

THE
BERRY
PAPERS
1763  1852

LEWIS MELVILLE



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THE BERRY PAPERS

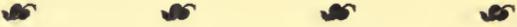
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY: A
BIOGRAPHY.
THE THACKERAY COUNTRY.
SOME ASPECTS OF THACKERAY.
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM
BECKFORD.
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LAURENCE
STERNE.
VICTORIAN NOVELISTS.
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WILLIAM
COBBETT.
"THE FIRST GEORGE."
"FARMER GEORGE."
"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE."
"AN INJURED QUEEN" (CAROLINE OF
BRUNSWICK).
THE BEAUX OF THE REGENCY.
SOME ECCENTRICS AND A WOMAN.
BATH UNDER BEAU NASH.
BRIGHTON: ITS HISTORY, ITS FOLLIES, AND
ITS FASHIONS.
SOCIETY AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS IN
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



Mary and Agnes Berry
from the miniatures by George Englehaart
in the Pierpont Morgan collection.

THE BERRY PAPERS
BEING THE CORRESPONDENCE
HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED OF
MARY AND AGNES BERRY
(1763-1852). BY LEWIS MELVILLE
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



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THE HISTORY OF THE
ROYAL NAVY
FROM THE EARLIEST PERIODS
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
ADMIRAL SIR JOHN BARRETT
VOL. I.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
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PREFACE

THE Misses Berry died in 1852, and thirteen years later appeared *Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Mary Berry*, which had been prepared for press by Lady Theresa Lewis. As the title indicates, these volumes included but a selection of the papers left by Mary Berry, and the present work may be regarded as supplementary to the "Extracts." The hitherto unpublished correspondence includes letters written by, or addressed to, the two sisters, Professor John Playfair, Maria Edgeworth, Richard Owen Cambridge, Elizabeth Montagu, Lord Jeffery, John Whishaw, the sixth Duke of Devonshire, the Carlises, the Hardwickses, the second Lord Palmerston, Thomas Brand, Lord Colchester, the Countess of Albany, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Richard Westmacott, Lord Dudley, Lady Charlotte Campbell, Sarah Austin, the Hon. Caroline Howe, Lord Dover, Chevalier Jerningham, Dean Milman, &c. There is also printed for the first time a long series of self-revealing letters exchanged between Mary Berry and the Hon. Mrs. Damer, concerning which the former wrote in 1842:

"These letters, selected from a hundred others, I cannot bring myself to destroy. I cannot for my soul obliterate all memory of the truest, the most faithful and

most generous Friendship that ever animated two human Beings.

"I am aware that when I am gone these letters can interest nobody. I am aware that they are almost entirely expressions of character and of affection. But I cannot ask my own hands to destroy the flattering proofs of having been the object of such affection, of such constant, unwearied, unselfish Friendship. Would that the conscious pride with which I look back to these recollections was entirely unsullied by my not having borne with sufficient patience in later years some weaknesses and peculiarities which I felt indignant at creeping over such a character as *Hers!*

"Oh noble, elevated, and tender Spirit! if, from some higher state of existence, thou canst read my inmost Soul, as thou ever didst in this—Read then my self-reproaches. Read the just punishment of such impatience, in the entirely widowed Soul that has thus long survived Thee, wandering through the world—'without a second and without a judge.'"¹

Most interesting, too, is the correspondence, also printed for the first time, between Mary Berry, Mrs. Damer, and General Charles O'Hara, written when Mary Berry was engaged to the soldier. "This parcel of letters," Mary Berry wrote in October 1844, "relates to the six happiest months of my long and insignificant existence, although these six months were accompanied by fatiguing and unavoidable uncertainty, and by the absence of everything that could constitute present enjoyment. But I looked forward to a future existence which I felt, for the first time would have called out all

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 1.

the powers of my mind and all the warmest feelings of my heart, and should have been supported by one who but for the cruel absence which separated us, would never have for a moment doubted that we should have materially contributed to each other's happiness. These prospects served even to pass cheerfully a long winter of delays and uncertainty, by keeping my mind firmly riveted on their accomplishment. A concatenation of unfortunate circumstances—the political state of Europe making absence a necessity, and even frequent communication impossible; letters lost and delayed, all certainty of meeting more difficult, questions unanswered, doubts unsatisfied,—all these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner, crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, not at one fell swoop, but by the slow mining misery of loss of confidence, of unmerited complaints, of finding by degrees misunderstandings, and the firm rock of mutual confidence crumbling under my feet, while my bosom for long could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right. And so it would, had we ever met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at his government at Gibraltar till his death, in 1802. And I, forty-two years afterwards, on opening these papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings in some minds are indelible.”

An introductory chapter tells the story of the life of the Misses Berry from their birth until 1790, when the hitherto unpublished correspondence begins, and it contains some particulars of their family history, their early years, their first visits to the Continent, and their acquaintance with Horace Walpole. From that date the letters have been allowed, so far as possible, to carry on the narrative.

The sisters lived, respectively, to the great ages of eighty-eight and eighty-nine, and thus were the last links between the early years of the reign of George III and the mid-Victorian era. "A very few years since," Thackeray said in one of his lectures on "The Four Georges," "I knew familiarly a lady, who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George III. This lady had knocked at Johnson's door; had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgina of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III; had known the Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the Court of Queen Anne. I often thought as I took my kind old friend's hand, how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world. I could travel back for seven score years of time—have glimpses of Brummel, Selwyn, Chesterfield, and the men of pleasure; of Walpole and Conway; of Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith; of North, Chatham, Newcastle; of the fair maids of honour of George II's Court; of the German retainers of George I's; where Addison was Secretary of State; where Dick Steele held a place; whither the great Marlborough came with his fiery spouse; when Pope, and Swift, and Bolingbroke yet lived and wrote." The Berrys went everywhere and knew everyone; and their *salon*, held first at No. 26 North Audley Street, and later at No. 8 Curzon Street, was one of the features of London society. There night after night were assembled all the wit and beauty of that time. Miss Kate Perry wrote in her privately-printed *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, "There was a charm about these gatherings of friends, that hereafter

we may say: 'There is no salon now to compare with that of the Miss Berrys.'"

Besides the Journals and Correspondence now in the British Museum, the principal authorities for the life of Mary and Agnes Berry are the *Diary of Lord Colchester*; Thomas Moore's *Journals*; *Letters to Ivy from the first Earl of Dudley*; Harriet Martineau's *Biographical Portraits*; Lord Houghton's *Monographs*; Horace Walpole's *Letters*; and Warburton's *Memoir of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries*; *Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville*; Cobbett's *Memorials of Twickenham*; Clayden's *Samuel Rogers and his Contemporaries*; *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*; *Horace Walpole's Twin-Wives (Temple Bar, March 1891)*; and Captain Hamilton's *Cyril Thornton*.

I am much indebted to Mrs. Charles H. E. Brookfield for the loan of a copy of Miss Kate Perry's privately-printed and exceedingly rare *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, which contains much interesting information concerning the Berrys; and to Mr. A. M. Broadley, who has most generously permitted me to insert letters hitherto unpublished from the Countess of Albany, Maria Edgeworth, and Lord Jeffery, to Mary Berry; and from Mary Berry to Lady Hardwicke, Elizabeth Montagu, Mrs. Lamb, and Kate Perry, the originals of which are in his library. To the Rev. Henry W. Clark, the author of the admirable *History of English Nonconformity*, I owe many thanks for assistance rendered during the preparation of this work.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

LONDON, July 1913.

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(1763-1789)

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THE BERRY PAPERS

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SECTION I

THE EARLY LIFE OF MARY AND AGNES BERRY

(1763-1789)

Mary Berry's *Notes of Early Life*—Her silence concerning her father's forebears—Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe states that her maternal grandfather was a tailor—Her great-uncle Ferguson's career—His childless marriage—His sister's sons, Robert and William, his natural heirs—Robert Berry's early life—His marriage with Miss Seton alienates his uncle—The birth of Mary and Agnes Berry—The death of Mrs. Robert Berry—Ferguson wishes Robert Berry to marry again—His refusal brings about a breach between them—William Berry is informed that he, not Robert, will be his uncle's heir—Mary Berry's life-long bitterness at the loss of fortune—Robert Berry's weakness of character—The girls live with their grandmother in Yorkshire—Robert Berry rents College House, Chiswick—His daughters' education—Sir George and Lady Cayley—Mary Berry's first suitor—The death of Ferguson—Robert Berry's legacy—Mary Berry's dissatisfaction—a tour in the west of England—A visit to Weymouth—With the Craufords at Rotterdam—A Dutch tour—Switzerland and Italy—An autobiographical passage—Florence—Sir Horace Mann—Turin—Rome—Naples—Montpellier—Paris—Return to England—The Berrys after their return from abroad—Their meeting with Horace Walpole—Their acquaintance with him ripens into intimacy—Walpole's account of them—His affection for the sisters—He laughs at the discrepancy in age between him and them—Mary his favourite—He writes his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I and George II* for their entertainment—He dedicates to them his *Catalogue of Strawberry Hill*—He introduces them to the Conways—Caroline, Lady Aylesbury—Anne Seymour Conway—Her artistic instincts—Ceramchi's statue of her as the Muse of Sculpture—Her marriage with the Hon. John Damer—Damer's extravagance—He commits suicide—Lady Sarah Lennox on the ill-fated marriage—Lord Milton's brutal behaviour to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Damer—Mrs.

Damer goes to her father's house—She goes abroad—She rents a house in Sackville Street—Lady Sarah Lennox's pen-portrait of her—Mrs. Damer's later life.

IN Mary Berry's *Notes of Early Life*, which were found among her papers after her death, there are, strangely enough, no particulars of her forebears, not even a passing reference to her grandfathers. "My father was the maternal nephew of an old Scotch merchant of the name of Ferguson," she says, and no word more. The family history was thus deliberately wrapped in mystery, and nothing was generally known of her antecedents until the publication, in 1888, of the correspondence of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, where light is thrown upon them in a passage in one of his letters to the Duke of Sutherland. "As to what you tell me of the Misses Berry, it is delightful," he wrote. "I had dreamed they were dead; but some time ago, when Lord Orford's latest letters were printed, I visited a club of St. George's Square old maids, who subscribe and get such books, and who refreshed my memory (the ladies being all angry that the Misses might have been Countesses) with a piece of family history. It seems that the grandfather of these heroines was nothing more than a tailor at Kircaldy, one of whose sons changed his name to Ferguson for the estate of Raith, purchased and left him by a nabob, his mother's brother. Now the amusing thing is, to think of Lord Orford's horror had he married either of the ladies, and then discovered the goose in the Countess's pedigree! He might have written a companion to *The Mysterious Mother*, *The Mysterious Grandfather*, and far more feelingly. Imagine the new Countess, like the old, announcing her crime to her husband, as the other did to

her son: 'Hear, tell, and tremble! Horace, thou didst clasp a tailor's gosling!' The Count swoons in the Countess's arms, and an earthquake shakes all the baubles at Strawberry Hill!"¹ It is, however, fair to state that this account of the humble origin of one side of her family finds corroboration only in the silence of Mary Berry. And even here there is a contradiction, for Miss Berry says it was her father's uncle who changed his name, and Sharpe that it was her uncle. It is more than probable that the lady was right.

Ferguson came to London in 1709, and set up as a merchant. He proved himself so good a man of business, that long before his death his fortune was computed at £300,000, an immense sum in those days. His wealth, however, did not induce him to retire from mercantile pursuits; and though he possessed a considerable estate at Raith, in Fifeshire—whether acquired by inheritance or purchase is not germane to this story—he remained faithful to Broad Street in the City of London, and died in the dwelling-house over his offices. He had married a Miss Townshend,² but there was no issue of this union, so that his natural heirs were the two sons of his sister, who had married a man of the name of Berry.

These sons were Robert and William Berry. Robert was educated for the bar, but before taking up his profession he travelled for some time on the Continent—

¹ C. K. Sharpe, *Letters*, II. 550. Concerning the alleged proposal of marriage by Walpole, see vol. i. of that work.

² Miss Townshend was a sister of Joseph Townshend, M.P. for Westbury, Wiltshire. Townshend's other sister married James Oswald (1715-1769), who was educated at Kirkcaldy Grammar School, where Ferguson made his acquaintance. Oswald succeeded his father as M.P. for Kirkcaldy Burghs, and held office at the Board of Trade and the Treasury. It was at his house that Ferguson met his future wife.

indeed until he was recalled to England by his uncle, a command he perforce obeyed, since he was entirely dependent upon him. "The law he seems never to have thought of more; nor was it thought necessary that he should," his elder daughter wrote. "But in all other respects I can easily suppose his careless disposition, even to his own situation, his turn towards literature and literary society, little suited the hard, narrow mind of the man on whom his fortunes depended."¹ It is clear that Robert, who is known to have been a weak man, was unhappily possessed of just those qualities which would alienate a hard-headed man of business; but there was as yet, however, no overt breach between uncle and nephew, merely an ever-increasing want of sympathy and understanding. In 1762 Robert married a young girl of eighteen, Miss Seton, a distant cousin,² who had, her eldest daughter says, "every qualification, beside beauty, that could charm, captivate, or attach, and excuse a want of fortune." It was just this want of fortune that further restrained the relation between uncle and nephew. Ferguson did not dislike his niece by marriage, but he was bitterly disappointed when she gave birth to two daughters—Mary, on March 16, 1763, and Agnes on May 29, 1764. He ardently desired a male heir to his fortune, but, so far as Robert was concerned, he was doomed to failure, for in 1767 Mrs. Berry died in giving birth to a third child, which did not survive its mother. "I have been told that his

¹ Mary Berry, *Notes of Early Life*.

² She was daughter of John Seton of the very ancient Scottish family of Seton of Arbroath by his wife Elizabeth (*née* Seton of Belsies). Among their children were: Margaret, married 1760 Andrew Seton; Isabella, Lady Cayley of High Hall; Elizabeth, who married in 1762 Robert Berry; and Jane, married in 1770 Walter Symnot of Ballemoyer, Knight, in the north of Ireland.

“uncle was very importunate with my father to marry again directly,” Mary Berry has recorded. “If so, I am sure my father must have finally destroyed his prospects from him, by the manner in which he would have received such a proposal immediately after the untimely death of a beloved wife of three-and-twenty, after four years’ marriage.”

While Robert Berry was falling deeper and deeper into the bad books of his uncle, his younger brother, William, was becoming more and more a favourite. He showed himself a good man of business; he married a well-dowered daughter of the house of Crauford, and was so fortunate as to have two sons in the first two years of his marriage. Mary Berry declares that William deliberately intrigued to oust his brother from his inheritance. “He soon perceived,” she said, “the carelessness of his elder brother’s character, and how little it fell in, in any respect, with that of the old man, and how easily he could assimilate himself to all his views.” Whether William did endeavour to oust his elder brother from his uncle’s inheritance, it is not possible now to say; but it is not surprising that a self-made man, or, for the matter of that, any man, should prefer to entrust a great fortune to a reliable rather than a shiftless nephew. Mary Berry, of course, could not be expected to see the matter in this light, and it did not apparently occur to her that her father, on learning that he was not to be the heir, might have endeavoured to do something to provide for the present welfare and the future provision of his daughters.

It was not until 1769, when Mary Berry was six years old, that Ferguson announced that, while he would continue Robert’s allowance of £300 a year,

he had made up his mind that the younger brother William should be his heir. "That my father," Mary Berry wrote years afterwards, "should have allowed himself to be thus choused out of a great inheritance, by a brother who had not a sentiment or feeling in common with him, and by an uncle whom he had never offended, and in whose society he continued to spend three days of every week, while his brother was living in ease, indulgence, and luxury at Raith, and only making a yearly visit of a couple of months to the melancholy residence of Austin Friars,—that the easy temper of my father should have silently acquiesced in all this; that he should not have seen the character, and obviated the conduct, of his brother before it was too late, during all the youth and middle of my life sorely afflicted me." In later life Mary Berry still took her loss of fortune hard, and in her *Journals and Correspondence* she often refers to her father, "whose hereditary neglect of fortune has deprived us of what might, and ought to have been, our own,"¹ and to "that brother who robbed him of everything but the peace of mind attendant upon a guileless conscience."² Such irritation was not unnatural, but as it was the inherent weakness of her father's character that led to his being disinherited, how could he have done anything to prevent the catastrophe? It is true that a high-spirited man might have shaken off the dust of his uncle's house, declined the income allowed him, and earned his own living; but Robert Berry was not such a man. Indeed, had he been such, there would not have been any necessity for such heroic measures, for, in that case, his uncle would not have passed him

¹ Mary Berry, *Journals and Correspondence*, i. 377.

² *Ibid.*, i. 384.

over. As a matter of fact, Mary Berry replies to herself, when she refers to her father's "easy, inefficient character."

The children, Mary and Agnes Berry, lived where they were born, at Kirkbridge Stanwick, Yorkshire, the home of Mrs. Seton, their maternal grandmother, until the elder was seven, when, with Mrs. Seton, they went to College House, Chiswick, which Robert Berry had rented. Here they were put in the charge of a governess, who went away in 1775 to get married, after which, so far as education was concerned, they were left to their own devices. The result, naturally enough, was not satisfactory. "You have probably not seen Mme. du Deffand's letters, which Miss Berry has just published. The preface is amusing enough and sensible, but ill written, particularly in those pages which she probably thought most shining,"¹ John William Ward (afterwards first Earl of Dudley) wrote to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, June 1810; and two or three months later, addressing the same correspondent, he reverted to the subject: "Some months ago I read a little of Miss Berry's book. I thought the preface very badly done. It is very odd that she should have lived so much with people of fashion without acquiring better manners, and so much with people of talent without learning to write her own language tolerably. I am sorry for it, for I think much more favourably of her than those will do who judge by her writings. She has good talents, and is besides friendly, honest, and sincere; but she has a loud, harsh voice, and is unacquainted with grammar."² Mary Berry attributed the defects in her education to Ferguson letting her

¹ *Letters to Ivy*, 116.

² *Ibid.* 118.

father "starve on an allowance of £300 a year," but the fault was clearly that of her father, who even on that small income—and its purchasing power was then much greater than now—might certainly, at the price of some small sacrifice of comfort, have spared the wages of a governess. Mrs. Seton, who still lived with them, did, however, impart to them such religious instruction as they could derive from reading aloud to her every morning the psalms and chapters, and on Sundays a Saturday *Spectator*. The girls' life was not so monotonous as it might have been, for there are references to visits to Sir George and Lady Cayley,¹ to the Love-days at Caversham, to Miss Drury in Yorkshire, and to the Mitchells in Berkshire; while, in 1779, Mary had love-passages with a young man of the name of Bowman. "Suffered," she commented subsequently, "as people do at sixteen from a passion which, wisely disapproved of, I resisted and dropped."

Ferguson, who had attained to the patriarchal age of ninety-three, died in November 1781, and, as he had already announced, left the bulk of his estate to William Berry. To Robert he left a capital sum of £10,000; and this William supplemented by settling on his brother an annuity of £1000 a year. It is worthy of mention that Mary Berry's anger against her uncle did not lead her to advise her father to show his disgust by refusing to accept the annuity. Her grievances were: first, that the sum was too small, and second, that it was for her father's life and not extended to his daughters. Robert Berry was now passing rich on about fifteen

¹ Sir George Cayley, Bart., of Brompton in Yorkshire (1707-1791), whose eldest son, Thomas (1732-1792), had married in 1763 Isabella Seton, a sister of Robert Berry's wife. There were two other Seton girls, Jane and Mary, but of their later life nothing has been recorded.



Sketched by E. Berens, Oriol Coll.

107 11

your sincere Friend & most obed^t Servant
Himley December 27th 1799 J. W. Ward.
P.S. The Verses go on miserably, yet I neither drink, hunt,
shoot, or fish

Rep. of Berens, 1800, p. 107

JOHN WILLIAM WARD, 1ST EARL OF DUDLEY
Sketch by E. Berens, Oriol College, Aug. 19

hundred a year, and in 1782, Mrs. Seton going to live with her daughter Isabella, he took his girls on a tour in the west of England, and, later, stayed a while with them at Weymouth, then a tiny watering-place brought into fashion by a visit paid two years earlier by the King's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester.

In May of the following year the Berrys went further afield. First they visited at Rotterdam a branch of that Crauford family into which William Berry had married, and then, with them, made a tour of Holland. From Holland they went south to Switzerland and Italy, and those who will may read of their wanderings in the *Journals* which, completed seventy years later, Mary Berry began on these travels at Florence. The most interesting of the entries in her *Notes of Early Life*, which now gave way to the *Journals*, is the following autobiographical passage :—

“At Florence was our first stop ; and here for the first time I began to feel my situation, and how entirely dependent I was on my own resources for my conduct, respectability, and success. My father, with the odd inherent easiness of his character, had since my mother's death entirely abandoned the world and all his early acquaintance in it, entirely forgetting that on him now depended the success and the happiness of his two motherless daughters. I soon found that I had to lead those who ought to have led me ; that I must be a protecting mother, instead of a gay companion to my sister ; and to my father a guide and monitor, instead of finding in him a tutor and protector. Strongly impressed as I was that honour, truth, and virtue were the only roads to happiness, and that the love and consideration of my fellow-creatures, and the society in

which I was to live, depended entirely upon my own conduct and exertions, the whole powers of my mind were devoted to doing always what I thought right and knew would be *safe*, without a consideration of what I knew would be agreeable, while I had at the same time the most lively sense of everything that was brilliant and distinguished, and the greatest desire to distinguish myself. Add to this, the most painfully quick feelings, and a necessity for the support of some kind sympathising mind, and it is easy to imagine how little I could profit by all the advantages nature had given me, but how little I could have enjoyed of the thoughtless gaiety and light-heartedness of youth.”¹

It was in the autumn of 1783 that they were at Florence, where they made the acquaintance of Sir Horace Mann, who had been at that court since 1740, in which year Horace Walpole visited him, and cemented the friendship that found its vent in a correspondence that was kept up until the death of Mann, forty-six years later. They roamed at will through Italy: at Turin meeting Thomas Pitt and Sir James Graham;² at Rome (on New Year's Day, 1784) being presented to the Pope at Naples; on the last day of January, going to the Court of Caroline, wife of Ferdinand IV, and daughter of the Emperor Francis Joseph II and the Empress Maria Theresa. They spent the winter of 1784-5 at the famous health-resort of Montpellier, and were at Paris from March until June, in which month they returned to England.

After their return from the Continent in June 1785,

¹ *Notes of Early Life (Miss Berry's Journals and Correspondence, i. 12).*

² Sir James Graham, Bart., of Netherby, father of the statesman, Sir James Robert Graham (1792-1861).

there is for a while nothing of importance to relate of the Berrys. They stayed in London, they went into the country, they visited their friends, they extended the circle of their acquaintances, and they became popular in the set in which they moved—this is their history from the time they landed in England until October 1788, in which month they met Horace Walpole. There are a few certain avenues to fame. "To have your name mentioned by Gibbon, is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's," Thackeray wrote, "Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it." If the historian ignored you, you could still attain something of immortality if you were enshrined by Boswell as a friend of Dr. Johnson, or if you figured among the correspondents of Horace Walpole. Many who would long since have sunk into oblivion survive until to-day in the pages of the greatest biographer or the greatest letter-writer that the world has ever known. This, it must be confessed, is the lot of Mary and Agnes Berry. But for their friendship with Horace Walpole, they would be but names to the present generation. As it is, they live for all time in the fierce light cast by the great man upon all whom he deigned to honour with his notice.

It was at the house of Lady Herries, wife of the banker in St. James's Street, that, in the winter of 1787-8 the acquaintance began. In the summer of 1788 the Berrys rented a house at Twickenham Common, and the acquaintanceship ripened rapidly into intimacy. The story of the beginning of the historic friendship has been recorded by Walpole in a letter to Lady Ossory, dated October 11, 1788:—

"If I have picked up no recent anecdotes on our

Common, I have made a much more, to me, precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry, whom I first saw last winter, and who accidentally took a house here with their father for this season. Their story is singular enough to entertain you. The grandfather, a Scot, had a large estate in his own country, £5000 a year it is said; and a circumstance I shall tell you makes it probable. The eldest son married for love a woman with no fortune. The old man was enraged and would not see him. The wife died and left these two young ladies. Their grandfather wished for an heir-male, and pressed the widower to remarry, but could not prevail, the son declaring that he would consecrate himself to his daughters and their education. The old man did not break with him again, but much worse, totally disinherited him and left all to his second son, who very handsomely gave up £800 a year to his elder brother.¹ Mr. Berry has since carried his daughters for two or three years to France and Italy, and they are returned the best-informed and the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation, nor more apposite than their answers and observations. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language. The younger draws charmingly, and has copied admirably Lady Di's gipsies,² which I lent, though for the first time of her attempting colours. They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are

¹ It will be observed that this account is not strictly accurate in details.

² Lady Diana Beauclerk (1734-1808), amateur artist.



T. Lawrence, R.A.

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD

T. Evans, sculpt.

very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale ; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary, but seems, out of deference to her sister to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably ; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons. In short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterise the Berrys ; and this is not particularly mine, who am apt to be prejudiced, but the universal voice of all who know them. The first night I met them I would not be acquainted with them, having heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I sat next to Mary, and found her an angel both inside and out. Now I do not know which I like best, except Mary's face, which is formed for a sentimental novel, but is ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing, genteel comedy. This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. I do not care a straw for cards, but I do disapprove of this partiality to the youngest child of the week ; while the other six poor days are treated as if they had no souls to save. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man with a round face, and you would not suspect him of so much feeling and attachment." ¹

Horace Walpole, then in his seventy-second year, was devoted to these young women, aged twenty-five

¹ Horace Walpole, *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), ix. 152.

and twenty-four respectively. For them he had a greater tenderness than in the whole course of his life he had ever lavished upon anyone else. He called them his "twin-wives," or "my beloved spouses"; when they were away he referred to his "disconsolate widowhood," and he signed himself "Horace Fondlewives." Mary was to him "Suavissima Maria," Agnes "my sweet lamb." But while he used these affectionate terms, he did not refrain from laughing at himself. "I am afraid of protesting how much I delight in your society, lest I should seem to affect being gallant," he wrote to his "dear both," in February 1789; "but if two negatives make an affirmative, why may not two ridicules compose one piece of sense? and therefore, as I am in love with you both, I trust it is a proof of the good sense of your devoted H. Walpole."¹ And again, "Though you do not accuse me, but say a thousand kind things to me in the most agreeable manner, I allow my ancientry, and that I am an old, jealous and peevish husband, and quarrel with you if I do not receive a letter, exactly at the moment I please to expect one."² Yet one more extract from his letters. "I passed so many evenings of the last fortnight with you," he wrote on June 23, 1789, "that I almost preferred it to our two honeymoons, and consequently am the more sensible to the deprivation; and how dismal was *Sunday* evening, compared to those of last autumn! If you both felt as I do, we might surpass *any* event in the annals of Dunmow. Oh! what a prodigy it would be if a husband and *two* wives should present themselves and demand the flitch of bacon, on swearing that not one of the three in a year and a day

¹ Walpole, *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), ix. 164,

² *Ibid.*, ix. 200.

wished to be unmarried. For my part, I know that my affection has done nothing but increase; though were there but one of you, I should be ashamed of being so strongly attached at my age; being in love with both, I glory in my passion, and think it a proof of my sense. Why should not two affirmatives make a negative, as well as the reverse? and then a double love will be wisdom—for what is wisdom in reality but a negative? It exists but by correcting folly, and when it has peevishly prevailed on us to abstain from something we have a mind to, it gives itself airs, and in action pretends to be a personage, a nonentity sets up for a figure of importance! It is the case of most of those phantoms called virtues, which, by smothering poor vices, claim a reward as thief-takers. Do you know I have a partiality for drunkenness, though I never practised it: it is a reality, but what is sobriety, only the absence of drunkenness. However, *mes chères femmes*, I make a difference between men and women, and do not extend my doctrine to your sex. Everything is excusable in us, and nothing in you. And pray, remember that I will not lose my flitch of bacon—though.”¹

Though it is clear that Mary was his favourite, he was also attached to Agnes, and was at pains not to show any preference. “But now I must talk of family affairs,” he wrote to them on June 30, 1789. “I am delighted that my next letter is to come from wife the second. I love her as much as you, and I am sure you like that I should. I should not love either so much, if your affection for each other were not so mutual; I observe and watch all your ways and doings, and the more I observe you, the more virtues I discover in both

¹ Mary Berry, *Journals and Correspondence*, i. 164.

—nay, depend upon it, if I discover a fault, you shall hear of it. You came too perfect into my hands, to let you be spoilt by indulgence. All the world admires you, yet you have contracted no vanity, advertised no pretensions, are simple and good as nature made you, in spite of all your improvements—mind, *you* and *yours* are always, from my lips and pen, of what grammarians call the *common of two*, and signify *both*—so I shall repeat that memorandum no more.”¹ For them he wrote his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I and George II*,² and to them he dedicated the famous *Catalogue of Strawberry Hill*.³ When they were away he sent them delightful letters, such as only he could write, full of news and gossip, and foreign affairs and home chat, and would not listen to a word of thanks. “I have received at once most kind letters from you both; too kind, for you both talk of gratitude,” he protested. “Mercy on me! Which is the obliged, and which is the gainer? Two charming beings, whom everybody likes and approves, and yet can be pleased with the company and conversation and old stories of a Methusalem? or I, who at the end of my days have fallen into more agreeable society than ever I knew at any period of my life?”⁴

To Horace Walpole the Berrys owed many acquaintances, and he it was who introduced them to his intimate friends, the Conways. “I hope you are not engaged this day seven-night,” he wrote to the sisters on March 20, 1789; “but will allow me to wait on you

¹ Mary Berry, *Journals and Correspondence*, i. 168.

² Walpole began these “Reminiscences” on October 31, 1788, and finished them on the following January 13.

³ The *Catalogue of Strawberry Hill* was privately printed at the end of 1789.

⁴ Mary Berry, *Journals and Correspondence*, i. 180.

to Lady Aylesbury, which I will settle with her when I have your answer." ¹ Caroline, Lady Aylesbury, daughter of the fourth Duke of Argyle, and widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury and Elgin, had in 1747 married Colonel (afterwards Field-marshal) the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway. By her first marriage, Lady Aylesbury had a daughter, Lady Mary Bruce, who in 1758 married Charles, third Duke of Richmond; and by her second marriage another daughter, Anne Seymour Conway, born in 1748.

Anne Seymour Conway became, as Mrs. Damer, Mary Berry's dearest friend, and plays so large a part in the following pages that she demands more than a passing reference. Brought up under the eye of her parents at their town-house and their country-seat, Park Place, near Henley-on-Thames, she had the advantage of meeting the members of the brilliant circle that surrounded her mother. At an early age she became acquainted with Gray, Thomson, Shenstone, David Hume, Reynolds, Angelica Kauffmann, the Garricks, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Siddons. Such company excited the artistic instincts which she inherited from her mother, who did everything in her power to develop them. The girl learned sculpture under John Bacon, and anatomy from William Cruikshank. Later she worked under Giuseppe Ceracchi, who subsequently carved the statue of her as the Muse of Sculpture which now stands in the entrance hall of the British Museum. Pretty and agreeable, she attracted much attention when she came out, and in 1767 there were rumours of a matrimonial alliance with Henry Scott, third Duke Buccleuch and fifth Duke of Queensberry; but as a matter of fact, on

¹ Walpole, *Correspondence* (ed. Cunningham), ix. 176.

June 14 of that year she married the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Joseph Damer, Baron Milton (afterwards Earl of Dorchester). Conway was delighted with the marriage, for Damer was heir to his father's income of £30,000 a year. He settled £10,000, the whole of his fortune, upon his daughter, and the bridegroom made settlements to the value of £22,000. The newly wed couple started with an income of £5000 a year, and their prospects appeared brilliant, for not only were they rich, but also young and handsome and popular. All that was wanting—and this was not generally known at the time—was affection. The union was disastrous. Damer was a spendthrift—at a forced sale his wardrobe realised £15,000—and within nine years of his marriage had incurred debts to a vast amount, which Conway could not, and Lord Milton would not, discharge. In the worst of company, Damer shot himself on August 15, 1776, at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden. If the married life of Mrs. Damer was unhappy, the first months of her widowhood, we learn from Lady Sarah Lennox, were even more wretched.

“Was you not surprised at poor Mr. Damer's death?” Lady Sarah wrote to Lady Susan O'Brien, September 19. “I had no idea he was *maddish* even, and in my mind he has proved that he was *quite mad*, for I cannot account for his death and the manner of it any other way.¹ I am provoked at Lord Milton, for I was throwing away my pity upon him, and behold! not even the death of his son has soften'd him about his family in general, or taught him generosity. He has been very shabby about Lionel Damer, very unkind to George

¹ At the inquest on the Hon. John Damer, a verdict of lunacy was returned.



THE HONBLE. MRS. DAMER
From an engraving by Hopwood after a painting by G. C.

Damer,¹ and quite brutal to Mrs. Damer, who, by the by, behaves with all the propriety in the world; when one commends a widow for behaving well, it is allowing that love was out of the question, which is to be sure her case. . . . Lord Milton has taken her diamonds, furniture, carriages, and *everything* away to pay the debts with, and he abused her for staying in *another man's house* (for she stay'd a few days there before she went to the country, and the house is another's, being seiz'd). Upon hearing this, she left it, and chose to go in a hackney coach, taking only her inkstand, a few books, her dog, and her maid with her, out of that fine house. I think it was spirited and noble in her; she had but three guineas in her pocket, which was to last her till Michaelmas, for Lord Milton did not offer her any assistance. Her sister,² as you may imagine, attended her and gave her money, and she went to Mr. Conway's house;³ she is to live with him for a year in order to save one year's income (£2500), which she gives towards the payment of Mr. Damer's just debts, which cannot be quite paid by the sale of everything even."⁴

Subsequently Mrs. Damer went abroad for a while, and on her return in 1778 took a house in Sackville Street, and devoted herself to her art. Again it is Lady Sarah Lennox who presents us with a pen-portrait of her at this time. "Mrs. Damer does not live with her mother, but in a house she has hired," Lady Sarah wrote to Lady Susan O'Brien, November 23, 1778. "She set off upon the most perfect intentions of pru-

¹ Lionel and George Damer were sons of Lord Milton, created in 1792 Earl of Dorchester.

² Her half-sister, the Duchess of Richmond.

³ Her father, General the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

⁴ *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, i. 250.

dence ; she was not ashamed of saying, 'she had been rich and was now poor,' and therefore she should not attempt any expense beyond her income, which is very good for all the comforts of life, tho' not for magnificence, and she piqued herself upon showing that she could give up her former expectations of grandeur with philosophy. She likes travelling, books, and a comfortable home, both in town and (for a *little* while), in the country, and these she prefers to fine clothes, fine equipages, and finery of all kinds. How long these wise resolutions will last I can't tell, for she is vain, and likes to be at the head of the great world, and is easily led into that style of life. Upon the whole, I think she is a sensible woman without sensibility, a pretty one without pleasing, a prudent one without conduct, and I believe nobody will have a *right* to tax her with any fault, and yet she will be abused, which I take to be owing to a want of sweetness in her disposition ; she is too *strictly right* even to be beloved. As for the *abuse* she has met with, I must put such nonsense out of the question, and in everything else her conduct is very proper."¹ Concerning the abuse to which Mrs. Damer was subjected, something of this will be gathered from her letters, presently to be printed. Her life was henceforth divided between her work, her visits to her parents at Park Place, to her sister at Goodwood, and her journeys abroad.

¹ *Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox*, i. 286.



LADY SARAH LENNOX
From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

SECTION II

THE BERRYS ABROAD (*October 1790 to November 1791*)

Mary Berry's Memoranda for 1790-1—The sisters correspond regularly with Horace Walpole—His letters—His affection for them—His longing for their company—He refuses their offer to return—His jealousy of their friends—Unpublished correspondence of Mrs. Damer and Mary Berry—The Berrys depart for Italy—Mrs. Damer's devotion to Mary Berry—Dr. George Fordyce—M. and Mme. de Boufflers—Edward Jerningham, "the charming man"—Lady Melbourne—Mrs. Damer winters abroad—Lady Elizabeth Foster—Mrs. Cholmeley—General Charles O'Hara—The Duke and Duchess of Richmond—Lady Bristol—Giardini—Richard Cosway—The Countess of Albany, wife of "The Young Pretender"—An accident to Mary Berry—Her ill-health—The rivalry between the French and English captains of passenger-vessels at Calais—Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*—Horace Walpole's jealousy—Mrs. Elizabeth Hervey—Mrs. Buller—Cicero's Letters—Lucan—Lady Aylesbury—Mrs. Damer's studio—She falls from the scaffold—Protestations of friendship—Lady Duncannon—Mrs. Damer slandered in the newspapers—William Combe expresses his desire to apologise for his statements—Lady Mount Edgcumbe—Mrs. Damer's statue of George III—The fate of the French Royal family—Lady Mary Churchill—Walpole's indignation that the Countess of Albany does not recognise the Berrys' name—The Countess of Albany and Alfieri—Lady Frederick Campbell—Lady Craven—Walpole suffers from rheumatism—Foolish paragraphs in the *World*—Edward Topham—Mrs. Damer at Felpham—Horace Walpole desires the Berrys to live at Clevedon after their return to England—The Countess of Albany proposes to visit Scotland—Lord Frederick Campbell—Mrs. Damer and her mother—Madame de Cambis—Walpole's anxiety about the Berrys returning *via* France—His appeal to them to alter their projected route—Field-Marshal Conway—German inns—The Berrys' carriage breaks down near Bologna.

THE entry for 1790 in Mary Berry's memorandum-book runs: "Summer for three weeks in Montpellier Row. Go abroad in October; winter in Florence and Pisa"; and that for the following year: "After winter between

Florence and Pisa, return home in November, take possession of little Strawberry Hill." During the time they were away Horace Walpole maintained a regular correspondence with the sisters, sending them lengthy, entertaining letters such as only he could write, full of gossip, social and political matters at home, and foreign affairs, interrupted only every now and then by expressions of his unalterable affection for them and his longing for their return. Yet he was not selfish where they were concerned, and when he was ill and they volunteered to come to him, he would not entertain the suggestion. He was, however, undisguisedly jealous of their liking for anyone else, and resented the regular interchange of letters between Mrs. Damer and the elder sister. The letters of Walpole are well-known, and will, therefore, not be given here; but the letters from Mrs. Damer are now printed for the first time.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

Sunday Evening, October 10, 1790.¹

I have been for some time with my paper, pens, and ink before me, wishing to write you a few lines, but quite unable. Do not, from this beginning, fear the style of some former letters. No, no, my gratitude to you, setting all other considerations apart, will shew itself by unremitted attention to everything you have said to me. I have not, it is true, been accustomed to the charm of real friendship, but my own heart has taught me its value. Rest assured that, could you know to what degree you contribute to the comfort, even the repose, of my mind, your utmost good nature would be more than satisfied. My heart is full, yet I may com-

¹ The Berrys left London for the Continent on this day.

paratively say that I am composed. I have, at last, spoken to you on one miserable subject. I felt every day more and more that I owed this to you, every day more and more that I owed to you that you should know me, see me not only as I am, but as I have been, and then judge for yourself. From you, as from a superior being, I was sure of candour and mercy, but unequal to explain thoroughly those circumstances which tend to excuse, tho' nothing can defend, me. You are sensible what I must suffer, with everything that most interests me, everything that most deserves to interest me, at stake. Thank you for your note this morning, thank you. I am glad that my servant was of use. With how much pleasure could I have assisted and seen you once again. Alas! alas! what a world we live in. I have only seen Linie to-day: he is so good natured, and accustomed to find the mercury here at a low ebb, that I let him come. Thank Heaven! there is not a creature in town that I am any way obliged to receive to-day. And indeed I want a little time to arrange my melancholy thoughts into a lasting order. For the present, farewell.

Monday 11th.—I could not write any longer to you last night. My spirits were oppressed and my head grew confused. I took a few drops of laudanum, possibly without necessity, and slept quietly. I shall go to see Mr. Walpole the moment I am able, which, from what Fordyce¹ says to-day, may, I hope, be in a few days. I shall give you an account of him—a true one, at least, on that you may depend. The weather is miserably cold, and you perhaps at this moment, are tossing in a ship; that, or uncomfortably waiting for a wind, I am certain of. How I long to hear of your health, your spirits: of yourself, be most particular, I do entreat of you. Write to me at different

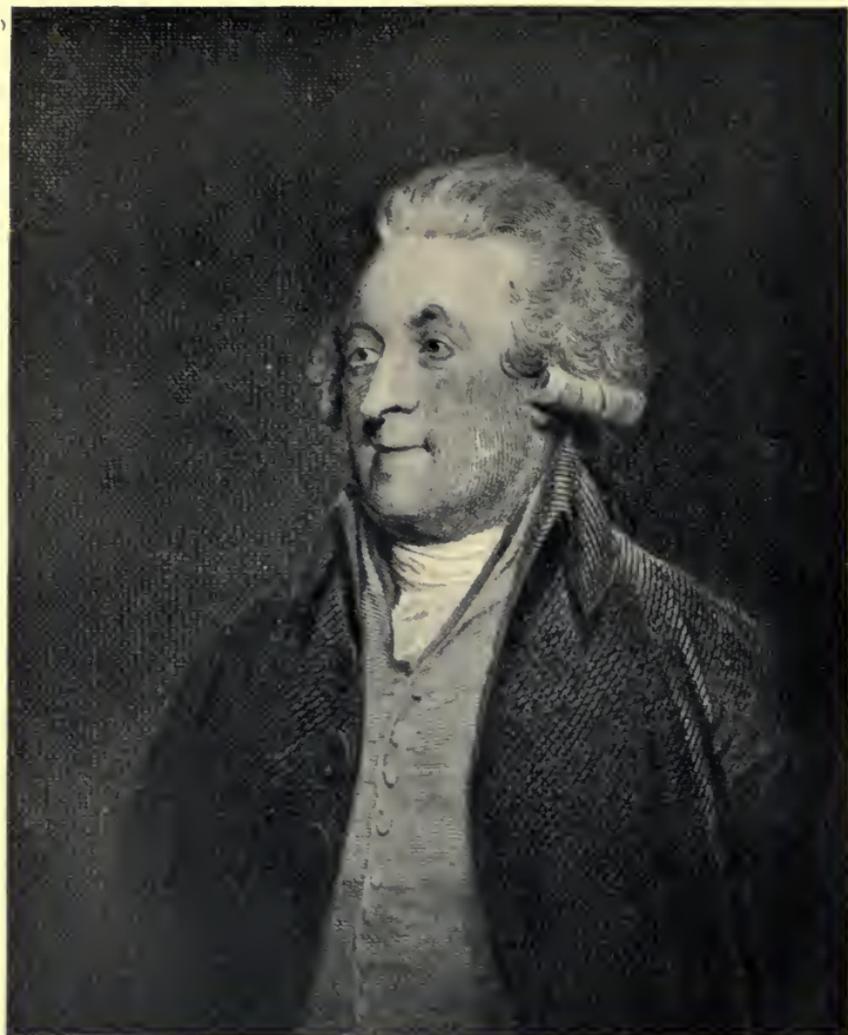
¹ George Fordyce, M.D., F.R.S. (1736–1802), one of the most eminent physicians of his day.

times. Should you even send your letters but seldom, I would not have you change your address. I cannot venture that, till I am actually going, or till I have made every enquiry on the subject; and, indeed, till my leg is healed I can answer for nothing as to time. This Fordyce told me this morning, tho' he believes, from the present appearance, that it will be soon well. I was out a little this morning, I then saw the Boufflers: they were low, which suited me and Jerningham,¹ to whom, for the first time, I mentioned my intention of going to Lisbon. He had complained of the headache; then, putting up his hand to his forehead, he said, "I think you have cured my headache." Poor Jerningham. This evening I shall indulge myself in remaining quiet, see no soul, unless, perhaps, Lady Melbourne² for a quarter of an hour, who returned to-day from the country. My father and mother came again to town, I conclude only for a few days. Let me assure you, my dear friend, that the impression of all you have said to me will be for ever joined to that your kindness has made on me. If you think that I can say more, you wrong me much.

Tuesday, 12th Oct.—I received yesterday Mr. Walpole's letter for you, which I send to the Post with this. My next I shall address to Turin. The day is blowing and cloudy, and how the wind sounds to my ears you may think. Farewell, farewell, say everything that is kind from me to your sister. Take care of your-

¹ Edward Jerningham (1727-1812), third son of Sir George Jerningham of Costessey, Norfolk. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and educated at Douay and Paris. He lived abroad until 1761, when he returned to England, and became a Protestant. "The charming man," he was styled by his intimate friend, Horace Walpole, and the title clung to him. He was the author of innumerable verses and plays, all now forgotten, a fate they richly deserved.

² Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Ralph Millebank, Bart., of Halnaby, Yorkshire, the wife of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne (1748-1819). Lady Melbourne was born in 1749 and died in 1818.



EDWARD JERNINGHAM

From an engraving by F. Thomson after Shee. From the Collection of John Lane

self, and think of me with pity. Once more, farewell, and God in Heaven bless you.¹

Mrs. Damer left England on November 21, and went to Lisbon, where she remained until March. She spent some weeks at Granada, and returned to London early in May. Her letters to Mary Berry, written from abroad, have not been traced.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Monday Evening, May 16, 1791.*

I have been teased and tired to death with the number of persons coming to see me. However flattering this impressement, to have the plague of popularity and load of abuse is hard. All Saturday I had not, in the morning, a moment to myself. The list would be too large to give you. In the evening I saw that my mother had set her heart upon carrying me to the Pantheon Opera. I therefore gave up seeing Mrs. Siddons, who acted for the last time this season, where I had the offer of a place above from Lady E. Foster.² Arrived at the theatre, and placed in the box, after a time, on turning my head, close to my right shoulder I saw your friend Mrs. C[holmeley].³ In an instant a thousand ideas crowded into my mind, or rather one, sufficient to occupy both my head and my heart. I cannot express the feeling this gave me. My *teeth*, I assure you, were but auxiliaries. I see, tho' at a distance, that you keep your friends admirably disciplined. Mrs. C[holmeley] not only answered me in the most obliging manner,

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 2.

² A daughter of Frederick Augustus Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol (1730-1803), married to John Thomas Foster. In 1809 she married, secondly William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. She died March 30, 1824.

³ Mrs. Cholmeley, a sister of Sir Harry Englefield, and the wife of Francis Cholmeley, of Brandsby, Yorkshire.

but immediately began talking of you. She is, I find, just of the same opinion as Mr. W[alpole] and your most humble servant, as to your face. She said that she could not, by any means, feel the sort of philosophy you expressed on the subject. We continued, from time to time, conversing during the whole course of the opera, with much satisfaction on my side,—I wish I could think it was the same on hers. She inquired after Mr. W[alpole] and said that you had desired her to go and see him, but that she had not *courage*. I took upon me to do the honours of him, and said how glad I was sure he would be, that *I* would bring him to wait upon her, if she would allow me. If this was too free and impertinent, you must answer for it. My F[ather] and Mother came home with me, where we found G[eneral] O'Hara¹ and him. He was, as you may suppose, pleased with what I told him, and we agreed to go together to wait upon your friend. Yesterday he went to Strawberry [Hill] (only, however, till Monday); my Father and Mother to P[ark] Place, till Wednesday; my sister² and the D[uke] of R[ichmon]d, I know not when they come. My neighbours are also in the country. Yesterday they came for a few hours to see me, and returned.

In the evening, I made some visits, went to a private concert at Lady Bristol's,³ where I heard Lady Em's daughter sing most admirably, with a fine voice that might fill a theatre, and Giardini, the only *earthly* violin[ist], play. After that, I supped with *Thalia*. I give you my history, as you desire. You know my mother's hours at night. The first days of my arrival so differently passed. So much talking, so much hurry, is almost too much for me. I trust, at least, for more

¹ An account of General O'Hara is given later. See p. 134.

² Strictly, Mrs. Damer's half-sister, the Duchess of Richmond.

³ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Jermyn Davers, and sister and heiress of Sir Charles Davers, Bart., married in 1752 Frederick Augustus Hervey, fourth Earl of Bristol (1730–1803). She died in December 1800.

quiet soon. This morning I did get *downstairs* to my study and *up* upon my scaffold. The *crowd* something subsided, and there I feel it less. You must know that my portrait, in any way you will accept of it, is at your service. Why should you call it a favour, with the original at your disposal? Tell me but the size, the style, or any thing in my power to make it most what you like, I shall have a particular pleasure in doing it. I can make it as small as you please. I always thought that portrait Mrs. C[holmeley] as very fine, better far, most certainly, than I ever was; but that portraits should be better where they so easily can, particularly, where they can not, as well. The dress I dislike, and had nothing to do with the picture, but to *prêter ma figure*, or it would have been otherwise. She desired me to sit down when I was there one day, and Cosway¹ painted the portrait at his leisure hours. This being the case, I thought I had no right to interfere.

Wednesday morning.—I received your letter of the 3rd May yesterday evening—a letter written so much from your heart, more, it seemed to me, even than usually, without reserve,—gave me a degree of satisfaction I cannot express, but made me very unfit for the task of being *civil* and *agreeable* to the Comtesse d'Albany,² whom I was to carry to a stupid performance

¹ Richard Cosway (1740–1821), the fashionable portrait-painter of his day.

² Louisa Maximiliana Carolina Emanuel (1753–1824), daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, was in 1772 married to Charles Edward, "The Young Pretender," who at Rome, where he resided, was called the Count of Albany. After living miserably with her husband for eight years, she left him, and lived openly with Vittorio Alfieri, the poet (1749–1803). It was said that there had been a secret marriage, but this was not the case. The illicit union was, however, generally accepted, and the Princess was received at Court when she came to this country at the outbreak of the French Revolution. She was, by her grandmother Lady Charlotte Bruce, Princess de Hornes, connected with the family of Bruce, was a great-niece of Lady Aylesbury, and a cousin of the Duchess of Richmond, who was Mrs. Damer's half-sister. Horace Walpole called her the "Pinchbeck Queen of England."

at the Haymarket, for which I was to prepare before I was myself prepared.

If you do not like my "*opinion*" concerning the subject of my poor dog, I as little like your *regrets* for what you said to me (I thought most kindly) about your health, and about your fall. This is fine *encouragement* for me to talk of myself. Enough of that, and a full account of the remainder of the time I passed at Madrid, if I mistake not, you will have found in subsequent letters.

As for your horrid fall,¹ I shall be much disappointed if you do not think that I have been extremely *reasonable* and *composed* on the subject, which is entirely owing to you. Had I heard of this accident slightly from you, and as I did from others, what must I have thought? Only put yourself in my situation for one moment and consider how *you* would have felt, and you will applaud yourself for having saved me so much pain. As to "no visible mark," I should indeed pity Mr. W[alpole] if he was destined not [to] see you till then. I have a cut across my nose, done with a glass mug when I was two years old. The scar has been, as it now is, since I can remember, but would be of no consequence to a better face. You will not cease to talk to me of your health, when you do talk to me, or to treat me with confidence. I have given you no reason, and without I am sure you will not repent. Without anxiety you do not, I hope, wish me. I must be stupid not to see the delicacy of your constitution, insensible to be at ease on the subject.

¹ Miss Berry, when walking, had fallen down a bank in the neighbourhood of Pisa.

"Oh! what a shocking accident! Oh! how I detest your going abroad more than I have done yet in my crossest mood! You escaped the storm on the 10th of October, that gave me such an alarm; you passed unhurt through the cannibals of France and their republic of *larrons* and *poissardes*, who terrified me sufficiently; but I never expected that you would dash yourself to pieces at Pisa!"—Horace Walpole to Mary Berry, April 3, 1791 (*Letters*, ed. Cunningham, ix. 301).

I can only repeat that the more particular you are the more kind I shall think you. Not a word have I said to Mr. W[alpole], not a word shall I say, of your milk diet. Heaven grant that it may answer!

Friday evening.—I shall not send this till Tuesday, as I know that Mr. W[alpole] writes to-day. Of public events he will give you an account and of Mrs. Cholmeley's visit to him this morning, to which this will afterwards be a key your quickness will not want. I had received a note from her saying that she wished I would carry her to him at my time. I chose the soonest. To-morrow she is so good as to accept of a place in my box at the Pantheon. I trust that this is not a *contre cour*, out of obedience to you. It may be: it is the best reason she can have. I am going to Mr. W[alpole] this evening, soon after seven, then, after having made a visit, I shall carry him to sup at my Mother's, who seems to be early, where we shall only have the *charming man*.¹ I wish you had seen him tell me that he was going out of town for a fortnight, on Monday. He felt ashamed, after all his professions, just on my arrival and was so long in the birth of this event that people came in before I could guess where he was going. What an odd creature! Livie I have seen just for one moment; when, or if at all constantly he will come to me, I know not. That he wishes it I am convinced, but I am quite melancholy about my Greek, of which I certainly have lost all. I shall go out of the world without knowing it, I fear. I rejoice that you have found means to employ your time so well. I have not been so fortunate. Portugese and Spanish, which I can read imperfectly, are scarcely worth putting on the list of acquisitions, and by Livie's actually having taken from me the Greek verbs in my own hand, according to his arrangement, almost a year passed to have them printed, I rather lose ground, and what is worse, spirit. Farewell.

