

Dinton - Dalwood Letters

Dinton, 8th September, 1830

My Dear George,

I cannot help thinking how you would like to be here at present to watch the progress of the French Revolution, and by all accounts the Duke of Orleans is as quietly seated on the throne as if he had ascended it by the natural course of events. It is the general opinion that if Charles X. had made but the slightest concession to the wishes of the nation, he would have remained in quiet possession of the throne. The poor old dolt came slowly through France without molestation, and landed at Poole, from whence he proceeded to Lulworth Castle, where he has taken up his abode for the present. It is supposed by some that it is not his intention to remain in England. I think he ought to go to Rome, for he is surrounded by priests and Jesuits, and according to report he does nothing all day but penances for his former sins.

Our members are now all returned, and numerous are the calculations as to what support the ministry will have. All calculations with regard to the catholics returned in the first parliament are far above what the number really is. I think altogether it is not ten. So much for Crockers!

Louise has been staying with us for some time this summer, with her little family. We missed them sadly when they left us; they are nice children, but very slightly made. Louisa was, I think, stronger, and looked better than I have seen her for some time. William left us with his hounds and horses for the New Forest a fortnight since. He returned here for the First of September, and walked without the slightest intermission with Papa for seven hours. I think that will be the best proof for you how completely he has recovered the use of his leg, and that our dear father continues to enjoy his excellent health. The partridge shooting this year is very indifferent; the breed, owing to a wet May, very bad. Very little barley is as yet carried, but it had been dead ripe for a long time. But the farmers were so dilatory with their wheat that if the barley is spoilt it is their own fault.

The summer, though very far from a fine one, has not been nearly so wet as the last one, but the leaves fall very early. The walnut has hardly one left on it, and several others feel the effects of the cold nights. John is in the North again. Emma very kindly told her father to invite him to come and shoot, so the young gentlemen got into excellent quarters. He went from Wellington to Alex's old friend, Mr. Murray, and we have not heard from him lately, and he never told us what sport he had, but I believe it was but indifferent. The first day was wet, but he killed three birds out of four shots. He is to pay Louisa a visit on his way home, and we have not heard of his arrival there.

Alexander has taken a farm and cottage where Captain Markland lived. It is said to be pretty, and very retired. There is a great deal of sporting around it. They suppose it to be three or four miles from Nonnington, in Cranborne Chase; therefore the country around is wild and pretty. I fear Emma will get very tired of it, for, of course, Alex., will go out rambling over the Downs and leave her to herself, and though she says she hates company and society, when living in such a spot she will get tired of herself, for she will not have the society of a large family coming and going.

Barclay Portman has another son, also Harriet Ella has another. Wyndham is about to return from the continent with his lady. Lucy Wingfield is still there, and I am very sorry to say the accounts of Mr. Wingfield are very indifferent and he is to stay another winter abroad. Henry Portman is shooting in the Highlands. I suppose he has good sport, for he sent us a box of ptarmigan and red game, which arrived in very good state, considering the distance.

Another bit of news. Uncle and Aunt Charles have a little girl, born on the first of this month; both doing well. The little lady is to be called Frances Elizabeth Maria. Uncle Charles is more than delighted.

Mama intends sending out a package next month, that you may not be obliged to go as the natives!

Charlotte has been collecting seeds for you of various flowers, but is very indignant that you have not sent us a few. Mr. Scott gave us some, which are coming up, but he got them from a collector. But what I should like would be some picked by yourself, bearing respectively on the papers which contain that they were pretty and worth raising.

What do you think of old Donty, the collar-maker, going to take unto himself a fourth wife. I understand that the bride-elect is neither young nor handsome, but a great invalid. I thought I should have been cheered whilst I am writing this letter by the wedding peel, but it has not struck out to-day. I can imagine no other reason for marrying her than that he is determined to have another as soon as she is dead. By the bye, a note came from Mr. Bennett this morning. He cannot go to Wilton Fair, because he has been invited to some dinner at Liverpool, by whence he is to go by locomotive carriage (steam) to Manchester and back, at the rate of twenty miles an hour! I now conclude, with best wishes from everyone to yourself, Margaret, and children.

Ever your affectionate sister,

Ella Wyndham