; building old ruins and gateways I can't care about; they amuse him tho', which gives me great satisfaction—'tis not fancy in him. I can feel a most sensible difference in the air here and by the sea, they agree equally well with me, but I don't find myself near so hungry here. When I first came home I fancy nothing I eat good, but as want of appetite in general is not my complaint, that matter is pretty indifferent to me, only it shews the difference of the air. I believe that particular spot, the Isle of Thanet, is one of the most healthy in England. I miss my evening drive a little but then I enjoy a shady walk. I had been there a little more than eight weeks. If Lord Holland stays till the end of October I shall return to him during my stay there in my little corner. I have travell'd over great part of the globe; 'tis at present my favourite reading, and nothing is more pleasant than to get into any interesting train of reading; the greater variety of objects interest one the better, I think. Thank you for the trouble you have had about my commissions; since Dixon has left off it don't much signify. I will let you know how to send the stuffs

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

when I can ; if I have an opportunity will send over a patron and a lining, and have them made then, for I intend to line them, otherways they are too cold for winter. Adieu, my sweet siss, most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

283. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, September the 8th, [1764].

I answer your letter immediately to inform you, my dear siss, that I shall be very glad of the purple stuff, ready made as you have sent it ; tho' in my other letter I had objected to its being made till I could send a pattern and lining. The other I'm in no haste for ; if you can't please yourself in grey, brown or any shot colour I like mightily, but towards winter you'll have more frequent opportunities, tho' the Custom House people are most immensely strict just now on account of the infinite quantity of French goods imported, I suppose. I'm glad dear siss has no return of her troublesome complaint.

The Richmonds were irresolute about their French journey before, and his being appointed a reviewing General determin'd them to stay. I had a letter from her lately, in which she tells me my brother and she have been so much alone, and so comfortable, that she hated the thoughts of moving ; she adds the family at *Stoke* are well, and coming to *visit* us this morning. I do believe she is delighted to be rid of them. What a good-tempered creature she is, that being the case, to have bore their living there with such good humour. Lady George *de son côté* writes word how happy they are in their own place at *Stoke*, and how busy she is fitting it up, so that it's all mighty well and clever. Lady George has more notion of a comfortable habitation than the Duchess and will I dare say make her house pleasant. I should like to see them all, particularly the children, but besides that I grudge a day even from Holland House. I really dread their irregularity, when one has accustomed oneself to the contrary and that one grows old, which is my case. I can't tho' dine at two here as I do at Kingsgate, because it's about that time a day people call on me by way of morning visit. I continue to go to bed at ten and rise at six, and dine

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

at two, when I possibly can ; there are a few people hereabouts, tho' London is exceedingly empty. I have Lady Holderness at Sion<sup>1</sup> and Lady Brown<sup>2</sup> at Kensington, besides Mrs Digby and two or three people at Greenwich I must see. Sarah is returned to Barton, Lady Susan gone for New York. Lord Holland got safe to Melbury,<sup>3</sup> and was going to a ball at Sherburne ; how Lady Digby<sup>4</sup> has brought her sober Lord to give a ball I can't conceive. Miss Ryley *pour les manières* is charming ; I think her more pleasing, not so handsome as Miss Greville, but she is a *Papist* you know. Lady Spencer is agreeable, but won't get acquainted or mix at all with people ; I think her very pretty. Ste's love for Miss Greville continues, I believe, tho' Mrs Greville writes me word he behaves very well and is not so particular as he was at first to her. To him I take no notice of it at all, which I think the best way to keep off coming to a decision, which is all I fear. I only desire time, and then I don't care about it.

Nothing grows well that is exposed to the open sea. Any land over against does at Mount Edgcombe, and several other places trees are in great perfection. What I plant at Kingsgate in the shelter of walls and the house grows, tho' but slowly. I intend to put myrtle against a wall that is doing, in general then you see the elms and other trees that are planted do very well till they get up high enough for the sea wind to cut them at the top, when they grow ragged. Adieu, my dear siss.

Yours,

C. Holland.

Don't you love this season the best ? I do, vastly.

284. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Monday, the 10th of September, [1764].

Where the *Rena*<sup>5</sup> is I don't know, I believe at Paris, and most sincerely believe she is not with Ste ; if she is 'tis with the consent and approbation of Lord March, who, with George

<sup>1</sup> Syon Hill, Middlesex, seat of the Earl of Holderness.

<sup>2</sup> Probably Frances Sheldon, widow of Sir George Browne, 3rd Bart.

<sup>3</sup> Melbury House, Dorset, a residence of the Earl of Ilchester.

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth, (d. 1765,) dau. of Hon. Charles Fielding, and wife of Henry Digby, 7th Baron (afterwards 1st Earl) Digby.

<sup>5</sup> Contessa Rena, wife of a Florentine wine-merchant, and mistress of William Douglas, 3rd Earl of March ('Old Q.').

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Selwin, now lives in Ste's house at Paris, and sends messages in all Selwin's letters to say how excessively obliged he is to Mr Ste Fox for lending it him. I could not help troubling you thus soon again to clear up Ste's character, as I omitted it in my last. I would never answer for what anybody may do, but nothing would vex or surprise me more than what you heard, as I do think him the most unlikely boy to get into such a scrape ; his passions are not strong, he has good sense and the highest notions of keeping up a certain decorum and character in the world ; I should much sooner fear such a thing for Charles. I take Ste's love of play to proceed more from *ennui* than a passion for it. I'm sorry to hear my sweet Lord Ophaly is troubled with that distemper so common to our countrymen, I fear 'twill end in his taking to play whenever he has opportunities, and it increases my fears for him when in the Guards in London, which is the most loitering idle life in the world. My opinion would be for sending him abroad. I own he is young but he is so sensible and so manly he would conduct himself very well, I dare say. The Duke of Buccleuch<sup>1</sup> is at Toulouse, so is Lord Fitzwilliam, I believe ; 'tis reck'ned a good place, and I should have been for Charles going there, but that I can't give up the hopes of his studying the law. I should also prefer sending him without a governor, only Mr Bolle, because that would be a comfort to you in case he should be sick ; but indeed Lord Kildare and you must judge that matter better than I can. I only offer my thoughts, as I interest myself so much about him. Adieu, dear siss.

285. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, the 20th of September [1764].

I was not a little surprised and pleased last Sunday night to see Lord Holland and Charles in here, as I had been exceedingly alarm'd for them last Saturday, the day they proposed embarking from Goodwood being so terribly stormy ; which indeed was the reason of my seeing them here, the weather being too bad to sail. They came by land, stayed only one day at Holland House, and return'd the next to Kingsgate, where I

<sup>1</sup> Henry Scott (1746-1812), 3rd Duke of Buccleuch.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

shall follow them the day after to-morrow. I was willing to give you this account of them soon, as I hear it is in the papers that Lord Holland came ill to Holland House. I was favoured with your kind long letter only last night, and shall not have time I fear to execute your commissions myself ; but as you only want patterns to choose, Mrs Fannen can do it as well. I shall have passed near three weeks here most agreeably. I doat on this place, and lament I am the only one of the family that enjoys it. The evergreens are in the highest beauty, the American trees you name I have been these ten years worrying you to admire, and at last you have had the sense to find out their beauty. Norway maple is a most beautiful tree, and don't come out very late ; have you admired them yet ?

I have been busy making some little alterations here which have amused me, and are done, as you may suppose, in a mighty good *taste*. My chief work is now clearing and cutting down trees to let in peeps here and there, and also to prevent the trees killing and over-running one another as they did at Goodwood. I have really cut down oaks that are quite timber. You'll envy me, for I had Collinson<sup>1</sup> here a whole day walking about with me. I wish the old creature would be persuaded to go over to you ; he would be delighted when he got there, I am certain ; he has been with them at Goodwood, and came home quite charm'd with them, and so jolly with the good living. Lord and Lady George with their young family, a *fourth coming*, and their place, are as busy as it's possible to be, and consequently as happy ; nothing truer than *il faut cultiver son jardin* to relieve the many cares of human nature. He is also extravagantly fond of his children, I hear, which sets him in a more amiable light than I must confess I have seen him for some years ; my Charles was quite charm'd with him for it, and he is not naturally partial to George, for a good reason as he never was a favourite with him. The account you give of your Charles gives me real satisfaction. I begin to make no doubt myself of his recovery ; when it will be complete, God knows ! But in the meantime all goes on as well as you could possibly expect. Mrs Pomeroy's keeping her bed was excellent. Mr O'Brien<sup>2</sup> and Lady Susan have a grant of lands in North

<sup>1</sup> Peter Collinson, F.R.S. (1694-1768), naturalist and antiquary.

<sup>2</sup> William O'Brien, (d. 1815) formerly an Irish actor. After his marriage to Lady Susan Fox-Strangways he held various colonial appointments.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

America which they say (that ought to know something of the matter) prudence and industry may improve and soon make an independent fortune with ; others say 'tis not so easy, but at all events 'tis better they should go ; she went away amazingly cheerful. Sal is returned to Barton till after Xmas. I do indeed pity Louisa if she takes panics about Conolly ; poor soul, she will live in a perpetual fright. You have not done wrong at all about the stuff, so pray be easy. I will enquire about poor Miss Wingfield, I wonder Mrs G. has never mention'd her. I was t'other morning to see Lady Fludyer at Lee ; she is mighty busy about building her house in town ; the plan is very handsome and convenient, but I do wish she had a better taste in fitting it up and finishing ; 'tis entirely left to her, Sir Samuel only pays. How that woman's fortune is changed in this world ! To think of poor beaten pinch'd Caroline Brudnell enjoying not only the comforts but all the superfluities of life to the degree she now does ! She has the spending of her fortune herself more than any married woman ever had before, to be sure. She has really two fine children. We have just now my favourite weather, cold and clear without wind ; I prefer this season of the year to all others. I suppose Ramsay will never let me have your picture home, for I hear he has not done anything to the original since you sat last. If Lord Holland sends you a copy of his verses to Lady Hillsboro', which I doubt, you must be upon honour never to give a copy, for she would have reason to be angry, were she less inclined than she is to be huffy, to have them given about. 'Tis not fair to let these jokes get about ; but if you'll promise that, and only shew them quite among yourselves, I may perhaps persuade him. He has absolutely refused Sal. It really would not be fair.

*To go on for ever and ay* is as you say tiresome enough. All the comfort I can give you is, that if you live, as I hope you will, to a good old age, your very numerous family, please God to preserve them, will be an immense comfort. I know, tho' I should have been miserable to be always with child, I should now be happy to have a dozen children living, tho' I'm content if I can but keep these to outlive me. My case is indeed what you say. I wanted some new reading to be interested about, having read so much in my lifetime, and story-books begin to

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

tire me ; besides they are read in a minute, and the passion I have taken for maps and geography with this new kind of reading make it quite a business. But now candlelight comes on, that amusement will cease, for my eyes, tho' not weaker but rather stronger than formerly, grow to fail me and grow old, so that for my studies I must have full daylight and a seat conveniently placed by the window. Of late years I always fall asleep when I'm read to ; I can't help it for the life of me. Poetry is indeed the only pleasant thing besides a story-book to have read to one. I should love of all things, tho' it sounds odd to prefer in winter, to spend one with you at Carton—a little nap, a little chat and now and then a little cards. One goes thro' the winter long evenings very well, tho' to be sure the very short days are rather uncomfortable, but if I don't wait for my dinner till five or six o'clock I don't feel half so sleepy and uncomfortable. You love my long letters full of nothing but what comes into my own imagination, so I will make no excuse for this. Adieu.

C. Holland.

286. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, October the 5th, [1764].

I have this minute received yours of the 4th and Louisa's of the 6th, my dear siss, and have just time by the return of the post to thank you for yours, and to express my joy at the agreeable contents of Louisa's, which tells me the pock is turning, and all symptoms favourable. Thank God for it, and God send no accident may happen ! I shall be more at ease when I hear 'tis quite turn'd. How I feel for you, sweet siss ; you do me justice in thinking I do most truly. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

We have glorious weather.

Since I wrote to you last I have heard of Ste being well at Brussels, four or five days after he had left Spa, where there had been a malignant fever about, which I shudder to think of his having been some time in the way of catching. One's children ought to turn out very well, to recompense one for all

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

one suffers on their account ! I have never been six months without some anxiety or other about Ste since his birth. Mrs Fannen writes me word the grey stuff is come safe.

287. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Sunday, October the 7th, [1764].

My dear siss, I came here Friday sevensnight. We had at first bitter cold weather, lately we have had some of Madame de Sévigné's *jours de cristal d'octobre*, and very fine days they were, as ever I saw. I enjoy'd them in my one-horse chair, and grieve to think the weather must soon put an end to that healthy and pleasant amusement. Lord Holland is so well here, I also lament the same reason will soon drive him from hence. Charles left us to-day ; I don't at all like parting with him, he is so very agreeable and sociable. He goes immediately to Oxford, a place I should not vastly like for him, but that one don't know what else do do with [him]. Mr Upton in one of his letters says poor Miss Wingfield is in the same way, so I fear Spa has been of no service to her. Ste never mentioned their being there in any of his letters. 'Tis a long while since that young gentleman has thought fit to write to me. Some reports make me fear I was but too much in the right when I told you I fear'd the gaming table more than Miss Greville's pretty face. I can't think without the greatest concern on his unhappy passion for that vice, it being so universal a one among our young English, he will never keep out of it unless he has more resolution that I fear he is master of. I hope you have received the patterns safe, and that your eyes have recoverd the hurt done them by the new work you try'd. I'm anxious to hear how your dear boy holds out now the cold weather comes on. You'll be sorry to hear the poor Duke of Devonshire is in so bad a way as all accounts from Spa say he is, poor man ! He suffers from low spirits most terribly, I hear. Adieu, my dear sister, I have nothing more to add from this place but that I am most sincerely yours. Tell Ophaly, Charles shot two partridges while he was here, and takes much to that *sport*. The Primate<sup>1</sup> is very ill, tho' said

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Secker (1693-1768), Archbishop of Canterbury, 1758-68.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

to be relieved for the present by scarifying his legs ; when it comes to that people never recover. I *believe* 'tis thought the Duke of Cumberland will not recover. The poor Duke of Devonshire is by this time dead, in all probability.

288. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, the 10th of October, [1764].

I do most sincerely and from my heart give you joy, my sweet siss, of Lord Charles's recovery. I don't think it impossible but the humours may take a turn after so great a discharge as a full smallpox must occasion, and that he may get the better of his other disorders the sooner for it. I'm impatient to hear again, and now begin to think of his pretty phiz ; will he be mark'd ? Tho' I believe your alarm has been too great to think of his beauty. We still continue here, and have lately had the most delightful weather that ever I knew, warm enough some days to drive out in the open chaise. I'm glad the patterns arrived safe. Let me have any orders you may have about them, as I don't at all dislike jaunting to town in a morning from Holland House at this season of the year, tho' I detest [it] in spring or summer, but in winter 'tis an exercise that agrees with me. We drank your health yesterday. Are not you sorry for the poor Duke of Devonshire ? The people that die are those whom one least expects, and complaining sick folks go on for ever. I hope, my dear siss, you don't let Ciss and your own children take all the bad and none of the benefit of inoculation by letting them take their chance of catching it ; for surely there can be no argument in favour of that, preferable to inoculation. As for it being a good sort, there is nothing in it ; a bad sort may be catch'd of a good one. How soon are you likely to be confined ? Let me know soon how you do ; the anxiety you have gone thro' will, I fear, have hurt you, particularly in your situation. Adieu, my dearest sister. Believe me most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

Lady Stopford wrote me word my gloves were taken at the Custom House, but that for a shilling a pair I might have them, which I choose to pay, so much do I prefer your Irish gloves

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

to any others. I don't believe paying that, they come much dearer than those odious flannel French gloves people are so fond of here. She is in a vast fuss about it, which I'm sorry for, as I don't in the least wonder at its hap'ning. Lady Holder-ness has done us all great mischief—indeed, the officers are so exceeding strict just now, 'tis a bad time to attempt getting anything from abroad.

289. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, October the 30th, [1764].

My dear siss has I hope recover'd by this time the hurry of her spirits, and that her dear child continues to recover very fast; his having been so full is a circumstance in his favour, I imagine.

I came here Friday last; Lord Holland comes next Friday. I enjoy good rooms in the house, and shelter out of it, exceedingly. The small rooms at Kingsgate do well enough in summer, when all the windows and doors are open, but shut up to me they are very unpleasant, as I love elbow room. The Gallery here is really very warm from having all the sun there is all day, and my dressing-room and that make a very convenient agreeable apartment *de plein pied* (which I have learn'd to like in France) when I'm here alone. I don't think Lord Holland quite so well as he was; he is grown so very weak in his limbs that he walks with great difficulty; otherwise, thank God, he is well. He says himself 'tis old age, but I think it looks like the breaking of a constitution, which gives me the most uncomfortable thoughts. The difference of our years, which formerly I thought nothing of, now fills me with the most melancholy apprehensions. The thought of Lord Bath<sup>1</sup> always comforts me tho' a little, his make and constitution were like Lord Holland's, his complaints many years ago not unlike. God send Lord Holland may last as long! Don't take any notice of what I have said in your letter, for he is too apt to think ill of his own complaints, and I would not have him think I do, as it brings on melancholy conversations which affect us both. I can't help at times giving way to those melancholy

---

<sup>1</sup> William Pulteney, 1st Earl of Bath, had died the previous July.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

ideas ; sometimes I try to banish them, at others I think perhaps 'tis better to use oneself, if possible, to the thoughts of what in the course of nature one must expect. 'Tis a relief at least, sweet siss, to communicate these thoughts to you, and your affection for me will make you enter into the feelings I must have whenever these same thoughts occur to my mind.

I have heard again from Ste, who was well, thank God, at Paris ; Charles is entirely given up to study at Oxford. If it lasts, he will make great progress this winter, it's to be hoped. I'm vastly pleased at it, not so much out of vanity or ambitious views for him, as that it keeps him employ'd ; a habit of study will I hope induce him to study the law, which is full employment. In that light I wish him to do it, as I look upon idleness really as the greatest misfortune that can happen in youth and a habit of it is seldom or ever got the better of. Adieu, sweet siss ; give me a particular account of yourself and boy, or let somebody else do it. When I consider the numberless anxieties of various kinds we are exposed to in life, I do wonder we are so desirous of prolonging and preserving it. Providence has I suppose imbued us with that *instinct*, for the good of society.

290. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

[November, 1764].

You know how happy it makes me to have our correspondence renew'd, my dear siss, so I will say nothing about it, but begin by expressing to you the satisfaction I feel at the thoughts of your dear boy's being so well recover'd and the happiness it gives you ; God send he may continue so well ! As for the finger, you seem'd to me always to dread that more than you ought in reason to do, when you consider how he was attack'd with that violent humour ; it's very happy you must think so, sweet siss, *d'en être quitte pour cela*. I'm uneasy about your pretty girl ; won't they bathe her in the sea ? I agree with you about Lord Ophaly ; ennui is what we islanders are so subject to ; it's always to be fear'd ; but yet, my dear siss, at Lord Ophaly's time of life I had rather see them suffer a little ennui than be too much diverted, as the diversions and dissipations

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

of that age are dangerous both to health and morals. Now I should imagine the hunting time is come, he would be more amused. I agree perfectly with you some business or employment is what one would wish for them, but 'tis a terrible age to get over, and really there is no such thing as laying out any plan for them that is quite to one's mind, and one must be content if they avoid the great vices their age is so liable to ; which really my dear siss makes one tremble when one thinks of them, both for their minds and bodies. A love of learning and study is therefore lucky. My Charles pursues his at Oxford very much, tho' Lord Holland is not satisfied with it, because so much of his time is spent in reading French history, which he is very keen about just now, and Lord Holland says at Oxford he ought to study languages and things he can't so well study elsewhere. But I own his employing himself contents me. He does learn mathematics, which I should imagine would be a right sort of thing for Lord Ophaly to learn ; it's reck'nd very useful, and if he takes to it, it would employ and amuse him extremely.

I did not find the autumn finer in France than here, and in Brittany, where Madame de Sévigné lived, I should imagine it was not better. I'm sure ours has been delightful. *Demi saison*—to be sure, no ! You would not wear one after the first of November nor before Easter Sunday, I hope. Your rooms are not large at Carton, but they lie so well together, I think it a comfortable house. Large rooms are I think more necessary in winter than summer ; a small room with open windows and no fire does very well, but shut up they are not pleasant ; when they open into one another as yours do, a door open answers the purpose of a large room. When will you be obliged to go to Dublin ? The whooping cough is unpleasant, but not dangerous at Cecilia's age ; your little ones I hope won't catch it. Mrs Staples and all the Miss Conollys are disagreeable, in my opinion ; Louisa herself is so prudent and so good, I think you need have no fears for Ciss being there. Lord Holland is I think vastly well just now ; having had another boil, he has still a weakness in his knees, which is very troublesome ; they say 'tis rheumatic ; but he has no pain and is, thank God, otherwise well ; sleeps, eats, and looks well, and is very cheerful. I shall I fear be obliged to take a Goodwood

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

journey this Xmas, which I don't delight in, but I would not have them take anything ill of me.<sup>1</sup>

291. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, Thursday the 29th [November, 1764].

I received your letter last night, my dear siss, and shall execute your commission with all speed, but how am I to send the lace? Must I venture it in a letter? With regard to the books I'm not a sad toad; I read *Vadé*<sup>2</sup> at Paris last year, so I did Voltaire's book *Sur la tolérance*<sup>3</sup> (which is very pretty); therefore never thought of enquiring for them here, nor did I see them advertised. *Mlle Jenny* went ages ago. For the first time this three weeks the sun shines to-day, and is perfectly reviving. I do detest gloomy damp weather such as we have had of late, it affects my spirits. We all continue pretty well. Lord Holland's weakness in his knees is certainly rheumatic. Mr Upton, one of our frequent visitors, tells me Lady Powerscourt and Miss Wingfield remain this winter at Liège, to avoid another long journey to Spa, when the season comes on for drinking those waters, which she has found benefit by.

I'm glad you have seen the verses, which I admire of all things. Lord and Lady Hillsbro' are arrived and seem in good humour and good spirits. 'Tis tiresome to you to leave Ciss so long away; the whooping cough is not a terrible distemper at her age. For your little ones or for your delicate Lady Emily it would be very bad. Pray remember me to her, she is a violent favourite of mine. Lord Ophaly used to be very subject to feverish colds when a schoolboy. Lord Holland says learning fortification would be useful to him in his profession, he should imagine. I name it because I know you want to employ him. Adieu. I'm in great haste. Yours most truly,  
C. Holland.

Don't forget me to William, who I hope don't grow fat.

---

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

<sup>2</sup> Voltaire's *Guillaume Vadé*, aft. entitled *Contes de Guillaume Vadé*, (1762).

<sup>3</sup> *Traité de la tolérance* (1763).

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

292. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, December the 6th, [1764].

I detest this weather as much as you or Lord Kildare do, it dispirits me vastly, so dark, damp and gloomy ; I do think we had less of it at Paris, less damp I'm sure. Lord Holland's complaint in his limbs is rheumatic ; he has some pain with it, is otherwise pretty well and not affected with the weather. *Mlle Jenny* went three months ago I do assure you ; don't you think it pretty ? The *Marquis de Roselle*,<sup>1</sup> a new stupid story-book, shall be sent you with your other books, for tho' I dislike it, it is admired because it's scarcer, and that the woman's husband who wrote it was here some time ago, and reck'ned an agreeable man. It's *rempli de beaux sentimens*, the style of novel I hate, unless it is very excellent in its kind, and I think Rousseau, Richardson, and Crébillon<sup>2</sup> have quite spoiled the good old-fashion'd storybooks like the *Doyen de Killarine* and *Mlle Sallens*, etc., etc. ; now they all pretend to wit or sentiment.

Mrs Greville is arrived, and coming here for a few days. Her pretty girl is improved by being two months at Brussels. A little foreign education is of infinite use to a girl, in my opinion ; it gives them a manner I admire much preferably to our free *hoity toity* manner. How it is between Ste and her perhaps she knows, but neither her mother or I can find out. He was very fond of being with them, as she tells me, and his man wrote word he was very low-spirited when he first left Brussels, but he has recover'd by this time, and we had a most cheerful letter from him t'other day, in which he says he likes Paris better and better every day, sups in French company every night and speaks the language like a Frenchman, and also that he plays constantly at whist, which I'm glad of, as it's a sign he don't game ; and while he keeps out of that vice I feel quite happy about him. Charles is deep in mathematics and study, so I am at present mighty contented about them, tho' at their age I live in expection of new anxieties with regard to

<sup>1</sup> *Lettres du Marquis de Roselle*, by Mde. de Beaumont, wife of M. Elie de Beaumont, a celebrated French lawyer.

<sup>2</sup> Claude Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon (1707-77), French author.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

them, but one must enjoy the good while one can. I think the putting off Ste's fancy about Mrs (*sic*) Greville which we have, at least is gaining time and giving him a fair chance, if he does think seriously, of forgetting it and changing his mind ; if he don't why, *à la bonne heure* ! 'tis his own business, and won't grieve me ; perhaps may prove happier for him than anything we might propose. The Primate is recover'd for a time, but the physical people, I hear, say it won't last ; I never heard Keppel<sup>1</sup> named, I'm sure was I the K.<sup>2</sup> I should hold my hand a little and not load that family with more favours, which *entre nous* I don't think they proper return for. Our good aunt<sup>3</sup> makes me quite angry sometimes, tho' I don't think she is in a violent way of late, nor do I think she has been in spirits (just now indeed she is confined with a bad cold), but before I don't think all went right ; and I can't find out neither what it is (for Lord and Lady Tavistock<sup>4</sup> are as happy as possible), unless, what I have often observed, that the completion of what one has ardently wish'd for never answers. I own I am quite sorry when I see people immensely anxious about any event, tho' to be sure in some cases 'tis impossible not to feel so.

Holland House life has been agreeable enough this winter, people have visited us but not worried us ; you know me, so you know what I mean. The Batemans are in town. Lord Bateman and I are friends again, and tho' he is not a favourite with me, as he is not a pleasant body, yet I do value him for his constant disinterested attachment to Lord Holland. Mr Bateman, besides being more entertaining than most people in my opinion, is really the most friendly valuable man I know. Little Lady Bateman and him I do love exceedingly, and the more I see them the more I value them ; without anything brilliant she has understanding enough to make her conversation agreeable, and has a better heart and more good humour than almost anybody I know, free from caprice or touchiness. The Hillsboro's in their queer way are in good humour with us, and agreeable enough. I have seen Mr Walpole pretty often, and

---

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Frederick Keppel, 5th s. of William Anne, 2nd Earl of Albemarle ; Bishop of Exeter, 1762 ; Dean of Windsor and Registrar of the Order of the Garter, 1765.

<sup>2</sup> George III.

<sup>3</sup> Anne, Countess of Albemarle.

<sup>4</sup> Formerly Lady Elizabeth Keppel. The wedding had taken place the previous June.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Tatty Upton. We breakfast at nine, dine as soon after three, when people dine here, as they will come, and go to bed about eleven, so you see you (*sic*) keep time with you ; and you have now a full account of our life and conversation. We have made a winter dining-room of the mezzanine Sarah used to live in, and you can't imagine how warm and comfortable it is. Lord Holland, who in winter is chilly enough, you know, says he never suffer'd less from cold in his life than in this house now. 'Tis vexatious this bad weather to have people come to see me here and not find me, so I always stay at home Saturday and Wednesday morning, by which means too if I stay at home any other morning I have it to myself. Lady Car Peachy, who is a vast favourite of mine, is coming to dine here with the Batemans to-day.

The Duchess of Grafton is parted ; her daughter<sup>1</sup> is to remain with her, and her youngest son<sup>2</sup> till he is old enough to go to school ; the Duke says their tempers don't agree. General Conway and General Ellison<sup>3</sup> were the people employ'd to settle matters ; I don't hear what her income is to be. Her good friends the Bedford clique, I believe, she may thank for having contributed to make her bring things to this *éclat* ; had she fallen into better company I do believe she would have behaved more wisely ; you know I have always a word to say for that clique.

The Duke of York gives a ball Thursday ; Lady Mary Coke does the honours. Those infamous fellows Dean and Vargi are going to indict the French ambassador, accusing him of attempting to get Dean assassinated. What a country must Gueret<sup>re</sup> think this is, and with how much reason must he think us a strange set of people ! I do believe that in a few years we shall have no laws or religion left among us, licentiousness is arrived to such a pitch ; it quite shocks me I own and makes me almost think a letter *de cachet* no such bad thing sometimes ; being govern'd by a mob seems to me the greatest of all public evils. Adieu. Yours most sincerely.

One thing I believe makes Holland House pleasant just now is all those poor dull Digbys being out of town. Lord Holland

<sup>1</sup> Lady Georgiana Fitzroy (d. 1799).

<sup>2</sup> Lord Charles Fitzroy.

<sup>3</sup> Gen. Cuthbert Ellison.

[1764]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

loves them, and they are good people, so I don't tell him so, but they give me an *ennui* I can't support, and put me in mind of Madame Henriette's speech to Madame la Fayette.<sup>1</sup>

293. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, the 20th of December [1764].

I have two letters to thank my dearest sister for. Indeed no excuses are necessary for filling them with accounts of your children. I own I'm glad to find you don't flatter yourself about your poor little girl,<sup>2</sup> by your account I should fear the worst; tho' she may appear better at times 'tis a most deceitful distemper, and too far gone, I should imagine, for sea bathing to be of use. I think you are much in the right to let your little Henry continue it, by which means he will gain strength to keep off that humour, which seems to be among your children; those that outgrow it often prove as healthy people as any. I should, as he was well, have been tempted to keep Charles till the weather was milder. I'm glad my pretty Lady Emily keeps well and don't catch the whooping cough; she is so delicate and so thin I should be very apprehensive for her for some years to come; such a girl as her, at her age, would be a most irreparable loss to you. 'Tis pity you can't prevail on Lord Ophaly to apply to something; he does not want parts. I don't at all disagree with you with regard to hunting or any sports, they are undoubtedly a resource. I only object to a strong passion for them, as it's the fault natural to our countrymen, who would, I believe (as the Neapolitan Minister says) be by much the cleverest men in Europe, *s'il n'y avait point de chevaux*. Lord William's drinking would give me great concern, I must own; it's the lowest and worst of all vices in my opinion, and one of the few things it's the duty of a parent to prevent if possible. I suppose George will soon get a commission. Your books, viz., Voltaire *Sur la tolérance* and his *Contes de Guillaume Vadé* with the *Marquis de Roselle*, set out for Ireland Monday last. Mr Prideaux is to get your lace; he was the only one could procure it. Gibbern and Chancellor

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre*, by Comtesse de la Fayette (1720).

<sup>2</sup> Lady Louisa Bridget FitzGerald, who died Jan., 1765.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

don't sell English lace ; the first does not, I'm sure, the latter I have such a dread of letting enter my house that if it was possible to get it elsewhere I should always endeavour it.

This day sevensnight we go to Goodwood, from whence we shall settle in London. Charles is come for a month to us, there being a short vacation. Harry is jolly and well, diverting himself out in the cold these holidays. Lord Holland is pretty well ; the cold seems to agree with him ; his knees are rather better, which looks more like relaxation, than rheumatism. My dressing-room in London is thought pretty ; with Horner's paper, and the carving of which there is a good deal, painted two greens and varnish'd ; but I am out of conceit with Indian paper, and am all for the magnificent style—velvet, damask, etc. I have three immense looking-glasses to put in my drawing-room, and propose hanging it with a damask or brocatelle of two or three colours.

I am rather changeable to be sure in those things ; but tho' whims and fripperies may have a run, one always returns to what is really handsome and noble and plain. My glasses are to have no frame, but a gilt moulding ; the room is gilt, and I shall have a fine commode and two quoins (I already bought), from France, some time or other 'tis to be hoped. The Duke and Duchess of Grafton are parted. He gives her £3,000 a year, leaves the girl and youngest boy with her, the latter only till he goes to school ; he puts this separation entirely on the fault of temper, his own as much as hers. Adieu. I believe I told you this before, but my memory fails me much.

[1765]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

1765

294. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

L'Isle Adam, May the 20th [1765].

Here we are at the Prince of Conti's<sup>1</sup> house in the country, about twenty-five miles from Paris, since Saturday evening. To-day is Monday; we propose staying till Wednesday, *on nous accable de politesse*. Saturday, when we arrived at about seven in the evening, we were immediately conducted to the Comédie Italienne, which was very pretty for those [who] love that light kind of music; the Prince has a good troupe of his own here. I dislike no *spectacle* when it don't last too long, and that I sit in a good easy chair, which is the case here. About nine we sat down to supper, which lasts two hours and a half (the worst part of the story); after supper whist and faro, which you play at as long as you choose; about one we retired to bed (that is some of us). Yesterday morning Madame Boufflers<sup>2</sup> sent to know if we chose *un déjeuner à l'anglaise* in her room, where we accordingly went—us three, that is. We then retired into our own rooms, dressed our heads for the day, went down to dine at two, when some of the company dined with us—all the men, except the Prince of Conti and a few of the ladies. After dinner we went into the salon or drawing-room, which you please to call it; and between three and four the Prince appear'd, and from that time till seven we either walk'd, went in a boat or little chaise, violent hot and broiling (all dressed out our heads, with morning gowns) to see the place, which has its beauties. The situation is odd and pretty; 'tis an island in the river Seine, the water close to the house, but their gardens, except in their town houses, I can't like. When we return'd from this *promenade* we went up and dressed our persons, put on our hoops, etc., came into the salon; in the next room there was a concert. Another fashion here is

<sup>1</sup> Louis François de Bourbon (1717-76), Prince de Conti; a distinguished French commander.

<sup>2</sup> Mde. Saujon, Marquise de Boufflers; mistress of Prince de Conti.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

picking to pieces all the rags they can get, which are to be woven into a beautiful *meubles*. I'm told it's a delightful work, and takes in everybody, men and women; all the Prince of Conti's acquaintances at Paris do this work. At nine to supper and so on as before. To-morrow you shall have an account of this day's performance. Lady Sarah *réussit mieux ici qu'à Paris ou Versailles*. The King,<sup>1</sup> I hear, thinks Louisa very handsome, but never mention'd Sal; most people at Paris are of the same way of thinking, I'm told. Here, the Prince of Conti and Madame Boufflers (consequently most of the others) think Sal rather the prettiest (tho' they admire Louisa vastly too) and nobody in the Kingdom of France seem to have the preference we have for Sal's beauty; but really some people at Paris find out none in Sal (which is amazing); as to their manner and behaviour it must be liked. Sarah is more reserved and talks less, Louisa much less so than in England. I must now clear up the affair poor Ste is accused of; he vows he did answer the letter, saying he should be proud of the honour and desires me to pay the money. Keep the lutestring, if you please, for a safe opportunity of conveying it over unmade. I shall send this letter to England first, as Ste's letter was lost; perhaps the two I have wrote since I came to France may have met with the same fate, for I directed them immediately to Ireland. Lord Massereene<sup>2</sup> is a queer animal, tho' it don't want sense, we are very civil to him I assure you. He was in the box with us t'other night at the play, in consequence of which Monsr. Nivernois asked him to dinner to meet us. Ste loves him vastly, and has introduced him to several French houses. He has broken off acquaintance with Sir Harry Ackland. Adieu till to-morrow.

*Tuesday morning.* Yesterday passed much like the day before, except that we did not see the master of the house, who went to Paris, till towards supper time, that we had neither play or concert, and that we sat working in the salon till six and then began our walk. Sal was not quite well, stayed most part of the afternoon in her room, and wrote you an account of the ladies here, so of that I'll say nothing. There is one beautiful woman who I believe puts on white tho', and is almost the only

<sup>1</sup> Louis XV.

<sup>2</sup> Clotworthy Skeffington (1743-1805), 2nd Earl of Massereene.

woman in France that does. She is called Madame *d'Egleen*; she is supposed to be at present *la sultane favorite*. The Prince has but just got over really the most sincere and real grief for a sister of Madame Latouche's, an old mistress of his who died lately at sixty years old. Madame Boufflers and he are like a fond couple that live exceedingly happy together, full of attentions for one another. Is it not comical all together? She told me herself that the Prince could not speak of this Madame d'Arti without tears, she herself, Madame Boufflers, has the behaviour and manners of a prude, always talking of the liberties the French ladies take in having lovers, etc., etc.; it must be as my friend old Madame Geoffrin says, *qu'elle a oublié qu'elle a couché avec lui et bien d'autres*. She is an agreeable woman certainly.

*Wednesday morning.* Yesterday there was a *chasse au cerfs*. Sal went out on horseback, Louisa with some other ladies in a *calèche* (both which ladies, by the by, made water before all the company out hunting). I stayed at home with Madame Boufflers and others. After dinner *on fit la lecture*. To my great grief Madame Boufflers said she could bear no *lecture que le bon sens*, so accordingly *The Spectators*, ill-translated into French, were read. When Madame la Marche,<sup>1</sup> who is the Prince of Conti's daughter-in-law, came down to us *la lecture* was changed for *Gil Blas*<sup>2</sup>; so you may imagine it was not highly entertaining to me to hear what I knew by heart. However, I sat at my ease, working in a *bon fauteuil*, amusing myself with their different manners, ideas, and customs. The *chasse* began at half an hour after one; the weather is immoderately hot, so I preferr'd anything to that, you may suppose. We had two very pretty singing pieces in the evening, *Anette et Lubin*, the words wrote by Marmontel<sup>3</sup> himself, and the *Chercheuse d'Esprit*, which is infinitely pretty and comical. I'm mighty glad to have been here; tho' I must confess I shall be glad to be *chez moi* again. Charles and I were observing how many things one likes to have done tho' one don't like doing them; that is not quite the case here tho', for it is impossible not to

<sup>1</sup> Fortunée Marie d'Este, dau. of Francis, Duc de Modena; m. Louis François Joseph de Bourbon, Comte de la Marche, who succ. (1776) his father as Prince de Conti.

<sup>2</sup> Romance by Le Sage, French dramatist.

<sup>3</sup> J. F. Marmontel, French writer.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

like a place where people are so exceedingly civil and full of attentions. Besides, its being so different entertains for a little while. Adieu. My sisters, I believe, like it so well they will come and pass one evening in their way home to England.

295. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Paris, the 31st of May, [1765].

You'll love the French people, my dearest sister, for being so fond of Louisa ; they quite enter into her character, and find out how amiable she is, besides admiring her beauty, which is more improved by dress than you can conceive. She don't think so herself ; but it is in human nature, therefore you'll agree with me in thinking she likes France and French people the better for liking her so well. People in London did not mind her at all, which contributed to her extreme shyness there ; here she has no more than is becoming. Mr Upton says there never was such a woman in the world ; there is not stuff enough, he says, to make another like her. Her being thought handsomer than Sarah, I own, does amaze me ; but it's very general, even some who admire Sarah and know her, all say *Miladi Louisa est sans doute la plus belle* ; Louisa says " only think how ridiculous to compare me to Sarah." I feel much concern'd to part with both the sweet girls ; they go next Monday. I'm parting too with dear Sal for a long time, I find ; all those strange bustles have brought about some good, as Bunbury goes to Ireland with Lord Weymouth.<sup>1</sup>

I believe we are all run mad in England, sweet siss, *comme citoyenne*, I'm really grieved. I think in our time it will come to something shocking ; tho' politics in general are very indifferent to me, when I hear of such things as our mobs, the indignity offer'd the King in his own person and his mother's, I confess I tremble. With regard to losing the Pay Office, I don't much care. I have rather wished Lord Holland to resign it for [some] time past. Thank God he is in the House of Lords, else twice within these two years must he have been call'd to business. He writes me word he is well at Kingsgate, where I

<sup>1</sup> He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1765, when Mr Bunbury was his Secretary.

[1765]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

hope to be with him in July, and bid adieu to this pretty quiet country for ever, where people so sensibly trifle life away with ease and good humour, the same people contented, keeping company with one another for sixty years together, no parties or interest to divide them ; but I feel I want to be at home with Lord Holland. He is well, but he grows infirm, and these infirmities increase this last year considerably. I should not have come here but that he insisted on it, and that I had some affairs to settle for my dear imprudent boy. I first determin'd to stay two months, which is the time I shall keep to; my boys would wish it to be longer ; they are really both very amiable to me, the eldest is (as they say) no one's enemy but his own. Charles is really extraordinary for his age : the complete student at Oxford, here quite the fine man, as much the coxcomb as is proper, and always in love, which I approve exceedingly ; it does them more good than anything. I do wish your dear George was with us, sincerely, but believe me he will do well wherever he is, that fund of good sense, honour and honesty must turn out everything that is right. I hope your dear Charles gains ground this fine weather. Adieu, dearest sister. Yours,

C. Holland.

296. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

[July 16th, 1765].

As I find by a letter I received from you a day or two before I left Paris, dear siss, dated the eighth of June, that you are not well-inform'd of my motions, I will begin my letter by giving you some account of myself. I did not, as I believe you imagine, leave Paris the third of June with my sisters, but stayed as I always intended, till the first of July ; which day I set out for [the] Fitzjames's where I stayed till the 5th ; and met Lord Holland at Calais the 7th ; embark'd and landed at Dover the 8th ; and this day seven'ight, the 9th, came to this place, where I purpose to remain till the month of September. Your last letter, received at Paris, was a vast while coming to me ; two I wrote to you from thence, directed to you directly to Ireland without sending them by London, were, I find, lost.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I'm sorry that I wrote at L'Isle Adam was [lost], because it would have entertain'd you, being a description of the life there so unlike anything you ever met with. During my stay in France I made another visit in the country to an old Comtesse d'Egmond. I dined and supp'd very frequently at their villas, so that I am *au fait* of their way of life in the country. Their houses are in general excellent ; no people ever studied so much or succeeded so well in enjoying all the conveniences of life as the French do. There is always a large *salon*, an antechamber and eating-room together, besides little *cabinets*. Then above stairs you have always a long gallery, out of which you go into various apartments, some for single people, others for *mari et femme*. The latter consists of a little antechamber which communicates to two bedchambers, a room for each servant, and a *garderobe* for each bedchamber, sometimes a *cabinet de toilette* for madame. The former for single people consists always of a bedchamber, servant's room, and *garderobe*, and sometimes to a closet besides ; this is the turn of all their houses. Their gardens have some beauties ; those that are in the great style have something noble ; those great large walks are shady and shelter'd, but in the main much inferior to ours. The land walks are too hot and dry to the feet, and tiresome to the eyes. The way of life is this ; you live in your own room all morning ; perhaps the first day after your arrival the master and mistress come about twelve to enquire how you do ; at one, dinner is ready, when you go down to it if you choose. It often happens among French people that some of the ladies don't dine, so they don't in that case appear till after dinner. As soon as dinner is over they instantly set down to work or cards, but generally the former ; about six you set out to walk, and sit out, for their gardens are well stock'd with benches. When you come in you begin a party at cards, just before supper, which at latest is ready by half an hour after nine, which party you finish after supper. At [the] Fitzjames's it's the fashion for everybody to retire into their own room before supper. Most of the houses in the country are in the water, moated round as some of our old-fashion'd houses were. I must not forget that generally somebody reads in the afternoon while the ladies work, and at Madame d'Egmond's, a young officer who came from the neighbouring town to dinner, after

[1765]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

dinner set himself down as a thing of course, asked what he should read to us, and accordingly we had a very pretty story-book read to us. When their places are large they have *calèches* to drive about in. Except not wearing hats you may be as much undress'd as you please in the country, *pet en bain* have never been out of fashion in France. I have taken to them again, as I don't love night-gowns; they are very convenient. I sent to Mr Foley<sup>1</sup> some time ago two green vases, and a little *plateau* with little cups for drams of a blue and white and gold china, which I think pretty enough; these are presents. Then in obedience to your commands sent me by Sally or Louisa I sent two square blue *celeste* orange tubs to Mr Foley's, just before I came away. As for the French servant, I could not succeed, but Le Roi has set about to enquire. Dear siss, I have given you this long account of France because I had nothing to say from hence but that we are all well; what passes in London and all these changes you'll care little about. Poor dear Sal loses three thousand a year at least by them I'm told, but I fancy she will comfort<sup>2</sup> . . . .

---

<sup>1</sup> A banker in Paris.

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

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

1766

297. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Monday night [February 24th, 1766.]

I this day, my dearest sister, received two of your kind letters, one of the 11th, the other the 18th of this month. Lord Holland this day received a letter from poor Lord Hillsboro', with the melancholy news of the poor Countess's death, which hap'ned the 25th of last month. I expected it and yet am much shock'd ; a most valuable and most agreeable acquaintance is gone ; to her family she is a dreadful loss ; I pity him sincerely. I'm glad your Robert<sup>1</sup> is got well again and that your pretty Charles continues so. Lord Holland is not well yet ; there is something still hangs about him, that is not right.

I will now proceed to answer your letters in order. I did fear your spirits would be hurried by coming to town, but, dear siss, a little hurry and dissipation may be of use tho' it affects you at the time. I do certainly feel mad at Miss Greville, tho' she is not to blame ; she is they say going to be married to Mr Crewe.<sup>2</sup> Ste, I thank God, don't care much about her, indeed not at all. Fanny, who had behaved well in the whole affair, has lately offended him a good deal by desiring Sarah to put him off supping with her one night, because it would be so awkward to her daughter, she said ; now Ste thinks this very odd, as he never had spoke a word to her daughter of his love ; I own it looks a little like parading about it. I heard Rousseau would go to nobody's house, so did not attempt to see him. Indeed, since I lived at Paris my curiosity about *savants* is much lessen'd ; one meets them everywhere and at every place. He is so singular a one tho' that if I was in spirits and

---

<sup>1</sup> Lord Robert Stephen FitzGerald, b. 15 Jan., 1765, d. 1833.

<sup>2</sup> John Crewe, cr. (1806) Baron Crewe of Crewe.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

had leisure I should wish to see him ; but I go nowhere but airing to Holland House of a morning, and that I do every day. I fancy you may safely read *Les Pensées*. I did dip into them, and find them only parts, taken out of his other books, and none that can offend, the books having been given me by Madame Chabôt, *grande dévote*, who dislikes his other works, you may be sure. Why should not you grow fond of the little Neddy<sup>1</sup> ? Misfortune, my dear siss, should not deter us from enjoying the few pleasures (rational ones, too) we can. 'Tis a difficult task to tell you the state of our politics ; things change and are likely to change daily. The Ministry<sup>2</sup> being the minority in the House of Lords was a new scene, the King's own servants, part of them at least, with the opposition. Lord Bute joined with Grenville and the Bedfords—*tout cela me passe*, I must confess. The fate of this Ministry, 'twas said, depended on their carrying the Repeal of the Stamp Act in the House of Commons. They have. I hope they will also in the House of Lords, not that I care for them, but that I wish as sincerely as I can wish anything of that sort, that the Bedford clique and George Grenville may be kept out. Lord Bute is the only ministerial man I ever wish'd well to or had the least opinion of, and he by joining those others who had used him so scandalously, is fallen in my opinion. If Mr Pitt would join, and some people think he may be persuaded to it, with these present Ministers, they may stay if they will, 'tis said. But what will be the event no one knows or foresees. Mr Pitt and Lord Temple are undoubtedly broke. Here are all the politics I have for the present, so good-night.

*Tuesday evening.*

Lord Barrington came to me to-day to inform me of poor Lady Hillsbro's death, and at the same time to advise me to inform you of it, that you might break it to Lord Kildare and Lady Dowager, lest they might see it in the papers from hence, before they could receive letters from Naples. I enclose you poor Lord Hillsbro's letter to Lord Holland. Adieu, my

---

<sup>1</sup> Lord Edward FitzGerald, b. 15 Oct., 1763, d. 1798.

<sup>2</sup> The Marquis of Rockingham was 1st Lord of the Treasury (July, 1765—August, 1766).

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

dear sister. Lord Holland is not well to-day ; there is something hanging about him still, God knows what, but it's very, very uncomfortable indeed.

298. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Wednesday, the 26th of February [1766].

I did not finish answering your two letters yesterday, being interrupted, so I will continue now. Lord Holland has been considerably better to-day. I said all I know about politics, that's not much, tho' as much as anybody knows. All the world are looking about them, not guessing at the events of them. Ciss will I presume be happy to go about, tho' girls that live in a comfortable sociable way at home as they do, are not so eager after diversions. It was not you, I believe, that mentioned Lord Kildare being ill ; it was reported here he was in an extreme bad way ; I'm rejoiced to find it was a false report. Staying always at home must be attended with some inconvenience, but of two evils it's the least, in my opinion, and one must take one's chance. Since this last attack of Lord Holland's I am got into an indolent stupid way, and am indifferent about a party or no party, or who I see, or don't see. Before that, when he was pretty well, I had contrived by asking people different nights, to have some pleasant little parties enough ; indeed, now the town fills and there are so many assemblies it would be more difficult. I never saw much of Lady Hertford before I lived so much with her in France ; and think her very agreeable now, but have no idea of her concern at her daughter's marriage.<sup>1</sup> I'm sure it never appear'd to me that they liked each other's company, the girl never open'd her lips before her. I have passed whole days with them upon parties to see places, and never heard the sound of Lady Drogheda's voice, and yet she can chatter fast enough I'm told. The violent snow you mention has not reach'd London, but we hear of it in the country.

I can't believe what is said of Lord Beauchamp<sup>2</sup> ; he is a

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne Seymour-Conway had recently married Charles Moore, 6th Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Drogheda.