¹ Edward Jerningham. See *ante*, p. 26.

Tuesday, May 24th.

I missed seeing Mr. Walpole yesterday evening, after his return from Strawberry [Hill], by his going out early. That I might write to you "particularly" of what I am "*sure you like to know,*" I layed down my chisel this morning at eleven, and sallyed forth to him. He looked well, but seemed discomposed, at having heard the night before from Miss Cambridge¹ that she had had a letter from your sister in which she said that she was well, but that she did not think you so. I am convinced that you tell me what you think of yourself, but it is plain that those who love you judge differently of your health, and, indeed, tho' when you wrote last to me, you might be better, by the following post you might be less well. Your weather too is changed; I feared it would. If the fine spring has deserted you, it is not for this Island. Here the weather has been cold, dark and windy since I came, but, as yet, I have been no farther affected by it than feeling uncomfortable. Mr. W[alpole] showed me your letter, by which I am to hope that next post I shall hear from you, "*tho'*" you have not had a letter from me since (*illegible*). I knew you had not. Alas! if I had not been afraid of my letters coming to you too often, you never would have expected them. In the uncertainty of Posts and times, I endeavoured through my whole journey to keep on the side I least wished. You will perhaps one day thoroughly know me, but it will be a day too late. Do not think I doubt your kindness, or your opinion of me, without which that kindness could not exist.—Farewell.²

¹ Presumably a daughter of Richard Owen Cambridge.

² Add. MSS., 37727, f. 4.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry*LONDON, *Friday Morning, May 27, 1791.*

I was not in spirits when I ended my letter to you last, and God knows! have not much to brag of since, whatever I may appear to others. I almost wished my letter back, yet I trust that you will not misunderstand me. When I complain, it refers to anything on earth but yourself: of that you must be convinced, or think me most ungrateful. Mr. W[alpole] seems less uneasy about what he heard from Mr. Cambridge¹ than I expected. He depends on your youth; and the certainty he feels of your return, with the flattering prospect of enjoying your society, makes it not easy to put him out of spirits; that I, for the pleasure of indulging my own melancholy ideas, do not try, you will believe.

Saturday morning.—Your friend Mrs. C[holmeley] called upon [me] one morning, I think it was Wednesday: I was alone at my work. I wished her to have stayed longer. The expressions of good sense from an unwarped mind have a charm to which I think I grow every day more sensible. You could not choose ill tho' you may somewhat relax with those who *choose you*. It is not because she is your friend that I say it, but I have long had a high opinion of her, from things I heard from Lady C. formerly, and I remember that, tho' personally I hardly knew her, I used to be pleased when my opinion agreed with hers on subjects Lady C. often talked over to me about herself, and I felt interested from an incident which, if the story was truly represented to me, will cast a melancholy over her life. For deep impressions are not to be effaced,

¹ Richard Owen Cambridge (1717–1802), the poet, whose acquaintance the Berrys had made at Twickenham, where he had lived since 1751. A friend of Horace Walpole, he soon became intimate with the Berrys, and was a constant correspondent of the elder sister.

but it is the mind that decides of the impressions—hence many mistakes. Her manner to me is open, *more* than civil, *almost* kind. She offered to come and sit with me, if I stayed at home some evening, an offer I shall not neglect. I now am all the morning, and indeed part of the evening, as the days are long, settled at my work, the *turba nominum* less, tho' often greater than I wish. I did not tell you that the first thing I saw, and flew to in my rooms, on my arrival, was the Muff I had so much regretted.

Saturday evening.—I was in hopes, by what you said in Mr. W[alpole]'s letter, to have heard from you to-day, but it is not wonderful that the post, or your time should fail. I shall ever thank you for a kind intention. My sister and the D[uke] of R[ichmond] came to town last Monday. She received me with that infinite good nature which is her characteristic, and he with that invariable kindness and affection which I have ever experienced from him. When I can see *his* faults, you should not call me "*blind*" or "*near-sighted*"—I do not believe that I am so. I *see* faults, but I *adore* virtues. Consider how very few opportunities I have had of talking freely to you, and how little, even with constant writing, can, in *quantity*, be said by letter. I may have *hoped* for good qualities in those I liked, but I do protest to you that it scarcely ever happened to me to feel *quite* sure of them, where they did not really exist. Livie came to me yesterday morning. He has much comforted me about my Greek, by seeming satisfied, for I know that he is all sincerity, and brought me my verbs printed, and almost complete. He inquired after you and appeared rejoiced to hear that you had been improving your time. He says, "we must take care, or she will grow too strong for us."

I hope that I told you all I could tell you about Paris. The dispute among the Captains at Calais, [*illegible*] told me, the night I landed at Dover, that he

thought by a letter which he had received from thence, would be soon settled ; from the manifest disadvantage it is of to Calais I think it probable, as all the Packets, the one which carries the mail excepted, now go to Boulogne. I shall take care and inquire when it grows near the time, that it may interest you, and let you know particularly. At present the common passage is from Boulogne to Dover, and one day a French Captain, one an English, so that one must wait, or time it exactly, and not choose one's captain out of his turn, as formerly. But all this, I think, cannot last, as it will not answer to the French captains. They are not in the same repute, even with those of their own country, as the English, and will only be taken when the others are not in the way, do what they will.

I must say a word on Burke's book,¹ lest you should suspect my taste, and fifty times have I been going to mention the subject, before you mentioned it to me. When I left London my Bookseller let me have it before it was regularly come out, that I might take it with me. I admired it so much that, when I got to Lisbon, my *first* thought was to send it you, thinking that you would not have it so soon any other way, and I might have done so by the courier, but my *second* thought, which cost me a heavy sigh, was that it was better not. To do the book full justice, it is not necessary to agree with it in all points. To say nothing of its eloquence, it has that merit in a sovereign degree without which no book can thoroughly charm me, that of making me love the author. His ideas on religion I did really take notice of, as being finely expressed. As to mine on that subject, no thinking being can disapprove them ; what consolation in particular I might derive, I know not precisely, or if you think me too much attached to this world, but I feel that there is greater danger of my

¹ *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, which was published November 1, 1790.

being too little so at times, which is not right, at least, to encourage in oneself.

I did not find much essential damage in my study, only everything moved, which has cost me time. My dog was not hurt; one scratch of an Erinnys, a little terra-cotta figure you may remember was broken, which I regret. I, however, have most of the pieces. I feel your not going to Rome, where I wish the very streets were not common to all. I have a veneration for the place, and feel grateful to any that has ever afforded me any degree of health and quiet.—Farewell.

Sunday night.—I have been all day, as usual, at work, and this evening quietly alone, which I find sometimes really necessary. I shall only go after for an hour to R[ichmon]d House, without even dressing. I shall leave a corner, to tell you how Mr. W[alpole] looks, as this will only go on Tuesday, and I am to see him to-morrow, after his return from Strawberry [Hill], and to carry him to my mother's, who has a party for the Comtesse d'Albanie. She is very pleasant, perfectly easy, and not just in the common style. I have seen her several times since I came. She was very civil to me (the last time I was at Paris, I mean, not now), which, *de mon mieux*, I always wish to return, but for my *amabilité*, I doubt if you will find me improved. It is, as you observe, with me, an exotic which I fear the cold blasts of England will destroy long before I see you.

Tuesday Morning, May 31.

I cannot resist making this a double letter, that I may thank you at my ease, for yours of the 17th, which I had the satisfaction of receiving yesterday evening. I had been out early to look at Cosway's pictures, which he is disposing of. At my return I found your letter. Yet you do not mention your health, when you even have nothing to say on the subject, *hoc tantum rescribe*, for I cannot deny to you

that it is a subject of constant uneasiness and anxiety to me. I went with my letter, to B[erkeley] Square,¹ meaning to go up and sit a little with him, read him some of my letter, but down he came in one [of] his grand fusses, before I was farther than the bottom of the stair-case, determined to get to my Mother's before what he called the crowd came. I must here remark a comical peculiarity in him. Tho' perfectly communicative with regard to your letters, as in everything that concerns him most nearly, always reading me parts of them, sometimes giving them to me to read, I can scarcely make him attend to those you send me. Mrs. Cholmeley the morning she was here, had been with him with a letter from you which she had, I fancy, very lately received, and was struck with the same idea. She said that he "despised her intelligence, and with all the insolence of a lover boasted of three letters which he had himself received." I am sometimes diverted with this, and shall (I hope) one day laugh at him about it with you. Some times I do not half like it; when occupied with one subject, he talks to me with his life and quickness, of another. He was rather tired of a breakfast which he gave yesterday to my Uncle and Mrs. Hervey² (at which he would not have me), Miss [illegible], my Mother, &c. &c., but only in mind, and that seemed quite revived by the sight of Mrs. Buller, whom he saw in Warwick Street, and whom we set home afterwards. He regrets seeing her so little, but does not like going there since she is grown so fond of

¹ Horace Walpole's town-house was in Berkeley Square.

² In the *Journals of Mary Berry* (i. 306 n.), Lady Theresa Lewis states that Mrs. Hervey was a niece of Alderman Beckford, but this is not accurate. Elizabeth Hervey was the daughter of Mrs. March, who was afterwards the first wife of the Alderman. She was a clever woman, a good letter-writer, and the author of a novel, published anonymously in 1790, entitled *Louisa; or, the Reward of an Affectionate Daughter*. Some of her letters to the author of *Vathek* are printed in the present editor's *Life and Letters of William Beckford of Fonthill*.

Gloucester cheese, as he told her yesterday. I am well acquainted with the Craufords, and remember the lady you mention. It is a very numerous family, everywhere to be met with, and with which one passes much time. Most seriously, if I agree with you, you well know friendship can only exist in kindred minds. To real friendship time may give solidity, but never created more than its shadow.

I cannot express to you how much I am pleased with what you say of Cicero's letters, so exactly after my own heart. Little did I think when I read them, when I wrote in my poor dictionary, that I should ever find a being that would read and see as I did. What I have read has always been still more from sentiment than taste, and by *you* I would be judged by the books I admire. If you *deign* to make me *your taster*, you need not, indeed, fear *poison*: it should stop with me, but literary poison I abhor, commonly know the smell and avoid it. I never read all Lucan, I assure you. There are very fine things in it, but he so often puts me out of humour with his eternal "magne" and [is] sometimes [so] hard and bombastic in the lines, that I have, after taking it up, often laid it down, and gone to some favourite author to repose my mind, as with a friend. I think reading for pure pleasure (unless ordered by one's Master otherwise) the only way, for where the attention is not kept up, one reads to little purpose, and what at one time one may not like, from circumstance, may become interesting at another.

Everybody tells me that I am well, that I look so, and so forth, but to-day I am more than ever convinced that they *may* mistake. I have a sad cold, and feel a weight and languor that makes me thoroughly uncomfortable, not that I believe it is anything serious, but I have set up too late, and the weather has been *truly English*,—causes sufficient, *you* well know. I am now determined to obey your *cura ut valeas* as far as lays in

my power. What follows (*et nos âmes*) you thought an unnecessary injunction, and Heaven knows! it is so.

I remember Madame de Sylva and take her to be *very* lively. I wish my *cara anima* would not expose herself, and her name,—a name I love, as every one, I think, ought to do their own, no matter what it be, for we cannot have too many causes and incitements to honour. Your *improvisatrice* I never saw. I do not think she makes *bad* bargains for herself, if you make good ones. I think by your next letter that I shall hear of a packet of mine which by that time you will have received,—three letters almost together.

I shall now send this, that it may be in good time, and try if I can work a little. I think that I am better: better one must feel from doing what one likes, when one has the blessing of liking that that can leave no regret behind.—God bless you.—Farewell, and think of me ever as you now do.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, Monday Morning, June 20, 1791.

Living as I do in a house alone, I feel ashamed of complaining of want of time, yet so far from thinking that I have a recipe worth sending you, I have a thousand things to say to you and have wished to write, even before I received your most kind letter of the 4th of June, which I did on Saturday without having been able to find a comfortable moment. My mother has been every day *going* into the country for near this fortnight; the little parties I have made for her and been of with her, obliging me to sit up later than, for a constancy, I can bear without suffering, have made me feel harassed and fatigued, and I have not got up at my usual hour, which takes from that most quiet and com-

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 6.

posed time in the early part of the morning which I enjoy from thinking that I shall not be interrupted, and which, as I think it my best time, I love to dedicate to you, then read for an hour, before I begin my daily work. But I often go down to my study sooner than I wish, as to a confugium, when any one comes, or that I think they are coming, for tho' I cannot write, or read, I can continue my work when they are there, and sitting at *the receipt of custom* in the morning is what, from different circumstances, I never have been used to, and some use, you will allow, it requires to make it even bearable. Tho' I am told what Mr. W[alpole] tells you, that I look well, and have felt, and really been very low. I did not hurt myself in the least essentially, I do assure you, but the other day I got a fall from my scaffold, rather from a part of it, which contributed to this fall and gave me a shake, a sensation that in a far greater degree you have known too well. My mother and *Dumby* came in very soon afterwards; I continued my work, and did not even mention my fall. I could not help being diverted with a sort of comedy, tho' alas! too fatal an emblem of my life. *Dumby's* whole conversation was, "Lord! what a charming scaffold! What a delightful scaffold! So clever; was there ever anything so clever, so well contrived?" and Lady A——, "Look at her figure, what a good figure; well, I do admire her figure, and how well she does look." So she ran on, and my mother enjoying my *good looks*. During this conversation I grew in pain and actually faint, so as to be obliged to go upstairs, which I could accomplish and get a good glass of hartshorn and water, which my faithful Mary gave me, observing that I looked very ill, and that she saw there was something the matter the moment I called her. This recovered me, and so ends my story.

Monday evening.—I rejoice that you had at least a fortnight's tolerable health. The heat I do not fear for you, and anything must be better than the cold here,

nasty North East winds that blow thro' one. Mr. W[alpole], in spite of the weather, returned to Strawberry [Hill] on Friday, as he will have told you. I wish that he would have stayed. I should have seen him constantly, but you know these are subjects on which he is fixed, and indeed, I believe that he wishes to be near *Cliveden*.¹ His spirits, when I last saw him, satisfied me, and, on your subject, he does not, at present, want comfort. Your return he looks upon as certain. He is easy as to the consequences of your fall, and all will go well in his mind till your journey begins, which will again rouse his fears.

My Father and Mother went to Park Place on Sunday. I mean to go there in about a fortnight. I really dread the cold of that house just now. I will stay, keep good hours, and be as quiet as I can, for quiet I really feel to want. Your friend, Mrs. C[holmeley] went on Sunday also, and to my regret. There is a frankness in her manner with which I was charmed. Neither her spirits nor her health appeared to me what I wish. If she mentions me to you, I trust that it will not be unkindly. I would have talked more of you to her, but wanted opportunity and encouragement from her, for I do assure you that to *your* friend, and such a friend, I should have infinite pleasure in talking on your subject without reserve. I should, indeed, be at a loss to guess what part of your letter was "*impertinent*," but do not say that it is "*vain*" for you to attempt suggesting to me whatever may occur to your kind friendship that is barbarous; but you do not think it. I know that I have appeared to receive what you have said to me on some painful subjects with stupid insensibility. Could I have expressed what I felt, you would have been satisfied. Continue, I conjure you, to treat me

¹ Cliveden, or Clive's-den, was the name that Horace Walpole gave to Little Strawberry Hill, because Kitty Clive, the actress, lived there from 1769 until her death in 1785.

as you do : you will ever find me the being you now find me, to you most grateful, and most devoted, neither fearing Truth, nor shrinking from the severest trials of Friendship. My head I shall ever mistrust ; deign sometimes to direct that, and pity, as I know you do, the errors, fatal to my peace, into which it has led me. I know not how to thank you for what you so kindly say of yourself, but alas ! on that subject, scarcely you can comfort me. I cannot forgive myself for the real impertinence, folly and ill-judged confidence of my conduct, the pain it gave you, and the indifference with which it might have inspired you, for a character which, *at best*, appeared so light—the cruelty, too, of my own situation, at times, weigh heavily on my spirits. It appears to me, like a bad dream, something which, with all my faults, I have not, Heaven knows ! deserved.

Tuesday Morning, June 21.

On my unfortunate subject, I have a curious circumstance to tell you, which I learn'd from Jerningham the other morning. But I must defer it till my next letter ; tho' I was up earlier, it is now near the time when I may be interrupted, and my story may be rather long. It is an old one, and therefore may rest. Lady Duncannon has a good heart, but a sad head, quite unfit for all the dangers the circumstances of her life have exposed her to, wanting a *protector*, instead of which she has fallen to the share of a peevish little mortal, who *teazes*, without *correcting* her. Abuse has been lavished on her, without reserve. Last winter she had a most violent illness, the precise cause of which the Physicians could not account for—some inward disease, and, at the time, she was breeding. This uncertainty the world *good-naturedly* took up, and made *clear*, some that she was not ill at all, but confined by her husband ; some that she was mad ; some that she had poisoned herself, and assigned all the necessary



Walker

LADY DUNCANNON

Mackenzie

In the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

and plausible causes. The reality is that, in consequence of this illness, in the course of which her life was often despaired of, and during which I have no doubt but that Lady H.'s sister was most attentive, she is now in a wretched state at Bath, having lost the use of one side totally, and bearing this miserable state with a resignation and goodness of temper that would *almost* touch the heart of a newspaper writer.

Thank you for anticipating my questions about Mrs. C[holmeley]. You will have seen, by my last letter, that, this time, I was less *dull* than usual. Indeed, tho', as I still say, she is pleasant and agreeable, her house and herself are equally different from what they were when I first knew her. "*Costanza è spesso il variar pensiero.*" It is a sad truth.

Heaven bless you. Think no more of my stupid fall. On my honour, I now do not feel it, but I have a satisfaction in keeping nothing from you, however trifling the circumstance. Once more, farewell.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, Friday, June 24, 1791.

What I had not time to tell you in my last was what passed one morning when Jerningham was sitting with me. Our conversation had taken a serious turn: from one thing to another, we came to abuse in newspaper. He, with his hesitation, seeming suddenly labouring with something that he wished to get out, on my insisting, said that he knew a man quite miserable on my account from thinking that he had injured me, an injury that he would give a limb to redress (that was his expression). This person is a Mr. Combe,² once a

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 9.

² William Combe (1741-1823), who, educated at Eton and Oxford, and for some time a fashionable man about town, after various vicissitudes, became a journalist. He was the author of many books, the best-known of which is *Doctor Syntax*.

sort of fine gentleman about this town, frequenting balls and assemblies, a writer of pamphlets and paragraphs in newspapers—then from taste, now by profession. This man, it seems, by his own account, took up opinions of me, ages passed, he says he knows not why, that it was without reason, and merely from idle report that he thought ill of me, named me with abuse in his pamphlets, and in newspapers, which he now thinks of with extreme pain and regret, convinced from subsequent circumstances that he has wronged me, and would now defend my character by every means in his power. He told Jerningham that he proposed reprinting his works, leaving out the lines where I am mentioned, and in the preface or post-script, making an apology for having attacked me, and expressing his regret (as to all others mentioned, he said that it was what they deserved, and he should not retract). Jerningham, as my friend, desired he would not make any apology, if he did reprint his works, thinking that it would only be bringing up old stories which, he fancies, lose ground daily. I know not, and confess that my *head* is not competent in this to judge. This man has actually of himself been writing in newspapers in which he is concerned, and doing what he can to make up for the wrong he formerly did me. I told Jerningham that I believed *he* had given this turn to Mr. Combe's opinions, but he protested, upon his honour, that the man first mentioned it to him, and as feeling really hurt and affected. I, at least, repeat to you what Jerningham said to me, without exaggeration. Mr. Combe can *not* redress the wrong he has done me. It is only a melancholy speculation to trace, in this instance, one, possibly *the* original author, as far as newspapers, of calumny and a long train of persecuting abuse. At the time he first began his writings, a word, a bow, from me, or the least accidental attention or acquaintance, might have made him lavish as much unmerited praise as he has barbarous abuse. Now,

were he to write, to swear, to disavow his injuries in the most formal manner, ten to one it would be said that I had bought this man, and all his testimonies laughed at. What a long story on an odious subject! and what must be my confidence in your kindness and the interest you take in me, to send it! My confidence is, indeed, great, and the comfort that kindness gives me deeply felt. One thing more he told me, which will surprize you as little as it did me, that a *certain fiend, scio quam dicam*, had attempted to abuse me. It was to Lady Mount-Edgcumbe,¹ who received what she said with scorn and contempt. She *knows* her, and all she has said of *her*, and *hers*, but fears her, and, like others, treats her with management in some degree—a pernicious system, but, while followed by so many, difficult to avoid. I thought myself extremely angry and felt an inclination to reproach her with her infamous falsehood (which, without Lady Mount-Edgcumbe's leave, I could not). But on her coming into my study the day following, the alteration or *increase* of bad opinion being so slight, I did not feel half so much offended as perhaps I ought. Well, you may think me stupid—think me but sincere.

Monday morning.—Thank Heaven! I have to-day another subject to write upon, one, from the first, most dear, now most satisfactory, most comforting. I received your last kind letter of the 10th June on Saturday late, when, after working at His Majesty's statue² all day I had *descended* to work in my garden, not a very *large* field for fame. I can regret nothing that may have contributed to inspire you with confidence—a confidence you will ever find me ready to confirm by every proof of *real* attachment. Merely to *see* you is not my object, great as that satisfaction is, I freely

¹ Emma, daughter of John Gilbert, Archbishop of York (1693–1761), married in 1761 George, third Baron Mount-Edgcumbe.

² A statue of George III, eight feet high, which is in the Register Office of Scotland at Edinburgh.

allow, to me: but to see you long with a doubtful opinion of my character, or be *seen* by you with indifference, would be, to me, insupportable. Never spare me in anything that concerns you. Our interests cannot be separated. In everything that regards a world I have so ill understood, let your better head and better judgement direct. Your decrees will never appear harsh to me, while accompanied with that tenderness and kindness I have ever experienced from you. I do not doubt that, to me, you write from your heart; why, indeed, else should you write? But on this subject I need not reason. Yet you know there are degrees, and you cannot wonder if I am sensible to that increase of confidence you so kindly mention yourself experiencing. You will have found me, in my letters, frequently mention Mrs. Cholmeley and boast of her kindness to me, from the double vanity of thinking it would please you, as she seemed unwell, and rather to dread the journey, I expressed a very sincere wish to know, in some way, of her safe arrival, with which she, most obligingly, complied, by writing to me herself, and I had the satisfaction to know that she got to her country house on Tuesday without difficulty or fatigue—so she expressed herself.

Tuesday Morning, June 28.

Every one here, for these two days, has been and is under much anxiety for the fate of wretched French royalties, of which I shall say little, as what might suit *this* moment can not suit the one in which you will receive my letter. It is a sad tragedy, that would, however, touch me more, if I were more interested for the principal characters, but such weakness, *la foi des serments, des autels*, violated, which, I do insist upon it, never *should* have been, as *one* door is ever open to escape from perjury. But no matter; as miserable individuals, I do from my soul pity them.

I think with much anxiety of your return, tho' it is my opinion that, in these days, *confusion*, a phantom so constantly talked of, is seldom to be seen, yet the *undique bella*, the doubts, difficulties and dangers you may be exposed to—For pity's sake ! at least, be cautious. If you come round by Germany, remember that from Ostend to Calais there is a road, only 18 posts,—it was sandy and bad when I passed it, but that was many years ago, and it may now be good. The passage from Ostend, at the late season of the year, is most uncertain, often not safe. *In memoria habes*, for heaven's sake !

On Friday I am to go to Strawberry [Hill] for a night or two. I shall after that return here, and then go the begining of next week to P[ark] Place. Our variable weather is now hot. I am better ; I keep well and must not, should not complain. Poor J[erningham] is not in spirits. His *secret* I do not know, but as it is about *one belle* of many, I cannot much *respect* it ; but he is a good creature, and one of the few men one *can* live in intimacy with.

Farewell, I end one letter to begin another. It is my greatest pleasure and my greatest comfort, the assurance of your friendship.—Farewell.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Thursday Evening, July 7, 1791.*

I meant to have gone to Park Place yesterday, but stayed, as Mr. W[alpole] was to come to town, that he might have a *home* in the evening ; and to-day, partly from his not returning and partly from finding that I had some things to get, to order, and to do, and that I should be hurried. He will give you an account of himself. I shall, therefore, only mention what I think he may not. The nasty, damp, changeable weather

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 11.

(and I always fear the situation of Strawberry [Hill]) has given him something of the rheumatisms. I called upon him this morning and found him rather fidgetty, and uncomfortable, but then he was expecting *sa chère sœur*,¹ and the affair of Mrs. Day, which you know, is on his mind: and *then* he has not received your letter, which I am sure you have sent him, but it is no wonder this stormy weather, if the post fails. *Mais tout cela ne l'accommode pas*, and he lives in such a passion about French politics that I think it not good for his health. My being *reasonable* makes it worse, when he talks to me on the subject, as that is direct *opposition*—quite the antipodes. However, he was in very good spirits here yesterday evening, and had his dear Mrs. Buller, the only person, I think, that he thoroughly likes talking to in your absence. Madame d'Albany he turns up his nose at, and will never forgive for not having immediately known your name and recollected you² tho' I do believe, and must in justice say, that it was the difference in pronunciation that made her, for an instant, hesitate. Heaven bless you. I can write no more at present, for I must dress myself. I am going to Mrs. B., and then to my sister's.

PARK PLACE, *Saturday Morning.*

From the Sierra Morena and the plains of Andalusia to the *chickens* of Park Place is "a falling off." Yet

¹ Mary, an illegitimate daughter of Sir Robert Walpole, by Maria Skerritt, afterwards his second wife. On Sir Robert's retirement he obtained for her a patent of precedence as an earl's daughter. She married Colonel Charles Churchill, an illegitimate son of General Charles Churchill, by Anne Oldfield, the actress. Lady Mary Churchill died early in the nineteenth century.

² "I really found she had more sense than I had thought the first time I saw her; but she had like to have undone all, for when I showed her the 'Death of Wolsey,' with which Mrs. D[amer] is anew enchanted, and told her it was painted by her acquaintance, Miss Agnes Berry, she recollected neither of you—but at last it came out that she had called you Miss Barrys."—*Horace Walpole to Mary Berry, July 4, 1791.*

I have the confidence to think that by you my letters will not be read with less interest, tho' they may be expected with less anxiety. I saw Mr. W[alpole] at Mrs. Buller's, and was better satisfied with him than I was in the morning. He writes to you, I find, of his *anger* at your sister's having told Miss C. that he was *so uneasy* about your fall, and the scar on your face. I meant to tell you, if he had not. It is true that there is scarcely anybody one can say anything to. You would have been diverted to hear him scold—"foolish, gossiping people, I can't imagine what *she* can write to them for." You are charming about my sister and the D[uke] of R[ichmond]. She is, indeed, one of the oddest beings living, and one of the best; but by mismanaging her large stock of good-nature, there often is real neglect, particularly towards my mother, which, at times, *almost* provokes me. I *have* tried to convince her of this, but it is so impossible, so perfectly vain that I give it up. For myself, I am really satisfied. We can not in *all* find *all*, and where kindness so much preponderates, and that, according to a character one finds so much preference there is no complaining, even of what, from some *very* few, might cut one to the soul. I saw G[eneral] O'Hara yesterday morning and told him what you said. You seem pretty *safe* as to his remembrance. He talked of you in a way that pleased even me, and I think would not hesitate in *recollecting* your name, however *pronounced*. He is, in my opinion, not only a most agreeable, and most entertaining, but a most valuable creature. Madame d'Albany I have seen a great deal of lately—more, I think, than of any others. That is, she came almost constantly in the morning to me, sat while I was at work, talking with perfect ease and liberty on all subjects, her own not excepted. I do not mean Alfieri. He keeps himself in the background hitherto. Once he came into my study, when he called

at the door for her, and, at Strawberry [Hill] I saw him, and am to see him here, with her. She is to pass two nights, in her way and he accompanies her on a long journey through Scotland and Wales. How this will be taken I know not exactly, for, as you say, much severity is exerted as to those connexions here. For my part, aware of this, I commonly say that I am persuaded they are privately married. Not that I know one word about it, or, in the least, care, but they might as well, in one sense, for he both *does the honours* of her, and, I believe, governs her with a tight hand. He seems to be sensible and, I fancy, is well informed, but grave and severe. This, with her clumsy person and contented appearance, should not shock Prudery; for much, in all this, depends on exterior.

The Campbells are at Inverary—my uncle what people call *thinking* himself ill, that is, *being* so, for, otherwise, I am convinced, it is a subject no one *thinks* about. His spirits are low—cause or consequence of the first: Lady A.,¹ no doubt, dawdling away her time with that most *indifferent* sposo, and Lady C.² carving *some* name on *some* tree and lolling on the arm of a confidante, in the form of Miss Campbell. To be serious, believe me, I much regret the most unfortunate education of this cousin and the dangers that now surround her. 'Tis really pity this *optima indoles* will, from what I hear, make a sad figure. Lady Frederick,³ whom we agree in thinking perfectly clear sighted,

¹ Lady Anne Campbell, married (eloping with him) General Clavering.

² The younger daughter, Lady Charlotte.

³ Mary, youngest daughter of Amos Meredith, and granddaughter of Sir William Meredith, Bart., of Henbury, Cheshire, married in 1752 Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers (1720–1760), who was hanged for the murder of his steward. She obtained an act of separation from him in June 1758 for cruelty. In 1769 she married Lord Frederick Campbell, third son of John, fourth Duke of Argyll, an uncle of Mrs. Damer. Lady Frederick was burnt to death at Coomb Bank, Kent, in 1807. Her husband, sometime Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, survived her nine years.



Engraved by C. Phillips

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL

Printed & Sold by W. Hill, in Strand

tho' she does sometimes use a magnifier, gave me an account of her dress and manner that hurt me, and that *you* will easily guess, without my attempting to describe.

Sunday evening.—Coming here has felt to me like a cold bath, from the atmosphere of London and my house; and to-day, an hour that we were out excepted, it has been a constant thick rain. I found only Louisa and a friend of hers, Miss Hamilton (a sensible, well-behaved girl enough, to appearance). We expect my sister this evening. She has announced sleeping at Strawberry [Hill] last night in her way. I hope she will come, particularly, for my Mother seems to have set her heart on it: but nothing is more uncertain than her peregrinations. I feel anxious till I hear that I have not done mischief by what I said of your house to Mr. W[alpole]. It would be too hard if, a second time, what I said should cause you both uneasiness. Yet, tho' it will truly vex me, if I have, I depend on knowing it from you, and entreat that I may. I was not before *incautious* in talking to him of you, knowing his disposition, but I shall now be more than ever on my guard, lest I should give him pain, for I know that there are a thousand things he will thank both you and me for having told him.

I need not, at present, answer to what you so kindly say on my working too much. Before I settle to that again, the days will be shorter. The little Erynnis I shall mend: I have all the pieces but one. When I saw it broken, I remembered that you had liked it, and reproached myself much the more for not having put it in a safe place. I gave Livie your message. His answer was:—"I highly value Miss Berry. When does she return?" And then, "I hope we shall have a touch together next winter." Indeed, I wished you to be acquainted. No one I ever saw is so capable of being of use to you, and, if I do not judge too favourably of

his taste, few would have greater pleasure in being so, by contributing to your instruction, and he is not a "seccatore."

Monday Morning, July 11.

I must send my letter now a day before the post, and receive yours a day later, but so great alas! the distance that this difference of date seems small. Tell me of your *Principessa* and your *Marchesa*. The latter is certainly acting a very foolish part, to say no more. My sister came last night. Mr. W[alpole] had an engagement out and could not see her—a sign, however, that his rheumatism is not worse.—Farewell.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, Wednesday Morning, July 13, 1791.

I was indeed most agreeably surprized at receiving your letter this morning of the 25th [June], quite *praeter spem*. Not that Mr. W[alpole] could give me your message, not having himself had your letter when I left him, but seeing the Friday's post over (when, by the date, I think I should have had this), I concluded that you had missed what you kindly call my "post day," and had made up my *nolentem* mind to the idea of not hearing of you till Saturday. You are, in everything, most kind. I was not *very* ill, really; enough, however, to have been fully sensible to the satisfaction and comfort of seeing anything so dear to me as you, for however short a time. But do not have the *vanity* to suppose that it is in your "power to administer" to me a "small degree of comfort." I can not flatter you so far as to say that can ever be. My work I shall not, to you, pretend to say does not often fatigue me; but then I recover with a night's rest, and nothing ever contributed so much towards that rest as this occupation, to which I think I owe much composure

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 13.

of body and mind, upon the whole, and sometimes not to *exceed*, when anxious to finish or continue a piece of work of this sort, is next to impossible, from its nature, and from *mine*, I am sure *you* will allow. When I think of the sleepless nights I constantly passed for years before I took it up seriously, of the miserable state my health was in, all which I bore with a stupid sort of indifference for so long a time, I am provoked at myself. For much, perhaps, might have been done, *si mens non laeva fuisset*. Believe me most sincere when I assure you that the interest you take in my health will more than any other consideration make me attend to it.

Saturday morning.—Mrs. Hervey came here on Thursday night and brought an account of Mr. W[alpole]'s having the rheumatism¹ and of her having seen him sitting in his nightgown, and confined. He perhaps will not tell you this, but I shall. She says that it is in his shoulder. I feel some degree of satisfaction from his having *seen her*, which he would not, had he been then very bad and out of spirits: but I am far from easy. He will not write to me on this, I know, so that I must wait to hear till I have an answer to my letter to him—a sad uncomfortable system of his, I must think. Mrs. H[ervey] has been passing some days at Lady Cecilia's,² who is grown mighty fond of her,

¹ "Now I must say a syllable about myself—but don't be alarmed! it is not the gout; it is worse, it is the rheumatism, which I have had in my shoulder ever since it attended the gout last December. It was almost gone till last Sunday, when, the Bishop of London [Porteous] preaching a charity sermon in our church, whither I very, very seldom venture to hobble, I would go to hear him, both out of civility, and as I am very intimate with him. The church was crammed, and though it rained every window was open. However, at night I went to bed and to sleep; but waked with such exquisite pain in my rheumatic right shoulder, that I think I scarce ever felt greater torture from the gout."—*Horace Walpole to Mary Berry, July 12, 1791.*

² Henrietta Cecilia West, eldest daughter of John, Lord De la Warr, an amateur actress of note, credited with a passion for gambling, and called by her friends "The Divine Cecilia" or "St. Cecilia." She married Colonel Johnston in 1762.

and there she says was Mrs. A., "lieing away at such a rate, and abusing everybody, that it made one's hair stand on end." But your humble servant she said "*was perfection.*" That is a *seed sent to P[ark] P[lace]*, but it will not grow. What detestable falsehood! Mrs. H[ervey] mentioned her abusing Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, in particular, and that she had said such things of her, nothing should make her even repeat. My mother wanted to *hear* them, but she—Mrs. H[ervey]—would not.

To change this odious subject completely, by what I take to be its direct opposite, I will talk of Mrs. Cholmeley, tho' it is impossible for me to express the satisfaction her kind opinion gives me. How much of that favourable judgment may be, perhaps insensibly to herself, owing to your "*partiality,*" I know not, but that will not be what is *least* gratifying to my heart. I am sure if Mrs. C[holmeley] saw me with an anxious wish to please, to acquire her good opinion, and a sincere admiration of her character and herself, she saw me as I "*really was.*" I lost no opportunity in my power of seeing her during her short stay in London, and, as I told you, she was kind enough to write to me on her arrival in the country, as I wished to know how she had borne her journey—so kind a letter that I am almost tempted to keep it till I see you. I think you would be pleased to read it, and not think vanity alone made me shew it you. I will hope, too, at some future day of leisure and opportunity, if any such fortunate days are reserved for me, that you will tell me her sad story with its true circumstances. You will not easily find one who would hear it with more interest.

Sunday.—"I am just returned from a *procession*" of your *friends* Miss Michells and their new husbands, after hearing a sermon preached by a young parson with a high cape to his coat, starting up above his surplice, and his hair well powdered, upon *faith* and *good works*. This

brought certain expressions to my mind, which you may perhaps forget—"taste and good works, &c., and sent me, *toto animo*, to Florence. If you are a "Roman-Catholic child for church ceremonies," you would find a play-fellow in me, for I am always delighted with them, when I can see them in my own way. As to what you saw, my "curiosity" must remain unsatisfied, as I am not with Mr. W[alpole], nor likely, just at present, to see him, unless (which heaven forbid) he should be seriously ill. But I am pleased that you was not, to excess, fatigued with what must have been a most fatiguing day. I wish to be wrong in my ideas of milk and vegetable diet, but you will understand that all I have said, or ever meant to say, is cautionary, not even wishing, in this, to influence you, merely to call your attention to yourself, and to your own health, more likely to wander and watch that of others. As for me, I have been uncommonly well since I came here, in spite of changes of weather from cold to hot. At present it may really be called fine. But I have always some plague. I have, for above these two years, had a swelling in my throat, which is lately rather increased, and, tho' not of a dangerous sort, yet, as I do not chuse to be like some of the figures you see in the Alps, I am trying to get the better of it, by medicines and fomentations, ordered me by Fordyce, who, for that, and also to strengthen me (supposing I can bear it) wishes me to try sea bathing. I think I shall. I will endeavour to find some *stupid* place where there is no company and where I can be quiet.

Sunday Evening, July 17.

As my father goes to town to-morrow early, and that my paper is nearly full, I shall finish this and send it to my House, for Tuesday's post. When I mentioned the D. of B.'s fine coat and fine equipage, I was going on to talk of the *materfamilias*, but something stopped me, a feeling of not choosing to say anything, where I

could not say any good of one I had been truly attached to, and more the dread of your not being thoroughly sensible it was to *you*, and only you, that I would talk on this subject. The *additions*, it is true, now make little difference, and are matter, in general, only of speculation; but when I look at *my children*, I confess that some melancholy reflections often steal in upon my mind. The D. of B. I am convinced, and I have reasons for being so, deserves the censures of the *world*, on the score of avarice as usual, that is, according to the *world's* judgment—not at all. You perhaps will think that I have a pleasure in saying that, and so I have, but I should have none, if I did not think it strictly true.—Farewell and God bless you.

It pleases me to hear of your weather, but I think much of your journey. At Turin I have been told there was lately some disturbance. Mr. W[alpole] I fear, will hear of this. Farewell once more, and take care of yourself.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Wednesday Evening, August 3, 1791.*

That I may get rid of “the *foul fiend*,” I will finish what I had to say.—That poor little creature I mentioned in my last to you had the misfortune attached to many of her unfortunate figure, of fancying herself always in love, and *fancy* I must ever call it, where there is a succession of objects. This was to be carried on *dans toutes les formes* and a *confidante* became part of the business. At one time it was her maid, a girl of her own age, most improperly put about her, and in spite of the most earnest expostulations on my part, both with my father and my mother. There was no degree of familiarity, no degree of confidence, to which

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 15.

she did not lay herself open with this girl. She left her, and then the *fiend* twisted round her and, with the help of her own imagination, persuaded her that the *novus pater* (an event I am sure Mr. W[alpole] has acquainted you with) was seriously in love with her, and wished to marry her. At first it was a mere joke, but she carried messages, and made messages, said things for him that I am convinced he never thought of. In short, as I found that the poor thing really grew quite unhappy, and that I knew the other laughed at her, into the bargain, behind her back, I talked to her seriously, and told her that she was trusting one *not* to be trusted, and said, on the subject, as I often and often had on every other, where her welfare and future happiness was concerned, all I could say. When she died, my mother, finding herself unable, gave me her letters and papers, which were many, for she always was scribbling, to look over, preserve or destroy, as I thought fit. Among them I found a letter of my own to her, telling her, in pretty strong terms, that she had not kept her word with me about the *fiend* (which I had found to be the case) but had again given way to her foolish confidences, and then I represented the character of the *fiend*, not, perhaps, *harshly*, but *truly*, and in a way certainly, if known, not to be forgiven by her. When Jerningham mentioned the story I told you, it came strongly into my head that *she* had had the weakness to repeat to the *fiend* what I had said, and to show her this letter, and that the *fiend* had been struck with this method of revenge. Poor Car.¹ might most certainly say something with perfect innocence of intention, that the other might think furnished her diabolical genius with food. Among the letters there were also some of the *fiend's*, and I confess that I should have liked to have cast my eye over them. They

¹ "Car." was the Hon. Mrs. Scott, author of some novels popular in their day.

probably would have furnished me with some proof of her falshood and art, but a certain thing called *Honour* made me seal them up immediately, and thus seal'd I sent them to her, as I did to all those whose letters I found among her papers. You say, and truly, that she has been suffered too long, but for myself I really have known her from an infant. She was not *always* what she *now* is: her bad qualities have increased, and the growth, indeed, is prodigious. Say but the word and she never shall come within my doors. I shall, in this, but indulge my own inclination. I fear what no being can say with truth, and against falshood I know not how to guard. I believe that there is not a creature so generally despised and disliked, and in particular I know two who talk of her with absolute horror—the one a young and *great personage* who absolutely affronts her whenever she comes near him, and the other (more *polite* and *proper*) has forbid her his house and has told me, tho' never the precise cause, that if he found himself alone with her, he should run out of the room; that it was not safe to be with her; that she would report something he never said. As I never heard before of her abusing me, I so far gave her credit: that *credit* is gone. *Quid testatur?*

To change the odious subject, I think. Yet one thing more. Jerningham tells me that lately she somehow or other has got acquainted with this Mr. Combe—an odd circumstance, but I should think of no consequence. She is too well known. Of the newspapers, rest assured I think as you do. Not long since, there appeared some foolish, tho' to me they seemed only foolish, paragraphs in the *World*, where, however absurdly, I always used to be praised. Jerningham knows Topham,¹ and I desired him to say that I was much

¹ Edward Topham (1751–1820), miscellaneous writer, founded a daily paper called the *World*, the first number of which appeared on January 1, 1787. It made a feature of gossip, and soon acquired an unenviable reputation.

surprized he suffered such stuff in his paper. He was extremely civil and said that it had been quite without his knowledge, when he was out of town, and that he should give proper orders in future. But there is, in all this, a persecution that too often quite sinks my spirits. Think of their putting into another of the newspapers that I was modelling Lady Cadogan's arm!¹ I will for the present leave this subject. Good night, good night. To-morrow I hope to hear of you.

I was this morning, for an hour, at the *fine-coat* gentleman's House, to see a match of Archery, and I *might* have supped there the night before. I believe he is taking *your advice*, for I find that it is dinners, suppers, and I know not what constantly going on there. To-day a dinner, of everything that is in town, at the *materfamilias*, which I declined, and have passed my evening alone, more to my satisfaction, *ideally* with you, than *really* with others. I must still add what I know interests your kindness for me. I saw Jerningham and told him that, on consideration, I returned to my first opinion about Mr. Combe, that, if he did reprint his works, the apology properly and moderately worded, without foolish compliments (and I then repeated your words—I mean their sense) would be what I should wish, and could do no harm. He said that he certainly should tell him, as his opinion, and that it was, he knew, Mr. Combe's wish.

Saturday evening.—My *magnifying powers*, however suppressed by the perfect confidence I have in every thing you say, I could but feel most anxious and uneasy, as you must be and are sensible yourself, and the altered hand of your last lines did not escape me, which you will find by my letter. Mr. W[alpole] sent me your account by Tuesday's post, and expressed much un-

¹ Mary, daughter of Charles Churchill, the second wife of Charles Sloane Cadogan, third Baron Cadogan (1728–1807), created Earl Cadogan in 1800, from whom she was divorced in 1796.

easiness. He even *deigned* to beg that I would let him know when I heard again. This you will believe I should have done. There was more danger of an *express* than an omission. I stayed in town to-day, in hopes that I might hear from you, and I have not been disappointed. The post, too, came just in time for me to write to Mr. W[alpole] without an *express*. A few lines from you would have satisfied my anxiety, and I *would* if I *could* regret, this time, that you sent me a longer letter. It would be trifling with you to say that the extreme delicacy of your health ever leaves my mind at ease, but with the most perfect truth, I can assure you, tho' I might not trouble you with my anxieties, that in this absence they would have been, to me, intolerable, were it not for the dependence I have on your word. As for your return, I will not, can not say how much, for your sake, I dread it. I know, and see all the objections.

Sunday morning.—I am going, and shall leave this for Tuesday's Post. My leg is better, tho' not quite well. I am hurt at your changing a diet that you prefer, and from which you hoped benefit, merely in compliance to others. I fear, much I fear, that you think all diets equal as to your health. Alas! alas! if you was well and happy, as you deserve, however I might regret, I should not, as I do, feel the cruelty of my situation. Farewell, and God bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

FELPHAM, Monday, August 15, 1791.

Yesterday I had the satisfaction of receiving your letter here of the 30th [July]. No, no, I do not "mistake" you. I am flattered and pleased that I can "divert and make you laugh," and what you say more of my

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 17.

letters is still nearer my heart. You know not how the idea of ever having given you pain affects me, nor how often that idea recurs to my mind. Your next letters will express serious uneasiness on Mr. W[alpole]'s account, which I grieve to think, tho' I trust your mind is now at ease on that subject. Dear man! You understand him wonderfully. Considering you cannot see him when you are away, I *help your sight* as much as I can, and say everything to you of him without scruple, certain that, as it appears to me, so it will appear to you, and that all his *fears, fusses*, and "*Jellies*" will only make you love him the more. I perfectly agree with you about something to do, and, for him particularly, he has not enough; but it is difficult to undertake business that is not agreeable. It must pall upon one. His *ward* is quite mad, and determined to go to Strawb[erry Hill] *by water*, no other way; but out of extreme good nature he will not consent to her being confined, which is really a weakness, for she will, ten to one, do some mischief, and then he will be miserable. I have heard more of this from my sister, and intend to tell him, tho' I do not believe that he will mind what I say.

I desire that you *will "expect"* me to answer, when ever you put a question stop, be the subject what it may. The high opinion I have endeavoured to express of your character is not of mere words. I think all that most nearly concerns my honour as safe in your breast as in my own, and how many, many, requisites do I not find necessary to inspire in me such a confidence! Your "*just*" is very just, but then some distress or danger must awaken and call forth that stock of "*regard*" to make *her* put herself out of her way, and that is a comical *way*, impossible to define in few words. At other times, the whole of her care, attention, and occupation is confined to her husband. *Almost* for certain it is that there is always a *quidam* who interests and occupies. I am convinced *en tout bien*

et tout honneur and I would to *you*, if I thought otherwise, say so as freely. But she is void of art, or I, in this case, of penetration; and there is an innocence and openness in her manner and disposition, a self-satisfaction and content, with such an *unruffleable* temper, that can not, I think, be mistaken, or dwell in the same mind with vice. For vice I must call it where the same *train*, with the object only varied, continues through life, forming a system of deceit and falsehood that a good and pure mind could not long support. A Madame La Comtesse, with her separate society, and *appartements*, where all is understood, or a poor ignorant Principessa, without an idea, who washes away her sins with a little holy water, or pours them into the ear of her Confessor, is certainly in a very different predicament.

Thursday morning.—I have been writing to Mr. W[alpole], and trying to comfort him. If my security for him, about Cliveden, can quiet his fears, they will be quieted, for you must see how his heart is set upon that, and I mistake indeed if you are not the last of beings to give false hopes. Then I have been bathing, and then taking my solitary walk by the sea, and siting, like King Canute, till the waves washed my feet, but, thank Heaven! without his crown, or his courtiers. I almost say, *hic vivere vellem*, and grow quite fond of this place. The day was so fine, the sun so bright and the sea so smooth, and so divinely beautiful that I could not help wishing that some of those good spirits, many of which, I trust, hover round your *dulce caput*, would gently transport you, *per aërem*, to me, for one half hour. You would not regret that time bestowed on me, even from Florence. I know not when I have felt, in health, so well. My mind and spirits are composed; I breath and think in liberty. This is but the sunshine of a day, but what other sunshines can we expect?

I am sorry to hear no more of Mrs. C[holmeley], at least, of her health, and if Scarboro' agreed with her; sorry, too, that I did not speak to her of you particularly, since you wish it; but you know that it is, at all times, an effort with me to speak of myself, or of what nearly touches me. It is indeed so, and even when I have the strongest inclinations, it requires a degree of kindness and interest seldom to be found, or expected. I really grieve that a mind like hers should suffer; but Justice, if it exists in this world, is not visible to my eyes.

I never answered you about Lady D. They have jumbled and *anachronized*, as they often do, to help Ill-nature, on most occasions. She once, I know, did suffer, and took those terrible medecines, but it was some years passed. Her husband, doubting not that it was owing to his conduct, and the vile company he kept, used to carry her the medecines, and being ashamed, and wishing to screen himself, endangered her life, by preventing her from having proper advice. She is still at Bath, and somewhat better. I had a letter this very day from Lady E., who tells me that *my friend*, Sir William, is there, with his *belle*. They have seen her, and, of course, admire her talents, and, *par parenthèse*, I do really believe that he means to marry her. I am not sure that it would not be better. One great folly often swallows up little ones, and he does, by all I hear, make himself completely ridiculous in his present state. There is now also there the *fine coat*, and a Lady "*scis quam dicam*"—a very pretty society, you will say. Say what you please. I am glad that you approved of my marrying Mdme. d'A[lbany] to A[lferi]. Be assured that I *know better* than to have performed that ceremony in France. My uncles have apartments in Holyrood House, and I made my Uncle Fred¹ write to have them

¹ Lord Frederick Campbell, third son of John, fourth Duke of Argyll, was Lord Clerk Register of Scotland.

offered her. Perhaps I told you this, for I am mighty proud of the thought, and think it extremely *congruus* that she should be lodged in her own Palace, or what, at least, by a slight turn of Fortune's wheel, might have been hers. What you say of Lady Charlotte puts me in mind (tho' I know not if justly) of Miss Boil,¹ now Lady H[enry] Fitz[gerald]. Would to God! that half that instruction, which has been lavished on her, and seems now jumbling, jolting and filtering away, in rides, drives, balls and a round of idle, empty amusements, had been bestowed on my poor cousin. I think she would have profited by it, and now, in a "*worldly*" way, the best thing one can hope for her is some hurried marriage, with a thousand chances, even in that, against her. Lady Aug., by what Lady Fred[erick Campbell] tells me, is still dawdling after her *sposo*, and hanging on his arm when she can catch hold of it. But he is sick to death of her. She was, I believe, once much implicated with another—in short, if she has not a *tender*, she has a *soft*, heart. I think your envoy will be very little satisfied with your *piéd, quoique celui de l'amitié*. He will either write you a *plainer* letter, or receive you at Paris with a distant, stiff bow, perhaps both. Men at all pretentious, and particularly with those who have *des droits* are not apt to *enfiler* even *de belles phrases*, without some eye towards *la carte du tendre*. Don't forget to tell me.

The *Marchese* is best away, but they now *have talked* here, and they will not *untalk*, tho' they will go to the *Marchesa's* concerts, whenever she returns, if they are but *well crowded*. I never thought her understanding "superior": her talents, when I was first acquainted with her, semed to me in an *egg state*, but I begin to think that they never will hatch. Her house was then pleasant. If I found any body there in the evening

¹ The name is usually spelt Boyle. She was Charlotte Boyle Walsingham, only child and heiress of Lady de Ros, and married Lord Henry in 1791.

it was an artist, or two, and she used herself constantly to sing and play. This I preferred to concerts, and the locust-like foreigners that since filled her house. I meant no more,—the *flighty particles* which have lately appeared excepted.—When I was in town last, I saw Mrs. Buller several times, who I do think *is* superior. I dined with her at Lady Mount [-Edgcumbe]’s and passed one evening with her at her house, alone only her son, who, queer as he is, I do not quite dislike. Perhaps it is an *opposition* liking, to the manners of the young men of this age. The *Poet* looked fat and blooming and his spirits recovered. His *physique* must have agreed to a miracle. I am not affronted to find that he can do so well without me. I had also from him a letter to-day. He says that he has “been breathing the air upon Wimbledon common, and that he is mine, with an *amitié* that neither this weather can dissolve, or the winter congeal.”

