

## *Dinton - Dalwood Letters*

'Dinton', 9<sup>th</sup> April 1828

My Dear George,

I have another opportunity of sending you a letter by the son of Mrs. Seagrim, the brewer, who is bound for Van Diemen's Land, and has been so good as to offer to take charge of communications between that country and New South Wales. My last letter was written on 23<sup>rd</sup> of December, giving a good account of the whole family. I likewise copied your favourite chants and enclosed them for Margaret and consigned the package to the care of Captain Smith, a friend of the Barnes', which I hope by this time you have received. You will be glad to hear everything is going on here much as usual, and that we are all quite well, excepting Charles, who has got the whooping cough; but fortunately he has it so favourably that it is of very little inconvenience to him. We have had quite a series of accidents, but I am glad to say they are nearly all surmounted. It began with poor Alexander, who was staying at Hungerford; he had dined with Mrs. Pearce, who resides in that neighbourhood, and coming away his foot slipped on the steps as he was going to the carriage. He fell with his right arm on the edge of the steps, which broke it just above the wrist. It was considered a bad fracture; fortunately Papa and William were both with him. They took him to Hungerford, and two surgeons were with him in less than half an hour after the accident happened. I must say that it is now well, but still a little swelled, and he keeps it in a sling. Soon after this accident, we all set out to stay at the same Mrs. Pearce's. Mama was not very well when we left home, and probably increased her cold by the journey. And she was so very ill she spent nearly a week in bed; nothing could be kinder than the Mr. and Mrs. Pearce; but of course her illness was a great drawback to our enjoying our visit. As soon as she was well enough to move we proceeded to Fritwell to pay Louisa and Mr. Knatchbull a visit. We spent a fortnight there very pleasantly, but the last time Papa hunted in that country he got a severe fall, and hurt his back very much; but proper remedies being immediately applied, he was able to move homewards in two days, and at the expiration of ten days felt no more of it. Little Lou was very sociable, and is growing a most entertaining child. The baby, who is called Catherine, is a remarkably pretty child, and has hazel eyes, which is a variety in our family. The old manor house they rent is a very pleasant residence; the timbers appear to be rather out of order, but I hope it will last their turn. They have painted it and furnished it very comfortably.

I musn't forget to tell you what I am sure will give Jem likewise pleasure, that Wilhelmina won the Amesbury Cup, and I assure you it was worth winning, for it is remarkably pretty. Many people thought she had a chance of winning the Union Cup, but she was unlucky, and hurt her back. I am sorry to say that poor old Joe Tynham has been very poorly all the winter, and he is now so weak he can only just get out to feed the colts, and sometimes can hardly do that. The old doctor too has been so ill that he does not feel equal to doing his duty. He has engaged Mr. Baker, who was at Harrow with you, to come every Sunday to perform the morning services. I was in hopes that we should not be kept so long at church, but I think he is one of the worst readers I have ever heard, and slower than the doctor. The only news of the neighbourhood is that poor Mr. James Still is dead. His loss is much regretted, and his property at Knoyle is to be sold. It is understood that Mr. Seymour is to purchase it. Mr. Burnaby, the gentleman you may remember, was with us at the races, is going to marry Caroline Salisbury, a very pretty girl. He was very anxious about coming here at that time, I thought that there must have been a reason for it. I have not mentioned a word of Tishy; but she is very well, and both her boys and Mr. Codrington, the latter has killed 20½ brace of foxes.

I understand from Francis that William has written to you by a Mr. Dexter, an acquaintance of his, who is going out on one of the first ships.

We have not heard from you since we heard from the Cape de Verde Islands.

Your affectionate sister,

Mary Anne Wyndham