<sup>2</sup> Francis Seymour-Conway (1743-1822), eldest s. of 1st Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Hertford, whom he succeeded in 1794.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

favourite of mine, tho' I think him very vain and exceeding indolent. Sal is in town. I never saw anything of her jealousy about Sir Charles, who I don't believe ever gives her any reason; they seem to me to be upon the most agreeable footing together imaginable. She is as pretty as ever. I'll send you a story-book of Madame Beaumont's, interesting enough, too canting rather. I don't send you the *Generous Briton*, because I know English story-books are printed in Dublin, and this is not quite new; it's the prettiest I have read this long while, and quite proper to be read by the girls. I do indeed know that sick sleepy feel very well, the latter I have now, and it's time to have it, being near one, so good-night,

C. Holland.

299. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Piccadilly, March the 15th, [1766].

You are very good to me, dear sister. I have two kind letters of yours to answer, of the 4th and 7th of this month, both [of] which I thank you for. I will begin by telling you I am in still better spirits about Lord Holland than when I last wrote; within these four days I think he gains ground visibly, before he was rather mending tho' very slowly. I really do flatter myself summer coming on that he will get pretty well, tho' I do fear there is something wrong in his breast that may cause frequent returns of his disorder; but I will enjoy the present satisfaction of seeing him better and hope for the best. He goes out airing constantly. I have not been so well of late and have my spring feels as I call them. Please God Lord Holland continues better, and tolerable weather continues. I propose sleeping a night or two at Holland House, which at this time of the year does me infinite good. I pass many pleasant mornings there, and feel very thankful I can enjoy that sort of amusement so much, and to think how lucky it is to have a place so near in my present situation and way of life. I agree with you about the poor dear Countess, but I believe she was sorry, tho' resigned to die she loved life, and was of a worldly disposition.

The Dowager Kildare is a happy old woman. The Hertfords

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

are much to blame to save in such little things as I hear they do. What can be the difference, when there is a great establishment, of a few more balls and dinners? I am surprised at it, I own, for they lived remarkably well at Paris. I sincerely pity Lady Hertford about Lord Beauchamp, and can easily believe it; she has strong affections with an anxious temper, and great weakness of mind. I can't excuse her, you know I never did with regard to her daughters. All I can say for her is that I believe she thinks it right to educate them in that manner. I know she is of opinion nobody should indulge themselves, and her understanding is not good enough to make proper distinctions, tho' from a sociable obliging temper, and living a great deal from her youth in the world, she is a more agreeable companion than many people with superior understandings. She also has a great deal of attention and great frankness and openness in her conversation to those she likes, which takes vastly with me. She has no idea of sitting in an easy chair nor putting on her cloak if she is cold, and all those kind of little things which will give you an idea of her way of thinking about those things; the French, who study ease more than any people, were often surprised at her, to be sure I show'd them *que toutes les anglaises* were not so. However, people in their situation, my dear siss, must always be abused for something or other you know; so it is, and one ought to set oneself above minding it. I fear they won't tho', 'tis indeed tiresome to go on so long. I'm glad sweet Charles's cough gets well. Ciss will I dare say be an amiable worthy woman as ever lived; her countenance speaks it. Sir Charles Bunbury is in my favour; I think he mends upon a long acquaintance. I think him a good man, not an agreeable one, but he makes her happy I'm sure, and she is a sweet creature as ever lived.

The grand affair of the Repeal<sup>1</sup> is in a manner over, the Ministry have carried it; some of the party are simple enough to brag it is against the King's will, which is extremely ill-judged in them to say if they think so. Lord Bute's connection with Grenvilles, Temple, and Bedfords I understand goes no farther than forgiveness of what's past and joining in doing what they could to prevent the Repeal, but his Grace of Bedford and

<sup>1</sup> The Repeal of the Stamp Act passed the House of Commons on 4 Mar., 1766.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

Grenville were much dissatisfied at their meeting with him, where I hear he treated them with the *hauteur* they deserved.

'Tis reported the King asked the D. of G.<sup>1</sup> about the paragraph in the news concerning his marriage with the fair widow<sup>2</sup>, to which the Duke replied there was no truth in the report, but that nothing would make him so happy. The King forbid him to speak to her, and neither have since appeared in public. Adieu, dearest siss. Yours most sincerely,

C. H.

300. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Tuesday, the 25th [March, 1766.]

Thank you, dearest sister, for your letter of the 14th. By this time I hope you are brought to bed, and that the next Irish packet will inform me of it, tho' I do assure you I shall greatly lament the interruption of our correspondence. I wish I could confirm the good accounts Mr Bolle receives from his wife ('tis from her I suppose he has them), but tho' comparatively speaking Lord Holland is much better, alas 'tis far from being well enough to give me any comfortable prospects for the future, and very far from the situation you so kindly wish us in Kingsgate. My present object is to get him to Holland House, which I flatter myself we may compass some time in the next month, as this vile weather now may make us hope for good when it's over. Kingsgate is what I can't think of for him at present, indeed till June 'tis not a habitable place, so exposed without, and the house so small to be confined in. Besides that, I should dread the distance from help, and the sea air would I fear be of little use to him unless he could lead the life, and be as much out, as he formerly used to be there. I have remark'd that towards the end of September both the last autumns that he grew not so well during the time he remain'd there; however, I will hope for the best and flatter myself that towards June he may be enough recover'd to take that journey; change of air alone will be of use to him. Sarah is return'd for Easter holidays to Barton. She has not been

<sup>1</sup> Augustus Henry Fitzroy, 3rd Duke of Grafton.

<sup>2</sup> Nancy Parsons, also known as Mrs Haughton (d. c. 1808).

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

well, and I'm sorry to find she has a heat and sharpness in her blood which often disorders her ; she is better again. Indeed, my dear sister, I do believe she is very happy, and that Sir Charles makes her a very good husband. I can't help repeating this to you because, from some hints you now and then throw out, I fear you have some doubts on that score, which must make you uneasy, and upon my word I think them without foundation, so does dear Louisa, I believe. I don't think him an agreeable man, tho' he improves upon knowing. Sal is very happy just now with the hopes of having Lady Mary Fitzpatrick<sup>1</sup> for her niece ; it does look a little like it. You may guess 'tis not the alliance or connection I should choose ; if it should happen it won't bring on the latter (a connection I mean) ; the Duchess of Bedford<sup>2</sup> and Rigby are two people I never can be connected with. Lady Mary I like both from what I see and what I hear of her. Ste is in such spirits it's quite charming to see him ; he talks so reasonably about his views with regard to marriage, and has so much delicacy and refinement, in a rational way not a romantic one, that I'm quite charm'd with him. Upton, who has no prejudices to the Bedford family, and who saw a great deal of Lady Mary at Bath, says she is the girl in the world to suit Ste. Her manner is what takes with me of all things, so very sensible and proper without that awkward kind of *mauvaise honte* which produces always a rough and uncivil manner, and which I don't call modesty, but which so many girls have. Do you know she puts me in mind of your Emily, allowing for the difference of age. God send, if it should be, that she may make him happy, for I'm sure he deserves to be so. Mr Garrick says what's very just of Ste, " Mr Fox," he says, " promises less and gives more than anybody, his figure and first *abord* to be sure is not in his favour, but notwithstanding that and his deafness, he is more generally liked by his friends and acquaintances than anybody." That same deafness rather makes me wish him to marry, a home in that situation is so comfortable ; then I know he will live a sober, regular life when he marry, if he has an agreeable wife, from choice and from reason, which will contribute to his health and perhaps remove his

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Fitzpatrick (d. 1778), eldest dau. of John, 1st Earl of Upper Ossery. She m. (20 Apr. 1766) Hon. Stephen Fox.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of Bedford and Lady Mary Fitzpatrick's mother were sisters.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

deafness. You won't wonder I write long on this subject so interesting to me, sweet siss, as I know you like I should do so. I will make it up too by sending you a most entertaining letter I received from Sir George Macartney, which will divert you and your girls very much. Pray take care of it and return it me; I'm sure 'twill entertain Emily of all things.

Changes are still talk'd of in the Ministry, 'tis said, tho' Mr Pitt won't come unless the King sends to him himself, and that it stops there. Lord Bute made a most exceeding fine speech in the House of Lords disclaiming all Court influence, and declaring he had no thoughts of ever coming into power again. I sincerely believe him, because I look upon him to be a man of as great veracity as even Lord Kildare; he has indeed been illused by all sides. Adieu, dear sister. Yours,

C. Holland.

*Thursday.* I was prevented finishing my letter Tuesday, and yesterday received the news of your being brought to bed<sup>1</sup>, and well, from dear Louisa. I wish you joy, dear siss.

301. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Monday, the 7th of April, [1766].

Dearest sister, this letter will I hope find you quite recover'd *et relevée de vos couches* and thinking of returning to Carton. I flatter myself by the accounts of you this has been rather a good lying-in. I was yesterday at Holland House, slept a night there. 'Tis not to be conceived (but by those who love the country as we do and dislike a smoky town) how refreshing at this season of the year such a little jaunt is, spring making its appearance and the sweet birds singing, gives one such a pleasant calm feel. Lord Holland mends, thank God; tho' he himself don't allow his amendment to be material, I hope he is mistaken. Could we have some very fine weather I should hope the physick people would send him there.

Lady Mary Fitzpatrick dined with us yesterday. The oftener I see her the more I like her: she is so unaffected, so lively, sensible, and pleasing. My dear Ste doats on her. I could not

---

<sup>1</sup> Lord Gerald FitzGerald (d. 1788) was b. 15 Mar., 1766.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

have believed he could be so much in love as he is with her, nor so attentive as he is to her ; there is undoubtedly something infinitely engaging and *intéressant* in her. Lord Holland gives him up in present all the landed estate he has, except what he has left Charles. Holland House is mine for my life. Ste's estate will bring him in £3,500 a year clear money, and £1,000 a year more on the death of two old women both turn'd of 70 ; her pin-money is four hundred a year, her jointure £1,500, her fortune £7,000. They intend setting out very prudently without any show. At present they are very impatient to get into the country to Ste's house in Wiltshire, which he intended fitting up as a hunting-seat before he thought of marrying ; 'tis a bad house I'm told, but young people don't mind that. Lord Holland declin'd the Duke of Bedford's visit and gave his Grace his reasons for so doing in a very civil but a very strong letter. He won't see either his Grace or the Duchess. I must see the latter, in a formal way. I hope the wedding may be within this fortnight. 'Tis charming to see two beings so happy as Ste and Lady Mary are, she owns it as frankly as he does. Poor boy, he told Mrs Fannen he was the happiest of all mortals, and *always* should be so, tho' he tells me he lies awake thinking 'twill be so much happiness he can't help dreading something will happen to prevent it. I do think him lucky with his infirmities (for so one must call his deafness and his size), to get such a delightful girl that loves him. I am indeed vastly satisfied with this match, and think there is as good a prospect from it as one can expect, and at present great happiness to him, which is always something gain'd.

I have no politics to entertain Lord Kildare with, all seems at a stand just now. We hear most terrible accounts of your mobs in Ireland. I suppose not above half true, but surely the late discovery made is alarming.<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Portland is to marry Lady Dorothy Cavendish,<sup>2</sup> but not till next Xmas ; she is like, but not so well as, her poor mother, I hear.

Sal is come to town, not well I think ; there is a great heat and sharpness in her blood and late hours in London (which tho' she resolves against she can't avoid keeping) will do her

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the Whiteboys Insurrections.

<sup>2</sup> William Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, 3rd Duke of Portland ; m. (1766) Lady Dorothy Cavendish, only dau. of William, 4th Duke of Devonshire, and Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Boyle, who died (as Marchioness of Hartington), 1754.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

great harm I fear. She is very fond of Barton, and better when [she] is there. Adieu, my dear siss; tell dear Louisa I have received Madame Gueretri's ruffles safe. Yours most affectionately.

*Tuesday.* A lovely morning. I'm going to breakfast with company at Holland House.

302. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Piccadilly, Monday, the 21st [April, 1766].

Give me joy, dearest sister, my dear Ste is married. The ceremony was perform'd yesterday between two and three at Bedford House, in the long room; present the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lord Ossory<sup>1</sup>, Mr Fitzpatrick,<sup>2</sup> Lady Sarah, Miss Betty Wriothely,<sup>3</sup> Charles, Harry, and I. We had a formal half hour in the Duchess's dressing-room after, *et nous voilà quitte de toute cérémonie*, except a formal visit I shall make this evening to Lady Mary's relations, whom I shall not find at home; the bride and bridegroom, Sal, my boys, and I, dined<sup>4</sup> here together. They went alone (as is now the fashion) to Holland House. I shall visit them there to-morrow, and as often as I can during their short stay there, where they are to be quite retired, receiving no visits but from near relations. Indeed, sweet siss, I am pleased, and will enjoy the present satisfaction, without the alloy foreseeing what changes may happen. The prospect of happiness bids as fair as can be. Your friend Lady Barrymore will tell you what an amiable young creature it is; she sent me word by Sal how much she envy'd me my new daughter. Lord Holland is much as he has been for three weeks past, that is so much mended that one wonders he don't get well, but he don't. God alone knows why; his physic don't, that is certain. Adieu, dearest sister. Believe me ever sincerely yours,

C. Holland.

<sup>1</sup> John Fitzpatrick (1745-1818), 2nd Earl of Upper Ossory; bro. of Lady Mary Fitzpatrick.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), bro. of Lady Mary Fitzpatrick.

<sup>3</sup> Hon. Elizabeth Wrottesley, dau. of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, 7th Bart. She m., as his 2nd wife, the 3rd Duke of Grafton in 1769. She was a niece of the Duchess of Bedford.

<sup>4</sup> Word indecipherable.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

*Tuesday morning.*

My patience would not hold till dinner to-day ; I went and drank tea with them yesterday evening. Nothing can be more pleasing, affectionate, and unaffected than Lady Mary ; she is mighty *caressante*, which you know takes with me ; you and I love a likeness to a storybook. I think she is vastly like<sup>1</sup> . . .

303. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Piccadilly, the 25th of April [1766].

I thank you for your most kind and comfortable letter of the 17th, dear siss, and for all your kind wishes. I do indeed think there is as much prospect of happiness in this match of Ste's as can be foreseen—amiable characters and mutual liking ; for the rest one must take one's chance.

Lord Holland is essentially better in my opinion, because his appetite is return'd. He eats the leg and wing of a cold chicken with salad these three days past with pleasure, and is the better for it. He had lived upon liquids for these two months past, such as broth, tea and coffee ; which regimen agreed at first with him ; but please God [if] he continues to relish this present one, he will, I flatter myself, get strength sooner than he could with the other. I hope we shall remove to Holland House soon now, for indeed I feel as you do about the smoky town, and have been very uncomfortable this last fortnight, tho' I have frequently lain a night at Holland House, and very often dined there. Poor dear Sal has the same uneasiness from the closeness of town, and finds herself better for having passed two days there with the young couple, whose absence we all lament. They set out to-day for Maddington, where they go as being near their own house, which is repairing and fitting up for them. They would not remain at Holland House because they were determin'd not to be presented yet, and to avoid dinners, visits, etc., upon their marriage, which I don't wonder at them for. When the weather is warm enough they go to Southampton, which is but twenty miles from their own house, for Ste to drink sea-water for his deafness. I have great hopes from it, as I believe his deafness proceeds from humours in his glands. They will visit us at Kingsgate, and I hope go

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

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

abroad with us. I grow fonder of her every time I see her. I know you would not only like her but love her. I hope your pretty Charles's humours are in no bad place. I fear you must expect some returns of the humours breaking out at times ; but I have not the least doubt from all I hear of his being a strong healthy youth at last. I hear William is coming soon to us. I shall be happy to see him, and rejoice to hear he is to be sent abroad, because I am convinced 'tis the least bad thing one can do with them at that age, notwithstanding the inconveniences that attend it. I had heard of your poor little Sophia's illness. Indeed, dear siss, 'tis a melancholy thing to think of your losing so many. God send those that remain may make up to you for what you suffer on the account of the other. Miss Young is a pretty girl ; the poor Bishop<sup>1</sup> doats on her ; poor man he felt the loss of his pretty wife very severely ! Everybody seems to approve Lord Holland's conduct to the Bedfords, who I hear are much disappointed and hurt with it. Lady Mary will feel no concern on their account, I assure you, tho' she is determin'd to pay every mark of respect and attention to them in a formal way ; she knows the Duchess and consequently don't love her. One of the great merits in Lady Mary's character is that exact propriety of behaviour on all occasions, which I never saw in anybody so young in my life, and it seems entirely the result of good sense, good nature, and obliging disposition, not study'd in the least. It seems natural to her to choose what's right on every occasion ; she is very sensible and as apt to cry as any of *us*, I find ; *poor thing* ! The more I think of it, the more I think how lucky Ste is to have got such a girl among the present misses. She immediately told Ste every word about Mrs Fortescue's letter and her impertinent chattering about it. Adieu, my dearest sister. I saw your sweet face at Ramsay's t'other day ; 'tis a heavenly picture indeed.

C. Holland.

304. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, April the 30th [1766].

Here I am, my dearest sister, and here I hope I shall remain

---

<sup>1</sup> Edward Young, Bishop successively of Dromore and of Ferns.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

for some time, as the physicians have thought it proper for Lord Holland to come and enjoy this sweet air. To-morrow I expect him, and came here to prepare for him. Nothing can be more beautiful than this place at this season. I think it particularly so just now, and I hope Lord Holland will gather strength daily, and in June go to Kingsgate ; he is certainly better than he was. You'll see by my letters Ste was married the 20th, two days sooner than we thought the wedding could be. I perfectly well enter into your disappointment about not going to Carton. Do you know dear Sal grows like us in some of those things. She really is not well, and had set her heart upon lying here some days ago, to that degree I'm convinced a disappointment would have made her quite ill. She intends being here a great deal till she goes to Barton ; she is indeed a great comfort to me.

I dread seeing William, sweet siss, but I will say no more on that subject. I rather hope Paris will not be the place fixed on for him ; 'tis London removed only, for such heaps of English go every year there, that the young men scarcely ever see any French company, and the English one meets abroad are seldom what one would choose.

I have nothing of Ste or my pretty daughter since they went. Did I ever tell you Sir John Seabright is going to be married to pretty Miss Knight,<sup>1</sup> with £10,000 fortune, just twenty-two years old. Sir John is a bald man with his nervous disorders ; he really looks so shabby and so nervous *que cela fait pitié*. Mrs Crewe don't look half so merry and happy as Lady Mary does ; indeed, she looks remarkably grave. Poor Fanny, you know, is never in cheerful good spirits. I believe she feels the loss of her daughter exceedingly, and that she don't vastly like the thoughts of her German journey, which I don't wonder at, tho' I dare say she will like it when she is there. Monsr. de Lillebonne,<sup>2</sup> a very sensible agreeable Frenchman now in London, has in my opinion made a very just remark on the English ; he is surprised, he says, *que dans un pays ou l'on pense tant on ne pense jamais à devenir vieux ou vieille*. Adieu. Good-night,

C. Holland.

<sup>1</sup> Sarah Knight, dau. of Edward Knight, of Wolverley, Worcestershire ; m. Sir John Sebright, 6th Bart.

<sup>2</sup> Prince de Lillebonne.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

305. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, May the 9th, [1766].

I write, dear siss, because I don't choose to be long silent, but I have no letter of yours to answer, not much to say, and but little time to write. I have been here this week with Lord Holland, who got no cold with coming, and who has had a whist party every evening notwithstanding. The rent some people made (whose conveniency I suppose it suited to have him in Piccadilly) you would have thought it has been Xmas, and that I had been moving him to the deserts of Arabia, instead of a villa in the month of May. You may easily guess I am in this long illness of his a good deal worried at times about those sort of things, but thank God they only make me angry for a little while, *et je n'y pense plus*, as I know I alway do for the best, and take nothing upon myself but by the physical people's orders. Upton, Mrs Greville, and Sal have their beds here, to come and go as they like it. Sal and Charles are the comfort of my life, indeed Upton is a great one too. Mrs Greville is a good body to be here also. She likes playing at whist for ever, and she has lived so much with us. Lord Holland is used to her, and she to our, ways. Friendly Mr Bateman comes whenever we want him, so that with chance comers we do very well; and I enjoy the fresh air and my walks. As for Lord Holland, I can't say he is much better for it; indeed there has been little alteration in him this last month, he has some days better, some worse. I don't find weather has any effect upon him one way or t'other; at times he is so well one wonders why he don't get quite well. Upon the whole, sweet siss, I don't know what to think of it; there must be some disorder not found out hanging about him. The beginning of next month we shall I hope try sea air and the amusement of that place for him.

We expect Lord Kildare every day, by all accounts, from Ireland. My brother Richmond we see little of; he is I believe much engaged in politics, which Lord Holland don't care enough about to enter much into the conversation at present, tho' he will sometimes; indeed at times he will seem so well for an hour or two as to talk or enter into anything, particularly

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

any fun, but the chief part of the day he is either dozy over a story-book, or quite low. Lord Kildare will be shock'd at the alteration in his looks, I fear. I'm pretty well since I came here ; indeed dear siss, I wonder how I go on as I do. Adieu. Yours ever in whatever situation of mind I'm in,

C. Holland.

306. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Saturday, May the 24th [1766].

I was agreeably surprised dear sister, last Wednesday at coffee to see Lord Kildare and dear William walk in. The former I think looks as well as he did two years ago, and the latter much improved ; if he held up his head he would be an exceeding fine figure. The same evening I received your kind letter of the 14th, which I thank you for.

I will obey your commands when I see Lord Hillsboro', but when that will be I can't tell ; I don't even know when he is expected in England. Lord Holland mends certainly, and I'm in hopes to get over the summer pretty well ; the 11th of June at soonest he goes to Kingsgate, where I shall soon follow him. I fear Lord Kildare was much shock'd at seeing Lord Holland, for he looks dreadfully to those who have not seen him look so much worse. I'm sorry for Lady Hertford. Her Lord I know or care little for, but she will I'm sure suffer at being abused, or rather at Lord Beauchamp's being abused, whatever advantages they may reap from their Irish journey. I don't agree with you, I'm not so much out of humour with myself for fretting at the little disappointments you mention. When I consider that 'tis because I enjoy more pleasure in some of those things than those who don't feel those disappointments, and as I grow old I rejoice at not growing indifferent about those things, besides, I see other people feel disappointments and mortifications we never feel, from their pride, vanity, or interest. I have not the least idea of Ciss marrying here or of my ever being acquainted with her. I don't know her, therefore it's no wonder I don't find her so pleasing as Louisa and Sarah. Indeed who is, except Lady Mary, and I really believe she is ; but to decide that a longer acquaintance is necessary. Besides,

if she is too spoilt with regard to some trifles, Ste will spoil her ; the young men in general at present having some extraordinary ideas with respect to their wives. They surprised us both agreeably Friday night with a visit ; they leave us to-morrow. Ste wanted her not to go visit the Duke and Duchess of Bedford while she stayed, tho' the Duke is confined with the gout, and you can't imagine how sensibly and prettily she behaved about it. Lord Holland, she and I all approving the visit, tho', and she goes. You'll not suspect me of partiality to that house, but surely she owes them *certain égarde*s for her own sake to the eyes of the world. Don't you think so ? But 'tis a maxim with the present macaronis, as they call them, to wean their wives totally from their mothers, aunts, of those they have lived with. In Ste's case 'tis to be wished to a degree ; but unless an open quarrel was to be the case, decency ought to be preserved ; and what I admire so much in sweet Lady Mary is her never entering into any abuse of the Duchess of Bedford, tho' I know she knows her a little, and will if alone with me in a manner tell me several things she dislikes in her. To be sure she has not the same opinion of her I have (she can't know the things I do) and tho' she owns she never could love her, yet she says she must always feel herself obliged to her for taking the care of her education when she left her mother—is not this taking it so right, and so sensibly ? Ste and she are both vastly in love and taken up with one another. I hope she will govern him.

My brother<sup>1</sup> kissed hands yesterday for Secretary of State. Both he and she are much pleased ; not returning to Paris has some share in their joy. Did I ever tell you an English gentleman in a letter he received from Paris was told, *le Duc et la Duchesse de Richmond montre un mépris plus qu'anglais pour la France*. 'Tis said Lord and Lady Rochford<sup>2</sup> will go there. She will do well enough in a comical way, as she does everything, but she is well-bred to a degree and good-humoured. Poor William ! love at his age is very warm and very sincere generally. Who is Lady Catherine Annesly ? Absence will I suppose cure him. Lord Kildare says your little Edward is a poor starved

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

<sup>2</sup> William Henry Nassau de Zulestein, 4th Earl of Rochford ; Ambassador to France, 1766-68. His wife was dau. of Edward Young.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

thing, tho' better since he has insisted on his being clothed and fed. Is he very delicate, poor little soul? Sal is at Barton, exceeding happy, having been vastly impatient to get there; she is to bathe and drink sea-water with us in the month of August. I think I have answer'd all your kind letter and will bid you adieu, dear siss. Lord Kildare tells me you wish to sell Arlington Street house; surely and indeed in your letter you say the contrary. You don't mean never to come, and you know how uncomfortable it is to be in a lodging. Yours,

C. Holland.

307. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

[May the 29th, 1766].

I like your William very much, dear sister, so does everybody; his manner is genteel, polite, and pleasing; he is exceeding handsome, but his person wants to be a little fashion'd, which a few months at an Academy will complete. I understand his father purposes sending him to one, and in the winter I hope he will meet us at Naples, where I believe it is almost determined for us to go; our young people will like it so much better, and my only objection was the terrible length of the journey, which all the women who have gone—and several have—tell me is paid by the beauty of it. A new country is undoubtedly amusing to see, and Paris being out of the question I believe I shall like Italy as well as the south of France; I shall like to have been there I'm pretty sure; only think of crossing the Alps and Appenines! If Lady Mary should not be breeding they go with us, so does Charles; dear little Harry I fear must be left, which is unpleasant. How you must doat on little Edward! Mr and Mrs Fannen grew infirm and old, were, as 'tis very natural, desirous of a home; they have a small neat house just of this side Kensington. He is still steward, and manages all, and she is to the full as great a comfort to me now as when she lived with me; her health is good and she will, with the quiet life she now leads, I hope be a stout old woman, and last years. I frequently walk to see her, sometimes one of my sons and I dine with her snug. She always comes if I want her, which I do when I want to alter, change or settle anything

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

in the house with regard to servants' furniture, etc. I take more trouble myself since she left me, which is not the worse. Fannen is all morning employed writing for or reading the news to Lord Holland, and serves as secretary; dictating letters is one of Lord Holland's chief amusements. He continues mending, and yesterday (tho' the worst day I ever saw so late in the year) was remarkably well; his disorder is very unaccountable. I expect Mrs Greville, who has been in Cheshire with Mrs Crewe, back to-day, which I'm mighty glad of; for tho' we have not missed whist one single evening since we came here, I love to be secure of his having a party, as it seems to amuse him so well, and that he generally expresses some uneasiness when it's doubtful. Upton comes here every other evening regularly, so that with Mrs Greville and Charles we are secure, as Harry and I help when wanted; what a lucky thing it is Lord Holland can be diverted with that sort of low play; 'tis so easy to get for him! I don't fancy Mrs Turner was any loss to you. I have still Molly and Agatha both sickly, which is not so convenient, tho' Molly is the better for her travels, so I hope another journey may make her almost well. We see Lord Kildare often; I think he is well and very cheerful. My brother<sup>1</sup> has borrow'd this place while I am at Kingsgate and abroad. I shall not go to Kingsgate quite so soon as Lord Holland; please God he continues pretty well, and I shall return here before we go abroad, having or thinking I have (which is you know the same thing) many things to settle before my journey; I dread the idea of it. I hope I shall be as well as I have been of late, otherwise it will be terrible. I don't think that travelling does agree with me as it used to do, I'm so very easily fatigued. Adieu, dearest sister, Yours,

C. Holland.

*Holland House, May the 29th*,—a day Charles and I hold in great veneration, as Louisa will tell you.

308. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

June the 9th, [1766]

Thank you for your letter of the 30th, dearest siss; indeed

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

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

you are so much a better correspondent than ever I imagined your poor eyes would permit you to be, that I can never complain. It is not wonderful, as you say, that Lord Kildare should be shocked at Lord Holland's looks. He thinks him greatly mended since he came. I can't say that, Lord Kildare grows used to him, and the first day or two of his arrival were bad days with Lord Holland ; for in the main I think him just the same for near this last month. His spirits are better and worse at times, and depend a great deal on his nights, which are also sometimes good at others bad ; but he is wonderfully mended in these last six weeks or two months, when one looks back ; more than one could have flattered oneself he would. We have had winter, now we have really summer ; I hope it will continue and not rain again soon, tho' it seems to threaten so to do. The 22nd Lord Holland goes to Kingsgate ; I shall follow soon, and shall be satisfied with having spent May, June, and part of April here. August and the end of July I should never wish to be at this place. It grows so dry, dusty and rusty. I agree with you, dearest sister, a less house will do ; but this is ready, another is to be looked for. However, next winter I should be sorry to have you here, and I can't think about the following winters, it would lead me into a train of gloomy ideas that I endeavour to keep off; *sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof*. I think with pleasure of the foreign journey. I love to see new countries and new people, tho' I dread the fatigue of it. William will be very welcome, and make us happy in his company, wherever we are. Upton will be [with] us ; I don't know so useful an acquaintance for young men ; with all that vivacity and good humour of his he is always leading them to something right ; they all love his company.

Lady Catherine Annesley's brother is neither handsome or agreeable ; I knew him at Paris. Sweet dear little Eddy, I love him, tho' I never saw it. Those delicate children, dear siss, oftener do well than not ; only have attention enough to coughs or any tendency to disorders on the lungs. Your dear Charles is I reckon quite manly ; he is so quick and clever he will I dare say learn just as well as if he had begun younger I'm sorry about Emily; I don't think it a good thing to happen. so young, I own. Lady Mary has Lady Emily's coaxing ways as you call them, tho' I hate the word coaxing, because it implies

flattery and that obliging disposition is as different from falsehood as black from white. 'Tis the roughness of our disposition in general, dear siss, that prevents our making the proper distinction between flattery and obligingness. In general the English are not an obliging people ; certainly we have no desire to please. Poor Fanny was I believe a little out of spirits, thinking Crewe neglected her, tho' she did not say so directly ; but all is now right. Mrs Crewe, his mother, who is a very sensible lively jolly country gentlewoman, invited her down into Cheshire with Mr and Mrs Crewe, who have been there and she is return'd quite pleased with their behaviour and attention to her. Poor soul, I pity her now tho'. Mrs Crewe is gone to Southampton, not to return before Fanny goes to Germany, and the parting I fear goes very near her heart. She don't care about either Mr Greville or her boys, so she has nothing to make up for the loss of her pretty girl, but the satisfaction of knowing her well settled, which to be sure is no small comfort. There will be *une belle jeunesse* at Southampton, for beautiful Mrs Bouverie is going there to bathe. Only think of that pretty creature (Miss Fawkner that was), not more than sixteen and a half, having had one dead child and now a bad miscarriage, which had liked to have kill'd her ; but those girls do racket themselves to death travelling about and riding a horseback which can't be right in that situation. Mrs Bouverie was ill in consequence of an immense long journey ; she is a mighty pretty kind of woman by all accounts.

Lady Tavistock is come to lie in again, which I'm glad of, as it will add to their happiness the having another child ; and she deserves to be happy, her conduct is so perfectly right, and her situation is rather difficult between her own and her husband's family ; they are vastly happy and both he and she as kind and attentive to Lady Albemarle as 'tis possible to be. How could I go on so far without telling you your sweet face is come home and put up in my Gallery? Opinions about pictures are so various I never mind any but my own with regard to portraits. I like it of all things and think it very like ; Lord Kildare don't like it, nor that that is for him, which I wonder at, for I don't think mine quite so well as the original, tho' it's very near, and I am satisfied with it. Apropos to pictures Mr Walpole has had a pretty snuffbox sent him with a miniature

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

picture of Madame de Sévigné on the top, and her cipher at the bottom set in marcasite stones ; the box is white *papier mâché* set with marcasites, not costly, but genteel and elegant to a degree, with a lovely picture of her and a letter, of which I send you the copy, enclosed, as it is allow'd to be as pretty a one as ever was wrote. He has no knowledge of who this pretty present comes from, tho' I believe he has various guesses, so have I, not worth troubling you with, as you know none of the people we suspect ; but the letter will please you, and the whole shows you the turn and genius of the people who amuse themselves *de ces petits riens* ; 'tis since he came here he received it. I must tell you a trait of another sort that shows you the vanity of my friends the French. Madame Gueretri desires to recommend to me the acquaintance of a French cousin of hers at Naples, *croyant bien miladi qu'une dame française vous conviendra mieux que les dames de Naples*. I believe so too, but the speech was mighty French to be sure. How I have run on, dear siss, from one thing to another, but you encourage me so to do, however 'tis now time to have done. You have a bill for books at Mrs Dunoyer, so I don't pay them ; my other account Lord Kildare and I shall settle, as I owe you for many things.

I did send *The Vicar of Wakefield*.<sup>1</sup> I admire it vastly ; 'tis very well wrote ; don't you like the song of all things ?

With regard to our little argument, I agree with you cheerfulness and thankfulness is our duty ; the first is not in our power, the second is, and I hope I feel it who have more to be thankful for than falls to my share in this world. In a religious light, dear sister, how much the best people have to reproach themselves with, particularly those who are endowed with large fortunes ; 'tis indeed a melancholy thought to think how little good one does with it in proportion to what one ought to do. As for those little failings in temper, I see all those who have any feeling subject to them ; that good-humoured indifference is what I cannot wish for, tho' perhaps it would make me happier. I never shall have done for I must tell you how fond I am just now of my brother Richmond. He came to see Mrs Frankland at Chichester one morning about a month ago, found her distressd and concern'd for a poor family, the master of

<sup>1</sup> By Oliver Goldsmith (1766).

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

which—an apothecary—had just been arrested, the consequence of which would prove the ruin of his family. He was a voter not in my brother's interest, and Mrs Frankland did not think of applying to my brother, but he upon hearing the affair went immediately and discharged the debt which amounted to above £60. These are actions, sweet siss, that atone for many many little failings—actions that must give peace and comfort in our last hours ; riches were bestow'd for these uses certainly. I don't know whether Mrs Frankland's humane heart was more pleased with the poor man's being relieved or with my brother's good nature and humanity. How like my poor Mother he is in some of those things !

309. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Holland House, June the 28th, [1766].

I shall write again to my dearest sister from Kingsgate. At present I write to tell you Lord Holland got there last Monday very little fatigued with his journey, has slept well, and continued to the full as well as he had been ever since. Next Thursday I hope to be with him. He has now with him Charles and Harry and a Mr Whitfield, who he is mighty fond of, and who is a useful man to him there, being an excellent superintendent of all his works ; he writes cheerfully and seems in spirits. I am too busy to write much to you nor indeed have I much to say, had I time ; but in the first place I have this house to put into proper order for the reception of my brother, etc. You know people that love their furniture may have a good deal to lock up and put to rights on such an occasion ; indeed the Duchess beg'd I would put my pretty things out of the way and lock up my own apartment, this house being sufficiently large without. My other business is to prepare for Naples journey, and send a million of things away by a ship now going that we luxurious English people find the want of in other countries. I advised with Sir James Gray,<sup>1</sup> who lived there ten years, and you would be amazed at the things we are to send. I have also some visits to make and people to see that my late way of life have made me neglect ; so you see, sweet siss, I have

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Gray, K.B. ; former Ambassador at Naples.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

my hands full. Adieu, I don't expect to hear much from you till Lord Kildare returns. Lady Hertford talks much of you ; you have not sent her back in spirits to us. I saw General Sandford, deadly old is he grown. I hear poor fine Mrs Clements had like to have been a *Leda* ; perhaps you in Ireland never heard the story ; it diverts me vastly. Yours,

C. Holland.

Lady Hertford says she never saw such a girl as Emily in her life, her behaviour is like a young woman of five and twenty. I know she is like my sweet Lady Mary, and hope she will marry into a family that will know the value of her, as we do Lady Mary's. Do you like Swift's *Letters*<sup>1</sup>?

310. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Saturday morning, the 4th of July [1766].

I came yesterday to dinner, my dear siss, having made a day and a half of the journey, and last night dear William came by supper time ; it was quite kind in him to come and take leave of Lord Holland. This morning at nine he set out for Dover. He has delightful weather and a fair wind. He seem'd sorry to leave England, but I hope the journey will prove both useful and agreeable to him. He puts me in mind of my brother George at his age ; 'tis *au bien* that he resembles him, I think.

I found Lord Holland much as he was when he set out ; the sea air has as yet been of no use to him. I thank you for your letter of the 22nd. I dare say Mrs. Vesey was delighted with the letter. I thought Lady Mayne was come off that violent wisdom, *elle a beau dire* ; but those *petitesses*, as she calls them, and that desire of pleasing and obliging, unites people and makes society agreeable. I can't find either Selwin, or Walpole, both admirers of Madame de Sévigné, found out much about her in France. I believe there are scarcely any of the family remain ; I think there is a grandchild of *Pauline's* still living. I'm glad you like *The Vicar of Wakefield* ; the song is lovely. Did you ever see three volumes publish'd last year call'd *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*<sup>2</sup> ? There is a song wrote

<sup>1</sup> Three vols. of Correspondence were added by Hawksworth in 1766 to the Collective Edition of Swift's Works.

<sup>2</sup> *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, by Rev. Thomas Percy ; published in 1765.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

in old language (tho' it seems 'tis a modern one) like that in *The Vicar*. I was excessively entertain'd with it, having a passion for antiquity and all books that let one into the customs and manners of old times. In these volumes I mention you find all the old ballads that ever one heard of, some very pretty. I am prodigiously entertain'd just now with Swift's *Letters*. Lady Holdernessee (and I'm sorry for it) has been mighty scrubby with Lord Kildare, who on his side has been very genteel, I think ; but he did not choose to buy a pack of things at a high price, very useless to him. He made me a morning visit last Tuesday at Holland House, and seem'd very well and very cheerful. Lady Holdernessee, while her Lord is gone to see his friends at Paris, is come to reside at Walmer Castle, fifteen miles from hence. The Dayrolles are with her, which I'm glad of, as we shall meet now and then. They are sociable cheerful people, all of them ; but you know many people are agreeable *quand on n'a rien à démêler avec eux*, that when one has, are quite otherwise. Indeed, my dear sister, I'm sorry I do think so, but my opinion is that cheerfulness and consequently good humour, which is the cheerfulness I mean, depends chiefly on the animal spirits. Reason, reflection, and piety may make one patient and resigned, even content, but I fear not cheerful ; I'm sure the two first won't, and it must be a very great degree of the latter to do it. I have not been at all well these last three weeks or month. I find myself the better for the journey and change of air yesterday and to-day. If this fine weather should last I propose much good and pleasure from the one-horse chair. The wet weather has made this country look as beautiful as it can look ; there are such fine crops of wheat, barley, oats, etc., which look so rich. But I left Holland House with regret, as nothing could look more beautiful than it did, none of the rust or dust usual to the places near London at this season. Adieu. Yours,

C. Holland.

311. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Wednesday, July the 16th [1766]

My dearest sister, the *petites feuilles* are only used when I can't

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

get this sort of paper, neither too thick nor too thin, which is often the case, and I abominate the great clumsy thick paper. Lord Holland in my opinion continues exactly as he has been for five or six weeks past; Charles thinks him mended since his arrival here. By the time you get this letter, Lord Kildare will be with you, so I must tell you the news. The King acquainted his Ministers one day last week that he had sent for Mr Pitt. Mr Pitt came, and this is all I know; but everybody writes as looking upon it as a settled thing that this Ministry is at an end. Lord Bute disclaims the having advised it or even known of it, I hear, and I believe so, if he says it. Mr Pitt had not, when our last intelligence came, declar'd (at least it was not known that he had declar'd) what was intended to be done. I suppose you'll have pretty Lord Bristol in Ireland if his health will permit, because Mr Pitt intended that he should, had he come in last time, then was treated with. Indeed I forget the time that was; 'tis not easy to remember these events, they have changed and happened so frequently of late. I heard Mr Pitt had been mighty civil to shabby Conway, and that it's likely he will still keep something. My brother has enjoy'd being Secretary of State a short time; he was pleased with it and owned it fairly, and my opinion is he will not be very sorry to go out. Shelburne, Camden, Temple, Barry, and Calcraft will I conclude come in. And now I have done about what neither you or I care about, tho' I'm entertain'd with it now Lord Holland is out of the question, and rather curious to know the sequel. If to-morrow's letters bring any further information you shall have it, for this letter won't go till to-morrow. *The Traveller*<sup>1</sup> is charming, was liked here by many people, but nothing is read in general now nor liked but those stupid abusive political pamphlets. If mention had been made of the favourite or great Commoner<sup>2</sup> in it you would have heard of it long ago. 'Tis the anecdotes I like in Swift's *Letters*.

I'm very sorry dear Lady Emily has a cough, but hope it won't prove a whooping one, tho' any cough is alarming. Indeed, my dear siss, my heart feels for all your distresses about your dear children, God preserve them to you! Charles will be of all the use he can to your boy. I flatter myself indeed that you

<sup>1</sup> By Oliver Goldsmith (1764).

<sup>2</sup> William Pitt.

could not have found a better scheme for him than sending him to Naples. Upton, who goes with us, is really the most useful acquaintance a young man can have; in his queer cheerful way he gives better advice than anybody. You need not feel affronted on Ciss's account. Lady Hertford commended her too, but very properly observed her good behaviour did not strike anybody so much, because she appears to be a young woman of twenty, whereas I understand Emily's figure is quite childish—now you know that does make a difference to strangers, and a very great one. Lady Hertford's conduct to her own daughters is indeed past my comprehension; she speaks fondly of them too and told me how improved Lady Sarah<sup>1</sup> was and how handsome she was grown. I saw a sweet little girl very differently educated, yesterday. I dined with Lady Holderness at Walmer Castle about fifteen miles from hence; that little Lady Emily does put me so in mind of you at that age. She is so immensely clever and agreeable, and so pert and wild at the same time. Some people abuse Lady Holderness for letting her appear so much. But considering she is an only child, and will be so great a fortune, I own I think her in the right; for she don't carry her about in London, only lets her be always with her, and as Lady Holderness sees more company there, the girl consequently sees a great deal too. She has had the good luck to get what is so rarely met with—a sensible good-humoured governess, who lives with Lady Holderness on the footing of a companion, which I own I should not like, but she does. The Dayrolles are with Lady Holderness at Walmer. For those who like the sea 'tis a fine situation; 'tis one of the Government castles belonging to Lord Holderness as Warden of the Cinque Ports, and she is come there to bathe while Lord Holderness is in France. I did not ask her, as you may imagine, how Lord Kildare and she ended their matter together.

Miss Conway is a pretty figure, but not at all pretty nor in my opinion agreeable, for all the little vermin who I fear will not be here sometime. For Ste and Lady Mary, who came yesterday, tell me they are to meet her the 26th of this month in London, to settle about a play they are to act at Ste's house, Winterslow<sup>2</sup>, the first week in August. Now we being in the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Sarah Frances Seymour-Conway; m. (1766) Robert Stewart, afterwards Marquess of Londonderry.

<sup>2</sup> Winterslow Lodge, near Salisbury, Wiltshire.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

east and this house of Ste's in the west, I much fear I can't hope to see her here till this play is over, which I hope it may be by the 10th of August. And she, I know, has all the month of August to dispose of before she returns to Barton, while he is running about to horse races, which I'm glad she don't do with him on many accounts. They are to act two plays, *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. Ste has got quite a smart play-house, I understand, at Winterslow; the performers are Lady Mary, Sally, Miss Crewe (Crewe's sister), Ste, Charles, Lord Carlisle,<sup>1</sup> Harry Bunbury<sup>2</sup> and some others. I should like to see it, but fear I shall not be able conveniently to bring it about; 'twill take up too much time, and as I shall have travelling enough probably, I don't like the thoughts of more than is necessary. I am very well now; I read, work, write, walk, drive, live regularly and quietly, and consequently agreeably. I am now writing in a little pretty garden room called the favourite by a Mr Winne, an ingenious young man who has given divers drawings and designs for this odd pretty place.

This is a little closet in the garden, which is fitted up, or rather to be, for it is not yet finished, very prettily *à l'italienne*, or rather I think *à la française*. It has a delightful sofa in it, and a large glass door which opens upon the grass looking into the flower garden; no view of the sea, which for variety here and the sake of my eyes, I like; on the other side the garden is a room somewhat bigger, which is fitting up as a book room, and you can't imagine in a small place as this is the convenience we find in these two little rooms.

Did I ever tell you my friend Madame Geoffrin was gone to Poland on a most pressing invitation of the King's?<sup>3</sup> She will, she says in a letter to Lady Hervey, write to me from thence; I hope to receive some account of the place from her. I believe she will go on to Russia, having received letters, presents from the Tzarina with a most pressing invitation to Petersburg. They are all *bel esprit* mad that way, I think, for the Emperor<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Howard (1748-1825), 5th Earl of Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> Henry William Bunbury (1750-1811), 2nd s. of Sir William Bunbury, 5th Bart., and bro. of Sir Charles Bunbury. He became a celebrated artist and caricaturist.

<sup>3</sup> Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski; elected King of Poland, 1764; abdicated, 1795, d. 1796.

<sup>4</sup> Joseph II. (1741-90), Emperor, 1765-90.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

was on horseback in the town of Vienna as Madame Geoffrin passed thro', got off his horse, came to her coach door, paid her all sorts of compliments and honours. How various, my dear siss, are the follies of mankind ! When they are harmless one should rejoice, one can be pleased with them. You'll say I have indeed a good deal of time on my hands to write so long a letter. I hope I shall be well enough and in spirits to write you an account of what I see in my travels when I'm on the road. Adieu at present. Yours ever,

C. Holland.

312. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, the 9th of August [1766].

I yesterday received a long letter without a date from my dearest sister. Lord Holland wrote Lord Kildare a long account of politics two or three posts ago. Nothing has hap'ned since that we hear of but Lord Hillsbro's having the Board of Trade, which I'm glad of, as I hear he is very unhappy and melancholy ; business will do him more good than anything, and being in place is what he likes, you know. My brother and the Duchess are sorry : that is, he is sorry, and she is as sorry and as angry as her delightful good humour will allow her to be ; they are to come here the 15th in their way to Paris. I don't agree with you ; I'm glad my brother is *after being Secretary of State* and engaged in that walk of life. With youth, health, and spirits all those changes and events are incidents that make a variety in life ; some pursuit is necessary to man, particularly an Englishman ; 'tis an animal quite incapable of living a rational life (that is what we should call so) and quite insufficient to itself. It must be running after a fox, a hare, a blue ribbon, a place or some such thing, or given up to play. I do think Nature has given us women the best lot in this queer jumble of life. But to proceed and answer your questions. Conway, you'll find, has light upon his legs and is still Secretary of State, which I did imagine he would, for his ridiculous mean speech complimenting Mr Pitt in the House of Commons last winter ; everybody abused him for it and called him his *valet de chambre*.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I believe I shall like Lord Chatham<sup>1</sup> better than I did Mr Pitt ; tho' I did not dislike him in the way I did several others, and was a little in the mob style about the *great Man* ; but I think his going into the House of Lords and putting an end to all that popular stuff is sensible in him ; and his restoring MacKenzie<sup>2</sup> to his place and doing what those simple Ministers ought to have done a year ago, the day he kissed hands, was well done.

You wrong the Duchess ; I find by all I can pick up she was the best of the four in France. As for the *démêlé* with the Prince of Conti, I don't quite understand it but I know there is so much etiquette between Princes of the blood and Ambassadors that there is frequently some *quid pro quo* or other. Therefore, had that been the only complaint of him, I should not have minded it ; but I hear from all quarters, and indeed by their own account, can find, they treated the French with the utmost contempt and incivility ; that contempt of everything but their own set of people is their fault in this country as well as France. They have no desire to please, and of consequence do not ; but I find many people think so differently on that score that I am no judge, for I can't conceive not wishing to be liked wherever one goes ; nothing is so flattering nor puts one in such a good humour. Mr and Mrs Nicoll<sup>3</sup> and their son, who have passed a week here in their way from France, and who passed six weeks at Paris, during which time Mrs Nicoll and her son saw a great deal of Lord and Lady George (who were exceeding civil to them), give me such an account of them that one could not conceive from anything educated like gentlefolks. She lives all morning in the stable with the grooms and horses and dogs ; people they ask to dinner come about three, seldom get to dinner till five, which Louisa can tell you must quite break into every scheme at Paris. She then goes to the play with a pack of Englishmen (the Italian play which she is fond of) in her English night-gown, her queer cap, and no powder ; the play which begins at five half over before she gets there. Then she comes home to supper with a pack of Englishmen,

<sup>1</sup> In July, 1766, William Pitt had formed a Ministry, taking the office of Privy Seal, with the title of Earl of Chatham.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. James Stuart-Mackenzie, bro. of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute ; Lord Privy Seal for Scotland, 1763-5, 1766-1800 ; (d. 1800).

<sup>3</sup> Dau. of Sir James Gray, Bart.

and plays at faro till four or five in the morning, never lets in a French person of any sort but that mad Comte Lorague that was in England, and whom nobody keeps company with. Sometimes she walks about the streets in her English short gown to buy bargains. In that fine hotel, they breakfast, dine, sup and play at cards all in one room, which has exactly the air of a coffee house. If by chance George makes a visit and is let in to a French house, she calls him a nasty beast for going near those nasty beasts ; when he returns, she is sure he must *stink* and such like *douceurs*.