Saturday morning.—I have no event to recount but the arrival yesterday of the D[uke] of R[ichmon]d, and Miss Le Clerc,¹ in a phaëton, to visit me, just as I was set down to my dinner. Afterwards we drove and walked about. He examined the beach, and in imagination rectified every pile driven into the sea to avert its force, and every drain on the land; knew the name of every hill, marked out to me the sands and hidden rocks of this inhospitable shore, for such it is. No ship of any size can venture even within sight, but takes its distant course beyond a floating lighthouse which we could just discover.

Sunday Morning, August 21.

Yesterday evening still a day sooner I had the satisfaction of receiving your letter of 6th August. It is just as I guessed, full of anxiety on dear Mr. W[alpole]’s account,

¹ Miss Henrietta Le Clerc was the Duke of Richmond’s natural daughter. She married Colonel Dorrien.

and how I see your heart traced in every line! Never talk of anxiety of mine that you can "augment"; on the contrary, there is a satisfaction beyond all others in having thus constantly every idea met, and every sentiment partaken. If I mistake not, your uneasiness will have been much lessened by the Saturday's post you expected, but it is "*manente lite*" when one is absent, I well know.

I have said much of him lately in my letters, and need not, altho' you may always like to hear it, repeat that I was quite satisfied with his looks when last I saw him; and tho' his letters express so much fear about your health, and anxiety lest anything should delay your return, I can plainly see that it is not written in low spirits; and I, in all these things, I never *can* deceive myself and never *will* deceive you. I *suspected* that you would not quite *approve* of my "*stupid quiet*" bathing place, that is being alone; which of the two evils you mention, you will, however, think the lesser. I will not promise you to stay long, even tho' Neptune should set out all his charms and magnificence. I will get my "*ablutions*" now as fast as I can, and shall, in the interim, probably, go to Goodwood for a few days. My intentions are to see Mr. W[alpole] again by the end of next month at latest, and to make him settle a time for coming to P[ark] Place. Do not think, that in this extreme care of myself, I am unmindful of him; could that be, I should still have your injunctions to get over, and sad reproaches for neglect of *my charge, insuperable barriers* to me, rest assured.

I think I should, naturally, go to town about the end of October; but I meant, and therefore may as well say it now, to entreat you by that friendship you have shown me, without the smallest scruple to tell me if (which I think extremely probable) you would not prefer my not being in town, on your first arrival. Nothing so easy, it will only be prolonging a visit at P[ark]

Place, and in making one at that time, which I intend making at some time, at B[rocket] Hall.¹ For my part, the joy of seeing you again is what I scarcely can think of, but that would more than lose all its charms, either, if not in some measure partaken by you, or if accompanied with more than, alas! unavoidable "circumstances," circumstances I trust, were you inclined to "forget" that I should not want the generosity to bring to your memory.

I have more to say to you, a *question*, asked in your letter to answer; but this letter is tolerably thick, and I choose rather to send it to-day that it may be sure of being in time for Tuesday's post. Madame d'Albany went no farther than Birmingham on her way to Scotland, and is now gone suddenly away. I yesterday received this news from herself, in a very kind letter. She desires me to direct to her at Brussels. I do not believe this regards French politics further than her pension may be concerned, for she is one of the very few reasonable on this subject. If it lasts so long, you will be surprised at the violence here, and the absurdity. I have a notion that the letter from Lisbon was from a Miss Catwell, a good humoured, bouncing, flouncing, tall girl, who used, I think, to mention Mrs. Legge² and the beauties of poetry.

Farewell and God bless you.³

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

FELPHAM, *Thursday, August 25, 1791.*

These last two days have been blowing and violent, an absolute storm, and I have scarcely been out. I

¹ Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, the seat of Lord Melbourne.

² Mrs. Legge was the wife of Heneage Legge, of Aston, Staffordshire. She and her husband had spent the summer at Florence.

³ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 19.

have been writing a thousand letters, and my head is quite fatigued. I must repose myself with you, for there the effort is in *not* writing. Occasional letters, be they to whom they may, when one writes because it is time, and not because one has something to say, must be a positive task. Everybody feels it, and yet they will continue; but one must, I believe, try in most things not too far to leave the ranks, whatever the service.

I have been writing to Lisbon. What you said roused my gratitude. The letter, I find, was to Mr. Legge, not Mrs. I had, before, recollected that a Mr. Burn, or Mrs. Hake, who live much at the Minister's, were, for every reason, more likely to have mentioned me, than the Miss C[atwell] I told you of, but she presented herself to my imagination,—and in one sense it may be any of them. . . .

Bathing, I think, agrees with me, but it does not make me “strong and mighty.” I feel so, neither in body nor mind; solitary walks by the sea, tho’ a high indulgence, if too long continued, lead to serious and sad reflections and shew the trifling purposes of this world, and its real but unattainable blessings in too true a light.

To-morrow I will go to Goodwood for some days, and then return here, for not long. I wish to be with Mr. [Walpole], or within his reach, when you begin your journey, for I am the only one to whom he can, or will, tell his anxieties, and numberless they will be. The French continue “*feeding him*” as Jerningham calls it, and with all sorts of atrocious and unwholesome food. I hear of him, now, however, in town and in good spirits, also my parents, who, I believe, intend coming to Goodwood next month.

You are most kind in what you say about the “*mother.*” I do see her constantly when she is in town; a day scarcely ever passes but I see her at some time or

other. Often she comes to me because it suits us both better, not from neglect on my part; but then I see her for a moment, a hurried quarter of an hour, which makes it seem not worth mentioning, and I thought you knew the style, but how should you? Her coming is never to be depended on, but as it happens at moments of interval from pleasure or amusement, and they are not, believe me, long. The very morning I came away her maid came mincing across the garden, just as I was starting out, to tell me that she was awake and wished to see me; and there I found her and her husband and two beautiful children playing on the bed. Constantly I write and hear from her, tho' not, indeed, long letters; that would be to me impossible, in short, the intimacy, tho' not the friendship, still exists to me; the difference is infinite, total; on her side, if I mistake not, almost comparatively trifling. All real comfort there was taken from me for ever at one instant, now six years ago; yet so sacred is the name of friendship and true affection, with me, so hard to conquer, that I could not totally give up one I had so long respected and esteemed, some of whose errors I had seen and lamented, but doubted not a *reveillé*; and I am still at a loss to comprehend how such a character should lose itself without resource. If, indeed, I ever do see any of these fortunate days, and that I have power, I will explain all this to you, tho' scenes unfit for a mind like yours; but I should have a particular satisfaction in hearing your opinion. In the meantime do not think that my "magnifying powers" created a phantom such as I *would* have a friend, and because it was not realised destroyed it myself, indeed, indeed, this was not so. I always knew there was not everything I wished, but *then* thought that impossible, and the pains that were taken to deceive me on one subject were such as could not, nay, I may almost say *ought* not, to fail, and would have probably continued to succeed, had it not been for an unforeseen circumstance.

Can you make anything of these dark confused lines? I think not, but they shall go.

Do not doubt my passion for stories; where I am interested no princess of romance ever loved them more, but then I often wish my confidante to speak for me, because, ten to one she would do it better. To be most serious, I told you one, alas! too true, which cost me more than any can guess, and the reflection, at times, almost gets the better of me. All that good-nature, pity, and generosity could dictate, I was sure of from you; but whatever your indulgence, I did, and must, *change* your opinion of me, and that in the last moments I saw you, and I felt that time and future marks of kindness and confidence alone would thoroughly convince me that with such errors you could still love me. I need not therefore, say if I have had even additional satisfaction in the kindness of your letters, nor how deeply I have felt the assurances of your unaltered affection and regard.

GOODWOOD, *Saturday Morning.*

On reading this over, I hesitate if I should send it, I dread so much giving you a *false*, not a *true*, opinion of me; for there I wish to meet my fate, certain that from *you* it will be just. As to *that* I last said, you are aware, my dearest friend, that I make a wide distinction between those whom you look on as acquaintance, and those whom you deign to distinguish. With the first your knowledge of the world and your own superior sense will make you most indulgent, while the latter will meet, if not in the same degree, yet with the same sort of severity as that with which you *would* judge yourself. Am I not right? Forgive what I have said, perhaps a useless repetition, yet of what I think, you say you would have me write, and in all I have said I meant but to express my gratitude to you. Think of it no otherwise.

Sunday Morning, August 28.

We have here only Madame de Cambis,¹ who I think must *ennuyer* herself *un peu* while the rest of the company make out the day, as to that, in their different ways perfectly well. It is the easiest of all houses and every one may do what thing they please. There is, also, something constantly going on, where one may pick up some scraps of knowledge or information. At present it is chemistry. He² has a regular laboratory, where one of his secretaries presides, who is a lad uncommonly well informed and sensible. He has again begun a course of lectures for me, at which all those who chuse it attend. Madame de C[ambis] came yesterday evening. I need not describe her. I am sure she was the only one of us all, who had *no* interest in what was going on, suffice it to say. Then the Duke has a very good band belonging to his regiment of militia, and regularly in the next room to where we sit. They play every evening. All this, you will say *might* satisfy Madame de C[ambis] *sed non* "*Hoc erat in votis!*" She has an unsurmountable crossness. So much *acid* is diffused in her composition that it eternally starts forth and often when one least expects it—such a comical contrast with the *placidity* of a character I was trying to give you an idea of in my last, that it is diverting to see. *Au reste*, there is always something *décousu* in this house, which does not disturb me, but does most others.³

I left a corner that if I had a letter to-day I might

¹ Madame de Cambis, a niece of the Marquise de Boufflers, fled to England at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and lived at Richmond until her death in January 1809. She was at one time a nun in the convent of St. Cyr, and was described at the age of forty, by George Selwyn, as being "as beautiful as a Madonna."

² The host of Goodwood, the Duke of Richmond.

³ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 22.

tell you. I need not say that I do not *expect* to hear from you every time I *think* of hearing from you ; that would be often indeed.

Farewell, and heaven bless you.

The Berrys, who had now been absent from England for nearly a year, decided to return, and Mary informed Horace Walpole that their route from Florence would be by way of Bologna, Padua, Verona, Trent, Innsbruck, Augsburg, Ulm, Schaffhausen, Basle, and Paris. Walpole was horrified that they should think of travelling across France in the unsettled state of that country, and wrote imploring them not to do so. "Mr. Berry does not as a father meditate your happiness more than I do, nor has purer affection for you both ; no, though a much younger man, has he less of that weakness that often exposes old men." He sent a letter, dated September 18 to Mary to meet her at Basle. "I am vain of my attachment to two such understandings and hearts ; the cruel injustice of fortune makes me proud of trying to smooth one of her least rugged frowns ; but even this theme I must drop, as you have raised a still more cruel fear ! You talk uncertainly of your route thro' France or its borders, and you bid me not be alarmed ! Oh ! can you conjure down that apprehension ! I have scarce a grain of belief in German armies marching against the French, yet what can I advise who know nothing but from the loosest reports ? Oh ! I shall abhor myself—yes, abhor myself!—if I have drawn you from the security of Florence to the smallest risk, or even inconvenience. My dearest friends, return thither, stay there, stop in Switzerland, do anything but hazard yourselves. I be-

seech you, I implore you, do not venture thro' France, for tho' you may come from Italy, and have no connection of any sort on the whole Continent, you may meet with incivilities and trouble, which even pretty women, that are no politicians, may be exposed to in a country so unsettled as France is at present. If there is truth in my soul, it is that I would give up all my hopes of seeing you again, rather than have you venture on the least danger of any sort. When a storm could terrify me out of my senses last year, do you think, dearest souls, that I can have any peace till I am sure of your safety? and to risk it for me! Oh! horrible! I cannot bear the idea!" The Berrys, who had left Florence on September 17, did not, however, even in the face of this frantic appeal, alter their plans.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

STRAWBERRY HILL, *Friday Morning, September 23, 1791.*

I have always a particular pleasure in writing to you when I can tell you anything certain of our dear friend. I know that you depend on the exact truth of what I say, and feel then of use and comfort to you. I found him, yesterday evening when I arrived between six and seven, sitting, making his tea, dressed in his best wig, and looking well, and in spirits, and prepared for making a visit. As to health, he only complained of not having perfectly recovered the use of his right arm since his last attack, but said it had given him no pain. My mother, &c., returned to [Park] Place, which left me at liberty, and as I felt after the time I had promised you, and myself to see Mr. W[alpole], I determined to come here first in my way to town. I brought Madame de Cam[bis], whom I dropped at Richmond, and Louisa, whom my mother sends to

school. I could only let Mr. W[alpole] know my intention on the very day I was to arrive, and that not certainly, as I depended on others. The tea over, Louisa went into her room. I saw that he was all impatience and bursting with something he wanted to say to me. She had scarcely shut the door when his face changed, and with an expression of much concern he told me that you was to come through France. On my trying to comfort him, and saying what I really *now* in a great measure think, he quite hurt me by suddenly checking himself and saying, "that one had better keep one's ideas and anxieties to oneself" or [words] to that effect. I am sure if partaking them gives a right I have as good a right as himself. This, you will guess did not last, but I see that *reason* will not do; it is the very thing he cannot bear, and were I to persist, he would only bottle up all anxieties and grievances and render their qualities ten times more pernicious by confinement. I mean, therefore, for these six weeks to come, to indulge him in his own way, keeping, however, as much as possible, alarms from him, and giving where I can the most probable turn to reports to quiet his mind.

He then talked of you in the most touching manner, fetched your last letter, and told me, with much regret, what he had said to you, seemed both hurt and charmed at you having a society you prefer, and a country you like, and returning for him alone. He had not, I find, the most distant notion of your passing the "*can's*" and I wish you had not told him so soon of your *intention*, which he has converted into a *certainty*. In short, an idea must never be started with him, about *certain persons*, for wild fire is not quicker, nor more ungovernable. Not that I in the least wonder at you, for nothing is so uncomfortable as keeping anything from those we really love that interests them, and, as I once said before, you can not *see* him when you are absent. To-

day, however, his mind seemed much more composed, and I was much satisfied with him. The newspapers came full of all that could confirm the ideas I have tried to give him of the present state of things ; and even the *violents* here are fallen into despair and dejection, and no longer dream and talk of visionary armies, marchings, plots, and plunders, but seem to give up all for lost.

He has promised to write to you by Tuesday's post, which he seemed *not* to intend, *wanting* to prove that now he had no direction, just as we love to fill up the measure of faults in what we dislike, and this *route* is *tolerably* odious to him, but I begged of him to tell you that what he heard had made his mind more calm, as he allowed it to be so, and not to distress you more than rightly by the idea of his fears and disapprobation, since both were relaxed. I really think that everything will contribute to quiet this "*perturbed spirit*" of his, but he has such *starts* ! I wish you could have heard him as we went to Cliveden, the joy, comfort, and satisfaction with which he talked of you, as giving him a new existence, and an interest even in Strawb[erry Hill] its keeping and improvements, because you would see them, that he never otherwise could feel, *fortunate senex, non equidem invideo*.

LONDON, Tuesday, September 27.

On my arrival on Saturday, I had the satisfaction of finding a letter from you, and the comfort of tracing the kind hand of friendship in your solicitude for me. You will find your opinion justified by my subsequent letters, and that solitude prolonged too long struck me nearly in the same light as you. Its charms are powerful and may be pernicious, but to be *sometimes* alone is surely not an "excess." What can I do when depression of spirits, anxiety, or ill health, renders me unfit at times, for society ? You will not coldly say, do not be de-

pressed, do not be anxious. It would be to me, as if you said, do not be ill. Your anger against poor Felpham diverts me, and your idea of my spoiling the little wax head for want of *amusement*. As to Felpham, tho' I do not otherwise feel to regret the time I passed there, I actually shortened the time on your representations, and would most willingly have given it totally up had I received them sooner. If you do not like the head when you see it, I can alter it or model another and the artist "*dum spiritus regit artus*" at your commands. I will not now attempt answering the first part of your letter more fully, I feel that I should not do it at all to my own satisfaction, but at some future time I shall hope, that we may together, treat these subjects. You will not, on any, find me *very* obstinate.

I this instant receive a few lines from Mr. W[alpole]. He tells me that he has had a letter of the 5th (I left him in one of his usual *fusses* about the post) and that you are to meet L. B. at Anussa, who, he has heard, *likes* your sister, and of a *signalement* of the person of Madame de Merepoix; these *signalements* or descriptive paper posts are one of his *terrors*. I shall tell him that I suppose he imagines that no creature can describe the charms of his *wives*, and that, for that reason, they will be stopped by the next *revenue* inspector, as counterfeit and confined for life. No wonder he dreads liberty if it gives such powers, dear man!

You will see, by the former part of my letter, that, as you imagined, he felt severely and regretted what he had said to you on the subject of your delay. "*Unhinged*" is an admirable expression, it is the very thing. I believe one should not write "while under too strong impressions of anxiety," and yet, after all, by some very, very, few, one likes to be written to.

I have been to the Play, and constantly in the evening to the *Materfamilias* who stays at home, on account of the *confinement* of her son, who really is,

at this moment, a melancholy spectacle, and will, I fear, be a sad example as to both body and mind of the folly and dissipation that so much prevails. I have also seen Mrs. Buller, who means to go to Paris in a week or ten days; if so you will meet her. I am not sure that I shall *venture* to tell this to Mr. W[alpole]. She said, herself, that she had not had the courage, for his violence is *notorious*. I have, as I believe I told you, been much disappointed at her not passing the summer at Twick[enham], which she intended, and she would have talked *sense* to him and amused him, and, *quod omnia superat*, he *likes* her. I much doubt if I shall get him to town, tho' I am the more anxious for having been struck with the cold and damp of Strawb[erry Hill] on my arrival from Sussex. Asked to come to another climate, his answer was, "I shall come when they do" (the others) and then, "we will talk of that another time."

Afterwards, with more confidence, he said, that it depended on *future accounts*, for that his anxieties were more unsupportable to him in London, for he could not indulge them so freely as at Strawb[erry Hill] I return thither on Friday next, go the day following to P[ark] P[lace], and he is to come on Sunday. I am to carry Madame de C[ambis]. The Poet¹ is also to meet us. I mean to stay only about a week or ten days, and after that, not to be much out of town. I must settle to my work when I *can* work and get my colossus² over, or it will never be finished. I have, I think, given you my *whole history*, and this I reckon in one sense my last letter, for I should not, even on any subject that is interesting, choose to write very particularly to *Canne Calia*. I am, I understand, to direct to Perregaux. *Vale ergo et memor esto nostra*.

¹ Alfieri.

² The statue of George III. See *ante*, p. 45.

Remember, you need not *visit* Madame Martin. This is, as you directed, my second letter to Basle. Farewell, and once more farewell.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

P[ARK] PLACE, *Tuesday Morning, October 4, 1791.*

Our friend arrived here as you will have known, on Sunday. I was half tempted to avail myself of his direction to Augsburg; ² but I had no letters begun, what was most essential and interesting I knew he would tell you, and when I can I avoid writing on the same day, besides I like scrupulously to obey your mandates. Your reasons I cannot *always* know, but *never* can doubt. This I mean, in general, but tho' I know not when or where to send this, I shall not deny myself the satisfaction of thanking you for your kind letters of the 12th September, which I received on Sunday by Mr. W[alpole]'s letter. You are actually set out, and I must figure you as exposed to the fatigues and "uncomforts," at least, of a tedious journey at a late season. You know, too, if I feel for you, and regret for you, your quiet, your comfort, the divine climate you leave and the perfections of Art to which *you are* sensible. There is something, to me most touching in that sympathy of taste I can so often trace, more than my vanity is gratified. I was not, you will see, obstinate about my "*gothic*"-named place, and allow your quotation to be uncommonly just, yet I passed many quiet hours there, and for that feel grateful.

Wednesday Morning.—Mr. W[alpole] was well enough yesterday for me to drive him out in the little chaise, tho' to say the truth, *I* thought the day too damp

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 24.

² The Berrys stayed some days at Augsburg, and left on October 18 for Ulm.

for him, but he *would* go ; and to-day he proposes staying at Windsor, to see St. George's Hall. His spirits are much better, and his anxieties more *tractable* since his last letters ; but all this, as you know, liable to sad vicissitudes. I wish to God that I could keep him here a few days longer ; for I really dread him returning to his neighbourhood, some "*desertus vicus*" would just then be far preferable. On the day he arrived here, Mad[ame] de C[ambis] received letters from her brother-in-law with a circumstantial account of united forces being immediately to be put in action, and of the Embassies and ministers from the Courts being actually recalled. Judge of the effect this will have on the mind of our friend, with the addition of my father's *military* eloquence, who never would dream of his fears and alarms. I thought it better to prevent this and save him at least so many days' anxiety, even supposing this account true, and begged of M[adame] de C[ambis] not to mention her letters. She perfectly understood me, and was good-natured about it. My father *gave way*, and my mother approved. It so happened that the *clique* where he had passed the evening on Saturday had not heard the news. I have, therefore, taken the chances. At his return (if this account is true) he may find a letter mentioning a change of route ; indeed, the hurry and bustle of *part* of the army would not be pleasant to pass. I still think it likely that you may come thro' France, and as far as I can judge, wish it. Upon the whole a little time passed at Paris will amuse you ; all there is quiet.

When you wrote you knew not of the King's acceptance, nor the regulations made by the National Assembly for the free passage of travellers. I know what travelling in Germany is, at best sandy roads, and cold or suffocating stoves ; and now the extortions of innkeepers, and want of horses must be increased, and at this season the views of the country cannot, by

mental charms, make you forget corporeal evils. Whatever be your route, I shall not expect often to hear from you. Certainly I know what writing upon a journey is, how difficult, even when alone, to find time for above one letter. Indeed, of whatever satisfaction I may be deprived, my confidence in your kindness is a comfort not in the power of fortune now to deny me. I thank you for what you so kindly say about seeing me at your first return; that will depend on circumstances, I mean on our friend. I would indeed most willingly sacrifice even to his "*Quips*" and "*Quidities*," but I should not easily think any wish he might have on that occasion came under that denomination. 'Tis ten to one you may be your own messenger to him; if otherwise, depend on it, I shall delay my own satisfaction unless *certain* that it not in the least interferes with his. I well know all I owe him, and of that grow every day more sensible. 'Tis a debt I would *be* always paying and never *have* paid. You will have seen by his last letter, that he not at all wished you to come first to Cliveden, except on the supposition of your home in town not being vacant. That is exactly so, I am persuaded, and for his sake you had far better make him come to town. I quite dread the cold and damp of Straw[berry Hill] for him, and should he be confined there, which Heaven forbid and which I see at present no reason to fear, but still the gout does so often attack him with more or less violence, that it ought to come into the calculation of those who really love him, should he be ill, it would fret him to death to keep you in the country; but I trust this is decided, and I need say no more. You will, after your return, choose a day for Cliveden, and I doubt not, he will propose an early one. When I was last at Strawb[erry Hill] I quite seriously begged him to spare me, but he continues on all occasions the same melancholy turn of ideas, a habit in which he seems to delight and tacks to all subjects. I trust when his

dearest friends return that, as the present will have so many charms, the future will be left in favour.

Saturday morning.—I this moment receive your letter from Bologna. Few persons are so good as their words; you are better, and better than their best. You judge rightly as to the details of your accident, which you *send* me and *withhold* from Mr. W[alpole]. You *indulge* me and *spare* him. You will afterwards laugh with him at his fears, and recount your adventures:—“*forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit;*” yet I am not certain that he will bear the *name* of your journey but *should*, since it brings you to him.

I am quite glad that I have so often represented to you in the most lively colours (at least, of my palette) all his fusses, fears, and “jellies,” as this will make you the more cautious in what you write, and help to give you *some* idea of his anxieties. I long now to be with him, for he will be dying to talk this delay over. I shall let him first tell me all he knows, and then dwell on whatever is most likely to quiet his mind. I am quite glad, since your carriage was to break,¹ which *by what you say*, seems, to me, a necessity, that it happened so as to delay you at a place where there is so much worth seeing,—nay, I believe I am very near glad you were detained, but the cold journey, and horses, the *tot pericula maris* stare me in the face. But well I know all the *circumsequentia* of a carriage breaking. *Tecum fuissem*—not that I should be of much *use*; courage, if I have it, I am sure *you* do not want; patience we will

¹ “*Sunday, September 18, 1791.*—About a mile and a half from Loiana, the perch of our carriage broke almost in two; luckily the body only fell forward upon the box, and we all got out without being either frightened or hurt; luckily, also, there was a sort of blacksmith’s shop—a solitary cottage—in a valley just below where the accident happened, and from thence the people came running up with wood and cord, and they and the *voiturier*, and some occasional passengers upon the road, helped to tie it up together, so as to be able to drag it along.”—Mary Berry’s *Journals*, i. 354. The carriage was properly repaired at Bologna, which the travellers reached the same night.

not talk of ; but I have a certain spirit that, on such occasions, rises to a wonderful degree. It is no merit, being merely a useful ingredient in my composition, given me by Nature, but it makes me a good travelling companion, as far as it goes.

Sunday.—I was called away yesterday, and then we passed the day out. M[adame] de C[ambis] received from the same persons a direct contradiction of the news I mentioned in the first part of this letter, very pleasing to me. If you should go by Ostend, write to [illegible] for a Packet, and do not go in a Dutch vessel. Many will tell you they are as safe, which is no such thing, and I know their inconvenience. Remember that I seriously entreat this.

That I may not again omit what I have to say of the *Marchesa*, which I did in my last, thinking little it would in any way affect you, I must tell you that on no account must you come to England with her in company. Her conduct is now much talked of, much and justly censured. She has written the most absurd letters to her husband, in the last (Jer[ningham] told me) she absolutely refuses to return ; she says "if he uses the authority of a husband he will drag back a corpse," if he withholds his remittances she will try to live by her talent (*maigre chère*, I fear), and if that fails, take refuge in a convent, *qui lui tends les bras*. He has, I understand, declared that he will not withhold his remittances. By what you say I suspect she is grown frightened at her own situation, and means now to return. All this is indeed strangely "mysterious," and there appears a duplicity in telling you that her husband did not send her "the means" of returning, at the moment, almost, when she was protesting these fantastical absurdities. I have no great opinion of the "principal coachmaker" at B[ologna]. I hope your friends "the Legges," who I dare say are *notable* people, will superintend the work, and that you will cast your own eyes upon

it. They can, I am certain, be *mechanical* upon occasion. I hope too that they will make you a new train and not attempt repairing the broken one. I much regretted its being perch carriage, yet that, abroad, I believe, they will better imitate than they could one of our *cranes*. Perhaps you may find a carriage, I mean a train, ready, that may be adapted to your coach. If this delay should be considerable, it would be very serious, but I will hope till I hear again.

If I have not yet mentioned what is nearest my heart, your kind assurances, doubt not but that all is treasured up there, not a single word you have said will be forgotten. 'Tis a subject, heaven knows! on which I often want comfort. I shall venture to send this to Augsburg, tho' it can only go on the 11th from London. I cannot, till I am in town, know the time letters be going, but I trust to your *canonicus*. Your "*penetration*" is perfect. "*Quidam est Rex.*" The circumstances relative to the *materf* [*amilias*] you cannot know, even had you been in "the world."¹ 'Twas a most unexpected *confidence* made me by a person *concerned*. *Hoc coram*. Farewell, and God bless you. I shall send this to-day, Sunday, 9th October.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, Monday Morning, October 18, 1791.

I have not half thanked you for your last kind letter. I wish I could convey to you an idea of the comfort and satisfaction it gives me, but you will not feel me ungrateful, and, I trust, are in some degree sensible of all I must feel. I have trusted to your suspending your judgment of the *materf* [*amilias*], I mean, with regard to me. It will seem strange that I should *allow* any person *concerned* to make me this sort of confidence, but

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 26.

circumstances, on which so often hangs the right and wrong of this world, will, I think, justify my conduct. If I did not follow, in this, the strict laws of friendship and honour, I have erred most unknowingly. Your "penetration" will show you, from what I have said, and from what I now say, that a character I had looked up to, and admired for a thousand, thousand valuable qualities, was in one instant, sunk below reproach, and the comforts and satisfactions friendship alone can give, and to which I looked forward with so much pleasure, as but increasing with time, suddenly destroyed,—*sed hoc coram.*

I need not say that I long to hear the further event of your accident. I am not so much *rejoiced* at your being forced to see and "resee" the noble pictures at Bologna, but that I think with anxiety of a delay that may occasion *forced marches* or a still later and colder journey. This, I am sure, except in mind you are not formed to bear.

I perfectly understand, why, even without what you, by this time, will have known of the *Marchesa*, you should not choose to let her come to England with you, for reasons unnecessary to enumerate; for Heaven's sake get rid of her as soon as you can. If she pursues you upon the road,—but I am talking as if this had a chance of catching you in any time. I really never knew anything so odd or so mysterious as her conduct. What you tell me, and what I have heard here, involves her in ten thousand clouds; without a miracle she can never come out clear enough to be *visible*.

LONDON, *Thursday Evening.*

I stayed at Strawb[erry Hill] last night, and to-day came here. Our dear friend may, I think, be called well so far, and *tolerable* as to anxieties. I am convinced that he has much less fear about the German road than the other, I mean in proportion. He does not seem to be

alarmed about your carriage, and suspects nothing. I, of course, encourage this good disposition. In a letter I received from him since he left P[ark] Place, he said, "indeed, every letter that tells me they are well and nearer and *safe* so far will lessen my stock of uneasiness and until that is expended I cannot think of complete satisfaction."

I think I mentioned his expedition to Windsor with my father. I should tell you he assures me that he was not the worse for his fatigue the next day. He intends coming to town for a day or two next week, upon some business, but will not hear of staying till you are coming. I wish I could persuade him, but I have no such power. I, too, saw Windsor in my way, and was delighted. It cannot boast such pictures as you have been admiring, but the chapel is really, and to my *surprize* repaired with true taste, and beautiful. I hope you admire Gothic. I think I need not ask you. Gothic in the grand style quite turns my head whenever I see it. The chapel I now speak of in point of size appeared to me very small, but in simplicity and beauty of architecture very great. The *materfam[ilias]* is still in town, and still, in general, at home, tho' to-morrow or next day they talk of making a visit to Bath. I am going (not to Bath) for an hour there this evening, and I will go now, that I may come back soon, for I have a nasty toothache and am fit for nothing. Good-night.

Friday Morning, October 14.

As I sent you no letter last week, I shall send this, tho' the second this week, as Mr. W[alpole], I know, does not write by to-day's post, and that you may be as sure as I can make you, of finding at least one letter at Brussels, for I do not, in the commonplace way, expect you to be after your time, unless delayed by accidents or illness, to Augsburg. I therefore do not write again, as the Postmaster here says letters are

sometimes three weeks, or at soonest a fortnight. By your letter of the 24th to Mr. W[alpole] I should conclude that you found less difficulty than you or I expected, in getting your carriage mended. I wish it may best be *securely* repaired, for I know what *patching* is, in these cases, and the extreme ignorance of foreign workmen.

I came home, as I said, last night, my toothache increased sadly, and I was obliged to have recourse to laudanum, by that means procured a tolerable night's rest. I will hope that it is over to-day, for of all the bodily pains, and God knows! they are many, that I ever feel, that is what I most dread. Indeed, with me it always carries a compound of a thousand others. I really grow tired of suffering and much incline to your philosophy, at times. I am quite reconciled to it for myself but not for you, that is the truth, and that might, I think, be defended without sophistry; but 'tis no matter, this is only by the by, a mere parenthesis. I am, upon the whole, better than I have been for a long time, and going now to recommence artist, and pass the days in my study, "*hac amor.*" My colossus, my overgrown child, will not for an age be fit to present to you, nor can I myself form a certain judgment of it yet, for it *should* want space and position, and be like Punch and some other sovereigns, nothing off their own throne; but for this I *can* answer that you will not find me "*blindly attached*" and now beforehand even entreat your severest criticism, it will more than probably be the only true criticism I shall hear. *You* will find me ready to alter what can be altered and to *allow* what cannot, should it be a fault, however gross, such is my opinion of your "*sixth sense,*" that, had I been less unfortunately situated, I should even on that score alone often and often have entreated to see you and have asked your opinion, tho' I confess that to the *farrago* of flattery and criticism I am constantly exposed to, I

try to make myself as deaf as possible, yet not from conceit of the excellence of my talent—do not think that, for you would wrong me—merely from agreeing with you in the *scarcity* of the “*sixth sense*.” I desire that I may have the hat you bought for me, whether it be “frightful” or not.

Farewell, however I may wish to hear from you on the route, I will not, indeed, make myself uneasy if I do not. I know that you will write to me when you can and sometimes think of me when you cannot. I wish to God Mr. W[alpole] would come. It would, I am sure, be better for him, and I should then know always when he heard, at least, how far you were on your journey and *guess* how prosperously. I hope that you will continue *not* to tell him *all*. Save that till after you return. Remember my entreaty about the Dutch vessel, and that it is the only thing of *the sort* that I have *pretended* to entreat. Farewell, farewell, and God bless you. I shall probably write again next Friday to Brussels. One letter was sent to Augsburg.

Once more God bless you.¹

The Berrys arrived at Paris on October 28, and put up at the Hôtel de Bourbon in the Rue Jacob, and there they stayed until November 7, when they made their way, *via* Calais and Dover, to their house in North Audley Street, which they reached on November 11.

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 28.

SECTION III

THE BERRYS AT LITTLE STRAWBERRY HILL

(1792-1794)

The Berrys return to England—Horace Walpole desires them to live at Little Strawberry Hill—Kitty Clive—Walpole's lines to her—A newspaper attack on the Berrys—Mary Berry thereupon decides not to live at Little Strawberry Hill—Walpole eventually persuades her to do so—Walpole succeeds to the earldom of Orford—His distress thereat—A false rumour that he proposed marriage to Mary Berry—A proposal of marriage to Anne Seymour Damer—William Augustus Fawkener—Correspondence between Mary Berry and Mrs. Damer concerning the proposed marriage—The Berrys at Sir George Cayley's—Lord Orford unwell—Lady Aylesbury—The Berrys at Scarborough—Lord Harrington—Field-Marshal Conway—Jerningham's play, *The Siege of Berwick*—"Pretty Mrs. Stanhope"—Captain Nugent—Lord Moira and the expedition to Brittany—Admiral Lord Howe—Mrs. Damer's bust of Miss Berry—William Combe—The Berrys in Yorkshire—They return to Little Strawberry Hill—Agnes Berry at Cheltenham—Mary and Mr. Berry at Park Place—The Berrys at Prospect House, Isle of Thanet—The Greatheads—Mrs. Damer at Goodwood—Her new town house—Professor Playfair—Miss Berry's play.

HORACE Walpole was delighted at the return of the Berrys to England, and was overjoyed when he succeeded in persuading them to take possession of Little Strawberry Hill, on the lower road to Teddington, near his own house. After Kitty Clive retired from the stage in 1769, she had resided there, whereupon Walpole nicknamed it Cliveden, or Clivesden. The actress lived at Little Strawberry Hill until her death in 1785, when she was buried in the parish church. Walpole wrote an inscrip-



RESIDENCE OF MRS. CLIVE AT TWICKENHAM (CLIVEDEN OR
LITTLE STRAWBERRY HILL)

*From an engraving in the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq., by H. S. Storer
from the original drawing by the same artist*

tion to her memory on an urn placed in the shrubbery of "Cliveden":—

"Ye smiles and jests still hover round ;
 This is mirth's consecrated ground :
 Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,
 A matchless actress, Clive her name,
 The comic muse with her retir'd,
 And shed a tear when she expir'd."

When it became known that the Berrys had accepted the loan of Strawberry Hill, some anonymous scribblers in the newspapers cast aspersions upon the young women as cruel as they were unwarrantable, whereupon the elder sister told Walpole that she could not go to his house. Walpole was in despair, and pleaded with her to ignore such disgraceful insinuations. "I thought my age would allow me to have a friendship that consisted in nothing but distinguishing merit—you allow the vilest of all tribunals, the newspapers, to decide how short a way friendship may go! Where is your good sense in this conduct? and will you punish me, because what you nor mortal being can prevent, a low anonymous scribbler pertly takes a liberty with your name? I cannot help repeating that you have hurt me!" So Walpole put his case to Mary Berry, who, however, felt so strongly on the subject that she could not at first give way. "If our seeking your society is supposed by those ignorant of its value, to be with some view beyond its enjoyment, and our situation represented as one which will aid the belief of this to a mean and interested world, I shall think we shall have perpetual reason to regret the only circumstance in our lives that could be called fortunate," she wrote to him on October 12. "Excuse the manner in which I write, and

in which I feel. My sentiments on newspaper notice have long been known to you, with regard to all who have not so honourably distinguished themselves, as to feel above such feeble but venomous shafts." Walpole, notwithstanding this reply, in the end managed to have his way. The Berrys went in December to Little Strawberry Hill, which was for many years to come their favourite home.

On December 5, George, third Earl of Orford, died, and his uncle, Horace Walpole, succeeded to the title. He was then in his seventy-fifth year, and the change was not all to his liking. "As I am sure of the sincerity of your congratulations, I feel much obliged by them, though what has happened destroys my tranquillity; and, if what the world reckons advantages could compensate the loss of peace and ease, would ill indemnify me, even by them," he wrote to John Pinkerton on December 26. "A small estate, loaded with debt, and of which I do not understand the management, and am too old to learn; a source of law-suits amongst my nearest relations, though not affecting me; endless conversations with lawyers, and packets of letters to read every day and answer,—all this weight of new business is too much for the ray of life that yet hangs about me, and was preceded by three weeks of anxiety about my unfortunate nephew, and a daily correspondence with physicians and mad-doctors, falling upon me when I had been out of order ever since July. Such a mass of troubles made me very seriously ill for some days, and has left me and still keeps me so weak and dispirited, that, if I shall not soon be able to get some repose, my empty head or body will not be able to resist. For the empty title, I trust you do not suppose

it is anything but an encumbrance, by tarding my busy mornings with idle visits of interruption, which, when I am able to go out, I shall be forced to return. Surely no man of seventy-four, unless superannuated, can have the smallest pleasure in sitting at home in his own room, as I almost always do, and being called by a new name!" The only possible advantage Walpole could derive was that he could make his wife a countess, and could charge the estate with a jointure of £2000 a year. There is a tradition, handed down by Lord Lansdowne, that he was more than willing to marry Mary Berry, and that he proposed to her.¹ If such a suggestion had been made, there is no doubt that it would have been refused, and the letter from which this statement is deduced shows also that the matter was never mentioned by Walpole to the sisters. "Although I have no doubt that Lord Orford said to Lady D. every word that she repeated to your brother—for last winter, at the time the C.'s talked about the matter, he went about saying all this and more to frighten everybody that would hear him—but I always thought it rather to frighten and punish them than seriously wishing it himself." Mary Berry wrote to a friend, August 20, 1793. "And why should he? when, without the ridicule or the trouble of marriage, he enjoys almost as much of my society, and every comfort from it, that he could in the nearest connection? As the willing offering of a grateful and affectionate heart, the time and attention I bestow upon him have hitherto given me pleasure. Were they to become a duty, and a duty to which the world would attribute interested motives, they would become irksome. If the world, its meanness, its total indifference to

¹ *Quarterly Review*, October 1865, cxxii. 298.

everything but interest, in some shape or other, be assured you cannot think so badly nor so *truly* as I do. 'They best believe it who have felt it most!'

The opening letters of the correspondence between Mary Berry and Mrs. Damer during the year 1792 deal with an offer of marriage made to Mrs. Damer at this time—an incident to which there is no reference in Mr. Percy Noble's biography of that lady. Who the suitor was cannot be stated with any certainty, but from Mrs. Damer's letter of November 9, 1792, it seems that his name was Fawkener. As he visited at Brocket Hall, it may be taken for granted that he was a person of some social position, and it may be that he was William Augustus Fawkener, son of Sir Everard Fawkener, who married in 1784 Georgiana Ann Poyntz, a niece of Lady Spencer, and eventually became Clerk to the Privy Council.

Mary Berry to the Hon. Mrs. Damer

The more I consider the subject on which we were talking last night, and I declare to you it has never been a moment out of my mind, the more I see reasons to consider it in another point of light from that in which it seems to have appeared to you, and the more I regret not having used all the influence your friendship kindly, tho' perhaps undeservedly, allows me, to persuade you not to give a hasty, perhaps not *such* an answer. For God's sake do not let false ideas of liberty, of ridicule, of a thousand things that *will* occur to minds like yours prevent your acquiring any real comfort or satisfaction. Consider again, I beseech you, how much your heart owes you, and do not at least avoid an occasion, if this

is one, of being paid. But here is the question, and you have not hesitated a moment in declaring that it is not. But have you well considered it divested of all the accessories, of all the incidental circumstances in which it happens to be involved, for this is, in fact, the only sober way of judging:—Have you sufficiently considered the simple proposition, whether or not such a connection, suppose it made, [would be] likely to contribute to your future peace and happiness. You have so eloquent and I may add so reasonable arguments why it should *not*, that I need only mention those that strike me very forcibly why it should—the delicacy of your own mind, the remains which you own of an unextinguished passion, and a thousand other circumstances will prevent, as have done, your ever forming such a friendship or connection, for I would wish to speak as I think, unromantically with any other person. Then it would destroy in a moment all the vile mistakes of the world in your regard, for depend upon it, in a month's time, such an idea would never more be thought of, and you would become as respectable in their eyes as you have always been in your own, and this respect of the world, when confirmed by the quiet plaudits of one's own breast, I never can nor never shall think a trifling object. But above all, consider, I beseech you, that if you do not think him absolutely unworthy of your sentiments for him and his very errors may probably make him otherwise, if you think him yet capable of feeling that confidence, that esteem, that friendship for you which would *occupy*, I will not say *satisfy*, your heart, for I am endeavouring to draw in the life not an ideal picture of felicity—you are no longer the unconnected, insulated being, whose very perfections have hitherto been the cause both of their errors and their unhappiness, who look back with regret to the past, distaste to the present, and indifference to the future.

You have found almost all that past circumstances

can allow you to enjoy, almost all that your present maturer reason allows you to hope for. You might not be satisfied, but you would be occupied, you would be interested, the powers of your heart would be called into action, and in mental action consists all virtue and, I am convinced, all rational pleasure. You will say, I know, that friendship, one object, is sufficient to occupy your mind. Your whole life has shown that, for you know what I have long not told you upon this subject, and reading over a note you wrote me immediately after I had mentioned that foolish topic in the papers,¹ only confirms me in it. You own in it the having of a very unhappy mind, and I see in every line a mind irritated and weakened from an excess of this best of feelings, and sinking under the weight of what, properly distributed, would support it nobly through all the various connections of life. This friendship too, however perfect, may fail; the object is mortal. I am no prophet, therefore do not be afraid; but what then becomes of a heart which, naturally formed to embrace all the various affections of life, allows itself to be contracted to one narrow point, which, like every thing of this world, may fail it.

Remember I am not pretending to advise. I am only submitting to your judgement several circumstances which any one thoroughly knowing you is more likely to see in a true light than yourself. Give them, I beseech you, your most serious consideration. They have had mine. They are offered to you by one of whose truth you cannot doubt, who is proud of feeling and owning your superiority, and whose wishes for your happiness are as sincere and perfect as you deserve to inspire.

caelo ceu saepe refixa

Transcurreunt crinemque volantia sidera ducunt.

VIRG: *Æn* . . . v. 527

suadent cadentia sidera somnos.

¹ Concerning the Berrys and Little Strawberry Hill.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

I know your kind intention, and see the hand of friendship in every line you have traced. You say you do "not advise." Indeed, you know not the character of the person to whom, by so many arguments, you would dispose of your friend, nor all the various circumstances that make such a union contrary to reason and prudence. Could you be sensible of the objections, and see his character, dissimilar as it is to mine, ill calculated to afford me real comfort or real happiness, such as to my reason, even thro' the mist of passion, it has long appeared, and still to my more sober sense appears, you would use that influence Friendship has so *deservedly* given you over me, to deter me from embarking on such a troubled sea, and, voluntarily, completing the hard fate to which I have been exposed. Yet, in compliance to your desire, I have endeavoured to consider the subject in different views, such as you place it, with as much attention and care as if it was the first time it had come into deliberation—but the result is the same.

It must strike you, I am sensible, that, returning to one no longer young, worn by ill health, and, however undeservedly, under the heavy censure of the world, when he may still captivate the young, beautiful and gay, argues a truth and constancy of sentiment of which you think me not sufficiently aware. But, my dearest friend, have you well considered that in such an engagement he risks little, and that I risk all! You know not how highly I value your opinion. It will grieve me beyond measure should you on so serious an occasion think me actuated by light motives, punctilious fears of ridicule, or ideas of liberty, which last I value so much as they deserve, that it is my joy to sacrifice them to those I love, and the *liberty* of devoting the

remainder of my life to what I esteem and admire, to what can alone give support and comfort to an almost broken spirit, is all I ask.

It is most certain that, had he, at an earlier period, but *endeavoured* to convince me even of a slight interest for my happiness, or that his own was deeply concerned,—shown me but the shadow of true affection,—I should have caught at it, but it is now, every way, too late; I should expose myself to certain remorse and misery. With regard to the world, were I inclined to buy its uncertain favour, I much doubt if any step of this sort would now have the effect you imagine, as I do maintain it, undone as I am, it is by malice, not by the sober or confirmed opinion of any living creature: but this I would, most freely, give up to your better judgement.

I know not why you say that “my whole life has proved that one object is not sufficient to occupy my heart.” Passion is not, I allow, and at all times I have sought, however illjudgingly, for friendship, the only perfect good I know on earth. The melancholy image you present to my imagination I think gave you pain, for my sake, as you drew the picture. On that we will not now dwell, but admitting that variety of attachments and duties is an advantage, you will surely allow that these *sub*-divisions must come naturally, be brought on by circumstances and chance, not forced, as they would, thus fail in this object.

I will send you these lines, for the more I write to you, the more I find that I still would say, and I am, [I] know not how, continually for these last days interrupted.

Oh! let me not have the mortification of thinking you suppose me foolishly throwing away proffered good, when I am avoiding misery. Let me, when you can, see you for half an hour, but by no means till it is (if ever indeed that is) without difficulty to you. I do not

mean to-morrow, the next day, or the next, but when you can. If you ever thoroughly know how my heart is affected by your kindness, you will not think it wants more than one object for occupation. Farewell. To whom on earth could I send this, certain that it would be read with interest, but to you! Do not think of answering this at present. Farewell, and God bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

Tuesday Evening.

In my way home, this morning, I called upon Mrs. W., whom I found alone, intending, as she had announced in her note, to come to me. After talking over the state of affairs, and what respects Lord Orford, late and present, her expectations, &c. &c., she, with much agitation, said, "You don't know how I dread the least change of situation, of whatever advantage it might be to me, to my children." And then, bursting into tears, she exclaimed "For God's sake! do not betray me." I assured her, and this indeed not coldly, that I never should. Increase of fortune, she said, whether from the death of Lord Walpole or from the will in question, might change unavoidably her present mode of life:—she must see more company, and pass, perhaps, seven or eight months in the country, absent from what alone interested her. Yet, she added, *his* temper and uncertainty made her wretched—called this an infatuation—to feel thus for one who comparatively felt little for her. He was attached, she believed, but treated her like a child, and his behaviour by no means compensated for the misery she suffered. Mr. W., she said, in his person was not disagreeable to her, that she "had felt much attached to him,"—"but he was cold"—in short,

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 265.

neglected her, "and the heart and mind must be occupied." In this manner she went on, and what to think, with regard to myself, I yet cannot tell. I pity her from my soul, and would not, for the world, hurt or shock her, had I a right, "*mais mon amie, l'air de ce lieu n'est pas bon pour moi.*" She invited me to sup there, (Mr. W. is, as you know, gone to H.). This I could not, had I wished it, but some other night I will. You never shall have cause to reproach me for neglecting your advice. You have allowed me to talk as I do, but that indulgence I trust I shall not abuse. It is most certain that on this subject, I never can talk with ease, or indifference. Pity me, and continue, for Heaven's sake! to think you see excuses for another that I know you would not see for yourself. Your kindness is beyond all power of thanks, but rest assured of what I told you this morning, that the assurance of your friendship gives composure to my mind as well as comfort to my heart; and how necessary both are to me, and how much I stand in need of them in this comfortless world, *you* will judge, to whom, I trust, I am really known.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

Thursday Evening, 5 o'clock [1792].

I am enjoyed to think that I shall pass this evening alone, for I want quiet, and I do protest that, however distant, it is the next step to passing it with you. This is one of the comforts the disposal of which you would have me deprive myself; but, indeed, as I feel only anxious to convince you that I am not wrong in my determination, that alone, were I inclined to deliberate, would convince me of its justness. Arguments I shall not attempt, as you said that those I used "had not a shadow of force," and, indeed, if total want of confidence

in a character, in affection and attachment, is not an argument against an engagement for life, I know none. But more of all this, I will hope, at some future time, and such is my confidence in that only advocate I have had with you, Truth, that I still have little doubt but that in the end you will find reasons not to condemn me.—This I have much at heart, and what hurts me is an air of disapprobation that you have lately mixed with your kind solicitude for my welfare. Yet so well do I know your heart that on this, as on every other occasion where you have thought my interest concerned, you leave me without the power of thanks,—but how I feel the many obligations I owe you my remaining life shall prove. The momentary and foolish passion I was in can only excite your pity. Of that I will say nothing but that you leave the reproach I deserve to me. You cannot doubt the influence you so deservedly have over me; but you would not, I think, have that alone, in such a case, decide me, as you cannot be acquainted with the many circumstances that, you will allow, *might*, and, I am perfectly convinced, *would*, make such a step the means of robbing me of what remains of peace and comfort I look for on earth.

I have now again read over what you wrote, but my mind is only affected by your kindness, and by the melancholy ideas you set before me.—You bid me consider “how much my heart owes me.” Is it a heart to be paid with false coin? Merciful Heaven! I will hope this difference of opinion will not last very long. It is, I feel, in vain for me to say more at present.—That what you *do* think you will ever tell me, I trust I need not ask, or it is what, on my knees, I would ask, and that most earnestly. I have been reading, and again began writing to you. I may now say Good night, and God bless you!¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 26o.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry**Saturday Morning.*

I first thought of coming to you this morning, but I might not without awkwardness and difficulty to yourself find an opportunity of speaking to you, and, if I did, might not feel the power of saying one word I intended. Yet, Heaven knows! my heart is full, and in some way must attempt at least to express itself. I have been revolving in my mind all you said to me yesterday respecting your future plans; and the more I reflect, the more I am convinced that you sometimes allow your fine judgement to err where you are yourself personally concerned, and from an excess and pertinacious pursuit of right, go beyond that point, that line, at which in all things it is perfection to stop. You always lean to whatever carries with it uncomfot to yourself, and will not even throw into the common stock your own gratification or advantage, lest *they* should help to turn the scale.

Just as your views of this world may be, you think too much and too deeply of a futurity ever uncertain, intended by the Divine Power to be uncertain. 'Tis like a journey, for which indeed, we ought to be prepared, but not set out upon in imagination without waiting till we are called for, the more as you must allow we know not which way the road may lead,—and by stretching the sight too far over dreary deserts, we sometimes trample the few flowers that may be strewed under our feet. But, quitting metaphor, I will shew you that I *can* speak in plain terms, call "*un chat un chat.*"

Your expenses have, in a mere trifle, exceeded your income. To set that right you would do what, if it was not *disagreeable*, I am certain your reason would shew you to be *unadvisable*. You know the world,—

“too well!” I hear you say:—does it give credit where it ought?—Does it not prevent the causes and essence of our most virtuous actions?—You know it does. In this case, were you, out of prudence, care for others and every good motive, to pass, I will not say a *melancholy* winter in the country, but pent-up, teased, fretted, and tormented, nay and *reproached* for every rainy day, or Northern blast,—were you, I say, to do this, would not the world again renew its impertinence on the subject of Lord Or[ford] and rejoice in your house let and your retiring to Twickenham as a colour for their inventions? Were it necessary, positively and surely right, I should, you know, be the first to say, despise them; but let me, since *you* have taught me, remind you that, tho’ friends *ought* to be *despised*, still they *must* be *feared*. But all this is *not* necessary; and then you honour me with the name of your *friend*, and yet scruple in one instance to treat me as such, tho’ you will not, *can* not deny that, were the tables turned, you would *expect* of me to act as I now would have you, and as, God is my judge! unless I am indeed strangely deceived in myself, with *you* I would act.