I think after this account of their life and conversation you'll not be surprised the French don't like them. To be sure it provokes one a little that four people who have wherewithal to please and make a figure suitable to their rank in life, three of them at least—my brothers and the Duchess—should for want of a little good-humoured civility and affability, make themselves so disagreeable. 'Tis so easy to please the French to a certain degree. When once they found out that Lady Hertford's backwardness at first proceeded from not speaking the language easily, and from shyness, they went three quarters of the way at least to meet her ; and brought her to be more easy with them than with us. They most certainly are, my dearest sister, the pleasantest easiest people to live [with] in the world ; how prettily the poem of *The Traveller* describes them ! I shall not like the Italian people ; nobody does. At Naples there is scarcely any society among themselves ; they never eat or drink together or meet but at the Opera, I understand, except one or two houses that affect to live *à la française*. I dread the heap of English one shall find there, and Lord Holland living always at home one shall be plagued to death with them, but you shall have long and particular accounts of all I see, hear, and do. I love the notion of seeing all the places one has read of in the Roman history, where great men have been and great things done. I should like to have you see Madame Geoffrin, and for her to see you ; she is not a wit, nor an author ; she has a shrewd quick understanding, sees people very soon and speaks her mind freely ; she was pretty when young, which I think one may see. She lives always at home and sees everybody at Paris, I think, in their turns ; one day in a week she gives a dinner to the *esprits* and *savants*,

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

another day to the artisans. She is not *noble*, but at her ease, and pays her debts (a thing few people at Paris do), a good economist, and proud of so being, very charitable and humane, as I could pick up from the servants ; does not affect the *dame* at all. Many people are afraid of her ; she took to me immediately which prevented my being so ; she admires Louisa of all things in the world. Her fame arises from Diderot, d'Alembert, and all those *savants* living so much with her, I suppose, and from the rage there is in France, which the stupid Germans always follow, for *savants* and *savantes*. The present King of Poland passed several months at Paris and lived much with her, calls her *sa chère mère* which spread her fame into the north I suppose. She is delightfully useful to strangers, because she really can tell one what to do, and what not to do. She enters into one's difficulties and understands them in a minute. Don't you understand that sort of body ? She is not singular in liking Louisa. Why the people at Paris should enter into Louisa's character and find out her merits, when those in London do not, I can't imagine, but so it is. Madame Boufflon and the Prince of Conti like her of all things. I do hope she will go there again one day or other, but am glad neither she or Sal went while the Richmonds were there.

Lady Ailesbury would I believe have been sorry had Conway been turn'd out. She makes a very good Secretary's wife ; she is civil, has company often, goes frequently to the foreigners' assemblies, in short does very well and don't, I believe, meddle with politics. I do think it better Emily's cough should be a whooping cough, only I say great care must be taken of the *suites* of it. I should hope Charles might escape it, and the poor dear little girl, tho' by all accounts Charles is so strong now he could bear it well ; the worst would be interrupting his bathing and drinking sea water. I don't recollect abusing your cottage. I should like to see the play, but 'twill be such a fuss, and Winterslow is so unfinish'd they would not have had room to put me ; besides Lord Holland has nobody else here now. I don't know what Mrs Crewe meant, but most certainly she does not act any part, and Sarah as certainly does act both Cleopatra and Estefania ; they are to act to-day, Monday and Tuesday. The day following I hope Sal and Charles will set out for this place. Mrs Greville lay here in her way to Dover Thursday ;

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

she has her three youngest boys with her and her niece Miss Littleton, about four years old ; she went away with a very sorrowful heart, poor soul ! She had left Mrs Crewe, who had just miscarried a few days ago. Fanny had gone down alarm'd to see her at Wilbury, after having, as she thought, taken leave of her, but Mrs Crewe writes word she had miscarried one day, was mighty well and should go downstairs the next. I do think riding on horseback seems a comical fashion for women with child. I think I have more than answer'd all your letter, dear siss. Lord Holland is much as he was, but very very nervous at times. We have had above a week's hot weather now, the fine weather and the harvest make this island very beautiful. Adieu. Yours,

C. Holland.

I hope Lord Kildare continues as well as when I saw him.

313. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Friday, the 25th [August, 1766].

My dearest sister, I thank you for your kind letter of the 13th, but am sorry to find it wrote under so much anxiety of mind, which I can't much wonder at tho,' for the whooping cough is a tedious uncomfortable distemper ; but I flatter myself with care the dear angels will get thro' it well. This is a good season of the year at least for any disorder to be got over ; that will have its time, during which time, my poor dear sister, I fear you'll have frequent alarms. I think there are some pretty things in *Fingal*,<sup>1</sup> but upon the whole 'tis tedious and tiresome, and as Lord Tyrawley told Lady Bute (who insisted on his giving his opinion of it) the most *fee faw fum* stuff he ever read. Dayrolle, who dined yesterday, desired me to say a great deal for him, to you ; he breaks a little I think, tho' he don't look the least older than when we first remember him. I don't yet agree with you ; I don't think cheerfulness and content the same thing exactly, at least, I often find myself not cheerful, and the least reflection makes me feel I have more reason to be content with my lot in life than most people. I

<sup>1</sup> By James Macpherson (1762).

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

have not been well this week past, and am not in a writing humour, being in a working fit just now. Therefore, shall only add what I know of the state of politics at present for Lord Kildare ; and tell you that I send you by the following post seventeen printed weekly papers called *Spendthrifts*, lately come out ; and I'm sure when I tell you the authors you'll agree to my sending them on to you every week—Charles Fox, Dixon, Richard Fitzpatrick, Peter Brodie are the principals, Lord Carlisle and divers others contribute to them ; they will divert the girls and you to knowing the authors. As for politics, Lord Temple is gone out of town angry, and to use Horace Walpole's expression, has left his commands for the people of England with Mrs M. and Miss Gardiner. 'Tis certain Mr Pitt and he are off ; George Grenville and the Bedfords are also out of the question. Mr Pitt intends doing what ought to be done for McKenzie, Northumberland, and I hope the rest of Lord Bute's people. He is to form an administration, but who are to compose it is not yet known. He has been ill. 'Tis thought the Duke of Grafton will have the Treasury, and Mr C. Townshend be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ste and his sweet wife leave us to-morrow. They have passed ten days here ; he grows melancholy, poor boy, about his deafness at times, which one can't wonder at. I don't think him well, he has such a heaviness and sleepiness about him, not being [the] hunting season he uses no exercise. Her manner and behaviour to him and everybody else is perfect. She looks charmingly, and her complexion much improved with keeping good hours. The Duchess of Bedford had the strangest idea I ever heard of, that it was wholesome for young people to sit up late, and she has kept poor Lady Mary and Betty Wriothely up till two or three o'clock frequently, when the poor girls were dying for want of sleep. Adieu. I'll add a postscript should any news come by to-night's post.

C. Holland.

*Friday night.*

The post is arrived, dear siss, and I write you the news for Lord Kildare in my brother's words.

" Yesterday the great outline of the Ministry were declared ; the Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury ; Shelburne and Conway, Secretaries of State ; Mr Pitt, Privy Seal, and I suppose

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

a peer ; Lord Northington,<sup>1</sup> President of the Council ; Camden, Lord Chancellor ; Mr Townshend declines being Chancellor of the Exchequer<sup>2</sup>, and I'm told it will be offer'd to remain with Mr Dodswell.<sup>3</sup> I shall set out for France in about three weeks." I think my brother has not much reason to be pleased, but he takes no notice nor makes any remarks in his letter, so I don't guess his thoughts. Good-night.

314. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Kingsgate, Sunday the 21st of September [1766].

I always forget, my dearest sister, to inform you where to direct to me during my *séjour* in foreign parts ; the best way will be to send them to me in Piccadilly, and my porter has orders to send them to us. This is probably the last letter I shall write this side the water ; Tuesday next we embark from this door. The weather at present is heavenly. I hope you enjoy it. I can enjoy nothing with the thoughts of crossing this odious sea. I fear I shall scarcely hear of you, my sweet sister, till I arrive at Naples, which will not be till December probably, unless you write time enough for me to receive your letter at Lyons, where I hope we shall be till the middle of October. I have appointed William to be with us the 8th of that month there, in case we should be hurry'd away, as it's thought better to cross the Alps before the rainy season comes on. Lord Holland continues delightfully well. I shall write a line from Calais. My love to dear Louisa ; tell her to send her letters to Piccadilly also. Adieu, my dear siss. Charles left us yesterday ; he takes Paris in his route to Lyons. We do not ; we shall go thro' Champagne and Burgundy. I hope we shall be in the *vendange* season. Once more, adieu ; you comprehend the fidget and feel I have I'm sure. What a great part of one's life is passed in preparation for the future and how little the present is enjoy'd in quiet, which is [a] state, I believe, not

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Henley (1708-72), cr. Baron Henley (1760), and Earl of Northington, 1764.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Townshend was in fact appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

<sup>3</sup> William Dowdeswell (1721-75), Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1765-6.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

intended for us this side the grave. I frequently wish it all over ; perhaps tho,' that's as well as other journeys I might apprehend when it drew near.

315. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Arras, the 25th of September, [1766].

I take every opportunity of writing to my dearest sister, tho' I have nothing to say to her but to answer her obliging letter of the 13th, which I received at St Omers where we lay yesterday, and to tell her how well Lord Holland bears his journey. We are at present in a nasty inn, waiting for horses till eleven o'clock. Arras is the capital of Artois. St Omers where we lay last night is a fine town, full of Irish papists. The route we now pursue thro' Flanders is a part of that beautiful country I had never seen, but I find it almost equally beautiful with the Brussels road ; the towns are so fine and the fortifications make them appear so pretty. I shall however be more amused when we get out of Flanders, as the people and country and look of everything will be more new to me. Lord Bristol to be sure never can outlive a winter at Dublin. Lord John Cavendish<sup>1</sup> not only govern'd my brother but Lord Rockingham ; he and the Duke of Newcastle were most undoubtedly the cause of this last change. Lord Frederick<sup>2</sup> is not I believe in such vast favour as he was ; the Duchess at least has got another flirt whom she don't own to love as well as Lord Frederick, but whom it is suspected she does—Mr Beauclair<sup>3</sup>, the most self-sufficient coxcomb, in my opinion, I ever saw. He has the rage of being fine, and his following here is only because she is a Duchess. Lady Bolingbroke is his passion, if he has any passion but for himself, which is doubted. The Duchess laughs about it and says, "Who would thought I should ever flirt with a Macaroni ? "

I can easily account for my partiality to the French ; it was early taken. You know my father had it strongly. We went when I was quite a child to Holland and France ; the servants

<sup>1</sup> 2nd s. of William Cavendish, 3rd Duke of Devonshire (d. 1794).

<sup>2</sup> Lord Frederick Cavendish.

<sup>3</sup> Topham Beauclerk, grandson of Charles Beauclerk, 1st Duke of St. Albans ; m. (1768) Diana, 2nd Viscountess Bolingbroke.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

(and children of consequence) hated Holland and the Dutch, and were violently fond of the Duchess of Portsmouth.<sup>1</sup> It seems foolish, but those early impressions do remain with one. Set your heart at rest tho', and be satisfied with their liking Louisa and me. The rest will do nothing to retrieve their good name, and will I fear make little Sal forfeit hers in the short stay she will make at Paris with them and the Fitzroys, who are now there to complete the coterie. I hear from so many people that Lord Barrymore is a *mauvais sujet*, that I do not at all regret his not staying for your Emily. I wish to God Sal could make Carlisle marry her a year or two hence; 'tis a sweet pretty boy, he is Sally's *cicisbeo*; he comes to Italy. I hope to see your dear William at Lyons. We have heavenly weather. I am vastly well, thank God. Lord Holland as I before told you, is surprisingly so. Yours,

C. Holland.

All the country I have now passed thro' belong'd to those Dukes of Burgundy—what a fine appanage, situated so between England and France.

316. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Lyons, Monday, the 6th October, [1766].

Here we are, my sweet siss, all well, I thank God, after our tedious long journey, which altogether has been pleasant; weather, roads, everything in our favour. Lord Holland has at times been fatigued, but in the main bore it surprisingly well; he has rather gain'd flesh, I flatter myself. We arrived here last night, when I found a letter from you, dated the 15th of October. I received another from you since I left England, which I thank'd you for in one I wrote from Arras. Pray, while I am abroad always mention the letters you receive from me—their dates, and the place they are dated from—that I may know you receive them. We expect Ste and Lady Mary here to-morrow, or next day, so we do William and Charles. We must be here a week to prepare for our journey over the Alps.

<sup>1</sup> Louise Renée de Penancoët de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II and mother of Charles Lennox, 1st Duke of Richmond.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

I will give you some account of our journey hitherto, for I'm sure you like to follow us as we go. I wrote from Arras, which is the capital of Artois in Flanders, but belongs to the French. We got again into Picardy, then into Champagne. We stayed half a day at Rheims, the capital of that province. 'Tis a fine old town, but the French towns are not so fine as the Flemish ones. There is in it the finest old Gothic church I ever saw; the country about it is open and ugly, like Wiltshire. When we came more south in the same province the road was very beautiful from a view of the river Marne in the valley, and high hills cover'd with vines, parks and woods; a very romantic pretty prospect all the way. But when we came into Burgundy, the cheerfulness, gaiety, richness and beauty of the country is not to be described. Dijon, the capital of it, is a most agreeable town, and the road from thence here, which is all thro' the same province, is really heavenly; the feel of the air is so pure, so soft and so charming. The river Saone which runs thro' it, and meets the Rhône here, is as fine as the Thames; the valley thro' which it runs full of meadows, corn, flax, and every kind of culture. The hills of each side, cover'd with wood, vines, villages, hamlets, gentlemen's houses, churches, convents, make altogether the most delightful prospect; and is more worth seeing than anything I ever saw. Without exaggeration you drive miles together with a view of much such a prospect—only far exceeding it—as you see from Richmond Hill; the vineyards in some places close to the road, where one stops, and for sixpence eat as many delicious grapes as you please—and very delicious they are. It is now *vendange* time. The country is vastly peopled, and the peasants look more comfortable than in any other part of France I have seen. The women's dress is comical and pretty, like some old pictures I have seen—the peasants, I mean. Other people are dressed the same all thro' France. At one town the common people had what they call *couvre-chefs*, a square muslin handkerchief pinned like a veil on their heads. I have a notion they wear the same in some county in Ireland; it looks neat and pretty. Those in the fields wear a little kind of a black high-crown'd hat (but not peaked—crown'd like the old English ones). I do think it both neat and decent that the common people should have a particular dress, and not as it is in England,

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

all alike. At Margate there is a girl comes to sell eggs and cucumbers, dressed in a blonde fly cap, as they call it, and silk gown. We are now in the Lyonnais. If I don't send this letter to-day you shall have some account of this place. If I do send it now it will be because some English people are going to England from hence, and if I hear they go immediately I will send my letter by them ; if not, I'll keep it till your boy arrives, and give you some account of him. The people are not going immediately to England, so I will not close my letter yet, but say adieu for the present.

Lord Ophaly<sup>1</sup> is arrived with Charles from Paris, looking very well, and is grown genteel ; he will write himself to you. He has seen more French than you imagine at the camp ; he lived chiefly with them. Both he and Charles confirm all I heard of the Richmonds. Mrs Greville writes word the same, but all say that those few who know my brother George like him, and that he likes them but dare not live with them, for fear of the rest. Adieu, my dearest sister, before I leave Lyons I hope to write again to you, but will now finish this letter, having several to write within these two or three days. Believe me. Yours,  
C. Holland.

[*Postscript in Lord Holland's handwriting*].

Your sister's kindness is proof against long journeys that she hates. No man was ever so happy as I am in my family. I feel infinitely oblig'd to them and particularly dear Caroline. Adieu, dear Lady Kildare ! I am *très attendri* to say any more now. But I believe, dear Madam, I shall see you again. Adieu !

317. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Lyons, the 18th of October, [1766].

I promised to write before I left Lyons, my dearest sister, and I have the pleasure to inform you I really think Lord Holland much mended ; he eats, sleeps, and is so cheerful as to have gone twice to the play here. The theatre is a very pretty one, the actors tolerable. There is a *petite pièce* much in

<sup>1</sup> After the death of George FitzGerald, Earl of Offaly, in Sept., 1765, Lord William Robert FitzGerald was styled Earl of Offaly, 1765-6.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

fashion here, called *La Chasse d'Henri Quatre*, taken from our *Miller of Mansfield*<sup>1</sup>; 'tis prettily wrote and exceedingly interesting, because one can suppose Henri Quatre in such circumstances so much better than any other King. We have been to see some antiquities, remains of old Roman walls, baths etc., which I don't care a pin for, but the driving up the mountains is charming; the prospects are so beautiful. The situation of this town [is] low and damp, but warm. I am quite glad it was not the place for us to settle in, for it really don't agree with me. We are detain'd here on account of some springs being put to the carriage necessary for our Italian journey. We have not attempted making acquaintance here, as we were only passengers; but I'm told the society is agreeable. I see at the play now genteel, fine sort of people; 'tis the most populous town I ever saw. Monday or Tuesday next I hope to leave it. Lord Holland, who has by the Italian post book calculated my journey, tells me that stopping two days at Turin, three at Florence, seven at Rome, without travelling long journeys, I may be at Naples the 21st of November. We had the Churchills in this town four or five days, travelling for amusement only, or rather restlessness; for they told me they had a comfortable house at Nancy, which is they say (and I have always heard is) an agreeable place. Lady Mary<sup>2</sup> is grown old, her affectation wore off; you know she could always be agreeable when she pleased. Ste and Lady Mary meet Harry, Mr. Upton and I at Turin; they were here a week; they are now gone to Geneva. She among other very aimiable qualities has that delightful one belonging to youth, of being pleased, and liking everything she sees. We were both much diverted with a fête the common people have here about a league from the town, where they dance, eat, and junket in the open air; 'tis impossible to describe the kind of thing to you, but it's vastly pretty. I went to see the silk manufactory here which is really curious. William is very good-humoured and agreeable and seems to like us all. Voltaire has wrote two more books, not such as you or I shall read, in the style of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*. It's really quite shocking, my dear sister, that such an old wretch, loaded with infirmities, just going

<sup>1</sup> *The King and the Miller of Mansfield*, a play by Robert Dodsley.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Mary Churchill.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

out of the world, should take the trouble to disturb those who are so happy as to enjoy the only thing that makes life comfortable in it. I have quite a horror for him ; but I comfort myself he is little qualified to convince people's understanding, tho' he has in my opinion more talents to divert their fancy than any author I ever read. I shall scarcely, my dear sister, write till I get to Naples, unless I should find time from Rome ; be assured I shall miss no opportunities of letting you hear of me. William, who will be with Lord Holland, will let you know how he does. Adieu; my love to your girls. Will Lord Kildare take Lord Holland's advice and claim the promise of his Dukedom ? Yours,

C. Holland.

Pray inform me if my letters come safe to your hand ; it seems such a long way, and pray don't forget to mention the dates of them in your answer.

318. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Sunday, Lyons, the 19th of October, [1766].

I wrote very lately to my dearest sister, but having received your kind letter of the 30th to-day, I can't help writing again to thank you for it before I leave Lyons, which I hope will be the day after to-morrow ; not but that I'm comfortable enough now we have dry clear weather, but I'm impatient to get over the Alps while this weather lasts, as I believe that journey being very pleasant, or very much other ways, depends entirely on the weather. When once we are t'other side the mountains it is not so material.

We were yesterday to see a country house just out of the town, upon the hill. Indeed I was tempted to break the tenth commandment, for so enchanting a place I never saw. 'Tis a fine old chateau, in which Henri Trois<sup>1</sup> was born ; I saw a bed in it where Henri Quatre had lain. The house is one of those old-fashion'd comfortable houses I love ; and it appear'd to be comfortably inhabited. A large gallery of 170 feet long with a large *salle de compagnie* adjoining to it above stairs for the summer apartment ; the autumn apartment below stairs,

<sup>1</sup> Henry III, King of France, was born at Fontainebleau.

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

opening to a little garden full south, overlooking a most heavenly prospect. The house is on a hill, a fine long natural *terrasse* to the south, with a view of the same prospect, which is really not to be described. You see from it the rivers Soane and the Rhône winding in a rich cultivated valley ; the town of Lyons, which makes a beautiful object ; the hills rising on the other side, cover'd with houses and vineyards, and full of fine objects. Behind the house and *terrasse* a charming oak wood on a rising ground to the north. Can you imagine anything more lovely ? It was one of those fine October days described by Mme de Sévigné, *ces beaux jours de crystal d'octobre*, so much the finer in those south climates, as the sun has more power ; the orange trees and greenhouse plants are still out of doors.

How happy I am when I can think of passing again some months with my dearest sister, tho' I don't foresee the time, for should Lord Holland pass (as we flatter ourselves he will) a more comfortable winter out of England than he has for years passed in it, he is much inclined to come abroad again another winter ; but not so far from home as we now do, that would really be almost impossible, and very, very uncomfortable to come over again every winter. But all those are distant thoughts not to dwell upon now, why should not my dearest sister come next spring to England ? I suppose all the English at Naples are acquainted, and of course we shall become so with the family you mention ; how much we may be so you know depends entirely on accidents and chance. However, one is always more inclined to cultivate an acquaintance with those one knows something of than with entire strangers, and I am obliged to you for your information. Swift's *Letters* I own entertain'd me of all things, Miss Vanhomrigh's less than the others ; a love story one can feel interested about is dull. I love Mrs Johnson vastly, don't you ? I did like Lord Hyde's<sup>1</sup> letter very much. You will in my last see how we jump in a thought frequently, my dear siss. Not all Voltaire's lively entertaining writing can reconcile me to him, nor to his continuing to publish books by which he intends to disturb the peace of people's minds. I am mighty glad to have seen so much of *les beaux esprits* and *les esprits forts* as I did at Paris, because they enter-

---

<sup>1</sup> Edward Hyde, 1st Earl of Clarendon.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS TO KILDARE

tained me, and I had an opportunity of seeing how frivolous they are ; indeed, they do all the mischief their *petit esprit* is capable of, and are the most contemptuous set of people in the world ; they will change and spoil the character of the sweet nature, which I think an amiable one. Several of the old-fashioned French people complain sadly, and are of my opinion ; they say they have already at Paris changed that delightful gaiety the French naturally have, and 'tis true the young people all affect to be grave. An old French lady of my acquaintance says *nous avons bien perdu au change un esprit qui vaut bien un esprit fort*. I agree with her.

William I believe writes to you himself ; he is a dear good boy as ever lived, vastly obliging and attentive. He goes every morning to the riding-house here, which is I believe very good for him ; he takes long walks and seems desirous of not growing fat. I wish my Ste would take the same method, but 'tis too late with him I fear now, his size is so enormous.

Don't abuse me for not putting a case to my letter ; as it is it will cost you a sum of money. Lord Holland continues pure well. We don't go till Wednesday ; our nasty carriage won't be ready.

319. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Turin, Wednesday the 29th of October, [1766].

We arrived here safe and well, my dearest sister, yesterday afternoon, and I am quite impatient to tell you so, as you would be to hear so, did you know or could you have any idea of what it is to pass Mount Cenis. I will not attempt to describe it but refer you to some of your men acquaintances who have done it. Let it suffice you to know that one goes in open chairs for six hours together, carry'd by men up and down rocks that it seems quite impossible for anything but goats to walk upon, that one is often carry'd within a hair's breadth of the most frightful precipices, and yet they assure me there is no danger. The weather was so cold going up the mountain 'twas scarce bearable ; on the top and coming down, rain and fog, so that

## LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

fear of cold and the fright I was in, scarcely permitted me for some time to put my nose out to look about me. I at last tho' took courage and consider'd I was under the same protection on the top of the mountain as I was in [my] own room, and when I did get the better of my fears the sight was indeed glorious, tho' the fog prevented seeing all the beauty of it. Only think sweet siss, I was unluckily out of order just the day I passed Mount Cenis, exposed to all the cold and wet, poor Lady Mary just recover'd a toothache, her face still swell'd and Mrs Hobson with a pain in her face and sore throat ; and yet we are all well. No cold got, nor none increased, God be thank'd.

The journey thro' Savoy, which is the journey thro' the Alps till you come to the foot of Mount Cenis, is really charming. The weather was lovely. We went so slow in our carriages that I often walked three or four miles a day. The greatness, solemnity, and singularity of the views exceed all one can imagine ; hills far above the clouds, immense falls of water, rapid torrents, great rivers, vast groves of spruce, fir, Scotch fir, larix's, and birch wood, 'tis really immense and not possible to be imagined till you see it. Nor is it to be imagined the horrid hovels (for inns one can't call them) that one eats and sleeps at. I had a bed of my own. What a number of reflections such a journey makes one make on the great and wonderful works of the Creator ; and also how the love of gain causes us to break thro' all difficulties. One would imagine no human beings would ever have thought of passing the bounds nature seems there to have placed between France and Savoy ; but the silk trade carried on between this place and Lyons has conquer'd those difficulties, and mules loaded with that commodity and others continually pass and repass.

After having passed Mount Cenis we came to a town called Suza, the first in Piedmont, about thirty miles from this of Turin, which appears to be a regular well built town ; the approach to it fine, for above six miles a delightful avenue of high fine trees. We feel so happy to be in a house again. This is a good comfortable inn, and as I before told you since we left Lyons, the inns are dreadful. Thank God here we are well and safe, and here we intend to rest two or three days. The poor people in Savoy are wretchedly poor, and the most harmless honest creatures in the world, poor wretches, cultivate up

the top of those great mountains, and are sadly oppressed by the Government. The Piedmontese are reck'ned quite the reverse, all cheating and sharp. This is not reck'ned a fine climate, but I see the orange trees still out of doors, so it must be hotter than ours ; the weather is coldish but pleasant just now. I'm told we shall be five days going from hence to Florence, our next resting place. Not all the buildings, palaces, pictures and curiosities I shall see will please me half so much, I'm sure, as what I saw in Savoy, three of our days' journey particularly ; and even the crossing Mount Cenis in a fine day I can imagine pleasant, tho' always dreadful, if one can get the better of one's fears. Lady Mary admires the women's head-dress here ; I mean those we meet in the street, who are smart-looking people—I suppose *bourgeoises* and tradespeople. They wear a black lace or black gauze head coming half over their face like a veil, it really looks pretty. I hope and believe Lord Holland and our two boys sail'd yesterday from Marseilles. This is fine weather for them. Whether I can hear of them till I come to Naples, where I do suppose I shall find them, God knows ! We met Ste and Lady Mary in our second day's journey from Lyons, at Chambery, in Savoy. Adieu, my dear sister. I shall send this from hence before I go, should I have anything to add to it I will ; for the present, adieu.

I have seen Madame St Gille, the famous Italian lady all our men are so fond of. She don't strike me as so enchanting, I must confess ; 'twas very civil in her to come and see us, tho'. We went airing, and saw several of the fine ladies. There seems to be much beauty among them, and they have a great advantage over my friends the French ladies, which is not wearing that detestable rouge ; tho' they do not appear to me to have that ease and gentility the French-women have ; but when I have seen more I'll tell you more about them. The environs of this town are charming and, what I did not expect so far south, the verdure most beautiful ; the town itself built quite regular, which has a very pretty effect, as has also the great number of country houses all about the town.

*Thursday, the 30th.*

The post goes to-morrow and Saturday we go, so adieu, sweet siss. I shall not be sorry to get to my journey's end. Thank God I bear it so well as I do.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

320. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Friday the 1st of November, [1766].

One of our servant's illness has detain'd us here till now, but to-morrow I hope we shall go. We have been at an opera, which tired me to death, but to Lady Mary music is a great treat. Italy will be very amusing to her on that account, she also understands drawing and painting, and has much taste for it. We also went to Madame St Gille's assembly, very like an English assembly of the moderate kind, not a rout; beginning and ending at the same hours ours do. One essential difference tho' there is; I don't think there were above a dozen women and above thirty men. I dare say the women's manner, dress, and appearance is in the style of common women, and I quite understand why our men like Italy: the women pay them such court, and if a woman can't contribute to a Englishman's pleasure as she wishes, she does it in another way, either by being convenient with regard to some other woman or to his play. Now God knows the Frenchwomen, some of them, are abandon'd enough, but they will have court paid them which *John* don't like; besides, gallantry is not the sole business of a French . . .<sup>1</sup> life who is ever so bad. Here it is all they think of; they have no education at all. I'm sure by the little I have seen and all I hear from a very sensible man here, who comes often to us, I shall not like the ways and manners, and shall stick to my old women; the French are the only people who understand all the ease of society and the number of little *agréments* that make it pleasant. This letter is long enough, I hope. Yours,

C. H.

321. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Florence, the 9th of November [1766].

Here we are, my dear sister, since yesterday (after a tedious fatiguing journey of seven, days) in the *sweets of Arno's vale, la bella Italia, le centre des beaux arts et du goût*. I wrote to you

---

<sup>1</sup> Page torn, read (?) Frenchwoman's.

from Turin and will proceed with my journal, for my letters to you are at present journals. We passed thro' Lombardy soon after we left Turin. We came thro' several very fine towns, such as Milan, Placenzia, Parma, and Modena ; but in my opinion thro' the ugliest country one can see, excessively rich, and deep, all flat, every now and then a river and some pretty villas, even the farm houses and barns in good architecture. We then came to Bologna, by much the finest built town I ever saw ; most of the streets with fine colonnades all along the houses of fine Corinthian and Doric pillars, which has a noble effect. When we left Bologna, which is a day and a half from this town, we began to cross the Appenines and the scene all along is beautiful ; numbers of villas and beautiful buildings, with groves of cypress trees and falls of water ; the verdure as in England up close to the houses, and very fine indeed. In short, it is a continual picture from Bologna to Florence. The Appenines, tho' high mountains, after the Alps appear nothing. At Bologna we met the Provost of Dublin,<sup>1</sup> who complains heavily that in the midst of vineyards he can't get a good glass of wine. The variety of dress among the peasants in Italy is entertaining. Mr Upton and Lady Mary find them out to be mighty pretty and picturesque. Ste and I think they look like what we used to call *Cousin Bettys* with their dirty greasy hair hanging about without caps. They also find out much more beauty in the Italians than we do, tho' to be sure the common people are not ugly like the French, but not near so pretty as our English *paysannes*. Lady Mary says it's well Mr Upton is with us to stand by her about music ; to be sure at one place there came a ballad-singing girl who made a noise that appear'd to Ste, Harry and I like the screaming of cats, which they assured us was mighty pretty. Ste and I divert ourselves with finding out French chimney-pieces, or some imitation of French, in almost every town of Italy, for Mr Upton is a most violent prejudiced Italian ; he really admires all he sees here, 'tis the tenth time he has crossed the Alps. Ste has one great fault to find, which is the eating is so horrid here. I don't care about it, as I find starving is the only way to keep well on so long and so tedious a journey. Tho' I have at last got one

---

<sup>1</sup> Francis Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, 1758-74.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO MARCHIONESS OF KILDARE

of my uncomfortable bad colds we have still warm weather ; but within these two days rain. I have seen many more gloomy days than I expected, when I left England, to see.

The situation of this inn is charming, looking on the river, and seeing two beautiful bridges ; the environs of this town vastly fine, the town itself less so than most other Italian towns, but altogether 'tis reck'ned a sweet place. 'Tis four days' journey from hence to Rome, in three after that we hope to arrive at Naples ; that is in three after we leave Rome, for there we shall stay a few days. I heard of Lord Holland and his young companions being well at Marseilles the 31st of October, and being to embark the next day. I shall, indeed, dearest sister, be very glad to get to Naples ; 'tis a most tedious and most uncomfortable journey for a woman to take, and tho' I meet with great amusement at times it don't repay the trouble. Pray look in the map and see what a way we are come. I do flatter myself from the great mildness of the climate that our journey may have the desired effect for Lord Holland. I travel, as you may suppose, in very pleasant company. Ste, except his deafness, is well and in good spirits, and I rather think he is less deaf. Lady Mary grows more amiable every day the more one knows her ; and Mr Upton has more spirits and more good humour than anybody ever had, minds no difficulties, bustles about, and does everything for us. Harry is as happy as can be, except when he don't meet with a good horse. Adieu. Yours ever, my dear sister. You see I neglect no opportunity of writing. Yours,

C. Holland.

322. *Lady Holland to Marchioness of Kildare.*

Rome, the 18th of November [1766].

I left Florence with regret, my dear sister ; the environs of it and the country about it are so enchanting they quite answer the most poetical descriptions. Orange groves, Catalonian jasmine hedges growing out in the gardens, and all the hills and sides of the hills cover'd with villas, cypresses, firs, and the most beautiful buildings. The climate also answers my expectations, tho' I had a bad cold when I first came to Florence,

caught on the road. The weather was so mild the most part of the time we were at Florence, tho' showery, that we sat with open windows and no fire. Our inn looked upon the river, and from it a charming prospect; indeed I could not have imagined anything in the style of the country about Florence, it really resembles what one reads in story-books and fairy-tales. *The Traveller* justly observes of Italy, "man is the only thing that dwindles there<sup>1</sup>"; perhaps I don't say it right, but something to that purpose. I went to see the fine Gallery and collections made by the Medici family, which also exactly answer'd my expectations, as all collections do—a very few fine things, and a vast deal of tiresome stuff. I shall never grow *virtu*. I was at a *conversazione* at Sir Horace Mann's<sup>2</sup>, an English assembly with the addition of a concert, only think how horrid! Lady Mary and I agreed we never saw such a set of vulgar stupid looking women; dress'd like our women of the town, showing such a quantity of neck, vastly laced up, no covering either on the head or neck, few of them talking anything but Italian, all with a man by her side, but no conversation seeming to pass between them. I really feel the grandmother of the company when I go into company here, you don't see a middle-aged woman, at least any who from either dress or manner choose to appear so; all are young. Those who can speak French don't speak a word to one, nor did I see any of them talk to one another; the way of life is unsociable to a degree. No people eat together; they live at the spectacle or these odious *conversaciones* without any conversation together except a man and a woman. To be sure a Cicisbi must be the most tiresome of all animals. Milan is the only town in Italy people dine or sup together, and I own I am so French as to think there is no society without it; you get more acquainted with people at table.

The road from Florence here is four most fatiguing days' journey, some part of it a beautiful country, very mountainous, which makes it tedious to a degree. The only principal town we came thro' was Luna; by moonlight it appear'd well built, but we came into it between ten and eleven at night and left it by six the day following. After four of those fatiguing days

<sup>1</sup> Goldsmith's poem: "Man seems the only growth that dwindles here."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Horace Mann was Minister at the Court of Tuscany, 1740-86.

[1766]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

last night we arrived here, in this famous place, near *the heart of Empire, nurse of heroes and delight of Gods*. The approach to it is fine. I am resting myself this morning and am afterwards to see a vast deal. The weather is charming, a bright sunshine ; three of our days' journey was the same, and last night we entered this town by moonlight near ten o'clock with our landau open. I do wish you could see a villa by Florence. I'm quite wild about the air, the country and the prospects. The villas are not comfortable houses, but the being white, beautiful architecture, and full of arcades, colonnades, etc., have the most pleasing effect with the orange trees, etc. I'm sure this place with all the *virtu* here won't afford me the same pleasure, tho' there is some pleasure in the consideration of being in this same spot one has read of so much. Ste and Lady Mary are delighted. I found a letter from Lord Holland here, which tells me they landed the 11th at Naples and were all well. Adieu, my dear sister ; should I have time to add anything to my letter while I stay here I will, but I don't think I shall. At Naples, I will give you some account of Rome. In the meantime, adieu. I do assure [you] the idea of amusing you with an account of my journey adds greatly to the pleasure I have in what I see. I know so exactly what would strike you, and what would not, as fine ; 'tis pity the journey is so long and the inns so bad, altogether the travelling is very bad indeed for women. At these great towns, tho', one is comfortably lodged, which is a great relief. I shall stay here five days.

Yours,

C. Holland.

323. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster*<sup>1</sup>.

Naples, the 2nd of December, [1766].

I did not intend writing this post, dearest siss, as I knew William did, and that I had wrote to you from Turin, Florence, and Rome ; but I can't help communicating to you my joy on Lord Kildare being made Duke of Leinster. You can't imagine how pleased I feel about it. You know I don't set a

<sup>1</sup> On 26 Nov., 1766, James FitzGerald, Marquis of Kildare, was cr. Duke of Leinster.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

higher value on those things than other people, but in Lord Kildare's situation I have always thought that promotion particularly desirable. Accept, then, my sweet Duchess, my sincere congratulations on the occasion, both to you and the Duke of Leinster. I love the Marquess<sup>1</sup> dearly; he seems much pleased. Lady Hervey was so obliging as to notify this piece of news to me before it was public in London. I came here the 27th of November, am not sorry to rest my weary bones. I will give you no account of this place in this letter. I grow to like Rome very much; that is, the things that are to be seen there, which would really employ a month even to those not particularly curious of seeing everything. I don't find Lord Holland the least mended since I left him at Lyons, which is a disappointment to me. I have had a bad cold and disorder in my stomach, consequently in my spirits, since I came here, but I hope it is going off; and by what I can judge of this place, please God, we are in health, the winter may pass pleasantly enough. I found a letter from you dated the 12th of October, which I thank you for. Adieu, dear siss. Yours,

C. Holland.

[*Postscript in Lord Holland's handwriting*]:—

May it please Your Grace.

If I knew anybody in the world more beautiful, more in every respect amiable, anybody who had more reason to be vain, or who is vainer than you are or anybody except Lady Holland whom I lov'd half so well as I do you, I should not be so glad; but as it is, there are no bounds to the joy with which I subscribe myself, dear Madam, your Grace's most obedient affectionate, etc., etc., etc., Holland.

Pray lay me with my best compliments, at the Duke of Leinster's feet.

324. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Naples, Friday, December the 19th, 1766.

I have only wrote you a short letter since my arrival here, dearest sister, to wish you and the Duke of Leinster joy, which

<sup>1</sup> When his father was created Duke of Leinster, William FitzGerald, Earl of Offaly, became Marquis of Kildare.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I again repeat and do from my heart. I have three of your letters to answer, but I wrote you so many on the road I was resolved to let you rest a little, particularly as Lord Kildare could give you an account of our health. I love him dearly both on his own and your account ; I never knew a more obliging good-natured attentive disposition than his. He is not the least shy with regard to making acquaintance, for he knows all Naples ; but he is diffident, which I like him the better for. He improves in his person, and takes proper pains not to grow fat, by fencing, walking, and riding at the riding-house ; indeed my sweet siss, I think he goes on just as you would both wish him to do. This letter won't go these three days, but as it rains I will take the opportunity of answering your three letters regularly, and begin with that of the 22nd of October. You are mistaken, so was I when I thought that except England, Ireland and Flanders, there was no verdure ; in Burgundy it is as fine as any I ever saw, so it is in the Lyonnais, and in almost all the parts of Italy I have come thro' ; indeed I have seen prospects that beat any I ever saw before. Your observation of the uncomfortable distance between us is very true ; I do feel it greatly, one's correspondence is not half so pleasant. I hope never to be again this side these same Alps. I have seen no plants but what we have in England, all the difference is that what we keep in greenhouses grow common here. And how they are lost upon these stupid people, who, either do, or fancy they do, faint away at the smell of any perfume : one must not have the least hungary or lavender-water on one's handkerchief, or the least scent in one's powder or pomatum. The rest of your letter of October the 12th was about the method of claiming the Dukedom, which now requires no answer. I mistake, for I have been answering yours of November the 3rd all this time ; now for that of October the 12th.

I agree with you I love vastly to see places where such and such people have been, and where great events have happ'ned ; and that pleasure is great in Italy, the more so as the things happ'ned so long ago, and that just now I'm more read in ancient than modern history ; 'tis some years since I have read in the French memoirs, and you know those things strike one just according to [the] situation of one's mind at the time. The ruins and remains of the Roman Empire really amaze me.

[1766]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Only think, tho', of there being now a marshy desert place between this and Rome, where once their stood twenty-four great cities, now only some ruins here and there. Baia, a famous place where the Romans had villas, is near here ; Formium about half way between this and Naples ; but I have a notion you don't love the Roman history, if so you'll not care a fig about it all. I like your account of yourself mightily, dear siss ; God send you your health. The Duchess is much changed, at least last winter she seem'd to dress and go about more than anybody. She certainly likes admiration, and is much impressed by it ; she is very agreeable and sociable always with me, and I really have a great regard for her, tho' we see little of one another lately. I won't wish your Emily married in England, since you are angry at it. Indeed, nobody has fewer schemes for futurity than I have ; building castles in the air I have quite done with. I fear 'tis a sign of stupidity and old age, but so it is. A quiet mind is all my ambition in this world, and to enjoy the present as cheerfully as I can, when that same hurry of spirits you mention will permit me so to do. Indeed, my dear siss, I can but too well understand what you mean by it, for that is what I mean by low spirits ; gloomy spleenetic ones I thank God I never have, but that dreadful hurry and flutter I suffer much from. Lately too, I have been in a way that increases that disorder vastly. I suppose 'tis owing to the journey, but I have been out of order at a week, ten days, and a fortnight's end, never get beyond three weeks, scarcely. I own I dread disorders of that kind, particularly as I am now past forty-three, something of that kind may be beginning. There is one most terrible circumstance here to me, we live up eighty pair of steps, some people I visit are ninety and a hundred up ; it's a shocking fashion, and I can't resolve to be carry'd up as you may suppose Lord Holland is. Sal, you know by this time, has been ill and is well ; both she and Louisa flatter me she is quite cured. I think Lord Kildare has done well to take the Halls. I will be as civil to them as I can when in England, but I don't propose to embarrass myself much with those young ladies, having no girls at home ; 'tis out of my way, you know ; it looks as if Lord Kildare had no intentions of marrying.

Your letter of the 10th of November I received t'other day

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

only. I knew Lady Clanbrazil at Bath; she was ill and not in spirits then, but I thought her exceeding agreeable. But talking much of oneself is really a great fault, my dear siss, except to people nearly connected, for after all *qu'importe ce qu'on fait ce qu'on pense* to the generality of the world; 'tis a common fault, tho' I don't particularly remember her having it. You again mention your poor head as you call it; I do pity you for those feels, particularly as I'm sure you imagine, as I do often, that young people about you think it affectation and fancy. Lord Holland has not that feel, but within these last six or seven months he owns too many people tire and overcome him. Indeed, I saw it last winter, but he would not believe it himself, tho' I have seen him so low with it he could hardly speak. He is not so well again these last four or five days; he has no complaint, for his asthma he has been quit of, since our four or five first days' journey from Calais. But at times he seems so low and languid he has scarcely voice or spirits to speak; perhaps before I send away my letter he may be better again, but it's melancholy to see him so. I think William is in love with Lady Mary; 'tis an amiable girl indeed, her behaviour to everybody is so very proper, and her affection and attention to Ste so very natural and agreeable. Poor boy, he is as deaf as ever; it has quite alter'd his character. I don't wonder at it, but he is so shy; he is miserable at seeing strangers or any people he is not very intimate with; should it continue he will live entirely out of the world, and all I fear from that is, that as it is not his natural disposition so to do, he will repent it. I have now answer'd all your letters, and will another day before the post goes out give you some account of my life and conversations here. At present, adieu.

*Sunday the 21st.*

I will begin by telling you what English are here. In the first place there is our envoy and his wife, Mr and Mrs William Hamilton<sup>1</sup>; he is very agreeable, she is as affected and stupid as possible, but they are both exceedingly polite and obliging, and consequently of use to one, as they are much liked here. There is a Sir Thomas and Lady Betty Worsley<sup>2</sup>, mighty good

<sup>1</sup> (Afterwards Sir) William Hamilton (1730-1803), Diplomatist and Archaeologist. He was Envoy to Naples, 1764-1800. His first wife was formerly Miss Barlow.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Elizabeth Boyle; m. (1749) Sir Thomas Worsley, 6th Bart. (1731-1800).

but deadly dull, and a Master Worsley,<sup>1</sup> their son, rather pert ; she is a daughter of Lord Cork's.<sup>2</sup> Lady Oxford<sup>3</sup>, whom you know by fame, resides here on account of the health of a certain Chevalier, a Florentine, who she keeps ; she is lively and agreeable. Those with Lord Tylney, an insupportable pert nephew of his, and quiet young Mr Osborne, who is sick, make up the number of our English acquaintance. Now for the people of the country. There is the Countess Mahony, a near relation of ours, daughter of fat Lady Newburgh<sup>4</sup> and sister of Lady Fanny Clifford ; she is a widow and has been settled here twenty-six years ; speaks English, French and Italian very well, is clever and entertaining ; your son and Charles are mighty fond of her and she of them. Lady Mary, who dislikes her because she tells some queer story of Lord Ossory when he was here, says she puts her in mind of Mrs Fortescue. There is a French lady married here to a Comte de Gaetani, she is a cousin of Madame Guerchy, and is a pretty looking gentle lively little woman as can be, gives herself no airs, is very conversable and reasonable, not very happy I believe at being settled here. Indeed, I don't see how it's possible for a Frenchwoman to be comfortable out of her own country ; their style of life is so different. Numbers of Italian ladies have been to see me. There are many pretty looking women among them, some handsome, but all ordinary, noisy and underbred, debauch'd to a degree ; they talk of having a certain distemper here as freely as we do of any other illness, and most of the women have it. Madame Gaetani tells me their education is abominable ; they are taught no one thing in their convents, not even to work, no music, which is the chief amusement here. There is a sweet woman here that Charles admires, whom I'm sure in another country would turn out well, a Princess Belmonto ; the Prince of Brunswick was in love with her while he was here. She is a beauty of mine, very like Mrs John Pitt<sup>5</sup> when she was in her beauty, only with a tall fine figure, which could she know

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Richard Worsley, 7th Bart. (1751-1805).

<sup>2</sup> John Boyle, 5th Earl of Cork (1707-62).

<sup>3</sup> Probably Susana Archer (d. 1804) ; wife of Edward Harley, 4th Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer.

<sup>4</sup> Charlotte Maria *suo jure* Countess of Newburgh. (1694-1755). By her 1st husband, Thomas Clifford (d. 1719), s. and heir-apparent of Hugh, 2nd Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, she had two daus., Frances and Anne.

<sup>5</sup> Marcia Morgan, wife of John Pitt.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

how to dance or walk would be a charming one. The ladies here don't plague one with visits, for except the first visit (except anybody is ill or lying-in), they never go to one another unless to the assemblies. I find it proper and convenient for me to have a *conversatione*, as they call it, once a week ; they will like it vastly, and I own whether I like the people or not, I can't bear not returning civilities in a foreign country. But were I to stay here ages I should never get acquainted with any of the women. The men in general are as ignorant and as vulgar as the women. No Italians give to eat except at one house, the Princess de Trankavilla's, who has more the manners and air of the world than the rest of them. She is at home every night ; one goes about nine, plays at cards and sups if one chooses it. Mrs Hamilton is at home with a concert and assembly once a week, and the Imperial Envoy's wife<sup>1</sup> once a week. This with the Opera, which is an assembly, is all that is to be done ; quite enough it is for me. When I'm at home Madame Mahony, any of the English, or Madame Gaetani call on me. There is a Danish envoy to a friend of Sir George Macartney's, who speaks English, that sometimes comes, and a Mr Temino, an old acquaintance of Lord Holland's, who is consul here ; so that we have company enough with our own family. We generally air in the morning and dine at three o'clock, which is late here, but otherwise we should have no morning, and sometimes the weather is so charming that one should grudge losing it. I have been twice at the Opera since I came, and I believe I shall go once a week or once a fortnight if I'm well, so one hears no music at it. The drives about this town are delightful. We sup always *en famille* at ten exactly and keep good hours. I hear nothing of the Southwell family here.

Lord Holland is much as he has been in my opinion this long while, sometimes better, sometimes worse ; to-day seems a good day, to-morrow may be a bad one. Upon the whole, if I'm well which is not at present the case, I shall pass my time more agreeably here than in London, except the disagreeable idea of being so distant. This town is excessively populous ; there are numbers who live, I believe, in the street ; one sees them settled there all day. The scene is odd and curious, the infinite variety of dresses pretty ; the common people are less handsome

<sup>1</sup> Comtesse Kaunitz.

here than in the rest of Italy ; but yet one sees many pretty faces, that is, as pretty as they can be with unhealthy sallow complexions, which is the case here. The women have beautiful hair, and one sees it in full perfection, their great occupation being to louse one another in the street all day long in the sun, and one sees such beautiful quantity of hair 'tis amazing. It is extremely entertaining to drive about the streets to see how very unlike everything is to what we see at home. They are the most lazy set of people in the world, no industry among them, consequently no honesty. The government is weak and oppressive, there is no kind of police, nor justice, murder they don't look upon as a great crime, at least not in the same light we do. The great people are made up of ignorance, pride, debauchery, and show. They live all the year round on a little macaroni and greens, in order to keep equipages and servants. No lady here stirs out without two or four footmen behind their coach, two running footmen to go before, and two pages as they call it to wait on them at the Opera and at home. They won't come up to make you a visit till a servant out of livery, which they call a page, comes down with a lighted torch to conduct them up. I have been obliged to hire two running footmen ; *au reste* I will do them the justice to say that strangers may go their own way in Italy, and you're not told *ceci ne se fait pas*, as you are at Paris ; which to me was no objection as I liked the Paris ways, but to many English it is disagreeable. Here they love the English because they love our money, and that interested motive weighs with the great as well as the little folks ; the ladies like our Englishmen on that account, and the men get by selling antiquities, etc., and imposing on our *virtu* taste. This letter is of an enormous length, my dear siss ; I really grudge for you the money it will cost you. You will find it as unintelligible as Lord Kildare's I fancy. I'm sorry he writes so bad, as I'm sure he takes great pains to improve himself in everything, and I'm sure you'll like to hear that every minute of his time from seven in the morning is employ'd either in diverting himself or in learning something. I tell you this because I know the Duke of Leinster and you both hate a lounging life (by the by, I don't know how to spell the word) for young people, and you are in the right ; 'tis what the youth at present give sadly into, but I do assure you William *n'est*

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

*pas dans ce cas là* ; he has more to do than he has time, and yet he almost always comes home to supper at ten with us, or we know where he sups when he don't. I make no excuses for saying so much on so interesting a subject to you. Adieu, my dearest sister. I will write regularly henceforwards to you, and not such immense letters. Yours,

C. Holland.

*Monday, 22nd.*

A merry Xmas and happy New Year to all the fire-side at Carton.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1767

325. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Naples, New Year's day [1767].

A merry Xmas and a happy New Year to my dearest sister and all her fire-side ; we have no fire-side, but the sun so hot in the middle of the day we sit with our windows open, only think of that at this time of the year. I have a little fire to get up and go to bed by, but Lord Holland sees none. He wrote last post to the Duke of Leinster, and gave a pretty exact account of his own health, I think ; in which I don't find any material alteration either for better or worse since I came here, but great alterations from one week or one day to another. I have no letters of yours to answer, and one should imagine after the immense long letter I sent from hence last Tuesday seven'ight I should have no more to say, and yet I dare say I shall arrive at the end of this folio sheet before next Tuesday. I would not be longer than a fortnight without writing, because such long letters as my last tire me to write, and I'm sure must tire you to read. I had a great many people at my Assembly which I began last Thursday. Indeed, there are a number of handsome looking women here, and tho' this place is the least famous for beauty of all Italy 'tis amazing the number of pretty girls one meets driving about the environs of this town, which you'll imagine I do very much, as you know my taste for airing in fine weather. There is a vast variety both in the countenances and dresses one sees ; 'tis very entertaining. Then holidays there is a great mixture of the ancient and the eastern dress here, some very like those of the Greek islands in the *cent estampes*. They wear very singular kind of white veils, the hair is drawn back and beaded with bodkins, or plaited as you see the hair of the ancient busts exactly. The body dress seems very eastern ; no stays but close waistcoats laced with gold lacing, loose jackets of black velvet, scarlet cloth, and various other colours richly laced, some of them with gold, gold chains about their neck and gold ear-rings ; some one sees in milk-

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

white waistcoats, white veils, and a white petticoat with a border embroider'd in worsteds of divers colours. The people of fashion dress in the French and English style, better than the latter, not so well as the former, except that they don't wear that odious rouge. The middling sort of people are sad tawdry figures ; French, English and their own dress all mix't together make a very ugly appearance. I'm told in one of the islands here about there is exactly the Greek dress among all sorts of people. This part of the world was you know formerly comprehended under the name of Greece, and a glorious place it must have been when tolerably govern'd, from climate and situation ; the remains of antiquity here are more curious than anywhere, I'm told. Adieu ; I will leave off here ; breakfast is ready, and I will leave room on my paper, hoping to-morrow's post may bring me some letters from you, that I may answer them.

*January the 3rd.* Yesterday's post brought me, dearest siss, a letter from you dated November the 23rd, an answer to my Turin letter, and the first I have had signed by the Duchess of Leinster. I should have wish'd to have stopp'd some more days at Turin, but for the reason you mention. I thought Lord Holland would be lonely and want us. Mrs Mim you mention is, I suppose, Mrs Close, Lady Mary's housekeeper, enjoying herself quietly at Winterslow. Without the perils and dangers of a long journey I should certainly, had we had a fine day, not have dreaded *Mont Cenis* so much, but I don't like being carried in those same chairs. There is certainly no manner of danger in that terrible Rhône described by Madame de Sévigné ; I love you for calling her 'dear' Madame de Sévigné. I'm quite glad to think I shall have forgot her letters enough to read them over again. I'm quite angry with Charles and Mr Upton, who say they are very affected. The Frenchwomen have I believe a great deal of coquetry and little passion about them ; the Italians are the contrary, have much *tempérament* by all accounts, and little coquetry. One must allow for climate, and consequently pity them, but yet *cela révolte* ; it's nasty and not to be called passion. Then that *coquetterie d'esprit* that most Frenchwomen have, gives that universal desire to please, that makes them mighty agreeable ; some of them are to be sure abandon'd enough, as one is told at least,

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

and yet was you to sit and talk an hour or two with even some of those you would never guess it, but think them so sensible, so proper, and so agreeable you would be charmed. I have just had an account of the death of the Frenchwoman I loved best, poor Madame de Bouzoles<sup>1</sup>; Sal writes me word of it. She was perfectly good in every sense of the word good; sensible, cheerful, polite, gentle, and truly pious, with as little prejudice as could be expected from a Roman Catholic bred up at St Germain. I really loved her. Lord Kildare is not in love; he seems a general flirt, and loved by all. Since I began my letter we have had cold bad weather, and as they have no precautions against cold in this country one feels it indeed very much. The accident of the ships is dreadful and must have shock'd you vastly. The poor woman you mention could not have a better preparation for death than the care you tell me she had of the poor people in Ireland. How much more good is done in a private walk of life sometimes! Adieu. Yours, C. Holland.

326. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Naples, Monday, January the 12th [1767].

Lord Kildare, my dear siss, will write you word probably that I have been ill. I would not therefore omit writing myself that you might not be alarm'd. I went to bed last Wednesday with St. Anthony's fire in my cheek and the side of my face, attended with some fever as that disorder always is, but which went off sooner with me than it does with most people, thanks to my *wretched* stomach, which whenever I have any other disorder grows so bad I can keep nothing upon it. I had had the erysipelas coming some days before without knowing what it was; but thank God this same starving, lying in bed, and sweating with bleeding, have carry'd off both fever and that, at least there is very little remaining. My plague here is physick, which teases my poor stomach, which I had not recover'd, nor my spirits which are bad, and the weather is so bad I don't know when I shall be able to get out of a morning. I have

<sup>1</sup> Mme. de Bouzols was dau. of Marshal Berwick, a natural s. of James II.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

been particular about myself because I know at such a distance one takes panics about one's friends, and the erysipelas disorder has frequently proved dangerous when people have got cold. How one misses somebody to nurse one and read to one in those illnesses. You have a great comfort with your dear girls about you in that respect, dear siss. Indeed, at home I have Mrs Fannen and Sal, if she is in the way here. I wanted one sadly, for tho' dear Lady Mary is obliging and attentive as possible you know that can't be the same thing; besides she is so *occupée de son mari*. Only think how lucky that boy has been to get such a girl. I only fear that from his unhappy deafness, and a little humoursomeness in his disposition, he will use himself never to bear her out of his sight, or even from his side. Charles teases them both finely you may suppose about it. I only fear her growing tired, for she has really every talent and accomplishment for public as well as private life; and 'tis impossible to be so totally free from vanity in that case as not to choose to be known more than in the very narrow circle he will live in should his present disposition continue. Lord Holland continues as he was. 'Tis now *grande fête* here; the King<sup>1</sup> is to-day of age. I don't find it produces any more diversion than the Opera for three nights more lighted up than usual. We have really abominable weather but it gives Lord Holland no asthma, thank God. Adieu, dear siss. I have nothing more to add by this post but that I am yours sincerely,

C. Holland.

This letter is so queerly wrote you'll scarcely make it out, but here ends this first letter, t'other side is a continuation of the loose sheet added.

*Tuesday the 13th.*

Last night I was favoured, sweet siss, with your kind letter of the 10th of December, an answer to my Florence letter. By the long one you received from Rome you'll find I did see the great Gallery, that at Rome I was in better spirits and began to taste *virtu*; by the time I return to England (as we propose to pass at least a fortnight at Rome on our return) I may give myself *airs*. Rome in that way exceeds all that can be seen or imagined. Some antiquities I have seen here, for those nothing

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand IV. (1751-1825), King of Naples and Sicily.

beats this place, and I taste them more than *virtu* ; but there are many still to be seen here which I shall see, but you know everybody is apt to put off what they can see every day, and we are alike about that here. I know we shall be hurry'd to death at last. I assure you, my dear siss, I have given you the true idea of Paris. I know it better than any other Englishwoman does except Lady Hervey, and she is too much prejudiced about it and, as you know, a little affected about all things. Perhaps one of the reasons I like it so well is the partiality shown me. Sal writes word the Duchess of Northumberland<sup>1</sup> is not pleased at all with it. Sal will [be] as much as she pleases I'm sure with those I introduced her to before, but Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Carlisle, who are there, and Sir Charles will prevent her living much among them, you may be sure, as that will make an agreeable *coterie* of their own, with Selwin, who is there. He indeed lives very much among the French, but I'm very sure Sir Charles is the worst person in the world to be at Paris—why they went, God knows. But I'm in no pain about Sal there ; her manner is so very civil and engaging, and she will do all that's proper by Madame Geoffrin and those who are so very particularly civil to us. In Italy they are civil to all the English, but make no distinctions—*cela ne flatte point l'amour propre*, you know. I agree with you entirely about Italian buildings—beautiful to look at, detestable to live in. A little cards in long evenings is a resource. I love loo very well, it's very fashionable here. They love deep play, and Lord Kildare, who seldom plays himself, and Mrs Hamilton have taught them loo. Lord Kildare and his cousin Mahony are very *great indeed* ; she is wonderfully fond of him, she must be fifty years old, but a very well looking woman of her age, *de l'embonpoint de la fraîcheur*. She is really *drôle* and entertaining, very like Mrs Fortescue, Lady Mary says. I'm glad Lord B.<sup>2</sup> and the Duke of Leinster will be on good terms. I love peace and quiet ; besides, I like so many things Lord Chatham has done, I wish his Ministry may go on. You know

<sup>1</sup> Lady Elizabeth Seymour (1716-76), only dau of Algernon Seymour, 7th Duke of Somerset ; m. (1740) Sir Hugh Smithson (afterwards Percy), 4th Bart. ; cr. Duke and Earl of Northumberland.

<sup>2</sup> George William Hervey, 2nd Earl of Bristol. He had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1766, but never reached Ireland, resigning in Oct., 1767.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I wish well to Lord Bute, the more so as this last year I have been a good deal connected with the women of his family, where I find more worth and good sense than one generally meets with. They have sought my acquaintance, which is flattering, as politics on both sides is out of the question with us. Adieu. This is the continuation of the loose sheet of paper, and don't belong to the letter.

327. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Naples, the 1st of February, 1767.

I begin of course upon a folio sheet, dear siss, tho' I don't know what I have to say to fill it with. I have at present no letter of yours to answer; perhaps I may before Tuesday; this is Sunday and to-morrow is the English post. 'Tis a good while since I wrote to you; I should last post but that I wrote to Louisa, which I reckon much the same thing. I have been vastly well and in good spirits since my disorder, most people I find pay a little tribute of that kind to the climate; living on this *volcano* must make a vast difference in our constitutions, and I think we don't enough attend to the necessity of altering our diet. I find the less meat I eat, and the more ice water I drink the better I am. Charles has had a little fever and impostume in his ear, but is pretty well again. Lady Mary has a little feverish disorder too, but I hope it will be very slight. Lord Holland is undoubtedly mended in the main, yet for some days past he has been as low and bad as ever; perhaps before I seal up this letter, he may be well again. We had a month's bad weather, within this week, fine again; and fine weather here is so much finer than fine weather *chez nous*, 'tis quite heavenly and I have enjoy'd it. I have seen since I wrote to you the King's Museum at Portici, which is built over Herculanium, and all the antiquities found in the latter are placed there. 'Tis very curious indeed to see things so well preserved; all the bronzes and utensils for their sacrifices are most beautiful. There is an entire set of kitchen furniture, very like our modern ones, and several things very like what we now have there are almost of every sort. I should be most curious about the books, but there are as yet scarcely any

transcribed, nothing but some music found. 'Tis impossible to describe what kind of things the books are unless you saw them, and I don't quite understand how they are, tho' I saw them. They had some idea of printing or stamping, which makes it wonderful they did not make any progress in that art, which in my opinion has made a more total change in this world than any other thing.

We have a new acquisition here of a very agreeable woman, Lady Glenorchy<sup>1</sup>; she is Scotch, sister to a pretty Lady Sutherland<sup>2</sup> who died last year with her husband and child at Bath, whom you must have heard of. Was I to stay long here I should be very glad of an agreeable *compatriote*, for all the English here are very bad indeed. Mr Hamilton is well enough, but I'm prejudiced against him by Charles Hamilton. His wife, whom I must see a great deal of, is a tiresome affected silly woman as ever I met with, and not good-natured. Luckily she loves loo exceedingly, so that three or four times a week the Countess Mahony, she and I have a loo party made up with gentlemen; it comes without trouble to me, and I love loo, so it does very well and is a resource. We have fine fun about Lord Kildare and his old cousin, who is wonderfully fond of him, and we are in hopes, particularly Upton and I, that she will bring it . . .<sup>3</sup> some day when she carries him . . .<sup>3</sup> lying-in ladies, in the coach with . . .<sup>3</sup> she is really very entertaining . . .<sup>3</sup> well-bred, but she has not that . . .<sup>3</sup> comfortable kind of conversation . . .<sup>3</sup> Madame Gaetani, the French lady, is by much the most agreeable conversable woman here, and a friend of hers, the Comtesse Kaunitz, the Imperial Minister's wife, is agreeable enough. Unluckily, our foolish Mrs Hamilton hates her, and one lives in dread of some *tracasserie*, if one attempts to go anywhere or be presented anywhere by those ladies; not but that the quarrels and *tracasseries* divert one too, tho' one don't choose to be a party concern'd. We begin to think of moving; when our journey is settled you shall know all about it.

<sup>1</sup> Willielma Maxwell (1742-86). wife of John Campbell, Lord Glenorchy, eldest surv. s. of John Campbell, 3rd Earl of Breadalbane, whom he predeceased.

<sup>2</sup> Mary Maxwell, m. (1761) William Sutherland, 18th Earl of Sutherland. Both had died in 1766. She and her sister, Lady Glenorchy, were daus. and co-heirs of William Maxwell, of Preston, Kircudbrightshire.

<sup>3</sup> Page torn.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

*February the 3rd.*

No letter from England or Ireland yesterday. I must again mention the weather, it is so very fine. What a glorious sun now in the month of February, but how terrible must it be in summer ! There is no shade at all about this place ; that is, no shady walks, for there are trees enough about, but no walks about but by the sea, and up hills they are delightful now. It's amazing how many eastern customs are preferred here ; except some few of the women who have conversed with strangers they none of them make you a curtsy but a bow, and take hold of your hand. The old Italian icalus custom subsists a good deal among the bourgeois, for you never see any women of that rank out, but to go to church on Sundays. The quality and the peasants are all one sees about, no such thing as women shop-keepers ; indeed, any shops are very rare, nothing to be had but by bespeaking. I already told you how pretty the peasants' dresses were and what an infinite variety there was. Adieu. I have come to the end of my paper, I find.

Lord Holland has an indigestion and purging, which causes his present lowness.

328. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Naples, the 20th of February, 1767.

'Tis an age, dearest sister, since I had a letter from you ; perhaps to-night's post may bring me one. We have indeed fine weather now. I'm obliged to take my airing and walk so as to return home soon after ten, when the sun begins to be too hot to bear it. Only think of that at this season. But the weather being, contrary to my expectations, as changeable here as with us, I shall hope for some cooler weather to travel in. We intend setting out the 14th of March. Lord Holland goes by land with us ; the same journey we came, except that instead of going from Turin to Lyons we shall go from Turin to Geneva, which is rather a shorter journey than the other, over the Alps equally. I shall not be sorry to see those horrid beautiful Alps again. I have a sweet pretty airing here that you would doat on, to a place called *Grotto del Cani*, where there is a cavern

in which they put a poor dog to show one how the vapour throws it into convulsions, a ceremony I never would see. But the spot is beautiful, a large lake enclosed all round with hills cover'd with wood, the sides of the lake green turf, and the most delightful walking imaginable. This place is about two little miles from Naples, and my usual drive. One goes out of the town that way thro' a long dismal grotto or cavern of half a mile long, I believe, which is not pleasant, and seems a strange approach to such a town as Naples. I was last week to see Pompeii, or the ruins of an old Roman town so called, which was first destroy'd in the year 66 by an earthquake, rebuilt, and destroy'd sixteen years afterwards by showers of pumice stones that came down from Mount Vesuvius ; it has been found but within these two or three years that they have begun to dig. We saw the remains of a small temple, of what is supposed to have been soldiers' barracks, a street, and one place supposed to have been a private house ; but the simpletons throw the earth back again, and don't go on when they come to what they imagine was a private house, which is provoking, as one should have infinite more curiosity to see that than any public building. We saw a great deal of pretty grotesque painting. The situation thereabouts is most charming indeed. That and some of the environs of Naples were famous places, where the Romans had villas in formerly. 'Tis really a most extraordinary country ; it seems to be all fire and volcano, and gives matter of great speculation to the naturalists and philosophers. This same globe of ours seems to have undergone strange changes and revolutions for some good end no doubt ; but the more one reflects on those things, sweet siss, and the more discoveries are daily made the more in my opinion one is convinced how very little we do know, and how little we are intended to know. I think, as Monsieur Pascal does, all the things lie hidden among the secrets of Providence, which we ought to reverence and adore but not attempt to trace or penetrate. Ste and Lady Mary leave us next week ; they intend to see Venice, Genoa, Leghorn, and all they have not already seen in their way. Ste is very glad to go, he is heartily tired of Naples, and has a longing to be at Winterslow, his own house ; which he is exceeding fond of, and which is very natural, as he is doing a good deal to it, and that it is the first house he ever had of his own.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Lord Kildare stays some time longer than us at Naples. Charles goes to Florence, where we part with him; he proposed to stay some time longer in Italy, but has not yet determin'd on his own motions. Mr Upton and Harry return with us. I begin to apprehend the long journey again, it really disagrees so much with me. I shall be glad to see Holland House again, and very glad indeed should I find you in England, sweet siss, which is not, I hope, quite unlikely. When I have been well I have passed my time agreeably enough here, but the effect I feel from the sun now makes me imagine the hot weather would be quite insupportable to me in this place. This country and indeed all Italy is a most curious country to see, and I'm glad I have seen it, but shall hope Lord Holland's complaints will not oblige him to come so far south again. Staying in England a winter I fear we must not attempt. He is certainly mended, tho' his nerves are still very weak, and he don't get any strength, but asthma he is quite free from. Adieu, dear sister, I leave a little room in case I should have a letter by to-night's post to thank you for.

C. Holland.

21st.

Last night's post brought me a letter from Ciss. How form'd her hand and style and manner of writing is since I last received a letter from her, which is, I believe, near a year ago! I'm vastly sorry your poor eye is bad again, but I hope as there is no inflammation it will soon go off. I shall answer Cecilia's letter, so adieu.

Only think, dear sister, Holland House had like to be have been burnt down; as it happ'ned no damage was done. It really makes my blood run cold to think of it, and I hate to think how much concern it would have given me.

329. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Tuesday, the 10th of March [1767].

I had seal'd up my letter to Cecilia yesterday; indeed, it was wrote so full that I could not have added a word, when last night I received another from you dated the 8th of February, which I will answer now by this post to you, my dear sister,

as I shall I hope leave Naples before this day seven'ight, when the post goes out again. I'm glad to hear the Duke of Leinster is so well, and wish your poor eyes would get well. Lord Holland will, I flatter myself, be tolerably cheerful, but his nerves are weak, easily ruffled, and you must not expect the cheerfulness you once remember. Upon the road I write when I can, which often obliged me to write longer letters than I intended, as I know you like to have everything described as particularly as possible. I will now answer all your questions. I mean by braiding or plaiting the hair is the same, I believe. The peasants and common people do it up straight, then plait it and twist it round a bodkin as you have seen in pictures very frequently, in a kind of bunch or crown on the top of their head ; they drag away their hair from their forehead sadly, in general. The ladies never braid their hair but do it up in a loose ugly chignon, I think.

Madame de Sévigné carry'd her love to her daughter to excess, as one sees it made her miserable. As for the expressions of fondness too, those who have corresponded with the French must know it's their way of writing. I have had several *billets* and letters from French people exactly like love letters ; 'tis their way, and I write so to them again. I'm sorry dear Sal says I imposed on her *un fagot des jeunes français*, because it makes me fear she has been flirting with some of them, and as I am not mistaken about them I should be sorry for it. I know how self-sufficient, vain, and coxcombical they are, thinking every woman in love with them ; at least this is their general character both from their own people and strangers. To be sure there are some exceptions to all those things, you know, and I hope those Sal likes are some of them. She has been vastly liked and much the fashion, *comme de saison*. You need not fear her having offended by neglecting visits, the French are too reasonable about those things to be angry with her, at her age, in carnival time when all *la jeunesse de Paris est folle* with diversions, to omit visiting regularly. She has fallen into the set of company I imagined she would naturally, and the most likely to contribute to her diversion ; it was a set too *répandue*, as they call it, for me, their dreadful late hours would have killed me. Lady Holderness, who lived a good deal with them, did not recover the carnival she spent at Paris till she

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

came to bathe in the sea last summer. But what I like so much in Paris is that all ages and all dispositions may find houses and societies to suit them. They found out soon *que Miladi Holland n'aimait pas le grand monde*, so I was invited by those who lived more quiet.

Madame Boufflers and Madame Mirpoix, who Sal lives much with, are very agreeable ; indeed the latter has a very superior understanding. But there is a Madame Luxembourg<sup>1</sup> with them whom I dreaded getting acquainted with. She is a clever old woman, but capricious and ill-natured, they all tell you, and if people don't happen to please her says the most brutal things to them, even to her friend Madame Boufflers; Lady Holderness tells me she says things so shocking at times she is amazed she ever sets her feet in her house. Now I make it a rule never to make acquaintance with those kind of people, and declined being introduced to her house, which you'll not wonder at. The Fitzjames were not people for Sal to be with much; in winter Madame Bouzoles' family broke up. The Duchess of Fitzjames<sup>2</sup> does not keep house at Paris ; she is passionately fond of her country house, and divides her time chiefly between that and Court, where she must often be. When I was at Paris she gave up her time entirely when she was there to an old father, and always lives in her own family ; she is by no means stupid tho', for she is excessively lively. All that family are a little *dévo*t, but the different societies and houses and the different kind of life people live in those different societies at Paris is very great ; some never dine, others never sup. Several people are always at home. Young people may divert themselves very well either in London or at Paris, middle-aged and old people infinitely better at the latter in my opinion, but certain it is few English people like it. 'Tis certainly but few tho' who get enough into French company to know whether they do or no. So much for France, which between Sal's and my letters you'll be perfectly acquainted with. I long to kiss pretty MacAlison ; who is he like ? It's very odd but when I do set down to write *cela ne finit point*. Adieu. Yours, dear siss,

C. Holland.

<sup>1</sup> Madeleine Angélique de Neufoille, sister of the Duc de Villeroi ; she m. (1) Duc de Boufflers ; (2) Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of Charles FitzJames, Duc de FitzJames.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

[*Postscript in Lord Holland's handwriting.*]

I suppose I am told what *MacAlison* means, that I may call you Duchess MacAlison. Well, as long as my conscience will give me leave, so I will. You'll follow the *Princess del Monte Rotondo's* example, I dare say, and be *Duchess del Ventre Rotondo* again very soon, notwithstanding what you say. *Della Duchessa MacAlison, Schiava. La Vecchia Donna.*  
Holland.

Are you wise to let that great girl Cecilia call you Mama, still ? Why, you'll be a grandmother in a trice and Granum *MacAlison* won't sound well.

330. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Rome, the 29th of March, [1767].

I have but little to say to you, dearest sister, but will write whenever I have an opportunity, as I imagine you'll be anxious to know how Lord Holland bears his journey. He was a good deal fatigued, but has recover'd that, and is much as he has been these last six weeks. Thank God the worst part of the journey is over, for it is impossible to conceive there can be such roads between two such towns as Rome and Naples. Florence is our next *gîte*. We shall, I believe, leave Rome next Saturday the 28th. I shall write from thence. The weather is charming, fresh sharp mornings and a fine sun all day ; it agrees with me vastly. I am better than I have generally been this winter. Lord Kildare we expect to-day, but I imagine he informs you regularly of his motions. We were all sorry he would not come with the Countess Mahony and the Prince and Princess Justiniani, who proposed it to him, and who are coming to Rome, where the Justinianis live. They are of a very old Roman family, descended, they pretend, from the Emperor Justinian. She is the Countess Mahony's daughter, consequently our cousin, and the best bred agreeable Italian I have seen ; has no *cicisbeo*, and is attached to her husband and children, of which she has seven. I understand she is much loved and respected here. I believe the Roman ladies are rather better educated than the Neapolitans, as Madame Mahony, who is a sensible woman, sent her daughter to a convent

[1767]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

here preferable to keeping her at Naples. I believe it must be a disagreeable place to live in, tho' the pride and etiquette which is tiresome among all Italians is more here than anywhere, I understand. Since I wrote thus far Lord Kildare is arrived very well. All the English gentlemen are come from Naples here just now, which by no means makes the place more agreeable. I have been to see some fine things since I came, there is indeed great profusion of them in this town. The fine Guido's<sup>1</sup> *Aurora*, of which you have so frequently seen prints and copies, is indeed charming, tho' it is painted on a ceiling, which makes it less agreeable to look at than if it was on the side of a wall. Fine villas are numerous; in short, there is I believe more to be seen in this single town than in all the world besides. It has a *triste* melancholy look tho', and the country about it is not fine.

So I find the Duke of Buccleuch<sup>2</sup> marries pretty Lady Betty Montagu; 'tis a pity Ciss had not her chance of him. One says those things of course, and for a minute thinks them, but a little reflection after all makes one see the idleness of such thoughts, and how very little one knows what is best or worst to happen except for the present minute. Matches put me in mind of poor Lady Emily Stanhope's<sup>3</sup> being so queerly put off. I pity the girl; 'tis a most disagreeable situation to be in; what do you hear about it from Lady Barrymore? I forgot tho' that before I receive your answer to this, I shall probably be in England. Adieu, dearest sister. Yours,

C. Holland.

331. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Florence, the 13th of April [1767].

I must just say a word to my dearest sister before I leave this pretty place, where I have spent a very agreeable fortnight. Nothing can be prettier than the environs of this place so *riant* and gay; the climate is far inferior tho' to Naples, and we

<sup>1</sup> Guido Reni (1575-1642), Italian painter.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Scott, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch, m. in the following May, Lady Elizabeth Montagu, only dau. of George Montagu, 1st Duke of Montagu, and 4th Earl of Cardigan.

<sup>3</sup> Lady Emily Stanhope (1749-80), dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington; m. (Apr. 1767) Richard Barry, 6th Earl of Barrymore.

[1767]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

have had cold east winds, *comme chez nous*. Now it is charming tho', spring much advanced, and such quantities of sweet flowers it's delightful. There is a sweet pretty promenade called the Costines, which I have frequented very much. I have been very well the whole time, so has Lord Holland, except that lowness of spirits at times which I fear will never be quite cured. I think his spirits are to the full as well if not better when we travel than when we are quiet; it is amazing how he bore the fatigue of the journey here. The rest of our journey will not be near so fatiguing, except *Mont Cenis*, which I begin to dread again. It is in our power to make it quite easy. We shall be at Turin our slow way of travelling the 22nd of this month, and at Geneva I hope the 2nd or 3rd of May. We have received here the melancholy account of poor Lord Tavistock's<sup>1</sup> death. How I pity them all! 'Tis indeed a most cruel stroke, and I fear will go hard with poor Lady Tavistock; Lady Mary is much shock'd. Charles goes on to Turin with us, where he leaves us to meet Lord Fitzwilliam at Genoa. Ste and Lady Mary set out to-morrow I believe for Leghorn, and propose making part of their journey by sea, but have not yet settled their route; they will however be in England before us. We have been at Court here, which neither Lady Mary or I liked to do, but the Grand Duchess expressed a desire to see us, so we could not help it. She is the King of Naples's sister, the Grand Duke<sup>2</sup> is one of the Archdukes, brother to the Emperor<sup>3</sup>; they are lately settled here and mighty fond of having people presented to them; they are both mighty young. The Minister is a German, a Comte de Rossemberg, who was in England when you were married. He says he has been in many countries since, but never yet saw anything so beautiful as Lady Emily Lennox (Lord Holland says this paragraph will make you drunk with vanity). He is really a mighty good sort of man, and has show'd me great civility here. The people are rather more civilized, as well as the country more cultivated than at Naples. I met another old acquaintance; the Grand Duchess's *Grande Maitresse* is one of those little *Mlle Rinshacks*

<sup>1</sup> He died in consequence of a fall from his horse in Mar., 1767, aged 27.

<sup>2</sup> Leopold I (1747-92) Grand-Duke of Tuscany (afterwards Emperor Leopold II. of the Holy Roman Empire); he m. Maria Louisa, dau. of Charles III of Spain.

<sup>3</sup> Joseph II, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

you may remember at the Hague ; she is an odious woman tho'. The French Envoy here is a very agreeable man, quite a Frenchman to be sure ; but very sensible and pleasing. I have been with all those people at some agreeable dinners, for our Minister here, Sir Horace Mann, is the most obliging polite man that ever lived, has a charming house, shows away, and lives most elegantly. The mixture of Germans and other strangers make this place better than Rome or Naples for society, for among Italians I find more and more every day there is no such thing. The two ladies I have seen anything of except at Sir Horace Mann's *conversatione* (where I saw many) are his lady to whom he is *cavaliere servante*, an Italian, and a very agreeable little pretty Irish German woman whose name is Butler. The women here are not near so handsome as at Naples. I have wrote to Louisa and to Lady Emily since I came here. I will write to some of you again when I can. At present adieu. Yours most sincerely,

C. H.

We are setting off this afternoon. There are two pair of gold scissors bought here for Ciss and Lady Emily.

332. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Turin, the 24th of April [1767].

I found here letters from Ciss and Lady Emily, the former dated the 26th of March, the latter without a date. They both tell me you have again a bad eye, my sweet siss, and also another piece of bad news, viz., that we are not likely soon to see you in England. Alas, when shall we meet again? But *il faut prendre patience* and I will comfort myself with the thoughts of your being easy and quiet at home ; a situation I perhaps think the more enviable, as I am little likely to enjoy it at a place I love as well as you do Carton. Kingsgate, which I like too, and going abroad, which I don't like, will interfere so much with all pleasant schemes of being comfortably settled there. After all we are but travellers in this world, when and where our rest will be, God knows. We stayed three days at Milan ; by the little I saw of it it appears to be by much the most sociable and what I call civilised place in Italy. The town is old and ugly,

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

so is the country about it, a dead flat, very rich. There is a Comte Trimian there, the Austrian Minister, who is one of the best bred, best natured, polite, good-looking man I ever saw ; I dined with him. He lives in a magnificent style. Two Milan ladies dined there, both speaking French, and both civil to one, not often to be met with in Italy ; tho' their not being so is not from meaning to be rude, but as Madame Gaetani used to say, *elles n'ont rien à dire*, nor do they trouble their head about one. The verdure of this place at this spring season is charming. We shall stay here only a few days. Lord Holland bears his journey vastly well indeed, and is better, to be sure infinitely better, has no dangerous illness at present certainly, but so changed from what you have seen him, sweet siss, it would surprise you. I have a sad horror of this same Mont Cenis now the time of crossing it draws near, and I am really in very bad spirits, so will write no more at present. I wrote to Emily from Florence, so I did to you. I will write to Ciss from Geneva.

I have had a letter from dear William to inquire after us, which tells me the Duke of Leinster and you wish him to return to Naples, which I fear will now be very dull to him, tho' he generally continues to divert himself. I think him as safe as most young men, as I don't think him apt to be in love. But, dear sister, don't leave him too long in Italy ; except *virtu*, nothing is to be learnt in it. The women are dangerous in every respect, nothing to be learnt from them, vice and illness frequently got by them and if once a young man becomes a real *cicisbeo* 'tis a lounging idle life which when once got into is difficult to get out of. There is Lord Cooper has been eight years now abroad, and has not the heart to go home. I do assure you I should have great uneasiness at leaving Charles, but that he won't be long in any of the places, and that I think his love of politics and desire of making a figure at home will always call him back ; besides, I don't see any disposition towards the ladies of Italy in him. But now William will be all alone at Naples, no English there ; and what makes me afraid is seeing Mr Upton at his time of life so very ridiculously in love with an impudent looking woman at Naples, as to propose returning in the summer again to Italy. Adieu. My advice would be to let William run thro' Italy, see what's to be seen, then as he is military and that his father likes he should be so,

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

send him to Germany. Vienna is much commended by many people. I have given you my thoughts, sweet siss. I may judge wrong, but it is my real opinion. I don't like the thoughts of leaving a young man . . .<sup>1</sup> and alone a long time at Naples; where they have other English company, tho' that may be subject to some objections, I think the others are stronger.

I have not yet heard of Lady Mary and Ste being got to England. Did I tell you she was breeding? If I did I told it no one else, as she very naturally did not wish to have it talk'd of so early, as people may frequently be mistaken, but her *femme de chambre*, Mlle Petit, has not been so silent I find, as all my English letters mention it. I'm very anxious to know how she does after her journey, as she is so delicate a little creature. They were to sail from Havre to Southampton, which last is but twenty miles from their own country house. I heard from them from Lyons, but not since. I do hope she will go on well; both Ste and she will [be] so happy. Some of you shall hear of us all when I land, God send that may be to-morrow—how I dread the nasty sea!

[*Postscript in Lord Holland's handwriting.*]

Harry is wrong'd. He speaks both Italian and French very well.

333. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Geneva, the 31st [28th] of May [1767].

My dear sister, you will probably not hear from me again before I arrive in England, which I hope to do before the end of this month. I wrote to your daughter Emily since I came to this place; she is a delightful correspondent, her style quite form'd. I have given her some account of Voltaire. I have desired the banker here to send you four new volumes of Voltaire's works printed last week; they are *mélanges*, plays, etc. I am to go [to] see one of his plays perform'd Sunday; Monday we set out. This is quite a new scene of life to me. I was a little discomposed on my arrival, and so was Lord Holland to find we were to be in our Banker's house, and worn

<sup>1</sup> Word indecipherable.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to death, as we thought, with their civilities ; but *tout au contraire*, they are such honest easy good-humoured people it's no constraint at all. He is generally out on business, and Madame Gaussin, his wife, is a jolly merry frank Scotchwoman with whom I am as much at my ease as I should be with Mrs Liegois or Mrs Calcot. 'Tis all bourgeois in this place, one sees everywhere industry, comfort and excessive cleanliness, very different from *la bella Italia* ; so is the climate, for we have had a cold east wind ever since we came. There are no beggars here, no stealing, no murders or disorders happen ; everyone is employ'd, everyone obliged to keep in their own station, a particular dress for the maidservant which is neat and tidy, and which they must not transgress on any account. The environs of Geneva are full of country houses, vineyards, fields, and all looks so cheerful and so cultivated it gives one spirits to see them. The prospects of the mountains and the lake are beautiful. Except the prospects, which are great as well as cheerful, *tout est en petit*—houses, gardens, way of life, I dare say in time I should get to like it, but one accustoms oneself *au grand* too easily, particularly with regard to houses. I own I am grown to dislike small ones, which you'll say is no misfortune for a person who has Holland House ; now it's my own too. The people in this country were too happy, and have quarrel'd among themselves, the people and the magistrates. The French have meddled in their quarrels as mediators, and they much fear their little republic will be ruin'd by it ; such is the fate of all in this *bas monde*, neither liberty or plenty can secure happiness, and I much doubt whether the poor Neapolitan lounging himself in the sun, who lives on chestnuts, don't enjoy as much happiness as the rich bourgeois of London or Geneva.

How small a part of what the human heart endures

Is it in Kings or laws to cause or cure.

I don't write the lines as they are in that sweet poem *The Traveller*, but you who have read and admired it will know what I mean. Lord Holland is as much mended in his journey as he was with his *séjour* at Naples.

Adieu, my dear siss. I hope sweet Lady Mary is breeding.  
Yours ever,

C. Holland.

I have a great deal of Lord Holland's poetry to send you ;

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

have I sent you any already? I forget. I believe William did; if so I have still one copy of verses more to send you.

334. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Calais, Sunday the 24th of May [1767].

We came here yesterday, my dear sister, where I found your kind letter of the 26th of April, which I thank you for, and rejoice to hear your eyes are well again. I can't say we are wind-bound here, for we could have set out this morning, but could not have got into Kingsgate without two tides, which would have obliged us to anchor, a dreadful thing to sick people, and the Captain gave us no hopes of being less than sixteen or seventeen hours aboard a ship; we therefore determin'd to stay here to-day. I won't call this a good inn, it really is an exceeding fine pleasant gentleman's house, a fine apartment below opening to a large garden, and all within clean and comfortable, easy chairs and in short all kind of conveniences. We had bad weather the last few days of our journey and bad roads; but here we are thank God very well, and happy to have perform'd our long and tedious journey so agreeably, and without accidents. Here my narrations will end. I will therefore take leave by giving you some account of my journey from Geneva. We went the first day's journey thro' the Pays de Vaud all by the Lake of Geneva. The day was fine, the roads good, the inns excellent, so that it was altogether delightful. Nothing can be more lovely than that Lake. The Pays de Vaud is in the canton of Bern, and as far as enjoying liberty and all the comforts of life can contribute to make people happy in this life, those people possess it. They have no taxes, no standing army, no monks, no priests, to molest them; great industry among them, affluence without luxury, and religion without superstition. To be sure, the Swiss may be reck'ned the happiest people on this spot of ours. Their laws and regulations prevent luxury, which is generally the ruin of people at ease; before these troubles at Geneva, in which the French interfere, they were also very happy. I am glad I have seen them, I own; and I think after all were I obliged to live out of my own country I would fix somewhere among the Swiss; tho' perhaps in some

respects Paris would amuse me more, yet I think a country house in the environs of Geneva or in the Pays de Vaud would be a more rational thing. My travels, sweet siss, make me see the misery caused by a superstitious religion and a great standing army in a light I never before saw it ; to be sure priests and soldiers are the bane of human kind. I was at Church at Geneva, and was much pleased with the sermon, and all the form of it, as for *la prêche*, so much talked of as lasting so long, I did not find it. I was not above an hour in the Church, with the psalms, chapters, prayers and all.

Now for answering your questions. Pray ask as many as you please. I really do see a great improvement in Cecilia. I dare say she is a charming girl, and now her understanding begins to form I'm sure she will make a great progress ; some young people are childish infinitely longer than others and I have been used to see early understanding. I'm sure I see the contrary now, for nothing ever was so childish as Harry, but as he is sensible I hope it will go off ; yet it quite disturbs me. Lady Betty Montagu is five and twenty years old, I believe. I have given you an account of Charles's schemes in many letters. He is now at Venice with Lord Fitzwilliam. I hope none will keep him long from me ; he is the great joy and comfort of my life, a more valuable boy never lived. Lord Carlisle is not gone to Italy. He will I dare say go to Spa, where Sally is immediately going with Sir Charles, who is ill of a disorder in his stomach. William did speak Italian, but not well I believe. I never learnt any ; what surprises me most is Lady Mary learning none, tho' she had a master. Charles learnt it very well, and intends to be a perfect master of it. Harry learnt a little Neapolitan, but not much ; *voilà le progrès de nos études*. You'll say we were all stupid. To be sure, Lady Mary, William, and Harry should have known it perfectly, but alas between forty and fifty sweet siss, one don't learn anything. Ste determin'd he would not learn it. I can't say I tried, thinking it in vain. The little I did understand of it made me find out that I had no great desire of hearing any Italian conversation, which is generally confined to two people, or some loud noisy buffoonery, which I should not understand did I know the language. The *very, very* few conversable Italians I met with had travell'd, and talk'd French.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I don't know whether *Sidney Biddulph*<sup>1</sup> is finish'd or no, if it is I will immediately on my arrival send it you. I have just room in my paper to tell you I was at Voltaire's play, which entertain'd me of all things, tho' he did not act. The play was *Les Scythes*<sup>2</sup>, a play of his own, and the *petite pièce*, *La Femme qui a Raison*, his own also, they were really well acted ; but the best part of the show was his eagerness and commendations both of the play and the performance. Lord Holland continues well, thank God. I hope we shall go to-morrow.

C. Holland.

335. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 26th of May [1767].

We landed here yesterday, my dear sister, after a voyage of eleven hours. I was not very sick, but enough so to be very uncomfortable. I feel very happy and very thankful to have ended our tedious peregrination so well. Lord Holland was as well yesterday as he has been at all, and I hope in God he may continue so. He will stay here a few days. To-morrow I hope to see pretty Holland House, which I dare say I shall think to the full as pretty as ever, notwithstanding all I have seen. We are come to a busy scene in the political world, I find ; the Ministers all divided, the great man,<sup>3</sup> 'tis reported, not right in his head. The vulgar report is that Lord Holland was sent for to England to advise, but there is not the least truth in it ; the great indifference and the little concern all those things give me will easily convince you. Lord Holland will have nothing to do with politics. If he was in the way of having the least share of them I should dread going near London ; as it is, it only diverts me, except poor Lord Chatham's illness, which I am really very sorry for, as it is the greatest calamity human nature can be subject to. I pity his wife and children

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Sidney Biddulph*, a novel by Mrs. Frances Sheridan, wife of Thomas Sheridan, and mother of R. B. Sheridan, statesman and dramatist

<sup>2</sup> *Les Scythes*, a tragedy by Voltaire, just published.

<sup>3</sup> William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

exceedingly if it is true, and feel quite angry at a pamphlet come out about it. Adieu, sweet siss. Yours,

C. Holland.

I thank you for the poplin. What do I owe you ?

336. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Thursday, the 25th of June [1767].

I have no Carton letter to answer, but it seems long since I wrote to my dearest sister. Our hurry of company has been over some time and I have had leisure quietly to enjoy this charming place, and a fine weather for my haymaking, which has kept me much amused out of doors, and consequently prevented my writing. At this time a year I think I'm seldom in a writing humour ; having been so little here makes me covetous of my time ; I really do nothing but drive about in my cabriolet, I think. Sal went Tuesday, Sir Charles is far from well. People seem to think him in a dangerous way. I can't say I do, nor has she any apprehensions. He has no fever nor any complaint on his lungs ; it is all in his stomach, and I know by former experience how bad one may be with stomach complaints and not die. Lord Holland continues well, thank God. Harry has been gone near a fortnight to Eton. He went cheerfully, and is happy there. I felt and still feel very unpleasant without him. He is placed high in the school, notwithstanding the idle life he has led of late.

I hope to stay here till towards the end of July, when he breaks up, then go to visit my children at Winterslow, from whence I propose going to Kingsgate. Lord Holland won't yet declare his intentions positively, but I hope he will do the same, as moving and change of air is good for him. Ste Fox has offer'd himself a candidate at Salisbury. I hope he will succeed, as both he and Lady Mary are eager about it. She advances happily in her pregnancy. I fancy she will lie in the end of October or the beginning of November. Adieu, my sweet sister ; I have nothing to say, nor am I in a writing humour, but I don't care to be long without letting you hear from us. Charles is at Venice ; when is William . . .<sup>1</sup>

---

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

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

337. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 9th of July [1767].

I have two letters from Carton to thank you for, dear siss, one wrote in your own hand of the 25th, the other from Lady Emily of the 28th of June. I'm sorry your eyes are still weak enough to deprive you of the pleasure of using them, but beg of you never to hurt them by writing to me, tho' I am to be sure very happy when I see your handwriting. Before I go on any farther I must deliver a message from Mrs Fannen to you. You were so good, she says, last winter to write about a poor girl of your unfortunate housekeeper's to her. At that time she was exceedingly ill, indeed so ill I had no idea I should see her again at my return to England, by the accounts I received continually from Fannen while I was abroad, and which contributed much to making me so low-spirited as I really was at Naples, [a] great part of the time at least. But to return to this poor child. Mrs Fannen is afraid you have forgot her, having not heard of any orders you may have since sent about her, and knowing she is in a very distressed situation, the people she is with threatening not to keep her on. For £16 a year Mrs Fannen knows where she may board at Kensington; she can't well take her herself, having refused boarders, and Mrs Liegois is herself a boarder with an old gentlewoman, so she can't take her. I think if you mean to take the care of the girl you had best have her over, and board her in Ireland, and everything is so extravagantly dear here at present. I have heard from Sally from Brussels; she was well, only heated and tired, but I suppose she writes herself. She don't particularly mention Sir Charles, so I hope he is not worse. Miss Blake,<sup>1</sup> who is gone with her, is a lively fair clean-looking girl, rather too young a companion for Sal, but really some woman is almost necessary to people abroad, and this girl seems sensible and good-humoured, and was recommended to Sal by Mrs Soames<sup>2</sup>, who knows her very well.

---

<sup>1</sup> Anabella, dau. of Sir Patrick Blake; the latter had m. Anabella, sister of Sir Charles Bunbury.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Sarah Bunbury's sister-in-law.

Indeed, I am not indifferent about my grandchild that is coming. I had not set my heart on one because Lady Mary's sickly delicate look did not promise one, but I am very glad it is so. I have no idea I must confess of loving grandchildren equal to one's own, as some folks do, but I think it must be a comfort in one's old age to see them about them. Lord Holland continues well, thank God. Mrs Meliar<sup>1</sup> is here just now to visit me. Lady Ilchester is come on purpose to see us; and notwithstanding the great proportion of bad weather we have had, I don't remember ever to have enjoy'd Holland House or been in better spirits than the two months I shall have spent here. I have been constantly out, either walking or cabriolet, and just now we are in vast beauty with all the roses and honeysuckles blooming and smelling sweet about us. I'll own to you I'm not in a writing humour, and can have so little to say after having had so much to fill my letters with; they appear so dull to me I'm sure they must so to you. I continue being at home of a Friday, and tho' there are so few in town now, I can some days scarcely make up a party; yet it has prevented the few that come those days from dropping in of others. We continue to dine at two o'clock, as it agrees with Lord Holland, so it does with me, but it makes one's morning too short rather; but as I don't rise late I have still as much morning as most people. I'm not so early as your Grace (I never have yet called you so, and I long'd to bring it in) yet I'm often up by seven, always before eight. Adieu. The 27th we go to Winterslow. I shall then have my dear Harry again, whom I miss sadly; he is well and happy tho' at school, thank God. My brother<sup>2</sup> says it was a sin to send him there, and that it will spoil him; but I did not know what to do with him; he could not go on without learning, tho' it's surprising how much he knows, taught only by Charles one little hour in the day while abroad. He is placed in the Upper School, but as I was saying he must learn, and neither he or I liked a governor at home. So what could one do? I hope he won't lose his health and perfect innocence he went there with, for he was childish in all respects, which in some is no doubt in this *forward* age a great advantage; and

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Meliar was formerly Miss Cheeke. She was an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Ilchester.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of Richmond.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I never knew so hardy nor so strong a boy, to be sure the journey laid in a fine stock of health for him.

C. Holland.

Lord Hillsbro' goes next week.

338. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Melbury, the 11th of August [1767].

Having been pressed many years to visit this place by Lord and Lady Ilchester, and being now in this part of the world, I came here yesterday from Winterslow, where I had been for ten days. The day after to-morrow I shall return there, and from thence the next day to Holland House, where I shall stay two or three days ; then to Kingsgate. This place is above forty miles from Ste's. I own I grudge travelling exceedingly, as I must travel again this winter, tho' neither Lord Holland or I are at all inclined so to do ; but Ste and Charles and indeed most people (but particularly them) think it would be very unwise to risk this winter here. Lord Holland is really remarkably well, and has mended ever since he came home as much as he did before. But as he says he will go or not just as I shall determine, don't you think, sweet siss, I shall be easier to determine upon going ? Lady Mary goes on well. I think Winterslow may be made a very cheerful, comfortable place. The country about it is lovely for driving and riding, one side on the open Salisbury downs, which I don't love, on the other a very woody country, beautiful lying ground like the country about Goodwood. I drove out continually ; we had some very hot weather. I forget whether you saw this complete magnificent fine comfortable habitable place when you were at Redlynch. I do love a well-furnish'd house to be sure. We had nobody at Ste's but Sir George Macartney, whom he is going to choose at Stockbridge, and Dixon. Brodie lives there. Their life is quiet and regular, the more regular I imagine for our being there, but were they not pretty regular generally, they could not be so very much so for any time as they were with us. It's very unlike the setting out of the Goodwood life. She is mighty fond and proud of being with child, and mighty careful of herself. Generally Ste is as happy at Winterslow as

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

it's possible to be. Except spending more money than they should, which at first setting out don't surprise me vastly, they really seem to go on just as one could wish. One thing pleases me much because it is not the *bon ton* of the present youth, they seem desirous of living well with their country neighbours, and of being loved in the country.

Thank your daughter Emily for her letter of the 26th of July, which I received at Winterslow. I will answer it another time, but had a mind to write to you this post. Adieu, sweet siss. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

So Lord Bristol don't come to you, nor my brother, I believe, as all the negotiation between the two factions broke off. I hope the Duke of Grafton<sup>1</sup> will be obliged to go on; according to my politics that is much the best. I don't know if my brother wishes to go to Ireland. Unless he does very much, I don't wish him to go; it would not do at all. I do not think the Duchess would hate it so much as you imagine.

339. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 27th of August [1767].