A few hundred pounds, is it not true, a mere trifle! would settle the present *shadow* of difficulty, and in future a slight, almost imperceptible, reduction of establishment prevent the like? Set it at the worst, it may be some diminution of your own fortune, but your prudence will prevent its being very considerable. Should your father be long preserved to you, that time for you all will be passed with less inconvenience. Should it be decreed otherwise, by Fate, the difference must be less. And after all, in one word, I cannot think what would break my very heart, a blow I will not expect from your hand—no, I cannot think that you would then refuse, in some way, to share the fortune of a being so truly devoted to you, and one

with whom, great or small, you would feel the first of comforts in sharing your own. Do not, my only friend, my only earthly comfort, make things worse than they are, by considering too much only their dark side, and by a cramped view, ill suited to a mind like yours.

I say nothing of the length of this. Did I not fear interruption it would be larger, and what I want to write, *you* want to read.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

BROCKET HALL, *Friday, November 9, 1792.*

I write because I love writing to you, tho' it is possible, should I hear that you come to town the beginning of next week, that I may not send my letter,—but writing to you is become a habit—it helps to continue that fine thread that holds minds together. I feel, too, some converse with a being to whom my heart is open, one in whom I may, and do, confide, the more necessary, the more my spirits are affected, whether from serious causes, or whether from those “little tiresome cares” you so well express—those forms and semblances of society and friendship, “*et praeterea nil*,” in which, from various circumstances, I find myself so much involved, contrary to my every real taste or wish, and with which I have of late been more than usually teased and harassed, at a time when I expected to have enjoy'd more quiet and repose.

Day after day successions of *indifferents*, many of those who came out of mere curiosity to see me work, become sort of intimates, and most intimate sort of plagues, bound by no care but that of pleasing themselves, ever in the way when you do not want them, and never to be had when you do. Of such fare (to

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 262.

use this in metaphor) my soul is sick. I might, it is true, wholly disengage myself from all this hurry I complain of, but then I *fear* too great solitude, because it is what I am so much inclined to *love*.

LONDON, *Sunday Evening*.

I *ought* to feel better, since I vented my ill-humour so freely, but I will no longer make apologies, for it is *thus* I would be treated by you. Let me but partake of your grievances, your cares and your anxieties, I would, Heaven knows, were it in my power, throw in my small stock of quiet or enjoyment to add to yours.

I found, on coming to town, that your Father had called on Thursday last, and said that he thought you would be in town yesterday. If so, I have missed seeing you, and it remains quite uncertain when I shall again have that satisfaction. I found no company at B[rocket] H[all] and the weather really mild and pleasant, that I should have enjoyed indeed more, had it not been for a violent cold, as bad as a cold in the head can be, which lasted the days I passed there. I however went out. I felt little regret in returning, company was expected, and the day dreary and cold. The hours they keep are too late, and the exercise they follow not what I like and am equal to. I am at liberty, certainly; but when one has no longer any particular interest, one is affected by *minutiae* in other cases not thought of. This time, indeed, I was lucky, but in general the *awkwardnesses* which, if *others* do not feel for themselves, I feel for them, are the source to me of a thousand melancholy reflections.

But tell me why you are so late at night. Why you are near so late I cannot guess. 'Tis, I am convinced, to suit the taste or convenience of others, for yourself would, I am sure, to my earnest request sacrifice an

hour or two of candlelight, to add a few words of Dorimant (Mr. Fawkener). I think I understand what you would say on that subject ; if I mistake, leave me to my *stupidity*, for I want comfort and indulgence. It is a subject on which I never can feel satisfied, and you see in this sad example a proof of having been wrong—accusing others. I know not, I am sure, if I can explain what I meant at the moment, when I felt more agitated and less reasonable than now. It was that sensations from the loss of one could not be much felt engaged in a serious and long connection with another, and that there was more affected than real sensibility in the note, and more caprice in their finding out, without any new circumstance or event, what for this twelvemonth past he had scarcely seemed to dream of,—and in all this what I may feel never seems thought of.—I was now grown (I will confess it) often to wish still more than to fear seeing him. It is therefore better as it is my reason is convinced ; for with such a character I could never find repose or real happiness. I have not heard a word from him, or seen him, since the evening I mentioned, in which I think I told you he came. His note was in answer to one of mine, a simple invitation. Farewell. I shall soon begin writing to you again. Take care of yourself, and *try* sometimes to get an early half hour after supper, and when you would most indulge me, let it be mine. More I cannot *grant* in spite of all your arguments.

P.S. A sudden *turn* directs me.—Heaven bless you.¹

The year 1793 was as uneventful for the Berrys as 1792. They spent the earlier part of the year sometimes at Twickenham, sometimes at their house in London, and in the late summer paid a round of visits to the

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 194.



ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR MRS. DAMER'S BOOKPLATE BY AGNES BERRY
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Cayleys, the Cholmeleys, and other friends in the north. "The Berrys are in Yorkshire," Horace Walpole wrote to the Countess of Ossory on December 9, "and have been so for these four months."

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, Tuesday, October 8, 1793.

The Lavender plants are to go this week.¹ I send them to Lord Orf[ord] with directions in case you should have forgot to give your orders.

I am just come in late from my walk, seed-gathering &c., but I find I can settle to nothing till I have thanked you, dear kind soul, for your letter which I received this morning, for writing to me oftener than I could expect, which, besides the gratification of hearing from you, of reading your letters, so well assures me that you know how I feel the comfort I receive from them. I write to you about my head-aches and about my finger-aches, because you encourage me, and there is nothing I would not wish to hear from you: however trifling at the time it may appear to yourself, to me it can not. If I am so "*abominably*" exact, it is not what I *intend*; but when I would send a letter a day or two sooner, a dread coming across me, lest it should appear too soon (not to *you*). When later, I think you may expect to hear, my paper is full and at the end of the week my letter goes. But why do you say you are "glad" I did not see you when you was ill? I may, it is true, feel the violent pains you suffer, in one sense, more severely than you do yourself, but remember that it is not when *you see me*

¹ Park Place was then famous for its lavender and distillery. The plants arrived safely at Strawberry Hill. "The coach has just brought me from Park Place a grove of lavender plants for you, of which Mrs. Damer gave me notice," Walpole wrote to Mary Berry, October 18, 1793. "My gardener has gone to distribute them about Cliveden, which I hope next summer will be odoriferous as Mount Carmel."

that I suffer most. Do not say these things to me, they quite hurt me, yet, I know you would send for me and keep me with you, for, thank Heaven, you know me, and will from *yourself* judge of what, and how, *I* feel on every occasion, and such at least is my hope, trust, and confidence. Heaven bless you. *N'en déplaie* the journal, I shall indulge myself in half an hour with you this evening, for I was prevented this whole morning, yesterday and to-day by the plasterers who were by dozens about my windows, singing, and spluttering and making such a noise, that as I never could settle which was *worst*, their looking in at the window or the room nearly dark, I gave up writing to you. I trust they have nearly done here, but no-one can have an idea of the house, you think it my fancy, would you could see it. I find by a letter of Lord Orf[ord] to my mother, that he has had a bilious attack, and been quite ill for some days, of which according to his *comfortable, satisfactory* custom he says not a word to me, only at the end of his letter to her desires, if I write to Yorkshire, that I will not mention this "to his wives," as he means either to keep it a secret, or tell you when he is well (I forget which). This needs no comments. He was taken ill, I understand, last Sunday sennight, but on Monday or Tuesday last, when he wrote, was sufficiently recovered to be going to take the air.

My mother, as she sometimes does, but in the drollest way, took one of her fidgets about the *bee* from not having heard from her, and fancying her ill wrote to *him* to enquire. I do not know if the *likeness* is kept up so far, or if you will have the quickness to understand this story, but it strikes me ridiculously, and I must try. His letters to my mother are the most *respectful*, polite, performances always that can be penned. . . .

Friday morning.—Of poor Mrs. C[homeley] I often think, as you will easily imagine and with you, that her

mind will one day recover its tone, tho' at times she will have, *must* have, painful reflections. I perfectly agree with you, and perfectly understand what you mean to express by "persistence" and "obstinacy" of affections. These are properties belonging to particular characters of which experience only can make themselves thoroughly sensible. Too severely have I felt their influence; properties calculated to make the great happiness or the great misery of the beings who profess them, and what are the chances in this miserable existence, on which side they lean, to *you* I need not say, and how much the present times, the mode of living and received opinions are against all your minds with strong feelings, I have often, with pain, considered. By a certain sort of half tolerance we are led into errors, left to the mercy of ungovernable passions, damned or saved in the eye of the world, without a shadow of real justice. It is, as you truly say, from the observation and knowledge of characters only that we can fairly and clearly form an opinion of *what* in particular circumstances and *how* they will suffer. It is not the "measure." This puts me in mind of a pretty expression, "*L'eau que tombe goutte à goutte perce le plus dur rocher,*" was the same quantity of water as elected to rush impetuously over the rock, once subsided, the rock might be found to have sustained less damage. As to your *marriage* I certainly think, according to the world we live, that *much* may be said in its favour, but as certainly I think *more is* said against it in your letter. You will not this time find me too exact for I shall send this to-day, it may lose a day if it follows you to Scarborough, and I think too you should know about Lord Orford. You will tell him you do, or not, as you think best, only let me know which. My father had a letter from him to-day, but he did not show it me, but said that he wrote out of spirits, had felt some return of the complaint, that however he

thought himself mending. Continue to "fear" for me. Let me think you do, and heaven bless and preserve you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, Friday Evening, November 1, 1793.

If it was not for that confidence and security that daily increases, I should feel a painful sensation of fear lest you should mistake or misunderstand anything I said in my letter of yesterday, for I wrote in a hurry, and without explanation expressed a wish that you should withhold a confidence that weighs on your mind from one of your dearest friends, and I protest that I had no reason for what I said (you will recollect that I have often exhorted you to the contrary idea). It was merely an anxious care that at the moment alarmed me, and which, indeed, I still feel for you. I dread for you any additional agitation of mind, tho' transient, and she, by all you tell me and by all I know, is too much absorbed in her own woes, her mind has lost too much of its powers, for her, at this time, to afford relief to others. This is nearly what you say yourself, but it should seem that I ought rather to combat such opinions than strengthen them, but I have long waived *all seemings* with you. What I *am* you know, and that you shall find me. You have received me with all my faults, and it shall be my first care, where it is possible, that you shall not suffer for them. "*Sed hæc hæctenus.*" How often have I felt, rather do I feel, what you say of letters, in spite of all the comfort they afford. Distance, too, adds much to separation. God knows! if you "*harp*" on melancholy you are sure to find a *unison* with me. Never restrain yourself, that is all I ask, and the only way a gleam of sunshine can ever be felt.

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 30.

Farewell. I find too many people in town, *they* too few, and never let one rest in these times of scarcity.

I am going this evening to Lord Harrington's,¹ and to-morrow with the wild-cat—she has found me out—to the Haymarket. "*Tecum fuisset.*" Heaven bless you.

Sunday morning.—I went with the wild-cat to the play. After some time found myself *en tiers*, which she seemed not to have expected (I mean merely not his coming). He bowed in the very oddest, and most marked manner, first to her, and then to me, "I came for the pleasure of *your* company and '*yours.*'" Oh! defend me, but that is too late, defend therefore what is more dear to me than myself from caprice! At times, cross and distant, formal or reserved, at others how different, yet never seeming to act, or speak *ex imo corde*: completely a gentleman it is true, but a modern one. What a contrast with a character full of romantic impudence (if I may be allowed the expression) but with still more *depth* than *violence* of passion, saved from farther or greater miseries, perhaps from the excess of its feelings. But I do not mean, Heaven knows! to you, my only comfort, do not wish to boast, well knowing that not to myself, but to the coldness and indifference of another I owe most. I know you will forgive all I say on a subject that fills me with shame, regret, and melancholy, on which even with you I seldom talk. What I have been writing has made me as cold as ice, after a hearty sigh, I will now be less serious.

I was to carry her to Renards' (the others went, of course, with us). We found them not returned, and back we went to the wild-cat's. She invited me so

¹ Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington (1753-1829). He had married in 1779 Jane Seymour, daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Fleming, Bart., of Brompton Park, Middlesex. The eldest son of the marriage, Charles (1780-1851), was later famous in social circles, and was known as Lord Petersham until he succeeded to the Earldom.

kindly up that (I believe out of awkwardness) up I went. She was not expected home, a few coals were stirred and restirred and tea brought. She still pressed me to stay and called for cold meat. Knowing perhaps, that I have nothing of the *broom-quality* in my composition, her invitation might be sincere, half an hour more or less, as I fancy the [illegible] was out of town, made no difference: if he was at home I think a dish of tea to help his "*digestion*" might have been advisable. In short, to end my story, tho' it would not have been remarked "how *ill* we all dissembled." I hate such scenes, tho' I sometimes can go tolerably thro' the acting, I excused myself as having been up rather late the night before, and we parted. During my short journey home I reflected on the wonderfull licence some enjoy, guessing how they lead one to a chaos.

Monday evening.—This time you shall not complain of my *exactitude*, but if I am ever too little exact a *very* slight hint will stop me. I have this moment received the official account I enclose. It did not come *directly* to me, but that matters not. Seriously, as I think it will not be in the papers as soon as you receive this, the intelligence becomes interesting and is an excuse to me for indulging myself in what is, believe me, my only comfort and real pleasure, if any can be called so in absence. . . .

Another question I did not answer was about my father's new title.¹ He *is* called Marshal, as he *was* called General, and that he used always to prefer (not being of the Duke of Argyle's opinion), in which he was right I think, for all *ought* to think their profession, be it what it may, their best title.

I am writing in a hurry as you will perceive, expecting every moment to hear the last bellman.

I do not dare read over my letter for fear I should put it into the fire, but that you would not like, and I

¹ Henry Seymour Conway was created Field-Marshal October 12, 1793.

will trust your indulgence. God knows! I have reason.

I think I may hear that poor Mrs. C[holmeley] comes to town this winter. I feel anxious on her account, when I think this decision may save, and on yours, when you are together how different will be and *must* be your sensations; if you are to part *sine die* or at a given time again to meet, her woes will be told differently and heard differently by you, on both sides with less melancholy and with less agitation.

The weather is already quite winter, sharp to excess, or windy and boisterous. I feel this more than doubly. Take care of yourself, and let me if possible see you again at least tolerably well.

Farewell; to-morrow I expect my *parents* and I rather believe Lord Orford. Heaven preserve and bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Friday Morning, December 6, 1793.*

I feel uncomfortable when more than a day or two without writing to you. Yesterday evening before "*The Defence of Berwick*"² with Lord Orford, I thought myself sure of an hour wholly with you, having been one way or another prevented since your kind and comforting letter of Tuesday; but the news sent to the Admiralty in a letter from Captain Nugent³ to his wife, being then

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 32.

² Edward Jerningham's play, *The Siege of Berwick*, which the *Dictionary of National Biography* states erroneously was produced on December 13, 1793. Horace Walpole mentions it in a letter dated November 23: "I congratulated 'The Charming Man' highly on the success of his tragedy, and on his prologue, which I had seen in the papers and like; the epilogue they say is still better." Walpole went to see the play on December 5, and "most sincerely found it much superior to my expectations." *The Siege of Berwick* was published in 1794, and reprinted in 1882 (edited by H. E. N. Jerningham).

³ Captain (afterwards Admiral Charles Edmund) Nugent (1759-1844) had earlier in the year been appointed to H.M.S. *Veteran*, one of the fleet which went to the West Indies under the command of Sir John Jervis.

believed, I thought it incumbent on me to write to Park Place and also another letter on the subject. This took up all my time and did not *mend* my temper. The *on dit* of this intelligence is vanishing by degrees, like all that hitherto received, and the general anxiety is great, but of these subjects in last page, not to waste paper, as I trust *then* this state will be changed.

I must not omit that Jerningham's play went off well, the alterations were approved,¹ and Lord Orf[ord] *much* more pleased than he expected, tho' he went *well disposed* to the Governor. We got in, and out, with perfect ease, and he supped here afterwards with Mrs. Stanhope,² my sister,³ and the Colmans,⁴ and he was in good spirits and not fatigued.

I have been dreading the weather we have had for you some days past. Just now, indeed, 'tis better; therefore, when you tell me of your cold, the pain of surprize is not added. God grant you continue at least, as well as you are. I *know* you require, a degree of health that alas! seldom falls to your share to begin an English winter. For the present, Heaven bless you. I must go down to my work, for the probable, at least possible, time of people coming in, once begun, I am but *half* myself, from the expectations of interruptions, and have the vanity to think you like that but half as well. 'Tis a refinement when I may expect further leisure for I judge by myself, and well know how far preferable are hurried moments to *none*. Farewell.

Friday evening.—*In spite of you I am quiet to-day.* You must come and *see* your orders put in execution, or

¹ On the first night of *The Siege of Berwick* the heroine died, but on the subsequent representations her life was spared.

² The wife of Colonel Henry Fitzroy Stanhope, brother of Charles Stanhope, third Earl of Harrington. Horace Walpole writes of her to Mary Berry as "your pretty friend Mrs. Stanhope."

³ The Duchess of Richmond.

⁴ (?) George Colman the younger (1762-1836), manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

there will be bad discipline, no creature came this morning to molest me, I only had a short visit from Jerningham, and only shall go to the *Bees* at a little before ten. No, I will not *thank* you for your "*scold*" but *in memoria habeo*, yet *you* should not find fault, since it is to you I owe the power of being alone; to you I owe the composure of mind sufficient to bear for long together what the natural bent of my disposition always led me to, as the next thing to being with what I love. 'Tis certain that in the course of my life I cannot recollect *wishing* for gaiety or amusement, tho' I have taken both when they came in my way, and been pleased with both. I neither deny nor wish to deny that I want to be taken from my melancholy self, but for the world, we can never now be upon more than civil terms, but while I have another and a dearer interest than my own to consider, I will, with scrupulous care, attend even to that world, and to the best of my judgment do all it requires. As to but a grain of comfort, I shall never more look for that, but when only I am *sure* of finding it. Of all plagues, the greatest are intimate acquaintance, 'tis so difficult to make them remain where you intend, they persecute you with their company when you do not want them, and are a bar to all rational employment of time, and if, when you are ill and unhappy, or in distress, it might be possible for them to relieve you in some degree, they are *too much affected*, the sight is *too over-coming*, and they must avoid you. I have said all this before I knew, and why I repeat it now I do not know, for I have not very lately *suffered* in this way to signify.

I like your account of your relation, for I *can* indeed read "*stuff*" that concerns you, and all that belongs to you. How plainly what you tell me of him proves that all *real* sentiments and affections of the mind, and I fear even *real* passions, remain, the first I am convinced unaltered by time, or absence, and the latter ever

dangerous and apt to be renewed. Therefore don't make too long visits or the piece of "cold elegance" will stand a bad chance, but men have an advantage if it may be so termed, they gallop-away, and drive by-away and game-away, and I know not what away; many an infant passion weakens it before it comes to its growth, or has power, seriously to contend with them, while a poor helpless woman nourishes with care a future tyrant that may destroy her. I say *if* it can be so termed, because the fever of body and mind some men live in is, after all, a state but degrading to humanity. When you can say in truth, that I in any degree contribute to your comfort or composure of mind, can I hear it too often! It is, Heaven is my judge! my first wish, and my mind is too apt to run to the painful idea of adding to your anxieties. How then must I feel the thousand kind methods your friendship takes to sooth the melancholy you *know* I must at times suffer from!

Saturday morning.—I rather think I shall send this to-day, you may like to find a letter at York, and I am pretty sure Lord Orf[ord] does not mean to write again this week. I fear my *last page* may begin this morning. As to news I assure you the "prospect all round" does not clear, on the contrary, becomes more gloomy. Lord Moira¹ got to Guernsey, from whence he, finding the weather favourable, sailed along the coast as far as Cherbourg, where he was *saluted* by cannon, no friendly signal to be seen on the whole coast, nor had any firing in these parts been distinguished for five days, by the last accounts, from all which circumstances, it is but too probable that the Royalists have been driven back, for want of timely succour and assistance, and that Lord

¹ Francis Rawdon-Hastings, second Earl of Moira (1754-1826), created Marquis of Hastings 1817, was sent in the autumn of 1793 with a British force to support a rising of the French Royalists in Brittany. Moira was, however, unable to achieve anything.

Moira's expedition will fail from having been too long delayed. This is no secret now, yet if you should see it only in a newspaper, you might doubt. Lord Moira has returned to Guernsey, a station not perfectly secure should bad weather come on. Still no account of Lord Howe¹ since the *Bellerophon*. The innumerable reports on the subjects die away one after the other for want of confirmation, and what must be strictly *inter nos*, accounts from where *our* friend is, *scis quem*, are not good. On my asking last night the *Le bee* (I will *not* call him the *drone*, for no one ever less deserved the epithet) shook his head as he said "Accounts are *not good*" in a very meaning way, but more I know not. The French have now almost entirely contrived to stop the coming here of their journals, so that I shall have fewer *scraps* to send you, as to news, *omnia habeo Deus haec in meliora vertat!*

5 o'clock, Saturday evening.—As I know how the most droll things fidget and fuss Lord Orf[ord], where you are concerned, I meant not to say any more than just a chance hint I had dropped which he noticed not at the time, about directing to you at York, finding that you had not given *him* a direction thither; but to day, as it suited my schemes to have a frank, and thinking it most probable that by to-day's post he himself had had a letter from you, I wrote to him for one. I send you his answer as the best way of giving you his message, and only add that he said, in so many words before, "I shall not write again till *I* have another direction." I therefore do not quite think I have prevented him from writing. I mean sending you a letter to-day, and only hope I am not wrong in writing myself to-day, but I always hate deferring because I do not hear from you, and particularly when you tell me, I may expect a longer "gap than usual." Your bust² is come

¹ Admiral Richard Howe, Earl Howe (1726–1799) was at this time in command of the Channel squadron.

² The bust of Mary Berry executed by Mrs. Damer.

home, the fire it has gone thro' was too violent, and some small cracks appear, also a blemish of their making on the right cheek, which, *soit dit en passant*, to a face without a blemish does not add to the likeness. However it is not spoiled for future views. Farewell, and heaven bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Tuesday Morning, December 18, 1793.*

Have no regret. Your letter yesterday neither found me low nor in pain. I had been well since I last wrote to you. I was thus at my work quietly, for the post came in much later than usual. My head was equal to the first part of your letter, my heart felt perhaps less equal to the expressions of your kindness. Unable to thank you.

I shall, depend on it, exactly follow your injunctions with regard to Combe.² They are indeed according to my own opinion and inclination, for, after all, I never knew good come of courting bad spirits out of fear. Where is one to stop or whither may they not lead one? But the "firstlings" of my head often require to be confirmed and seconded, and I am too apt to be negligent, to relax into a carelessness, where I alone am offended, that does not deserve the term of "good humour," for I plainly perceive (tho' too late) that malice does not wither nor die away of itself when unsupported by truth, as I had imagined, but the baneful seed, once sown, grows and flourishes and overruns all, unless timely care be taken to prevent it. I am not sure I ever saw the poem you mention, but what you say brings some circumstances to my mind and recollect-

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 35.

² See *ante*, p. 44.

tion which make me think I once saw it by chance. My aversion and contempt for such productions, even when I guessed not half their mischief, made me never seek them, and I had no one who *could* and *would* show me the necessity of, in some measure, attending to them that even such images, such frequent odious representations of my character can not affect you towards me, I feel; and you, as you justly express yourself, now know the worst. Bad that is, and miserable, and my heart sinks when I reflect on what you suffer for the faults, follies, and sins of others, how have I not to be thankful! and often in my solitary hours do I wonder and thank that kind Fate that has protected and befriended me with you. I am glad you wrote me what you did. I prefer that to having the first moments after a long absence wholly taken up, on that cruel subject, and still more would I have it so, from my *right*, that for no consideration will I ever give up [?] constantly as soon as possible to partake your griefs and anxieties, even were they not *my own*.

Wednesday evening.—I meant to go out late yesterday evening, and to have first a quiet, comfortable hour or two, and to write in peace to you, but my stupid head, instead of waiting for your dear shoulder, took such a fit of aching, that I was unfit for anything. Do not imagine that what you mentioned in your letter the day before was in any degree the cause of this, for I am certain it was not, which I would not say if I thought otherwise, and I by no means even wish you to think me not affected by any renewal of these subjects; but what even I may feel, it is not like the agitation from any new occurrence, as the torture from having by my own carelessness incurred any fresh censure. "*Sed hoc hæctenus.*"

My head feels a little weak to-day, but free from pain. I expect Lord Orf[ord] to call, and I shall by and by

go to my sister's. It is the advantage of suffering, few things have not this light side! After feeling much and oppressive pain, the mere cessation of that pain becomes a sober species of enjoyment. Would to Heaven you did not know this too well! I have not, I assure you, *overdone* Lord Orf[ord]. The two plays in one week were his own seeking, and I could not perceive him in the slightest degree the worse for them. I commonly enquire and take care that he is not alone the whole evening. This has, I believe, been but once the case since he came. We have often been to the *Bee's* together, who has an infinite regard for him, and I know not anyone, the family excepted, that she sees with more pleasure. Poor Bee! how light do her faults appear, setting them at the worse, when compared with dark malice and the ruin of another's happiness *for a song*. She has not in her whole composition a grain of guile, or ill nature. I was interrupted by Lord Orf[ord]. He came complaining and tired, having been, he said, "talked to death" [by] Lady C. Tufton at Mrs. Bute's¹ last night, and is gone to the Doyleys'. The *child* has always a tendency to being fretful when you are not in the way to keep him in order, but I know not when I have seen him so little so, as [since] he came to town, which I hope may be set down to better health, for I am *sure* it cannot to less anxiety, less impatience, and less *fidget* about you. He had had a letter on Monday from you without a date, and would not *guess* when it was written, from whence, or when you meant to be in town. He never supposes I can have heard, and when I tell him I have, never minds one word *you tell me*. I, therefore, seeing which way the wind sat, let him run on, and did not say I had had a letter *with*

¹ Charlotte Jane, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Herbert Windsor Hickman, second Viscount Windsor, married in 1776 John Stuart, fourth Earl, and afterwards first Marquis, of Bute (1774-1814). She died in 1800, in which year Lord Bute married again.

a date. For a thousand untellable reasons, this is often better, and yet, naturally, it is a sort of thing I do not like, but I am not to be myself. I hinted not a word of your sister, you may imagine *quite well*. He does not at all expect to see either of you, I know, but often talks with regret of the delicacy of your constitutions, and repeats that you are never both well together,—if the one is better, the other is unwell.

I am glad you have received encouragement about your play,¹ for I want you to go on with it, quite convinced you can succeed, for I don't *give up* my judgement, tho' I am quite satisfied with you having *more* confidence in my affection, and now, for to-night, heaven bless you.

Thursday morning.—Think of Sheridan,² Lord Lauderdale,³ and Mrs. Grey, going *yesterday* in a sort of *deputation* to demand the suspension of the sentence against one Muir⁴ (I think the name is, you will have read of him), who was legally tried, condemned, and in open day, thro' a hissing, shouting populace, conducted to prison in Scotland, and having been found guilty of writing seditious pamphlets, he is now in the Hulks, sentenced to be transported, and thither, with

¹ Mary Berry was writing a comedy in five acts, *Fashionable Friends*, which was later played at Strawberry Hill, and in May 1802 was produced at Drury Lane, where it proved a failure.

² Richard Brinsley Sheridan, dramatist and politician (1751–1816).

³ James Maitland, eighth Earl of Lauderdale (1759–1839).

⁴ Muir and Palmer, sentenced to transportation for sedition. See Howell's *State Trials*, xxiii. 117, 237.

Lord Lauderdale in the following April made a further protest in the House of Lords. "You had also had another loss of a similar kind in not hearing Lord Mansfield in answer to Lord Lauderdale's motion for overhauling the sentence against Muir and Palmer. He completely upset all Lauderdale's facts, his law, his arguments, and his inferences; and the best proof I can give you of its effects is that it appeared to be spoken as *fast* as anyone could wish, and that he was, after the first five minutes, as completely in possession of the attention of his audience as any speaker ever was upon any occasion."—The Duke of Portland to William Windham (*Windham Papers*, i. 212).

the addition of C.'s son, did they go to *visit* this miscreant. It was to Dundas¹ that they came, declaring themselves determined to pursue this business to the utmost, both in Parliament and out of Parliament. He answered them that there were proper methods to be taken, if they chose to make enquiries concerning any criminal, which they might take at pleasure; afterwards drolly asked Lord Lauderdale if he was not very sorry for the loss of his friends in France. He had not a word to say, but Sheridan said sharply, "Aye, you ministers have suffered all the good ones to be murdered; those that are left now are too bad to deal with." News I have none, Lord Howe as you will know returned, without, however, the loss of a frigate as it was reported. As to your *Amor Patriæ*, a few hints of yours have quite satisfied me, and without them I should have rested. I should not *like* differing with you in common politics, but in these so *uncommon* it would set me sadly at variance with *myself*.

I have only to add farewell, since morning. I say nothing of my near hope of seeing you, need I? How and what I feel *you know*. This I think, will, for this time be my last letter to you. I will send it now, not be "too exact" at last, and allowing for delays of the post, you may not have it long before you set out. Heaven preserve and bless you. Farewell, farewell.²

The year 1794 was uneventful for the Berrys. The early part they spent at Little Strawberry Hill, and in July Agnes went to Cheltenham with Mrs. Lockhart, and Mary and her father to Park Place as guests of the Conways. In September the family rented for a month

¹ Henry Dundas, afterwards first Viscount Melville (1742-1811), at this time Secretary of State for the Home Department.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 37.

Prospect House near Broadstairs, where there was plenty of company both near them and at Kingsgate and Margate. There the Miss Berrys first made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Greathead,¹ who had been known to their father for several years.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, April 23, 1794.

The pleasure and comfort which the idea of seeing you sooner than I expected has given me a feel I never wish to combat, certain that it cannot lead me to interfere with what may be for your good. The sky is clouded over, and should the weather change I shall see you to-morrow without a regret. For a wonder, as to engagements, *what I can* do almost exactly suits with what you would wish. To-morrow Mrs. Hervey's is a *day*, and I may choose what part of it I am to pass there, and am not expected for the whole. I shall, therefore, choose dinner and stay (I promise you) as long as I *ought* afterwards. That being the case, you will, as I imagine, like going early to Lord Orf[ord]. You will have his carriage. I shall come afterwards to B[erkeley] Square and will set you down at home. I believe this is what you would prefer, things being as they are. I shall tell him to have his *tub* in readiness. I sent him a note to say I would come to him this evening, but he don't care for me, and says "as they come to-morrow" that

¹ Bertie Greathead (1759-1826), the son of Samuel Greathead, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwickshire, by his wife Lady Mary Bertie, daughter of Peregrino, 2nd Duke of Ancaster. He was the author of a volume of poems, *The Arno Miscellany* (1784), and a contributor to *The Florence Miscellany* (1785), which latter publication was unsparingly attacked by Gifford in the *Baviad* and in the *Maviad*. In 1788 a play of his, *The Regent*, was produced at Drury Lane, with John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the cast, but it was not successful.

he shall go this evening to Lady Bute's." He desires me to tell you in his note, that having no further news for you ("I sent the victory yesterday," is his expression) he does not write to you to-day. I really am glad you give up the play for the day on which you arrive. The hurry would be uncomfortable, to say nothing of the fatigue, which I should feel, even if *you* did not. So much for arrangements, and I hope I am clear. Further preliminaries or rather *articles* we will settle when we meet. I am grieved at what you say respecting — which I see in a sad, dangerous light, 'tis so like that commonplace *jeu* of modern gallantry—an affected quarrel, a separation, a marriage, and then a reconciliation carried on coolly with scarcely a shadow of passion on one side, while the wretched victim, robbed of innocence and peace, is by real passion torn and distracted. I know nothing, and too well I *do* know nothing so cruel and mortifying to a *proud soul* as that *feel* of subjection, being at the disposal of what one can not know as well as love, for so it is. Whatever other qualities even may be negatively good, even where passion is concerned, who can in their judgement admire a cold heart that allows interest, selfish considerations, and even convenience to step in, and set by all the suffering occasioned to another; and the *worst of worsts* is where anyone is not sensible of their own situation, for in this I am certain, *confidence* is ruin—I mean confidence in themselves, chance, indifference in another and avoiding an unequal conflict, are the only hopes of security. Merciful Heaven will surely at some period look with an eye of pity on the sufferings of the virtuous minds, unable at all times to stem the dreadful tide of passion! "*utor permissis*" I may say, I am indulging myself in a letter but you said that I might write to Farnham or send a note to North Audley Street, and I was uncomfortably hurried yesterday. You ask me what is my *English castle*. A few, a very few rooms in a good farmer's

house near the sea, a fine coast, some trees, and *no* town. I add *one* room when the castle is *in Spain*. I am quite serious, for the more I see the more I am convinced, that in itself, that is the sort of place by way of a summer residence that I should prefer, but about *place*—the only thing I can command—I have a melancholy indifference, when indeed compared and put in the balance with what really interest? not the “*animal*.”—what can signify! As on this subject I do not even wish to feel otherwise, I shall not complain.

Lord Orf[ord] sent me Mrs. Piozzi.¹ I read just the beginning, and then sent him back his book that I may read it with your marks, for that I do love. That I may not forget, Lord Orf[ord] came here and goes to Lady Bute on the score of its being a ground floor. Whether or not he will think himself able to come to you to-morrow I know not. If he does, and that you settle it so, I shall come to you also. Give yourself no further trouble, as I shall take care and find out that from him to-morrow. Heaven bless you. I hope you have not made your solitary walks too long, or too frequent. That is all I require, I do not *forbid* them. That would indeed be too like the poor fox, “a chicken too might do me good.” Farewell, and rest assured that the greatest comfort I can receive on earth is from the idea of ever being a consolation to you. Once more, Heaven bless you.²

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

GOODWOOD, *Saturday Morning, October 18, 1794.*

Heaven forbid you should ever consider in what state your mind happens to be when you write, speak, or do

¹ Mrs. Piozzi's book, *British Synonymy*, was published in this year.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 39.

not speak, to me.¹ That is one of the few privileges I have always so earnestly entreated of you,—and indeed I have entreated none of you that I have not thought necessary to the perfect and unchanging preservation of our friendship—nor, I think, am I quite without knowledge of the human heart.—I should not be so at least, for I have seen a sad variety, yet still in some points all agreeing. I would most willingly assist and support you in the resolutions you hint at respecting your companions—nay, all I can do from this moment I will do—but you must *mind* me.—You certainly are apt to think too deeply on all subjects, as I have more than once said to you, and you so devote yourself and every thought, and exertion of your mind to what *ought to be*, that you do not sufficiently attend to what *can be*—hence, from the very superior strength and excellence of your character, less happiness to yourself and less advantage to those you would serve at the expense of your own quiet and comfort. I am thoroughly convinced that if you really and seriously set about “pleasing yourself more,” you will please your companions more, and that by greater ease on common occurrences, you will acquire greater power of persuading or convincing on serious occasions, and where the exertion of your better judgement is more absolutely required. I know not if I am understood, but if you really think on this that my judgement will not fail me, and you know

¹ Mrs. Damer had been summoned to Goodwood, where her sister, the Duchess of Richmond, had suddenly been taken ill.

Mrs. Damer had in the previous month removed from Sackville Street, London, to 9 Upper Brook Street, where Horace Walpole visited her on September 27. “I went yesterday to Mrs. Damer,” he wrote to the Berrys on the following day, “and had a glimpse of her new house; literally a glimpse, for I saw but one room on the first floor, where she had lighted a fire, that I might not mount two flights: and as it was eight o’clock and quite dark, she only opened a door or two, and gave me a *cat’s-eye* view into them. One blemish I had descried at first; the house has a corner arrival like her father’s. Ah me! who does not love to be led through the public.”

my heart will not, let me hear more of it. Tell me, whenever you have an opportunity of speaking or writing to me, the particular subject or cause that may have occasioned your vexation or anxiety. I shall be the better enabled to tell you what to avoid,—and oh! could I indeed but assist you, could I but contribute to that peace and composure of mind my soul so anxiously wishes for you! It is, I call Heaven to witness! my constant prayer. In short, if you trust me on this subject, I will “correct your *faults*” with as much severity as if I did not feel proud of them.

Sunday morn, 9 o'clock.—I this moment receive the few lines that tell me what are your intended motions, which I always like to know, and thank you for even half a letter. I am not at all sorry either that you now leave your exposed situation: ¹ storms and dark nights at this season, in such a place, really grow serious considerations, and *sat est quod sufficit*.—This same *sat* may not equally do for you and the Greatheads.² As you do not “much care about” seeing me now in town, I have deferred my going till Wednesday, for I shall always feel in that case that I ought not to see you, and indeed arriving, as it were, the same day in town may be better avoided. A day or two longer here is as well, tho’ in the present state of things I believe, were you yourself a witness, you would think little necessary. In all respecting Physicians, &c., &c., I do flatter myself that I have been of real and serious use, but as to *comfort*. I do not see my sister³ for a quarter of an hour in the day. She had, I dare say, rather I stayed in the house than not, at any time, as I am *no trouble*,—and is neither

¹ The Berrys were staying at Prospect House, near Broadstairs.

² Bertie Greathead (or Greatheed), of Guy’s Cliffe, near Warwick (1759-1826), author of a tragedy, *The Regent*, produced at Drury Lane, 1788, and of many poems. Her son, Bertie, an amateur artist, died at Vicenza, October 8, 1804, in his twenty-fourth year.

³ The Duchess of Richmond, the hostess of Goodwood.

insensible to neglect on one side, or attentions on the other—but devoting time and life where there is neither sympathy nor similarity of character, I am persuaded, never yet made the happiness of any two, or one of two, persons living.

I shall probably set out late on Wednesday, sleep at Godalming, and get to town the next morning.—I do assure you that this place is now anything but pleasant, or comfortable,—’tis an uncertainty of hours—and such shoals of heterogeneous bodies—officers and the Lord knows who, reviews, and long dinners, at which we must assist, and *Todde*, out of mere civility you will think, I walk with and see much more of than I wish, or than my spirits have felt equal to. She, however, is always wishing to oblige, and is quite on the right side of the question respecting my sister. I often repeat to myself your expression “how few are those that one may not know too well.” You will either send me a letter here, or not, as you like, or *can*, as far as Wednesday morn. (I mean one sent on Monday or Tuesday) I shall receive; or perhaps I may find one on Thursday when I come to town to comfort and console me.

I am not quite sure what you mean at the end of your last letter but one about *manner*. I wish I was. Surely it is not again my manner to you. You will really make me quite miserable. I wrote to you on the day you desired, that is, sent my letter the day after I received yours, and that you could only have yesterday. ’Tis as well; you might, perhaps have desired me, as my time for going was so near, to meet you in town, and I believe ’tis better I should not, upon the whole. I do not send you Lord Orf[ord]’s letters, but keep them carefully for you, as you may imagine. You will tell me when you would have them again. Not a word did I know of Mrs. Stan[hope]. I quite agree with you, she *may* do in the vortex, but she must

beware of becoming too *tracassée*, or she will sink to rise no more.—Poor Mrs. Chom[eley]! no *explanation* of the state of her mind is, as you say, necessary. That she will continue to mend if the separation continues I have no doubt—but *we* agree too perfectly on the subject to make further comments at present necessary.

As to Strawb[erry Hill] I say nothing as to my time of going there. It must depend on him, and I rather think he will prefer a little time to himself, and to enjoying your return without interruption. Thus I shall be *welcome*. Two days will come—elapse—and then we shall part; but while even my *regrets* are dear to me, I can bear anything. — Farewell. — Last night Mr. Lennox arrived after eight months' absence from the West Indies. Todle, with the loquacious fidget of a *very* moderate understanding, had been for long before I came *harping* upon *her one* thing of expectation, to nothing but deaf ears, or ears that *wished themselves deaf*,—and when he came he looked so like a bear led to the stake!—I am sure, had such been the *one* thing of *my* heart, it would have broke.—Once more, farewell, and Heaven preserve and bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, Saturday Evening, August 1, 1795.

Lord Orf[ord] and Mr. Hope both gone this morning. I feel a sort of melancholy repose, and repose of any sort I began absolutely to require. I am heartily glad Lord Orf[ord] came here, for a thousand reasons, but tho' I saw him go with regret, I can not be sorry he is gone, for, as you say, he could do none of us any good. His spirits were low and oppressed, but, poor soul! he

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 196.

was perfectly in good humour, and never did I see him show so little impatience. Yet, as I know, leaving this place was a relief to him, I could not wish him to stay. I was particularly pleased with the *justice* he did my mother, and nothing but having seen her himself at this trying moment would have convinced him, or even given him any idea of her conduct, gentleness, and composure.¹

I have read over and over what you say of future plans for my mother.—Oh, my friend! “This string indeed like all others, touched by either, vibrates equally in the breast of both.” I can tell you, and I need not add with comfort to myself, that at present my mother seems perfectly disposed to enter into every reasonable arrangement, and not at all objects to my solicitude to find her a house in *our* neighbourhood. She seems also to have entirely made up her mind to parting with this place, and these are the two great objects of my solicitude for her, as unless she does part with this place the remainder of her life will be a scene of uncomfot and derangement. Never did you see a creature so unused and so unequal to business. Thank Heaven! she is sensible of this herself.—All this nearly Lord Orf[ord] will have told you, but you do not mind repetitions. As you make me your *confessor* 'tis but fair I in return should confess my faith to you. I will therefore *confess* that standing I know not how long in my father's room (I before mentioned) with my *esprit d'ordre*, sitting, examining and arranging, &c., &c., I this morning found my knee, on which I had omitted to put the bandage, so bad that I with difficulty go upstairs. But I will, I promise you, be more careful. I rubbed and bandaged it up immediately, sat quiet for some time, and now limp about with great care, and already I feel it better, so that I trust and believe that what I then felt was tem-

¹ Field-Marshal the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway died at Park Place, July 9, 1795, in his seventy-fifth year.

porary. So much for truth. I upon the whole really must not complain of health, for I am better than I could expect, all considered.

Monday morning.—Such a dismal wind did I wake to this morning, blowing full against my window! It is really true, and as it happens fortunate, that this place, in spite of all its charms will not as far as regards myself only be much regretted. There is a something of eternal storm and winter about it that one never entirely escapes, for as one sits sheltered even by thick wood and evergreens, the wind is heard blowing over one's head and agitating the higher trees. To all this I am the more sensible as the air certainly is too sharp for me, and after all the beauties merely of an inland place are not of those that delight me, not *quæ me mihi rapiunt*. In short, I every day more clearly see the folly of stretching one's views beyond one's powers. What matters thousands of acres, to the order and cultivation of which one cannot attend! And cannot a solitary stroll be taken with as much pleasure over lands the Law has not marked for our own! But when my reflections take another bent, when I think of the pride and pleasure of a father, the occupation of his most grateful hours, a place adorned by his taste, trees planted, grown and improved under his hands—now destined to some unknown possessor, perhaps to be mangled and destroyed, a prey to vile Interest, or false Taste,—*Barbarus has segetes*—I am not so philosophic.

Tuesday morn.—I was particularly anxious and wishing to hear from you, and this morning your letter came. Whence or from whom but yourself ever comes to me what I most wish, when I most wish!—Never talk of “clouding *my* prospects,” think only what they would appear to me without you. I am sorry now that I did not send a letter sooner, as you expected rather to have one to-day. That I gave up a gratifica-

tion to myself you will know in not sending one, and indeed of late I know not how it is, but I am obliged to calculate and *re-calculate* before I can convince myself that many more days are not passed than really are passed; hence I am obliged to *keep myself in order*, or you would have letters from me every day. First I must advert to one part of your letter. My dear soul! is not a progressive amendment in disorders of the mind or body, all we can expect and almost all we ask? For Heaven's sake, consider not so deeply circumstances in some degree common to all, *depend* on what I say. At the same time, do not think I feel otherwise than I do all that affects you, that I do not regret past causes of complaints and grieve at any present for you, more, and you will believe I say it with truth more than for myself I ever could.—Continue but to deposit every thought in my breast; you know if you will find there a sympathising heart.—Be assured that you will in time wholly conquer these unpleasant sensations and momentos, and most particularly if Time pays you any of the long arrears of comforts and enjoyments due to your virtues.—For it is certain, placed in a situation, as you often say, so unfitted to a mind like yours, surrounded by those among whom (in spite of their many and separate merits) you might frequently exclaim with poor Ovid "*hic barbara vocar quia non intelligor ab illis*," that mind must suffer and communicate its want of repose to every nerve of your delicate frame.—Alas! that this should not be evident and that you should not be even *spared* by those who love you most. For Heaven's sake! at least remember that you *are* "*convinced*," and follow up the convictions, that those who *are* different from yourself are never to be made like yourself—and do not take up things for others so much more seriously than they do for themselves, nor think that every clouded brow proves a broken heart.

For Ag[nes]¹ I am sure I pity her, and from my soul regret her ill luck, with every power to please hitherto, and now to have pleased only where circumstances seem a bar to any advantage she might derive, yet as this passion is *one of many*, you need not fear *graviora quam* the loss of others produced.—Bad enough, you will say, and truly, but it might be worse.

For Mrs. Chom[eley], I am downrightly angry with her, and quite provoked at what you tell me, the beginning of which I saw, as I told you, the evening she passed with me.—There is not a doubt but the Parson will lean towards the softest cushion. I should exhort you to speak *soundly to her*, but that you want no spiriting upon these occasions: on the contrary, Heaven knows! when you think the honour or welfare of others in the highest degree were concerned. Do not, therefore, mix yourself too much in all this, but let them fight it out among them, or you will remain the only one *deeply wounded*. “Let everybody have their own way,” *but me*. You have said it, and be assured that this *way everybody* will be best pleased and you relieved from much infructuous and unnecessary torment.

I cannot help thinking, rather flattering myself, that Cheltenham, or any change of scene, may be of service to you both; for our meeting, so melancholy, I can only *not* wish it over, because I know not when again I may look to the only pleasure I have on earth—seeing you.

I am pleased that you shewed your play to Playfair,²

¹ Agnes Berry, Mary's younger sister.

² Professor John Playfair (1748-1819), the eminent mathematician. When he first met the Berrys it is impossible to say, but from 1795 he kept up an irregular correspondence with the elder sister. Probably their last meeting was at Tunbridge Wells in 1815. “I took leave of Playfair with great regret,” Mary wrote in her diary on October 1 of that year. “He is

but if I could just now be *diverted*, I should, for you put me in mind of the Persian or I know not what tales—some persons always looking for something, or somebody not to be found. You are looking for one that does *not* admire your Play, on whom you mean to *pin your* faith, and then, I suppose, burn your books—not exactly the case with *authors* in general, nor do I believe, if ever allowed to see the light, will *your* play have the fate of *plays in general*.

As you say of your health, I must say of my knee, "nothing either good or bad." When I keep it quiet, that is, scarcely use it, I find it better, but if this is to continue, 'tis to me a melancholy consideration, but I will *hope* as long as I can, and try all I can—who can do more? Mr. Tayler (for you love details) is a serious nuisance, he is frowarder, more troublesome, and more vulgar than before, and always here.—'Tis to me provoking that when my mother had so good an opportunity as the present melancholy circumstances afford, she did not (making all the necessary use of him as to the Lavendas and the Patent) so settles matters as that he should not be our constant companion.—They are now, *have* been, telling me it is past time.

Again as to Cheltenham,¹ be assured I speak from my heart and only give the advice I would take. God grant this, or something may change and give a turn to all the many anxieties that oppress you or at least suspend them. Write to me, as you say, if possible often tho' it be even but a few lines. I should have added on the subject of Mr. Tayler that my mother *said* she had told him he is only to come on invitation when she is in town, and to have additional salary in consequence; but then she talks of staying here at times as if she meant

not only a man of the most enlightened mind, but one of the kindest dispositions I know. I flatter myself he very sincerely reciprocates the friendship we have for him."

¹ Agnes Berry was at Cheltenham with Mrs. Lockhart.



JOHN PLAYFAIR, F.R.S., PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

*From an engraving by R. Cooper after H. Raeburn, R.A.
From the Collection of John Lane*

great part of the winter. I never press her on these subjects. Farewell, and Heaven preserve and bless you.

I think it as well to enclose this to Lord Orf[ord], having a word to say. This is *not* a few lines. Once more Heaven preserve and bless you.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 198.

SECTION IV

THE LOVE-STORY OF MARY BERRY (1795-1796)

Mary Berry in love at sixteen—Her one serious love-affair—General Charles O'Hara—His early career—He first meets Mary Berry—His further career—At Gibraltar and Toulon—Imprisoned in the Luxembourg—On his return proposes to Mary Berry—She accepts him—The engagement kept a secret from all but Mrs. Damer—The death of Field-Marshal the Hon. H. S. Conway—Correspondence, mainly concerning O'Hara, between Mrs. Damer and Mary Berry—Agnes Berry's love-affair—The departure of O'Hara to take up the Governorship of Gibraltar—a pen-portrait of O'Hara at Gibraltar—Mary Berry's reasons for not marrying him before his departure—The breaking off of the engagement—Mary Berry's regrets after forty years.

MARY BERRY, in her "Notes of Early Life," mentions that in 1779, when she was sixteen years old, she conceived a girlish passion for a Mr. Bowman, which, owing to the wise intervention of her relatives, was nipped in the bud. The one serious love-affair of her life, however, did not occur until 1794, when she was thirty-one. Then she lost her heart to General O'Hara. The story is briefly alluded to in Mary Berry's *Journals*, where there is a passing reference to a packet of letters. It is a selection of these letters that is now for the first time published.

O'Hara, who was born about 1740, was an illegitimate son of James O'Hara, second Lord Tyrawley. Sent at an early age to Westminster School, he left there in 1752, when he was appointed to a cornetcy in the 3rd Dragoons. Four years later he was a lieutenant in

the Coldstream Guards, of which regiment his father was colonel. He was *aide-de-camp* in Germany to Lord Granby after the battle of Minden (1759), and went to Portugal as quarter-master-general of the troops under Lord Tyrawley in the campaign of 1762. After holding a command in the African Corps at Goree, he served in the American war as brigadier-general, and in this position distinguished himself and earned honourable mention in despatches. He was with Cornwallis at Yorktown, and was kept prisoner until February 1782, when he was exchanged. Before his release he had been promoted to the rank of major-general, and given the colonelcy of the 22nd Foot. In 1783 he returned to England, but his financial affairs were in so lamentable a condition that considerations of his personal freedom made it advisable for him in the following year to go abroad for a while. In Italy, in the spring, he made the acquaintance of the Berrys,¹ and, as a friend of the Conways and Horace Walpole, was heartily welcomed by them. That the acquaintance ripened into an intimacy which endured through the absence of the soldier at Gibraltar from 1787 to 1790, is indicated in a letter written in October of the latter year to Mary Berry by Horace Walpole: "Boyd² is made Governor of Gibraltar, and somebody, I know not whom, is appointed Lieutenant-Governor in the place of your friend O'Hara—I know not how or why, but shall be

¹ The meeting is recorded in Mary Berry's *Journals* (i. 118):—

"Friday, 21st [May 1784].—Arrived at Terni. General O'Hara and Mr. Conway passed us upon the road; spent the evening with us.

"Saturday, 22nd.—The General and Mr. Conway breakfasted with us between four and five o'clock, and set out with us immediately afterwards in two *calèches* to see the cascade; it is five miles from Terni."

² General Sir Robert Boyd (1710–1794).

sorry if he is mortified, and you consequently.”¹ Walpole mentions him in another letter, February 20, 1791: “O’Hara is come to town, and you will love him better than ever; he persuaded the captain of the ship, whom you will love for being persuaded, to stop at Lisbon that he might see Mrs. Damer. O’Hara has been shockingly treated [in not having been made Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar].”² Three weeks later Walpole saw O’Hara, and tells Mary Berry of the meeting: “I have seen O’Hara with his face as ruddy and black and his teeth as white as ever, and as fond of you two, and as grieved for your fall as anybody—but I. He has got a better regiment.”³ The better regiment was the 74th Highlanders, which, being on the Indian establishment, was a lucrative post. O’Hara became Lieutenant-Governor of Gibraltar in 1792; and in September of the following year, having been promoted lieutenant-general, went as governor to Toulon. “If it can be preserved,” Walpole wrote to Mary Berry, “he will keep it.” Toulon had surrendered to the English at the end of August, when Admiral Lord Hood took possession of it in the name of Louis XVIII; but, after the new commandant had taken up his duties, on November 23, it was attacked and recaptured by Napoleon. O’Hara was taken prisoner, and kept in the Luxembourg until August 1795, when he was exchanged for General Rochambeau. Shortly after O’Hara’s return to England, he went to Cheltenham, where the Berrys were then staying. “I am delighted that you have got O’Hara,” Walpole wrote to the elder

¹ Mary Berry, *Journals and Correspondence*, i. 232.