My dearest sister,

Mr Fannen writes me word from London that some of our Italian packets being arrived, and a fan case with some mounts directed for you being among them, he sent them away by a friend of the Bishop of Ferns<sup>2</sup> just then going to Ireland, who would be very careful of them. Among the confusion of things of one sort or other, and the different times of getting and finding them (for nothing is to be got in a comfortable way in Italy) I don't exactly recollect what they are. I remember in my first journey to Rome buying two fan mounts of the *Aurora* and its companion for you; two others for Louisa of different subjects, which was all I could then get, and intending to buy two other for Ciss and Emily when they were done. Whether those two were ever bought I can't tell, but should there be only four in your case, I should imagine dear Louisa,

<sup>1</sup> First Lord of the Treasury, 1766-70.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Downes, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin (d. 1769).

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

who has some of them perhaps already (Conolly having been so long in Italy), would not care about them, and would let your girls have them. I should, had I been in town, get them mounted; but Fannen, seeing your name, thought he had best take the opportunity of sending them away. Pray inform me what, and how many, there are. The gold scissors for the girls and a cameo ring for you, the Lady Hills,<sup>1</sup> not General Sandford, have got; and you will also have a copy of a famous Annibale Carracci<sup>2</sup> picture in small, done at Florence, when I can get it to send you. I don't know what verses of Lord Holland you have seen, and what you have not seen, so send you all he ever made or could recollect, which Charles made him collect together.

Your son William is at Florence, very well as you'll see. I will transcribe a paragraph out of Charles's letter, who is there too, about him which will divert you and the Duke of Leinster, I'm sure. "The Marquess went the other day to the Opera at Pistoja, and a lady of the place fell violently in love with him at first sight. He promised her to return to Pistoja in a day or two, but it seems she could not wait, but came to fetch him the day after. Accordingly he set off with her for Pistoja that night alone in the coach, *c'est tout dire*. He is not yet return'd. He has not the least remains of the breaking out he had at Rome." This is I think a mighty good account of him. We have charming weather here, sweet siss. We are going to enlarge our house a little, not to build a new one as we once intended. I do think one summer you might bring Charles to bathe at Margate, and spend a couple of months quietly as you could wish here with me; how happy I should be with such a visit, dear siss; I can't help thinking of it as a practicable scheme. Adieu. Yours, most affectionately,

C. Holland.

Some of the fugitive pieces have more than one copy of verses on them.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ladies Emily Mary and Charlotte Hill, daus. of Willes Hill, Earl of Hillsborough (cr. Marquis of Downshire). They later m. James Cecil, Viscount Cranbourne, later 7th Earl (cr. Marquis) of Salisbury; and John Talbot Lord (2nd Earl) Talbot, respectively.

<sup>2</sup> Annibale Carracci (1560-1609), Italian painter; b. at Bologna.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

340. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 3rd of September [1767].

My dearest sister, I yesterday received your kind letter of the 22nd of August, which I return you many thanks for. You will see by several of my letters wrote since that yours was in answer to, that our leaving England is fixed for some time in October, and that I think just as you do about it, and certainly am much obliged to you for telling me your thoughts. Duncan's opinion would not weigh a great deal, he and all the physical tribe being greatly out of favour with me since Lord Holland's long illness, which I'm convinced all of them have mistaken all along; and Sir William Duncan to be sure does talk an infinite deal of nonsense, tho' I believe him a well-meaning man too. Perhaps we may proceed to Nice, but Montauban is the place first fixed upon. Lord Holland seems to like the thoughts of a little variety better than always the same. As for climate, Nice is most undoubtedly the best of all, even preferable to Naples itself. *C'est tout dire* on the chapter of climates.

You'll wonder perhaps, sweet siss, I have never mention'd anything about this same earldom, or rather about the report of it, but I had nothing to tell you. Lord Holland most certainly ought to be made an earl, considering all things; the Duke of Grafton is indeed I believe zealous to get it, but yet I think it very doubtful. Lord Holland don't believe it will be; I rather do. When it is settled to be (if at all) we will consider what title, but that's time enough when one gets it. I never knew anybody but you and Sir George Macartney object to the indecency of the title of Rochester.<sup>1</sup> We have none of us had the influenza, tho' it has been very much about, and was when we were near London. Lord I. will be odd wherever he is, or whatever he is; I don't know him at all. I'm glad Bob Sandford is promoted. But why, since one may talk politics, did you all take such an aversion to Lord Bristol in Ireland, he who was so scrupulous about preferring any but Irish folks? I find you know our Duchess better than Louisa does. She would not have disliked going to Ireland, I assure

<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole wrote on 27 Sep., 1767: "I have no doubt of his [Lord Holland] obtaining his earldom."

[1767]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

you, but a stop seems at present put to that faction coming in ; they made a strange piece of work of it in their last treaty. I hear they have all been shewing away at Lewes Races. I own I hope, as much as I hope anything of that kind, that the Duke of Grafton may go on, without the help of either faction, particularly the Bedford and Grenville one, for them I really detest. I dined yesterday, twenty miles of here, with an old Lady Gray<sup>1</sup> (mother to Mrs Nicol that you have seen with us), at a very pretty place in East Kent, which is a beautiful country. The old Lady is now in her eighty-fourth year, as lively and full of spirits as people are at fifty, able to walk about her garden, which is all her own making, and planting and taking to the full as much pleasure as ever in it. She would not let her daughter, poor Mrs Nicol, come to her this summer because she is in grief for Mr Nicol, who died about two months ago ; she says she has not time to be melancholy at her age. She is indeed a most amazing old woman.

I make no doubt of your liking Lady Mary when you see her ; everybody does. Her manner is a good deal like her aunt's, only natural, and not the least affected ; indeed the Duchess of Bedford's manner is the best of her. We have just now a vast number of ships going by, which adds to the beauty of this place exceedingly. The Lady Hills are by this time in Dublin ; they are fine girls, but don't you think them affected ? I own I do vastly ; but don't tell your girls what I say, for I find they are very fond of them, but I hope they won't learn their manner, for surely it's very disagreeable. Sal is still at Spa, sometimes I hear twice in a week from her, at others I'm six weeks without a letter. He don't get well I find, tho' he is better, she says. She diverts herself very well as usual. I only dread her hurting her constitution by her irregular life, for I don't find she has ever got quite well. I should hope tho' at Spa she must keep tolerable hours at least.

341. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 19th of September [1767].

I was a good deal alarm'd and surpris'd last Sunday evening

<sup>1</sup> Hester Dodd, widow of Sir James Gray, Bart., whom she had m. in 1707. She died in 1781, aged 'about 97.'

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

after having for some days expected Sir Charles and Lady Sarah, to see him come alone. It seems business in Suffolk hast'ned him to England, and Miss Blake having got a bilious fever detain'd her at Brussels, where they are still in all probability, as Sir Charles told me it was likely to be tedious. Those girls have nobody with them but Harry Bunbury, but Sal will bustle very well and don't mind it at all. She has danced and flirted at a vast rate at Spa, Sir Charles tells me. She has most charming spirits, and follows the maxim in the song very exactly, *Youth's a season made for joy*; but goes no further, for nothing can be more unmeaning than her flirtations. They had balls three times a week, and she never missed a dance. You'll hear from the Irish, I dare say, how much she was liked there. Sir Charles looks better but is not well yet, I fear. I will now thank you for your letter of the 9th, and quite agree with you in thinking this winter passed in England would have subjected me to continual alarms, even tho' Lord Holland had kept pretty well; indeed, he is now as well as he has been for years. I think one may be thoroughly convinced all happens for the best, and still think it one's duty to do what one thinks best in order to prevent evils, for the sake of one's own peace of mind. The thoughts of the journey begin to set a little heavy on my mind. God send it may be as lucky a one as our last! The thoughts of meeting dear Charles is a vast pleasure, and a week or ten days (in our way) at Paris is a *petite douceur* thrown in the way. Why should not the scheme you say pleases you be put in execution? Only you will always be breeding; I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself. We shall go to Nice as well as Montauban, as you will see by my former letters, in which I give a very exact account of all our schemes and intentions. I judge by myself and suppose you like to be minutely informed of our motions. I had a letter from William last post; he suffers more I find by the heat at Florence than Charles, for the latter don't mention it, I fancy such immense perspiration will be of use to the Marquess. Sir George Macartney, who is here now, says there is no drinking in Germany. Indeed, I scarcely see how it's possible (unless the young English meet together on purpose), for to drink abroad; as it is universally the fashion to dine with ladies, and to get up the instant the dessert is over. No, it shall not be Rivers, that's a family

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

name, if it is at all (which is doubtful) it shall be Earl Rochester, or Earl Holland and Viscount Farley. I rather incline to the latter. Vienna you'll imagine can't be a good climate. How much attention should be had to that I don't know, but in every other respect I take it to be the place for the Marquess. By the by, he complains of hearing seldom from Ireland; you should not neglect telling somebody [to] write; I'm witness how happy it makes him. Adieu, sweet siss. This is fine weather. What sort of place have you at the Black Rock?<sup>1</sup> Do you grow reconciled to the sea prospect? Yours,

C. Holland.

342. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 8th of October [1767].

I am quite ashamed, my dearest sister, to see how many charming Carton letters I have unanswer'd, but will give you an account of myself to plead my excuse. Last Saturday seven'ight I hurry'd up to town, and the following day to Eton to see Harry, who kept his bed near a fortnight with a bilious fever; it proved at last an intermitting one, which the bark has removed, and he is, thank God, well. I stay'd at Eton two days, brought him here, had him to nurse, a million of things to order, and do preparation to our journey. Lord Holland is now come here vastly well, and we are going to have Ste, Lady Mary, Lord Ilchester, and a house full of people, besides many who are come to town, or who stay in town to see us. You may guess this would worry a stronger head than mine; besides I'm not well, having had more disorder in my stomach these last five or six days than I have had for months. I will tell you tho', that with all this hurry I'm not unhappy at the thoughts of this journey as I was last year, but my head is full of things I fear to forget, some orders I may want to give here, or something I want for my journey. I'm sure you may understand the sort of feel I have. I think setting off from Kingsgate as we did last year was rather a more peaceable scheme. I must now, my sweet siss, thank you very sincerely for your charming comfortable three letters of September the 17th, the

---

<sup>1</sup> Near Dublin.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

30th and October the first. Lord Holland has had no reason to laugh, but much to cry about his physicians, and I think Duncan was particularly to blame, because I know he disapproved and yet consented to that *fatal physic*, which Lord Holland's nerves will never recover. Lady Mary does intend to nurse her child if she can, and as both he and she wish it so vastly I hope it will succeed.

Rousseau is undoubtedly right in some things, but I have so bad an opinion of the man, and upon reflection think his writing so very dangerous, so very destructive of all principles hitherto held sacred both moral and religious, that I hate to think I could be drawn in for a time to admire him. To be sure his eloquence is great and very persuasive ; but examine his principles, they are certainly bad and hurtful. 'Tis impossible to have children educated just as one would wish. One must take one's chance, prevent as much as one can what one thinks wrong, and above all be careful, as they grow older, to give them a good example, which I believe is of the greatest consequence of all. I agree with you about the verses. I should suspect Charles of making a bad *cicisbeo*. I know the lady he serves ; she seem'd to me one of the best of them, but he complains *qu'elle est bien bête* ; his forgetting her every now and then is exactly like him. The Lady Hills may be very amiable when one knows them, but to me who don't, they appear as disagreeable girls as ever I saw. I don't love misses in general, and rejoice now at what I once was sorry for, that I have no girls. I grow old and old-fashion'd, and should be provoked to have them lead the life misses now do. Your girls I should I know doat on if I saw them. Their way of life so constantly with you and in the country is so exactly the thing, and by their letters I find they are so natural and unaffected, with those delightful youthful spirits, particularly your own girl. I'm glad I don't see her much unless she was to live in England, for I should grow too fond of her. Lord Hillsboro' is just what you say. Your cameo is antique undoubtedly ; to be sure some modern ones are prettier to look at, but in general one finds few pretty cameos. I fancy your farm at the Black Rock is very pretty. How delightful it is, dear siss, to think the dear little inhabitant of it is so recover'd. I make no doubt but he will turn out both a pleasure, comfort, and pride to you.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

He has good nature and a good understanding. It gives me more real pleasure than I can express to find he goes on so well ; he will have learning enough, no doubt. Sal and Miss Blake were here two days with me ; she is now at Barton. I can't find out the least of those low spirits she mentions to you. Poor dear little soul, she is not free from her complaint, which at times may make her so. I'm surprised it don't affect her more. But to me she seems all spirits and gaiety, glad to divert herself, very happy when there is nothing to divert, and always merry and cheerful. She certainly don't apprehend him to be as ill as other people think him, nor do I. Is not hers the season for dissipation ? How few have it not that are so beautiful and so admired. The strange thing to me is to see your middle-aged and old gentlewomen enjoy that same tiresome life on for ever. Lady Ailesbury, for one now (who is younger than ever by the by). It's too silly, tho' she really keeps her looks surprisingly. Mr Robinson t'other day was commending Park Place to her and telling her, " Indeed you look in vast beauty," meaning the place ; she reply'd : " No ! surely I'm vastly tann'd," taking the compliment to herself. Sal told me this ; I think it a good one. While I was writing this letter Lord Holland received one from dear Charles informing him of his having been ill, tho' he was in a manner well again when the letter came away. It has shatter'd me so I can't write a word more, and the post goes out to-day. Next Friday seven'ight, dear sister, we propose to go to Dover, and hope to embark the next day, which will be the 17th, your birthday ; I hope to drink your health at Calais. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

I hope William will succeed, as I'm sure it will please him vastly ; he is very fond of Ireland.

343. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 10th [October, 1767].

There remains only one of your letters to answer, dear sister. You easily comprehend my leaving off so abruptly last time

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

upon reading dear Charles's letter, for it was wrote by himself. I found I was too much alarm'd, and Mr Upton has made me infinitely easier by telling me those fevers such as he describes having had, are the common effect of the climate. I'm impatient, tho' to hear again, and still more so to see him, which I hope to God will be soon. I want to be gone, now I'm going. Lord Holland feels as yet, thank God, no bad effect from the cold weather; it's a hard frost to-day, a lovely October day, tho'. I am much obliged to you about the Macartney election, as I really have a very great esteem for Kitty<sup>1</sup>, and that I love Sir George vastly, who interests himself very much on their account. And Mrs Greville I have a sort of affection for on the score of old acquaintance, and that sort of feel about her you can, I'm sure, comprehend. She and her very beautiful daughter are in town now, and very happy to be together. I was much entertain'd with Sal's account of the abuse on her for being a fine lady, give her her due *elle n'est rien moins*. It arose I understand from her telling a French lady she did not know Lady Shrewsbury,<sup>2</sup> being one she saw little about in London. However, it's better they should have abused her on this account than the abuse of her in England. What comforts one about that is its being so untrue no thinking body will believe it. A young gentleman told me that another gentleman told him she had four lovers all well with her, and that it was surprising with what art she play'd them off at one another. The women, you may imagine, envy her so much, and she, a little toad, loves dearly to flirt with another woman's lover; so it's not surprising they abuse her. I hope she don't know it, because it would vex her, and 'tis quite impossible for her not to flirt. She worries that poor pretty boy Carlisle to death, I believe, when they are together. His is a serious attachment; I believe those boyish likings are generally very strong; he is a sweet youth. I hope William's hand will improve, to be sure it's bad at present. Caution him if he should get a cough at Vienna to leave it immediately, for I'm told it's a very bad place for a cough, which is apt to stick by people there. I do sincerely wish him success at Dublin, it will please

<sup>1</sup> Catherine, 2nd dau. of James Macartney.

<sup>2</sup> Elizabeth (1724-1809), dau. of John Dormer, 7th Lord Dormer, and wife of George Talbot, 14th Earl of Shrewsbury.

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

him so excessively.<sup>1</sup> I yesterday had a letter from Emily ; when I shall be able to answer it, God knows. Adieu, my sweet siss. Believe me most affectionately yours.

Harry is well again ; we take him with us. Poor Lord Albemarle is gone abroad. How came you to imagine his disorder like the Duke of Leinster's ? I hope in God they have no resemblance. Lord Albemarle's is from the heat of the Havanna climate. He has either a violent disorder in his bowels, or the piles in a dreadful manner. He has had the latter so much lately, and so much evacuation from them, he is perfectly easy, but so thin and emaciated, one should not know him. I'm told he is forbid a drop of wine or meat. How that will do with one who has lived freely I don't know, but it's a great change and dangerous, I should think. The physical people don't think his case desperate, but think the chance against him.

344. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Paris, Thursday, the 29th of October [1767].

We arrived here at dinner yesterday, my dear sister. The post don't go out till two or three days hence, but as I forsee much hurry here I begin my letter to-day. I was in hopes all the world would be at Fontainebleau, and that I should have only Madame Geoffrin and Lady Mary Chabôt to see. But unluckily for me they are all return'd earlier than usual from Fontainebleau, and I must acquit myself of certain civilities and visits, the omitting of which would make me appear rude and ungrateful for those I formerly received. This with shops and buying, impossible to avoid here, will make me live in a perpetual hurry, I fear, and what makes this worse is having had one of my bad headaches on the road, which always leaves my head disturbed and weak afterwards for some time. Our weather has been charming indeed, and Lord Holland is really very well. He would loiter here a good while, I dare say, to amuse me, but I shall hurry to Nice, for Paris is not enough

---

<sup>1</sup> A reference to the fact that the Marquis of Kildare was at this time a candidate for the City of Dublin. On 28th Nov., he was returned as Member by a majority of 137. He was then still on the Continent

[1767]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

preferable to London with regard to climate (tho' it is better) for me not to be under apprehension while he is here of a return of his asthma. Lady Rochford was with us last night; she is civil and entertaining, knows nothing of the French tho', and would not be the comfortable body to me were I to stay that Lady Hertford was. Harry is quite well, but takes the bark still. I am in a dirty *hôtel garni*, but having a garden to it; it is quite backwards, a great merit in an *hôtel garni*. I shall write by bits as I have time in this letter; at present, adieu.

*Saturday, 31st.*—It's mighty pleasant, dear siss, when one has been absent some years to find the same friendly reception as if one had lived all along with the people, which is my case here. I'm tempted sometimes from other people's account of the Paris to think it alter'd from when I was here; but indeed I find it just the same, and keep to my opinion—they are the pleasantest people to live with and the style of life infinitely more agreeable than that of any other town I ever was in. It's quite a treat to me finding conversable women, after being in Italy, and really *chez nous cela nous manque*. I was vastly pleased to find Madame Geoffrin, who is not reck'ned to talk more favourably of people than they deserve, commend Sal and say she had been *très sage et très raisonnable* during her stay last winter here, notwithstanding the fuss made with her. Do you know it has put me in vast good humour to hear this, as I never scarcely go see anybody in London whom I'm free with (except Lady Brown) who don't, after asking how pretty Lady Sarah does, always bring in some abuse of her sweet little soul—"it's pity she does so and so, tho' I dare say she means well," and all that sort of conversation, you know. Lord Holland wants to stay here till we are more certain of dear Charles's motions than we now are. I shall be rather sorry, in the first place for the reason I before mention'd; secondly, I can't comfortably enter into Paris life, leaving him at home and none of his people about him, and thirdly I believe was I to do it I should not be so well as I have been of late, as sitting up, which to a certain degree is unavoidable, would not agree with me, I believe.

*November 1st.*—I must not close this letter without telling you that Mr Upton some time ago told me he could not refuse at his brother and sister Campbell's request, to desire of me to

[1767]  
LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

beg the favour of you, to beg the favour of the Duke of Leinster to recommend a Mr Martin, brother of Mrs Walsingham Agar, to the Lord Lieutenant, for what I do not know, only in general. Those are sort of things nobody hates doing so much as I do, so *je m'acquitte de ma commission* as I was desired, which was to mention it to you. Adieu. Yours ever,

C. Holland.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1768

345. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Nice, the 26th of March [1768].

It seems an age, dear siss, since I heard from Carton. The post to-day will bring in several Irish packets at once I suppose, but it goes out before it arrives to-day. However, it's so long since I wrote to you or yours I must let you know a little what we are about, and having nothing to say never makes my letters to you less long. William, who writes frequently to me, says in his last he had not heard of a long time from Ireland. I find he is in daily expectation of a recall on election account. I hope if he does go soon, I shall soon hear he is to marry Miss Fitzgerald.<sup>1</sup> Lord Holland is quite eager about it; so am I, because William is; and *that* I think, as far as those worldly considerations are, very desirous. It seems quite odd to be so near as we are to Turin and yet its being so impracticable a journey. The letters from him come the third day here; he sends us good butter, once or twice a week, and tongues, which are remarkably good there. *Il est rempli d'attentions.* I love him dearly. Talking of good things, the oil and anchovies will I hope go safe; they are setting out. I have also sent some sardines which I think good. It's quite provoking, but they all tell me here it's the best way to send them in an English ship to England, and then to Ireland. I hope they will arrive safe, and also your china, some Italian flowers sent from Geneva immediately to Ireland, and a *rose-leaved and ormoulu tent or métier* to work at, which are made not only very pretty, but exceedingly convenient at Paris; and having recollected Ciss was quite a Penelope for handiwork, I thought such a tent might be agreeable, and desired Sir John Lambert<sup>2</sup> to send

<sup>1</sup>Caroline (d. 1823), dau. of Richard Fitzgerald, of Mount Offaly, Co. Kildare, an heiress. She m., in 1769, her cousin, Robert King, styled Viscount Kingsborough (afterwards 2nd Earl of Kingston) who was then aged 15 years. The marriage was not a happy one, and they were later separated.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Lambert, 3rd Bart., a banker in Paris (d. 1799).

[1768]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

one from Paris. He wrote me word he had found an opportunity of sending the gold for the *torn* lash, as Lady George calls it, so I hope that will come safe to hand. I desire to be inform'd of the arrival of all those things when they do arrive.

Our fine weather continues too fine for me, who heartily join with the inhabitants in prayers for rain ; everything is parched up and so dusty. This month of March is not such pleasant weather as the winter months, the sun is so intolerably hot, and what is still worse, so light and glaring to my eyes with the white roads, white walls, and no green grass, that I have no pleasure out in the middle of the day. Sometimes the wind is hot, sometimes cold (we have more wind this month than we had before), and it's not prudent to be out too late of evenings, particularly for me who have had pains in my teeth and gums and defusions of late. It's very odd in this dry climate, but people tell me they are exceedingly subject to it here, which I can now easily believe, as I see the peasants here and in Provence wear thick double muslin handkerchiefs tied about their chin, which the young ones of *fête* days put on in a variety of ways ; it's a dress that looks clean and pretty. Easter Monday we set out, and go immediately to Marseilles, thence to Nîmes, where antiquities are to be seen, to Aix for a day or two, then to Lyons where I hope to stay some time. In England I would not be till the 20th of May, lest the change should affect Lord Holland ; and yet if dear Louisa should again be hurrying away I should be very sorry to miss of her. At Lyons I expect to hear how her motions are settled, from thence you shall know mine more positively. In the meantime adieu, dearest sister. 'Tis now four years almost since we met, the longest absence since we were born. We shall forget one another's ways and be perfect strangers I fear, tho' the tenderest and sincerest affection and friendship will ever remain for you in the heart of your affectionate sister

C. Holland.

346. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Nice, the 1st of April [1768].

I wrote to my dearest sister last week, to Ciss last post, but must before I leave Nice thank you kindly and heartily

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

for your most tender and affectionate letter of March the 4th, which gave me inexpressible pleasure. Tho' absence has not lessen'd the friendship and love I bear my dear sister, yet, as you justly observe, there are times and moments one is as it were awak'ned, and impressions of that sort revive more strongly in one's mind.

I see with great satisfaction how well your eyes are ; God send they may continue so. Do I comprehend the hurry of spirits you have lived in ? Most perfectly well. How like we are in some of those things ! The notes and cards I receive at my return from Holland House to Piccadilly worry me to death, and I wish'd there had been no such invention as a message card. For the two winters I spent in Piccadilly perhaps nobody ever did keep so regularly going anywhere (when they had no call) as I did, going every morning to Holland House. I don't think I could bear living in a town without so doing ; and tho' it might hurry you sometimes, I'm sure it was better and pleasanter for you to go to the Black Rock when you had so many agreeable little boys to call you there. This time thirteen years we were together. Harry's christening it was. I do hope, dear siss, we shall again spend some part of our time together ; mine I always imagine, you know, will be a long one, God send yours may too, tho' God knows whether a long life is to be wished ! In a few days I shall be forty-five. I do remember very well, and ever shall, our parting in the Cicpolu at Whitehall. With regard to dreams as well as spirits, I own I am of Mr Addison's<sup>1</sup> opinion, it's a kind of thing presumptuous absolutely to disbelieve, and very weak to trouble one's mind about it. I have indeed passed as agreeable a winter as I could wish ; not having been very well this last month has made me enjoy it less than I did the two or three first ; we shall have been here four the 6th of December. I have kept an exact register of the weather ; 'tis a glorious climate yet the dryness of it would frequently make it very unpleasant to me. Monday next the 4th of April we set out. I have lately had the *maladie de pays* come so violently on me I feel quite delighted with the thoughts of seeing dear England and still dearer Holland House, now my own,<sup>2</sup> the Act of Parliament having passed to make it ours.

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Addison, the essayist.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Holland, who had rented Holland House from William Edwardes in 1746, purchased the house this spring.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I'm sure the Duke of Leinster will approve of that measure. You don't mention him. I hope he is well and pleased with the situation of things. I don't fancy he was quite pleased or easy in his own, when the mob (tho' out of love and kindness) carry'd his chair.

Lord Holland is wild about the Fitzgerald match ; you know how eager and impatient he is to bring about anything he thinks desirable ; he wants you to send for him immediately. I am most exceedingly for the match because William himself is ; but I think the Duke of Leinster and you upon the spot must know how far it may be necessary to hasten it immediately. There was a Colonel Holmes here, a friend of the Marquess, who informed him how likely it was she might already be engaged to the Kings who would take certain measures to secure her in their family. The Marquess is so meek and so obliging a temper, he will make almost any woman happy, and not easily let her disturb him. Adieu. I really wish it of all things, and am, my dearest sister, yours most affectionately.

Charles leaves Nice the day we do and sets out for Italy. I don't like parting with him, as you may imagine. I hope dear Louisa will stay in England to see me. I wonder at her courage in ever returning again to sea, after being so frequently in bad weather.

Yours,

C. Holland.

Since the 21st of January, except one or two days a little snow and a few drops of rain, we have had no wet at all.

347. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Lyons, the 21st of April, [1768].

My dearest sister,

I have received a letter dated the 23rd of March from your agreeable daughter since I came here, but as I wrote to her from Nîmes I choose this time to have a little conversation with you. We arrived at Lyons the 16th, and shall stay till the 25th of this month. Our journey thro' Provence was windy, dusty, hot and cold, yet not very unpleasant. Since our arrival here we have had rain and mild weather, very pleasant I think after seeing no rain for three months, but to be sure we don't

find here our *beau ciel de Nice*. The worst part of the journey is however over, Lord Holland very well, and we intend going from hence to Geneva, from Geneva to Neuchatel, from thence to Basil, Strasbourg, and so to Nanci, not taking Paris in our *route*. My life here seems quite a gay one after the quietness of Nice. I go to the play, I sup out, am in a noisy busy town. I should not like it for long, but a little variety does very well.

I have received a letter from the Marquess, which I enclose, as you will see his thoughts about Miss F. in it. I think it very particular, but very lucky he should be so eager about it, and could not answer to myself the neglecting to inform you of his sentiments upon it. Which now I think of it I had better repeat than make you pay a double packet: "I own I am rather sorry my journey has been delay'd merely on account of M. F., but otherwise I am as well away from elections. I am afraid that they don't think so seriously about her as I do. I wish you would give some hints in some of your letters, as I can assure you it is a thing I have much at heart, and a thing of great consequence to our family, which is so numerous and not to be neglected. As I am afraid of Master King, he is very young, but Colonel Holmes' authority is very good." He has not got it from his dear Mama to be sure, but I assure [you] William, without ever doing anything scrubby or shabby, has a proper regard for money, and seems to have no extravagant turn at all. He is much form'd, not childish, but seems to know his own mind very well, which really makes me hope this match may take place, and such an opportunity of making him the greatest subject almost in Europe may not be left. I hope you'll not have such frightful doing at your elections as there has been in London about Wilkes. *J'en suis indignée* and ashamed for my country that such an infamous fellow who tramples on all laws and religion, besides having the vilest character in private life, should meet with success, and go unpunish'd. Going to Geneva puts me in mind of four volumes of Voltaire I sent you from thence last year; did you ever receive them? I'm much troubled at a private piece of news I heard since I came here—Miss Blake's being to live entirely with Sally. I wish Sal may not repent it; those things seldom succeed. It will be mighty uncomfortable to me, I'm sure, never to have Sal without her; besides I know she will govern Sal entirely, she is that kind of

[1768]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

girl. Does dear Louisa approve the measure ? The girl is clever and lively, to be sure, and I hope I mistake her character, *mais elle ne me plaît point*. Adieu, my dear sweet siss. This letter is wrote by candlelight, and my old eyes are so blind my writing must be less intelligible than ever. God bless you and yours !

C. Holland.

348. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Basil, May the 4th, [1768].

This letter won't be put into the post till I come to Nanci, but staying a day here I thought I would begin it and give my dearest sister some account of my journey thro' Swiss. From Geneva to Lausanne is all by the side of the beautiful lake of Geneva. Lausanne is an ugly town, but the situation odd and pretty. The country from thence to this place is charming. Indeed, imagine to yourself every object that can beautify a prospect : lakes, rivers, mountains, rich valleys, corn fields, a great verdure, as there are the finest meadows I ever saw, vast woods, in short the most agreeable variety imaginable. It is by much the finest country I ever saw. Great cleanliness among the lowest people, who are very rich, but to be sure the most hideous ugly set of people I ever beheld. The women are scarcely human ; I never saw anything like them. They are not quite so bad in the towns, but ugly enough there, at least all I saw, the better sort of people I saw none of. 'Tis four days' journey from Lausanne here. We travel there *par voiture* as they call it, that is hired horses, from Geneva, there being no post here. Bearn is a sweet pretty town, the walks and environs of it charming, as you may suppose, in that lovely country. This place is spelt Basil but is called Bâle ; it is situated on the Rhine. The windows of our inn, where I am now writing, look out upon it. We are to go by water to Strasbourg if the weather permits. Yesterday was the hottest afternoon I ever felt, such a one would be charming on the water, but in the carriage it fatigued Lord Holland and I so much we

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

stay here to rest this day. The inns are excessively clean. These two last days' journey put me in mind of Holland a little too much, not the country, but the houses and the people's ways. German is their language here; they many of them speak bad French too. 'Tis two half days from hence to Strasbourg as we make it; perhaps I may write a little more there. I shall find many letters I suppose at Nanci, as Sir John Lambert has been desired to send all there since we left Lyons. I have been much amused on the road with a new volume of Swift's *Letters*<sup>1</sup>, all to Stella; the political part of them entertain'd me exceedingly. Have you read them? Do you like them? Have you read enough of those times to be at all interested in them? I am exceedingly so for Lord Oxford<sup>2</sup> and the Tory Ministry, and dislike the Whigs as much in those times as I do now and in all others.

*Thursday, May 5th.*—I only write two lines now to tell you I am on the Rhine, in a boat in my way to Strasbourg; it's a very pretty navigation, a charming day, and a most beautiful river. My head was not well in the morning, when we first out, nor is vastly right now, so I'll say no more, but was resolved to write a word. What a traveller I am!

*Strasbourg, Thursday.* Here we are after two days pleasant navigation and avoiding two very hot dusty days' journey, which we otherwise should have had. On the water we had a cool breeze, but going in our carriage only two miles last night, and at our inn, Lord Holland and I were quite overcome with heat. A little sprinkling rain to-night promises us a pleasant journey to Nanci. I liked the town of Basil, everybody looks so busy in it; there are no *noblesse* there I understand, all tradespeople. This is a town of great amusement, *beaucoup de beau monde, noblesse*, etc., a vast number of soldiers here; Maréchal Contade<sup>3</sup> commands. This is you know a frontier town, and belonged to France only since Louis XIV.'s time. The language of the common people is still German. I saw at Basil a strange old painting of Holbein's called *The Dance of the Dead*,<sup>4</sup> which you may have read or heard of. To be sure,

<sup>1</sup> Three further volumes of Correspondence were added to the Collective Edition of Swift's Works in 1767.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Harley (1661-1724), 1st Earl of Oxford; the patron of Swift.

<sup>3</sup> Louis Georges Erasme (1704-93), Marquis de Contades, Maréchal de France.

<sup>4</sup> The famous *Dance of Death*, by Hans Holbein the Younger, (1497-1543.)

[1768]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

sweet siss, within this last year and a half I have seen a great variety of country, people, etc., etc.

*Nanci, May the 12th.*

We came here the day before yesterday. We stayed half a day at Limeville<sup>1</sup> to see old Stanislaus's<sup>2</sup> palace and gardens, all in disorder since his death. It [is] a pretty town, prettily situated, but not so pretty as this, which is exceedingly so; tho' a small town, it is the most regular built one except Turin I ever saw. By the little I saw of the company supping at Lady Mary Churchill's last night, I should imagine it was a very agreeable to be in. She has been here three years, and likes it exceedingly. There is a play. The ladies have more the *ton* and air of the Paris women than they have at Lyons. We shall leave this place the day after to-morrow, the 14th of May. Our weather is delightful, I don't remember so fine a spring this vast while. Some hours in the post-chaise are too hot for me, but upon the whole our journey has been as pleasant as so long a journey can be hitherto. We were very lucky to be upon the Rhine the two violent hot days. I find no letter here from you or yours. One from Lady Mary Fox informs me my little granddaughter is just recover'd the inoculation. What tempted them to inoculate the child so young? Was [it] Mr Sutton's fashionable inoculation, which will spread the distemper all over England, his patients all going out in the air, be the weather what it will, with the smallpox out upon them. He has had most amazing success, so *il n'y a pas le mot à dire*, but it seems odd. My letter from England also tells me that the Lady Stowel<sup>3</sup> has refused our Black Earl; it is still thought it will be a match. Adieu, my dear sister; I shall have tired your eyes with this long letter. God bless you. I hope you are now enjoying fine weather at your dear Carton. Lord Holland is just now mighty well, but he has ups and downs as they say. Yours,

C. Holland.

<sup>1</sup> Lunéville.

<sup>2</sup> On his final abdication of the Throne of Poland in 1736, Stanislaus I. (1677-1766) received by way of compensation the dukedom of Lorraine and Bar, when he settled at Lunéville.

<sup>3</sup> Mary (1726-80), *suo jure* Baroness Stawell of Somerton, widow of Rt. Hon. Bilson Legge, m. on 11 Oct., 1768, as his 2nd wife Willes, Earl of Hillsborough (cr. Marquis of Downshire).

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

349. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Rheims, Tuesday, the 17th of May, [1768].

My dear sister,

I found here yours of the 25th of April informing me of the dear girls being recover'd of the measles, which I am extremely glad to hear, and wish you sincerely joy of ; it's a comfortable thing over. Those fits of Ciss are alarming, but I don't doubt her outgrowing them. I am in more fear for dear little Emily's (as I call her, tho' perhaps she is now a bouncing girl) *poitrine*, because the measles leaves an ugly cough frequently. I am very glad the frame was a present that would please. I had heard what a workwoman Ciss was. Your pieces of china I did think as pretty as any I ever saw, and am infinitely happy they can afford my dear siss a moment's pleasure. Poor dear Louisa, how she has been worried about. I'm quite glad to know her quiet, tho' I have lost the pleasure of seeing her. I shall be much disappointed tho', should I lose it next winter. As for your schemes about Ciss, it's time enough to talk about them. She will always be heartily welcome *chez moi et je serai charmée de la posséder pendant quelque temps*, but I don't like your not thinking of coming among us yourself, dearest sister, at all ; that idea vexes me so much I can't think of anything else. As to Sutton's inoculation I own I did feel as if I should be fearful about it, but the immense success it has met with makes it a reasonable thing to do I think. However, should those things come into question, Ciss at her age must decide for herself entirely ; 'tis impossible to advise. I'm quite sorry dear Emily lost the ball she proposed so much pleasure in, and that you were deprived of the pleasure you would have had seeing Ciss and her so pleased. Indeed I do hope to be a little settled again ; I'm tired of wandering about. We are all well, but four days' journey to Calais now. I don't fear the sea, but am sick and hate it, for even when I'm not very sick I am uncomfortable and miserable to a degree. When I come home I shall send you the picture which I find is at last arrived from Italy. Charles is now at Rome. I miss him sadly. The Marquess I have lately heard from from Turin ; he mends in his writing, and is an exact correspondent. My next letter I shall I hope give you

[1768]

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

a description of little Caroline, whom they have already inoculated. I think it was a risk at that age, but it's over, thank God, and so I'm glad of it. I told you I believe that Lady Mary was breeding again, which I'm also glad of, one child is such an anxiety. Adieu, my dearest sister. Love to all. Yours,

C. Holland.

350. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 25th of May, [1768].

I have the pleasure to inform my dear sister that we arrived safe here from Dover last Monday, being obliged by wind and tide to land there, which is not so agreeable as landing here at our own door; but thank God here we are safe and well after the fatigue of a very long journey indeed. Upon the whole it has succeeded. Lord Holland is certainly better, and our journey home has been amusing. We have not had four days' bad weather upon the road. We had fine weather on our first arrival here; to-day is a vile east wind without sun. I am this afternoon setting out for Rochester, and hope to dine with dear Ste and Lady Mary in Piccadilly to-morrow. Spring is exceedingly backward here, and I don't love this place till July or August. Sir George Macartney, who was so obliging as to meet us here, stays to come in a few days with Lord Holland. He has really the affection and attention of a son for Lord Holland, which is very pleasing, as he is one of the most agreeable companions I know, and one of the most valuable men. I received a letter from you of the 25th of April just after I had wrote to you from Rheims. I thank you for it. Upon looking at my letters I find I answer'd that of the 25th of April, and received one since which I have lost, and forget the date of it. I remember tho' you mention'd Miss F. being too young to marry in it, because Lord Holland has worry'd ever since for me to tell you our mother<sup>1</sup> was married by thirteen and that my father travell'd afterwards; and then, says he, what becomes of *la chose qui n'est pas possible*, that being your expression. I'm vastly glad your girls have got over the measles. I find poor

<sup>1</sup> Sarah, 2nd Duchess of Richmond.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

dear Ciss was very ill. You'll not expect a comfortable letter from me yet awhile. I shall have so much to do at my return. How charming is home after so long an absence ! I'm glad I have seen what I have seen tho'. France is a most glorious country indeed, and not what the generality of English people think it to be who only go from Calais to Paris ; nor are their troops at all like the French soldier in Hogarth. I who mind soldiers very little could not help admiring what numbers of immense fine troops they have. Then there are a number of fine towns, all well peopled and flourishing, with most agreeable society in them and all the conveniences of life.

Adieu, dear siss. Most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

Charles does remember you, both loves and admires you ; he is indeed an amiable boy as ever lived. I only fear his indolence will get the better of his superior genius, which won't satisfy my vanity. I shall not be content with his being only an amiable sensible agreeable man. I have wrote this letter queerly, but did not find it out till I had wrote the two first pages.

351. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Tuesday, June the 14th, [1768].

My dear sister,

Since I wrote I have from Paris received a letter of yours sent there, dated the 16th of May, which I'm much obliged to you for. In that letter you was impatiently waiting to go to Carton ; by letters received of a fresher date before that I find you are at Carton, and completely settled. Everybody has I believe a great deal of business before they leave a place and are first settling. I know I always fancy I have, which is just the same thing you know ; at Holland House I really have a vast deal. I'm glad the Duke of Leinster is still eager and amused with business and politics. Indeed there is no greater misfortune to men who have once enter'd into that sort of life and conversation than the being obliged to quit it from ill-health, disgust, or any other reason, *l'homme est un animal qu'il faut occuper*. I'm glad you are on a civil agreeable footing with the

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Townshends,<sup>1</sup> it's always more agreeable. She is quite the right sort of woman in a politic character I think; indeed being a little dull and stupid is an advantage in most situations, and she is a mighty good creature as ever lived. I don't know anything whether Lord H.<sup>2</sup> is pleased or displeased with Irish affairs, Lord Holland and I having seen him but one minute since our arrival; politics (for he is very busy) and love (for he pretends to be violently in love with Lady Stawel) entirely take him up of late. He is in the main a good kind of man, and I shall always feel a friendly disposition towards him, but I don't admire his character. He has parts; but there is I think a *petitesse* in his character, nothing open or great in his way of thinking, or acting. His ideas are all little and confined; yet in his way I believe he loves us, and I really love him and wish him well. Indeed, my dearest sister, I think our mobs are so serious, and the levelling disposition of the people in this Kingdom so frightful I hate to think of it; but indeed I don't see any principles of subordination or restraints in the minds of any set of people in this country at present. People seem to set at nought all the ties that used to contain us within bounds; irreligion and treason may be openly professed, infamous women and men who cheat at play admitted into the best company. I really think a little hypocrisy is less hurtful than the openly avowing all vice. Even ideas of honour both in men and women, which used to supply the place of higher virtues and be some restraint, are now ridiculed and our macaronis let people accuse them of cheating at play without calling them to account for it. But enough of this old woman's talk.

Are not you delighted with our dear little Sally's thinking herself with child? I'm exceedingly happy about it. She was here a week, and by what she told me she has now all the reason in the world to think herself three months and a fortnight gone; you can't imagine how anxious I feel about it. I dread her Spa journey lest she should meet with any accident. She left me last Sunday; next Monday she returns to town, then sets out for Paris, where she stays a fortnight, and then to Spa.

<sup>1</sup> George Townshend, 4th Viscount Townshend became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Oct., 1767

<sup>2</sup> Earl of Hillsborough.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

I shall long for her return. By her own account to me she is in a disagreeable scrape, by taking Miss Blake to live with her. She says she could not help it, but that she did not know how unhappy a temper the girl was of. She gave me a long account of her. She says she is good-natured and has a good heart. but by her account I believe her a horrid girl. I'm glad however Sal is not so fond of her as she was, because the girl won't govern her as I feared she would. Unless she says anything on this subject to Louisa or you in her letters, don't mention it to her, for writing about things and talking about them are very different ; but as I never see my dear sister I must talk to her about everything. Ste and Lady Mary and Caroline are here. Lady Mary is well again after miscarrying ; she is to bathe in the sea so we shall have her August and September at Kingsgate. Lord Holland is much as he was, the rest are well, Harry gone to school. Adieu. Yours most affectionately,  
C. Holland.

352. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

[June, 1768].

Lord Clare<sup>1</sup>, who goes to Ireland next week, will bring Emily and Cecilia two tambour work fans ; they are in a new taste, so may be acceptable. If the picture is not too large I'll endeavour to get him to carry that. If he don't, send me your direction to the Customs House, how to send it, for I have forgot. I send Emily also a pair of Geneva worked ruffles ; as she is [a] little delicate creature she may admire that nice work.

I have received from you, I suppose, a very pretty maroon colour Irish stuff which I like vastly. Don't I owe you for one besides, or for something else ? Did I ever pay for the striped lutestring ? Adieu. Yours,

C. Holland.

I fear your picture, which is gone to be framed, will not come home in time to send by Lord Clare, and tho' 'tis a small picture, when framed and packed up it may be too large to trouble anybody with in their post-chaise.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Nugent was created Viscount Clare, 1767.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

353. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, June 30th, [1768].

My dearest sister,

At the same time Cecilia's letter gives me great pleasure (as I feel vastly obliged to her for wishing to see her friends in this part of the world, and for giving my house the preference), and that nothing can be more agreeable than a visit from her, yet, my dearest sister, it gives me the utmost concern to think you have so entirely given us all up ; for undoubtedly had you the least intention of coming here within these two or three years, Ciss would not think of leaving you when Louisa is to be absent also. Consider how much you will miss them both in the winter time, particularly when you have not your Carton and out of doors amusements. Consider also whether you could bear the thoughts of Cecilia's marrying in England, which may happen, or may not, *car nous aimons la nouveauté dans ce pays ici*, and I hear she is very handsome. I must now tell you another objection, but you must not mention it to any one mortal living except the Duke of Leinster, indeed you must not, dear siss, even to Louisa. Our sweet dear amiable Sally with the best of hearts, and most delightful good qualities, which make me love her as well as I do my own children, has, at least I fear she has, for I have not been in the way to see it, an imprudence in her conduct, which makes our ill-natured world abuse her most unmercifully ; indeed, there are no ill-natured stories they don't set about [her], poor dear little soul. About her now, whether living as she naturally and necessarily will with Sal, will not be a hurt to Ciss, who I'm told is vastly well-behaved, in the eyes of the world. You'll forgive me but I could not help offering all these objections to you, as I'm sure Ciss will be led to do as you think right ; young people must have some regard to the world, bad as it is. Thank God I am come to such a perfect contempt of it that unless it gives those I love uneasiness, which I fear it often does poor Sal, I should not care a straw what was said of them, when I knew their innocence. Now, I have said all this if we don't go abroad, which I believe is settled, that you and Cecilia choose she should come ; I shall be pleased and happy to see her, and

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

contribute as much as I can to her amusement *sans me déranger*, as that I'm sure she would not like. Lady Hills were here at a little ball I gave Tuesday last ; they are exceedingly improved indeed. Sal goes on well in her *grossesse*. I believe Lord Ossory will take your picture, but lest he should not, do send me word where to direct it. Adieu, my dear sister. Ste and Lady Mary are at Salisbury races. What a wonderful young woman she is, in the most quiet way *sans prétentions* and wherewithal to have the greatest ! Ste is indeed a lucky mortal. Poor boy, it's happy he should have some compensation for his personal infirmities, which I don't love to think of, but deafness, sleepiness and size I fear increase daily. Lord Holland continues well in health. Harry is a[t] school as well pleased as if he had always been there ; he is really a fine boy, quite different in his disposition from his brothers, whom he loves dearly, particularly Charles. We shall see dear Charles in August I hope ; he is the comfort of my life in every respect. Sarah is here, so is Miss Blake, while Sir Charles is gone jaunting to Paris. Why he went I can't well tell, I believe because travelling is good for his disorders—the gravel, which is one, and change of place for his *ennui*, which is another. My dearest sister, how we hurry away with one thing or another the minute allotted us here. Surely were there not something better to come it would be a miserable foolish affair. Yours ever,

C. Holland.

354. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 19th of August, [1768].

My dearest sister,

I have just received a letter from your charming daughter, which I will answer to you, as it seems an age since I wrote to you. I'm glad you have entirely recover'd your *politic accident*, and that your eye is getting well again. Harry gives the same account of Master King that Emily does. He is at Eton School, and he says he never saw an uglier little monkey in his life, and that he acts quite like a child, but for all that unless the Duke of Leinster outbids him, I fear he will get Miss from the Marquess.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

We are very full just now, my three sons, Lady Mary, Sir George and Lady Jane.<sup>1</sup> Sir George is a most cheerful companion ; Lady Jane is a very amiable woman, but as I have only that sort of acquaintance with her from visits and assemblies, her being in the house to me, who am only used to my own family, is a little awkward at first ; she has the misfortune of being deafish, not so bad as my poor Ste, but between them I grow quite hoarse.

Lord Holland continues well ; God send he may in winter ! The weather has been charming ever since I came here. My dear Charles has suffer'd a great deal ever since he came with boils in his arms one after another. He is I hope getting rid of them, as he is well enough to go to town to see Sally next week ; and I hope he will consult somebody about his health, as he seems to have a sharp humour in his blood, attended perhaps with some *maladie de jeune homme*. He looks sadly. What time of year do Louisa and Ciss talk of coming ? Indeed, I can't give way to the pleasure the thoughts of seeing them will be when I think you lose them, if Lord Holland is well this winter. I flatter myself we may make it agreeable to Ciss ; novelty at her age is always pleasant. I hope we may make it pleasant to her without her running into the excessive dissipation and hurry of London. Sally's lying-in will keep her quite quiet, so will her nursing afterwards, which she is determin'd upon if she can bring it about.

Adieu, my dearest siss. Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

355. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Kingsgate, the 8th of September, [1768].

Dear sister, I send you enclosed a letter from Lady Margaret Bentinck, who says she fears you have not received one she wrote you some time ago. I hope by this time dear Cecilia is entirely recovered ; your spirits have been sadly hurry'd I fear about her. Emily will have informed you of our young people's frolic. It's a fine thing to have those young spirits. How you and I some years ago, sweet siss, should have liked such a

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Macartney had m. the previous Feb., Lady Jane Stuart, 2nd dau. of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

jaunt! They have delightful weather for theirs. I expect them home again within the fortnight if they don't chance to be wind-bound at Calais, which seldom happens for a long time. Soon after their return I propose to go to Holland House, and return here or not as I find Lord Holland stays. He is very well, and escaped the cold which has gone about here, from the weather changing from very warm to be vastly cold for some days. I hear Sally goes on well. Charles was very well when he return'd from London. My little grand-daughter is here; 'tis a pretty child indeed, you would like it vastly. Adieu, dearest siss. I have nothing to say but that I am most affectionately yours,

C. Holland.

I'm very sorry for poor Lady Hervey's death; but she was in her sixty-ninth year, and one must not flatter oneself one shall long keep one's friends at that age; she had been breaking these two years.

356. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 6th of October, [1768].

I can't express, my dearest sister, the pleasure your long and most affectionate letter gave me, nor how very happy the assurances you give me that we shall again meet, make me. I do hope if the Duke of Leinster won't come in a family way to his pretty house in Arlington Street (which I hoped would tempt him) that you will put your other scheme in execution. Dear siss, till I have seen this winter over with Lord Holland I can form no schemes. The summer cold weather has not affected him at all; his constitution is so much mended, he has certainly no illness at present likely to be at all fatal; his nerves are shattered. Lord, how changed you'll think him, tho' to us he seems well. He says it's a sad thing to be old, and wishes often it was all over, not but that he is very cheerful at times, talks nonsense in abundance, and diverts himself vastly with building towers, ruins and castles, at Kingsgate. I take this opportunity when I'm not with him of giving you a particular account of him. As for myself I would not say so to everybody, because they would say *the grapes were sour*

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

(I don't know how to spell sower), but hitherto I do protest *que je ne regrette point ma jeunesse*, and I think I am infinitely happier and have better health and spirits than ever I had ; tho' the spirits are to be sure not of the same kind, and that mine at times will always when I'm not well be low, or rather hurry'd, for that's my kind of low spirits, not *abattement*, thank God. Indeed I have more to make me happy than almost anybody, and feel thankful for it. I'm sorry to find one thing, which is that I shall feel more sorry to leave this world than I should twenty years ago. I think it was Bishop Atterbury<sup>1</sup> that said life like a lottery ticket grew more precious as there were fewer chances in the wheel.

What you tell me of Lady Emily gives me infinite pleasure ; it is confirm'd by all who see her. The Bishop of Ferns talks of nothing else but her figure, manner, and understanding. I fancy she and my Charles are alike in their understanding. What a comfort she is to you ! As to dear Ciss, I can exactly understand what you mean. I dare say she is infinitely amiable and to be loved. I'm sorry she has such bad health. I hope the English journey may answer her expectations. Her having a grave quiet turn is a lucky thing for herself and those who are interested about her ; she will avoid the scrapes that dear sweet angel her lovely sister Sally gets into, whom one lives in continual anxiety about. I am in hopes this little child that's coming may settle her a little. Sir Charles and she live perfectly well together ; he grows more attentive to her and fonder of her every day. I tell you this because I dare say the ill-natured stories set about her may have reach'd Ireland.

My young folks return'd last Tuesday seven'ight ; at seven in the morning I had the satisfaction to see them land. They had a very agreeable journey and most delightful voyage. They were absent just three weeks, saw the Hague in their progress, and went to see poor Lady Margaret, whom they made very happy with their visit. I left Lady Mary and Charles at Kingsgate. Ste is at Salisbury. I came here last Monday. They will all be in town for the masquerade that is to be Monday. Lady Mary, who is a great *trouble grudyer*, as Lord Ilchester calls it, has left the ordering her masquerade dress to me, and it's an employment I don't dislike. I shall not go [to] it myself ;

<sup>1</sup> Francis Atterbury, (1662-1732), Bishop, politician, and man of letters.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

those entertainments are no amusement to me, and I dread a crowd. Lord Holland stays some time longer at Kingsgate; he will have somebody with him all the time. I don't think Lady Hervey was particularly fond of trifling amusements; she was affected, but a most friendly obliging woman, whose whole pleasure was society; I liked her house vastly, and lament her. I agree with you a taste for trifling amusements is a great happiness. Perhaps I go farther; I think when one is no more young, nothing is so rational, nothing else is worth while. Apropos to that you have no idea what a beautiful blue and white Indian paper I have just put up in the *salon* here, it's really exceedingly pretty and quite new. This wet season is bad for my farm, which is no small misfortune as I intended getting a vast deal by it. Lord Holland, besides his other buildings at Kingsgate, is going to make a portico, and improve the house there. It is to be an Italian villa, *cela amuse*, does good to the poor people by employing them, and consequently when one can afford it is a rational amusement. Charles's illness has some mixture of *maladie de jeune homme*, so we can't prescribe to him. He was certainly in love with you, once; he is apt to be so, and has had many passions since. Harry is a very handsome and a sensible good-natured child as ever lived; to strangers he appears manly because he is conversable, to us he is intolerably childish sometimes. He learns well and is quick, but has as yet no taste for reading; horses and carriages are his passion and almost his whole occupation.

I wish you joy of so great a treasure as a good tutor for your boys; sweet little dears, how I long to see them! Louisa says Charles is very like Sal in his tempers, and just such a giddy amiable creature as she is. Your Emily is the person I most want to be acquainted with. I dare say you'll be pleased with the Marquess when he returns; his disposition is as amiable as possible. Adieu, my dearest sister, I'm tired of writing as you will be of reading, so adieu. God bless you and preserve you and yours!

C. Holland.

I made such a blot on my third page I was obliged to tear it off and write it over again.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

357. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 22nd, [October, 1768].

I wish, my dearest sister, I could relieve any part of your anxiety by informing you any plan was fixed upon for poor dear Ciss's journey abroad. Not having yet seen my brother, who came to town only last night, and whom I have in vain expected here all day (but he sends me word he has a cold and can't come), so the result of our conversation I shall not be able to tell you till Tuesday, as this is Saturday. But I thought, sweet siss, it was better to write to tell you I had received yours with the very melancholy account of Cecilia's illness. Please God her lungs are not touch'd we may flatter ourselves she may recover, and nothing but the event can satisfy us whether they are or no. I can't express how uneasy your letter has made me ; but you may depend on it, dear sister, if the change of climate is necessary it shall be tried for her. If Lord and Lady George go as they now intend to Minorca, from thence to Naples it will be very lucky. The sea voyage will be of infinite service, in all probability, and I hope there is no doubt of their Regiment going, in which case they go. The Island of Minorca is as rich and dry as possible. Their scheme was to go from thence to visit the Hamiltons at Naples ; if Ciss goes with them it will hasten that scheme. How I do pity you parting with her in this situation. By the time you receive this they will perhaps be here, as Louisa's last letters inform me they set out the 24th. Adieu, my dearest sister ; you shall hear from me every post. I do hope the scheme of going with Lord and Lady George will take place. Lady George is very sensible and will pique herself in taking great care of Cecilia, I'm sure. I can't think nor speak of anything else ; depend upon it she shall go if it's necessary, tho' any of us are put to the greatest inconvenience about it. All shall be done for that sweet girl that can be done. Yours ever. God bless you, dear siss.

C. Holland.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

358. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 27th of October, [1768].

You wished to be inform'd, my dearest sister, when there was any scheme of sending dear Ciss abroad should it be necessary ; which I have some small hope it may not be, for I find the doctor who attends you all don't apprehend her to be so ill as you. I don't wonder your tenderness should sooner take alarm than other people, nor do I think it unlikely you should be the best judge, seeing her constantly ; however, I would fain flatter myself you are mistaken, but we shall see soon. What I have now to tell you is that General Sandford told Sally that Mrs Crofton, his niece (whom I have heard you formerly mention with kindness) is now at Southampton, intending to go abroad for her health. Now should the scheme of going to Minorca and Naples not succeed, by Lord George's being made a General Officer, what should you think of her going to Nice with Mrs Crofton ? I would engage to procure them all conveniences there by writing beforehand, and could instruct them as to their whole journey. General Sandford has wrote to her not from us, but to find out her schemes ; and then we may consider of it if Louisa and Cecilia approve of it, and the other should not take place. What think you of this, dear siss ? Tell me by the return of the post. They were, Louisa told me in her last, to sail, if wind permitted them, the 24th, so next week we may expect them. A south room is airing for Ciss to come into immediately, not to lie a night in London on her first arrival. Is not that right ? I hope dear Lady Emily will keep up your spirits, which I fear will be very bad at parting with your two sisters. Adieu. Love to all yours. I am your affectionate sister,

C. Holland.

This is charming weather for their journey.

359. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

November the 3rd [1768].

My dearest sister, your letter of the 18th made me very

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

happy, as it lessen'd my fears for dear Ciss, tho' I can't but say I still think the circumstance of her cough exceedingly alarming. If they set out as they intended the 25th, they must surely be in England by this time, and I am in daily expectation of a letter from Chester. Indeed, dear sister, one can't take precautions too soon in Cecilia's case ; a consumption comes on before one is aware of it, so pray make no excuses for alarming us. God send anything fatal may be prevented. I myself have an opinion of Duncan, and shall advise her to consult him, tho' he is not the fashion among her other friends here; *chez nous*, since Lord Holland's illness, all physical people are out of fashion. Duncan's advice has lately recover'd two people in her way, and about those kind of things I never scruple giving my opinion, tho' it's contrary to other people's.

I have not quarrelled with Indian paper. I love it vastly in some places, I have hung my bedchamber at Kingsgate with it ; the *salon* here is remarkably pretty and uncommon, as yet. A vexatious affair has just now happ'ned ; there has been a rebellion at Eton School, and Harry walked off among two hundred other boys. We have sent for him home to-day. It's very vexatious, and will unsettle him now he had begun to go on so well. But the worst part of it is Lord Holland's weak nerves being so affected by his fretting at anything of that sort. Otherwise I dare say we shall have no reason to be vexed on Harry's account, he being a boy of an orderly regular disposition, and I dare say only join'd in this affair because he was afraid of being call'd stupid or cowardly. Sir Charles Bunbury will not keep Miss Blake after she is of age, he vows, for he hates her. She is now absent, and going to stay I hope with her friend young Mrs Pointy while Sal lies in. Sal is very big but very well. I don't myself think she will be brought to bed before the end of this month. Adieu, my dear sister. I agree with you perhaps when one grows very old and infirm one may not submit so well to it, but I own I flatter myself I shall go gently down the hill to a better place, and most sincerely hope I shall keep my *droit d'aïnesse* and go first ; so bless you and yours, sweet siss.

C. Holland.

360. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 14th of November [1768].

Tho' I have one of my violent colds which affect my head, spirits, and stomach, and consequently make me as uncomfortable as possible, I can't help writing to inform my dear sister that sweet Ciss is here, really I think quite well. Duncan, who saw her yesterday, says he can but hardly say, her pulse are too quick, but by her account of herself and her disorder, which I really flatter myself is gone, he desires her to be very careful ; if she has the least cough, or the pulse should increase the least in quickness, to send for him immediately. Asses' milk twice a day, seltzer-water constantly, riding when the weather will permit, is all he at present desires with great regularity, and if she can, to leave wine entirely off. To be sure, her appetite is not good ; she eats a good breakfast tho', a very little at supper, and at dinner hitherto nothing but soup, a *petit pâté* and some tart or thing of that sort, which is better I believe than higher food for her. Indeed, dear siss, I'm seriously sorry you sent her here. I already love too many people for my own peace and quiet, and am very sorry to have another anxiety added to me. As one grows old one should rather endeavour to detach oneself from those one does love, as much as is consistent with doing right by them ; but it's impossible not to interest oneself about this sweet girl. I never saw so pretty a manner and behaviour in my life, nor so taking a one. I think her very pretty and exceedingly genteel, she is to be sure more improved in her beauty than ever I saw anybody. I shall be quite happy should it please God we should send her home to you quite well, and enough pleased with us to return to visit us again. Myself, I have no idea but that if she is well and seen, but that she must get well married ; but our men are strange creatures, and have so little taste for what is really amiable, that I don't think it very likely to happen, neither. Poor dear Sally is a great drawback at present on the pleasure we should enjoy all four together. Her spirits are so wretched, I fear there is some cause besides her situation and the fears belonging to that. I'm so glad Louisa is with her.

[1768]

# LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Adieu, dearest sister ; you shall hear as soon as she is brought to bed. Yours most affectionately,

C. H.

361. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 17th of November, [1768].

My dearest sister will be pleased to hear dear Ciss continues vastly well, that our apothecary who travell'd with us and lives in the house (he was Truesdale's foreman) feels her pulse every day and says they are much mended since she came. She leads a mighty wholesome life here. We have agreed not to go out of evenings while we remain at Holland House. She is no great eater, but is not without appetite, and eats enough I think ; she looks the picture of health. We like her very much, Lord Holland takes to her vastly ; she seems indeed to be an amiable creature. I can't help fearing for her too in London. I do think it a horrid place for youth, and she is so exactly what one would wish her to be now, that any change would spoil her. The life you have led of late years seems the thing in the world for young people. We generally have a little quadrille or low loo party of an evening, which she seems to like, as indeed she does everything one proposes to her, which is very pleasing. I have a delightful quiet horse of Harry's, which she rides when the weather will permit. She has seen but little of the Lady Hills yet. Lord Hillsboro' will be very teasing about them I'm sure. He has been exceedingly unpleasant to me about his girls, for he is always telling me when I have seen him—which by the by is very seldom, for he has been but once to see us since we came from abroad, only think of that when we remember old times !—but, as I said, when I do see him anywhere he is always telling me how good such and such people are in taking notice of his girls, seeming to hint that I don't, and when I ask them he very seldom lets them come to me. Ciss quite understands how it is, and when we go to town she will go often to them, for they are good girls and proper company for her.

My cold is bad still and my spirits very bad just now. I can't explain you why, but you'll guess, as you know I love Sally equally to any of my own children. She is not yet brought to

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

bed, and her low spirits make me miserable. That angel Louisa being here is a most happy thing ; no man can behave with more tenderness and kindness than Sir Charles does. Adieu, my dearest sister. If one loves anything but oneself in this world one can't go on peaceably for any time in it I find. Don't hint to Emily anything of Sal's low spirits ; I don't know why I do to you, only to make you partake of my uneasiness, but am so accusom'd to open my heart to you I can't help it. Adieu. God bless you and yours. Thank Emily for her kind letter.

C. Holland.

Lord Holland keeps surprisingly well.

362. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

[December, 1768].

My dearest sister,

I had said nothing to Ciss about Mrs Crofton but that you thought she had too bad health and spirits to make her a good travelling companion ; I found she was a favourite, so said no more. It seems to us here quite ridiculous to talk of Cecilia's illness, and prescriptions for her who appears to us remarkably healthy ; however we will still have attention to her health and treat her as *convalescente* ; she has not been out one evening, nor does she intend it till we go to London. I own I shall be afraid when she does, she is now so well. To-morrow we go to Court for her to be presented, because she has a mind to go in the morning to Court of the Princess of Wales's Birthday, which is kept at St. James's Wednesday next. Louisa goes with her ; I have lost of Birthdays.

I'm sorry your dear Emily is so low, but it's natural ; young folks miss a companion of their own age so much. I regret going to town much, I am so much more comfortable here ; but I think it would be melancholy for Lord Holland, so that were Ciss not here I should go. Hitherto we have quite company enough, but as the winter advances, business and diversions would keep people from coming to us of dark winter evenings, so I shall try to make a London life as tolerable as I can, agreeable it never can be to me. Lord Holland keeps well, thank

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

God, tho' he is not without a cough, which he had not abroad ; as yet it is not very troublesome. I have got rid of my cold and am very well again. Sal is not brought to bed, but in better spirits again. I told you how handsome I thought Ciss. I admire her for being so tidy and neat too, and not in the abominable slattern style that is at present the fashion. Our young women look all like women of the town when they are undressed. Truesdale is not to be got at till quite winter. He has left off business, and comes to nobody when he is out of town. I believe the Bishop<sup>1</sup> is as worthy a being as ever lived ; the girl is clever and agreeable, but a sad spoilt child indeed. There is too much of that same spirit of rebellion reigns in all parts of the world just now for me not to be grieved to see the least disposition towards it in any of my children ; indeed, Harry was forced into it against his will and opinion ; it has long been quiet there. I wish to God all was sure of being as quiet here, when this horrid Middlesex Election comes on, and next Friday when Wilkes is to come before the House of Commons. Adieu, my dear sister. Lord Holland won't tell me any politics for you or rather for the Duke of Leinster, which Ciss says you wish for. Indeed, he is so indifferent about them he don't choose to talk about them. I can find out nothing but that all is likely to be quieted in America, for a time at least. My love to your fire-side. Yours,

C. Holland.

363. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 6th of December, [1768].

My dearest sister,

Yesterday we all moved to London. I'm writing here because I make it a rule to come here every morning, the only way to keep myself well, living in our foggy climate and foggy town. Cecilia went to dine with her sister the day before us, and stayed in town. She is very obliging and seem'd to like our living here very well, but Sally told me she was impatient for the time of going to London, to satisfy a very natural curiosity at her age of seeing people and things. I wish it may agree

<sup>1</sup> [?] Robert Downes, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

bed, and her low spirits make me miserable. That angel Louisa being here is a most happy thing ; no man can behave with more tenderness and kindness than Sir Charles does. Adieu, my dearest sister. If one loves anything but oneself in this world one can't go on peaceably for any time in it I find. Don't hint to Emily anything of Sal's low spirits ; I don't know why I do to you, only to make you partake of my uneasiness, but am so accusom'd to open my heart to you I can't help it. Adieu. God bless you and yours. Thank Emily for her kind letter.

C. Holland.

Lord Holland keeps surprisingly well.

362. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

[December, 1768].

My dearest sister,

I had said nothing to Ciss about Mrs Crofton but that you thought she had too bad health and spirits to make her a good travelling companion ; I found she was a favourite, so said no more. It seems to us here quite ridiculous to talk of Cecilia's illness, and prescriptions for her who appears to us remarkably healthy ; however we will still have attention to her health and treat her as *convalescente* ; she has not been out one evening, nor does she intend it till we go to London. I own I shall be afraid when she does, she is now so well. To-morrow we go to Court for her to be presented, because she has a mind to go in the morning to Court of the Princess of Wales's Birthday, which is kept at St. James's Wednesday next. Louisa goes with her ; I have lost of Birthdays.

I'm sorry your dear Emily is so low, but it's natural ; young folks miss a companion of their own age so much. I regret going to town much, I am so much more comfortable here ; but I think it would be melancholy for Lord Holland, so that were Ciss not here I should go. Hitherto we have quite company enough, but as the winter advances, business and diversions would keep people from coming to us of dark winter evenings, so I shall try to make a London life as tolerable as I can, agreeable it never can be to me. Lord Holland keeps well, thank

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

God, tho' he is not without a cough, which he had not abroad ; as yet it is not very troublesome. I have got rid of my cold and am very well again. Sal is not brought to bed, but in better spirits again. I told you how handsome I thought Ciss. I admire her for being so tidy and neat too, and not in the abominable slattern style that is at present the fashion. Our young women look all like women of the town when they are undressed. Truesdale is not to be got at till quite winter. He has left off business, and comes to nobody when he is out of town. I believe the Bishop<sup>1</sup> is as worthy a being as ever lived ; the girl is clever and agreeable, but a sad spoilt child indeed. There is too much of that same spirit of rebellion reigns in all parts of the world just now for me not to be grieved to see the least disposition towards it in any of my children ; indeed, Harry was forced into it against his will and opinion ; it has long been quiet there. I wish to God all was sure of being as quiet here, when this horrid Middlesex Election comes on, and next Friday when Wilkes is to come before the House of Commons. Adieu, my dear sister. Lord Holland won't tell me any politics for you or rather for the Duke of Leinster, which Ciss says you wish for. Indeed, he is so indifferent about them he don't choose to talk about them. I can find out nothing but that all is likely to be quieted in America, for a time at least. My love to your fire-side. Yours,

C. Holland.

363. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 6th of December, [1768].

My dearest sister,

Yesterday we all moved to London. I'm writing here because I make it a rule to come here every morning, the only way to keep myself well, living in our foggy climate and foggy town. Cecilia went to dine with her sister the day before us, and stayed in town. She is very obliging and seem'd to like our living here very well, but Sally told me she was impatient for the time of going to London, to satisfy a very natural curiosity at her age of seeing people and things. I wish it may agree

---

<sup>1</sup> [?] Robert Downes, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

with her as well as the country. I own it may be my fancy, but I don't think she looks so well. Lord Holland had the asthma a little on going to town, which he had kept free from here this year, tho' I can't accuse London of it neither, as formerly he has had it as bad here, but it makes me think of a better climate for another year I own. Now it's too late for this, because a long journey in this season of the year would not do at all could Lord Holland be persuaded to undertake it. Lady Caroline Adair is I hear return'd from Lisbon to Lady Albemarle's great joy; she was exceedingly impatient for her arrival. Ciss has ventured nowhere but to her sister's as yet of an evening. Sal is not yet brought to bed, but vastly better in health and spirits than she was a month ago; we shall lose her company, sweet soul, soon after her lying-in. Sir Charles and she have set their hearts on spending the remainder of the winter at Barton. Cecilia is I find reck'ned beautiful by some people, others says she is not so handsome as her sisters. She is indeed a most amiable pleasing girl. After Xmas we must think of Goodwood for her; whether I go, I can't tell. You must know, my sweet sister, but pray don't mention it, that we are not on agreeable footing together. There is an awkwardness between Lord Holland and my brother, no quarrel, but Lord Holland I know don't think well of him; I love him I own. As for the Duchess, she is grown exceedingly agreeable, and I like her better than ever. I can't say I esteem her the same; some things in her conduct have entirely alter'd my opinion of her. Now don't you feel this must make it a little awkward to me? Ciss don't know a word of this. Last week Lord George and Lady Louisa<sup>1</sup> were still waiting for a wind at Portsmouth, had put out for a week and were obliged to return. Adieu, sweet siss; believe me most affectionately yours,

C. H.

364. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, the 10th of December [1768].

My dearest sister,

I have many many thanks to return you for your long and agreeable kind letter. I will begin my giving you an account

---

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

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

of ourselves. Lord Holland was exceedingly bad with the asthma ; on first going to the foggy London air had some thoughts of returning here, but growing better and unwilling to move so soon (indeed having got quite over this bout of it) chose to remain there and weather out this winter, with an intention I most highly approve of, that it shall be the last we will attempt to pass in London, and for the future either go abroad or stay here. Ciss and I came here to stay to-day and to-morrow for change of air for her, as she has within these two days cough'd a great deal—she is otherwise well ; it seems the effect of a cold. She was advised and thought herself it would do her good to lie in the air, as she had no cough before she went to town, and can't increase her cold by coming here, the house not having yet been unaired, as we left it last Monday and have been expected to return every day. Her pulse is not worse, and in all other respects she seems well, has not deserved this cough by any imprudence, I think ; not having been out of an evening anywhere but to Sarah's in a chair ; no hot rooms, no public places. In the case, she thinks soon of making a visit to Goodwood, I think she had better before she gets too tender by living in London, which one unavoidably does. This cough is indeed vexatious, she was so perfectly well. As for myself I have been much out of order ; the foggy air of London affected my spirits sadly at first. Lord Holland having the return of his asthma and Ciss's cough all together has hurry'd my spirits very much indeed, so that this little retreat will do me much good. Mine are queer sort of spirits to be sure.

My boys are good boys to be sure, and have good hearts. As for what we are entitled to expect from our sort of education, dear siss, my opinion is it has very little to do with it. Education may spoil or mend manners a little, but as they are born so I'm convinced they remain, with regard to good nature or good hearts. I hear William likes Vienna, which I'm very glad of, because by what I heard of it, and what I know of him, I always advised that place and thought he would like it. I do hope he will get Miss Fitzgerald. I should quarrel with the Duke of Leinster as I do with all men that fancy they are so mighty necessary to a woman's health and happiness ; it's abominably indelicate and I don't believe a word of it. I'm sure one sees many an old virgin mighty well and mighty comfortable.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

You can't conceive how provoked I feel at anybody's having a notion Ciss is come to England to get married. She has told Lord Holland all the privileges the old Duchess expects. He says you have them all already, you are so toad-eated. The good Bishop<sup>1</sup> too is accused of being a violent eater of toads to your Grace.

Have you had such a violent flood in Ireland as there has been here, the like never remembered? Harry was sent away with other boys from Eton before the time, lest it would be impossible to come away; as it was he came some miles in a boat. Sally holds out yet. There was a shocking mob at the Middlesex Election t'other day. It's all quiet now. Wilkes has not yet been before the Bar of the House, and I hope they will not bring him there. I'm sure we shall have a sad riot if they do. When I can pick up any politics for the Duke of Leinster I will, but at present Elections and the Petitions about them is all one hears about. I have felt a little interested about Sir James Lowther because of the spite and ill-nature meant against Lord Bute by those against him. I have not attended it, tho' invited, as is the fashion now for ladies to be, I find; but I declined, having set my heart upon never having been at two places where I think women have no business, viz.: the House of Commons and New Market. Lady Mary Fox went instead of me. Sir G. Macartney is coming to Ireland immediately. Lord Hillsbro' is an odd man, I cannot like the girls, but don't say so, I desire you. Lady Hillsbro' has not yet return'd my visit. You have not tired me but made me vastly happy with your long letter, dearest sister; but Ciss says it's wrong for you to write so much. Sarah is in charming comfortable spirits again, and poor Sir Charles so happy to see her so, he seldom stirs from her when he can help it. Adieu, my dearest sister. I don't know whether you can read what I write by candlelight, I can scarcely myself. My eyes are not sore or weak, but old and blind, but I'm very thankful they are so well as to allow me any daylight amusement and some by candlelight. Love to Emily. Yours,

C. Holland.

---

<sup>1</sup> [?] Robert Downes, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

365. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

London, the 12th of December, [1768].

My dearest sister,

I'm sorry to tell you Ciss has a cough with her cold, but it seems loose, and only such a cough as is usual to have with a cold ; to-morrow she returns here, and will consult Duncan again. Her appetite is grown very good since her cold, which is particular, to be sure. I have passed three days with her at Holland House, and she appears really well, except a cold and cough with it. Had she not been so ill before, I own I should think nothing of this, nor do I really, dear siss, see anything in her that has the appearance of a consumptive disorder. God send I may be right, for I am apt enough to be alarm'd ; she never has any heat or dryness on her skin. Lord Holland is tolerably well, but this is trying weather. Sal is not yet brought to bed. I have not seen much of her or Louisa lately, having been with Ciss at Holland House. Poor soul, I'm quite vexed those disorders hinder her amusing herself. I'm not vastly well nor in good spirits myself. I feel the difference of climate very sensibly, for Middlesex Election, which was stopped last week by the mob, comes on again to-morrow.

Lady Bell: Stanhope<sup>1</sup> is at last married, very much I hear against her mother's will, who has taken to use her daughters cruelly of late by all accounts. Adieu, my dear siss, I wrote this post thinking you would be anxious about Ciss. Yours ever. Good-night.

C. Holland.

Truesdale is not to be got at, he lives in the country. Lady Caroline Adair is return'd from Lisbon. Poor Lady Albemarle looks sadly broke indeed. Dowager Lady Pembroke<sup>2</sup> is dying.

366. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Sunday night, the 18th [December, 1768].

My dearest sister,

I wish I could tell you Ciss was well, but she still coughs ;

<sup>1</sup> Lady Isabella Stanhope, d. 1819, 2nd dau. of William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of Harrington ; m. (Dec., 1768) Charles William Molyneux, 8th Viscount Molyneux (cr. Earl of Sefton in 1769)

<sup>2</sup> Mary, Dowager Countess of Pembroke, died in 1769.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

her cold is not gone and her pulse are too quick. She looks well and of late her appetite has been infinitely better, but I know that is no sign in her favour, for the disorder we apprehend. She was so perfectly well really before we came to town, it's a sad disappointment now to have her ill again. My brother has desired we would not trust to Duncan ; he has a particular bad opinion of him. I have beg'd him to name some other, and we are trying to get Truesdale to town, but that is doubtful. Duncan has desired her for the present to leave off meat in any way but broth, and says if she don't mend when the cold is gone he shall strongly advise the milk diet. So indeed will any we send for, in case they apprehend any disorder of the lungs. For bilious complaints the living on fruit and milk has done wonders ; the physical system is much improved in that respect here, I think. If we are to send for another physician I shall be much puzzled ; Pringle,<sup>1</sup> or a Doctor Elliot<sup>2</sup> are much commended. The latter has lately had vast success I'm told in several cases. Oh dear, had we but all gone abroad six weeks ago I'm convinced she would have kept well and Lord Holland would not have been teased with his troublesome cough ; asthma, thank God, he has kept free from since the first attack on first coming to London. Ciss is to go to Goodwood the end of next week. I shall not finish this letter till to-morrow, when I hope to tell you Sally is brought to bed ; to-day she grumbles much. Poor dear soul, she has been sadly plagued with an itching rash that has broken out all over her and which has given her no rest day or night. She has been put into a warm bath for it by Hunter's<sup>3</sup> advice, which seem'd odd in her situation. Good-night to you for the present ; I will end to-morrow.

*Monday morning, nine o'clock.*

Sal is brought to bed (Louisa by a note just received at four this morning) of a little girl.<sup>4</sup> She chose not to have me with her yesterday, which I was not sorry for. Thank God she is so well.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Pringle, Bt. (1707-82), a distinguished physician.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Elliott, Bt., the physician.

<sup>3</sup> John Hunter, F.R.S. (1728-93), surgeon and anatomist.

<sup>4</sup> Louisa.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

Hawkins was sent here by my brother to see Ciss ; he gives us a more comfortable opinion about her than we had before. He recommends the strictest low living, abstaining entirely from wine or meat. I saw Sally for a minute ; she is very well, in vast spirits. The child seems well, and to look as it should do, I believe ; but I don't understand those small animals.

367. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Xmas Eve, [1768].

My dearest sister,

Ciss is to-day gone with that best-natured of all creatures, Mr Conolly, to Goodwood. I desired they would set out only at ten, be at Godalming before sunset, and so the same to-morrow, and arrive at Goodwood. I wished her not to be either in the morning or the evening air. Indeed, dear siss, I'm not happy about her. Sir William Duncan was so positive against her going, it stagger'd me ; but Lord Holland says he gave no reasons against it, and both she, Conolly, Louisa, and Hawkins thought it would be better for. I am, I own, of that opinion, for while she remain'd at Holland House she was well. God send this change of air may do good, but I don't like it, I own. She seems vastly well, but that signifies just nothing in consumptive cases I know ; she is to try living entirely on butter-milk, which has done miracles certainly. Meat and wine she has long left off by the advice of all. She will write very regular accounts of herself from Goodwood to you. Sal is charming well, her rash gone off, but she won't be completely happy till she has suckled the babe. I grieve to see her immoderate fondness for it. It's very well now, thank God, tho' it alarm'd us the first day ; her milk is come and her breast frequently drawn, but as yet the child has not strength to suck, her milk not coming free enough ; she will persevere and I hope succeed. Lord Holland, except a troublesome cough, is well. My spirits are worried and uncomfortable, so adieu. Yours ever,

C. H.

[1768]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

368. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

December the 28th, [1768].

My dearest sister,

I had just now a letter from Ciss, wrote yesterday, Monday. She arrived at Goodwood early before dinner Sunday, says she was much the better for her journey ; her pulse, Mr Barker<sup>1</sup> said, was too quick, but very little so, her cough much abated. She has fine weather and goes airing ; she is advised against riding while the pulse remains quick ; she has begun her butter-milk diet; it agrees with her and she likes it very well. God send it may do her as much good as it has done others ; I have vast faith in it. Dear Sal is well. This is her tenth day, but alas the nursing scheme fails, and what is worse, the child neither feeds kindly nor can they get it to suck now ; Hunter says it has lost the instinct by being kept so long from the breast. I own some days ago I wish'd a nurse might be had, lest this should happen. It's vastly well now, but you know that unless it takes to feed it won't do. It has all along been provoking, for Sal had abundance of milk, but the nipple would never come out, till now by drawing it various ways she has brought it about, and the child won't take it. It's quite vexatious altogether, but I hope in God it may feed or suck soon. We are all well, tho' a teasing cough of Lord Holland's and sweet Ciss's health incline us to look towards a foreign journey for next winter. All my children are acting plays at Winterslow this Xmas. I shall go there when Sir Charles Bunbury returns from Barton ; but next week he will be absent, and dear Louisa goes too next Saturday to Goodwood. Good-night, sweet siss ; a merry Xmas, etc., etc., etc., attend you and your fire-side.

C. H.

---

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir George Barker (1722-1809), physician.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1769

369. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Jan. the 6th [1769].

My dear siss, I owe you no letter, but I love to talk to you now and then. Why did you miscarry? Your leaving of, I hope, but it's not a good way; I hope it don't weaken you vastly. Sally's fears for her dear little one are, thank God, over. The nursing scheme would not do; she had quantities of milk, which makes one regret the more that it would not do, but her nipple could not be drawn out without the greatest difficulty, and the child not being strong would not do it. It was ill from being kept from the breast so long, but now it has a clean good nurse, sucks and sleeps and thrives; God send it may go on so doing, for she doats upon it. Her spirits are good. She is grown vastly fat during her pregnancy; looks beautiful, the very picture of my poor mother. Next Monday she will have lain in three weeks. Louisa and Ciss are at Goodwood. Ciss is charmingly well, I hear, tho' still a little quickness in her pulse. It's a sad disappointment not to have the pleasure of her company in town, and that of diverting her here, but it must be given up. I have a notion about the 14th of this month she will meet me at Winterslow, where I believe I shall go to see their plays acted; all my boys are there. My brother will about that time be coming to town to attend Parliament. Ciss will either stay at Winterslow, if it agrees with her, or come with me to town, then she will go with Sally to Barton, and be but little in London. The beginning of April, or sooner, if it's convenient for her, I will settle at Holland House, for her, so that I hope we may contrive for her to sleep few nights in London. The sleeping at Holland House when the days grow longer will be less dull to her, when she can dine in town and return after dinner; but in these short days I could not bear the thoughts of her being there quite alone from four o'clock till bedtime. Do you approve of her going abroad next winter? It's being right for her will determine us. As for Lord Holland's

[1769]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

health, I don't think such a journey necessary, tho' I don't doubt its being beneficial and good for him and me and all, as travelling and change of air, particularly to a better climate, are I'm sure the most conducive to health of any medicines in this world. Pézenas, a small town in the south of France, is the place we think of. It's fifteen miles from Montpellier, a day's journey from Nîmes, by which you may know [a] little where it is. The climate is fine, I'm told, shelter'd from the *vent de bise*, which at Montpellier and Nîmes are bad. It's not above a week's journey from Nice, should Pézenas not answer; but two reasons make me prefer it: in the first place novelty, secondly, I'm told there is better riding and driving, two things wanted at sweet Nice, which made me frequently overwalk myself. Pézenas is not a vast way from the sea, tho' not upon it like Nice, but for Ciss and Lord Holland too I wish to be within reach of it. If in the course of the winter she should be vastly well and want a little amusement, we can go for a few days to Montpellier, a very gay town, for Pézenas is quite retired, I understand. Let me know your thoughts on all this by Emily if you don't write yourself, for my head is<sup>1</sup>

370. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Piccadilly, Tuesday the 21st of February, [1769].

Painful as it is to undertake the dreadful task of letting my dearest sister know what will almost distract you, yet you must know it, and I don't know who else could inform you, as hearing it by common report it might take you unprepared; and I enclose this to the Duke of Leinster, to give it you when he thinks proper. Poor dear unfortunate Sarah, miserable girl, notwithstanding all the kindness, fondness, tenderness, and extreme perfect behaviour of Sir Charles to her, which she acknowledges and does justice to, left Barton last Sunday and went with Lord William Gordon<sup>2</sup> to Knowle, the house of his and my brother's *friend*, the Duke of Dorset. Guess the distraction of us all! That angel Louisa, whose goodness has

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

<sup>2</sup> Lord William Gordon was 2nd son of Cosmo Gordon, 3rd Duke of Gordon. He m. (1781) Hon. Frances Shepherd-Ingram, 2nd dau. of Charles Shepherd-Ingram, 9th Viscount Irving.

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

long tried to save her fallen sister, went yesterday to Knowle, and by her entreaties fetch'd her back, only I fear to add to hers and our misery, as she is determined to return to him ; says she knows it's misery, but is distracted with her passion, with her sense of guilt, which she says has made her so very wretched for those many months past. She is in my house, so is Louisa. Ciss is at Barton with Mr and Mrs Soames ; Conolly gone to Goodwood to fetch my brother. What can, what must be done? Sir Charles is distracted, but reasonable to a degree. Indeed, my dear sister, his conduct since the suspicion of this sad affair has been unexceptionable and beyond anything one can have an idea of ; she feels it most sensibly, it adds to her misery. Altogether 'tis a most strange, dreadful and horrid affair, must end in misery. Conolly is returned from Goodwood, my brother much shocked, as you may suppose. He is ill and cannot be here till to-morrow ; he is calm I find, but by what I can collect from Mr Conolly will show great resentment to the Duke of Dorset.

Poor Sarah left Barton at nine in the morning last Sunday. Ciss and Mrs Soames waited long for her return, thinking her gone out walking, grew very uneasy when Mr Soames received a note taking leave of them for ever. Good God, my sweet siss, what an event ! My head is almost turned. Louisa bids me assure you she is well in health.

371. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, Monday the 27th of February [1769].

My dear sister,

Poor miserable dear Sarah set out yesterday evening with her poor little innocent babe for the country. Charles went with her ; he is to settle her and board her in the country under some other name. Upon the arrival of her child she seemed to suspend all her misery, and was as much busy in settling how it should go as if her mind was at ease. She flatters us she will neither see or send to Lord William yet, nay promises she won't till something can be settled concerning a divorce in *Doctors' Commons* ; justice, she says, must take place of everything. Neither Sir Charles or she wish an entire

divorce. Indeed, my sweet sister, she is amiable to a degree, notwithstanding this horrid step she has taken. Her mind is not yet totally corrupted—what living in guilt and vice with a mad *man* may do, God knows ! But she flatters us with a return, and that she shall repent. Oh God ! may that day come soon shall be my constant prayer. She has promised to send to me if she is ill. Altogether, dearest sister, this affair is strange beyond imagination. Lord William is mad ; certainly she knows and apprehends it. Her object in going to him seems to be, and his also, to have the child with them. Had she not one day in her lying-in, she says, seen him in Privy Garden, and called him in to see the child, she should never have been tempted to take this step. She has now letters every day from Sir Charles ; she writes constantly to him. He has sent her chambermaid, whom she is very fond of, with her, and she told me herself Sir Charles had made her as happy as she could be in her undone state. Sir Charles don't wish it to be known that he corresponds with her. As I recollect them I shall tell you a number of strange incidents relating to this affair as they occur to me, painful as the recollection is to me. Cecilia has taken copies of Sir Charles's letters entreating her not to leave him, which she will show you. That dear amiable worthy girl is well. She can't conceal her dislike to the Duchess. She must tho', for my poor dear brother fondly loves her, and tho' his mind is distracted with suspicions, he will conceal them. God send by so doing, and by her future conduct, he may lose them. He is now going to Goodwood, then abroad. Dear Louisa, who has hitherto borne up to a miracle, goes with him. Conolly says he can't bring himself to it. I pity him ; 'tis hard he should lose that sweet angel's company. 'Tis really uncommonly good-natured in him to agree to it, but he seems to have the best heart in the world. The Duke of Dorset has hurt his character irreparably, I hope, for his conduct has been base and infamous. My dear sister, what letters you receive from me—good God ! It makes a good mind shudder with horror to relate these fatal events. I came here with dear Ciss last night ; she found sleeping in town did not agree with her. Adieu ; my heart and head are full.

Sir Charles Bunbury and his brother are to come here for a few days. Sir Charles goes abroad, immediately when he has

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

settled his New Market and Barton affairs, to Italy for two years.

Let me know what you wish Ciss to do. You little thought when we talk'd of Sarah's low spirits what a dreadful cause there was. I have by what she told me last July, and her eager wish for a girl rather than a boy, suspected it, tho' I hardly dared allow myself to think it.

My brother has just been with me to tell me he sees Cecilia's and my coolness to the Duchess, but begs (tho' her justification of the Duke of Dorset might at first make against her) we would not think she knew anything of this sad affair, that she was now convinced by him how much the Duke of Dorset was to blame, and gave him up.

372. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, Thursday, the 2nd of March, [1769].

Dearest sister,

Melancholy as my letters are and must be, I feel by myself you had rather I should write than not, as I fear poor dear Louisa can't yet bring herself to do it. She and Conolly with my brother and his *loving Duchess* (how have I been deceived in that woman!) set out for Goodwood Tuesday; they intend staying a few days, and then prepare for their journey abroad. Our dear unfortunate sister with her child, nurse, maid, and Charles left Kensington Sunday evening. Charles return'd yesterday. He left her tolerably calm and composed at a decent lodging in a village about seventy miles from London, taken up with her child beyond what you can conceive. She conceals her name. How long she will remain there and how long it will be before she meets with Lord William, God knows. She has promised me I should hear from her. I'm more composed since she went, but shall a long while feel effects of the most horrible week I ever passed. When I grow to think less of her I shall grow easier, and I will endeavour so to do, but to think of her must always distract me. Ciss and I are here backwards and forwards between this and London. She is vastly well, thank God, and looks very handsome. What a very sensible girl she is, and how right a way of thinking on every subject! She is also very pleasing, tho' she has not those

[1769]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

uncommon attractions and beauties that made the other so lovely and so much more pleasing than anything one ever saw. Sir Charles Bunbury grows worse rather than better I think, He was three days here with Ciss and me, and could never cease to talk of her. He is gone now to dispose of his race horses at Newmarket, settle his affairs, and go abroad as soon as possible. Lord Holland keeps surprisingly well. Next week we propose settling here. Adieu, my dearest sister. Yours,

C. H.

373. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, Thursday [March] the 9th, 1769.

My dearest sister will I flatter myself not disapprove of my answer to the Duke of Leinster's letter, nor the short delay to Ciss coming to you. You must know by my former letters that I always thought it best for her to return this summer to you, but I must own I think going off in such a hurry would have an appearance extremely to her disadvantage in the world. I don't want the first hurry and grief you were [in] made the Duke of Leinster and you, upon the first reflection, wish her with you; and so she will be soon, very soon; for I dare say Conolly will be as impatient as possible to return to Ireland when Louisa is gone, and I know my brother is very impatient to get abroad. No one has heard a word of Sarah since her departure, or rather since her arrival to her retirement; her greatest wish was for us to think no more of her, and leave her to her fate. Could we have prevented it we certainly would not, but unless Sir Charles would have consented to shut her up (which some advised), it was impossible. She knows that if she returns to her senses she will be kindly received by Louisa and me, but I fear we shall hear nothing of her this long while, for till she has left Lord William she [will] never apply to us. I'm infinitely more calm of late. I talk of her as seldom as possible. I wish I could think of her as seldom; I don't know the place she is in. This is our present situation, in which you see there is no impropriety for Cecilia to be among us. Her good sense and most perfect amiable behaviour on this occasion has much endeared her to us; she and Lady Mary are constantly

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

with us and take to one another. But I shall willingly part with her to you, my sweet siss, in a short time, a shorter time than we thought of. But, indeed, to have her go off in such a hurry would look like doubting her conduct, and as if we suspected her of being concerned in her unhappy sister's affair. My opinion is so much the reverse that would her health permit it I should desire her to go into public while she stayed as much as possible ; the more she is known and seen the better she will be liked.

Sir Charles Bunbury is very melancholy indeed, poor man ! He is setting out as soon as possible. I'm quite uneasy about Louisa ; she assures me her health is good, but this will have made such a deep impression as will I fear not wear off. She has reconciled herself to the thoughts of going without Conolly, and hopes to be amused with the journey—God send she may ! She is a sweet angel. Conolly too has the best and honestest heart I ever saw. Adieu. God bless you, dearest sister.

C. H.

374. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, Monday night, the 13th of March [1769].

My dear sister,

I have for some time endeavoured to banish from my mind those miserable ideas and prospects unhappy Sarah must cause when one allows oneself to think of it ; but as you are desirous of knowing more of this sad story I will recall to my mind all the particulars I can. Lord William and she it seems got acquainted last autumn twelvemonth, when I was at Nice. He was ill, and said to be consumptive, which made Sir Charles invite him to Barton in the beginning of the spring. He was there three months, during which time the intrigue began, and she, poor soul, has told me she is convinced she was in a delirium. She never once, she says, thought of what she was about ; was quite happy to be breeding, and that the horrors she has since experienced, nor her guilt, ever struck her at all till she came to make me a short visit the beginning of June, when she first told me of her pregnancy. Being separated from him then, she says, seemed terrible ; she began to reflect and has never had a moment's peace since. She stayed with me a week

[1769]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

then, and from me went to meet Sir Charles at Ipswich races, where Lord William also was. Sir Charles (who assures me he then suspected nothing) told her he did not like Lord William, thinking him really what he is, odd to a degree, and certainly a little mad (several of his family are shut up), and desired Sarah would not encourage him to be so much with them. The thoughts of not seeing him made her almost distracted at that time, she told me. She returned here in June, you may remember. Sir Charles went to France, suspecting nothing. She pressed his going of all things, not being able, she says, to bear his continual attentions and kindness to her on account of her being with child. I believe I wrote you word how bad her spirits then were. She owned the affair to me ; but you know people can't bring themselves to own all on those occasions, tho' I too well understood her, particularly from her anxiety to have a girl, preferable to a boy. She told me then she would do all she could to break it off. But instead of that, I find since, she saw him every morning at her own house in London, where she constantly went on some pretence or other. Naturally enough, whenever the Duchess came during those times they were always whispering, which I did not like. Sir Charles returned. We went to Kingsgate, they to Goodwood and to Brighthelmstone, where the Duchess and the Duke of Dorset took care Lord William should be ; and then Sir Charles tells me his suspicions first began that they liked one another. Lord William began to show (indeed he had honesty enough all along not to pretend friendship to Sir Charles)—but then he began to show a vast dislike to him. In October, Sarah came to town (thinking herself she said, much nearer her time than she had thought of) before Sir Charles. The Duchess stayed in town on pretence of keeping Sarah company, tho' my brother was at Goodwood. They dined at Holland House almost every day to blind me, I suppose, but always returned together, and had a *partie quarrée* at Richmond House. No conversation on the subject passed between us since her first speaking of it to me ; she was miserable and saw she made me so. Louisa then came, and Ciss ; Sir Charles and my brother were in town. Sir Charles and she sometimes dined with me, but she grew big, and said she did not much care to come from home. My chief intelligence about her then was from Louisa,

## LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

to whom she owed all she had to me, and was more explicit still ; but dear Louisa would not understand how far matters had gone, and you know all we had to wish was secrecy on that head. You know I declined telling you, tho' you pressed much in your letters to know. Sir Charles forbid her going to Richmond House, which caused a good deal of altercation between them, as I since understand she about this time made this same confession to Sir Charles she did to us, and told him more ; told him her passion was too strong for her reason, and that she was sure she should leave him. He said he loved and pitied her, would forgive all that was past if she would give up Lord William ; if she would not, he would not oppose her going, but begged, entreated of her not to ruin herself for ever ; begged she would at least delay her going and try if she could get over it. She has told me she had often resolved to get the better of it, and had it not been for her child she thinks she should ; but to breed up another child in Sir Charles's house, to be looked upon and treated like a virtuous woman, she could not bear ; self-reproach stung her to death ; Lord William has a right to her and his child ; it would be better for Sir Charles were she once quite gone. In this mad way she talked to me since it happened, and I believe Sir Charles, frequently, before she left him. Yet at times she says she did determine to give him up. She did when she went down to Barton ; then a mad letter of his set her mad, and she took this fatal step. Whether he is now with her I do not know. You'll find by former letters neither Louisa nor I went with her or know where she is. If Lord William is with her, we shall hear nothing of her, which is best for us, I'm sure. As for her, unless Sir Charles would confine her somewhere, you know no one else can control her. I'm pretty sure she corresponds constantly with Sir Charles (tho' he don't choose it should be known he does). I'm also sure should her senses return to her and she should leave Lord William she would claim no one's protection but Sir Charles's, and that she would have it. She frequently in letters to him calls him her best, her only friend. Is it not strange to a degree ? Lord William's passion and hers for the child exceed their passion for one another, I believe. My dear sister, after thinking of this affair over and over again, I think the least bad end it can have is a divorce (which I believe Sir Charles must have on

[1769]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

account of his brother) and for her to marry Lord William, who is a beggar and mad, and to pass her remaining life in Scotland. Louisa can't bear the thoughts of this. I own I think of it with horror, but since the licentiousness of the times is such as to permit those things in one's own case one should make the best of a bad bargain. To be sure, could she be brought to leave him and lead a life of penitence, her angel sister Louisa and I would receive her with open arms and do all to comfort her ; but such a life at her age I fear she is not equal to, her youth and strong passions might lead her into other scrapes. If she was married to Lord William and has that tie, joined to her immoderate affection for her child, and that she would probably have for other children, might bind her, tho' God knows he is such a strange man ! I dare say he will either destroy himself or be shut up before it's long. I have wrote all this at your desire of knowing more particulars, henceforward I shall seldom mention her ; she wishes to be forgot, poor soul ! To think of all her amiable qualities distracts one. Even this step, had she been a worse woman, she would not have taken. My brother is better. I find he and the Duchess are perfectly well together and very, very fond. I'm glad of it, tho' I shall always hate her ; but we are not likely to live much together, so it don't signify. I shall answer the Duke of Leinster's letter, so will say nothing to you on that subject. You'll see Ciss soon, but I don't doubt the Duke of Leinster will have enter'd into my reasons for your not seeing her so very soon as he desired ; 'tis quite impossible he should not. I will therefore not give myself to suppose he won't see the extreme impropriety of her going off so suddenly. The Conollys will be in town in less than a week. Adieu, dearest sister. Yours,

C. H.

[1773]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1773

375. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

November the 23rd, [1773].

My dearest sister,

Ill as I am and little able to write, I cannot resist sending you these few lines to express my concern to you for the present anxiety you suffer. God knows how much I should wish to be able to relieve it, and how sincerely I wish all may go better than your present fears allow you to think.<sup>1</sup> Adieu, my dearest best beloved sister; for that must ever be the case, notwithstanding all that has passed. I'm going soon to Bath.

Yours most affectionately,

C. Holland.

[In the Duchess of Leinster's handwriting.]

(My sister Holland, after a long silence, November 23rd, 1773.)

376. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Bath, 27th December, [1774].