² Walpole, *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), ix. 289.

³ *Ibid.*, ix. 303.

sister, September 1, 1795. "How he must feel his felicity in being at liberty to rove about as much as he likes. Still I shall not admire his volatility if he quits you soon."¹ When Walpole wrote, Mary Berry and O'Hara were already engaged, but the engagement was for the time being kept a secret from everybody but Mrs. Damer.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer² to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, *Friday Morning, August 28, 1795.*

I am just returned from *sunning* myself on a bench placed under the orange trees near the greenhouse, where I was reading Terence's *Heauton-timoroumenos*, and I cannot say how much more I like the play and how much more interesting it seems to me than I thought it was, and yet there is no event one does not see and foresee from the very first scenes.

The wind has been for these two last days cold and autumnal, but, as I said, I regret not *this* summer. Yesterday I had one of my bad headaches, and to-day it has a feel of not being *closed*, and a sensation very uncomfortable that I fear *you* will understand too well.

Mrs. Hervey, as I was walking a little way with them on their *outset* this morning, chose for the subject of her most earnest and vehement conversation, a dissertation on Dorimant's being, which she had heard he was, or *not* being, as she believed, married to the woman to whom he has been so long attached. She was determined to collect the opinion of every one

¹ Mary Berry, *Journals and Correspondence*, i. 475.

² Mrs. Damer was at this time in mourning for her father, Field-Marshal the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, who had died at Park Place on July 9. By his will he left Park Place to his wife, Caroline, Lady Aylesbury. Lady Aylesbury, however, at the end of the year disposed of the property to Lord Malmesbury, and went to live with her daughter, Mrs. Damer.

present on this question, and it was in vain that I stopped to gather a flower or a seed, there was no escaping. It seems this woman now resides near where *another Lady* has a small villa, and both these villas are close to where Mrs. Hervey's mother lives, and that the year round I believe or near it, so that you may guess her occupation of course is to watch this *trio*. How convenient this vicinity! My mother, who dislikes the *Wild Cat*, was listening with great attention to all this and lifting up her shoulder. Lady Mol. wrote me word the other day, and told me, she said "to give me pleasure," that she had seen Dorimant who "enquired very particularly after me." If he wished to know anything of me, why not ask myself! On such an occasion politeness alone would have justified it, and if not why ask anybody! I never enquire after him.

Saturday, half past 4 o'clock.—I was waked this morning at 5 o'clock with a sad colic which for some hours I thought I could manage myself, but finding the pains increase, and being *just* physician enough to know that the symptoms were such as ought to be attended to and some relief procured, I sent for the apothecary, Dr. Harley, of whom you have heard me say that (tho' little partial to *his order*) I have a good opinion of. He came and both talked reason and gave me relief, so that after suffering, it is true, a good deal, I have now been eating a bit of chicken in my own room, and purpose visiting the company in the Library when they come up from dinner. You are sure that I am telling you the exact truth, and that, had not the disorder been so far conquered as to leave no cause for anxiety, I must at this time have been much worse, instead of so very much better as to be sitting at my table and writing in comfort to you. Had I not taken this in time I have no doubt but that I should have been very ill, and I like to say this, as it is really and

certainly true, to call your attention to yourself on any such occasions. For at the beginning of a disorder, where there is much pain, we must feel a degree of uncertainty, and our wandering thoughts fly towards the dearest object of our affections. The pain therefore that I thought I might by neglect occasion *you*, made *me* ten times more careful and cautious about myself at that moment than I should otherwise have been. Remember therefore never to neglect medical assistance till it be perhaps too late, when, as I know you will, you think of me.—In the midst of my suffering this morning they brought me your letter. I need not say if the comfort was felt by me, it really seemed to revive me. For the present heaven bless you, for I think they will be coming up, and think of my luck, just to be ill to-day, and lose so much of dear O'Hara. Farewell.

Seven o'clock.—They are all gone out to walk, and I am not sorry to have a quiet moment and to finish my letter this evening to you, which I mean to send by O'Hara, that you may have an account of me from myself when he tells you that I have not been well, and he talks of going by seven to-morrow. When he walked in quite unexpectedly yesterday evening as we were sitting at the tea-table, my mind misgave me and I thought there was something wrong, for so I must feel his sudden departure—so ill recovered too, as he is, tho' I think looking a degree better than when I last saw him, but I see that since he is to be exchanged he must serve, and were the ministers to put him by in neglect I could bear it much less than his going. Gibraltar and his now being Governor there must silence all impertinence and prove that he is wanted as an officer; but could I have had my choice, a high command for him here would have been preferred—indeed in all this I am occupied *almost* disinterestedly for him. I should see little of him here in England, according to anything I at present foresee,

for tho' I am quite sure of his friendship, I am neither gay enough nor many other things enough, to expect his society—only now and then a *little taste* for fear I should forget how different he is from others.

I doubt your letter to Mrs. Chom[eley] will not be taken as it deserves, for that it was in itself all it ought to be when revised by *your* cooler judgement, I do *not* doubt, but I can not trust a head on *that subject* capable of all you tell me, at which I am the less now surprised from the *specimen* she gave me one night at my house in town, almost at the beginning of these *vagares*. I mentioned her conversation to you, and remarked actually that the *gentleman* seemed much the first object of her care and kindness. It is indeed too hard, and I feel quite vexed for both your sakes!¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, Tuesday, September 1, 1795.

I do indeed "like a letter sooner than I expect," and your assurance, your dependance on *how* I shall and do feel either a mark of your affection, or of your confidence is one of those steady reliances that comfort and support me *in quovis malo*.—I could have wished to have known (and one day I shall) more of O'Hara's conversation. Had he mentioned me, you would have told me, but he may think me a disadvantage to you, and imagine that we live more constantly together than alas! we do. Or he may suppose (for he knows me not) that I endeavour to influence you against marrying, thinking it probable that in other circumstances I might see you less, and ideas of liberty, or what is called liberty, and that, because I have remained single myself, I think it a fine thing so to do in general. Even this

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 201.

second idea would give me much pain, so contrary to what your own heart tells you, and to the anxious wishes I have for your happiness, which would never appear to me too dearly bought by any sacrifice I could make. These ideas may be without foundation, but you like that I should think aloud with you. I am doing so now.

Wednesday morning.—I mentioned the "simple story" to you in a foolish way, and the moment I saw the words written it struck me that you might think they implied more than was intended. It was for want of time, or place, I forget which, and the same prevented my then explaining further. I had no "*reason*" and meant only that I thought it worth reading.—I, however, like it better than you seem to do, but I must say that *galloping* through a book, particularly a novel, "is not *the way*, *Milady Teazle*," to seize what little merits it may have, as one is always affected and what degree of interest it may be called forth by minute description, or some, in itself, trivial circumstance, all which glanced over in a hurry totally loses its effect and one is only open to its faults.—I say this because I have *galloped* over many a book myself and thought so differently of it at moments of more leisure and attention.

The *Grim King* came here yesterday but was obliged to go again this morning. I am really always glad to see him, his conversation is so very far superior to the common *nothing* one's ears are daily fatigued with. Yet I have many days when a *dull guest* would perhaps suit my disposition better. Why you should be *mortified* at not deriving much amusement from the mere flow of animal spirits in beings perfectly uninteresting to you, I know not, but the "effort and exertion" that on such and almost all occasions you will make to conquer something you *fancy*, most commonly, not exactly what it ought to be in your own dear self, counteracts that very intention and adds tenfold to the cause that disturbs you.

Indeed, indeed, you think too much and too deeply on many subjects too that do not deserve it. Most others, I am quite aware, think too little, but by tormenting yourself you do not make them think more. I am content that you should be as different as you *are* from such, and so you would be were it in your power to chuse, tho' we both know how much in one sense they have the best of the bargain. I mean the *unthinking*, be they young, or be they old. I am persuaded moreover that much less pains to "conceal" a superiority that *can not be concealed* wholly and more indifference on your side on such subjects, would answer better, and you would often without design actually enter in some measure into the gaiety of such society as chance may at times throw you into. Come into that society *allowing* yourself to look grave, and go from it looking and actually feeling gay. I do not say this would *always* happen, but in the mean time you would save yourself, and when *for a change* you would seek those by whom you *are known* and *are beloved*, you *do* know where to find them. I hear the eternal bell. For to-day, farewell.

Thursday morning.—The weather continues delightful, but no creature ever enjoyed it less than I now can. My knee, tho' as I said appearing much to mend daily, allows me nothing deserving the name of a walk, and sitting out with a book or musing and looking at the green trees, which I could do for hours and think delightful, is a pleasure almost totally spoiled by the odious gnats, and various insects that so sting and maul my *vulnerable* skin, that if I sit in one place for ten minutes, I come home in a perfect fever. I wish you may enjoy this gleam of fine weather, free at least from such sort of minor grievances. You have alas! but too many more serious evils to contend with that I fear will not vanish with the summer. The room I inhabit, I assure you, is large enough for all I want here, and not hitherto cold. I forgot to tell you that the *Grim King*

seems to have quite averted all his *royal* thoughts from Louisa. It is strange to see anything with as much sense as she certainly has, so completely unamiable, for I think she *ought* to see a little what *does* please in others, and the objects answered by pleasing seems not to escape her consideration. Mrs. Hervey, I am persuaded, views herself in the light of a nymph, *avoiding, not pursuing* admirers, of which, *Dorimants* of some order and description, I quite agree with you in thinking she might find *de reste*.

Friday morning.—I shall send this to-day, for as our Postman here is surly and stupid, I am not otherwise sure you would get it before Tuesday. I mean to go to town on Monday next for a few days, as I find that I may be spared from hence for that time. You will direct to me accordingly. In my way back, I shall call for a night at Strawberry. I had a few lines from him to *invite* me, which of course confirms my intention. Mrs. Stanhope, I hear, *pour passer le temps* has got into a quarrel with somebody at Weymouth about the Rooms. Further I know not and have burned the letter in which was the name I have forgotten of the antagonist. The letter was from Lord Milton. *Our friend* is a true femmelette, one I believe *qui perd son temps sans penser*. To-day it is dark, heavy, and cloudy, and has rained. I think much of the weather for you, tho' not for myself. I am glad to begin another month for my part, because the last is ended—the Soho House does not sell, this is as I expected. This Place¹ is become to me intolerably melancholy, and how my Mother bears it, and with the view and seeming impatience to have the whole of parting with it settled, and all that going on under her eye, for there has been a second application from Mr. Pocock, rich people I am told, I am at

¹ Park Place, where Field-Marshal the Hon. H. S. Conway died, was left by him to his wife, Lady Aylesbury, who sold it at the end of the year to James Harris, first Lord Malmesbury.

a loss to understand. Come when you can, and I *know* you will, to comfort and support me.

Farewell and heaven bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, September 9, 1795.

I have to begin a letter to you at all times, but when I have anything *praeter solitum* at all upon my mind, as it seems, tho' I do not at the moment I end the letter, to carry my thoughts one degree nearer to you, I find it a relief. I believe I need have no anxiety, for you have not yet failed to trace the meaning of my heart thro' every confusion of words or expressions. Yet I am not quite easy lest I should not have expressed myself on the subject of O'Hara as you expected. I felt agitated, and wrote under the influence of painful sensations, almost at the moment of a first impression. Yet *you* would not wish me *not* to feel, and will allow for all I *do* feel. Why then should I be uneasy! I will say to myself, since you alas! are not by me, "*hoc missum face.*"

I am really glad that poor dear Ag[nes] has determined to treat *directly* and not *indirectly* with the *enemy*; but I am not glad (and I am most serious) to find that the weight of all this business, as on so many other occasions, is falling on your dear shoulders, and you will have to *condole* and *console* for the sufferings occasioned both by the confidant and the lover.

Mrs. Chom[eley] could not, or *thought* she could not, come to me yesterday, and to-day her note, otherwise kind, put me so much in mind of what you said on the score of *selfishness!* She knew I suffered from my lameness, and *wished* not to go out this evening, and I

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 203.

proposed to send my carriage for her at any hour, adding that "if she *could* not come to me, as I really wished to see her, I would come to her." Her answer was, "I cannot bear not to see you if it is possible, but *situated as I am* I must entreat you to come to me this evening." She then adds, "If I am decently well, I may perhaps drive in the Park at 6 o'clock." Why she could not *drive* also here, in that case, tell me if you can. But I have made up my mind, have but one real interest on earth, and never will have another. Therefore, though I may be vexed, or teased, hurt, or affected, the impressions pass, and as to Mrs. Chom[eley] the *bourrasques* of her mind (as far as I only may be indirectly concerned) will be more likely to incline me to smile than to excite even a serious reflection.

You will not, I am convinced, easily suspect me of fancy or exaggeration, but I must tell you that the unpleasant sensations I attempted to describe to you were, I found on afterwards talking to Hoy, owing to the great tendon of the leg being affected in some degree by the inflammation, and he said that, had that not been stopped in time by the application of poultice and the care I had taken, but a sore of any consequence allowed to form, I should have been inevitably and irretrievably lame for life.

Friday morning half-past eight.—There is a cool, quiet composure in the early part of the morning that has to me a great charm which, having slept better for these last two nights, and being better, allows me at this moment to enjoy.—I am expecting George with my breakfast, and in the mean time say a few words to you, for by and by in the course of the morning I have several people to see, and many things to do.—My carriage was ordered the evening I mentioned to go to Mrs. Chom[eley] when she sent me word that she was too unwell to see me. . . . I went yesterday and dined at

Mrs. Hervey's, where I met the Mount-Edgcumbes.—I need not say, therefore, that my leg continues to mend.—Their volubility flowed less, and they were more composed than I ever saw them.—The Lady of the house had it all to herself.

Saturday morning.—The perfect satisfaction your letter yesterday gave me on the subject of O'Hara is a sort of pleasure that I should not wish ever to lose the power of feeling even by security, carried, as I think it would be, to an excess beyond human hands, and *there* while we are *here* I think it most wise for us rest.—I do not wonder that *your* "character puzzles" him, put, according to his custom, "*in eadem trutina*" with that of others.—Well it may indeed,—tenderness and passion, virtue and resolution so blended together that no chemistry or sophistication can separate them, must turn the scales in a manner little to be understood by a Modern Professor.

I have at last seen Mrs. Chom. I found her alone yesterday evening and passed some time with her: she seemed to have recovered her spirits and looked better than I at all expected, had been to drive in the Park and said that she now did not think herself so near her time.—Nothing could be more cordial or unsuspecting than her manner to me: she literally never ceased talking on the *dear subject* for, I am sure, above an hour and a half, till we were interrupted by the *Wild Cat*—of whom she wanted to say a word *I wanted to hear*, and begged me to call this morning, which I shall do in my way to Strawberry. She said less of *you* than the others, but is not *angry*, tho' I think not *pleased*, and did not offer to show me your letter, and I thought it best not to appear too inquisitive then; for tho' I have commonly found her say most things to me and nearly as they were, yet she might *not* like your saying as much to me on her subject as she might do herself. She told me difficulties, jealousies,—all.—I know not quite what

to make of the *Hero*, but am much inclined to think he likes Ag[nes] more than he chuses to own to the *confidant*.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, *Saturday Morning, October 3, 1795.*

My mind has continued in a state of anxious thought and reflection little differing, I am convinced, from your own.—I was impatient to hear from you, but not at all hoped or expected to find by your letter any material change since we parted. There was a time when my imagination figured to itself others acting and speaking in this or that case as I should act or speak myself, but these visionary colours have long faded to my sight.—I wish I knew O'H[ara] better, but he knows me so little I can not know him much—I mean *intime*. That he should have no “serious sentiment” in your regard seems to me impossible after the attentions and care he has shown for you. Men are not so disinterested! but how far the qualities of his heart, which I have ever thought excellent, may be obscured, his sensibility and natural good sense weakened by long habits and intercourse with a base world, alas! I know not. If he does not know how to value your worth, as well as to admire your beauty, Heaven forbid! You should be united by indissoluble ties, but that I know not how to think, and to me the danger rather seems that you should not understand each other,—that he, thro' fear of disappointment, should not allow to himself how much he likes you, and that you should not let him see how much you like him—*illa omnia rident*, I wish your happiness.

As to poor Lord Orf[ord] I perfectly understand and enter into all your ideas respecting him, it is thus that I know *you* must feel, and from my soul I shall pity him, should all his *Castles* fall to the ground, with whatever

degree of absurdity and want of sight they may have been constructed. Farewell.

I was interrupted, and have been finishing my sentence now that it is evening.—I can think and, of course, *to you* only write on one subject, and that from circumstances now only in a fruitless state of repetition,—for writing is not as talking, therefore for the present, Heaven bless you.

Saturday evening.—Not quite certain if you meant I should write by to-morrow or next day's post, or you receive my letter, I would not send this to-day, as it was not *necessary* that I should *tell* you you were welcome to my house: you know if I have a pleasure but in the world I had one of being any thing to you, and certain it is that I like to think you in my room, tho' I can not myself be there with you.

Would I could know something of you!—Taylor, on my Mother's saying at dinner that she wondered she had not heard from O'H[ara], said that he had met him yesterday as he came from London, where he had been riding to town. It is more than probable that he had been with you and *possible* that all is yet where it was, and that you had no opportunity for any explanation,—but when you are yourself in town, I think you will see him in some greater degree of liberty, for I know how doubt and uncertainty in whatever but moderately interests and affects your mind, and how glad you are at any risk to shake them off. 'Tis, I think, unfortunate that he is likely so soon, as perhaps he may be, to be employed on service that will call him from hence; a little more time might allow sentiments that may be but half understood by him to acquire strength, for tho' he has long known you, and you say *does really* know your character, yet from circumstances and the disposition of your affectionate heart towards him, all takes now a very different cast between you, yet his prejudices and "*crotchets*," tho' losing ground perhaps daily, may still

form a barrier and prevent his coming to a determination that would constitute all his own future happiness in life.—If this is otherwise I need not say how much I wish a speedy decision, for I quite dread the influence of an anxiety I, God knows! feel *for* you, and *with* you, on your mind.

Monday morning.—I am sure you know that painful state of existence when one is battling and battling with anxiety, that one may not be quite overcome, tho' to *conquer* one knows it quite impossible.—To-morrow I think I shall hear *some* thing from you, and as the time draws nearer, my anxiety increases.—I am sure you have a proof of forbearance in my absence from you at this moment, not in the power of a less serious or less true attachment to give.—If I loved you but half as well, or thought of you but half as much as I do, I should fly to you.—Farewell, and may heaven preserve and bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

PARK PLACE, *Tuesday Morning, October 6, 1795.*

Your account is so much what I expected that you need not have *thought* how to give me a clear idea of all that has passed, but tho' it has not *surprized*, it has much affected me. Anxious, Heaven knows, I still remain, yet I can scarcely entertain a doubt in what manner and with what determination your next conversation must end. He would not trust himself again or come to you to *confirm* scruples and combat a passion he sees you *less* than disapprove. For those *scruples*, indeed, and ideal ridicules, I chiefly read doubts of the strength and constancy of your sentiments for him and fears of a *woman*, tho' his reason and judgement, as well as his heart, whisper to him how very superior *such a woman*

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 207.

is to those with whom he has hitherto been connected, in any way. You know my confidence in Truth and Virtue, on a near view they cannot be mistaken by a noble mind and an affectionate heart. Once united, therefore, *your* character must inspire him with perfect security on all rational subjects, and *other subjects* will find their excuse in a heart like yours. Your kind affection does not escape me, in your endeavouring, and that at such a moment, to influence O'H[ara] in my favour alas! But of that I shall say nothing, nothing of myself. I have, I need not tell *you*, put *that self* out of the question, as it well ought to be where the future happiness of my other and far dearer self is at stake. Indeed, I have as yet been too much occupied with anxiety for you to have cast more than a few vague thoughts that way. You know that wherever fate throws me, you will there have a being who is devoted to you, and a heart on which you may depend.

That your sister should suspect *nothing* seems to me marvellous; for your Father I do not wonder. Lord Orf[ord] does not *choose* to see, and none, they say, so blind.—But all this *blindness* I think impertinent.—*Esto*.—You must, my only friend, think for yourself, act for yourself, and, as others do (tho' not indeed *just as* they do) seek your own comfort and happiness.—A long, long score is owing you of both. Lord Orf[ord], when he is told this, will take it with composure, depend on it; and I almost hope the whole of that will be less painful than you imagine. We sometimes make mountains to ourselves which on nearer view lose their tremendous appearance, and we smile at our own fears. He can not, after all, but wish your good and advantage, and *cannot* think them to be comprised within the narrow limits his age, infirmities and rooted habits have prescribed to himself, or that for *his life* (at all ages an uncertain period) you should devote the best years to come of yours, and throw by better hopes and better

views, if such should offer. Ag[nes], you are well aware, would not refuse an engagement she liked for herself, [and] therefore would not seriously object to your using the same liberty. Indeed, on a little reflection,—it may perhaps require that with her,—she is too noble, and loves you too much not to wish you were it but a chance of happiness, and I am well convinced that in the end she would on this occasion have a much better chance for her own. For your Father, I say nothing, 'tis unnecessary. He could but be gratified by such an union. Farewell, I expect O'H[ara] here—see him coming with a confidence which if he wants, you will inspire, to tell me all. My arms will be open to receive him, and my heart not less open, tho' his prejudices against me really grieve me to the soul, and cast a melancholy cloud over *distant* prospects (I speak not of the present) that would otherwise have much of sunshine, as they present themselves now to my view.

Heaven preserve you.—You will have seen by my last letter that I do not think of coming to you till you send for me. I have made that quite easy here, and can go, or stay, as you wish, without objection. My Mother said something about a cow. I think it was that I should ask you if you could dispose of it to some friend, as she could not think of its being sold, as you had given it to her, and did not like to leave it here. Once more farewell, and Heaven preserve and bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, 4 o'clock, Friday, October 9, 1795.

O'H[ara] has this moment almost left me. I have only taken just time to recover a little after one of *his*

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 209.

interesting and tender interviews, and am set down to give you an account of our conversation. At first he said little, and seemed rather to avoid the subject that evidently occupied his mind, but between us there was too much sympathy for that disposition to last. He then, *mutatis mutandis*, said what he had said to you, what you had told me, and often in the same words. He has, or I am much mistaken, determined upon a character to which he will act up, thro' life, little consonant with his own feelings and sentiments, and to this is he now sacrificing all his own future comfort and happiness, and is avoiding, if not the *only* Being, certainly the Being most calculated to constitute both, for I am persuaded that he has a heart capable of knowing and valuing *you*. He talked much indeed of this *ridicule*, but it sometimes seemed to me that it was not merely that, but a combination of ideas which tended, it is true, all the same way, that led him thus on *whither* he did not seem clearly to know himself. Many things he said were full of contradictions but to the end, and where I ought to have begun, he said that he *thinks* he will not see you, is, I conclude, afraid to trust himself.

His orders, he tells me, for going, are hastened, and that he sets out on Tuesday next, I suppose in the evening, for he has faithfully promised to see me in the morning on that day. To-morrow he goes, I understand, to the Prince, and is not to be in town till Monday night. My Mother, he says, he must give up going to. I wished to know if he would go to you, but he could not tell me, for, poor soul! I plainly saw he knew not himself. He said in the course of our conversation many and many so kind things that the reflection at this moment has filled my eyes so full of tears I can scarcely see what I am writing. Strange it might sound to others, but I should have pressed him with still greater tenderness to my bosom

had he been taking from me at this moment all that is most dear to me in life.—Yet as it is, God knows, I felt and, I believe, expressed enough.

They interrupted me with my dinner, which I could not touch, and now I hear a bellman, and will not write much for fear I should be too late, for I know you will be anxious to hear from me. I totally forgot your locket and your picture, but *depend* on it I will get the locket by Tuesday. Forgive me I know you will. Indeed, my head is quite confused. I am torn from a state of painful anxiety and agitation to a state, at this moment, scarcely less painful.—Were any one to see me at this moment that had seen me in your new rooms this morning, they would not think it the same being. You will, I need not *ask you*, come if you can and when you can to me. God bless and preserve you.—Tell me something of yourself, for if I feel as I do and all I do, must I not dread the agitation your mind has been put into—and to no purpose! What a world! and whither is one to turn! Once more, Heaven bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Saturday Morning, 10 o'clock,*
October 10, 1795.

Your Father said, I recollect, that he would call upon me this morning, and as he will be, I suppose, returning to you, I think that I may send a few lines by him, for I believe that my account yesterday of the conversation was not near so “clear” as yours on the same subject appeared to me.

Did I give you an idea of what struck me in O'H[ara]'s manner, particularly that he seemed to wish to avoid being persuaded, I should rather say *convinced*,

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 211.

by me? That is, afraid of entering into arguments neither his reason or sound judgement, and still less his heart, could answer, yet feeling his prejudices, fancies, or be they what they may, for I am not equal to classing them, knowing not clearly their species, were dragging him the other way, and opposing a force he did not mean to resist. I think it was so, and this want of disposition in him to hear me might make me say less than I should have said had it been otherwise; yet when I ask myself I feel certain that I said all I could have said, and what I should have said, had I myself been to go with you, if you went, to Gibraltar; and I declare that what ever the relief I may feel from the terrible sensation of losing you thus suddenly, with all the ideas of absence, distance, and real danger attending a sea voyage at this moment, a sensation of melancholy is strongly impressed on my mind from a regret at seeing what appeared to me a chance of future good and happiness to you that it seemed to me must attend so reasonable a union, in short to my poor capacity a marriage founded on reason alone, if there ever was such a one—all this to pass by you as it were, I know not why! Yet mistake me not; clear, indeed, I am that tho' certainly in your power to do so, it would in *you* be unwise to make use of the influence of passion and captivation over him, because it is more than probable that since these absurd scruples can exist in a breast to which, I still maintain it, they are not natural, they might return and cause the misery of both, for your true and noble spirit would start even from a husband who could think seriously that for any reason he had done a foolish thing in marrying you.

I have been writing rather in a hurry, thinking that your Father might call early. He is, however, not yet come, and I continue to fill my paper. I have been telling you of *myself* in talking of *you*, therefore have little to say but that I slept really well and am not *ill*, tho' low and languid in spirit.—I saw not a creature

yesterday but O'Hara, having determined to be *perdue* at least that one day. I shall, if she will see me, go to Mrs. Chom[eley] to-day, and enquire after those I must enquire after, for I have little *disposition*, as you will guess, to see many, but *going* or *being* out of town is what I find most people seem to have forgotten; there they are ready for one at all times.—I long to know something of you, and still feel uncertain and anxious, for it seems to me that O'Hara cannot go thus, that he will see you again and, with the waverings of his mind, which are evident, he may wish to resume hopes, which, if he can feel their value, it is past me to think he can voluntarily abandon. God in Heaven preserve and bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Thursday Evening, October 15, 1795.*

O'H[ara] obeyed you and the *great coat* was laid aside. He spoke to me of you as if himself with openness and confidence. All that he said was expressive of passion, softened by the tenderest care and concern for you, which the cool voice of reason and good sense made but the more touching to me. I think by all he has said, and by his whole conduct, that I can plainly perceive he yet scarcely will allow himself to trust entirely to what his *heart* tells him he need not doubt, and to what, if he knew your character as I do, his *reason* would tell him he *could* not doubt; but unaccustomed as he must be to sentiment, tenderness and affection so expressed, so blended with truth, candour and sincerity, I cannot wonder if all should seem to him still like a flattering dream he dares not trust.

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 213.

I cannot express how much the recollection of what he said to me speaking of us both (I mean when you were here) affects me. He surprized and touched me, for I expected nothing of the sort, and your manner of receiving what he said! my dearest, only friend! *surprize* me it could not, but you know how my heart feels every expression of kindness. I can only say that every day convinces me more of what I have ever thought, that a heart softened by tenderness and affection renders the mind but the more capable of every exertion. The few words I had to say to you were from Ag[nes], who begged that I would tell you she hoped if at times you saw her low, you would excuse and forgive her, that she was pleased for your sake at what she really thought tended to your happiness, but that she must feel her loss, and that, she said, she confessed selfishly. These were nearly her words, poor thing. I could not say to her in answer (tho' Heaven knows if I can pity her!) what I conjure you to bear it mind, that is, that with no separation in view, she was neither satisfied, content nor happy, merely from being with you, and that all grievances occasioned by want of sympathy increase by long habit, just as blessings increase where that sympathy exists.—Good night. My house, and every spot I have just seen you in, look melancholy, but I am so little accustomed to real happiness that I am most grateful even for moments passed. I feel that I am a poor, worn-out creature, and have not you to support me.—Once more, good night.—Would I knew something of you, if you are ill, or how received!

Friday evening.—I determined to send my letter by O'H[ara] and not by the Post. This was what you first proposed, and gives me an opportunity of sending you a later word. I slept composedly, and only wish I could think you had done the same, I mean that the *Prince*, or his near approach, may have allowed you. I passed

the greatest part of this morning in Soho Square, after first sending a note to your dear General to ask if I had a chance of seeing him this evening, that if I had, I might not be out.—He wrote in answer, "*Ma très chère amie,*" and that he would come at ten.—I meant to have gone to Mrs. Chomeley the early part of the evening, but just as I had finished my solitary repast they brought me a message from the Duke of Richmond to ask at what time he could see me this evening. This determined me not to go out at all, and I sent him word that he would find me at home the whole evening. I am really on many accounts glad he is come. I had just indulged myself in not writing to him to-day, finding that I had only time for a hurried letter and really *not* finding how I could express and explain several things I had to say. Half an hour's conversation will settle all.—What dreadful wind and violent weather, but as no fleet will sail while it lasts, 'tis well that the Equinox should exhaust its fury, for it always, I have observed, will *have it out* a little sooner or a little later in the season. The *charms* of Ag[nes]'s *morning walks* will, I think, not much benefit her at this rate.

Saturday, ¼ before nine.—I would not seal my letter, intending to add a few more lines last night, but it was so late when O'H[ara] left me, that I would not trust myself to begin writing to you. We had much serious conversation in the same style and on the same subject, none of which ever *my head* will let me forget, I am sure. But now I must send this, for he seemed to intend going early.—I expect to hear from my Mother to-day by the Post, and what she does about Goodwood and London, &c. That will determine me, but I think it certain if she comes to town, or goes to Good[wood], that it will not be till after Wednesday. I will write to you by Monday or Tuesday's Post.—If you would have me write by Monday's (I forgot I could not and was going to say by to-morrow's), let me know by O'H[ara],

who says that he will call this evening. I go on well, and *dans les fermes*, you see, and shall, I suppose, soon find out that he is "a very extraordinary man." Heaven preserve and bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *Sunday Morning, October 18, 1795.*

I could only *trust* myself to glance over your letter when O'H[ara] gave it me yesterday evening, and reserved the pleasure of reading it in my own way to when I was alone.—Yet as he said, and with such infinite good humour, "What can you two write about in this manner"! I thought it a treachery *ignoscenda* if I just gave him an idea of *what we could write* on one subject, and read him some of the lines in your letter that related to himself. He put up his hand to his dark eyes after listening to me and, turning away his head, took hold of my hand, which he pressed with that tenderness of expression that goes directly to my heart and seems to me from such a being a more binding assurance of protection and friendship than a thousand promises on parchments from another. Our conversation was of the same cast in general as the last, but he talked of future schemes and plans more in detail, and in a manner so kind and flattering to me that I felt quite overcome. What can prove his attachment to you so strongly as his entering into ideas because they are yours with so much warmth and interest, that are *new*, though not indeed *foreign*, to his heart! For so it is, my dearest friend, *non me latet*, but he thus takes the surest of all sure ways to bind me for ever to him by ties even stronger than my own gratitude, and he *shall*

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 215.

not repent the opinion *you* have inspired him with of me.

Do not, I beg, forget the details you promise me, tho' our meeting is distant, or what I at this moment think distant, because I had a chance of seeing you sooner, for whatever my future fate, such details and recollections will ever please, affect, and interest me. I am still ready, as you will have seen by my note of this morning which I hope L[or]d Orf[ord]'s servants will have carried you, to defer going to Goodwood if you would have me; but I do not in one sense regret the plan of your going to P[ark] Place and *his* meeting you there not taking place, for, circumstanced as he is, he could not have stayed above a day or so, and I think you would not, without much particularity, have talked to him in comfort, and had he been, which is possible, called suddenly away, Park Place and whatever of curious, impertinent eyes might have been there, would have seen more than we just now wish them—in short, it would not have been comfortable to you.

I cannot be sorry that L[or]d Orf[ord] shows his most unfair crossness to you now, because I know that it is there and exists in his breast, and if *you*, by the most unlooked for attentions, have not been able to extirpate the vile weed, it must grow stronger, and that, you may depend on it, it will, and increase by indulgence; were you to sacrifice all your best days to come and your whole existence to him, there would be no end to his encroaching fancies. This may sound harsh, but it is plain truth, and you, my own soul, have suffered enough in this vile world; try at least if you cannot recover a part of the heavy debt that is owing you. I do not, from your account, feel uneasy at his indisposition, as I rather conclude it over, and I am sure when I think of *what* his dinners are, and *how* he eats them, I wonder he and his cat are not sick together every day for their dessert.

Think seriously, let me entreat you, of coming to town, I mean to stay, as soon as you possibly can contrive it. I am quite sure that it will be better for all of you. Ag[nes] will be occupied with seeing or *not* seeing her *Parson*, and hearing now and then a tune *upon the second fiddle* by Mrs. Chom[eley], all which, depend on it, let it end how it may, will be better for you and better for her than the "woods and wilds" of Cliveden, where, by the bye (as Mrs Chom[eley] told me yesterday evening), she intends to pass her future days in solitude. That *she* should allow herself to talk such nonsense!!!—I told Mrs. Chom[eley] whenever she made these sort of speeches, to *agree* with her, and say she was quite in the right. Mrs. Chom[eley] laughed and seemed quite diverted, yet ten to one she will tell her again what I said. I protest it is what I should say to her myself, for I know not what others may think, but to me a little exertion when things *must* be and one knows are felt, is ten times more affecting than despondency. Mrs. Chom[eley] I am sure, herself provoked me. We were alone and I protest I thought that she had forgotten *poor you*, for tho' I had not seen her since the first, she *rode away* upon her *hobby-horse* and I thought never would have stopped. She was "low, had seen Mr. W., poor young man!" and in short told me the whole story in detail before she mentioned your name. But with all that, I take her as she is, and like her, and am glad that it is decided she stays the winter here.

Sunday evening.—As you will perceive, I write to you by O'H[ara], tho' in fact I sent you yesterday all the intelligence of myself, and all I knew, but I rather think you will still expect a letter by him. I shall finish and seal this now, for he will probably go to you early, and I am not to see him this evening, but am going to two or three places, and shall have nothing, therefore, to tell you more. You will prob-

ably come to town for a night this week. Let it be to my house, if you can,—it pleases me.—Heaven bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

Monday Night, 12 o'clock, October 19, 1795.

O'H[ara] is this moment gone, and I set out early to-morrow, therefore can only write a line, but a *line* I will always write when you expect to hear from me. When I in anything, even the most trifling, *disappoint* you—pity me. As you had particularly said you would write by the penny post I grew fidgetty, for O'Hara came late, having first gone to the Admiralty, and the result is that he is going, and I probably have taken my leave of him this night. I do assure you that I *feel* I have taken my leave of him at my very heart. I think you will come to-morrow, yet I go, as you do not seem to wish (otherwise than Heaven forbid you should not) that I should stay, and now I am expected. Yet I could stay, but as you say it is better that I should "*go and come,*" and if I go to-morrow I shall return a day sooner, and when perhaps you may want me more than to-morrow. You tell me nothing of yourself, of the *Prince*, nor if you are ill. O'H[ara] has been, however, talking of you in a manner that satisfies *my heart*—need I say more? I feel tired, low and oppressed, yet I could write on to you with pleasure, but I will go to bed,—'tis better I should, and so Heaven bless you.

I mean to be in town on Tuesday (to-morrow sevensnight). If you should wish that I should come instead to [Little] Strawberry [Hill] that day, only write me word so and I will. I must come to town, however,

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 217.

about that time, as my Mother is to come there for a day or two about her house, &c.¹ Write to me at *Goodwood*, soon, if you can, for I am anxious to hear something of you again. Once more, Heaven preserve and bless you.

Tuesday morning, ¼ before 8.—Finding I have one moment, as I waked early, I opened my letter to beg of you to say, as *you* know *I feel*, how sensible I am of all O'H[ara] has said to me of the kind, flattering and consoling manner in which he has treated me, and that I am not ungrateful.

When I said I was *fidgetty* about not hearing from you yesterday, you won't mistake me, I doubted not but that you had sent your letter by O'H[ara], but thought from thence that you might have been suffering as I know you do with the *Prince*, and wished, therefore, to give me the last intelligence of yourself. Now Heaven once more preserve and bless you.²

General O'Hara to Mary Berry

Tuesday Morning [October 20], 1795.

The arrangements for the protection of the Mediterranean ships are made and they are under orders to sail immediately. Come to town this evening, that I may see and press you to my breast as often as possible before I leave you. Some excuse for this sudden resolution of coming to London must be made; suppose you say Mrs. Damer wishes to see you before she goes to *Goodwood*. (*She went this morning.*) Her house is ready, but I think you would be better, from being less observed, at home.

¹ Lady Aylesbury was beginning to make arrangements for giving up Park Place.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 219.

I will be with you between 8 and 9 this evening. Write me word by my servant at what hour you will be in Audley Street.—God bless you. C. O'H.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

GOODWOOD, *Thursday, October 22, 1795.*

I feel your having been so ill this time doubly, for I know that I am the cause of much increased suffering, and of your coming to town, unnecessarily, too, as it has proved, at a time when I am quite certain from attentive observation that you ought always to remain quiet and be as little disturbed in any way as possible.—I believe I first advised, but I am *sure* I much encouraged O'H[ara] to send for you on Tuesday, tho' I was aware of the difficulties this would occasion you. And why did I do this? Because I know you, know by myself what an hour, a moment is, when I part with what is dear to me! A thought, too, in which I am persuaded I was wrong, came across me that to *save* you the pain of parting, he might possibly torture himself and go without seeing you again,—and then my *reason* has shown me that every conversation you have had together of late has tended to confirm and consolidate those sentiments from which I derive my hopes of your future comfort and happiness; and even now, tho' I see and know the awkwardness and teasing uncertainty of this staying from day to day, I have not hitherto been able to regret it,—much indeed, on the contrary, I have perceived with how much satisfaction I need not attempt to express to you! in the conversations I have had with him, the increase of his confidence in your affection and in your sentiments for him every time he has seen you, as well as the encrease of that

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 224.

attachment which, once rooted in a breast like his, *can* I think never fail *you*. I can not think you right or prudent in having gone without obligation to Lady Eng[lefield] to go through a dinner you could not go thro'. However good might otherwise be your reasons for not going to my rooms, your being seized with *the Prince* on the road ought to have immediately determined [you] to go thither, as they are warmer and more certainly aired than yours and no smell of paint, at least you might have gone directly home, but *then* they did not expect you. You will quite vex and hurt me if you do not take more care of yourself, *non in promissa*. It is hard too while you are every day adding, as it seems to me, to the affection and attachment that I feel for you, and since you are the only real interest and comfort I have, or ever can have in this wide world.

From hence I have nothing good to tell you. I found my poor sister,¹ as I expected, looking miserably emaciated and ill. She was sitting in the Library (a room below) and does walk about, it seems, with tolerable ease, but she eats little, sleeps ill and never scarcely without Laudanum: added to this, which may be the most alarming of all, she has a dreadful cough, which comes by fits and so exhausts her that she is not able to speak often for a considerable time. In short she is in my opinion so very ill that I think it doubtful if I shall be able to come away at the time I propose, for if her Physician, Hunter,² who is to come to-day, thinks her in immediate danger, I can not leave her (and I know *you* would not have me) tho' Heaven knows! I am of little comfort to her, she scarcely sees me, or any one in the course of the day, and really seems to me to have lost all satisfaction whatever in seeing any one, even *me* (you will smile), but it is really melancholy beyond

¹ The Duchess of Richmond.

² Dr. John Hunter, the physician whose house, Earl's Court, the Duke bought later.

measure. She is composed and resigned, unless contradicted, and then ruffled by the merest trifle in the extreme. If she talks of herself it is a long string of complaints and affects, but nothing as it were of how she feels them, or what she really thinks of herself.

The Duke of R[ichmon]d is, I see, very uneasy, but still goes on in the same routine, has the same confidence in Hunter, who comes when he is sent for only, from thirty miles' distance, and I much fear, tho' he may be a very good physician, that he does not do all that might be done, or understand her case. I hope I am mistaken, and I must allow that [it] is hard upon the Duke of Richmond, for if she said but a word, any Physician would be sent for the next moment, were it from Pekin; but on the contrary she is irritable in the greatest degree and expresses quite a horror of a new face in that way, so that what to do or to advise is most difficult.

The Duke of Richmond this moment tells me that a large fleet is seen sailing out from Spit Head, and the wind has been, I know, at every point of the compass, changing continually, for these two days. I see a vane from my very window as I write at my table, to which my eyes, Heaven knows! are now often directed, and I catch myself twenty times a day talking of the wind, nobody can know why, and I see them stare, and then check myself. I am going up the hill where I can see this fleet and where there are glasses and telescopes.

Farewell.—I will still hope to come to you on Tuesday; about five or six o'clock I mean to be at Strawberry, for I suppose I ought to go thither first. If Hunter at all satisfies me by what he says to-day I shall write to Lord Orford to-morrow, you will then know by that; if otherwise (and perhaps at any rate) I shall write to your dear self.—Once more, farewell, and Heaven preserve and bless you.

2 o'clock.—I find that I have time to say one word

more to you, as I seal my letter before Post time. The fleet that was actually in motion this morning is returned to its station, and the wind contrary, but Colonel Lennox,¹ who I met when we went to look at the shops, says that he can not now venture to stay, but means to go to-night to Portsmouth, as he thinks for some reason or other about another fleet that is come in and that they expected that the six and thirty hours' law can not be depended upon. If this is the case O'H[ara] will be under the same obligation of being at Portsmouth, and I thought this morning, in spite of a fine, bright sun, that there was a chill in the air which portends an east or north wind.

My sister has just sent to say that she is gone downstairs. *They* are all riding over the hills, so I shall go to her. On reflection, whither or not I write to Lord Orf[ord] to-morrow, I will write a few lines at least to you by Sunday's post, as perhaps you will like it better; if I can *not* come, you will like to hear, and if I can, to be certain that I am coming, but if I am after all suddenly stoped here, don't think I am ill.—And now once more Heaven bless you. I am anxious to know you are better than I *know* you were when you wrote to me.²

Mary Berry to General O'Hara

TWICK[ENHAM], *Saturday Morning* [circa 21] October 1795.

After three or four hours of broken slumber, continually agitated with a false idea of seeing you the next day, I wake to the melancholy certainty of a long, uncertain

¹ Charles Lennox (1764–1819), eldest son of General George Henry Lennox (1737–1805), succeeded to the dukedom of Richmond and Lennox, 1806. It was his wife who gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 221.

and painful absense. My dear friend, I find my mind much less strong than I believed it; and yet, in submitting to this absense, I *think* I am doing right. I am *sure* I am consulting the peace and happiness of those about me, and not my own. I think you will hereafter love me the better for knowing me capable of a sacrifice which you cannot now doubt how much I feel, and my future happiness (if any is in store for me) will be unsullied by the idea of having anticipated it at the expence of the feelings of others. But in the meantime you are gone and I am here, and my mind is not yet in a state to derive much comfort from cool reasoning. I feel now as if there were fifty things I should have liked to have said to you which my extreme and painful oppression prevented last night and would, I am convinced, still prevent, were you at this instant 'at my side. One idea, however, has so often recurred to me that I will mention it. As in every *possible* future event and circumstance I shall always be proud of your affection and sentiments for me, I beseech you, in case of illness, or any danger, to send me, if possible, some token or assurance that you thought of me to the last as you do at this moment. If this is silly, forgive me. My mind will, I hope, soon recover its tone and then you shall have more comfortable letters from me,—but writing this has been a relief to me, and therefore I think must be some comfort to you. Let me hear from you from Portsmouth as soon as you can, I beseech you.¹

General O'Hara to Mary Berry

PORTSMOUTH, *Tuesday, October 27, 1795.*

I am fully sensible, my Dearest Mary, that your letter ought, if I was a reasonable Being, to afford me

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 237.

much relief and comfort ; but every moment of my existence proves, too forcibly for my peace, that comfort will be a stranger to my breast when absent from you, for I cannot, like you, from the imperfection of my nature, derive fortitude sufficient to sacrifice my own to the happiness of others. The delicacy of a mind and sensibility of heart like yours are alone equal to such a task, and tho', I assure you with much truth, I believe you are right, it will be in vain for me to profit by an example. Be fully persuaded *que c'est beaucoup plus fort que moi*. You have awakened my fears, and in some degree my curiosity, where you say, "*that you feel there were fifty things, about you know not what, that you should have liked to have said to me, which your painful oppression the night we parted prevented and would, you are convinced, still prevent, was I at your side*." As I always, and ever shall, act without reserve, in every possible circumstance of my life that may affect you, and under the full persuasion that your confidence is as unbounded as mine,—open your heart to me, be the consequences ever so injurious to my happiness, for you must know me but little, if you suppose me capable of putting your peace of mind in competition with my own. Your flattering sollicitude (Mary, your tenderness undoes me ; how very strange that what should sooth and comfort can at the same time excite such excessive anguish) "*that I should give you, in the event of illness or danger, some token that my sentiments respecting you continued the same as at present*" makes too deep an impression for any language to express ; would my heart was in your breast, for that alone could make you sensible of the tender and affectionate regard of my dearest Mary's faithful friend.

CHA. O'HARA.

I must give up, I fear, even the hopes of seeing you before I go, for Admiral Waldegrave shewed me a letter this afternoon from Admiral Cornwallis intimating that,

tho' the wind was contrary, if the weather should moderate, he should endeavour to sail.

Farewell, farewell.

The jumbling and cold I got travelling all night with a constant headache, and pain in my breast, that never quits me, weighs very heavy on my old frame.

Tell my Dear Mrs. Damer I will write to her tomorrow; my head aches so much I cannot hold my pen any longer.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

GROS[VENO]R SQUARE, 2 o'clock October 30, 1795.

My mother has fidgeted me about one thing or other from the moment I was up till I went with her to her house from whence I am just returned *meaning*, poor soul! I know, to be no trouble to me. I have not had time to write a line to you which I need not say if I have been wishing, and now I write in a sort of hurry, as I expect Lord Milton, or perhaps some other interruption. My head aches and my mind is confused and oppressed. You will have again seen poor O'H[ara], and these "leave takings" affect my spirits almost as much, I believe, as they can yours. I quite dread their being too much for you, I know and see the passion and agitation of his mind, and the effort it costs him to suppress in any degree the violence of his feelings. He came here, poor soul! last night, and *consulted* me in a whisper about seeing you in his way for *one moment* this morning. I do not imagine my injunctions could have stoped him, but my heart is not *near* hard enough to try the experiment. I told him at the same time that these painful partings, if too often repeated, would make me fear much for you.

However, as to yesterday, I repeated what you your-

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 225.

self had said to me in the short moment I saw you after he had left you, as the best comfort I could give him. But he behaved so well while with my Mother and Miss Jennings,—talked of the King and the State and I know not what. My Mother at *last* went up to her room, but it was so late and he was so fatigued and harrassed (I may say *we*), that little was said on either side (after what I mentioned). We parted not without more than one hearty embrace. If he has not been with you, it must have been some hurry from change of wind that has prevented him. *I* did not, rest assured.

Poor dear Ag[nes,] I do really pity her, but I do *really* pity you, for I had a *specimen* yesterday morning when she came to me of what you have to go through, and of the little comfort (hard as it seems to say it) that she can on any occasion ever be to you. I mean nothing particular, only her way of taking up things, her hurry, fidget and confused ideas.

My Mother desires me to say everything that is kind from her, and that she *depends* on your coming to P[ark] Place with me on Tuesday. Besides her wishing and liking your comeing, it so happens that from *minor considerations* the time particularly suits her, and there will probably only be Miss Jennings there, whom she takes with her to-morrow. God grant nothing may prevent our having some few quiet days there now together.¹

General O'Hara to Mary Berry

PORTSMOUTH, *Saturday, October 31, 1795.*

Here I am, my Dear, Dear Soul, and here am determined to remain, for I cannot venture to see you

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 227.

again. This self-denial, you are fully convinced, must cost me much, but our meeting to part again afflicts and strikes too deep to be often repeated. Let the pleasing reflection that when we meet again it will be for life, comfort and support us thro' the anxious, tedious hours of our separation.

I believe to have recommended your consulting our friend wither you should, or not, mention to Lord Orford our proposed connection. Upon reconsidering that matter, I would by no means have you think of it, for you owe to his affection, his friendship and the very flattering distinction he has long, constantly and most pointedly shown you, every degree of attention and even gratitude, and consequently to keep from him, as long as it is possible, the knowledge of an event that, separating you, will overwhelm him with sorrow, and disappointment and defeat all his views and only substantial comfort he enjoys and probably wishes to live for. (My Dear Mary, thou art a most extraordinary creature.) In my opinion, the proper time to break it to him will be when you are at the eve of quitting your Father's house for mine, and that communication must be made by yourself. It will be childish in you, and not treating him with the deference and confidence I trust he deserves, to employ any body else. *Il s'entend* upon this occasion, as upon all others of emergency, the Dear Stick must and, I am sure, will give her friendly assistance, for, without her support, I am sure you would not be able to walk in or out of the Peer's room. I think I see you pale and trembling, thy dear delicate frame shook to pieces, hesitating what to do; and when I put myself in your place, I feel most forcibly that upon this occasion your emotion must be great, and that reflection, when I consider the cause that agitates you, makes me see my Dearest Mary in a point of view of all others the most interesting to my heart.

Lord Orford will, for his own sake, as well as yours,

receive your information kindly. You must, however, be prepared possibly for some sudden, peevish animadversions upon your marriage, some dictated by friendship, and others by resentment. Be that as it may, he has a claim upon your patient hearing, and possibly you may profit from the many truths he will lay before you, drawn from his long experience of the world. He will endeavour to prove what with him admits of no doubt, the excessive folly of burning incense at any other shrines but those of *Wealth* and *Birth*. Poor me, I feel humbled to the dust when I think of either ; and when he has talked himself out of arguments, which, *à coup sûr*, will not be till out of breath, preserve a respectful silence, for you will plead in vain to a judge who, being so very differently composed as yourself, it is perfectly impossible you should understand each other. The Noble Earl takes glitter, show and precedence—all very good things in their way as appendages, but not commanding features—for his guide. Thy sober, chaste mind builds its happiness (God forbid it prove delusive) upon being the comfort, the support, the warm disinterested friend of a Man who has nothing to give but reciprocal feelings. With all the respect and deference I really have for Lord Orford, and making every reasonable allowance for the claim he has upon your gratitude, if he is really your friend, unworped by selfish considerations, he ought to rejoice at an event you contemplate with pleasure, and he ought, from his knowledge of you, [to] think you perfectly competent to judge for yourself what are the qualities you wish the Man to possess to whom you give your Person and dedicate your time for life.

Having now, my dear Mary, disposed of your *Peur, tant bien que mal*, that I know weighs heavy on you, my next care (for I consider myself already wedded to you, and bound to share all your troubles and anxieties, which I do *du fond de mon cœur*), is to soothe your

throbbing breast with respect to your Father, Sister, and your other self (*et n'en déplaise*, my other self) the dear, dear Stick,—they must know, as they do not understand either of us, that when you are mine, you will be as much theirs as ever you was, and as they are all independent Beings, they may be with us as much as they please.

Both your letters lay unopened upon my table till I had got so far, and was proposing to open and answer them when, curse them, I was sent for by Sir Wm. Pitt¹ to meet Sir R. Abercromby,² which probably will detain me so long that it will not be in my power to answer them till to-morrow.

I have not the most distant guess without the aid of the King's Decipherer, how you can possibly read this most abominable scrawl. . . .

I am this moment returned from Sir Wm. Pitt, but my hand shakes to that degree it is quite impossible for me to write any more. I am really alarmed about my wounded arm that I perceive grows every day considerably weaker. Prepare yourself to be my Nurse. If any thing can recover me, it will be thy tenderness and solicitude. God bless and preserve you in the same sentiments you now experience for your truly affectionate and sincere friend,

CHAS. O'HARA.

Tell me if you have been able (which I fear and doubt) to decipher my letters.³

¹ General Sir William Augustus Pitt (1728-1809), Governor of Portsmouth, 1794-1809.