I cannot resist the pleasure of thanking my dearest sister for her kind letter, so great a balm to my mind is the renewal of our long interrupted correspondence; every trace of the occasion of it is long wore out of my mind. I had the beginning of this winter burnt every paper that could record it, and should sooner have wrote to you but that I did not know whether in the anxious state of your mind it would be proper. I wish my miserable state of health (of which I will say nothing, but refer you to Mr Mann's letter to Louisa) would permit me to write more comfortably. I thought it was just as you explain it when I heard of your sweet daughter's marriage.<sup>2</sup> I do not personally know Lord Bellamont, but what I had heard I own

<sup>1</sup> James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of Leinster, died on 19 Nov., 1773, aged 51.

<sup>2</sup> On 20 Aug., 1774, Lady Emily FitzGerald married Charles Coote, Earl of Bellamont.

[1773]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

made me not like it, nor think him good enough for her, nor in short the sort of thing you could like. Indeed, I had heard he was poor, but as he makes handsome settlements, that is not true, I suppose. I don't see how you could act otherwise than you did, her little dear heart being so much engaged. God send it may turn out happily. If he has sense and good nature it must, I think. I do pity you, my sweet siss, for parting with her. I pray God to restore to you that calm and peace of mind I wish you. Your charming family will continue a most pleasing occupation to you, and time will do the rest, I hope. I hear sweet Lord Charles is with you. You cannot imagine how well he is spoken of by the people in his profession. William<sup>1</sup> will ever be to you all you can wish or desire, I'm sure. My love to them both. Tell me about your *little little* family; is Fanny<sup>2</sup> the same favourite she was? I'm told she is like you. How I long to see her! I believe every individual of our dear sister Louisa's family have by turns experienced her uncommon affection and good nature. She is indeed an angel, too good, sometimes I tell her.

Lord Holland is almost as much pleased with your letters, which I read to him, as I am; poor man, he cannot read himself. His situation is very extraordinary; at times his memory is clear and he can even enter upon some business, at others he seems in a state of apathy. But I cannot enter into this subject at present; I'm not equal to it, nor indeed to write more than to tell you how very affectionately I am yours,

C. H.

---

<sup>1</sup> On the death of his father, William FitzGerald, Marquis of Kildare, became 2nd Duke of Leinster.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Fanny Charlotte Elizabeth FitzGerald, the Duchess's eighth daughter; b. 28 Jan., 1770; d. 1775.

[1774]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

1774

377. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Bath, January the 9th, [1774].

What would I give, my sweet siss, on this renewal of our correspondence to be able to write in a comfortable way to you, but alas ! how long that satisfaction will be denied me, God knows ! I have consulted an old doctor Barry here. He is a sensible man ; he tells me I shall get well, and is trying to give me medicines to recover my appetite a little, the want of which has affected my constitution greatly. I shall stay here three weeks more I believe, as I expect Ste, Lady Mary, and little lovely Caroline here next week. You would admire that little monkey, my dear sister, 'tis such a gentle affectionate genteel little creature, and at such a pretty age. Pray describe your three little girls to me ; how I long to see them. I do not doubt but if Lord Bellamont makes your dear Emily happy you will grow to like him. I own I feel a little angry at their haste on yours and dear William's account ; but at *fifty* one forgets, I suppose, the sentiments of *twenty* ; the impression is wore out, so one must not judge too hardly. Pray remember me kindly to dear Lord Charles, if he is with you. Lord Holland desires his kind love to you. My dear sister, I know 'tis too soon to ask the question, as you are I dare say at present undetermin'd what to do, but cannot you give me any distant glimmering hopes to feed on that we shall see you in England ? Do, dearest sister, let us pass the evening of life together as much as our different situations will admit of, and call back the pleasing remembrance of younger days. Please God to restore my health, I do not despair of being a tolerable comfortable old woman. I have a thousand things to say to you could we but once meet ; a variety of changes that have happened since I saw you last *tant bon que mal*, which I want to tell you. In short, tho' by degrees our correspondence will grow easy, one cannot communicate by letter all the various little incidents one wants to talk of. Indeed, at present writing is so troublesome that I avoid it as much as possible, and must against my will leave off now, so adieu, dear siss. Ever most affectionately yours,

C. H.

[1774]

LADY HOLLAND TO DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

378. *Lady Holland to Duchess of Leinster.*

Holland House, January the 29th, [1774].

My dearest sister, at my return here yesterday I found your kind long letter of the 17th, which I will not defer a post answering, that is, what is material to answer in it. Yes, I do by all means advise and wish you to put your journey abroad in execution, as you don't dislike a sea voyage particularly; it will be an easy and some part of it a most delightful journey. I'm sure it will be of the greatest use to your children's health and to your own, unless the heats of summer should affect you too much, which is very possible; in which case you'll move to some cool retreat during the hot season, of which there are many in those parts, I understand, such as *Barèges*, *Barrières*, etc., of which your son William can give you a particular account. I never was in the part of France you propose going to, but am told it is most delightful. All the physical folks agree a dry climate is the thing in the world for those humours: so pray go, sweet siss, and God Almighty send you success in an undertaking so worthy of your good sense, courage, and maternal tenderness. Lord Holland bids me tell you he loves you dearly and approves your scheme; I'm sure, dearest sister, I'm truly disinterested in so doing, for my gloomy situation of mind makes me think we shall never meet again; at least, I cannot at present carry my melancholy ideas so far forward. You can have little notion of Lord Holland's situation when you mention a journey for us as possible. No, we must wait in our own home the events of time, and how it shall please God to dispose of us. I could not come from Bath in less than five days. I'm neither the better or the worse for the journey, but suffered in the performing it. Adieu, dear sister, I never was in any of the places you name in your letter; Nîmes, which I once made a *détour* to go to, was nearer that part of the country than any place I ever went to, I believe. Adieu. I'm tired with writing. Yours ever,

C. H.

You'll have had from Louisa an account of our Winterslow misfortune<sup>1</sup>; 'tis a sad one, but thank God, when one thinks how much worse it might have been.

<sup>1</sup> Winterslow was burnt down on 8 Jan. According to Walpole, the next day they drank to Stephen Fox's *fireside*.

# INDEX

## A.

ACKLAND, Sir Harry, 427.  
 ADAIR, Lady Caroline, 72, 74, 195, 197, 198, 203, 209, 242, 246, 249, 254, 554, 557.  
 —, Dr. Robert, 102n, 103, 196, 197, 209.  
 ADDISON, Joseph, Essayist, 53on.  
 AGAR, James (Viscount Clifden), (1734-89), 163n, 212, 224.  
 —, Mrs. (1732-1802), 131n, 153, 527.  
 AGARS, The, 162.  
 AILESBURY, Caroline, Countess of (1721-1803), 38n, 168, 192, 196, 203, 208, 223, 274, 276, 288, 290, 291, 307, 463, 523.  
 AIX, 308, 323, 325, 328.  
 ALBEMARLE, Anne, Countess of (1703-89), 38n, 99, 170, 171, 173, 195, 196, 197, 203, 209, 222, 230, 242, 276, 310, 311, 344, 422, 452, 554, 557.  
 —, George Keppel, 3rd Earl of (1724-72), 144n, 171, 173, 209, 303, 310, 315, 344, 377, 525.  
 ALLEN, Joshua Allen, 5th Viscount (1728-1816), 163n.  
 —, Miss, 175.  
 ALLGOOD, Mr., 166.  
 ALPS, Lady Holland crosses, 474, 475, 478.  
 AMELIA, SOPHIA ELEANORA, Princess (1711-86), 44n.  
 ANCRAM, Countess of, 221, 226.  
 —, William Ker, Earl of (4th Marquis of Lothian), 221, 270.  
 ANDREWS, Francis, 478n.  
*Annales Politiques, Les* (Linguet), 224.  
 ANNE OF RUSSIA, Empress, 404n.  
 ANNE, Queen, 127.  
 ANNESLEY, Lady Catherine, 448, 451.  
 ANSON, Elizabeth, Lady (d. 1760), 286n, 296.  
 —, George, 1st Lord (1697-1762), 53n, 102-299.  
*Anthony and Cleopatra* (Shakespeare), 459.  
 APPENINES, Lady Holland crosses, 478.  
 ARCHBOLD, Mr., 68.  
 ARMSTRONG, Mr., 77, 86, 96, 216.

ARRAS, Lady Holland at, 467.  
 ARREL, —, 152.  
 ARUNDEL CASTLE, Sussex, 288.  
 ATHY, Co. Kildare, 74.  
 ATTERBURY, Francis, Bishop (1662-1732), 545n.  
 AUBIGNI, France, 338n, Lady Holland at, 289.  
 AUGUSTA, Princess (Duchess of Brunswick) (1737-1813), 69n.  
 AYLIFFE, John (d. 1759), 245, 251, 263, 266n.

## B.

BALLYFIN, Co. Leix, 76.  
 BANDAN, Duc de, 284.  
 BARKER, —, 37, 51, 57, 58, 87, 119, 121, 125, 126, 141, 148, 162, 351.  
 BARKER, Sir George (1722-1809), 56on.  
 BARRETT, George (1728-84), 149n, 162.  
 BARRINGTON, William Wildman, 2nd Viscount (1717-93), 325n, 434.  
 BARRY, Col., 308.  
 BARRY, Dr. Edward (Sir Edward Barry, Bart.) (1696-1776), 199n, 200, 201, 573.  
 —, Spranger (1719-77), 70n.  
 BARRYMORE, Margaret, Countess of (d. 1788), 133n, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 143, 145, 152, 156, 157, 161, 198, 211, 237, 292, 295, 442, 503.  
 —, Richard Barry, 6th Earl of (1745-73), 158n, 468.  
 BARTON, Suffolk, Lady Sarah Lennox's attachment to, 330, 333.  
 BARTON, Mr., 68.  
 BASLE, Lady Holland at, 533.  
 BASSOMPIERE, Madame, 186.  
 BATEMAN, John, 2nd Viscount (d. 1802), 111, 176, 177, 211, 273, 382, 422.  
 —, Elizabeth, Viscountess, 21n, 382, 386, 422.  
 —, Richard (d. 1773), 212n, 360, 422, 446.  
 BATEMANS, The, 313, 422, 423.  
 BATH, Moll, 61.  
 BATH, Anna Maria Gumley, Countess of (d. 1758), 183n.

# INDEX

- BATH, WILLIAM Pulteney, 1st Earl of (1682-1764), 99n, 183. Death, 417n.
- BEAUCLERC, Hon. Aubrey (5th Duke of St. Albans), 362n.
- BEAUCLERK, Topham, 467n.
- BEAUMONT, Mme., 436.
- BEDFORD, Gertrude, Duchess of (1719-94), 53n, 63, 66, 67, 107, 112, 153, 175, 185, 216, 229, 271, 274, 297, 319, 342, 343, 344, 367, 375, 377, 380, 439, 441, 442, 444, 448, 465, 519.
- BEDFORD, John Russell, 4th Duke of, (1710-71), 35n, 45, 47, 50, 51, 52, 56, 57, 63, 64, 65, 66, 70, 72, 73, 75, 77, 79, 80, 81, 83, 85, 86, 88, 92, 95, 98, 107, 112, 174, 187, 297, 302, 314, 316, 337, 340, 341, 342, 437, 441, 442, 448.
- BEDFORDS, The, 41, 53, 107, 211, 269, 277, 286, 302, 338, 375, 397, 437, 439, 444, 465.
- BEDFORD SET, The, 359, 423, 434, 519.
- BELFORD, Mr., 93.
- BELLAMONT, Charles Coote, Earl of, marries Lady Emily FitzGerald, 571n, 573.
- , Emily, Countess of (1752-1818), 573.
- BELLENSON, Mrs., 173.
- BELMONT, Princess, 486.
- BENTINCK, Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, (Viscountess Weymouth), 198n.
- , Lady Margaret (d. 1779), 187n, 201, 543, 545.
- BERDEZ, —, 111.
- BERE, —, 68n, 74, 83, 101, 116, 154.
- BERKELEY, Elizabeth, Countess of (1720-92), 41n, 43, 50.
- BERWICK, 396.
- BESANCON, France, 249.
- BESSBOROUGH, Countess of, 271.
- , Brabazon Ponsonby, 1st Earl of (1679-1758), 7n, 17, 20.
- BILSON-LEGGE, Henry (1708-64), 54n.
- BINGHAM, Sir Charles, 7th Bart., (Earl of Lucan), 227n.
- BLAKE, Annabella, 513n, 520, 523, 532, 540, 542, 549.
- BLAKENEY, William Blakeney, 1st Lord (1672-1761), 168n.
- BLAYNEY, Mary, Lady (Mrs. John Murray) (d. 1790), 160n.
- BLENHEIM PALACE, Oxfordshire, 270, 318, 359.
- 'BLUE RIBBON,' The, 54n.
- BOGNOR, Sussex, Church, 164.
- BOLINGBROKE, Diana, Viscountess, 319, 359n, 467n.
- , Frederick St. John, 2nd Viscount (1734-87), 49n.
- BOLLE, Mr., 28n, 72, 75, 78, 83, 84, 97, 148, 166, 167, 172, 183, 192, 193, 199, 213, 241, 243, 244, 249, 269, 284, 286, 364, 411, 438.
- , Mrs., 108, 139, 156, 159, 364.
- BOLOGNA, Italy, 478.
- BONFOY, Nicholas, 101n.
- BOROZOLES, Mme. de, 380.
- BOSCAWEN, Admiral, 21n.
- BOUFFLERS, Mme. Saujon, Marquise de, 426n, 427, 428, 463, 501.
- BOUVERIE, Mrs., 452.
- BOUZOLES, Mme. de, 492n.
- BOWEN, Mrs., 1.
- BOWLBY, Lady Mary, 106n, 249, 272.
- BOYLE, Bellingham, 9, 12, 16, 53, 60.
- , Henry (Earl of Shannon) (d. 1764), 1n, 7, 9, 12, 16, 22, 24, 25, 28, 30, 31.
- , Richard (1727-1807), 12n, 16, 19.
- , Mrs. Robert, 246n, 249. *See* Walsingham, Mrs. Robert.
- BRANDON, Ellis, Countess of (1709-89), 112n, 163.
- BRIDGEWATER, Francis Egerton, 3rd Duke of (1736-1803), 196n, 198, 319.
- BRIGHTON, Sussex, 251n.
- BRILIE, Alderman Hans, Lord Mayor of Dublin, 6n.
- BRIONNE, Louise Julie de Montauban, Comtesse de, 374n, 398.
- BRISTOL, George William Lord Hervey, 2nd Earl of (1721-75), 305n, 457, 494, 516, 518.
- BROCKLEY PARK, Co. Leix, 64n, 68, 72, 73, 80, 81, 84, 87.
- BRODIE, Mrs., 371.
- , Peter, 181, 252, 371, 381, 465, 515.
- BROGLIO, Abbé de, 394.
- BROWNE, Jemmet, D.D., Bishop of Cork (d. 1782), 6n, 7.
- , Lady, 410n, 526.
- , Lancelot ('Capability') (1715-83), 129n, 150.
- BRUCE, Thomas Brudenell-Bruce, 2nd Lord (Earl of Ailesbury) (1729-1814), 127n.
- BRUDENELL, John Montagu, Lord (Lord Montagu of Boughton) (1735-70), 129n.
- , Miss, 6, 175, 179. *See* FLUDYER, Lady.

# INDEX

- BRUNSWICK, Prince Ferdinand of, 169n, 247, 248.  
 —, William, Hereditary Prince of, 300n, 382.  
 BRUSSELS, Lady Holland visits, 371, 372, 373, 382, 383, 385, 467.  
 BUCCLEUCH, Henry Scott, 3rd Duke of (1746-1812), 411n. Marriage, 503.  
 —, Elizabeth, Duchess of, 510.  
 BUNBURY, Miss Anabella, 333.  
 —, Henry William (1750-1811), 459n, 520.  
 —, Lady, 114n, 311, 325.  
 —, Louisa, Birth, 558n, 563.  
 —, Lady Sarah (1745-1826), 328, 329, 330, 331, 333, 334, 336, 337, 339, 340, 350, 351, 353, 355, 356, 357, 358, 365, 367, 369, 375, 376, 377, 380, 384, 385, 387, 388, 395, 397, 408, 410, 413, 423, 427, 428, 429, 432, 433, 336, 438, 439, 441, 442, 443, 445, 446, 447, 449, 459, 463, 468, 484, 492, 493, 494, 500, 501, 510, 512, 513, 519, 520, 523, 524, 526, 532, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561. Leaves Sir Charles Bunbury, 562-70. *See* LENNOX, Lady Sarah.  
 —, Thomas Charles (Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, 6th Bart.) (1740-1821), 114n, 119, 124, 132, 145, 311, 313, 314, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 326; Marriage, 327, 329, 332, 334, 351, 353, 355, 357, 358, 365, 376, 380, 395, 429, 436, 437, 439, 446, 494, 510, 512, 513, 520, 542, 545, 549, 552, 554, 560. Lady Sarah leaves, 562, 563, 566, 567, 568, 569.  
 —, Sir William, 5th Bart. (d. 1764), 114n, 119, 311, 320, 321, 322, 323, 333.  
 BURGH FAMILY, The, 156.  
 BURGH, Mrs., 163.  
 BURGOYNE, Lady Charlotte, 324n.  
 BURLINGTON, Dorothy, Countess of (1699-1758), 183n.  
 —, Richard Boyle, 3rd Earl of, 19n.  
 BURTON, Mr., 387.  
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk, 332, 337.  
 BUTE, John Stuart, 3rd Earl of (1713-92), 41n, 47, 50, 114, 121, 129, 130, 144, 149, 152, 304, 314, 316, 317, 330, 337, 340, 342, 363, 434, 437, 440, 457, 465, 495, 556.  
 —, Mary, Countess of (Lady Mount Stewart of Wortey) (1718-94), 303n, 464.  
 BUTLER, Mr., 51.  
 BYLANDE, —, 104.  
 BYNG, Admiral, 251.  
 C.  
 CADOGAN, Charles Cadogan, 2nd Lord (1687-1776), 320n.  
 —, Mr., 381.  
 CALCOT, —, 147.  
 —, Mrs., 508.  
 CALCRAFT, John (1726-72), 7n, 15, 41, 55, 60, 89, 92, 96, 173, 176, 279, 280, 337, 368, 369, 370, 377, 457.  
 CALLION, Mr., 147.  
 —, Mrs., 147, 148.  
 CALAIS, Lady Holland at, 372; 430, 509.  
 CAMBRAI, Lady Holland at, 372.  
 CAMDEN, Lord, 457, 466.  
 CAMPBELL, Col. John (Duke of Argyll), 16, 193n, 234.  
*Candide* (Voltaire), 91n, 222, 231-3, 305.  
 CAPPEL, Lady M., 173.  
 CARLISLE, Frederick Howard, 5th Earl of (1748-1825), 459n, 465, 468, 494, 510, 524.  
 —, Isabella, Countess of (Lady Musgrave), 176n, 212, 227.  
 CARLTON, Captain, 18.  
 CARMARTHEN, Thomas Osborne, Marquess of (d. 1761), 103n.  
 CARNE SEAT, Goodwood, 164, 257.  
 CARR, costumier, 41.  
 —, Michael, 151.  
 CARRACCI, Annibale (1560-1609), 517n.  
 CARRICK, Juliana, Countess of (1728-1804), 58n.  
 CARTER, DR., 147, 155, 159.  
 —, Rt. Hon. Thomas (d. 1763), 12n, 16, 52, 60.  
 CARYSFORT, John Proby, Lord (1720-72), 163n.  
 CARYSFORTS, The, 173n.  
 CASHIOBURY PARK, Herts., 52.  
 CATHERINE II OF RUSSIA, Empress (1729-96), 404n, 459.  
 CAVENDISH, Lady Dorothy, Marriage of, 441n.  
 —, Lord Frederick (1729-1803), 16n, 19, 288, 317, 467.  
 —, Lord George (d. 1794), 349n.  
 —, Lord John (d. 1794), 467n.  
 CHABOT, Mary, Comtesse de Rohan —, (d. 1769), 377n, 397, 434, 525.  
 CHAMBERY (Savoy), 476.  
 CHAPPEL ISARD (=? Chapelizod) AFFAIR, 298.

# INDEX

- CHARLEMONT, James Caulfield, Viscount (1st Earl Charlemont), (1728-99), 104n, 106, 110, 112, 222.
- CHARLES II, King, 228, 254.
- , Prince, of Mecklenburg, 316n.
- CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, Queen, 99n, 102, 105, 108, 110, 111. First Meeting with King George III and Marriage, 112, 113, 148, 329, 355, 359.
- CHATHAM, William Pitt, 1st Earl of, 461, 465, 494, 511.
- CHATSWORTH, Derbyshire, 169, 179.
- CHEDWORTH, John Thynne-Howe, 2nd Lord (1714-62), 130n.
- CHENEVIX, jeweller, 244.
- , Mrs., 249.
- CHERBOURG, Capture of, 174, 177.
- CHIMEZ, Princess, 380.
- CHOISEUL, Étienne François de Choiseul, Duc de (1719-85), 307n, 332, 393.
- , Duchesse de, 391, 393.
- CHURCHILL, Charles, 291.
- , Lady Mary, 291n, 342, 471, 535.
- CHURCHILLS, The, 471.
- CIBER, Mrs., 117.
- Citoyen de Genève*, 395n.
- CLANBRASSIL, Henrietta, Countess of, (d. 1792), 40n, 94, 225, 348, 485.
- , James Hamilton, 2nd Earl of (1730-98), 76n.
- CLARENDON, Earl of, Edward Hyde, *The Life of*, 228n, 254, 255.
- CLARKE, Mrs., 100, 105, 106, 108, 111, 138, 139, 142, 151, 153.
- CLAVERING, Lady Diana, 406n.
- CLEMENTS, Mrs. Nathaniel, 50n, 138, 160, 324, 455.
- , Nathaniel, 16n, 51, 95, 160.
- , Robert (Earl Leitrim) (1732-1804), 71n, 95, 218, 224, 238, 240, 246, 278, 386.
- CLEVELAND, Mr., 140, 142.
- CLIFFORD, Lady Fanny, 486.
- , Miss, 38, 209.
- CLIVEDEN, Bucks., 94, 97, 117, 118.
- COBBE, Lady Elizabeth, 107n, 108.
- COCKBURN, Mrs., 156.
- COCK LANE GHOST, 318.
- COKE, Lady Mary (1726-1811), 385n, 387, 423.
- COLLISON, Peter (1694-1768), 46n, 47, 53, 412n.
- COLONNA, Maria Mancini, wife of the Constable Colonna (1640-1715), 293.
- COMES, *Commerce*, 93.
- COMMONS, HOUSE OF, 39, 121, 142, 163, 306, 308, 314, 317, 345, 351, 353, 363, 434, 460, 553, 556.
- COMPTON, Spencer (8th Earl of Northampton) (1738-96), 214n, 215, 241, 245, 254.
- CONINGHAM, Henry Viscount (Earl Coningham) (1705-81), 57n.
- CONINGSBY, Margaret, Countess of, (1709-61), 253n.
- CONOLLY, Lady Anne, 62n, 80, 84, 88, 91, 123, 191, 192, 198, 202, 204, 205, 206, 210, 212, 217, 237, 268, 283.
- , Miss Anne (Mrs. George Byng), 91n, 223, 229.
- , Miss Francis (Viscountess Howe), 260n, 356.
- , Miss Harriet, 139n, 140, 145, 149, 151, 155.
- , Lady Louisa Augusta (1743-1821), 62, 64, 67, 80, 81, 82, 84, 85, 87, 88, 90, 92, 93, 98, 105, 116, 119, 121, 123, 129, 135, 137, 139, 140, 141, 143, 144, 145, 146, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 161, 165, 191, 192, 194, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 210, 212, 213, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 226, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 236, 237, 250, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 260, 261, 262, 264, 265, 266, 268, 269, 270, 281, 283, 291, 294, 299, 305, 307, 310, 312, 313, 325, 328, 335, 336, 340, 341, 345, 346, 350, 353, 355, 361, 364, 366, 367, 370, 379, 380, 388, 402, 403, 413, 414, 419, 427, 428, 429, 432, 439, 440, 442, 447, 450, 461, 462, 463, 466, 468, 484, 495, 505, 516, 518, 529, 531, 533, 536, 540, 541, 543, 546, 547, 548, 550, 552, 557, 558, 559, 560-74. See LENNOX, Lady Louisa.
- CONOLLYS, The, 78, 205, 364, 419, 570.
- CONOLLY, Rt. Hon. Thomas (1738-1803), 62n, 69, 81, 84, 89, 90, 91, 98, 119, 121, 134, 137, 138, 139, 144, 145, 146, 152, 156, 159, 165, 191, 195, 200, 204, 206, 208, 213, 216, 218, 219, 220, 222, 223, 226, 229, 231, 250, 255, 256, 260, 261, 262, 264, 268, 291, 294, 296, 330, 336, 349, 353, 355, 358, 413, 517, 559, 563, 565, 566, 567.
- CONTADES, Louis Georges Erasme, Marquis de (1704-93), 534n.
- Contes de Guillaume Vadé (Voltaire), 420n, 424.

# INDEX

- CONTI, Louis François de Bourbon, Prince de (1717-76), 426n, 427, 428, 461, 463.
- CONWAY, Miss Anne, 43n, 288, 458.
- , Gen. Henry Seymour (1719-95), 16n, 19, 24, 28, 34, 38, 42, 43, 159, 168, 169, 171, 181, 240, 288, 307, 423, 457, 460, 463, 465.
- CONYNGHAM, —, physician, 80.
- COOPER, Lord, 506.
- CORK, 3.
- CORK, Jemmet Browne, D.D., Bishop of (d. 1782), 6n, 7.
- , John Boyle, 5th Earl of (1707-62), 486n.
- CORNWALLIS, Charles Cornwallis, 2nd Earl (Marquis Cornwallis) (1738-1805), 163n.
- , Mrs., 249.
- CORREGE, Mrs., 72.
- COTTINGHAM, —, 161.
- COVENTRY, George William Coventry, 6th Earl of (1722-1809), 49n.
- , Mary, Countess of (Mary Gunning), 27n, 203, 218, 232, 264, 272, 274, 299, 399.
- COX, Ensign, 175.
- , Sir Richard (1702-66), 12n, 16, 22.
- CRÉBILLON, Claude Prosper Jolyot de (1707-77), 421n.
- Creusa* (Whitehead), 120n, 309, 323.
- CREWE, John (Lord Crewe), 433n, 452.
- , Mrs. John (d. 1818), 445, 450, 452, 463, 464.
- , Mrs., 452, 464.
- , Miss, 459.
- CROFTON, Mr., 175.
- , Mrs., 66, 111, 158, 360, 362, 366, 548, 552.
- CROMTOM, Lancashire, 360.
- CROSBIE, Miss Lucy, 66, 76, 84.
- CROWN POINT, fort abandoned, 179.
- CUMBERLAND, Prince William Augustus Duke of (1721-65), 11n, 54, 67, 76, 171, 172, 258, 300, 302, 315, 416.
- CUNNINGHAM, Mrs., 193, 201, 203, 209.
- D.
- D'AIGIULLON, Anne Charlotte, Duchesse, 377n, 391, 394.
- D'ALEMBERT, Jean Le Rond (1713-83), 375n, 403.
- DANCER, Mrs. (Mrs. Spranger Barry) (1734-1801), 64n, 70.
- DANGAN CASTLE, Co. Meath, 81n.
- DANTAN, —, 16.
- DARCY, Lady Amelia (Lady Conyers), 398n, 458.
- DARLEY, —, 87n.
- D'AUBIGNI, Mlle, 379.
- DAUN, Leopold Josef, Count von (1705-66), 173n.
- DAUNT, —, a surgeon, 136.
- DAUPHINE OF FRANCE, Maria Josepha, 380n.
- David, —, 172.
- DAVILA, Enrico Caterino (1576-1631), 178n, 179.
- DAWSON, Lady Anne, 147n, 211.
- DAYROLLES, Solomon (d. 1786), 288n, 289, 295, 307, 464.
- , Mrs. Solomon, 288n, 290, 295.
- , The, 456, 458.
- DEAN AND VARGI, 423.
- D'EGLLEN, Mme., 428.
- D'EGMONT, Comtesse, 399n, 431.
- DEJEAN, Col., 7n, 15, 17.
- DE LA MARCHE, Fortunée Marie D'Este, Comtesse, 428n.
- DELAVEL, Miss Anne, 259n. *See* Stanhope, Lady.
- DELAWARR, John West, Earl (1693-1766), 112n.
- DESOGULIERS, Col., 70.
- DEVIS, Arthur, Painter, 18.
- , Mr., 340.
- DEVONSHIRE, William Cavendish, 4th Duke of (1720-64), 33, 40, 46, 48, 56, 80, 94, 107, 183, 212, 223, 239, 285, 315, 337, 349, 350, 415, 416.
- DEZERANT, —, 105.
- Dialogues of the Dead* (Lyttelton), 286.
- Dictionnaire Philosophique* (Voltaire), 471n.
- DIDEROT, Denis (1713-84), 375n, 395, 463.
- DIGBY, Edward Digby, 6th Lord (1730-57), 55n, 56, 166, 167, 168, 381.
- , Hon. Mrs. Edward, 21n, 102, 166, 167, 193, 212, 225, 242, 252, 406, 410.
- , Elizabeth, Lady (d. 1765), 410n.
- , Henry Digby, 7th Lord (Earl Digby) (1731-93), 231n.
- DIGBYS, The, 356, 423.
- DIJON, 469.
- DIXON, —, painter, 193, 403, 408, 515.
- , Dean, 114.
- DORRINGTON, —, 11.
- DORSET, Elizabeth, Duchess of (d. 1768), 261n, 262.
- , Lionel Cranfield Sackville, 1st Duke of Dorset (1688-1765), 23n, 28, 30, 35, 36, 54, 252, 253.
- DOVER, Kent, Lady Holland at, 430.
- DOWDESWELL, William (1721-75), 466n.

# INDEX

DOWNE, Henry Pleydell-Dawney, 3rd Viscount (1727-60), 303n.  
 DOWNES, Mrs., 163.  
 —, Robert, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin (d. 1769), 516n, 545, 553, 556.  
 DOWNING, Lady, 305n.  
*Doyen de Kellerine* (Prévost), 336n, 421.  
 DROGHEDA, 93.  
 —, Bridget, Countess of (d. 1767), 64n, 65, 68, 71, 76, 108, 121, 163.  
 —, Edward Moore, 5th Earl of, 121n.  
 DRUMMOND, Hon. Robert (1711-76), 104n.  
 'DRURY, Miss' (Countess of Buckinghamshire), 110n.  
 DUBLIN, Crow Street Theatre, 155n.  
 —, Cutlers' Painters' and Printers' Corporation, 25.  
 —, French Church, Peter Street, 16n.  
 —, Kildare House, 79, 87, 88, 98, 101, 265, 283.  
 —, Kildare Street, 161.  
 —, Merrion Street, 158.  
 DUNBAR, Mrs., 211, 222.  
 DUNCAN, Mr., 146.  
 —, Dr. William (Sir William Duncan, Bt.) (1715-74), 45n, 58, 80, 88, 90, 199, 200, 213, 214, 215, 231, 232, 234, 238, 251, 252, 269, 270, 282, 294, 381, 518, 522, 549, 550, 557, 558, 559.  
 DUNCANNON, Caroline, Viscountess, 59n.  
 —, William Ponsonby, Viscount, (1704-93), 17n, 57.  
 DUNCHURCH, Warwickshire, 32.  
 DUNDALK, 89, 93, 94.  
 DUNKIRK, 372.  
 DUNNY, Miss, 1.  
 DUNOYER, Mrs., 212, 224, 287, 339, 453.  
 DUNSTABLE, Bedfordshire, 32, 33, 204.  
 DURAS, Marquise de, 379.  
 D'USSON, Comtesse, 367.  
 —, Comte, 367.  
 DUTAN, —, 50.  
 DUTENS, Mrs., 54.  
 E.  
 EDMONSTONS, the, 67.  
 EDWARD, AUGUSTUS, Prince (Duke of York) (1739-67), 69n, 81, 221, 274.  
 EGREMONT, Alicia Maria, Countess of (d. 1794), 96n, 289, 359.  
 —, Charles Wyndham, 2nd Earl of (1710-63), 44n, 45, 114, 118, 121, 123, 125, 126, 128, 129.

ELLIOTT, Sir John, Bart., 558n.  
 ELLISES, The, 182.  
 ELLIS, Welbore (Baron Mendip) (1713-1802), 48n, 162n.  
 —, Mrs. Welbore (d. 1761), 212n, 259n, 261, 262, 299.  
 ELLISON, Gen. Cuthbert, 423n.  
*Émile* (Rousseau), 336n.  
 EMILY, Princess, 250.  
 EMILY OF PRUSSIA, Princess, 387.  
 ERROL, James Boyd (afterwards Hay), 15th Earl of (1726-78), 308n, 313, 317, 320.  
 ERSKINE, Mr., 67.  
 ERWIN, Col., 181.  
 —, Mrs., 181.  
*Esprit, De l'* (Helvetius), 224.  
 ESSEX, Frances, Countess of (d. 1759), 69n, 80, 182, 196, 197, 198, 202, 203, 209, 212, 222, 223, 237, 243, 246, 249, 253, 277, 391, 393.  
 —, William Capel, 4th Earl of, 197, 249, 254, 276, 317.  
 ETON COLLEGE, Bucks., 70, 75, 90, 108, 123, 124, 161, 166, 170, 180, 181, 182, 190, 191, 192, 198, 202, 220, 236, 238, 248, 256, 258, 273, 275, 282, 283, 310, 319, 367, 376, 393, 521, 542; Rebellion at, 549, 556.  
 ETHROP, 259, 261.  
 EUSTON, Augustus Henry Fitzroy Earl of Euston (1735-1811), 27n.

## F.

FALCONER, Lady (1731-1814), 103n.  
 FANNEN, Mr., 173n, 368, 379, 390, 449, 450, 513, 516, 517.  
 —, Mrs., 216, 252, 259, 325, 351, 359, 368, 371, 392, 394, 412, 415, 441, 449, 493, 513.  
 FARNHAM, Robert Maxwell, Viscount (Earl of Farnham) (d. 1779), 106n, 109.  
 FAULKNER, —, 29.  
 FAVOT, M., 139, 141.  
 FAWKENER, Lady, 18n, 235.  
 —, Sir Everard (1684-1758), 46n, 235.  
 FAYETTE, Marie Madeleine Pioche de la Vergue, Comtesse de la (1634-93), 243n.  
 FÉNELON, François de Salignac (1651-1715), Archbishop of Cambrai, 372n.  
 FERDINAND VI, King of Spain (1713-59), 234n.  
 FERRERS, Lady (Marchioness Townshend), 324n.

# INDEX

- FERDINAND IV, King of Naples and Sicily (1751-1825), 493n.
- FIASKI, —, 146.
- FIELDING, Henry, *Works*, 104, 122.
- Fingal* (Macpherson), 464n.
- FISHER, Catherine Maria, 'Kitty' (Mrs. John Norris) (d. 1767), 262n.
- FITZGERALD, Caroline, (d. 1823) (Viscountess Kingsborough), 528n, 531, 532, 537, 555.
- , Lady Caroline (b. and d. 1755), 5n.
- , Lady Caroline Elizabeth Mabel (1750-54), 6n, 10.
- , Lord Charles James (1756-1810), 33n, 39, 41, 56, 61, 64, 66, 98, 101, 106, 109, 111, 113, 119, 121, 123, 138, 139, 140, 142, 146, 148, 155, 284, 286, 339, 370, 374, 376, 381, 382, 383, 387, 388, 390, 394, 395, 396, 405, 412, 416, 424, 433, 437, 444, 451, 463, 546, 572, 573.
- , Lady Charlotte Mary Gertrude (Baroness Rayleigh) (1758-1836), 61n, 131, 135, 142.
- , Lord Edward (1763-98), 434n, 448, 449, 451.
- , Lady Emily Maria Margaret (1752-1818), 5n, 6, 10, 26, 95, 142, 144, 148, 152, 155, 214, 224, 242, 258, 285, 376, 383, 388, 402, 420, 424, 439, 440, 451, 457, 458, 463, 468, 484, 505, 506, 507, 513, 516, 525, 536, 540, 542, 543, 545, 546, 548, 552, 556, 562; Marries Earl of Bellamont, 571n.
- See BELLAMONT, Emily Countess of.
- , Lady Fanny Charlotte Elizabeth (1770-75), 572n.
- , Lord Gerald (1766-88), Birth of, 440n.
- , Lady Henrietta Catherine (1753-63), 5n, 6, 10, 138, 140, 142, 143, 145, 148, 149, 155, 361, 381, 382, 383, 387.
- , Lord Henry (1761-1829), 100n, 108, 135, 142, 143, 146, 151, 162, 164, 349, 424.
- , Lady Louisa Bridget (1760-65), 111, 142n, 164, 293n, 424.
- , Lady Mary (d. 1815), 234n.
- , Lord Robert Stephen (1765-1833), 433n.
- , Lady Sophia Mary (b. 1762), 349n, 444.
- , Lord William Robert (2nd Duke of Leinster) (1749-1804), 5n, 15, 18, 32, 38, 43, 48, 62, 63, 64, 75, 78, 83, 101, 102, 103, 120, 125, 145, 161, 166, 172, 176, 180, 189, 190, 198, 199, 227, 236, 238, 239, 241, 244, 258, 267, 269, 270, 279, 307, 321, 323, 340, 342, 376, 420, 424.
- See OFFALY, William FitzGerald, Lord.
- FITZJAMES, Charles FitzJames, Duc de, 380, 393.
- , Duchesse de, 380n, 501.
- FITZJAMES FAMILY, The, 378, 430, 431, 501.
- FITZMAURICE, William Petty, Viscount (Marquess of Lansdowne) (1737-1805), 303n.
- FITZPATRICK, Lady Mary (d. 1778), 439n, 440, 441; Marriage of, 442.
- See FOX, Lady Mary.
- , Hon. Richard (1747-1813), 442n, 465.
- FITZROY, Col. Charles (Lord Southampton) (1737-97), 247n, 248, 274, 276, 288, 295, 304.
- , Mrs. Charles, 230n, 242, 274, 276, 288, 289, 291, 295.
- , Lady Georgiana (d. 1799), 423n.
- , Lord Charles, 423.
- FITZROYS, The, 317, 468.
- FITZWILLIAM, William Wentworth Fitzwilliam, 4th Earl of (1748-1833), 235n, 411, 494, 504, 510.
- FLEURY, Cardinal (1653-1743), 158n.
- FLOOD, Henry (1732-91), 163n.
- FLORENCE, Italy, Lady Holland at, 478, 479, 503.
- Florence —, 157.
- FLUDYER, Lady, 85n, 182, 184, 283, 310, 413.
- FLUDYER, Sir Samuel, Bart. (1705-68), 116n, 117, 175n, 413.
- FOLEY, Mr. (Paris banker), 432n.
- FONTAINEBLEAU, France, Lady Holland at, 525.
- FORBES, Lady, 96, 241.
- , Lady Mary, 102n.
- FORMIUM, Italy, 484.
- FORTESCUE, Mrs., 258, 444, 486.
- FOX, Caroline, 573.
- , Charles James (1749-1806), 18n, 101, 114, 120, 166, 170, 172, 180, 182, 190, 194, 199, 220, 227, 233, 235, 240, 241, 243, 244, 245, 249, 250, 251, 252, 256, 267, 275, 285, 293, 299, 321, 322, 323, 326, 332, 336, 339, 343, 356, 363, 366, 369, 370, 372, 376, 385, 386, 388, 403, 404, 405, 407, 408, 411, 412, 415, 418, 419, 421, 425, 428, 430, 441, 442, 449, 450, 454, 457, 459, 465, 466, 468, 470, 486, 491, 493, 495, 499, 504, 506, 510, 512, 514,

# INDEX

- 515, 517, 520, 522, 523, 524, 526,  
531, 536, 538, 542, 543, 544, 545,  
546, 563, 565.
- , Lady Georgiana Caroline (1723–  
74), 7n, 15, 16, 25, 26, 27, 29, 33,  
45, 52, 56, 58, 59, 62, 70, 72, 74, 80,  
92, 94, 101, 105, 107, 108, 112, 114,  
116, 117, 118. *See* HOLLAND,  
Georgiana Caroline, 1st Lady.
- , Rt. Hon. Henry (1705–74), 6n,  
7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19,  
20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30,  
31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 41,  
44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 53,  
54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 70,  
74, 77, 79, 85, 92, 98, 99, 100, 101,  
104, 105, 107, 108, 114, 115, 116,  
118, 120, 124, 126, 132, 138, 142,  
143, 145, 152, 159, 160, 167, 168,  
169, 170, 171, 174, 175, 177, 180,  
181, 184, 187, 190, 200, 205, 206,  
209, 212, 216, 217, 219, 226, 227,  
230, 231, 233, 234, 235, 239, 242,  
243, 244, 245, 250, 251, 252, 254,  
256, 258, 259, 260, 263, 264, 265,  
267, 270, 275, 278, 279, 280, 282,  
284, 285, 288, 289, 293, 294, 295,  
296, 297, 298, 299, 304, 305, 306,  
308, 309, 310, 313, 314, 315, 317,  
319, 320, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326,  
327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 335, 337,  
338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344,  
345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351,  
353, 354, 355, 257, 258, 259, 360,  
362, 363, 364, 365. *See* HOLLAND,  
1st Lord.
- , Henry Edward (Gen.) (1755–  
1811), 73n, 102, 105, 149, 166,  
184, 185, 194, 196, 213, 215, 216,  
217, 220, 235, 238, 242, 252, 275,  
282, 284, 289, 306, 309, 310, 319,  
339, 341, 343, 351, 352, 363, 366,  
376, 386, 387, 425, 442, 449, 450,  
454, 471, 478, 479, 499, 507, 510,  
512, 514, 521, 525, 526, 530, 540,  
542, 546, 549, 551, 553, 556.
- , Lady Mary (2nd Lady Holland)  
(d. 1778), 443, 444, 445, 447, 448,  
449, 451, 455, 458, 459, 465, 468,  
471, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480,  
481, 485, 486, 493, 494, 495, 498,  
504, 507, 508, 510, 512, 514, 515,  
519, 521, 522, 535, 537, 540, 542,  
543, 545, 556, 566, 573.
- , Stephen (2nd Lord Holland)  
(1745–1774), 13n, 25, 46, 62, 65,  
66, 67, 70, 73, 75, 81, 83, 85, 88,  
90, 91, 92, 114, 166, 170, 172, 190,  
191, 192, 194, 195, 199, 201, 203,  
204, 205, 206, 207, 209, 210, 213,  
214, 215, 216, 219, 220, 223, 224,  
231, 232, 233, 235, 236, 238, 239,  
240, 241, 243, 245, 251, 256, 258,  
259, 263, 270, 272, 275, 278, 282,  
283, 284, 285, 287, 298, 299, 307,  
309, 312, 320, 322, 323, 325, 328,  
329, 332, 333, 335, 337, 340, 343,  
345, 347, 350, 351, 352, 364, 365,  
366, 370, 371, 372, 373, 376, 383,  
384, 386, 390, 404, 405, 406, 410,  
411, 414, 415, 418, 421, 422, 427,  
433, 439, 440, 441; Marriage of, 442,  
443, 444, 445, 448, 458, 459, 465,  
468, 471, 474, 476, 478, 479, 481,  
485, 498, 504, 507, 510, 512, 515,  
521, 537, 540, 542, 545, 573.
- , Stephen Strangways, 279n.
- FOX-STRANGWAYS, Lady Susan, 102n,  
105, 111, 119, 120, 125, 230, 285,  
299, 301, 314, 321, 339, 350, 380,  
388; Marriage, 405. *See* O'BRIEN,  
Lady Susan.
- FRANKLAND, Dr., 173.
- , Mrs., 173, 453, 454.
- FREDERICK THE GREAT, King of  
Prussia, 37, 56, 110, 173, 182, 253,  
382.
- FREDERICK, Sir Charles (1709–85),  
131n.
- FREKE, Sir John, Bart., 12n.
- FURNACE, —, housekeeper, 108, 144.
- GAETANI, Comte de, 486.
- , Comtessa de, 486, 487, 496, 506.
- GAFFNEY, —, a cart boy, 98.
- GARDINER, Charles, 29n, 323.
- GARDNER, Molly, 211, 465.
- GARRICK, David (1717–79), 70n, 224,  
378, 439.
- , Mrs. David, 285n.
- GATAKER, —, a medical man, 306.
- GATINI, —, dancing-master, 268.
- GAUSSIN, Mde., 508.
- Generous Briton, The*, 436n.
- GENEVA, Switzerland, Lady Holland  
at, 507.
- GEOFFRIN, Mde. (1699–1777), 375n,  
377, 380, 428, 459, 460, 462, 494,  
525, 526.
- GEORGE II, King, 8n, 36, 37, 40, 41,  
44, 45, 47, 48, 58, 62, 67, 74, 75,  
77, 81, 85, 86, 88, 89, 91, 94, 97,  
169, 171, 173, 218, 267, 272, 300,  
301.
- GEORGE III, King, 47n, 68n, 69, 99,  
100, 105, 108, 110; First meeting  
with Queen Charlotte and marriage,  
112; 113, 120, 125, 129, 130, 131, 145,  
277, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 314,  
316, 321, 329, 331, 345, 346, 347,

# INDEX

350, 351, 367, 375, 422, 429, 434, 437, 438, 440, 457.  
 GEORGE IV, King, Birth of, 338n.  
 GERALDINES, The, 183n.  
 GHENT, 372, 386.  
 GIBBERN and CHANCELLOR, 424.  
*Gil Blas* (Le Sage), 428n.  
 GILES, a servant, 64.  
 GIROUETTE, dancer, 13.  
 GLANSKERRY, 140.  
 GLASNEVIN, Dublin, 94.  
 GLENORCHY, Willielma, Countess of (1742-1786), 496n.  
 GLEXTON, —, a nurse, 151.  
 GLOUCESTER, Prince William Henry, Duke of (1743-1805), 329n.  
 GOLDSWORTHY, Mrs., 396n.  
 GOODWOOD, Sussex, 34n, 36, 37, 39, 46, 53, 93, 161, 162, 163, 164, 169, 191, 230, 242, 249, 253, 255, 256, 257, 258, 265, 267, 270, 276, 282, 287, 290, 292, 295, 299, 303, 304, 320, 353, 357, 358, 408, 411, 412, 419, 425, 515.  
 GORDON, —, house decorator, 83.  
 —, Lord William, elopes with Lady Sarah Bunbury, 562n, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570.  
 GORE, Sir Arthur, Bart. (1703-73), 12n, 16, 39.  
 —, F., 9, 12.  
 —, Lady, 23, 27.  
 GOWER, Granville Leveson-Gower, 2nd Earl (Marquis of Stafford) (1721-1803), 54n, 147, 159, 302, 303, 359.  
 GRAFTON, Anne, Duchess of, 218n, 284, 359, 423, 425.  
 —, Duke of, 304, 423, 425, 438, 465, 516, 518, 519.  
 GRAHAM, Mrs., 93.  
 GRAMMONT'S *Memoirs*, 115.  
 GRANBY, Francis, Marchioness of (d. 1760), 271n.  
 —, John Manners, Marquis (1721-70), 248n, 366.  
 GRANVILLE, Robert Carteret, 3rd Earl (1721-76), 362n.  
 GRAY, Sir James, 454n.  
 —, Lady (d. 1781), 519n.  
 GRENVILLE, Hon. George (1712-70), 363n, 434, 438, 465.  
 GRENVILLES, The, 437, 519.  
 GRENVILLE, Hon. Mrs. Henry, 177n.  
 GREVILLE, Frances Anne (d. 1818), 406n, 410, 415, 421, 422, 433.  
 See CREWE, Mrs.  
 —, Fulke, 358.  
 —, Mrs. Fulke, 17n, 176, 177, 182, 186, 208, 212, 305, 347, 350,

351, 353, 358, 360, 397, 410, 421, 440, 450, 452, 463, 470, 524.  
 GROSVENOR, Lord (Earl Grosvenor), 311n.  
 GUERCHY, Claude François, Comte de, (1715-67), 378n, 385, 390, 423.  
 —, Comtesse de, 378, 442, 453, 486.  
 GUERCHYS, The, 395.  
 GUISE, Mary of, Queen of Scotland (1515-60), 233n.

## H.

HALE, Col. John (Gen. John Hale) (d. 1806), 267n.  
 HALIFAX, George Montague Dunk, 2nd Earl of (1716-71), 53n, 108, 110, 118n, 119, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 350.  
 HAMILTON, Hon. Charles, 39, 150, 288, 496.  
 —, Mrs. Frederick, 157.  
 HAMILTONS, The, 547.  
 —, William (Sir William Hamilton), (1730-1803), 485n, 496.  
 —, Mrs. William, 485n, 487, 494, 496.  
 —, William Gerard (1729-96), 121n.  
 HAMILTON AND ARGYLL, Elizabeth, Duchess of (1734-90), 38n, 75, 193n, 203, 214, 218, 233, 272, 274, 300, 399.  
 HAMMERSMITH, 129.  
 HANBURY-WILLIAMS, Lady Frances, 246n, 253, 254.  
 —, Sir Charles, 246.  
 HANDCOCK, Mr., 152, 160, 165.  
 —, Mrs., 78, 81, 84, 298, 302.  
 HARMAN, Mrs. Cutts, 141n.  
 HARRACHE, Mr., 168.  
 HARRINGTON, Caroline, Countess of (1722-84), 56n, 58, 69, 78, 86, 99, 101, 102, 104, 105, 108, 112, 113, 121, 200, 202, 233, 262.  
 —, William Stanhope, 1st Earl of (c. 1690-1756), 48n.  
 —, William Stanhope, 2nd Earl of (d. 1779), 114n.  
 HARRIS, Mr., 37, 57.  
 HARTINGTON, William Cavendish, Marquis of (1720-64), 7n, 8, 9, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31. See Devonshire, William Cavendish, 4th Duke of.  
 HAVANNAH, Capture of, 344.  
 HAWKE, Admiral Edward (Lord Hawke) (1705-81), 267n.  
 HAWKINS, Sir Caesar (1711-86), 48n, 168, 559.