² General Sir Ralph Abercromby (1734-1801), who commanded the expedition against the French in the West Indies, 1795-6.

³ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 229.

*General O'Hara to the Hon. Mrs. Damer*PORTSMOUTH, *Monday, November 9, 1795.*

Your soothing care, and affectionate solicitude for the dear Irresistable claims my utmost gratitude, and plants you, my dearest friend, the most amiable as well as the most interesting of women, in the inmost recesses of my heart, where the dear Mary, seated *en souveraine*, courts you to remain with her for ever; there folded in her arms, her throbbing breast pressed to yours, she will thank you for us both in a language I believe on my soul to you two alone on earth well understood.

In your letter now before me, you call upon and urge me to heal the wound my repeated groundless apprehensions have so deeply impressed on the too susceptible mind of the dear Irresistable. Thinking of me as I trust you do, you must know I do not require entreaties to remedy the evils you are both determined to conjure up and accuse me with having created. That soothing, pleasing task was the purport of my yesterday's letter to Mary, and I repeat to you what I observed to her, that if that letter does not restore your confidence, as well as hers, you are both deceived if you suppose Mary's happiness depends on me—and the sooner I am forgot, for all our sakes, the better. I have desired Mary to send you that letter, as well as that I wrote her by this day's post. It is therefore unnecessary to recapitulate what you will find in those letters.

I have received the letter you supposed the dear Countess¹ would send me, which I very sincerely lament I cannot answer this day's post, from the very weak state of my arm, which I beg you will have the goodness to explain to her. God bless you.—Ever affectionately yours,

CHAS. O'HARA.²¹ Caroline, Lady Aylesbury.² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 233.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry*PARK PLACE, *Wednesday, November 11, 1795.*

I did not mean to send you a letter till to-morrow, but I cannot delay giving you the gratification I think you will feel on reading the enclosed from dear O'H[ara]. It so affected *me* it must please *you*. What a Being he is, and how unlike any other man!—except in those qualities so few men dare be like him! As a proof that I do not forget your injunctions I must tell you that I had gone but three or four times over O'H[ara]'s letter this morning when a tap at my door obliged me quickly to dry the tears that were still, I assure you, fast trickling down my cheeks, and that I was *not cross*. In came my Mother—and I saw *for business*—seated herself comfortably by the fire, and said, “if I did not very much dislike it” she would send for Copeland and talk to him with me, as together what she had to say might be better “enforced.” This was in consequence of what Mr. Hope had yesterday desired relative to the Farm, &c. &c. Copeland is an old, obstinate, interested crone, to say no more, determined to go on in his own way in spite of Mr. Hope, as the latter told my Mother in plain terms yesterday. I wish you had heard my Mother “*enforce*” and *insist*. I could not in duty use your expression of “three blue bears,” but in more respectful terms when he was gone I did just observe she had not shown herself very absolute. But enough of that for the present.

I am really not easy about O'H[ara]'s arm; I trust to God he is careful and has consulted properly about it and what is to be done. The climate of Gibraltar will do much, I trust. Would we were both now going there to *coddle* him! 'Tis the truth, and I will indulge myself at least in the expressing a vain wish.

Was there ever anything like *them*! I mean the puzzle about ships or *some things* (*what*, for the life, I cannot decipher) that is to come to Portsmouth from Plymouth!

It is walking time now and I must go.—Heaven bless you.

1 o'clock.—The wind continues North East and has now been fair long enough, I believe, to have carried *one* of "all" our fleets out, and O'H[ara] half way on his passage. It is too provoking, and must vex him to death. I must remark his never mentioning the storm: the roaring winds must be most familiar to his ears, or, as I rather think, he did not wish to dwell on what he thought might at this moment be a subject of alarm to you for his sake. He is not like many who try to exaggerate their dangers to create an interest in any case, which said creation and commonplace art has about the same effect on your mind, I am convinced, that it has on mine. I was kept in good humour yesterday morning—at least should have been put into good humour had I been disposed to be otherwise—by hearing you praised. There is nothing they did not say here, separately and together. You may laugh, but I am *sure* it was what they felt, and not said *for*, or *to* me. Even Louisa *would* have said something if she had known how. Seriously, she was not, I think, by at the time; it was when we were walking. My Mother began by saying (and she seemed to say it quite with pleasure) that you "had made a conquest of Miss Jennings." Then up came the Grim King and talked you over in his softest tone.

In the evening I was in that half-oppressed state, partly perhaps from the cold, that gives me an unconquerable disposition to gape at every instant, and the Grim King was as uncomfortable in his way, tho' without a shadow of crossness, first half asleep in a chair by the fire, and then talking to Louisa. I stuck

to the card table, where I was wanted, and Miss Jennings scratched her right temple and beat me every rubber.

I wish you could have stayed at least a day or two longer here, that we might have talked over these letters of dear O'H[ara] together, for you well know no pleasure, no gratification, can be half enjoyed by me without you, and then my heart *almost* opens to a degree of hope that was for ever from my most distant expectation, tho' I felt sure of the reflected comfort I should feel from any happiness you might enjoy.

Farewell, for I will write a few lines to O'H[ara]. You may keep the letter I enclose, but I must have it again when we meet. It is the picture of a mind I admire and love, and I shall not part with it. I *would* part with it only to you, and you have other copies. Heaven bless you.¹

So O'Hara sailed for Gibraltar, and took up his new position, which he held with distinction until his death on February 21, 1802. "Old Cock of the Rock," he was affectionately dubbed by the soldiers of the garrison, and there is an interesting pen-portrait of him in Captain Thomas Hamilton's novel, *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton*, of which an extract may here be given, since perhaps it explains the attraction that he at the age of fifty-six had for a woman three-and-twenty years his junior. "His appearance, indeed, was of that striking cast, which, when once seen, is not easily forgotten," Hamilton wrote: "General O'Hara was the most perfect specimen I ever saw, of the soldier and courtier of the last age, and in his youth had fought with Granby

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 235.

and Ligonier. One could have sworn to it by his air and look—nay, by the very cut of his coat—that double row of sausage curls that projected on either flank of his toupée—or the fashion of the huge military boots which rivalled in size, and far outshone in lustre, those of a Dutch fisherman or French postillion. Never had he changed for a more modern covering the Kevenhüller hat, which had been the fashion of his youth. There it was, in shape precisely that of an equilateral triangle, placed with mathematical precision on the head, somewhat elevated behind, and sloping in an unvarying angle downwards to the eyes, surmounted by a long stiff feather rising from a large rosette of black ribbon on the dexter side. This was the last of the Kevenhüllers; it died, and was buried with the Governor, for no specimen has since been discovered, and the Kevenhüller hat, like the Mammoth and the Mastodon, has become extinct for ever.”¹

Mary Berry stayed in England, looking forward eagerly to the day that would for ever bring them together. Such pleasure as she might have found in this marriage was not, however, to be hers. O’Hara was a lover of the sex, and the last man in the world to subsist on a platonic attachment. At Gibraltar he formed connections with two women, by each of whom he had a family, and he soon ceased to care for the woman he had wished to make his wife. Mary Berry certainly had herself to blame for the result, though probably it was best for her that the love-affair ended as it did. O’Hara is perhaps not to be blamed for

¹ *Cyril Thornton* (2nd ed.), ii. 147. The description of O’Hara, however, is at second-hand, for Captain Hamilton, who was born in 1789, never saw him.

feeling aggrieved that his *fiancée* put the feelings of others before consideration for him. She would not marry him when he urged her, because she would not hurt Horace Walpole, because she would not leave her father and her sister, to the happiness of each of whom she regarded herself as indispensable. A lover might be forgiven for taking the view that he should first be considered. The end of the story is best told by the letters that passed between them.

Mary Berry to General O'Hara

[Undated, circa January 1796].

Setting to work with a pen, ink and paper and an Arithmetic upon the plan of life you at first proposed, my dear friend, I find, as indeed I told you at the time, that it would cost much more than you had any idea of, and much more even than the funds of which you then supposed yourself possessed. But upon a smaller scale (on the accuracy of which from my experience in my father's house I think you may depend) I have made out a plan which, I am persuaded, includes every comfort necessary to a small establishment in London upon the only footing that you and I should like any establishment—that of order and regular expence, not of pinching economy and pitiful savings of which I am as incapable as yourself, *c'est tout dire*. You who are perfectly unacquainted with the details of an Establishment in this town, will, I daresay, be astonished at the expence of every article. I have taken them up at their present high price, and made such a liberal allowance upon most of them that I think we should never exceed and might sometimes be within the mark ;

but upon a less sum, that is to say, at less than the rate of this sum per annum, I don't think you could possibly live comfortably to yourself in London. I mean seeing agreeably all those friends who should prefer a neat plain dinner or supper, and *our agreeable society* to a French Cook and dull company. You will see I have cut off all *your* extravagancies, your Saddle Horses, your separate carriage, and one of your Men-Servants; and yet I have not reduced my calculation within the limits you prescribed; but I have to observe that our expences whether we were in the Kingdom of Gibraltar, visiting the Pyramids, or on any other travelling scheme whatsoever would everywhere be considerably less than established in London,—and that whenever you find such establishment inconvenient or imprudent, I shall be the person most eager to break it up and most willing to accompany you to any other part of the Globe. I must tell you, too, that upon my father's talking to me upon the subject of affairs, which he has done since we parted, I find him quite unwilling that I should be a burthen to you, and determined that every thing I can have from him shall belong to you as soon as I do myself. Enough upon the subject of money, on which I know we both think much alike. I am aware of all its advantages, take all it procures, and know how little it can be done without; but *the more* or the *less* never made happiness, and when weighed against the real satisfactions of the heart is not (even to the sober eye of reason) a feather in the scale.

[Enclosure.]

	£	s.	d.
One pair of Job Horses inclusive of coachman's wages for 8 months of the year . . .	125	0	0
Annual repairs to Carriage about . . .	25	0	0
Two Men Servants at £20 apiece . . .	40	0	0
An Upper Man at the wages of . . .	55	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Wages of 4 Women Servants, a Housekeeper, a Cook under her, a House maid and Lady's maid	58	0	0
Liveries for the 3 Men Servants and the Coach- man	80	0	0
House rent and taxes	200	0	0
Coals	50	0	0
Candles	25	0	0
Beer	25	0	0
Wine	100	0	0
Housekeeping, at the rate of £10 a week or £40 a month	480	0	0
	£1263	0	0
To you	800	0	0
To me	200	0	0
	£2263	0	0 ¹

General O'Hara to the Hon. Mrs. Damer

GIBRALTAR, April 26, 1796.

When you have seen my letter to your friend, you will understand for what reason I complain of the very extraordinary treatment I have received from you both, and how very sensibly I am affected by it,—particularly from you, who I love with the warmest, most cordial affection,—not only for your own uncommon excellencies, but because you are the Daughter of the two people upon Earth to whom I feel the most obliged for the affectionate countenance and protection upon which my good fortune and pride has been built.—Farewell.²

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 269.

² *Ib.*, f. 238.

*Mary Berry to Gen. O'Hara**April 27 [1796].*

All my doubts are at an end.—You have at last thought fit to speak a language which no prepossession can mistake, nor no indulgence palliate.—I have now received your letters of the 26th February and 30th March, and Mrs. D[amer] your letter of the 7th March.—Make yourself perfectly easy.—Your having “*consented to become my Husband*” as you are pleased to express yourself to Mrs. D[amer] will entail none of the evils you so much dread.

My last letter of the 4th April will have shown you my unwillingness to believe and my determination not to admit, the only interpretation your long silences and the very improper style of your letters could bear, till sanctioned by yourself.—That sanction you have at last fully and completely given in two letters whose *least* faults are their being a farrago of *inconsistencies* and *contradictions*, both with regard to *me* and *yourself*.—They are expressed in terms which I believe were never before used to any *Gentlewoman*, not to say to any woman of common sense and common spirit.—They have, however, *completely* done their business, yet so persuaded have you chosen to be (from what part of my character I am perfectly at a loss to guess) that, whatever your conduct, *I am determined to marry you*, that I fancy you will hardly now believe your own eyes or my assertions.—You desire *me* to be explicit and to be serious (as if *I* had ever been otherwise) but I shall now be explicit in your *own words*, which as they are generally very extraordinary ones, may perhaps (to yourself) be clearer than any others.—I do then “*indeed suppose, and verily believe that you have recourse to a thousand falsehoods and imaginary apprehensions merely as a cover to disguise the real cause, your having altered your mind and not meaning to*

marry."—Your letter to Mrs. D. confirms this to me, nay, owns the change in your sentiments in express terms.—And, on the other hand, even supposing your intentions with regard to marriage were not really altered, then your conduct towards me for these last six months has been such as "*justly to have forfeited my good opinion with all its inevitable consequences,—my affection and esteem.*"

My frank, open, honourable nature would have preferred and given you credit for a more immediate, a more decided and a more *Gentlemanlike* avowal of a change in your sentiments ; it would have spared me many months of cruel anxiety, and when I had ceased to consider you as a Lover, your character would to me have remained inviolate as a friend.—You have chosen it otherwise ; so fare you well, and if ever in future you feel the want or require the comfort of a sincere, intelligent, affectionate friend, remember the *pains* you took to eradicate sentiments which you will then no longer mistrust and of which no power on earth but yourself could have robbed you.—Farewell.

April 29th.

Since writing the above, I have seen your friend, Mr. Barnes, who delivered me your letter of the 20th March, and I have since received your letters of the 27th.—They are all of a piece with the unwarrantable and unprovoked language of the other two, but a hundred such letters would *now* have no other effect upon me than confirming my indifference to their opinions of myself, and my pity for their wrong-headed writer, who, under the mask of exaggerated ideas of honour and justice, is perhaps not aware he is guilty of a flagrant breach of both.—In your letter of the 27th March you talk to *me* of keeping *you* in doubt and uncertainty—to *me* who, till the receipt of your last letters, had no more doubt of becoming your wife than she has

now of having nothing more to do with the man who can bargain for tyranny beforehand, and would accept of that Being for his Wife who he found would patiently submit to ill-treatment.

Mr. Barnes will give you his own opinion of your conduct.—His distress at it was visible on his countenance.—It is at his earnest request that I have not sent this letter by to-day's post, and indeed I should be sorry that you supposed it the hasty effusions of anger, instead of the calm resolutions of a suffering injured and determined mind.—Farewell.

P.S.—I should not have taken notice of your writing a letter to Mr. Barnes by the *hand of a Secretary*, in which my name at full length, and the proposed connexion is talked of, if you had not thought fit to accuse *me* of having mentioned what time has proved the propriety of concealing.—On *my* side I am certain it has not been betrayed; you best know if, after the fact I have mentioned, you can say as much on yours.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to General O'Hara

GROSVENOR SQUARE, *May 2, 1796.*

You have no "*sermons*," be assured, to fear from me.—A few words will be sufficient to answer the part of your letter which relates to myself, and, as you have made it useless, I shall certainly not trouble you further with my sentiments on your conduct to my friend. She must judge, decide, and speak for herself, and I thank Heaven! that blended with tenderness and affection she has a force of mind, rarely indeed united in the same character, which will enable her to do so in a manner that can leave her no regret as to her own decision. As to myself, my real and sincere friendship

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 272.

for you was founded on an opinion of your character—a compound, as I thought, of honour, sincerity and affection, which your conduct for these five months passed has proved so very erroneous, it is impossible that friendship can as formerly subsist. Not that I shall ever be blind to your merits, or what I still believe in, the natural goodness of your heart, but so corrupted are your sentiments and opinions, I suppose by bad habits and a bad world, that they are in fact scarcely, and I am sure in this occasion not at all, to be traced. When we parted (Oct. 28th), all doubts, scruples and fears, in appearance, were banished from your breast; your confidence in me at the time seemed such as would have engaged you to express them, had any remained respecting my friend and your future connection: all, in short, was settled relative to your marriage but the mode and means of your meeting. No new difficultys have arisen, no change on her side, to my certain knowledge, had taken place.—On April the 27th I received your letter of the 7th March, the first addressed to me since your departure.—On this letter I shall make no comments; but lest you should have forgotten its contents, as a justification of what I have said I enclose you one of triplicates you sent me.—Farewell.

ANNE S. DAMER.¹

Mary Berry to General O'Hara

TWICK[ENHAM], July 16, 1796.

Alas, my dear friend, how have you trifled and *doubted* away both your own happiness and mine!—I have this moment received your letter of the 20th June.

The high opinion, the confidence and the affection which you know I have so long had for you when

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 239.

considering you merely in the light of a friend, still assures me that what you say in your letter is strictly true or at least what you believe to be so. And as far as I am able to comprehend your real meaning and wishes from your letter; it is this:—That your *intentions* with regard to me have never altered, but (to use your own words) "*when separation gave you time to reflect and see what would be probably the result of our marriage considered on the serious side,*" such doubts and fears of our mutual happiness arose in your mind as you thought necessary to communicate to me.—Remember it is not of *this* I complain: on the contrary, you know my principal reason for objecting to our marriage before you left England was that it might be sanctioned by reflexion, but the moment that reflexion made it appear to you in a different light, the moment such doubts and fears took possession of your mind, that moment you should have decidedly and openly owned *your* altered feelings, instead of only starting injurious doubts which your always making to originate in *my* sentiments instead of your own, together with the frequent levity of your style, have alone thus long deceived me both as to your conduct and your real wishes.—*My* constitution and character does not like yours "*urge and press me on with Giant steps upon every occasion.*" On the contrary, obliged from my earliest youth not only to think for myself, but to think for those who ought to have thought for me, I have learnt to make Giant steps in nothing but thoughtfulness and precaution. I had given the subject of our union my most serious consideration in every point of view in which *I* could place it, before I agreed to it, and before we parted. No separation would then have made any difference in my opinion till I was convinced it had altered yours, but the instant this was the case to have concealed it from me would have been treachery to my all-confiding affection and

sacrificing every real principle of honour to a Phantom that would have made us both miserable. All I have to complain of is that you did not sooner explain yourself in clearer and less offensive language, and not continue for months together writing to the Being who, by your own account, you still continued to love, letters whose style, arguments, and general import deceived not only my partial judgement but that of my friend (interested in nothing so much as me and yourself), that of my Father, that of my Sister, and that of the sober head of your friend, Mr. Barnes, whose letters to you (which he showed me) must surely have convinced you, if anything could, of the extreme impropriety and cruelty of your letters to a woman you still loved, respected, and intended to become your wife. Can you *possibly* think that so many people, all warmly partial to you, should unite in wilfully misunderstanding and misconstruing your letters, if they had been in any respect such as reason and affection should have dictated to a person in my situation, at such a distance, and who always addressed you with the perfect, unbounded confidence and affection which she always felt for you?—Can you, I say, think this POSSIBLE? And yet in your letter of to-day you still continue to talk of *your* having been “*so ungenerously and unhandsomely misconstrued.*”

What then remains for me but, while I acquit you of any dishonourable change in your *intentions*, to lament, which, believe me, I do heartily, an obstinate wrong-headedness which in despite even of your own wishes will ever prevent your judging fairly either of my character, or that of my friend, and consequently of treating either as they deserve,—to lament that the false and profligate ideas which I know you entertain of women in general, and which I have so often and so seriously combated long before I thought myself at all concerned in your opinion, should have so pervaded

your sentiments and so falsified your view of every individual, as even to prevent your warm and excellent heart indulging in its natural and unbiassed feelings towards those best formed to understand and sympathize with them?—Sincerely do I pity a disposition which I know must inflict upon itself *almost* as much pain as it has given me, for your natural good sense will often, for a time, get the better of these vile prejudices, and you will then feel that while they deprive you of every thing that can give rational comfort, they supply nothing in its place but unavailing precautions, useless doubts, and ungenerous sentiments.

You say you are "*certain it will be in vain to plead against prepossession and prejudice as strongly taken up as mine appears to be.*" You see I have neither "*prepossession*" nor "*prejudice,*" and that the moment you speak seriously, I seriously acquit you of any change in your *intentions*; but how can I acquit you of what you neither own nor attempt a justification of,—your various and repeated misconceptions and want of confidence in my character? How can I acquit you of eternally construing the frank, unaffected dictates of my affection for you into a determination of marriage of *any sort*, and an eagerness for *this* in particular, which in the very next sentence, perhaps, of the same letter, you declared it was utterly impossible for me to like or wish? How can I acquit you of the *mad* wrongheadedness with which you took up the special messenger which my friend sent you by Lisbon, *merely* to accelerate our meeting, which we then thought you desired as much as ourselves, and your returning answers, not only the most highly improper and affronting in themselves, but the most perfectly unconnected with the letters to which they ought to have replied? Tell me how I can acquit your *understanding* of all this, for your heart, I still believe excellent—and I may still have the comfort of thinking of you as I did six months ago.

I have still a high value for your friendship and good opinion, both of which I *feel* I deserve, but I will never purchase either by the baseness of saying I regret a conduct guided throughout by the calm dictates of the sincerest and most rational affection for you, tempering the consideration ever due to oneself; a conduct which I am certain, were you an unprejudiced spectator, you yourself would be the first to approve. When you talk of "*the tone of harsh and bitter invective with which you have been treated*" I have only to conclude you weigh your *own* words as little as you do those of others, and to refer you to a reperusal of *all* my letters, and most especially that of 18th Ma[y] (or March) in which if you do not find "*cool, deliberate, kind and reasonable admonitions,*" I shall cease *endeavouring* to convince myself that the O'Hara with whom I have been corresponding is the same warmhearted, rational, affectionate O'Hara with whom I parted in October.—Farewell.¹

With this communication ends the correspondence between Mary Berry and O'Hara; but there are two other letters hitherto unpublished which deal with the subject, and may fittingly here be inserted.

Mary Berry to John Barnes

BOGNOR, August 30, 1796.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your letter of the 27th, and the desire you manifest to justify yourself from any supposed want of candour and openness in your conduct toward me. I believe you perfectly incapable of any, intentionally, and I do you the justice to believe that nothing but your earnest desire to make some sort of apology for your friend,² and to spare what

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 251.

² General O'Hara. Barnes is mentioned in the letter from Mary Berry to O'Hara, July 16, 1796.

you might suppose my wounded pride, could induce you to pay so bad a compliment to my understanding as to bring forward an apology which has been *always* offered, and *never* believed, ever since men and women have been mutually inconstant, viz. that excess of affection urges them to part, and excessive consideration for their happiness dictates making them miserable. I do *you* more justice than to suppose that even in spite of your partiality to your Friend, such an apology satisfies either your heart or your understanding. You know that it is no *unheard of thing* for people to change their mind upon these occasions, and that when they have no shadow of complaint to make, they then feel themselves in a very awkward predicament, and I am persuaded that, in spite of your present admiration of your friend's conduct, you would have thought it much more "worthy of his character" (and I am sure it would have been much more worthy of *mine*) to have honestly owned this change in a very different manner, instead of always putting *me* in the wrong; and by the most unkind, affronting and improper letters, forcing me into a determination which he had long before taken himself,—and *deceiving* me (I use the true word, *deceiving* me) for months together as to his real wishes.

I require no answer, Sir, to this letter. I neither wish to wound your feelings by obliging you to condemn the conduct of your Friend, nor to betray your integrity into attempting an excuse for it. I have the satisfaction of thinking that he himself knows me too well not to feel that my heart as little deserves his conduct as my understanding his apology.

When I return to town, I shall certainly inform you, and shall be happy at all times to have the pleasure of seeing you.—I am, dear Sir, Your obliged and obedient humble servant,
M. BERRY.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 243.

Mrs. Chomeley to Mary Berry

Sunday, November 28, 1796.

I must write to you, my poor, my best friend, yet indeed I hardly know what to say! My mother sent me your little note to her, dated last Tuesday.—Your *Mind* (and such a Mind) so overset had sufficiently agitated and disturb[ed] me, but to find that so serious bodily illness has been added to all your other sufferings does indeed make me thoroughly miserable about you.—My last letter too—oppressed and overcome as you are—may, I fear, have appeared too severe, and from the mere infirmity of your Body, what I meant to *rouse* may have contributed to crush you! All these ideas together distress and perplex me more than I can express. Yet I know your Heart must forgive and acquit me, and to *that* I appeal which I am sure can *never* fail you, even tho' all else is wreck'd and convuls'd.—Till I hear from you again, I can suggest nothing to you.—Poor Agnes feels about you exactly as I did, namely, that till this last letter of his, your Heart had never relinquished its Hopes. Yet surely, surely, such a mind as yours must rise superior to all the affliction and disappointment which have blasted your affections.—*That mind* must rejoice even while the heart bleeds, at its discovery and escape from a union for life with such a character! I am confident you was *ever* deceived by this man.—I have often told you your own character so bewitches, so *imposes* on those who once know and admire you that they absolutely shine by your light, and their own inferior *selves*, shrinking before your noble character, imperceptibly adopt your opinions, receive your colouring, and fancy the borrow'd plumes their own! I know not if you understand me, but *Men*, even the best Men, I often think, under this influence from Women they respect and admire, even for *your* inferiors.—How

much more from you! I lately and but lately heard him spoken of as a Man of the most frightful and un-governable passion.—Was you aware of that? Oh, my beloved friend, for God's sake, for the sake of your own admirable character, rouse yourself and do not sink under passion and disappointment, like a common, weak-minded woman! You are now called upon to *act*.—Can you bear it should be said of *you*, that your Mind is wholly *overset*, and submit to be *pitied*, where you ought to be *admired*? Do not so disappoint all my Hopes, or lower the standard of your own glorious character! You *cannot*, certainly cannot, for one moment lament the *Event*, tho' you must lament your disappointment in the *Man*. They must be totally distinct sensations in a Mind clear and discriminating, like yours. Passion might confound them in a weak, silly Woman, but *you* cannot.—You have acted rightly.—You have acted *happily*!—Had he succeeded and in a moment worked up by Passion persuaded you to become his wife before he went to Gibraltar, what would now have been your situation? He has proved himself too indisputably *heartless, ungrateful, ungenerous*! What more is necessary for *your* utter misery? Oh, that I could be with you! I fear Mrs. Damer's too mild and easy nature, which always feels its *inferiority* to the object of her *love*. You must apply to the energies of your own character. If you resist you will surely conquer; but alas, if you yield, if heart and temper once conquer Reason and Judgment, your defeat is lamentable, and I fear will be too permanent. You have much left you—Friends, such as few possess—indeed, indeed, few human beings can boast, I believe, three such Hearts devoted to them as poor Agnes's, Mrs. D[amer]'s and my own.—You ought to feel in all your distress that these *old, steady* friends remain to you, *true, tried* Hearts.—Such was not that you have lost, and which has shown itself thoroughly unworthy such a

creature as yourself. Adieu, Adieu.—The door bell rings and I must receive whoever it is.—It was Sir G. Wombwell and Lord Ch. Bellasyse.—He is a fine, dashing Genius, a true character of the Age.

God in Heaven bless you, and pray write me a line of comfort. Do remember me *most kindly* to Mrs. D[amer].¹

The breaking off of her engagement to General O'Hara left Miss Berry a very sad woman; and when her friends, seeking to alleviate her distress, blamed her false lover, she warmly defended him. "I still believe," she wrote to one of these well-meaning souls, "that had this separation never taken place, I should never have had to complain of him, nor he to doubt me." In this opinion she never wavered, nor did she ever forget O'Hara. "This place and everything about it recall, in the most lively manner, scenes and recollections to my mind, which, though melancholy, I cannot call unpleasing," she wrote to Mrs. Damer in August 1798 from Cheltenham, where three years earlier she and O'Hara had been at the same time. "They are, thank Heaven, unembittered by reproach, and undisgraced by folly. My imagination seems to pass over everything that has happened since, and to bring me back to the calm but lively enjoyment of a society in which I delight."² There are other references in the *Journals* to the incident. "After tea, Mr. Greathead, at my request, read to us his translation in verse of Boccaccio's *Lisabetta and her Brothers*," she noted in 1807, when staying at Guy's Cliff. "I had heard it once before, eleven years ago, at their house in Bryanstone Street, on an evening memorable to me, for it was that on which I had at last relieved my own

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 245.

² *Journals*, ii. 70.

mind and scruples, by confiding to my second father, Lord Orford, that in a few months, as I then thought, I was to leave him for a still dearer friend and a nearer connection, and, satisfied with having acted up to the most scrupulous, the most romantic ideas of the duties of friendship, I was indulging myself in all the rational hopes and fair prospects which seemed then to open to my still enthusiastic mind. Alas! alas! all too soon cruelly crushed, and since levelled with the dust."¹ Miss Perry in her *Reminiscences* has stated that Miss Berry, towards the end of her life, "one evening recounted the sad story of her engagement, so long ago in time, but fresh in her memory as if it were the tale of yesterday. She described her last interview with this fine-looking soldier, in the prime of his life, with such graphic power, that his image seemed standing before us." Some years after the engagement was broken, she sealed up the correspondence. After eight-and-forty years, when she had passed the age of fourscore, she opened the packet, and inserted the following sad note :

"This parcel of letters relate to the six happiest months of my long and insignificant existence, although these six months were accompanied by fatiguing and unavoidable uncertainty, and by the absence of every thing that could constitute present enjoyment. But I looked forward to a future existence which I felt for the first time would have called out all the powers of my mind and all the warmest feelings of my heart, and should have been supported by one who but for the cruel absence which separated us, would never have for a moment doubted that we should have materially contributed to each other's happiness. These prospects

¹ *Journals*, ii. 320.

served even to pass cheerfully a long winter of delays and uncertainty, by keeping my mind firmly riveted on their accomplishment. A concatenation of unfortunate circumstances—the political state of Europe making absence a necessity, and even frequent communication impossible; letters lost and delayed, all certainty of meeting more difficult, questions unanswered, doubts unsatisfied,—all these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner, crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, not at one fell swoop, but by the slow mining misery of loss of confidence, of unmerited complaints, of finding by degrees misunderstandings, and the firm rock of mutual confidence crumbling under my feet, while my bosom for long could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right. And so it would, had we ever met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at his government at Gibraltar till his death, in 1802. And I, forty-two years afterwards, on opening these papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings in some minds are indelible.”

SECTION V

THE BERRYS AT HOME AND ON THE CONTINENT

1797-1803

The death of Mrs. Damer's half-sister, the Duchess of Richmond—Horace Walpole's illness and death—Mary Berry's account of his last days—His will—Mary Berry edits his collected works—The Berrys and Mrs. Damer in 1798-9—The Hon. Caroline Howe—She is mentioned in Walpole's *Letters*—An appreciation of her by Mary Berry—At Strawberry Hill—Mrs. Damer's private theatricals—The production by amateurs of Mary Berry's comedy, *Fashionable Friends*—The cast—Joanna Baillie—The play well received—The author determines to secure a public representation—The second Viscount Palmerston—The Peace of Amiens—Mary Berry and Mrs. Damer visit Paris—Berthier, Cambacérés, Macdonald, Fouché, Masséna, Mme. Recamier, Mme. de Staël, &c.—Presented to Madame Buonaparte—Napoleon Buonaparte—*Fashionable Friends* produced at Drury Lane—The Berrys go abroad in October 1802—At Nice—The death of Caroline, Lady Aylesbury—Mme. de Staremberg—Amateur theatricals at The Priory—Correspondence with Lord Hartington and Mrs. Damer—The prospects of a new war—Death of the Duke of Bridgewater—His will—Reported death of "Old Q."—Sir William Hamilton's estate—Bridgewater House.

THE older members of the Berry circle began to pass away. Conway had gone in July 1796, and in November of the following year Mrs. Damer suffered another bereavement through the death of her half-sister, the Duchess of Richmond. Horace Walpole, who had long been ailing, had now entered into the valley of the shadow of death. "Lord Orford," Mrs. Damer wrote to Lady Ossory, November 6, 1796, "was struck last Thursday night by the intense cold, which first flung him into a violent vomiting, and then gave him great pain in both legs, which turned



MARY BERRY
From the Collection of A. M. Bradley, Esq.

into an inflammation the next day in the right leg, and seemed tending to an abscess like that he had in the other leg last year. In this state he was brought to town on Friday last, with scarce the sound of a voice, and where he is now lying on a couch in a state of weakness and age, that keeps him from seeing anybody, and makes him incapable of conversing on any subjects, public or private."¹ Walpole recovered partially from this attack, but he never regained his strength. Very soon after the date of this letter (December 15), Mary Berry has written, describing her kind friend's last days, "the gout, the attacks of which were every day becoming more frequent and longer, made those with whom Lord Orford had been living at Strawberry Hill very anxious that he should return to Berkeley Square, to be nearer assistance in case of any sudden seizure. As his correspondents, soon after his removal, were likewise established in London, no more letters passed between them. When not immediately suffering from pain, his mind was tranquil and cheerful. He was still capable of being amused, and of taking some part in conversation; but during the last weeks of his life, when fever was super-added to his other ills, his mind became subject to the cruel hallucination of supposing himself neglected and abandoned by the only persons to whom his memory clung, and whom he always desired to see. In vain they recalled to his recollection how recently they had left him, and how short had been their absence; it satisfied him for the moment, but the same idea recurred as soon as he had lost sight of them. At last nature, sinking under the exhaustion of weakness, obliterated all ideas but those of mere existence, which ended

¹ Walpole, *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), ix. 474.

without a struggle, on the 2nd of March, 1797." Thus he passed away in his eightieth year. He left to each of the sisters the sum of £4000, and to them jointly, for their lives, the house and grounds and furniture of Little Strawberry Hill. To Robert Berry and his daughters he bequeathed his printed works and manuscripts with discretionary power to publish, with directions that Mr. Berry should be the editor, and the proceeds divided "share and share alike." In making Mrs. Damer his executrix and her father his editor, "Lord Orford," Mary Berry wrote to a friend, "caused his papers being secured to *her* eye and *mine*, and made me his editor without the necessary publicity attached to the name." To Mrs. Damer Strawberry Hill passed for life, with an income of £2000 a year.¹

In accordance with Walpole's wish, Mary Berry set to work to prepare a collected edition of his works, and she was engaged on this task for twelve months. The result of this labour—for it was all her doing, save a passage having reference to herself in the preface, which was written by her father—was the edition of 1798, published in five quarto volumes.

The entry in Mary Berry's memorandum book for 1798 runs: "Mrs. D[amer] and Lady Aylesbury settle at Strawberry Hill. Become acquainted with Mrs Howe"; and that for the following year is scarcely more enlightening: "Strawberry let to the [*no name given*] at Twickenham. We go to Cheltenham to meet the Douglasses and Lady Spencer. Mrs. D[amer] came to meet us at Malvern." Mary Berry soon became intimate with the Hon. Caroline Howe,² sister of Earl

¹ In 1811 Mrs. Damer resigned it to the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, on whom the remainder in fee was vested.

² The Hon. Caroline Howe (1722-1814).

Howe, and the widow of John Howe, of Hanslope, Buckinghamshire. Mrs. Howe has honourable mention in the pages of Horace Walpole. "If Lord Howe has disappointed you, will you not accept the prowess of the virago his sister, Mrs. Howe," he wrote to the Miss Berrys, December 13, 1793. "As soon as it was known that her brother had failed,¹ a Jacobin mob broke her windows, mistaking them for his. She lifted up the sash, and harangued them; told them that was not the house of her brother, who lives in the other part of Grafton Street, and that she herself is a widow, and that *that* house is hers. She stilled the waves, and they dispersed quickly."² Mrs. Howe and Miss Berry became regular correspondents, and their confidences were not interfered with by the difference in the ages—Mrs. Howe in 1799 being seventy-eight and Mary Berry thirty-six. Mrs. Howe survived until June 1814, thus passing away in her ninety-third year. "She possessed an extraordinary force of mind, clearness of understanding, and remarkable powers of thought and combination," Mary Berry wrote appreciatively. "She retained these faculties unimpaired to the great age of eighty-five, by exercising them daily, both in the practice of mathematics, and in reading the two dead languages, of which late in life she had made herself mistress. To these acquirements must be added warm and lively feelings, joined to a perfect knowledge of the world, and of the society of which she had always been a distinguished member."

The following letter may here be inserted because it

¹ At this time Lord Howe was in command of the Channel Fleet, and it had been rumoured that he had captured a French squadron.

² Walpole, *Letters* (ed. Cunningham), ix. 428.

is interesting as linking up the Berrys with the famous Blue-stocking coterie :—

Agnes Berry to Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu

NORTH AUDLEY STREET, *Wednesday Evening* [circa 1800].

MY DEAR MRS. MONTAGU,—A most provoking headache hinders my profiting by your most agreeable invitation for this evening, and my sister has not yet returned from a visit she has been making in the country—but I expect her home to-morrow. As we do not leave Town until Saturday we shall certainly endeavour to see you before you go, and hope that you will fix some time for indulging us with your company at Twickenham, and believe me ever most truly yours, AGNES BERRY.¹

The years 1800 and 1801 were, so far as the Berrys were concerned, uneventful. Much of their time was spent at Twickenham, and they were frequent visitors at Strawberry Hill, where Mrs. Damer entertained royally. A feature of the entertainments at Strawberry Hill were private theatricals, in which the Berrys usually took part; and there, in November 1801, was produced Mary Berry's comedy, *Fashionable Friends*, with prologue and epilogue by Joanna Baillie.² The following amateurs took part in the performance :

Sir Dudley Dorimant	Lord Mount Edgumbe
Sir Valentine Vapour	Mr. Berry
Mr. Lovell	Mr. Brownlow North
John	Mr. Campbell
Lapieme	Mr. Burn

¹ From the original letter in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

² Joanna Baillie (1762–1851), the author of many plays and poems. She had not long since made the acquaintance of the Berrys, when on a visit to Mrs. Damer at Strawberry Hill.

Dr. Syrop	Mr. Mercer
Lady Selina Vapour	Honourable Mrs. Damer
Mrs. Lovell	Miss Berry
Mrs. Rackett	Mrs. Burn
Miss Rackett	Miss A. Berry
Trimming	Lady Elizabeth Cole.

Played before a friendly audience, the comedy was well received, and thus encouraged, the author determined to secure a public representation at a London theatre—with what result will presently be seen.

Lord Palmerston¹ to Mary Berry

BROADLANDS, *January 27, 1803.*

Accept my best thanks, dear Miss Berry, for your agreeable letter, which revived for a time the pleasure I received from your kind visit, which will be long remembered both by Lady Palmerston and myself, and the early Termination of which neither the sweet sounds of Musick nor the consolations of Quinota have made us for a moment cease to regret. We should be happy and proud, too, if we could flatter ourselves you liked it half as well as we did, and we anxiously hope to receive the only proof you can give us that it is so, by repeating it whenever occasion will permit. The Abrahams² left us yesterday, and we have been much pleased with having them here; they are sensible, and very obliging, and their musical performances uncommonly excellent, and in many respects unrival'd.

¹ Henry Temple, second Viscount Palmerston (1739-1802), the author of a *Diary in France during July and August 1791*, and of verses contributed to Lady Miller's *Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath* and *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*. He died on April 16, 1802.

² (?) Robert Abraham (1773-1850), an architect employed by many of the leading families in England.

I am much indebted to you for the trouble you have taken, tho' in vain, in looking for the Poetry you are so good as to intend to show me. I trust you will find it at some moment when perhaps you do not expect it, and whenever that happens I shall be obliged to you for a sight of it. In the mean time, let me thank you for what you have sent me. I was much pleased with Miss Bailey's Epilogue¹ when I heard it spoke, and I think it improves on reading and examination. I shall be curious to read her new publication, and sincerely hope it will be as favourably received as the last; tho' I dare say her mind is too strong to be made unhappy even if that should not be entirely the case. An Author of Merit who appears unexpectedly, and for the first time, is generally received with Favour and Indulgence, but I have often observed in how different a manner and with what Fastidiousness a second Publication is treated which comes forward, perhaps with equal or superior claims, to meet the critical jealousy of less successful writers, and the high-raised expectations of the Public at large.

I am sorry to find that *Urania* is not more suited to the public taste. I have seen no particular account of it, but I always dread Allegories and Fairy subjects, and all the Personages of Mythology when brought seriously on the stage; in burlesque they do very well. Neither am I much surprised that our Friend's Composition should succeed better in private than on the Stage; as the Ideas which I have seen in his poetry have generally been too delicate and refined for the gross atmosphere of a playhouse, where Celestial Beings are not thought the most entertaining, and the Goddesses that succeed best are neither just descended from Heaven nor likely to return there immediately.

I have seen the Prologue to-day in the papers; it is

¹ Joanna Baillie's epilogue to Mary Berry's comedy, *Fashionable Friends*.

beautiful; which, after things by the same hand which I have formerly seen, and after what you was so good as to show me, I do not wonder at.

We shall, of course, be very glad to subscribe to the theatrical Plan in agitation, and particularly happy to be on Mrs. Damer's list. I heartily wish it may go on, tho' for the reason you mention and from some experience of projects of such a nature, I have my apprehensions. I should be surprised that the Lawyers had raised any doubts about the Legality of it, if I did not know that a Lawyer's Business is to raise doubts. I remember Lord Kenyon,¹ when an humble and almost unknown Barrister, attending before Justice Fielding² as Council for the Opera House against Mrs. Cornelys,³ who had established a little Theatre for Operas to which all the first Company of London had subscribed, and none but Subscribers' Tickets were admitted. The Law then laid down by the present Chief Justice, and acted upon by the Magistrate, was that every theatrical performance, however it might be attempted to be cover'd under the name of private subscription, came within the Purview of the Statute if it was actually and *bona fide* performed for *Gain, Hire, or Reward*, and that that was the real fact to be proved on which the issue of the case must wholly depend. This, tho' perfectly applicable to a Subscription Opera by hired performers, could never, I should have imagined, have any relation to the present case.

Enough of Law, which perhaps you will wonder, as I do, how I should have thought of meddling with; but I own I think it not a very pleasant circumstance for

¹ Lloyd Kenyon, first Baron Kenyon (1732-1802), Lord Chief Justice. He died on April 4 of this year.

² Sir John Fielding (died 1780) succeeded his half-brother, Henry Fielding, the novelist, as magistrate at Bow Street.

³ Theresa Cornelys (1723-1797), famous for her "Assemblies" at Carlisle House, Soho Square.

the persons concerned in this undertaking to carry it on under the good pleasure and permission of the managers of the Theatres and above all when those managers can only speak for themselves as Individuals, it being competent to every person in the Kingdom to prosecute the Performers as Vagrants, if they please, if the case will really bear such a Prosecution out, which I can hardly believe.

Before I finish this letter, long as it may appear, I must say that I feel most sensibly the kindness of the concluding part of yours, and thoroughly understand the value of the Distinction it establishes. There is none I can obtain more gratifying to me than a place in your Friendship. My best pretensions to it are that I know how to appreciate a character like yours, and that none of your numerous Friends can exceed me in the warmth and sincerity of those sentiments of true esteem and affectionate attachment with which I am proud to subscribe myself, dear Miss Berry, Your much obliged and grateful, humble servant,

PALMERSTON.

Pray remember me most kindly to Miss Agnes and likewise to Mr. Berry.¹

The war with France had for a long time closed that country to the English, but after the preliminaries of peace were signed, in October 1801, a stream of visitors crossed the Channel. Early in the next year Mary Berry, perhaps in the hope of dispelling the depression into which she had been plunged in February by the death of General O'Hara, bethought herself of going to Paris, and on March 8 she and Mrs. Damer

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 18.

set out from London for that city, where they arrived six days later, and took apartments at the Hôtel de l'Empire, in the Rue Cerutti. They "did" the usual sights, went to the milliners' and the theatres, and met most of the people who were anybody. They fraternised with the other English folk at Paris, and among these were Lord Cowper,¹ Lord Henry Petty,² the Marquis of Douglas,³ Henry Luttrell;⁴ and they also moved in French circles, and visited both royalists and republicans. Mary Berry gives a full account in her *Journals* of this visit, and from this we learn that they met, among others, Berthier,⁵ Cambacérès,⁶ Macdonald,⁷ Fouché,⁸ Le Brun,⁹ the Marquis de la

¹ Peter Leopold Louis Francis Nassau, fifth Earl Cowper (1778-1837).

² Lord Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, third son of William, first Marquis of Lansdowne. In 1809 he succeeded his eldest brother as third Marquis. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1806 under Grenville, and later held other high ministerial offices.

³ Alexander, Marquis of Douglas (1767-1852), the eldest son of the ninth Duke of Hamilton. He succeeded to the dukedom in 1819. He married in 1810 Susan Euphemia, daughter of William Beckford, of Fonthill, author of *Vathek*.

⁴ Henry Luttrell (1765?-1851), a natural son of Henry Lawes Luttrell, second Earl of Carhampton. He was a popular man about town, and distinguished for his wit. He was the author of *Advice to Julia* (1820) and *Crockford House* (1827).

⁵ Louis Alexandre Berthier (1753-1815), Minister of War since 1799. In 1804 Napoleon created him a Marshal of France, in 1806 Prince de Neufchâtel, and later Prince of Wagram.

⁶ Jean-Jacques Régis de Cambacérès (1783-1824) was elected Second Consul when Napoleon became First Consul. At Wagram he was created by the Emperor a Marshal of France, and in 1808 Duke of Parma.

⁷ Etienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald (1766-1840), a distinguished soldier. Napoleon gave him his marshal's baton after Wagram, and in 1810 created him Duke of Tarentum.

⁸ Joseph Fouché (1763-1820), the famous Minister of Police and of the Interior. In 1809 he was created Duke of Otranto.

⁹ Charles François le Brun (1739-1824), appointed Third Consul of France in 1799. In 1805 he was raised to the peerage as Duke of Placentia.

Fayette,¹ Masséna,² Moreau,³ La Place,⁴ and Madame Recamier, and renewed acquaintance with Madame de Staël.⁵ Madame Buonaparte received them, and at last came the day when they saw the great Napoleon himself. It was on the occasion of the military parade of April 5, which they witnessed from a window in the Tuileries. "Buonaparte mounted his horse (a light-coloured dun with a white mane and tail) before one o'clock, at the great central door of the Palace, accompanied by the generals of the different divisions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; they then rode along the line, so that Buonaparte twice passed our window, once near enough to see what one can see of a man on horseback gently trotting by with his head much *enfoncé* in his hat." Miss Berry has recorded: "I saw enough to convince me he is not much like his busts. But all I saw was a little man, remarkably well on horseback, with a sallow complexion, a highish nose, a very serious countenance, and cropped hair. He wore the dress of some infantry regiment, blue, with a plain broad white lappel and a plain hat with the very smallest of national cockades in it. After riding along each of the four lines, he and his attendant generals

¹ Marie Jean Motier, Marquis de la Fayette (1757-1834), who fought against the English in the American War of Independence.

² André Masséna (1758-1817), one of the greatest of Napoleon's marshals. He was given the titles of Prince of Essling and Duke of Rivoli.

³ Jean Victor Moreau (1763-1813), the victor of Hohenlinden. He was banished from France in 1804 for being implicated in a royalist conspiracy. Nine years later he served with the Allies against his own country, but was wounded in August, and died shortly after.

⁴ Pierre Simon la Place (1749-1827), mathematician and astronomer, was in 1799 Minister of the Interior under Napoleon. He was created a count by the Emperor, and after the Restoration was raised to the dignity of marquis.

⁵ Mary Berry had made the acquaintance of Madame de Staël, then Mdlle. Necker, at Lausanne in 1784.



MADAME DE STAËL

placed themselves beyond the second line, exactly opposite our window, when all the troops—first infantry, then cavalry, and then artillery—marched before him with their music playing and colours flying; none of the officers saluted but the colonel. After passing Buonaparte they filed off, and when the last had passed, he came again to the same door of the Tuileries, dismounted, and disappeared. This is all that those who best see the parade can see of the mover of the whole machine." A few days later they were invited to a reception at the Tuileries, and were presented to the First Consul, who exchanged a few words with each of them as he walked round the semi-circle formed by his guests. "Buonaparte himself . . . was in his undress Consular uniform, but with silk stockings and small buckles." Mary Berry described his appearance:—"His hair is very dark, and cropped much shorter than it appears on any of his busts, and it does not lie well or smoothly upon his head. He by no means struck me as so little as I had heard him represented, but as, indeed, he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, which gives his figure importance. His complexion, though pale and yellow, has not the appearance of ill-health. His teeth are good, and his mouth, when speaking, as I saw him, in good humour, has a remarkable and uncommon expression of sweetness. Indeed, his whole countenance, as I saw him in this circle, was more that of complacency and quiet intelligence than of any decided penetration and strong expression whatsoever. The Man of the Parade and the Man of the Circle has left a totally different impression on my mind, and I can hardly make the two countenances (one of which I saw so imperfectly) belong to the same person. His eyes are

light grey, and he looks full in the face of the person to whom he speaks. To me always a good sign. Yet after all I have said of the sweetness of his countenance, I can readily believe what is said, that it is terrible and fire-darting when angry, or greatly moved by any cause."

The travellers arrived in London on April 18, and in the following month Mary Berry's play, *Fashionable Friends*, was produced anonymously at Drury Lane. Though presented by an excellent cast, including Charles Kemble, King, Barrymore, and Maddocks, Miss Du Camp (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kemble), Mrs. Young, Miss Pope, and Mrs. Jordan, it proved to have no attraction for the public, and after a run of three nights was withdrawn, to the bitter disappointment of the author and her friends. According to more than one authority, its principal defect was its lax morality. Mary Berry printed it in 1803, with the following "Advertisement": "This comedy, found among the papers of the late Earl of Orford, and remaining unclaimed in the hands of his executors for two years, was brought forward at the request of Mr. Kemble on the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. After the extraordinary abuse that has been lavished upon it, the executors considered it as a duty to the unknown author to publish it." While there was no reason why Mary Berry should avow the authorship of the play, it seems extraordinary that she should have dragged in the name of Horace Walpole.¹

¹ Another dramatic work, written by Mary Berry, a farce called *The Martins*, set down in a manuscript list of her writings, was never played or published.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry**August 7, 1802.*

Do not tell me of dull epistles, my dear Miss Berry ! I never can receive one more to my taste and way of thinking than is that you have been so good and kind [as] to send me ; in every respect it would have been completely agreeable, had it brought me a better account of your health and spirits, though that was hardly to be expected from such a short trial of the water, and indeed sometimes the benefit derived from this kind of remedy is not felt till after it has been left off ; at all events, I trust the air and pleasant exercise you are engaged in will strengthen your nerves and restore your noble mind to its full power.

I heard of the Duke of Devonshire¹ yesterday ; he is certainly better, and has consented and settled to go to Eastbourne ; he would not hear of Spa, though greatly recommended to him by Sir Walter Farquhar.²

The Dowager Lady Spencer is at Holywell ; by her last Letter she does not seem to have much hopes of seeing you there. I believe she will not move from thence for some time.

How could you have such an opinion of me as to suppose for a moment I could forget any incident in Gramont ? I have been much engaged since I saw you in reading a very different kind of work, a continuation of the history of our colony in New South Wales, now brought down to August 1801. It has been amusing to me, for I have interested myself in its goings on ever since the first settlement there.

I have still constant evening parties, and have not moved from my chair for many past days, till I go to

¹ William, fifth Duke of Devonshire (1748-1811).

² Sir Walter Farquhar (1738-1819), physician in ordinary to the King.

make one in them. At present they have never consisted of fewer than three tables, but seem to be now so crumbling away bit by bit that I expect they will soon be reduced to one. However, as that one will last to the end of this month, my purpose will be answered.

I have been two or three times interrupted, and having another letter, an indispensable one, to write, I must only add my love to Agnes and entreat the continuance of your partiality and notice. You can never bestow it on one, my dear Miss Berry, to whom it can be more precious than to your obliged and faithful

CAROLINE HOWE.¹

Mary Berry being far from well in the autumn, she, with her father and sister, left England on October 26, for Nice, where they arrived on December 9, and settled down in a house which they rented until May 1, for ninety pounds, from General Morgan.

The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry

November 7, 1802.

I intend this, my dear Miss Berry, shall be the first greeting that presents itself to you on your arrival at Nice, where I hope you will soon be, and find yourself improved by the constant change of air, instead of feeling the fatigue of such a long journey. Mrs. Damer's kind attention in acquainting me of your being safe at Calais flattered me very much: her note was from Strawberry Hill, and she promises me the *Journal* when she returns, and I am impatiently waiting for it. I wrote to Lady Spencer the day you left me (the 25th of October), made all the proper acknowledgements from you and such say, as you bid me add, in return

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 28.

for her gratifying Letter; and then I roved along a parcel of lines about you, which she has since answered very much to my mind, nor was *Agnes* forgot in my rhapsody. By the bye, were I not much pleased with *her* and gratified by the kind of notice she takes of me, I could never have thought of taking such a *liberty*, and I trust she sees it in that light.

I have been interrupted more than half a dozen times since I began this, and now it is so late that I must soon adjourn till to-morrow. One of my visitors was Miss Trimmer,¹ who desired me to name her to you and to say she was very sorry to have missed seeing you before you left England. Lady George Morpeth's² little boy was to have undergone the trifling operation of taking off the wart he was born with to-morrow, and I had hoped I might have to tell you it was all well over, but I understand it is to be defer'd for a few days, Lord Morpeth having gone into the country, I did not hear whither.

Monday, November 8th.—General Andreossi³ went in proper time on Saturday to Lord Hawkesbury⁴ and afterwards visited the two under Secretarys of State in their separate apartments. Do you know Mr. Craufurd?⁵

¹ Miss Trimmer was a daughter of Mrs. Sarah Trimmer (1741–1810), the author of children's books and educational works.

² Lady Morpeth (d. 1858), the wife of George Howard, Lord Morpeth, afterwards sixth Earl of Carlisle (1773–1848), was *née* Lady Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, eldest daughter and eventual co-heiress of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. The little boy was George William Frederick Howard, born on April 18, 1802, afterwards seventh Earl of Carlisle.

³ Count Antoine François Andreossi (1761–1828), a distinguished soldier, was after the Peace of Amiens appointed French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's.

⁴ Robert Banks Jenkinson, Lord Hawkesbury (1770–1828), eldest son of the fifth Earl of Liverpool, was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Addington, 1801–3. He succeeded to the earldom in 1808, and was Prime Minister from 1812–27.

⁵ James Craufurd, of Auchinames, Renfrewshire, commonly called "Fish" Craufurd, was a friend of Fox, Walpole, Hume, and Mme. du Deffand. He spent much of his life abroad, but died in London in 1814.

He had reached Lyons in his way to Nice, and was to pass the winter there with Mr. Coborne, his intimate friend, at least, so much so that the latter, since the last time he came to England, dined with him nearly every day till he returned to France this year; he was detained for a few days in Paris, and appointed Lyons where he was to wait for him. The account of his death reached Craufurd at the moment he was expecting to see him. If he goes on, he will certainly fall in love with you; he has always been subject to seizures of all that kind whenever he has met with objects like you. He is an old friend of mine (not what the French call "*un ami*"). Pray tell him I desired you to notice him and to mention him as to both health and spirits, when you write to me. He has a great regard for Lady Douglas.—The Duke of Devonshire keeps in health, but is by gentle degrees falling into his usual hours, dines at seven, begins his whist about ten or half past, sups at home, and retires by three. However no Brooks's yet, and he does not remain in bed after two. The Dowager Lady Spencer goes from Lord Cork's¹ at once to Althorp. Do you know what a hop, skip and jump style means? If not, the specimen I send will give you an idea of the kind. If you choose to have more of it, write soon. Remember you insisted absolutely upon hearing from me myself, and allow that I have obeyed *au pied de la lettre*. My love to Agnes: do not forget me, and believe me ever, dear Miss Berry, gratefully and truly yours, MOI, MOI, MOI.²

¹ Edmund, eighth Earl of Cork (1767–1856). He had succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father, October 6, 1798.

² Add. MSS. 37726, f. 30.

*Lord Hartington¹ to Mary Berry*DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, *Monday, December 20, 1802.*

DEAR MISS BERRY,—I daresay you will be surprized and disappointed when you see by whom this letter is written. If you are, you have nothing to do but to tear and throw it into the fire. If not, some time, when you are bored, lightly skim over it.—We are very gay here : a good many people come here every night. Miss Lloyd is the centre of the system and the planets of the Morpeths, Melbournes,² Clermonts, and a great many others gradually roll round her at the whist table. There are also a great many fixed stars, such as Mr. Adair, the Carlises,³ Lady George Cavendish,⁴ &c., and every now and then a comet appears, *viz.*, Monsieur Andreossi or Sir Sidney Smith.⁵ I do not think Andreossi so very ugly, as I had heard he was : he has a good natured face marked a little with the small pox. The Besboroughs⁶ set off for Paris about a week ago. They

¹ William George Spencer Cavendish, Lord Hartington (1790–1858), only son of William Cavendish, fifth Duke of Devonshire. He succeeded to the dukedom in 1811. It will be noted that now, when he began to correspond with Mary Berry, he was at Harrow, aged twelve.

² Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne (1748–1819), married Elizabeth (1749–1818), only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., of Halnaby, Yorkshire. Their second son, William, who succeeded to the title, became Prime Minister.

³ Frederick Howard, fifth Earl of Carlisle (1748–1825), the friend of Fox. He married in 1770 Lady Margaret Caroline Leveson-Gower (d. 1824), daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford.

⁴ Lady George Cavendish (d. 1835), daughter and heiress of Charles, seventh Earl of Northampton, was the wife of Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish (b. 1754), third son of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire. Lord George was in 1831 created Earl of Burlington.

⁵ Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith (1764–1840), the hero of St. Jean d'Acre.

⁶ Frederick Ponsonby, third Earl of Bessborough (1758–1844), had married in 1780 Lady Henrietta Frances Spencer (d. 1821), second daughter of John, first Earl Spencer.

had a very bad passage and were very sick. They met Lord Ossulston¹ and Lady Charlotte Greville² at Calais, who, by the by, come here every night. They were searched and obliged to unpack every thing at Calais. Lady Charlotte is delighted with Paris. She was at the Opera the other night, and would not even deign to look at the ballet. There is a new singer, or rather screamer here, Signora Gerbini: she acts in men's clothes. She is frightful, and two new dancers, Monsieur and Madame Coralli, both rather good.

The Grammonts set off for Edinburgh the other day. As Corisande got into the inn at Bugden she was very cold and ran up to the fire. Her gown caught, and she was in flames in a minute. She ran about the room screaming, and Madame de Grammont came into the room and threw herself upon her. They both fainted with fright, but luckily a man who Mama had sent with them came up with the trunks and rolled them both in the carpet. If he had not come in they would certainly have been both burnt to death. Madame de Grammont's arms and hands are burnt very much, and Corise's arms and hair very much too. She wrote to tell us they are now at Thores, by Lord Newark's house. Aglar, her sister, is here too. She has a very good figure, but her face is ugly. She sings beautifully.

I suppose you know that Stephen Kemble³ has been in town acting Falstaff very well. I went to see him in his benefit. He acted Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*: he did it very well, only looked too fat. He weighs eight and twenty stone. After the play he spoke

¹ Eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville, married in 1806 Mlle. Corisande de Gramont.

² Lady Charlotte Greville, wife of Charles Greville, and daughter of the third Duke of Portland.

³ Stephen Kemble (1758-1822), actor, the brother of Sarah Siddons, manager of Drury Lane Theatre 1792-1800.

some verses in the character of Falstaff written by himself to take his leave. I have had an headache ever since with the noise of the clapping.

Caroline (St. Jules) likes Paris very much : she is learning to dance. She was at a ball there, and was quite ashamed, for every body danced so beautifully. Mama has got one of her bad headaches : she has been in bed all day. Was Paris much altered from when you was there last ? I suppose you have found a great many places very much altered since the revolution. How long do you intend to stay at Nice ? I came from Harrow a fortnight ago. I did not know that you was gone abroad, and went to North Audley Street, and found the house shut up and the knocker off the door and no signs of any thing alive. I do not exactly ask you to *answer* this, but some time, when you have nothing to do, write a line or two to shew me that you have not quite forgot me, and believe me that *I* shall never forget the impression which your kindness has always given me.

Tuesday.—Mama's headache is a great deal better to-day. I suppose you know that my cousin, Willy Ponsonby, did not like being a sailor, and has been ever since we were at Ramsgate with a clergyman in Hertfordshire. He is coming here to-day to spend a few days before he goes to Althorp, my Uncle Spencer's, for the holidays. I shall be very glad, for I am very dull here as Clifford is gone to the West Indies and my sister (I blush to say) is never up till two o'clock. My nephew, commonly called *little George*, is growing beautiful. He had the mark in his forehead cut out a month ago. Poor G. was in a terrible fright. He bore it very well. He is really grown quite clever : he pulls hair, scratches and kicks with the greatest dexterity imaginable, and is never in a more *funning* humour than when he is going to be dipped in his tub of cold water, which amuses him extremely. I am afraid you will

think that I begin to *doat* already, but it is impossible to know him without loving him.

Goodby, dear Miss Berry, — I am your ever affectionate
HARTINGTON.

P.S.—Pray give my love to your sister.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Saturday, January 16, 1803.*

It is not possible for me to express to you what I have suffered for these last days. At my poor mother's age the sad idea of losing her² must frequently, constantly almost, have occurred to my imagination, accompanied by a train of melancholy reflections. Unprepared, it is true, therefore, I could not be. But the scene now before me is rendered doubly distressing by my dearest mother's gentleness, under her frequent sufferings and her extreme desire for life, and life, alas! alas! I too plainly see, cannot long be granted her. I do not exactly remember what I said to you; my mind has been in too sad a state of anxiety and agitation, from the transition from hope to desponding, which the circumstance of my mother's disorder unavoidably occasioned. The natural and still evident strength of her constitution gave at first the greatest hopes of being able to resist the evil, and, at moments, it seemed to be such as she might conquer, with medical assistance. The stomachache, in a state tending to inflammation, was relieved by the bleeding, but the grand root and cause of all this suffering has remained fixed and unmovable, baffling every mode of relief attempted, and that is a load of accumulated phlegm which oppresses

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 26.

² Lady Aylesbury died on January 17.

the lungs, fills them gradually up and prevents respiration. She breathes now with extreme difficulty and distress, and that difficulty and distress can but increase under a miracle. The weather is so sadly against her. Oh! were she in your plain of Nice. But it is one of these despairing black dismal frosts, with a high wind, that now and then indeed, give from a heavy atmosphere the hope of change, and then it resumes its chilling rigid state. Still is my mother's pulse and other powers of existence, as both Sir Walter and Chilvers affirm, such as might allow this dear good soul years of existence, but that one wheel, so he calls it, is nearly stopped, and little if any hope remains. Last night even was, to appearance, so favourable in a great degree, and I had gone to bed at about one o'clock, having sat up the other nights very late and only had a few hours' heavy rest, Anne, as usual, coming up and giving me frequent reports, when at about seven this morning she was alarmed by my mother's throwing herself into her arms and saying she was dying. Chilvers (whom I have near in the front drawing-room) was instantly called, and afforded what assistance could be given. (I, of course, throwing over my Spanish cloak, was down in an instant.) The struggle was for some moments severe, but this time her strength still conquered! I am interrupted by good Hope, whom I must say first one word to.

Tuesday Morning, January 18.

Your mind will have anticipated what must be the sequel of my story! My dearest, kindest of mothers expired yesterday morning without a groan, without even a sigh. Her countenance instantly became placid, and her fine features made her beautiful in death! Such I am convinced can be the end only of one possessing a virtuous mind and a conscience without reproach, and such a one, I am proud to think, was my mother! A scene more affecting, more impressive than her end

it were not possible to see. My grief is extreme, and, much as I ever thought I should regret this dear mother, I find that regret more painful and deeper than I expected. All the arrangements, every little improvement at Strawberry Hill, this house, all (sometimes imperceptibly at the moment to myself) tended wholly to procure her amusement and comforts, and all these have lost their value to me. But never more to behold that benign countenance brighten up at the sight of me! This does give me the feeling of an almost broken heart, but I will not go on, tho' I know you would forgive me, nay, I know you like that I should speak—and with you why should I not!—from the first impression of my heart.

I have, too, as you may suppose, melancholy duties to perform and melancholy business to settle, therefore must not linger nor indulge in writing to you, or enter further at present into details. I am not, I assure you, ill, and to-day am equal to all that may be required of me to do or settle.

One thing I must add, my good kind uncle Frederick¹ is in the house with me. He arrived on Sunday, the day before yesterday, and enters so much into all my feelings and all my ideas on this melancholy subject that he is a real support and comfort to me. He begs kindly to be remembered to you, and said just now, as he often does, that there is no one he loves or admires more than you. My dearest life, believe me, I feel amidst all my suffering for you, and I know the pang you will feel at not being with me on such an occasion. But better even now do I think it that you should be where you are in health and composed spirit (at least comparatively) than here with all the sufferings, of your own I mean, I feel convinced you could not have escaped, had you remained in England. I must end. May Heaven preserve and bless you.²

¹ Lord Frederick Campbell.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 41.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry*LONDON, *Friday, January 21, 1803.*

You will expect a continuation of my melancholy story. Quite sure I am not precisely where I left off. First, as I know how anxious you will be for me, I must tell you I am not *bodily* ill, but equal to give every necessary order, to do all that is required of me and that my mind is what may be called composed, tho' I feel my spirits weaken and my tears flow faster than on any similar occasion I have had the misfortune to witness. It can not be otherwise. Every tender partial affection of my dearest mother towards me wakes in my recollections, and I feel a regret even for the moments I may have lost when she perhaps wished me to be with her, or at the remembrance of a single word or expression that the quickness of my temper or feelings may have made me utter when, poor soul! I ought to have spared her! Yet much, I trust, I have not to reproach myself with, and I do trust that I have not only contributed to the comfort of my dear mother, but *made* that comfort such as rendered life desirable to her, even to her latest moments.

I think I told you (and if I did not *you* will have no doubt what must be my intention) that I was determined to attend the last sad ceremony, say the "*ultimo vale,*" but I am not certain that I did tell you, as after considerations we had, when I last wrote, but just decided that the remains of my mother are to be deposited in Sundridge Church in the chancel. Combbanke was her father's place; there she lived, there she married, and in the same spot where she will be my uncle Frederick, when Fate calls him, will be himself deposited. There too I may, at leisure, raise a small monument to the memory of a beloved mother, and still have the power to drop over it a silent tear. I trust you will not dis-

approve our decision in favour of this plan, which to me appears in every way the best, and what, if my poor mother ever had a wish on the subject, would have been her wish, for you will believe that the dread way of so long a journey, under the present cruel circumstances either to Rayling or Lord Aylesbury's would not have made me give up what I thought right. I must add, on this sad subject, that Lord Tom called on me yesterday (rather I *saw* him yesterday for he and Lord John had been constantly at our door), and I am sure you will think it affecting and pretty in so young and gay a man when I tell you that he offered, with his brother, Lord John, to attend with us at the ceremony if, he said, I thought my uncle would like it. I answered for him and for myself, accepted his offer with thanks, as everything pleases me that I consider as a mark of affection or a mark of respect for the memory of my mother. My uncle Frederick is this very instant returned (near 4 o'clock). I must lose no time in finishing this, that it may not be too late for the post, as you will be anxious to hear again from me. I may not write again by Tuesday's post. That day or the next will be the day I shall leave town, and nothing new may or probably will occur to tell you till after that period.

Madame de Staremborg, the only person I have hitherto seen that I was not in a manner obliged to see, has been all kindness to me, her heart is so feeling, her attentions to my mother were so marked and so pleasing to her, good soul! and Madame de Staremborg's anxiety about her so great, that, believing her sincere in the wishes she expressed to see me, I felt a sort of relief in seeing her. And her sense and feeling, expressed in the very kindest terms possible, *not to forget* her love and admiration of you which she forgets not to express, have altogether made me, even now, see her with a degree of pleasure. She calls for a little every evening, for to say the truth, long my spirits could bear no-one's company

at this moment, but the company of *one* dear, and *eyer* more dear, present or absent. Madame de S[taremburg] has promised to write to you on Tuesday. Your letter of the 3rd Jan. I received on the 18th. I need not say I shall answer it, tho' I can *not* to-day. Farewell, and heaven bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

COMBBANKE, *Friday Evening, January 28, 1803.*

I felt that it was well I had sent you a letter by Tuesday's post, as yesterday I could not have written. On Wednesday, the day I left town, the weather, which for the last days had returned to its mild state, again had changed and grown intensely cold. A violent fall of snow rendered the streets for the most part so slippery that Walter could drive little faster than a foot's pace. However, on the road, with a considerable degree of jumbling and jolting, we got on, but I arrived here almost frozen, and what with the cold, and the still more serious evil, the load of anxiety and agitation on my mind, I was so unwell in the night that I really feared I should have been unable to attend the duty I had so much at heart to perform. But with resolution, I believe we always find strength to do what we decidedly think right. Yesterday between ten and eleven Lord Tom and Lord John arrived, and in I believe about an hour afterwards we proceeded to the church. It is sufficient to say I was miserably affected, but got through with the ceremony.

Dr. Vise came purposely from Lambeth to perform the service, which he seemed to do feelingly. I saw and heard but imperfectly, but once or twice as I looked up I perceived the tears standing in his eyes. When I returned home I was seized with such a pain in my back

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 44.

I could scarcely speak for a considerable time. However I was then in my own room, where I remained till the pain lessened and I recovered enough to go down to dinner, and have felt less of this rheumatism (which I doubt not that it is). But in a driving snow we had to walk slowly thro' a great part of the church yard, and then the chill of the church itself, as you may suppose, was extreme. This house, as you know with everything that is ornamental and pretty, has little of comfort, and the cold of it is beyond imagination. Yet, both my uncle and Lady Frederick are so kind and good to me, and I am here quiet, as much alone as I like, and away from every obligation of seeing any person whatever, that I could stay longer here, were it not for this fear of being ill, from the extreme cold and badness of the weather, so much more sensibly felt at this place than in London or that I should feel it even at Strawberry Hill, where I have a desire to go, that my mind would best recover its tone by quiet and solitude.

The very few persons I mean to see, I shall, I doubt not, have to thank for their kindness to me and feel obliged to them, but none can at this time relieve the oppression of my heart. You do not think me ungrateful to those who interest themselves about me? Madame de Staremborg in particular claims and truly has my thanks, for thus seeking me, so little known to her! in distress. She has indeed, with sense, tact and judgment, if I mistake not much, a feeling heart.

Saturday morning.—I wrote down your questions to Dr. Moore, and enclose you his answer, which Mrs. Burns to whom I sent my little paper to show him, foolishly sent here to me and by that means lost a post. He is, poor man, somewhat loth, but as I understand doomed to leave this country. I opened his letter, by which I find my idea of the air of Nice, tho' salutary in general, not being entirely what suits your constitution, confirmed. I hope and trust, therefore, that no considera-

tion of money matters will prevent your change of place whenever the time comes that it may suit you. This you promised, and still more ; more what can it signify ! What earthly object have I to think of but yourself, and you know how easily I can place a few hundreds into your account into Coutts' hands to serve, and you need not then be obliged even to good Hoper.¹ Spa, I still think with you, should be your grand object, and if, as I am led to hope, you continue but as well as you have hitherto done, will confirm in a great measure your health and enable you to encounter an English winter, a severe enemy, I am sure.²

Lord Hartington to Mary Berry

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, *January 30, 1803.*

You cannot think, my dear Miss Berry, how much pleasure your letter gave me. Every thing you can say about Nice will be news to me, as I have never had any correspondent there. We are all extremely sorry that poor Mrs. Ellis is so ill : we knew her so well. I envy you very much upon your *tall, personable beast* on the mountains, whilst we (poor souls !) are shivering, wrapped up in great coats by the fireside, nor daring to go out all day long. We are *certainly* to go to Paris this summer, for Papa has said, and still means to fulfil his promise, that he will go. Perhaps we shall meet you there on your way back. I have given your message to Mama, and will to G. when I write to her, who, instead of being in Hill Street playing with my nephew, is now dancing at all the Paris balls, while little George is now with us at Devonshire House. I will not, if you like it, wait for your answer, but will write

¹ A business man who took charge of the affairs of many persons of importance, including those of the Princess of Wales.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 46.

a *Newspaper* for you every week. You can stop them as soon as you like. I have answered your letter, and now I will say my own say.

I suppose you knew that poor Mrs. H. Greville died last week. She was brought to bed in the morning of a dead child, and died in the night. My sister was very much affected.

I suppose you know that Lord and Lady Abercorn¹ have had a play at The Priory. It was *Who's the Dupe?* and *The Wedding Day*. It was very well acted. Lady Cahir² acted Lady Contes. The other actors were Pen and George Lamb,³ Lawrence,⁴ the two Mr. Maddocks,⁵ Lady Charlotte Lindsay,⁶ Miss Butler and Mrs. Kemble.⁷ Mama and my sister were there. There was no room for poor me; I should like to have been there very much.

Last night, while Mrs. Lloyd was playing at whist, Mama asked her to cut, and thought she looked very pale. She asked where she was, and what she had been doing, and said that it was very odd but she did not remember anything that had ever happened to her in life. Miss Trimmer asked her whether she would not go home. She said she did not know where she

¹ John James Hamilton, first Marquis and ninth Earl of Abercorn (1756–1818). Lady Abercorn, his second wife, whom he married in 1800, was Lady Anne Jane Gore (d. 1827), daughter of Arthur, second Earl of Arran, and widow of Henry Hatton of Clonard.

² Lady Cahir, afterwards Countess of Glengall.

³ The Hon. Peniston (d. 1805) and the Hon. George Lamb (d. 1834), sons of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne.

⁴ Thomas Lawrence (1769–1830), the painter. He was knighted in 1815, and P.R.A. from 1820.

⁵ Probably the actors, one of whom played in Miss Berry's comedy, *Fashionable Friends*, at Drury Lane.

⁶ Lady Charlotte North (1770–1847), youngest daughter of Frederick, second Earl of Guilford (better known as Lord North), married in 1800 Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John Lindsay, son of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres. She was, later, a lady-in-waiting of the Princess of Wales, and a great friend of the Misses Berry.

⁷ Mrs. John Kemble, wife of the tragedian.

lived, or anything about anybody. At last we got her home, and this morning she was quite well. The other night we went to Lady Sutherland's to hear Mrs. Billington¹ sing. She was there. The moment she began to sing Miss Lloyd started up, and cried out "*O Dear,*" in her way, and stood stupefied all the rest of the evening with her mouth wide open with wonder. She had never heard her before.

Andreossi came here the other night, and talked a great deal about Bonaparte, and defended his cruelty in Egypt, which is mentioned in Wilson's book on the war there.² He said that it was not true that he had ordered all the wounded to be killed, for they took away numbers, and those few that were killed were past recovery, and that he did it out of humanity.

My Aunt Bessborough is to set out from Paris on the sixth of next month. They are very sorry to go. Moreau has been to see her. He makes no scruples of disapproving of the present government. My Aunt asked him if he was not afraid of Bonaparte's killing him, upon which he said, "*Bonaparte est un tyran mais pas un assassin.*" He said that he was not afraid of his banishing him, for he had the hearts of all the army, and that he did not dare.

The Dutchess of Gordon said at her ball when she saw Lady Georgiana dancing with Berthier, "*Voilà Georgine qui danse avec la Général.*"

I am afraid you will be sadly tired with this long scrawl. I will write something more *substantial* when I get some *news*. In the mean time, I remain, Yours ever affectionately.

HARTINGTON.³

¹ Elizabeth Billington (1768-1818), the famous opera singer.

² *The History of the British Expedition to Egypt*, by Major (afterwards General) Sir Robert Francis Wilson, 1802.

³ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 22.

Chevalier Jerningham to Mary Berry

PARIS, le 2 février, 1803.

La lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'écrire, mademoiselle, le premier jour de l'an, a été l'étréne la plus agréable que je pûsse recevoir. Je vous prie de vouloir bien agréer mes remerciements de votre aimable souvenir. Je suis charmé que le climat de Nice vous sait aussi favorable ; il ne faut rien moins qu'on avantage aussi réel pour consoler Mrs. Damer de ne vous avoir pas à Londres dans un moment où vos soins lui seraient si nécessaires : Mon frère me mande qu'elle est accablée de la peste qu'elle vient de faire, et je le conçois aisément, car la pauvre Lady Aylesbury était si aimable pour les personnes qui lui étaient même étrangères, qu'elle doit être une perte irréparable pour ses amis, et surtout pour sa fille ! Pourquoi Mrs. D[amer] ne vous irait-elle pas rejoindre ? Le voyage, et le changement de lieux est la meilleure distraction qu'on puisse conseiller à quelqu'un d'affigé.

Paris ne m'offre pas encore de Grands Sujets de satisfaction. Mes affaires ne finissent point : ma présentation aux trois consuls a été faite à cette intention, mais je suis encore à en éprouver les effets. De très excellent diners, et de belles paroles, doivent cependant être mis en ligne de compte. . . .

Il y a eû Samedi dernier un superbe bal chez le ministre de la Marine, comme il occupe le bâtiment de la place Louis XV qui était jadis le garde meublé, le local était très favorable à une fête ; Mde. Bonaparte à honoré celle ci de sa présence ; elle est arrivée escortée d'un ou deux préfets du palais. Assise, entourée de tout ce cortège, elle n'a parlé à personne ; un malheureux étranger s'est avisé de s'approcher d'elle et de lui demander de ses nouvelles. Un préfet

lui a dit à l'oreille. "Madame interroge, mais on ne lui parle pas le premier." La Duchesse de Gordon, toujours basse et rampante, a passé vingt fois devant elle, dans l'espérance d'en être remarquée, mais n'a pas obtenu un seul mot, et je ne puis qu'en être fort aisé. Cette Grace (j'ai pensé dire cette graisse) continue à donner des bals ou il y a un terrible mélange; elle a trouvé fort simple celui que le Ministre de la Guerre a donné le 21 janvier, et a blâmé très haut la Duchesse de Dorset de n'y avoir pas voulu aller à raison de l'épôque!! Cette ambassadrice vit jusqu'à présent assez retirée. Soit peu, ni Lord Whitworth¹ non plus: l'hotel de Chavoit qu'il a loué, ne pourra être prêt que dans deux mois d'ici, et la petitesse de la maison qu'il occupe à present est une excuse pour ne recevoir que peu de monde, ce qui ne pouvait être fort du goût de la duchesse. Mr. and Mrs. Villiers sont partis il y a deux jours; ils n'ont pas invité la majeure partie de leurs compatriotes par leur empressement de connoître et de voir toutes les spectacles du jour, et les dances du quartier de la chaussée d'Austria; ils sont regrettés par la bonne Compagnie qu'ils ont constamment fréquentée, et notamment par Mde. de Goutant, où je les voyais fort souvent.

Les papiers vous apprendront la mort de Mdlle. Clairon,² à 81 ans; elle avait recû la veille, un remboursement de 14 mille francs, d'un Anglais qu'elle avoit connu autrefois. Elle a été parfaitement gaie au diner qu'elle donna pour célébrer sa quatrevingtième année revolûe, ainsi que pour boire à la santé de son débiteur; à 3 heures du matin, elle voulut se lever de son lit, tomba, et fut trouvée presque expirante par sa femme de

¹ The widowed Duchess of Dorset married in 1801 Charles Whitworth, Baron Whitworth (1752-1825). Whitworth was appointed 1802 Ambassador at Paris. In 1815 he was created Earl Whitworth.

² Claire Joséphine Hippolyte Legris de la Tude, the French actress professionally known as Mdlle. Clairon. She was the mistress of the Margrave of Anspach from 1770-1787, and during this time lived at his court.

chambre à 8 heures : elle n'avait pas eu la force de crier ; c'est un voisin qui a dit avoir entendu du bruit vers les trois heures : elle avait recité quelques tirades de Racine, à Kemble, à son retour à Paris, et avec beaucoup de feu et de mémoire. . . .

E. JERNINGHAM.¹

Lord Hartington to Mary Berry

HARROW, *March 5, 1803.*

DEAR MISS BERRY,—Nothing has happened worth telling you since my last letter, except that on the 22nd, Col. Despard² and his associates were executed, and had their heads cut off, but were excused the rest. I will copy part of the account out of the newspapers.

“The sentence of the law has been carried into execution! The warrant for the execution yesterday morning had been made out, and included the names of Edward Marcus Despard, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Arthur Graham, John McNamara, John Wood, James Wrattan. As soon as the warrant was received, it was communicated to the unhappy persons by Mr. Ives, the keeper of the prison. We believe it was expected by all,—by all it was received with equal courage and fortitude. Colonel Despard observed upon it being communicated to him that the time was short : yet he had not had from the first any strong expectation that the recommendation of the Jury would be effectual. Mrs. Despard was greatly affected when she heard that his fate was signed, but on Sunday recovered her fortitude. At daylight on Sunday morning the drop scaffold and gallows on which they were to be executed

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 32.

² Edward Marcus Despard (1751–1803), executed at Newington, London, for high treason.

were erected on the top of the gaol. All the Bow Street patrol and many other peace officers were on duty all the day and night, and the military near London were drawn up close to it. Mrs. Despard having taken leave of her husband at three o'clock, came again at five, but it was thought advisable to spare the Colonel the pangs of a second parting, and she was therefore not admitted into the prison. She evinced some indignation at the refusal and expressed a strong opinion with respect to the cause for which her husband was to suffer. The next morning, as the prisoners were placed on the hurdles, St. George's bell tolled for some time: it was about half past eight when the prisoners were brought up to the scaffold. As soon as the cord was fastened round the neck of one, the second was brought up, and so on, till the cords were fastened round the necks of all seven. Col. Despard was brought up last, dressed in boots, a dark brown great coat, his hair unpowdered. The ceremony of fastening the prisoners being finished, the Colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold and made the following speech to the multitude,—‘Fellow Citizens: I come here as you see to suffer death upon a scaffold for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me. But, though His Majesty's ministers know as well as I do that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man, because he has been a friend to faith, to liberty, and to justice.’ (There was a considerable huzza from part of the populace the nearest to him.) The Colonel proceeded, ‘because he had been a friend to the poor and the oppressed. But, Citizens, I hope and trust, notwithstanding my fate and the fate of those who will soon follow me, that the principles of freedom, of humanity and of justice will finally triumph over tyranny, falsehood and

delusion, and every principle hostile to the human race. And now having said this I have little more to add but to wish you all health, happiness, and freedom, which I have endeavoured as far as has been in my power to procure for you and for mankind in general.'

"The last and most dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed. The most awful silence prevailed, and the thousands present all with one accord stood uncovered. At seven minutes before nine o'clock the signal was given: the platform dropped and they were all launched into eternity. Colonel Despard had not only struggle—twice he opened and clenched his hands convulsively—he stirred no more. The rest were motionless after a few struggles. Colonel Despard was first cut down. After his coat and waistcoat were pulled off, his head was severed from his body by the executioner. He then took the head by the hair and carrying to the parapet on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace and exclaimed, 'This is the head of a traitor, Edward Marcus Despard.' There was some hissing when the head was exhibited. The same ceremony was performed with the other prisoners whose bodies were put into their respective shells. The whole of the awful ceremony was conducted with the greatest propriety by Sir Richard Ford and the Sheriff."

I will write you another letter in a few days to tell you more news, but I thought that this would entertain you. My sister and Lord Morpeth are still detained at Calais on their way back by contrary winds. The little boy has been very unwell. They were afraid at first that it was the Croup, but it was the disorder that our neighbors the French have sent us over and that every body has got, *la Grippe*.—Yesterday evening Nugent, Lord Westmeath's second son, died here of the measles and an inflammation in his lungs. A coffin and mourn-

ing coach came for him this morning. He was a very nice little boy.—It only wants three weeks to the Easter holidays.—Pray remember me to your sister, and believe me, I am, yours ever affectionately,

HARTINGTON.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Saturday, March 5, 1803.*

I really have been talked to death this morning and must begin a letter to you by way of relief. It was a *succession* ending with Mr. Burn, who tho' really kind and sensible, is often too much for my spirits, and he never takes the tone from others, but imagines he can at all times *drag* them into his *vortex* but this is never the case with me, for if I am low, such attempts make me sink lower and lower, and now I actually suffer from a number of hours passed in the manner I mention, not only at the moment but afterwards, and commonly sleep the worse for it. This evening I expect no one except perhaps Madame de H., of whom I am sure I have no such complaint to make—so much the contrary that I am mistaken if she is, or has always been as happy as the present state of her *fortunes* make her appear. At least it is rare with so much sensibility and intelligence to sympathize with others in distress and understand feelings wholly new to ourselves. I never have told you what I feel certain you will not disapprove, that the interest and admiration she so repeatedly expressed for you, and the natural inquiries she made concerning you, which from a character like hers could not be curiosity, inspired me with a wish to tell her your story. Was I wrong? Not if I am to judge by her way of listening to what [is] said I am sure! and

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 38.

what can be told of *you* that does not interest or do you honour. Farewell for the present.

Tuesday, March 8.

I yesterday, while I was at dinner, received your letter of the 20th February, and should have written to you in the evening, for I was alone, but I had a sort of headache, I believe from the piercing wind which now prevails, and which I am sure tempts me not to go out, had I no other reason for staying at home. You were right, indeed, my life, in thinking the oppression on my mind great when the letter, begun at Combbanke, went to you. That oppression was a sort, and such there is, to which no writing seems adequate. There must be a suite and order in a letter, merely to make oneself understood, which requires the mind to be in some degree collected. When present a word or look expresses what a *substance* never can, and thus tho' I am not *Delphine* nor feel myself in any way allied to the race of modern *heroines de romans*, I often find my eyes refuse the task my heart, for relief, would impose on them, in giving you details of what I now feel and what I suffer. Otherwise I should at the time have told you how the melancholy bell tolled, how the procession moved on, how, for a long way, thro' the church yard with the snow driving we followed the sad coffin, my good uncle and I, arm in arm, and Lord Frederick and Lord Tom next. The coffin was nicely decked, and the whole conducted with the greatest order and propriety. Could the dear soul look down she would be pleased with this last tribute, so every way due to her. I cannot even now go on, but do not think my spirits are not recovering, I am persuaded they are, tho' slowly, at least to a certain pitch, where perhaps they may long remain, but, I repeat it, I am naturally anything but gay, except at moments, and these moments may still

come again! My errors, I trust, have been such as may find mercy and forgiveness. Why therefore should I despond!

You, dearest, will have seen long before this, that I by no means "reject" the idea of meeting you abroad, that is, coming to you, which I do assure you with truth I am convinced will be better for *me* than your returning here. You could not, *ought not* on any consideration to expose yourself to this climate before June, and in June I have now made my plan to leave England perhaps early in that month and be on my way to you. Meeting me at Spa or Paris or Brussels are only kind suggestions on the *possibility* of my being disposed towards them, but it is quite otherwise. I am *disposed* to *any place* in a good climate where I can be quiet and near you, and do not wish to travel about by way of seeing anything or any place. I have not recovered my love of travelling, but I am convinced that the change of scene, continuing my route leisurely and alone, and resting a day or two as I find myself incline, and knowing that I am going towards you, will of all other plans best tend to restore my mind and make me sensible I have still much to thank Heaven for. I should say I was surprised at what you say of Miss Argot, but why should one be surprised at wood-headedness. However, I don't feel, as I say, the smallest wish to visit Switzerland and its romantic beauties at this moment.

Agnes, as to her, will never feel herself anything like happy or comfortable but while shining *the Queen* of a little society, and no-one I am sure is better formed naturally to shine in a small or great society. Untoward circumstances and her own often *untoward* disposition have made this not easy at all times to be accomplished. I would and for your dear sake! this were otherwise! Your father and his dispositions (more easily dealt with) I quite understand, and indeed at his age do not wonder at. Little difficulties are always magnified, where want

of taste or energy prevent their being *lightly* passed over, and it is well that he is still even from place to place *moveable* at the will of others, tho' I am sure every way on this occasion and on every other *you* would ever wish to move him to his own real advantage. I have I believe said little on the subject of your health, but what I have *felt* at the repeated accounts you have given me, upon the whole so favourable, I leave you to think! Your going was my decided plan, my *earnest wish*, and never for one instant have I repented, and now let the unfeeling say we cannot love another better than ourselves. I have never heard a word of Hugveriers, and therefore concluded he is still abroad, nor do I know where to enquire for him. But I have seen another courier whom I like much, as far as appearance. Perrey recommended him and he says he remembers you in Italy. His name is Tipot, but I am not sure he, whether it be can or will, I know not, engage with me. I am to hear in a day or two, and if he will not shall enquire elsewhere. Don't figure me to yourself *fussy* or *cross* because I sometimes complain of seeing more people than I wish or *more of them*. I am neither, and perhaps you would think in one sense too little so! They come and they go. I wish not for them, tho' certainly I should be sorry at such a time to be neglected! That is not the case, every body is very good to me and as kind as they can be, but how few ever sympathize for long (if at all) with the real and deep distress of another! It is not to be expected! nor from *many* to be desired. When I come, you must expect me with two dogs, like old Wander, for I never can again leave my poor Hyllass and *Miss Berry*, I conclude you would not have me leave her behind. She is a dear little thing, is grown broad-backed and what you would call *impudent*.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 48.

*Lord Hartington to Mary Berry*HARROW, *March 12, 1803.*

DEAR MISS BERRY,—Thank you a thousand times for your very kind letter which I received the day before yesterday, and take the first opportunity of answering it. I was very much entertained with the "*Nice Gazette*" and envy your "*uncommonly bad*" winters very much, for we are still buried in snow. I am very much afraid that our intention of a trip to Paris in the summer is defeated, for that destroyer of all journeys abroad, ycleped War, is coming towards us with very long strides,¹ and every body was alarmed yesterday with the King's Message to Parliament, which was in all the papers and which I send you with what the paper puts about it.

"It is with real grief that we present to our readers the following Message, sent on Tuesday by the King to both Houses of Parliament. We earnestly hope that War is not about to be renewed, an event which must be ruinous in so extraordinary degree both to France and England. But both the tone of the message and the vigorous measures which are adopted by government prove but too clearly that differences of a serious nature exist between the two nations. All the ships of war at Portsmouth have received orders to repair to Spithead, a fleet of observation will immediately be formed, and the most expeditious mode of raising seamen has been resorted to. Press warrants have been issued and numbers of Sailors found in and about London have been sent to the tender. The Funds in consequence of these measures have felt some depression."

¹ It was clear to most intelligent observers that the Treaty of Amiens was only a temporary peace, and that war must very soon again be declared between France and England.

"G. R. His Majesty thinks it necessary to acquaint the House that as very considerable military preparations are now carrying on in the ports of France and Holland, his Majesty thinks it expedient to adopt measures of precaution for the safety of his dominions. Although these preparations are avowedly directed to colonial purposes, yet as great and important discussions are now carrying on between His Majesty and the French Government, the issue of which may be uncertain, and his Majesty being solicitous for the continuance of the peace, is induced to make this communication in full persuasion that, whatever may be the event, he may rely with perfect confidence on the public spirit and liberality of his faithful Commons, to take such measures as shall conduce to the honour of his crown, the safety of his dominions, and the essential interests of his people."

I was very much surprised by your quotation out of *Horace's Epistles*. I did not know that you was a Latin scholar. I sent your message to Mama : she has got all her *Parisians* back. They arrived on the seventh : they were detained at Calais for ten days, where they used to go to the little playhouse at the inn every evening. The little boy has been very ill indeed. We thought at first that it was the Croup ; but it turned out to be the disease that the French have sent us, "*La Grippe*," and which every body has got in London. However, he got well before they came. I believe he did not know his father and mother, but he looked at them as if he had some recollection of their faces, and is already reconciled to them and beginning to be sociable and gracious. Mama says that G. look[s] very well and a little French. They were very much pleased with Paris, though Bonaparte's crossness threw a gloom over everything. Mama is very unhappy at losing the little boy.

Agenor, Madame de Grammont's son, is arrived. He

is beautiful and very like Corisande. Poor Madame de Grammont¹ is very ill indeed at Edinburgh.

On the 6th of this month died the Duke of Bridgewater²: he has left a great deal to Lord Gower,³ which is all to go upon his death to his son, Lord Francis.⁴ There was a report that the Duke of Queensberry⁵ was dead and [his] character was given in the Papers. It was not true, but I believe he is very ill, as also are the Dukes of Richmond⁶ and Portland.⁷ It is reported that Lady Harriet Hamilton⁸ is going to marry the Marquis of Waterford.⁹

I suppose if there is to be war that you will return to England sooner than you intended. I am quite vexed with them for it. I wish at least that it was not to be till we had been to see Paris. I am going home now in about a fortnight, but the "*pomps and vanities*" shall not, if I can help it, make me neglect my newspaper. On the contrary, I shall have more time there than I can scrape up here.

Bob is just arrived and tells me that all the coasts

¹ The Duchesse de Periche, *née* François Gabrielle Aglée de Polignac, died at Holyrood, March 30, 1803.

² Francis Egerton, third and last Duke of Bridgewater (1736-1803), famous for the construction of canals.

³ The Duke of Bridgewater's nephew, George Granville Leveson-Gower (1758-1833), eldest son of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford. He was, during his father's lifetime, summoned to Parliament as Baron Gower. He succeeded to the earldom on October 26, 1803, and thirty years later was created Duke of Sutherland.

⁴ Lord Francis Leveson-Gower (1800-1857), second son of the above. He afterwards assumed the surname and arms of Egerton. He was created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846.

⁵ William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry (1724-1810), known as "Old Q.," and notorious for his dissolute life.

⁶ Charles Lennox, third Duke of Richmond (1735-1806).

⁷ William Henry Cavendish Bentinck, third Duke of Portland (1738-1809), Prime Minister in 1783 and 1807.

⁸ Lady Harriet Margaret Hamilton (d. April 30, 1803), daughter of James, first Duke of Abercorn.

⁹ Henry de la Poer Beresford, second Marquis of Waterford (1772-1826).

of France near England are armed, and that there are a great number of *boats* with which they say as a pretence that they are going in *them* to St. Domingo to plant colonies.

I have not time to write any more now, but believe me I shall ever remain, Yours affectionately,

HARTINGTON.

P.S.—Everybody send their love to you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *March 28, 1803.*

I wrote my last letter in a hurry, yet I trust you will have allowed for that and not have mistaken any expression I might make use of. At any rate, my meaning and my heart *you* never can mistake, but tho' I accept and even feel not undeserving of the compliment of "vieing" in tenderness and constancy of affection with Madame de Sevigny, I can not *quite* come up to her in words. This instant I receive your letter of the 12th March, dearest soul! I have not a thought, not a hope that does not refer to you,—wholly depend on you, and time, be assured, will dispel the sad gloom that hangs over my mind. I never meant to say I did not hope to recover that interest, that sort of confidence in the possibility of future days being brighter than present, which, I am sure, when I have formerly expressed, it has often only made you shake your dear head, recollect this. You are, thank Heaven, in better health and in better spirits, and much it grieves me to think how much I have with my melancholy dashed your comfort, for so it is. Not, I know, that you would have had me suppress the feelings from which I suffered, or endeavour to conceal them from you, but writing can never be

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 24.

like speaking, and we have both suffered not only from "*les contretemps*" but from "*les maux de l'absence*." It has been particularly unfortunate that just the letters you were most anxious I should receive soon, were the longest on the road, and came, as I told you, four at once, consequently I ought, long before, to have received the first of them. I do not think, however, that I have lost any one of your letters. I have several times wished I could recall the words you very naturally quote in your letter "not that I prefer," &c., for they seem to imply a meaning I did not intend: I meant merely not to influence you in your determination in this way, and felt then that, so that I had the prospect of being with you, I cared not where it was. Now, I assure you, that I shall be very much disappointed if the plan of your staying abroad should fail, which, however, I will not think, for surely you cannot mistake all and every single letter of mine written since I received that of yours of the 4th Feb. joined to these of the 6th and 10th. But as you say, you wish me to tell you what I like and what I dislike, I will at least tell you fairly the latter (for the first, I think I may trust your own perception). I do *not* then like after so long an absence and the sort of melancholy I experience, meeting you at an Inn, or meeting you either with the idea of bustling on together, or apart, on an immediate journey to some other place. Nor do I like the idea of so exactly fixing my day as "meeting at the clock at Dijon" would make me feel I must, whatever you say to the contrary. (I mean that a few days sooner or later did not signify.) Surely it is a much more comfortable plan that I should come to you wherever you may have decided to pass your summer, and then, indeed, we may settle quietly, and as circumstances arise, where we shall pass our winter, whether in Italy or France. I mean certainly as I have said, to set out on the first of June. You see, I am sure, that I have not neglected your advice, nor

wanted confidence, could I indeed do so! in your kind and anxious affection and care for me, but have much hastened a departure, I, however, from the moment I found you could stay abroad, never doubted about. And I declare to you with truth that I am convinced nothing can be so likely to restore my mind to any tone, or my spirits to any tolerable level as change of scene and place, tho' were I with you, my heart would anywhere be satisfied.

I have been dining, and have returned to your letter and to mine. I will confess I am surprized you could form so uncomfortable a plan as our meeting at "*la clocke*" (*le nom seul m'en degoûte*) higgledy-piggledy with your father and sister, *sans compter* two or three chance friends who would certainly find you out and be *so glad to see you* and *you so glad to see them* for a few days! and in this hurry and bustle to settle and fix (*Quot homines, tot sententiae*) where we were to go. I think you could not mean this, tho' such the words are. *If* you did, it proves what, Heaven is my judge, I most wish, the goodness of your health and spirits.

Tuesday, March 29.

I must now go to business, lest even with my double letter I should not find room for what I have to say. First, of the war I shall say no more till some further circumstance that is material shall arise. It is now the general opinion (and you know always was mine) that it will not take place (tho' some differ) and we will go on as if the business was settled, tho' the negotiations for aught anyone knows (for the same mystery continues) last a long time. Then I was twice at Strawberry Hill, and went over to your house, saw all was well. The last time your gardener came over to me and semed very uneasy at-the expence your horses are, of which he said he thought you did

not know, and that it would vex you. He added, that should you wish to put them into Bushey Park, it was during the summer five shillings per head per week. You know, tho' Alex. may, I *do not* grudge the poor things *a bite* in my field, but the matter of hay is a serious consideration, if your house at Strawberry Hill should be let by the year, particularly. Do turn this over in your mind and let me have your determination, as soon as possible, as should you determine to part with both or either of them, you may *rely* on me for doing it as if they were my own. I know the management necessary for your chaise-horse, but, to be sure, keeping two horses quite useless for two years, perhaps, may not be what you may think worth while. I know, however, your reason, and you will of course do what you think most advisable. I am in all things pleased with your gardener. He always looks composed and I find him at his work, and he seems quite to have your interests at heart and enquires *kindly* after *you* in particular. This is well. Then there is in my stables here a certain old harness that Walter, I perceive, has set *his eye upon* and says it cannot be used again with safety. Give me also your orders about that.

Mrs. Hervey *threatens* going abroad and talks about Nice, but she is not determined. . . . As to your sentimental soldier, he certainly will, probably *has* fallen in love with you. Whether you will fall in love with him or not I know not, as I *know not him* but I do *you*. Don't be surprized at my settling this—I read only novels, alas! too truly have been able hitherto to read nothing else.

Farewell, my only hope and comfort on earth. How I do long this seeming misunderstanding should cease in our letters and we not to be answering each other at cross purposes. Heaven bless you.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 51.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry**Thursday, March 30, 1803.*

You will be certain before now, my dear Miss Berry, that the idea of my being the least careless with regard to such a valuable, amiable, clever correspondent ought not to have been admitted, for you will have received my letter of the 11th of February before your answer to that of January the 18th had reached me. That most agreeable answer I found upon my table on my return from the Queen's House¹ Tuesday night, and read it before I went to sleep, and it was not of a kind to inspire drowsiness. If Lady Douglas writes to-day most part of my intelligence will be better expressed. However, I encourage myself never to suppose others may be writing the same day, for that often causes delay to the absent, and sometimes news, or at least chit chat never is sent at all, but puts me in mind of the old two stools.—So here goes.

The Duke of Queensberry² died yesterday morning. I have not yet heard whether he has left a will. The Duke of Buccleuch,³ I have always been told, is heir to a great deal, and I know Lord Douglas gets the Aimesbury Estate, which I have always heard called above three thousand a year. I wish it were double, or even treble, with all my heart.—Lady Andover is gone too. Of course, her daughter, Mrs. Howard, will inherit all that she had not already given up of her very considerable fortune to her. Another very great death happened on Tuesday morning, that of the Duke of

¹ Buckingham House (now Buckingham Palace) was called "The Queen's House," when George III and his consort lived there. It was settled as a dower-house upon her Majesty.

² The report was premature. William Douglas, fourth Duke of Queensberry, survived until 1810.

³ Henry Scott, third Duke of Buccleuch (1746–1812), who succeeded to the dukedom of Queensberry.

Bridgewater. What I am going to write will show what an immense property he has left behind him. He has given about £30,000 a year landed estate to General Egerton (now Earl of Bridgewater) and six hundred thousand pounds in money—all this in his own disposal—and forty thousand pounds to his brother, who is, I believe, a clergyman; to Lady Louisa Macdonald¹ and Lady Ann Vernon each ten thousand pounds: to Lord Gower he leaves the navigation, that is the income of it, the management of the concern being put in trustees' hands. His house in town all strictly entailed (but to him for his life), the pictures, Library, &c., as heirlooms, and then to his second and younger sons successively, and their sons, excluding whoever may be Marquis of Stafford, his intention being to make a new family, for whoever has it is to take the name of Egerton.

Friday, March 11.

I was so interrupted, and at last had Lord Sligo² till it was time to dress for dining out, that, tho' vexed, I could not help myself, but was forced to submit and now go on where I left off yesterday.—Lord Gower's sons failing, it goes through a long specified Intail to the sons of his three nieces, and in case of failure there comes back, I heard yesterday, to Lord Strathnairn, but that seems a contradiction. However, it is no great matter, for besides Lady Carlisle's and Lady Louisa [Macdonald]'s younger sons, Lady Ann Vernon has eight or nine. The Navigation is reckoned a clear seventy-four thousand a year: the last year it produced eighty and is supposed to be improving.

The Duke of Queensberry has been so near gone that his death was in yesterday's newspapers,—contra-

¹ Louisa (d. 1827), daughter of the second Earl Gower, married in 1777 Sir Archibald Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

² John Denis, first Marquis of Sligo (1756–1809).

dicted,—then I was assured he had departed early in the morning, but before I left home I found he lived, and some said would recover. Just now I sent to Lord Douglas's servants: they have heard nothing this morning, and so his history stops unless I learn more before post time. I must not write what is just now going on in the political world, further than to say if all kingdoms wish as much for peace as I do, you will need no passport when you return to us.

I think Mrs. Damer is likely to accept of the invitation I understand you have sent her.¹ Not that I have had any opportunity of learning her intentions, but her friendship for you, and her natural disposition to see and know every thing makes me so judge, and I will venture to say further, it is the best determination she can take, if we can but keep in friendship with our neighbours.

I knew of poor Lady Aylesbury's death when I wrote my 18 of January Letter, and meant my finishing manner of mentioning her might be a sort of preparation for you. I am happy to find Nice air has conquered the mischief you acquired, occasioned by the sad news, more to be lamented at her age on her Daughter's account than her own.

The Bessboroughs and Morpeths arrived in Town on Tuesday after having been detained at Calais by contrary and blowing winds since the Friday sen' night before: all well. I have lived almost at Devonshire House for above this month past, in a very quiet way; hardly any body, and generally only one whist party, some men, and those not many, supping (I always come away at that time), and Lady Spencer, who has been there above a month, retiring too then. She has been extremely unwell; the terrible North-east weather added to the Influenza (a more universal one was never known) having prevented her recovering from a very

¹ Mary Berry's invitation to Mrs. Damer to join her abroad.

severe attack of more than a common cold which she brought up from the country; but though the weather is still severe and a fall of snow last night, she begins to feel getting about and in health again. She now stays on in Town till after Lady Cork's¹ lying-in.—Lady Pelham has lost the finest boy that ever was, after a few days' fits. He ended in one Dr. Pitcairn called apoplectic. She is within a couple of months of her time, and both she and Lord Pelham have exerted themselves wonderfully and showed great fortitude.—Lady H. Cavendish,² I believe, will be presented in the spring. I think her improved, and the manner of the young people dressing their hair becomes her. The Baroness Howe's³ eldest boy is just recovered from the Measles, her two younger children, I believe I mentioned in my last, had been laid up with that troublesome disorder at Twickenham. I have had this same Influenza that I told you of, in one of its ways. Mine was not an attack of cough or any complaint above my stomach, but I have brushed through it very well and never staid at home since I got rid of a blight, which I believe I named in my last Letter. I am tired,—“*moi aussi*” will be a very fair answer. However I should go on, had I more to say than that I am ever yours most truly, my dear Miss Berry—not dear Madam. *Verbum sap.*⁴

¹ Isabella Henrietta (d. 1843), third daughter of William Poyntz, of Midgham, Berks, married in 1795 Edmund, eighth Earl of Cork (1767–1856). She gave birth to a third son, John, on March 13, 1803.

² Lady Henrietta Cavendish (d. 1862), daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. She married in 1809 the first Earl Granville (1773–1846).