# INDEX

- HAYTER, Thomas (1702-62), Bishop, 100n.
- HENLEY, Sir Robert (Earl of Northington) (1708-72), 54n.
- HENRIETTA, Maria, Queen, 255n.
- HENRIETTA, Princess, Duchesse d'Orleans (1644-70), 378n, 382.
- HENRY, Joseph, 104n.
- HENRY III, King of France, 472.
- HENRY IV, King of France, 255n, 471, 472.
- HENRY, Mrs., 259.
- HERTFORD, Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of (Marquis of Hertford) (1718-94), 366n, 397, 447.
- HERTFORDS, The, 398, 436.
- HERTFORD, Isabella, Countess of, 367n, 395, 396, 397, 435, 455, 437, 447, 458, 462, 526.
- HERVEY, Capt. Augustus (3rd Earl of Bristol) (1724-99), 344n.
- , Lady Emily, 334n.
- , Mary, Lady ('Molly Lepell') (1706-68), 235n, 266, 274, 290, 305, 377, 400, 459, 482, 494: Death of, 544, 546.
- Hibernia, The*, 32.
- HILL, Arthur (2nd Marquis of Downshire) (1753-1801), 282n.
- , Lady Charlotte, 517n, 519, 522, 542, 551.
- , Lady Emily Mary, 517n, 519, 522, 542, 551.
- , Mrs., 142.
- , Tom, 183.
- HILLSBOROUGH, Co. Down, 130, 296.
- HILLSBOROUGH, Margaret, Viscountess, (Countess of Hillsborough) (1723-06), 121, 18, 27, 91, 92, 114, 149, 175, 211, 230, 231, 232, 270, 380, 413, 420: Death of, 433, 434.
- , Mary, Countess of (1726-80), 556.
- HILLSBOROUGH, The, 12, 14, 21, 34, 49, 62, 64, 69, 91, 95, 149, 153, 282, 284, 287, 297, 350, 397, 422.
- HILLSBOROUGH, Willes Hill, 2nd Viscount (Earl of Hillsborough and Marquis of Downshire) (The Black Earl) (d. 1793), 27, 35, 105, 114, 175, 181, 231, 284, 297, 315, 420, 433, 434, 447, 460, 515, 522, 535, 539, 551, 556.
- Histoire de Charles VI*, 242n.
- Histoire de Mde. Henriette D'Angleterre* (La Fayette), 424n.
- Histoire de Miss Jenny* (Riccoboni), 403n, 420, 421.
- HOBSON, —, 256.
- , Mrs., 475.
- HOGARTH, William, Painter, 538.
- HOLBEIN, Hans, the Younger (1497-1543), *Dance of Death*, 534n.
- HOLDERNESSE, Marie, Countess of, 367n, 395, 398, 410, 417, 456, 458, 500, 501.
- , Robert D'Arcy, 4th Earl of (1718-78), 44n, 48, 75, 398, 456, 458.
- HOLLAND, Georgiana Caroline, 1st Lady (1723-74), 123n, 125, 126, 132, 140, 142, 145. See also Fox, Lady Georgiana Caroline.
- , Henry Fox, 1st Lord (1705-74), 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 372, 375, 377, 379, 383, 384, 386, 388, 389, 390, 392, 394, 396, 397, 403, 405, 406, 407, 408, 410, 411, 412, 413, 415, 417, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 425, 429, 430, 433, 434, 435, 436, 438, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 450, 451, 454, 455, 457, 460, 462, 463, 464, 466, 467, 468, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 476, 479, 481, 482, 484, 485, 487, 490, 491, 493, 495, 497, 500, 502, 504, 506, 507, 508, 511, 512, 514, 515, 517, 518, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 528, 529, 531, 532, 534, 535, 537, 539, 540, 542, 543, 544, 546, 549, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 572-4. See also Fox, Henry.
- HOLMES, Col., 531, 532.
- HONEYWOOD, Col., 91.
- HORNER, Mr., 167.
- , Mrs., 245n, 251.
- HORNES, The, 67.
- HOTHAM, Sir Charles, Bt. (d. 1767), 57n, 382, 383.
- , Lady Dorothy (d. 1708), 178n, 181.
- HOWARD, Gen. George (Field-Marshal George Howard, K.B.) (? 1720-96), 223n.
- , Lady Lucy (d. 1771), 223n.
- , Thomas Howard, Lord (3rd Earl of Effingham) (1747-91), 342n.
- HOWE, George Augustus Howe, 3rd Viscount (1724-58), 179n.
- HUME, David (1711-76), 383n, 394.
- HUMPHRY, Mrs., 55n.
- HUNTER, Charles Orby, 318n.
- , John (1728-93), 558n, 560.
- , Kitty, 318n, 321.
- , Mr., 166.
- HUNTERS, The, 172.
- HUNTINGDON, Francis Hastings, 10th Earl of (1729-89), 350n.
- HUSSEY, Mrs., 156, 157.
- HUSSEY-MONTAGU, Sir Edward (Earl of Beaulieu) (1720-1802), 27n, 123, 124.

# INDEX

## I.

ILCHESTER, Elizabeth, Countess of (1722/3-92), 191n, 245, 251, 279, 316, 405, 514, 515.  
 —, Stephen Fox (Fox-Strangways), 1st Lord (1st Earl of Ilchester) (1704-76), 172n, 212, 231, 251, 256, 279, 285, 405, 408, 515, 521, 545.  
 INCHQUIN, Mary, Countess of, 116n, 117, 143, 310.  
 INCHQUINS, The, 117, 120.  
 INCHQUIN, William O'Brien, 4th Earl of (d. 1777), 1n, 2, 3, 7, 12, 20, 27, 29, 78, 79, 116n, 117, 124.  
 INGRESS, on the Thames, 132, 407.  
 IRENE (Johnson), 315n.  
 IRISH PARLIAMENT, 45.  
 ISLE OF WIGHT, 168.  
 IVAN VI of RUSSIA, Czar (d. 1764), Assassination of, 404n.

## J.

JACKSON, —, a servant, 87.  
 JACOB, —, a servant, 106.  
 JAMES'S POWDER, 130, 275.  
*Jane Shore*, 155n.  
 JEFFERES, Mr., 78.  
 JENYNS, Soame, M.P. (1704-87), 307n.  
 JOCELYN, Anne, Viscountess (Countess of Roden) (1730-1802), 147n, 237, 239, 267.  
 —, Robert Jocelyn, 2nd Viscount (Earl of Roden) (1731-97), 74n, 79, 98, 159, 225.  
 JOHNSON, Mr., 175.  
 —, Mrs., 175.  
 —, Samuel, 315.  
 JOHNSTON, Lady Charlotte (d. 1762), 124n.  
 JONES, INIGO (c. 1573-1652), 298n.  
 JONES, Mr., 55, 56.  
 JOSEPH II, Emperor (1741-90), 459n, 504.  
 JUSTINIANI, Prince and Princess, 502.

## K.

KAUNITZ, Comtesse, 487n, 496.  
 KELLY, Mr., 142, 152.  
 KENT, William (1684-1748), 150n.  
 KEPPEL FAMILY, The, 173.  
 —, Lady Caroline, 38n, 170, 173.  
 See ADAIR, Lady Caroline.  
 —, Lady Elizabeth (Marchioness of Tavistock) (1739-68), 249n, 276, 282, 318.  
 —, Hon. Frederick (Bishop of Exeter) (1729-77), 176n, 422n.

KEPPEL, Hon. Mrs. Frederick, 282n.  
 —, William (d. 1782), 175n, 176.  
 KER, Lady Louisa, 221n, 226, 256.  
 See LENNOX, Lady George.  
 KERRY, Francis Thomas FitzMaurice, 3rd Earl of (1740-1818), 132n, 136, 246.  
 KILCULLEN BRIDGE, Ireland, 74.  
 KILDARE, Elizabeth, Countess of (d. 1758), 4n, 6, 59, 184n.  
 —, James, 20th Earl of (1722-73), at Rostellan, 1, 2 and 3. Receives the Freedom of the Corporation of Cutlers, Painters and Printers, 25, 33. Presents his Memorial to King George II, 97. 168, 171, 176, 183, 184, 188, 202, 203, 206, 207, 209, 210, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 220, 224, 227, 228, 229, 231, 233, 234, 238, 239, 240, 242, 244, 249, 254, 260, 261, 266,, 283, 287, 292, 295, 297, 301, 302, 308, 315, 316, 322, 323, 324, 325, 327, 331, 336, 341, 346, 347, 348, 349, 351, 352, 354, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 367, 368, 369, 370, 372, 379, 385, 392, 402, 411, 421, 434, 435, 440, 441, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 455, 456, 457, 458, 460, 464, 465, 472.  
 See LEINSTER, James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of.  
 —, Mary, Countess of, 6, 7, 18, 23, 29, 48n, 49, 59, 64, 65, 70, 71, 74, 75, 79, 86, 92, 95, 103, 112, 115, 122, 129, 130, 134, 135, 136, 138, 145, 151, 156, 157, 159, 163, 164, 234, 244, 331, 364, 404, 407, 434, 436.  
 —, William FitzGerald, Marquis of (1749-1804), 483, 484, 485, 486, 488, 492, 494, 496, 499, 502, 503, 506, 510, 512, 517, 520, 524, 528, 531, 532, 536, 555. Succeeds his father as Duke of Leinster, 572n.  
 See LEINSTER, William FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of.  
 KILWARLIN, Arthur Hill, Viscount (2nd Marquess of Downshire) (1753-1801), 114n.  
*King and the Miller of Mansfield, The* (Dodsley), 471n.  
 KINGSBOROUGH, Robert, Lord (d. 1755), 8n, 15, 29, 532, 542.  
 KINNOUL, Thomas Hay, 8th Earl of (1710-87), 104n.  
 KNIGHT, Sarah (Lady Sebright), 445n.  
 KNOLE, Kent, 264n, 562, 563.  
 KNOX, Miss, 308n.  
 KUSE, —, 18, 242.

# INDEX

## L.

LABORD, milliner, 244, 352, 355.  
 LA BRUYÈRE, Jean de, 274.  
 LAFARE, Mr., 148.  
*La Femme qui a Raison* (Voltaire), 511n.  
 LAFOR, Mrs., 73, 77, 82.  
 LA MARCHE, —, 78.  
 LAMBERT, Sir John, 3rd Bart. (d. 1799), 528n, 534.  
 LANGLOIS' inlaid furniture, 362.  
 LANGLEY PARK, Bucks., 281n.  
 LAPLACE, Mrs., 355.  
 LASARE, Mrs., 223.  
 LATOUCHE, Mme., 428.  
 LAUSANNE, Switzerland, Lady Holland's description of, 533.  
 LA VALLIÈRE, Anne Julie, Duchesse de, 266, 377n, 378, 380.  
 LA VALLIÈRE, Louise de la Baume Le Blanc, Duchesse de. Portrait of, 378.  
 LECZINSKA, Maria, Queen of France, 186n, 379, 380, 392.  
 LEE, Kent, 283, 413.  
 LEEDS, Mary, Duchess of, 103n, 403.  
 —, Thomas Osborne, 4th Duke of, (1713-89), 103n.  
 LEESON, Mr., 64, 76, 136, 355.  
 LEINSTER, James FitzGerald, 1st Duke of (1722-73), 481n, 482, 488, 490, 494, 500, 506, 517, 525, 527, 531, 538, 541, 544, 553, 556, 562, 566, 570; Death of, 571n.  
 LEINSTER LODGE, Co. Kildare, 64n, 66.  
 LEINSTER, William FitzGerald, 2nd Duke of (1749-1804), 573, 574.  
 LEIXLIP, Co. Kildare, 65, 67.  
 LENNOX, Lady Cecilia Margaret (1749-1769), 102n, 108, 142, 144, 148, 152, 155, 160, 293, 307, 332, 336, 338, 341, 349, 352, 359, 360, 362, 373, 382, 383, 388, 389, 390, 398, 416, 419, 420, 435, 437, 458, 499; 502, 503, 505, 506, 510, 516, 528, 529, 536, 538, 540, 541, 543, 545, 547-570.  
 LENNOX, Lady George, 115n, 121, 144, 270, 276, 280, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 294, 298, 301, 303, 315, 317, 323, 324, 341, 343, 402, 404, 409, 412, 461, 529, 547, 554.  
 —, Lord George, 18, 62, 69, 75, 115, 121, 144, 171, 173, 174, 177, 201, 204, 213, 214, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 224, 226, 229, 232, 253, 256, 257, 262, 271, 274, 276, 279, 280, 290, 295, 300, 303, 304, 309, 312, 315, 316, 317, 321, 323,

324, 343, 359, 396, 404, 412, 455, 461, 462, 470, 547, 548, 554.  
 —, Miss Louisa (1760-1843), 164n, 301.  
 —, Lady Louisa Augusta (1743-1821), 2n, 15, 20, 21, 24, 28, 36, 37, 41, 46, 58, 171, 174, 177, 178.  
 See CONOLLY, Lady Louisa Augusta.  
 —, Lady Sarah (1745-1826), 37n, 41, 58, 61, 71, 77, 81, 84, 93, 95, 99, 101, 102, 104, 105, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 119, 120, 124, 125, 126, 132, 149, 174, 177, 180, 190, 191, 192, 208, 209, 210, 218, 219, 222, 223, 224, 226, 228, 232, 238, 240, 246, 250, 253, 254, 256, 257, 258, 260, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 276, 277, 278, 281, 282, 283, 285, 287, 288, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 302, 303, 307, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 316, 317, 318, 320, 321, 322, 323, 325, 326; Marriage, 327.  
 See BUNBURY, Lady Sarah.  
 LEOPOLD I, Grand Duke of Tuscany (Leopold II, Emperor) (1747-1792), 504n.  
 LEPRINCE, Mrs., 148, 259.  
 LE ROI, —, 432.  
*Les Scythes* (Voltaire), 511n.  
 LETABLÈRE, Rev. Daniel, 83n, 91, 98, 114, 124, 129, 149, 154.  
*Lettres de Milady Juliette Catesby* (Riccoboni), 403n.  
*Lettres du Marquis de Roselle* (De Beaumont), 421n.  
 LEWES, Sussex, Races, 519.  
 LIDDAL, Mrs., 68.  
 LIDDELL, Anne, 27n.  
 LIÈGE, Belgium, 382.  
 LIEGOIS, Mrs., 368, 508, 513.  
 —, The, 147.  
 LIGONIER, John, Viscount (Earl Ligonier) (1680-1770), 123n, 125, 126, 128, 131, 133.  
 LILLEBONNE, Prince de, 445n.  
 LINCOLN, Catherine, Countess of (1727-60), 296n.  
 —, Henry Fiennes Clinton, 9th Earl of (2nd Duke of Newcastle) (1720-94), 34n, 37, 54.  
 LIOTARD, J. E. (1702-79), 18n.  
 L'ISLE ADAM (France), Lady Holland at, 431.  
 Lizzy —, 254.  
 LONDON, Arlington St., 449, 544; Audley St., 360; Bedford House, 65, 66, 182, 212, 215, 319, 442; Bute House, 326; Devonshire House, 52, 53, 208; Doctors'

# INDEX

Commons, 563; Hanover Square, 114; Holland House, purchase of, 530n; Kensington, 15, 410, 449; Kensington Palace, 34; Knightsbridge, 103, 270, 273; Leicester House, 33n, 37, 44, 248; Mansion House, 310, 361; Marylebone, 178, 181; Mount St., 144; Newcastle House, 393; Piccadilly, 364, 446, 466; Richmond House, 158, 204, 242, 274, 311, 312, 313, 373, 374, 376; St. Alban's Tavern, 114n; St. James's, 63, 309; Suffolk St., 351; Vauxhall, 52, 58, 178, 223, 230; Whitehall, 115, 184, 185, 212, 247, 309, 530; White's Club, 55, 56, 99.

LORAGUE, Comte, 462n.

LORDS, HOUSE OF, 121, 144, 314, 316, 349, 363, 364, 365, 388, 429, 434, 440, 461.

LOUIS, Dauphin of France (d. 1765), 186n, 379, 380.

LOUIS XII, King of France, 234.

LOUIS XV, King of France, 39, 186, 379, 392, 427.

LOUISBOURG, Capture of, 176.

*Love à la Mode* (Macklin), 310n.

LOWTHER, Sir James, Bart. (Earl of Lonsdale) (1736-1802), 14n, 15, 27, 100, 556.

LUNA, Italy, 480.

LUSHINGTON, Mrs., 14, 29.

LUXEMBOURG, Madeleine Angélique de Neufville, Duchesse de, 501n.

LYONS, Co. Kildare, 61.

LYTTELTON, George, Lord (1709-73), 286n.

—, Miss, 464.

LYONS, France, Lady Holland at, 468, 470, 472, 473; Silk trade, 475, 476, 482; Lady Holland at, 531.

M.

MACARTNEY, Catherine, 176n, 177, 524.

—, Francis, 176n, 177, 188.

—, Mrs. Francis, 176n, 177, 211.

—, George (Earl Macartney) (1737-1806), 106n, 440, 487, 515, 518, 520, 524, 537, 543, 556.

—, Lady Jane, 543n.

—, Miss, 3, 25, 73, 85, 95, 177, 187, 188, 189.

—, 'Old,' 177, 188.

MACANUS, —, lawyer, 51.

MACULLAH, Major, 249.

*Mademoiselle Sallens*, 421.

MAHONY, Countess, 486, 487, 494, 496, 502.

MAILE, —, a carpenter, 64, 66, 68.

MAINE, Mrs., 239.

MAINTENON, Françoise d'Aubigné, Marquise de, 379.

MALDEN, George Capel, Viscount (5th Earl of Essex) (1757-1839), 253n.

MALONE, Anthony (1700-76), 12n, 16, 29, 30, 31.

MALPLAQUET, Lady Holland at, 372.

MANCHESTER, George Montagu, 4th Duke of (1737-88), 350n.

—, Isabella Montagu, Duchess of (Countess of Beaulieu), 124n.

—, Robert Montagu, 3rd Duke of (1710-62), 130n.

MANN, Mr., 571.

—, Sir Horace, 480n, 505.

MARATTA, Carlo (1625-1713), 158n.

MARCH, William Douglas, 3rd Earl of (4th Duke of Queensbury, 'Old Q.') (1724-1810), 230n, 410.

MARGASS, china shop, 360.

MALVERN, Worcs., Lady Kildare visits, 374, 376, 379, 387, 388, 390, 396.

MARGATE, Kent, 470.

MARLBOROUGH, Charles Spencer, 3rd Duke of (1706-58), 14n, 15, 169, 236.

—, Elizabeth, Duchess of, 236n, 273, 359.

—, George Spencer, 4th Duke of (1741-1817), 110n, 112, 231, 273, 277, 281, 319, 337, 359.

MARLEY, Mr., 149, 162, 403.

MARLY, Château, France, 379n.

MARMONTEL, J. F., 428n.

MARNE, River, 469.

*Marquis de Roselle*, 424.

MARSEILLES, France, Lord Holland at, 476, 479.

MARSHALL, —, 68, 106, 129, 133, 139.

MARTIN, Mr., 527.

—, Mrs., 136.

—, Nurse, 159.

—, Rose, 306.

MARTINI, Mrs., 325.

MARTINIQUE, Capture of, 322n.

MARY, Queen of Scots, 233.

MASSEREENE, Clotworthy Skeffington, 2nd Earl of (1743-1805) 427n.

MASSON, —, actor, 70.

MATIGNON, Marquis de, 380.

MAUDE, Sir Thomas (Lord de Montalt) (1727-77), 161n.

MAULE, Miss, 1.

MAUREPAS, Comte de (1701-81), 186n.

MAYNE, Lady, 455.

—, Mr., 99, 104, 163, 296.

—, Mrs., 286.

MAYNOOTH, Co. Kildare, 46, 61.

# INDEX

MAZARIN, Hortense Mancini, Duchesse de (d. 1699), 293, 340n.  
 MEDICI, The, 480.  
 MEDOWS, Mr., 221.  
 MELBURY HOUSE, Dorset, 410n.  
 MELCOMBE, George Bubb-Dodington, 1st Lord (d. 1762), 337n.  
 MELLIAR, Mrs., 514n.  
*Memoirs of Sidney Buddulph* (Mrs. Frances Sheridan), 511n.  
 MERCADIS, Mrs., 131, 253, 265, 269.  
 MEREDYTH, 35.  
 MERRIL, Mr., 317, 318.  
 —, Mrs., 317.  
 MIDDLESEX, Election, 553, 556, 557.  
 MIDDLETON, Francis Willoughby, 3rd Lord (1725-74), 175n.  
 MILAN, Italy, 478, 480, 505.  
 MILBURN, —, a nurse, 151.  
 MILLER, —, a servant, 119.  
 MILLER AND GREENINGS, 36.  
 MILWARD, Mrs., 172, 282.  
 MIM, Mrs., 491.  
 MINDEN, Battle of, 247n, 248.  
 MINDEN, Plains of, 295.  
 MINORCA, 168.  
*Minute Philosopher, The*, 236.  
 MIREPOIX, Anne Marguerite Gabrielle de Beauveau-Craon, Marquise de, 186n, 501.  
 MODENA, Italy, 478.  
 MOLESWORTH, Viscountess, 94, 113, 271.  
 —, Richard, 3rd Viscount (1680-1758), 9n.  
 MONS, Belgium, 372.  
 MONTAGUE, Sir Edward, 123.  
 MONTAGU, Lady Elizabeth (Duchess of Buccleuch), Marriage, 503n. See BUCCLEUCH, Elizabeth, Duchess of.  
 MONTASET, Marquis de, 385.  
 MONT CENIS, Lady Holland passes, 474, 475, 476, 491.  
 MONTEM, at Eton, 227n.  
 MONTESPAN, Marquise de (1641-1707), 340n.  
 MONTPELLIER (Hérault), 562.  
 MOORE, Hon. Robert, 121n.  
 —, Mr. I., 246.  
 —, Mr., 270.  
 MORNINGTON, Anne Lady (Countess of Mornington) (1742-1831), 66n, 75, 111.  
 —, Garret Wellesley, 2nd Lord (Earl of Mornington) (1735-81), 178n.  
 MOSS, Mrs., 100.  
 MOSSOP, Henry (1729-74), 79.  
 MULGRAVE, 158.  
 MURRAY, gardener, 71, 163.  
 —, Mrs., 108.

## N.

NAAS, Co. Kildare, 3, 79.  
 NANCY, France, Lady Holland at, 535.  
 NAPLES, Italy, Lady Holland at, 481, 483, 484; Grotto del Cani, 497.  
 NAPPER'S regiment, 247.  
 NEALE'S Benefit, 64.  
 NEGUS, Dr., 147.  
 NELLAM, Mrs., 42.  
 NESBIT, Dr., 134n, 136, 137, 138.  
 —, Mr., 85, 111.  
 NEWBOTTLE, John William Ker, Lord (5th Marquis of Lothian), 316n, 324.  
 NEWBURGH, Charlotte Maria, Countess of (1694-1755), 486n.  
 NEWCASTLE, Duchess of, 237.  
 —, Thomas Pelham Holles, 1st Duke of (1693-1768), 11n, 13, 29, 33, 34, 37, 39, 40, 41, 44, 47, 48, 53, 75, 88, 89, 91, 132, 140, 142, 148, 234, 300, 303, 315, 325; Resignation, 327, 331, 342, 467.  
 NEW YORK, 408, 410.  
 NICE, Lady Holland at, 527.  
 NICHOLSON, Miss, 136, 137, 139, 149, 161.  
 —, Mr., 29, 158.  
 —, Mrs., 14, 23, 95, 110, 136, 137, 236.  
 NICOLL, Mr., 461, 519.  
 —, Mrs., 461, 519.  
 NICOLS, —, an actor, 120.  
 NIVERNON, Louis Mancini-Mazarini, Duc de (1716-98), 340n, 341, 342, 343, 358, 359, 373, 374, 398, 427.  
 NOAILLES, Adrien Maurice, 3rd Duc de (1678-1766), 379n.  
 —, Louis, 4th Duc de (1713-93), 379n.  
 NORFOLK, Mary, Duchess of (d. 1773), 38n, 209.  
 NORRIS, Captain, 211.  
 NORTHAMPTON, Anne, Countess of, 262n, 284.  
 —, Charles Compton, 7th Earl of (1737-63), 254n.  
 NORTH-END, 11n, 175, 231, 282.  
 NORTHINGTON, Robert Henley, Lord (Earl of Northington) (1708-72), 466n.  
 NORTHUMBERLAND, Hugh Smithson (afterwards Percy) 2nd Earl of (Duke of Northumberland) (1714-86), 363n, 366, 465.  
 —, Elizabeth, Duchess of (1716-1776), 494n.  
 NUGENT, Robert (Earl Nugent) (1702-92), 21n, 43, 50, 396, 540n.

# INDEX

- O.  
O'BRIEN, Mr., 78.  
—, Lady Susan, 406, 408, 410, 412.  
O'BRIENS, The, 110.  
O'BRIEN, William (d. 1815), 412n.  
OFFALY, George FitzGerald, Lord  
(1748-65), 2n, 5, 8, 11, 13, 15, 18,  
26, 32, 33, 54, 55, 62, 63, 64, 75,  
78, 83, 84, 91, 94, 98, 99, 101, 102,  
103, 104, 108, 117, 120, 124, 145,  
166, 170, 172, 180, 181, 189, 190,  
191, 192, 198, 217, 218, 227, 235,  
236, 240, 241, 250, 253, 258, 264,  
267, 268, 279, 284, 307, 308, 309,  
310, 319, 321, 323, 335, 337, 342,  
356, 376, 387, 411, 415, 418, 419,  
420, 424, 430  
—, William FitzGerald, Lord (2nd  
Duke of Leinster) (1749-1804), 444,  
445, 447, 448, 449, 451, 455, 466,  
468, 470, 471, 472, 474, 481;  
becomes Marquis of Kildare, 482n.  
See KILDARE, William FitzGerald,  
Marquis of.  
O'HARA, Mr., 116.  
OLIVER, —, 143, 167.  
—, Miss Bob, 76.  
—, Mrs., 76, 127, 131.  
—, Miss Suzy, 76.  
ORFORD, George, Walpole, 3rd Earl of  
(1730-91), 317n, 318.  
*Orphan of China, The* (Murphy), 69n,  
73, 84, 91, 224.  
OSBORNE, Mr., 486.  
—, Mrs., 116.  
OXFORD, C. J. Fox at, 415, 418, 419,  
430.  
—, Robert Harley, 1st Earl of  
(1661-1724), 534n.  
—, Suzanna, Countess of (d. 1804),  
486n.  
PAINSHILL, Surrey, 39n.  
PAMPELLONE, Mrs., 340n.  
PARIS, 312; Lady Holland at, 371,  
372, 375, 378, 382, 383, 384, 385,  
386, 387, 393, 394, 395, 396, 400,  
430, 473, 474; Lady Holland again  
visits, 525.  
PARK GATE, 32n, 49, 55, 97, 133, 165.  
PARK PLACE, 43n, 47, 56, 230, 240,  
523.  
PARMA, Italy, 478.  
PARSONS, Nancy (Mrs. Haughton)  
(d. 1808), 438n.  
PASCAL, M., 498.  
PATTERSON, Mr., 263.  
PAULET, John, 2nd Earl (d. 1764),  
11n, 20.  
PEACHY, Lady Caroline, 234, 423.  
PELHAM, Rt. Hon. Henry (d. 1754), 167n.  
—, Miss, 147, 404, 406.  
PEMBROKE, Elizabeth, Countess of  
(d. 1806), 284n, 318, 321.  
—, Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of,  
227n, 318n, 321.  
—, Mary Countess of (d. 1769),  
318n, 321, 557n.  
PETERSHAM, Caroline, Viscountess  
(1722-84), 27n. See HARRINGTON,  
Caroline, Countess of.  
—, Charles Stanhope, Viscount,  
(3rd Earl of Harrington) (1753-  
1829), 114n.  
PETIT, Mlle., 507.  
PETWORTH, Sussex, 92n, 252.  
PÉZENAS, near Montpellier (Hérault),  
562.  
Philip —, a servant, 140.  
— a servant, 156.  
PHIPPS, Lady Lepel (Lady Mulgrave),  
(1723-80), 158n.  
PITT, Mrs., 211, 234, 274, 387, 407.  
—, Mrs. John, 486n.  
PITT, William (Earl of Chatham)  
(1708-78), 11n, 13, 33, 34, 37, 39,  
44, 45, 47, 48, 53, 54, 75, 107, 140,  
142, 152, 154, 308, 344, 434, 440,  
457; Becomes Earl of Chatham,  
461n. See CHATHAM, William Pitt,  
1st Earl of.  
PLACENZIA, Italy, 478.  
PLATTEN, Co. Meath, 93.  
POINTZ, Mrs., 549.  
POISSON, Monsieur, 186.  
POITIERS, —, 64.  
POLAND, Stanislaus Augustus Poniat-  
owski, King of (d. 1796), 459n, 463.  
POLE, Lady Sarah, 76n.  
—, William, 76n.  
POMEROY, Mrs., 412.  
POMPADOUR, Jeanne Antoinette  
Poisson, Marquise de (1721-64),  
186n, 378, 393.  
POMPEII, Italy, 498.  
PONSONBY, Lady Catherine (Mrs.  
Beaucherc) (d. 1789), 362n.  
—, Lady Elizabeth, 24n, 25, 59.  
—, Rt. Hon. John (1713-89), 17n,  
19, 23, 25, 35n, 36, 51, 57.  
PONSONBYS, The, 188.  
PORTICI, King's Museum at, 495.  
PORTLAND, William Bentinck, 2nd  
Duke of (1709-62), 127n, 198.  
—, William Henry Cavendish-  
Bentinck, 3rd Duke of, Marriage of,  
441n.  
PORTSMOUTH, Louise Renée de Penan-  
coët de Kéroualle, Duchess of, 468n.  
POWERSCOURT, Co. Wicklow, 156.

# INDEX

POWERSCOURT, Edward Wingfield, 2nd Viscount (1729-64), 36n, 104, 106, 107, 121, 131, 149, 154, 156, 160, 162, 191, 198, 202, 203, 209, 220, 237, 241, 286, 287, 293, 299, 330.  
—, Viscountess, 420.  
POWIS, Miss, 106, 249.  
PRAGUE, Battle of, 36n.  
PRATT, Charles (Earl Camden) (1714-94), 54n.  
'PREVIOUS CONSENT,' 9n, 20, 30.  
PRIDEAUX, Mr., 424.  
PRINGLE, Sir John, Bart. (1707-82), 558n.  
PROVENSAL'S Benefit, 68, 72.  
PRUSSIA, Queen of, 60.  
*Public, Address to the*, 258.  
PUISSEUX, Mme., 377.  
PUTANGES, Mme., 390.

## Q.

QUEBEC, Capture of, 261, 287.

## R.

RAMILLES, Belgium, 372.  
RAMSAY, Allan (1713-84), 133n, 141, 153, 330, 336, 388, 413, 444.  
RANBY, John (1703-73), 199n, 231, 381.  
RANELAGH, 41, 58, 69, 110, 111, 112, 217, 223, 230.  
RATHFARNHAM, Dublin, 20n.  
READ, Miss, 141, 153.  
*Rebellion, History of the* (Clarendon), 228n, 254, 255.  
REDLYNCH, Somerset, 285, 515.  
REEVES, Dr., 199.  
*Reine Cristine, La*, 287.  
*Reliques of Ancient Poetry, The* (Percy), 455n.  
RENA, Contessa, 410n.  
RENI, Guido (1575-1642), *Aurora*, 503n.  
*Revenge, The* (Young), 120n, 309, 323.  
REYNOLDS, Joshua (Sir Joshua Reynolds) (1723-92), 133n, 339, 388.  
RHEIMS, 469; Lady Holland at, 536.  
RHÔNE, River, 469, 473, 491.  
RICHARDSON, Mr., 138.  
—, Samuel (1689-1761), 287n, 421.  
RICHMOND, Charles, 2nd Duke of, 284.  
—, Charles Lennox, 3rd Duke of, (1734-1800), 18n, 38, 43, 107, 115, 120, 132, 145, 169, 173, 174, 177, 184, 185, 196, 201, 207, 225, 232, 240, 247, 249, 253, 256, 257, 258, 265, 266, 271, 274, 276, 280, 287,

294, 301, 303, 313, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 328, 329, 330, 332, 334, 359, 366, 446; Secretary of State, 448, 450, 453, 460, 462, 514, 516, 564, 565, 568, 570.

RICHMOND FAMILY, The, 115.

RICHMOND HILL, 469.

RICHMOND, Mary, Duchess of (d. 1796), 38n, 43, 46, 62, 69, 73, 81, 85, 89, 102, 107, 115, 145, 169, 174, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 184, 185, 196, 201, 203, 207, 209, 214, 220, 221, 222, 223, 225, 226, 229, 232, 237, 240, 242, 249, 253, 255, 256, 257, 260, 265, 266, 271, 274, 276, 280, 287, 288, 289, 290, 292, 294, 295, 301, 307, 309, 313, 317, 318, 328, 329, 330, 332, 333, 335, 336, 358, 359, 374, 389, 390, 391, 393, 409, 448, 454, 460, 462, 467, 516, 564, 565, 568, 570.

—, Sarah, 2nd Duchess of, 281n, 454, 537n.

RICHMONDS, The, 153, 323, 359, 397, 405, 409, 463, 470.

RIGBY, Richard (1722-88), 35n, 50, 52, 56, 57, 63, 65, 66, 70, 85, 92, 159, 169, 187, 211, 227, 297, 308, 357, 359, 368, 370, 377, 439.

ROBERTSON, William (1721-93), 389n.

ROBINSON, Mr., 78.

—, Rev. —, 66.

—, Sir Thomas, Bart. (1700-77) 212n.

ROCHESTER, Kent, 344.

ROCHFORD, William Henry Nassau de Zulestein, 4th Earl of (1717-81), 229n, 393, 448.

—, Countess of, 448n, 526.

ROCKINGHAM, Charles Watson-Wentworth, 2nd Marquis (1730-82), 350n, 467.

ROME, Lady Holland at, 479, 481, 482, 484, 493.

ROSSEMBERG, Comte de, 504.

ROSTELLAN, Co. Cork, 11n.

ROTHES, John Leslie, 10th Earl of, 72n.

ROUSSEAU, Jean Jacques, 336, 343, 351, 352, 353, 421, 433, 522.

ROWLEY, Mr., 168.

—, Mrs., 245, 299.

ROWLY, Mr., 254.

ROYAL FAMILY, 62, 76.

*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, 459.

RUSSBOROUGH, Co. Wicklow, 73n, 76, 81.

RUSSELL, Lady Caroline (Duchess of Marlborough) (1742/3-1811), 53n, 63, 110, 186, 229, 318, 319, 337, 338.

# INDEX

- RUTTER, Mr., 383.  
 RYLEY, Miss, 404, 410.  
 S.  
 SABRINA, 22.  
 SACKVILLE, Lord George (1716-85),  
 21n, 24n, 28, 33, 48, 57, 169, 248,  
 251, 252, 253, 256, 261, 262, 264,  
 276, 281, 302.  
 ST. ALBANS, 180.  
 SAINT-CLOUD, Versailles, 378, 382.  
 SAINT-GERMAIN, Versailles, 492.  
 ST. GILLE, Mme., 476, 477.  
 ST. LEGER, Mr., 15.  
 SAINT-MALO, France, Troops landed,  
 182.  
 SAINT-OMERS, France, 467.  
 SAINT-RÉAL, Ablé César de, 293.  
 SALISBURY, 515, 542.  
 SALT, Princess de, 374.  
 SALT HILL, Eton, 258, 259, 275, 278,  
 321.  
 SANDFORD, Bob, 107, 171, 177, 222,  
 518.  
 —, Henry, in, 17, 20, 73, 93.  
 —, Mrs. Henry, in, 6, 10, 64, 93,  
 96.  
 —, Col. Ned. (Gen.), 6, 7, 10, 11,  
 20, 36, 43, 92, 93, 142, 160, 174,  
 455, 517, 548.  
 SANDWICH, John Montagu, 4th Earl of  
 (1718-92), 391n.  
 SANXEY, Mr., 103.  
 SAÔNE, River, 469, 473.  
 SATTURTHWAITE, —, 108.  
*Scotland, History of* (Robertson), 194n,  
 198, 202, 233.  
 SEBRIGHT, Lt.-Gen. Sir John, 6th  
 Bart. (1725-94), 234n, 239, 291,  
 384, 385, 387, 445.  
 SECKER, Thomas, Archbishop of  
 Canterbury (1693-1768), 415n, 422.  
 SEDGWICK, Mr., 55, 268.  
 SEINE, River, 426.  
 SELWYN, George Augustus (1719-  
 91), 27n, 113, 163, 340, 344, 375,  
 378, 411, 455, 494.  
*Sermons, Yorick's* (Sterne), 286n, 287.  
 SÉVIGNÉ, Marquise de (1626-96), 183n,  
 255, 261, 415, 419, 453, 455, 473,  
 491, 500.  
 SÈVRES China, 378.  
 SEYMOUR - CONWAY, Lady Anne  
 (Marchioness of Drogheda) (d. 1789),  
 398n; Marriage, 435n.  
 —, Lord Robert (1748-1831), 398n.  
 —, Lady Sarah Frances, 458n.  
 SHARMAN, Mr., 141.  
 SHELburnE, William Petty, 2nd Earl  
 of (Marquis of Lansdowne) (1737-  
 1805), 106n, 127, 311, 312, 313, 314,  
 317, 351, 363, 366, 368, 369, 370,  
 377, 457, 465.  
 SHEPHERD, Mr., 143, 147.  
 SHERburnE, Dorset, 410n.  
 SHREWSbury, Elizabeth, Countess of  
 (1724-1809), 524n.  
 SLOUGH, near Windsor, 46.  
 SMITH, Jacob, 150.  
 —, Mrs., 134.  
 SMYTH, Miss Ellis (d. 1781), 134n.  
 SNELL, —, a servant, 64, 105.  
 SOAMES, Mr., 563.  
 —, Mrs., 513n, 563.  
 SPA, Lady Holland at, 382, 384, 386,  
 387.  
 SOUTHWELL, Betty, 136.  
 SOUTHWELL FAMILY, The, 487.  
*Spectator, The*, 428n.  
 SPENCER, Lady Charles, 362n.  
 —, Lord Charles (d. 1820), 319n,  
 336.  
 —, Lady Elizabeth (d. 1806), 14n,  
 27.  
 —, John, 1st Viscount (Earl)  
 (d. 1783), 386n.  
 —, Margaret, Viscountess (Countess  
 Spencer) (d. 1814), 384n, 386, 404,  
 410.  
 SPENCERS, The, 82, 93.  
 STAFFORD, Henrietta, Countess of,  
 109n, 235, 274, 290.  
 —, William Stafford-Howard, 3rd  
 Earl of, 377n.  
 STAMP ACT, Repeal of (1766), 434,  
 437n.  
 STANHOPE, Lady, 262.  
 —, Lady Emily (1749-80) (Countess  
 of Barrymore), 503n.  
 —, Lady Isabella (d. 1819) (Countess  
 of Sefton), 557n.  
 —, Sir William, 259n, 261, 262.  
 STANISLAUS I, King of Poland (1677-  
 1766), 535n.  
 STANLEY, HANS (1720-80), 99n.  
 STAPLES, Mrs., 419.  
 STAVORDALE, Henry Thomas Fox,  
 Viscount (2nd Earl of Ilchester)  
 (1747-1802), 173n, 279n, 381.  
 STAWELL, Mary, Baroness (1726-80),  
 535n, 539. See HILLSBOROUGH,  
 Mary, Countess of.  
 STEWARD's regiment, 247.  
 STEWART, Lady Susan (Marchioness of  
 Stafford) (d. 1805), 75n, 214, 220,  
 221, 226, 300.  
 STOCKBRIDGE, Borough of, 299n, 515.  
 STOKES, Sussex, 409.  
 STONE, George, D.D. (1708-64), Arch-

# INDEX

bishop of Armagh, 7n, 13, 19, 20, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 35, 36, 47, 48, 57, 63, 67, 70, 108, 188, 264.  
 —, Mrs., 64, 65, 70.  
 STOPFORD, Elizabeth, Viscountess (Countess of Courtown), 132n, 416.  
 —, James Stopford, Viscount (Earl of Courtown) (1700-70), 132n.  
 —, Mr., 106, 227, 318.  
 STOYTE, —, 127n, 140, 146, 156, 161.  
 STRADBALLY, Co. Leix, 70.  
 STRAFFORD, Anne, Countess of (d. 1785), 34n, 179, 203, 310.  
 STRAFFORDS, The, 223.  
 STRASSBOURG, Lady Holland at, 534.  
 STRETTON, 200, 204, 256, 305, 330.  
 STRAFFORD, William Wentworth, 2nd Earl of (1722-91), 152n, 203, 223, 349.  
 STUART, Sir John (1365-1429), 389n.  
 STUART-MACKENZIE, Hon. James (d. 1800), 461n, 465.  
 SUFFOLK, Henrietta Hobart, Countess of (1681-1767), 234n.  
 SULLY, Duc de (1559-1641), 293n.  
 SUTHERLAND, Mary, Countess of (d. 1766), 496n.  
 SUTTON, Mr., inoculations, 535, 536.  
 SUZA, Piedmont, 475.  
 SWIFT, Jonathan, Dean, Works, 455, 456, 473, 534.  
 SYON HILL, Middlesex, 410.

## T.

TALBOT, William Talbot, Earl (1710-82), 100n, 334.  
 TAVISTOCK, Elizabeth, Marchioness of, Marriage of, 422n, 442, 452, 504.  
 —, Francis Russell, Marquis of (1739-67), 318n, 422, 442; Death, 504.  
 TEMINO, Mr., 487.  
 TEMPLE, Richard Grenville-Temple, 2nd Earl (1711-79), 54n, 266, 434, 437, 457, 495.  
 TERRY, Mrs., 32.  
 TEMPLEGUE, Co. Dublin, 139, 140.  
 THAMES DITTON, 105, 242.  
 THAMES, River, 166, 469.  
 THIMBER, Mr., 238.  
 THIN, Mr., 221, 230.  
 THOMAS, Mr., 18.  
 THOMOND, Percy Wyndham-O'Brien, Earl of (1713-74), 175n.  
 TIGHE, Mr., 95.  
 TILLOTSON, John (1630-94), Archbishop of Canterbury, 233n.

TILNEY, John Tilney, 2nd Earl (1712-84), 252n.  
 TISDAL, Charles, 60n.  
 Tom Jones, 104.  
 Tom Thumb, 119n, 120, 323.  
 TORRINGTON, George Byng, 4th Viscount (1740-1812), 333n.  
 TOWNSHEND, Hon. Charles (1725-67), 154n, 317, 363, 465, 466.  
 —, George (Marquis Townshend) (1724-1807), 303n.  
 —, Miss, 257.  
 TOWNSHENDS, The, 539n.  
*Traité de la Tolérance* (Voltaire), 420n, 424.  
 TRANKAVILLA, Princess de, 487.  
*Traveller, The* (Goldsmith), 457n, 462, 480, 508.  
 TREMOUILLE, Duc de la, 374.  
 TREVOR, Miss, 311.  
 —, Mrs., 66n, 121.  
 TRIMIAN, Comte, 506.  
*Trip to the Dargil, A*, 155, 156.  
*Tristram Shandy* (Sterne), 285n.  
 TRONCHIN, Dr. Louis (1709-81), 343n.  
 TROTTER, Mr., 194, 206.  
 TRUESDALE, Mr., 26, 37, 109, 111, 199, 214, 231, 237, 238, 241, 242, 243, 252, 269, 270, 282, 294, 364, 381, 551, 553, 558.  
 TURIN, Lady Holland at, 475, 478, 481, 505.  
 TURN, Prince Taxis de la, 301.  
 TURNER, Mrs., 450.  
 TWICKENHAM, London, 250.  
 TYLNEY, Lord, 486.  
 — HALL, 299.

TYRAWLEY, James O'Hara, 2nd Lord (1690-1773), 324n, 404.

## U.

UPPER OSSORY, John Fitzpatrick, 2nd Earl of (1745-1818), 442n, 486, 542.  
 UPTON, Clotworthy (Lord Templetown) (1721-85), 351n, 360, 395, 397, 415, 420, 423, 429, 446, 450, 451, 458, 471, 478, 479, 491, 496, 499, 506, 524, 526.

## V.

VALENCIENNES, 372.  
 VARGI, —, 423.  
 VERSAILLES, France, 378, 379.  
 VESEY, Mrs., 74, 84, 211, 407, 455.  
 VESEYS, The, 80.  
 VESUVIUS, Mt., Naples, 498.

# INDEX

*Vicar of Wakefield, The* (Goldsmith), 453n, 455, 456.

VIENNA, 460.

VILLARS, Honoré Armand, Duc de (1702-70), 325n.

VILLARS, Marie Gigault de Bellefonds, Marquise de, *Letters of*, 286, 287, 293.

*Vindication, The*, 258.

VOLTAIRE, François Marie Aronét de, 91, 222, 284, 287, 343, 357, 420, 424, 471, 473, 507, 511, 532.

## W.

WAITE, —, 35.

WALDEGRAVE, James Waldegrave, 2nd Earl (1715-63), 44n, 45, 169, 214, 364.

—, Gen. Hon. John (3rd Earl Waldegrave) (1718-84), 247n, 248, 256, 364.

—, Maria, Countess (Duchess of Gloucester), 233, 272, 274, 364.

WALDEGRAVES, *The*, 236.

WALES, Augusta, Princess of (1719-72), 69n, 266, 337; Birthday, 552.

WALLMODEN, Amalie Sophie von. *See* YARMOUTH, Countess of.

WALMER CASTLE, 456, 458.

WALPOLE, Horace (4th Earl of Orford) (1717-97), 290n, 353, 422, 452, 455, 465.

—, Maria (Duchess of Gloucester) 214n. *See* WALDEGRAVE, Maria, Countess.

WALSINGHAM, Mrs., 58, 82, 94.

—, Mrs. Robert, 277.

WALTER, —, 242.

WANDSWORTH SCHOOL, 166, 282, 309, 339, 340.

WANSTEAD, Essex, 252.

WARD, Lady A., 161.

—, Joshua (1685-1761), Son, 86, 88, 89, 91.

—, Mr., 101.

WARE, Isaac (d. 1766), 199n.

WARREN, Sir George, K.B., 157n.

—, Lady, 292n.

—, Miss, 36.

WARWICK, Francis Greville, Earl of (1719-73), 396n.

—, Elizabeth, Countess of (d. 1800), 396n.

WATSON, Mr., 149.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, 104.

WEYMES, Mr., 163.

WEYMOUTH, Thomas Thynne, 3rd Viscount (Marquis of Bath) (1734-96), 198n, 429.

WHEATLY, —, costumier, 41.

WHITBY, —, of Mount Street, 144.

WHITEBOY DISTURBANCES, 118n, 441n.

WHITFIELD, Mr., 454.

WILKES, John (1727-97) and *North Briton*, 371n, 532, 553, 556.

WILLIAMSON'S, 43.

WILMOT, Sir Edward, Bart. (1693-1786), 104n, 199, 200.

WINCHELSEA, Daniel Finch, 8th Earl of (1689-1774), 44n, 58.

WINDSOR, 56, 172, 220, 285, 330, 343.

WINGFIELD, Miss, 413, 415, 420.

—, Mrs., 299.

WINNE, Mr., 459.

WINTER, Susan, 129, 141, 147.

WINTERSLOW LODGE, Wiltshire, Stephen Fox at, 458n, 459, 463, 512, 514, 515, 516; Burnt down, 574n.

WOBURN ABBEY, Bedfordshire, 41n, 56, 59, 60, 92, 101, 107, 171, 174, 175, 297, 299.

WOLFE, Mrs. Edward, 263n.

—, Maj.-Gen. James (1727-59), 261n.

WOOLWICH, 70.

WORSLEY, Sir Thomas, 6th Bart. (1731-1800), 485n.

—, Lady, 485n.

—, Master (Sir Richard Worsley, 7th Bart.) (1751-1805), 486n.

WROTTESLEY, Hon. Elizabeth (Duchess of Grafton), 344, 442n, 465.

## X, Y, Z.

YARMOUTH, Amalie Sophie von Wallmoden, Countess of (1704-65), 41n, 58.

YATES, Mrs. Mary Ann (1728-87), 224n.

YORK, Duke of, 329, 423.

YOUNG, Edward (Bishop of Dromore and of Ferns), 108n, 183, 444.

—, Miss, 444.



# CORRIGENDA.

- p. 11, n.3 *for* Chaltham *read* Chatham.
- p. 48, 1.17 *for* wil *read* will.
- p. 183, last line, *for* Sevignée *read* Sévigné.
- p. 186, 1. 12, *for* Mde *read* Mme.  
—, 1.24, *for* pourvoirai *read* souscirai.
- pp. 286, 287, 293, *for* Villar's *read* Villars.
- p. 293, 1.34, *add* note :  
Maria Mancini (1640–1715) wife of the Constable of Colonna,  
and niece of Mazarin. Her sister Hortense (1640–99) was  
duchesse de Mazarin.