³ Sophia Charlotte, Baroness Howe of Langar (in her own right), 1762–1835. She married in 1787 the Hon. Penn Assheton Curzon (d. 1797), eldest son of Assheton, first Viscount Curzon. In 1812 she married, secondly, Sir Jonathan Wathew Waller, Bart. She was the mother of Admiral Earl Howe.

⁴ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 40.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry*LONDON, *Thursday, April 7, 1803.*

Lest you should suppose there was something in the letter which I said I burnt, that really there was not, I make haste to say that, among other very unimportant matters, it contained a proposition of meeting at Paris instead of Brussels, as a place of more resource, should you decide on any long stay at either. I added at the same time an injunction not to mention this to your companions, should you see any objections. Your letter fully answered this proposition before it was made, and be assured, should you determine on Spa or Brussels I shall be content to meet you, so that the essential part of the plan be not given up, your passing the winter abroad with me. I certainly should prefer Switzerland to Spa and Brussels for the summer, and therefore hope you will succeed in engaging the Greatheads to meet you there. In that case I shall beg of you to take some apartment for me adjoining or near where you are at Geneva or Lausanne or elsewhere. Nay, I would still come and take my chance of anything future, relative to the war, obliging us to return here in the winter, provided it remained settled that, should your father continue in his resolution, we still were to go on together, no unforeseen event occurring. I easily, from the account you gave me of yourself, relinquish for you the idea of Spa, as I am persuaded that being where you like and are amused in the summer and then passing the winter out of England is what is required, and all that is required for your health, and you know not the comfort it gives me to know (however even things may turn out as to public events) that you have and must now have convinced yourself that the amendment at least of your health and spirits is to be procured and the

means appear no way in future to be out of your power.

I yesterday saw Miss Francis for the first time, as she was confined with a cold on her arrival. She seems, as you say, to want neither sense nor feeling, poor thing! I was a good deal affected on seeing her. She spoke of you in the highest terms of admiration and gratitude. Several morning visitors intervened and I then received your letter of the 26th March in answer to mine of the 11th. You will find by my subsequent letters that, even should war take place, which I think it will not, I by no means see the necessity of our giving up our plan of passing the winter abroad. I cannot suppose the English will be ordered to quit France, as there appears to me no reason for the measure, and so far I understand, every civility is shown them. However, in my next letter (I thought I had mentioned the subject in that of the 11th) you will find that I have not been unmindful even of the possibility of unpleasant circumstances in which you might find yourself involved, from this sudden occurrence, and I trust that you duly received the additional letter of credit, which, as I directed, Coutts promised to send on the Tuesday 13th. I shall, as you may equally like to know, desire Hoper to enquire into the state of your own credit at Coutts' and let you know the result by Tuesday's post, as to-morrow (Friday) they will not, of course, do business.

Miss Francis seemed much disappointed when I mentioned the plan of your remaining abroad next winter, and not *quite* comforted when I said that Agnes would return. She mentioned the improvement of your health till, as she said, a little before she came away, when you appeared less well. For this, alas! I could but too easily account. She also said she often lamented your over fatiguing and worrying yourself with parties and company. I had hoped this was less the case by your letters, but so it struck even such an

observer as Miss Francis. To be sure, I should not have thought you would have taken a new Englishman from Nice with you for fear you should not find enough of them at Geneva, as I never saw the place yet where they did not abound, and how Mr. Smyth could be "useful" on the road I am at a loss to guess, for numbers certainly increase the difficulty, but you will only scold me and say I know nothing of your Father, &c., &c.—and so I have done. Pantaleone Queensberry was only *killed* by the *newspaper*, not by the *Grippe*. But poor Pantaleone Hamilton¹ is no more. He died yesterday morning, having, they say, for some time past been only a walking shadow.

Friday, April 8.

It is now thought that Sunday next will bring the final answer from Paris. What this may be, I find by what you say, you will know sooner from thence than I can let you. I shall be truly vexed for you and I assure you disappointed for myself, should you think it necessary to return. That is, my *reason* will be disappointed, for, provided I see you again, the languor and melancholy that still oppress my mind make it indifferent almost to me *where* we meet. Of one thing I am convinced, that the first moment my mind will in any degree in reality begin to recover will be when I again see you and press you to my heart. These words I believe I have already written; no matter, I repeat them oftener to myself. I will see Mrs. Howe, since you require it, for what else I can "*do with her*" I know not, yet making me see people is hard, for as they know I do not go out, there is a sort of solemnity in these intervals that affects my spirits, commonly at the time and *certainly* afterwards, and seems to me to do no good.

¹ Sir William Hamilton (b. 1730), diplomatist, archæologist, and the husband of the notorious Emma Lyon (Nelson's Emma), died on April 6, 1803.

I am, I assure you, harassed and prevented from doing matters of business in the morning by the number of persons already habitually received, and never find my spirits so calm and composed as when I have passed a day alone. I have only room to add Heaven bless you! ¹

The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry

GRAFTON STREET, *Sunday, April 10, 1803.*

Owing to your attention to me, my dear Miss Berry, I received a most kind and pleasing note from Mrs. Damer on Friday evening and containing her leave to call upon her. You may be sure I profited by such permission as soon as might be, by going to her yesterday. She says she is pretty well, but looks thin. My reception was just such a one as I could wish, very gratifying and showing a sort of confidence, a satisfactory one, and of the sort that put me very much in mind of you. She charged me not to neglect my intention of writing to you by Tuesday's post, lest my letter should not find you at Nice.

Your plans and hers must remain uncertain for a while, but according to the present appearance (I can only say appearance) of things, a short time may determine whether you will be at liberty to go or come just as you please.

I make no excuse on account of not having answered your last sooner, deserving as it was of my earliest notice. It arrived at a time when the hurry and worry of my head was such that I could only attempt unavoidable writing. It is now got tolerably quiet, owing to sub-sided agitation. The Dowager Lady Spencer was unwell several weeks, but going home to her own air and

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 54.

occupations has confirmed her perfect recovery, except not finding herself quite so strong as usual for her very long walks. Lady Georgiana Morpeth, amiable as ever, brought her fine boy here, and told me she had written to you. I therefore need not say more of her. Her friends are content to have got her safe home again. Poor Miss Lloyd had a Palsy stroke last Monday, under which she labored without seeming to have much sense or feeling, till yesterday evening. Had she not lain so many days in such a sad state, it might have been thought a happy end at past eighty-one.

I find Mrs. Damer writes so constantly to you that it checks my wish to send you all the chit chat transactions that are publick ones. One of a more serious kind I shall leave to her—I mean the melancholy end of Colonel Montgomery. His adversary, Captain Macnamara,¹ is, I believe, hardly out of danger. What a lamentable throwing away of two such brave young men!

Monday, April 11.

I picked up little or nothing yesterday, and so many of my friends are gone into the country that my levées are much lessened, and I fear as this Letter must absolutely go to-morrow, it will be much less worth sending than I intended.

Lady Harriet Hamilton is to have Lord Waterford. Setting apart his rank, fortune, &c., he would be a very desirable match (perhaps not for a very dissipated lady, as he is naturally domestic), for he has an excellent character and is perfectly good tempered.

Mr. Macnamara is recovering. The Coroner's In-

¹ Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) James Macnamara (1768-1826) fought a duel at Chalk Farm with Colonel Montgomery, in which he was wounded, and his adversary killed. He was tried at the Old Bailey on April 22, but the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," it being shown that the provocation came from Montgomery.

quest have said manslaughter, but he must be tried for murder.

I am glad you had such fine weather and enjoyed it in a manner. Your clever quotation would have been a proof to me, had you said no more, that it was not lost upon you. I believe I have declared to you that, old as I am, I have continued to endeavour to be pleased with every employment I could at all take to, and that I have as constantly tried to turn those employments into amusements, and I can truly say I have found much benefit from such determination. The great world is rather in a bustle. *Mr. Pitt*¹ comes up to-day to Mr. Charles Long's,² as near London as to make little difference as to what may be going on. It seems a general belief that *he* and Lord Melville³ are coming in. Farther does not yet transpire, but curiosity and anxiety are upon the full stretch, and the parliament being adjourned for ten days gives ground to suppose it is to allow time for arrangements.

Tuesday, April 18.

I was interrupted yesterday: one person following another caused me to stop. I have since heard of more surmises. Till they prove certainties you shall hear no more of them, and remember that I cannot write again till you send me a direction. Lady Camelford is going on ill. Her present situation is a suffering one, and a total separation is a better alternative.

By the Dowager Lady Chatham's⁴ death, Lord Chatham⁵ gets something more than 25 hundred a year.

¹ William Pitt (1759-1806), statesman.

² Charles Long, of Bromley Hill Place, Kent (1761-1838), held various ministerial offices; created Baron Farnborough, 1820.

³ Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville (1742-1811), Secretary of State for War, 1794-1801, First Lord of the Admiralty, 1804-5.

⁴ Widow of "the Great Commoner."

⁵ John Pitt, second Earl of Chatham (1756-1835), eldest son of "the Great Commoner," and brother of William Pitt, the Prime Minister.

Sir W. Hamilton has left his *Lady* seven or eight hundred a year, and a few hundred pounds, the house in town and, I suppose, the furniture. The rest of his estate he gives to his nephew, Charles Greville,¹ and if he dies without heirs, it goes to his brother, Bob Greville,² who married Lady Mansfield, and I believe the jointure the same after *her* death.

Lord Gower sells his present habitation and makes the late Duke of Bridgewater's his town residence, first building a fine drawing and eating room, &c., to the park, raised to the height of the picture gallery and Library, and moves the stables to Cleveland Court; then over the coach narrow way called Katharine-wheel yard, he throws a bridge which leads to his garden in the Green Park. It will be a very complete business when finished.

General David Dundas³ has the red ribbon vacated by the death of Sir William Hamilton.

I have nothing more to add, my dear Miss Berry, but respects to Mr. Berry, love to Agnes and to assure you, I am,—Ever sincerely yours.

C. H.⁴

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Thursday, April 14, 1803.*

I have now before me your two kind letters of the 30th March and the 3rd April, which I received to-day. To begin by the first, I have to say that if you overrate

¹ Charles Francis Greville (1749–1809), second son of Francis, first Earl of Warwick. He died unmarried.

² Robert Fulke Greville (1751–1824), married (1797) Louisa, Countess of Mansfield (in her own right).

³ General Sir David Dundas (1755–1820), Commander-in-Chief, 1809–1811.

⁴ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 42.

my care and attention (for the letter of 6th was, as I said, nothing else) you cannot overrate, tho' you may *over-value*, the truth and sincerity of my affection for you. I would not on any account have you return me the letter till you see me; remember I *enjoin* this. Still less should I ever give a direction for a note of *yours not* to be honoured by my banker,—not that I mistake what you say for anything but mere matter of form, always in my opinion in many matters to be observed even by friends.

I am glad to know at last that you enter into my ideas for not leaving England so early as your letters pressed me repeatedly to do, tho' I always felt certain you would have done so, could you have known all the precise circumstances in which I was, unfortunately, placed. That I should now have unavoidably been stopped, is nothing to the matter, tho' it is so far likely as it prevents my having in any degree either stopped, altered or interfered with your plans.

To go to your last letter, what you tell me of your health is just nearly what I expected from the unpleasant uncertainty in which you are, and the alas! not improbable failure of a plan I think founded on all that is most rational. Still I think we shall have peace, but Mr. Pitt, they say, is certainly to come in and the Grenvilles,¹ and I am told that this *accession* is to be announced to-morrow or next day! If Fox is not Minister I care not myself who is, or who is not. It seems to me all alike blundering on from one incoherent folly to another! and without a shadow of knowledge of foreign politics, or any treaties except their own, which it seems they are grown ashamed of—“*hinc illæ lachrymæ.*” But as they made the treaty, certainly they ought to keep to it, and so it will appear to all persons here, and hereafter, who think justly.

¹ Pitt did not become Prime Minister until May 1804, but Fox and Grenville did not hold office under him. After Pitt's death in February 1806 the Grenville-Fox administration was formed.

Friday, April 15.

To Mrs. Howe, who obligingly came again to me, I had told your directions, &c., but I shall also *give* her where you say in your last letter, as I could see she was rather disappointed at your not having mentioned where she was to direct after Nice. You tell me not to "worry" myself about you, should you be forced to return. "Worry" I may not, but I *must* see and feel all the consequence it is of to you, not only on the score of health, but on the score of what forms the very *essence* of health and spirits with you. But as I must not ruin you in postage and always fear being interrupted, I must go to business.

Mrs. Burn did receive your letter; more, I have engaged my courier for a month at all events, beginning the first of June, therefore, should you be obliged or determined to return, it would be a great satisfaction to me if you would let me send him to you, for example, to Lyons or Geneva and it would (which as you have never mentioned I conclude you have not done) be very easy for you to drop your stupid brute of a courier at either of these places, for I confess that a good courier (and I am persuaded this is one) appears to me a more useful and a less troublesome personage on a journey, than a Mr. [illegible] or *even* a Prince Louis, of whom I begin to think I must speak with some respect. Don't mind my nonsense, but pray think seriously of my proposal. I could send him to you by Diligences, &c., and you would then keep him just while you wanted him, should you do so longer than the month, nay, he is here! and to me it would be as *broad as it is long* to send him to-morrow. It would be no additional expence to you (*this* merely for your father) and as I say, a great, *very* great satisfaction to me.

Of peace I am sorry to say I doubt much more

than I did, but talking of it is vain at present. Should you return immediately, you are, I trust, aware that I can lodge you all in town or country, or at the most your father might, if you thought there was not room in town, take a room at some lodging house just to sleep in. And as to Strawberry Hill, if you will not reckon it *your* country house, for you and yours, all I can say is that I shall not long reckon it *mine*. I have planned the rooms and arrangement and you are all to be in the castle—no *tramping* to the offices. But enough of this, which still I hope may not for the present be necessary. I need not say that Constable will execute your commission (should they come) but that I think she can, for she seems very clever and intelligent from the little I can judge now, in these matters. Lord [illegible] has paid me my quarter and I am in no difficulties whatever at this time, but the want of delicacy in his conduct I may *forgive* but cannot *forget*. Your poor "*Stick*" bids you farewell. It can be a support to nothing, but falls to the ground unless employed in its own service, by you. Heaven bless you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, Sunday, April 17, 1803.

I feel a change of direction rather as a *rapprochement* which is more like a sense of pleasure to me than anything else can be; but I have been, I know not how, more painfully low of late, perhaps than at the first moments of my grief, and, tho' I do not love making these sort of complaints, as I think you seem seldom to enter into my ideas on the subject, I must add that I have been worn to death almost with seeing

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 58.

more people, and more *of* people, even those I had already seen, than my spirits are at all able to bear, often and often not having an hour in the day to myself or to do or settle any business I want to finish.

I mean to go to-morrow to Strawberry Hill, and to be chiefly there, as I feel that I shall, upon the whole, suffer less, certainly less unpleasantly if I am left more alone, for I find invariably that the over-fatigue of seeing people prevents my sleeping with tolerable composure. You cannot either call my being at Strawberry Hill being alone when the Staremberg's are at Hawck, as it is my intention to go to them commonly in the evening, and they mean to settle there on Wednesday sen'night, and I come to town again next Thursday for two or three nights.

I never can tell you how kind and constantly attentive to me Madame de Staremberg has been, seldom missing a day coming at some time or other and often passing the greater part of the evening here. And, indeed, the only moments I have ever known my spirits could in the slightest degree quit their sad state of oppression have been some of those I have passed with her. Yet anxiety or impatience even to see her, I feel not, and it is surely not that my heart wants gratitude! She has much life, both in ideas and conversation, with sound sense, or I mistake much, but her spirits never are overpowering. To me she has a gentle expression of pity void of affectation, which can come only from a feeling, sympathizing heart.

Sunday evening.—My uncle and Lady Frederick [Campbell] dined with me, and just before they came, arrived Lady Melbourne who never comes, as I believe I told you, but at hurried moments, commonly while I am at dinner and between gobbling up a part of it, her hurry to go somewhere else and her wish to stay and [confide] something or other she feels, I suppose, a need to deposit in a safe ear. She is, to be sure,—

no, not a *comedy*, for she often makes me make reflections too serious for that sort of *Drama*; but thank heaven they no longer affect me. To-day she wanted to look over the plates of Devon's *Ægypt* which Sir J. Banks¹ has lent me, and stayed below with her daughter looking at them, while we were dining above; but all this is by the bye.

"Well," I said, "tell me something before I go up to them." "Oh," she replied, recollecting herself, "the negotiation with Pitt is entirely over."² How really! which is curious, if, indeed, if you do not know before, you shall know when we meet, at least what she told me, and I doubt not the truth of it. This ending I think very good indeed. I mean, any *ending*, for it is a fresh *beginning*, I am sure, to my hopes of peace, and peace she says it will be. But this news, when ever it is confirmed, you will know sooner than I can tell it you. The D. of D.³ was, I heard yesterday (for I went there in the morning), at Strawberry Hill, the day I think before, *nine strong*, having very properly opened the castle gates tho' she had no ticket and the Duchess left word with her thanks that she wished much to come to see me and would come over from Chiswick (where she just now is or was) "whenever I please." Good-night. It is past eleven and I shall have my sandwich and go to bed.

Monday, April 18.

You will in future, I think give Mrs. Howe your directions yourself in your letters, as it will occur to you I may not be even in town, in which case I must write to her and a day or two will often be unavoidably lost, but for this time all is right. Your house in North Audley Street is yours, as you said, on the first

¹ Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. (1743-1820), President of the Royal Society.

² The ministerial negotiation between Addington and Pitt.

³ The Duke of Devonshire.

August and I have desired Hoper to be mindful of the rent at the proper time.

I have just heard that a negociation is opened between the present minister and Mr. Grey.¹ That I have no objection to ; it may end in nothing. At any rate all now, it is allowed, seems to be pacifically disposed.

I do not like what you tell me of yourself as well as I had hoped I should, your headaches affecting your spirits, I mean, more (as you say tho' less frequent) even than in England. I fear I must confess, that Miss Francis was not in the wrong in her ideas of the over-fatigue that you put yourself to with seeing and living with more people than (so at least it always seems to me) you can really like, or that can really suit your taste. And then never giving yourself time to recover fully, as I have witnessed that too often! and now you *must be*, and are convinced, that all these sort of exertions on your part tend not to any good for Agnes ; but often on the contrary. You ought, as a duty, more to consult yourself separately, I am sure, for the comfort and happiness of both, but I figure you now with a vortex, absolutely unmining the Devonshire system. I am not sure whether you will laugh or scold me, I hope it will not be the latter !

What H. told my man of my temper I know not, but certain it is that quick as I may be, *am*, naturally Servants and many have lived with me for years without having ever had scarcely a cause to complain in that respect, and tempers that are merely *irritable* are not irritated without a cause (tho' often so by an inadequate one) ; but tempers that are *bad find a cause* in their own imagination, which in reality exists nowhere else.

¹ Charles Grey (1764-1845), eldest son of Charles, Baron Grey. His father was created an earl in 1806, after which he was known under the courtesy title of Viscount Howick, until he succeeded to the earldom in the following year. In the spring of 1803 he ceased to support Fox, and Addington made overtures to him, which were declined.



6TH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM IN THE COUNTY OF DERBY
*From an engraving by Edward Scriven after G. Hayter, Member of the
Academy of St. Luke's at Rome*

The weather has, I told you, been more like summer even than spring, but to-day not quite so fine; 'tis commonly the case when one goes into the country. However I am now only going for a short time till Thursday at furthest. Farewell and Heaven preserve you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

STRAWBERRY HILL, *Wednesday, April 20, 1803.*

I must not forget to tell you that you are by two shillings a week further from ruin than I announced as, on enquiry, your two horses are only to pay eight shillings per week at Bushey Park, and your Gardener says that at home they cost ten now for hay and straw. The weather, as I told you in my last, seemed inclined to change, and since I came it has been a positive storm from the North West. This and other reasons among which, and *not least*, is the chance of finding a letter from you there, has determined me to go to town this evening instead of to-morrow morning. I shall be as quiet in my room in town, I think, for this evening as no one knows I came, and it will give me time, a *commodity* I want, as I mean to return on Saturday.

London, Wed. evening.—I was interrupted by the carriage being at the door. I found no letter from you here but one from Mrs. Cholmeley, who wants a direction of you, and one from Lady Douglas who encloses a letter to be sent to you, also not knowing where to direct, and desiring that I would inform her when I hear that your plans are “finally settled.” I am sure for the latter request she ought to send a *recipe*.

Parliament met yesterday but the same mystery is kept up. Not a word from Ministry, only an *exhausted* “*hope*” (that is his word) from the Chancellor of the

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 58.

Exchequer¹ that in a few days he should have it in his power to make a communication, &c. &c.

You are, of course, in the same agreeable state of uncertainty that I am, and really, it does grow quite tiresome. By what you say, however, should you not have any positive certainty before your intended time for leaving Nice, still I think you will move on and particularly as, upon the whole, peace seems the most probable. I wish, as I said, it may be to Geneva or *de ces côtés*, and as they are to facilitate your plans, that the Greatheads may meet you there. I cannot think you would want Spa, nor do I think it likely this year to be a place that would much suit you,—in point of society, I mean, as from obvious causes, foreigners cannot be driving, as they did formerly, from all quarters of Europe to take *les amusements* as well as *les eaux de Spa*. And as to the place itself, I believe, whenever you do see it, you will think it as little worth seeing as I do. But all this is mere conversation. Your plans will be made and formed, and so I would have them, before you even read these remarks, and what is more, these plans will be made and formed most probably, not exactly as you yourself would have them. You must do the best you can—I only hope it may be "*the best*" also for yourself. As you talked of commissions I would have you *observe* that I shall on my way to you probably go by Paris and will execute any for you there that you may think me capable of executing. I own I am not of Agnes's mind in that, for to Paris I always like going, and have never yet, without some reason that made me anxious to be in England, desired to come away. Good-night, for I must leave some blank paper, to be filled I hope in answer to a letter from you.

¹ Henry Addington was Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as First Lord of the Treasury.

Friday, April 22.

I have been disappointed in still receiving no letter from you since the 14th and you not having been so well and comfortable of late, and my wish to hear more of your plans (conditional plans in case of peace, I mean) makes me more anxious. I shall still despatch this to Aix. The last, I believe, would have found you still at Nice, but I follow orders in these cases. I also send Lady Douglas's, not knowing what better to do with it, and one post is already lost by my having been out of town when she sent it here. I have had too a letter from Mrs. William Lamb with the same sort of enquiry and want of direction.

There seems now to be every favourable symptom of the present continuance of peace, and this I think you will have known as soon nearly as I can.

Do not let anything I said about Spa weigh in the least. If I thought you would, I should not have said it, and after all, it is seeing you again and being again with you, my only earthly comfort, that can really signify to me, and as to Brussels, on reflection it might prove a better place to us all, taking in all circumstances, than I at first considered it. The constant resource of a Theatre, always pretty good there, is all I ever want by way of amusement, and our mornings might be differently disposed according to our different tastes, without interfering with each other. We were last night talking this over together, Madame de Staremberg and I. Her joke about Brussels was as you saw, supposing you "*Mondaines*."

I have been seeing Mr. Lucan this morning and settling about having my carriage ready and the little matters necessary done and a seat put on for dear good James, who would break his heart if he did not go with me. Pray think seriously about Constable,

for I really every day like her better and better, and think you would not be in the least distress if you should deign to partake of her services with me next winter. Heaven bless you. I am interrupted.¹

Miss Agnes Berry to Mary Berry

NORTH AUDLEY STREET, *Thursday, April 25* [1803?].

This is the finest weather that ever was, dearest Mary, and I do hope you are enjoying it in all your country excursions, &c., &c. I only fear your strength for much of that sort of fatigue which I fear is likely to tire you still more than evening operations, and I gave you a mean scrap of a letter last courier, and I do not think I shall do much more to-morrow, as I am going out this morning, a better thing for a head (that tho' not aching, is not over steady) than writing, and I mean it to be well enough to-night to let me go to the French play, the first of my new subscription. My dinner and my evening yesterday I thought did very tolerably and I bothered my guests and myself as little as I could, and I had plenty of men and plenty of women too and everybody mighty civil to *her* so I hope she was content, and dear R. too who looked with perfect complaisance at the Whist table with *her* *Sebasni, Ld. R.* and *La bonne Bourke!!* There certainly are men, women and *husbands!* most happily for the peace and quiet of society. I think I shall certainly get a letter from you either to-morrow or next day, but there is no waiting their arrival, as mine is always gone hours before they come, and I can never trust to writing the same morning, for there is always a something coming to be answered, or be said and when one is alone without a *double*, there is no help for interruptions, and I dare say, writing in a hurry, there are many things

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 6o.

that I have forgot to answer in your letters, and one that occurs to me is what you asked me about bringing over something to Anne. You may please yourself in bringing over any little remembrance whatsoever, as you know it is the last thing she will care about, and I do not know that you can do better than the silk gown you mentioned, but I do think, dear Mary, that I must go your halves in doing as much for poor Bab, and a gown will be the best thing for her.

Friday Morning, 26th.

Well, for a wonder here is your packet, and your letters of the 22nd arrived early in the morning I suppose, instead of last night, so that I have the convenience of being able to answer your questions by the return of post. Well, I must say, by the by, that there never were such entertaining letters and if I could at the same time have you here and *keep you there on purpose to write them* it would be perfection, *mais quoique il fait choisir*, I must *be obliged* to prefer the first. As to Frégonville's arrival, he has been dying for an answer from you; so if even your letters reach him you will not be long without hearing, and knowing when he will be at Paris. By what you say in this last letter I rather suppose your Lady Cahir plan is given up or not likely to suit as to time, &c.—but this fine weather must make Paris so delightful that I tremble for your virtue in returning, and for the life of me I do *not* wish to hurry you away whilst you have so much to enjoy. Some sort of enjoyments that have to do with the *feelings* and real *attachments* of the *heart* you will no doubt find and I hope *feel with comfort on your return home*, but you are too wise a woman not to *prepare yourself* for the great diminution of general interests that must necessarily attend one's every day life and society, compared to the one you have been leading, and moreover for

the many little homely worries that I suppose belong to *everybody's own home*, and which have always appeared to me from the habits of life in this country more oppressive than in any other, and which I suppose is one of the great incentives to travelling out of it. My poor father had a most foolish dream that quite distressed him, that you had returned, *hating your own home and every thing in it*, that you would not stay a moment here and insisted on going off by yourself directly. This was some time ago and I really had some trouble to laugh him out of it, for this is the last dream I should ever have of you. But I say again, do not tear yourself away from anything very interesting or amusing, for that is not the way to make home look its best, or those *that love you happy*, but I rather like a long look out as to times, and therefore without the least considering you as pinned down to a day, when you have heard from Frégonville and do begin to have any notion of your own probable motions, it will be more comfortable to me to hear of them, whatever changes you may find it convenient to make afterwards. By the way, I think North Audley Street must be very much flattered by all you say of your parties and society, and it certainly makes me feel rather bold upon things to find that that reputation makes them even *out-live* in *some degree* your absence. I have not ventured or wished to try *my strength* in any general company but I have certainly had a good deal of pleasant society and almost all I asked *willing* to come and I suppose when *you* return it will only be *how to keep them out*, which has sometimes put it into my head that I half wished that you and my friend were not to arrive in one and the same moment, however delightful that would be to me, because he tells me in every letter that his stay must be so very short that he hopes to have every moment I can spare from society, and I begin to think I shall want to cut myself in two for *him* and for *you*,

or rather to save you from the fatigue of all the people who will want to get at you, but nevertheless your arriving together could only be *l'embarras de richesse ou plutôt de bonheur*, as I am quite determined to take my *pennyworth* of *interest* and *enjoyment* both in you and in him and to let the world swing as it will. I am not, however, preparing disappointment for myself by expecting *perfection* on his part at least. That he has a most affectionate kind heart, tho' a *Frenchman*, and a most romantic regard and remembrance of me, is most certain, and that will certainly *go a great way with me*, tho' it will not make me blind to other deficiencies, especially for those who have not the same reasons for indulgence and partiality to him as myself. When you have seen him tell me how he is, his manners, &c. &c. and be good to him. I was able to go to my French play last night, and I am well this morning, but strong and stout I am not and I suppose I never shall be so, for I have got into a wicked way of not sleeping, and talking and walking, and pleasure and trouble greatly knock me up; but this is a good day with me and such beautiful fine weather that I hope you have the very same at Paris.

I am going this evening over to my neighbour Mrs. Villars, who is to have the French Mles. Something's concert at her house. If you don't know who I mean you may hear all about them from Mr. de Lowgas. It is guinea tickets and they say they have got off four hundred, of which my guinea is not one I promise you, but Mrs. Villars, in a *dead secret* (for she says she is allowed to ask nobody), has begged me to come, and so tho' I hate such operations, as I shall be blocked up in my own house, I mean to go. And now God bless you. I wish you well through my pothooks, but I want to have done with you and get out a walking.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 73.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry**Sunday, May 1, 1803.*

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—I was with Mrs. Damer on Friday, and am glad to tell you she, I think, looks better than when I saw her before she settled at Strawberry Hill. She flattered herself there would be no political event that would prevent her joining you, when you were become more stationary than is at present the case. Whether her opinion will prove right it is thought will now be known in a few days. Yesterday the public seemed to be of a very different one.

My two or three next articles of information must be of a black hue, are a very black one to me. I am within a few days of losing a very valuable friend, Lady Camelford.¹ My only comfort is that she is going off without suffering, by an Erysipelas, or rather a fever of which the rash is only a symptom, and in her weak state will release her from the danger she was in of dying of the cancerous humour flying about her. Lady Harriet Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's daughter, died, rather unexpectedly by her family, on Friday last. They had hoped she was mending from an apprehension of consumption; all was settled for her to marry Lord Waterford; and yesterday another still more sudden death happened — Mrs. E. Hervey, who was out in the beginning of the week, and several of my acquaintances, were engaged to go last night to a party at her house.

I have not seen E. Forster since her arrival. She came in time to see Lady Harriet Cavendish and Lady C. Ponsonby² drest for their being presented last

¹ Anne, the widow of Thomas Pitt, first Baron Camelford (1737–1793). She died at Camelford House, Oxford Street, London, on May 5, 1803, aged sixty-five.

² Lady Caroline Ponsonby (1775–1828), daughter of Frederick, third Earl of Bessborough. She married in 1805 the Hon. William Lamb, later second Viscount Melbourne (1779–1848), who afterwards became Prime Minister.

Thursday. I do not believe the other Caroline¹ will be as an *émigrée* carried to Court. Craufurd is come home also, and in answer to my enquiries writes that he is not better with respect to his feet, but has had no fit of gout since he left England. I have as good accounts as I could wish of the Dowager Lady Spencer. I am stopped going on in this newspaper still by being told I shall be too late for dinner if I do not immediately go dress.—I thought without my host that I should have had a great deal of time, but my two nieces (I could not find in my heart to send them away) have been sitting, I believe a couple of hours, with me, and now I must be gone myself.

Tuesday, May 3.

Till this moment, my dear Miss Berry, I have not had half an hour in my power, or it should have been at your service, and now I must begin with more of the same hue as on the other side. Lord Rivers² has been on his death-bed I may say weeks rather than days. On Friday it was expected a few hours would end him, but his strength holds out wonderfully: he feels no pain and his head quite clear, and he feels very truly the comfort of having been reconciled to his son, which event took place three or four years ago, and he attends him now with the greatest attention and care.

Yesterday brought the account from Ireland of Mr. Conolly's death. He was brother to Lady Howe. Political intelligence is still to come, but what will be of a determining kind is expected every hour.

Lady Douglas is very well, and has been employing men in the ticket way for the red ribbon Knights' Ball, which is to take place at Ranelagh the 2nd of June. The installation is to be the 19th of this month: there

¹ Caroline St. Jules (really daughter of the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Elizabeth Foster), married the Hon. George Lamb.

² George Pitt, first Baron Rivers (born 1722), died May 7, 1803.

are 22 new Knights. Sir W. Hamilton's ribbon is bestowed upon General David Dundas. It is a very dear honour, for it is supposed the expence to each will not be less than five hundred pounds.

I was so interrupted on Sunday all the time that I was writing, that it seems to me to look very unseemly both the first page and half the last, but were I to attempt to throw it aside and begin another (which I had some thoughts of doing, instead of going on with this Letter) the consideration that it would not go before Friday would stop me, and that same consideration conquers my vanity.

I formerly was accustomed to believe Geneva and its environs a most delightful town and country to visit. Many drawbacks, I doubt, must now exist: however, you will find one circumstance unchanged—the pleasure you will give to your friends. Are you acquainted with the Cengats? If you are, I beg you to say to the eldest daughter (for whom Lady Spencer has a particular regard) what I have written of *her* on the other side, and you may add that if she is ever impatient to hear of her, she must apply to me, and shall be sure of a line, though I cannot promise for much more. I have so little Letter leisure and so seldom, except for those, such as you, and a few more that are unavoidable calls, have the power of writing exertion that I must in future give up having any new correspondents.

Assemblies and Balls are in full feather. I visit none of them, but have latterly had more than usual amusements of the musical kind: I mean a kind of private Concerts, though private they can only be called rightly because held in private houses, and the numbers in a certain degree confined. I sit without moving in a corner, and can, by coming away a short time before they are over, avoid difficulty of being at home soon after twelve. Mrs. Damer has been so kindly attentive as to say by sending to her House in town I shall always be

acquainted with your direction when she is possessed of it. As I am so generous to tell you this, I hope you will be likewise induced by the same good quality not to curtail me of one Letter you would otherwise send me.

It is well I said my little say in tolerable time, for I have had a heap of Idlers and some other visitants, and now must finish in the black manner I begun, for one of my visitors told me Lord Coventry¹ has had a paralytic stroke.

Believe me, my dear Miss Berry, *tout à vous*.

Do you remember what poor Lady Aylesbury called her golden shelf? She has left it, with the china belonging to it, to Lady Cecilia Johnson.²

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Saturday, May 14, 1803.*

At last the Courier is arrived and the long doubtful business decided, which you will have known before this can reach you.³ War is now inevitable and to-morrow Andreossi leaves London. There was no Parliament sat to-day. On Monday it is said the correspondence is to be laid before the House—a Message from the King, &c. I have seen many other wars begun—none, in my opinion under such bad auspices! Remedy there is none. As to myself, you may depend on it, if I can come to you I will. I shall learn by your letters where you are to be when you have settled your plans.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *Monday, May 16.*

I had gotten so far when Mrs. Cholmeley arrived, after that others, and I had no more time to write that

¹ George William, seventh Earl of Coventry (1758–1831).

² Add. MSS. 37726, f. 44.

³ Lord Whitworth, British Ambassador at Paris, having presented an ultimatum, left Paris on May 12. War was formally declared on May 22.

day nor anything that was otherwise material than the remarks I can equally make here. A message was sent to the Lord Mayor on Saturday to announce war, but yesterday Andreossi still had not left London, but this, tho' some have drawn unfavourable inference from it, means nothing, by what I understand, and at this moment I doubt not but that he is on his way. The communication they say is to be made from the King to Parliament this day, and the whole of the correspondence made public immediately. I hope by this post at least, letters will still go by Calais; but how it will be in future no one knows, and I am sorry to say that this difficulty appears to me very serious. I do not like to name all the ports that will be shut to English vessels. You talk of going by Holland, if I come to you, but Holland is so entirely united at this time with France, that it is a thing understood here that when the French Ambassador leaves London, the Dutch minister will of course, &c. &c.

I feel like my old friend and "*wish I was asleep.*" I do not mean wholly on the score of public matters, for war is always interesting, and tho' for the sake of humanity and for every good reason I wish it avoided, it is to me never *dispiriting*, but were it not so little what *you* wish, I should now say *I* wish you here. We should together, not separately, take the chance of events; and if they took a favourable or quiet turn, set out in the autumn and pass the winter together abroad. As it is, some violent blow may be struck before we meet, and that may, for much longer than we intend, prevent our meeting! But I will not anticipate evils, why should I? They come, Heaven knows! fast enough of themselves, but the matter of letters I do fear will be a certain and immediate evil on which one must count. I mean this altered and lengthened course, for one cannot flatter oneself that Packets will be allowed to sail from Dover to Calais, tho' our Captain Black has

such a thought. I have seen him, and he afterwards talked (it was to the *Voisine*) of proposing such plan, if the two Governments would agree upon it for mutual convenience, but I expect no such thing.

When I talk of you wishing yourself here do not mistake me. I know that from the first of my distress you have wished yourself with me, I mean, that taking all together you would avoid coming home as you say, yourself if possible. Agnes would not think herself comfortable, both your houses at this moment let, tho' scarcely *you* would not think yourself without a house whilst I have one! I may not think that!

I on Saturday received your letter of the 2nd from Nice. I do not like what you tell me of your nerves and your spirits being so much affected *even* out of England, and after having been for long, as you have told me, so very much better, yet, my life, these temporary reactions must I fear be expected. Great delicacy of constitution must at times be affected, and you feel, as indeed you say, I am persuaded the effect on the spirits of leaving Nice, a place where you have been subject to fewer uncomfords than you are in England—parting with some who, I doubt not, are truly sorry to part with you, &c., and all this I perfectly understand. I shall certainly enquire of Dr. Moore concerning the trunk medicine. I believe it is reckoned a very strong one, and, therefore, doubt his advising your taking it. Not having seen you too for so long makes him less able to judge of the propriety of it for you, but *he* should speak, not *I*.

I waited till the newspaper and post-time came, in case of anything new, as more favourable to tell you, but all seems as I have already told you above. One thing I entreat that you would never for an instant forget, that what is not better for you can never be better for me, and if it should from circumstances, appear to you some time hence, that I cannot come to

you without manifest objections, yet that you can stay six weeks or two months longer without difficulty or danger, and bring in your plan of taking some mineral waters before you return, do not hurry back. The first moment of joy at seeing you even, it would, be assured, become a source of anxiety instead of comfort to me, to think that you have thrown away any means or chance of benefiting your *health* or your spirits, can never produce satisfaction to me. Farewell, and may Heaven bless and protect you.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry

Thursday, May 19, 1803.

In our present situation with France, my dear Miss Berry, an impatience to run over the papers relative to all that has passed between the two (alas!) adverse kingdoms since the treaty of Amiens, which were laid before the House of Commons yesterday, is a natural impulse. They will not yet readily give me time for any other suchlike employment. However, as War is now in a manner begun, I guess it may cause you and yours to leave Geneva very quickly, therefore am unwilling to defer till next week writing my grateful thanks for your last, finished the 29th April, which I received last week; and calculating I had half an hour to spare before I need dress for the Queen's Ball (her natural birthday), I am glad to seize it and thus make a beginning, lengthening, as it may happen, to-morrow, but determined, long or short, it shall set forwards towards you by to-morrow's post.

Lord Whitworth arrived in town last night, and probably General Andreossi landed at Calais several hours ago. The King was at little Theatre in the Hay-market Tuesday evening, and was received in the most

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 62.

flattering manner, "God save the King," "Rule Britannia" and every allusion to the present moment that could be seized upon, met the highest applause.

4 o'clock, Friday, May 20.

I need not say I am very well, my dear Miss Berry, when I tell you I was not in bed till five this morning, and not in any manner discomposed or too much tired, but of course not up by Cockcrow; and Lady Pitt came before I was come home and is but just now about going to dress, and return to meet me at dinner at Lord Sligo's. I say all this as excuse for hurry, &c., as I cannot bear to wait for another post, and not for more than ordinary stupidity, &c., as you allow of no such say from friend to friend. Lady Douglas was at the Ball, but neither of her daughters; no one below the rank of Earl's daughters and Peeresses were there, except myself and one living in the house and the attendant upon the Princess Sophia of Gloucester.

I will now look over your very excellent Letter—not a coax calling it so, but my real opinion—and see whether there is anything requiring an immediate answer, that I may write that, if not for all.—In return for your bragging of charming weather, I can only say I am now scribbling by a good fire, and go where you will, except in great crowds, good fires are constantly met with, and have not yet been given up, unless for two or three days through this advanced season,—summer it cannot be called, though no wet weather before to-day, which notwithstanding is a welcome rather than a warm change, rain being greatly wanted, to prevent more spoil of good things, and already too late on arrival to save apples.—I have not seen Mrs. Damer since my last. She is, in my opinion, all you say, and here, *verbum sat*. is all I can allow myself, for such a character would draw me on inevitably too far

for the hour, I should have said the minutes, I have now to give.

I delight in Lady Douglas's simile of putting a mark in a book, but I must observe that when one has the treat of such books as you read, no help is needed to recal one's attention.

Lord Rivers languish'd more than a week after I mentioned his state to you, and my poor, ever to be regretted friend, Lady Camelford, is also gone and left few such behind her. Lady Spencer has been in town for a few hours to visit the Duchess of Devonshire, who was seriously (and I understand for a few hours alarmingly so) ill with an accumulated bile attack; it has left her weak and languid, but other ways quite recovered.

Only a few moments left, to say, my dear Miss Berry, adieu, and I must hope to learn the old man's proverb is confirmed, that it is an ill wind indeed that blows good to no one, so tell me you will be soon in England.¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, May 28, 1803.

Letters positively now no longer come by Calais, and the first accounts were nearly true. They, however, will probably come before it be very long by Hamburg, and I may hope to hear from you, tho' of later dates, and more irregularly I conclude. This being the case and at this moment very little chance indeed, by any interference of your obtaining leave to go by Calais and Dover, either at Paris or here, I shall not be sorry to hear that you mean quietly to remain where you are till you hear what turn things take and I, really by what passed yesterday in both Houses concerning a motion of Lord Fitzwilliam's and one of Mr. Fox's, do not still

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 46.

wholly despair of peace being restored, in which case I need not say I should join you wherever you may be. What I allude to is the very unexpected turn and tone of Mr. Pitt's speech, tending to approve of the interference of Russia and *portending* (joined to other circumstances), if it *portends* anything, his coming into power, with peaceable views. This, together with what struck me this morning, in reading the debates, was what Lord (*illegible*) told me, who, poor man, is more than ever tormented with his gout, but keeps up his spirit, and is, as you may guess, the *receptacle* for news, but it is really in the political way, news *de la première main*, and I believe him very little prejudiced on either side.

Sunday morning.—To be sure my two brothers-in-law are sad cripples, and D. saw the Duke of Richmond, who so kindly when he can, comes to me. I went yesterday and dined with him. He repeated what I told you above and had seen Mr. Fox himself, who had called upon him, on which, when he mentioned, I made no remark but was glad to hear. The Duke spoke in favour of peace, &c. You have no idea of the sensation that paper in Parliament has made and has certainly revived the hopes of peace. I only wish all this may not have come too late. Yet Pitt, Fox, both nations and Bonaparte for peace, it will be hard if a useless, cruel and unprofitable war should be continued. Should this be the case, however, and that you still, after proper deliberation, should think you could with any quiet and comfort and sufficient *absence* of anxiety as to events that may most certainly take place in this country, for on that subject there is but one opinion, it can be no secret, I mean an invasion, much as I dislike a long sea passage and the thoughts of the same at my return, or a longer perhaps, I will come to you and will take all chances, but I do first beg of you to take advice from those, whomsoever they may be of whose judgement you have an opinion, before you decide.

Italy would, in my opinion be the worst place in the present state of affairs that we could resort to for next winter, but this, with all other circumstances relative, may allow in the space of a very few months, of that I feel quite aware. I took the voyage to Lisbon for my own health once. As a party of pleasure or amusement, or from an idea of any relief to my spirits, I certainly think such voyages would out-weigh the advantages, particularly when added to the present state of things. On what I say of Italy do not imagine I mean to think of Nice : that I see would be a "tale twice told" to you, therefore not answer our purpose and the extreme badness of the roads becomes a serious objection. I still think, if war continues, and that you decide to stay abroad, some part of south France (should the English be allowed to stay there) or Valentia would be the best places we could think of.

Since I wrote this I have heard I know not how truly, that letters still go to Calais, but that none are allowed to come from France. If so this will account to you for my not answering anything in your letters you may have said to me as alas! I no longer receive them. I am expecting Mrs. Cholmeley to-day and my uncle and Lady Frederick [Campbell]. I fancy on Tuesday I shall again go out of town, but really without any other reason I could not have had the heart to have these dear good creatures till I saw a little daylight in their distress. For the present farewell.

Monday evening.—I know not exactly how you feel, or how precisely things are near to you. To me this increased separation is most uncomfortable. I looked to-day at the map till my spirits sank below even their usual level. When I shall hear from you Heaven knows! or if you receive my letters. It is reported that all English are stopped and confined that are now in France. I can not yet believe this, but how distressing all this spirit of violence is to me, not being

certain even where you are, you will I think guess. Poor Madame de Staremborg they say suffers much. They say there is no cause at present for alarm.

Tuesday, May 31.

I was very uneasy about Madame de Staremborg yesterday, and I found the Physicians were so themselves. To-day, however, tho' she still suffers sadly, as she can swallow with much difficulty, and that other symptoms are not worse and that it is the fourth day, she may be considered as going on progressively according to the nature of the horrid disease, and my anxiety is a degree relieved. I shall not, however, go out of town till to-morrow evening or Thursday morning, for tho' I do not see her, nor even indeed go on the same floor, as the rest all keep below (M. de Staremborg excepted, who, having had the disease, can be with her and you may believe, seldom leaves her, for such true affection I never saw surpassed in any man). I like to go there, which I do twice a day and know by that means exactly how things go on, but if not worse, as for some time none of *us* will be suffered to see her, I shall be better in the country, from whence I can return when I please, and most probably shall, to learn some news of my letters, your letters I mean. . . .¹

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

STRAWBERRY HILL, *Sunday, June 5, 1803.*

Amidst all the *uncomfort* of the present moment I have this morning had the comfort of receiving your letter of the 26th from Geneva, which must, by the time I think, have come from Calais, yet that passage is

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 64.

what they call stopped, even for letters, and the four last which I mentioned having received from you together, came by a vessel sent by our Government with a flag of truce to Calais, where our Packets are still detained. You must, in a very few days after the date of this last letter, have heard that the English are not all to be sent out of France, but those of a certain description detained prisoners of war, as this news was known here by the 1st of June. I am anxious to hear of you after that decree, which, I trust, cannot, however, personally affect you, but which I think will prove that war will be made with a violence and acrimony I hoped would not have now existed, and make you see it not very advisable to remain out of England long, that is, to attempt passing a winter in Italy, where you would be so far removed, and, as I have even thought, likely to be hemmed in by armies and perhaps exposed to troubles and disturbances. Believe me most sincere when I assure you that in saying this I have been actuated by prudence, not by any lazy or inert disposition, to which you may think the state of my spirits may have inclined me, for I think I can separate these sad feelings which oppress my mind, from what appears to my reason as most rational and best to pursue, and pass, as it were, tho' a cloud I should vainly endeavour to dispel.

I regret your not having heard from our *Chevalier*,¹ who could certainly, from Paris, have given you intelligence as to what was going on. I mean in a degree for I do not pretend to say that events, as they have turned out, could by any have been entirely foreseen, but I think you have not yet seen the political state of Europe in the light in which it will shortly appear to you and this I perfectly account for from your having been so many months away and wholly removed from all means

¹ *i.e.*, "Le Chevalier" Jerminham.

of forming your own judgement of things. The shutting up of Ports against English vessels, being a wise and political measure will, you may depend on it, be adopted to the *utmost possible extent* by Bonaparte. Official notice to this effect is already come from Holland, where Mr. Listers is detained prisoner—and within reach, as one may call it; at this moment only Hamburg remains to us. This train of ideas which my mind pursues with peculiar anxiety from your being absent, and the difficulties in which tho' perhaps not likely, it is possible you may be involved, makes me earnestly wish you were returned, while on the other side your health, spirits, comfort and amusements lead me to wish you may find means to remain if but in tolerable quiet.

As to myself tho' I must of necessity give up setting out for the present, not only not knowing for a certainty, where you decide to remain, but whether you decide or not to return. I am just where I was as to preparations for my journey and could be ready at farthest in ten days or a fortnight, and should you return even suddenly I am prepared to receive you, to lodge you—need I say to fold you in my arms and press you to my faithful bosom. But you alas! have a harder task. You have not only to contend with opinions contrary to your own, but contrary and discordant in themselves, with temper, want of confidence, doubt and uncertainty. And all this, I shall not say comes upon you while unwell, but *makes* you so. Thus it appears to me, tho' the bad weather you mention having met with in Switzerland has probably contributed.

You will see in one of my letters that I advise you to return to England, wait here events, and if favourable to such a plan, set out in the autumn together for a better climate, what and where you please, and I do think this, for your sake, would perhaps upon the whole be the best plan you could adopt, for as so good a colour

is at least now given for your not separating, Agnes will cling with her usual pertinacity, be ten times more out of humour, make ten times more difficulties, see ten times more dangers, and when all these *tens* are summed up against *you*, how will not all your *unfair* torments and vexations be increased! I do indeed allow that all your rational and *most* rational plans have been cruelly and unduly mar'd.

Would it were not so! The little remaining shadow of peace I mentioned, has I think wholly vanished. Mr. Pitt spoke yesterday against the Ministry, thought them in many things wrong, but that the confusion a change by loss of time for preparations, &c., would grow, was not advisable. Lord Hawkesbury was in great anger because Mr. Fox spoke, I believe it was little and did not (nor I conclude his friends) divide. I say no more of the dear Voisins at present. I hear every day from some of them and that she is going on well. None yet of the girls (Leopoldine excepted) have been allowed to see her, nor do I yet know when they will. This being the case, I should not, and, as I said, I am upon the whole better here, tho' my uncle and Lady Frederick went yesterday, so that I can do as I find. For the present, farewell.

The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry

LONDON, *Sunday, June 12, 1803.*

I hope you did not put your letter, as you intended, into the German post. Our Packets now, do not go to Cuxhaven, nor can you consequently, at least, probably, as things are, return that way. The French army is at Bremen, with an intention, it appears, of occupying Hanover and even Hamburg, tho' it is expected some other arrangement at least, as to the latter and the

passage of the Elbe, &c., will take place between France, Prussia and Russia ; but at present travellers are allowed to go thro' France by applying to Paris for passports (such as, of course, do not come under the late restriction) and to pass from Calais to Dover. Vessels for the mails, which are allowed to take in passengers, go regularly to and from these Ports, with a flag of truce. On this you may depend and take your measure accordingly, for *this* moment, but for the next it is impossible to answer. The Voisin thinks, moreover, that the permission to pass is thro' France but in general not thro' Paris. Your idea of Pymont must clearly be given up, and I feel much to wish you may yourself think it advisable to return while you can do so in an easy way. A very few months or sooner, must make it clear whether or not we can have the comfort of passing the winter as we wish, but it is in vain for me now to think of coming to you in the present state of things, by way of passing the summer, and by this time I trust, this will appear obvious to you and that you will not suspect me of making unnecessary difficulties. You must, moreover, give me credit for reasons I cannot always give you by letter.

Mrs. Cholmeley dined and stayed most of the evening with me yesterday. She is to go to-morrow. She seemed uncomfortable and not in spirits, but very kind to me. Mrs. Howe also came to me for an hour, and she, I see, likes you so much, she never allows herself to talk about you as much by half as she is inclined, and that is an idea, perhaps you will say, but I am sure it is a true one. I yesterday morning saw poor Lady Melbourne, whose daughter (Harriet) died last Tuesday. I think I told you she was ill. Lady Melbourne has certainly a good heart and strong feelings, and miserably affected I see she is. The melancholy deaths one hears of daily is quite shocking. You will perhaps not allow poor Mother Fanny to come under the head, but I am very certain

Lady Derby was much and affectionately attached to her mother and therefore pity her.

Monday.—I have always wondered that you have not mentioned hearing from our *Chevalier*, who certainly could have given you useful intelligence of many things public at Paris as they occurred, for to my ideas, as yet, by your letters you seem to have known, and indeed to know very little of what is going on, and as there are so many lights of viewing things and that, at different places and under different circumstances, they appear so different in themselves. I always fear you may be influenced in your plans by a natural disbelief of what often must appear to you (as it would to me) idle stories, tho' they may be real and certain facts. Should you determine to return, and thro' France, I think you ought yourself to write to Perregaux¹ for a Passport and the moment I know you have made this determination I shall take care that he also be written to from hence, to back your request in the best manner I can and, as you will think, take every precaution for you in my power. I think also in this case, you would do well to write to Madame Visconti, who was so kind and obliging to us. She very probably might assist you, were there any difficulty, and I am persuaded would do it with pleasure. I am, since a conversation I had accidentally with a gentleman who has had reason to know about this person, more than ever confirmed in my opinion of not writing on the subject to the Lady you mentioned. Who this Gentleman is, if you do not guess, it is no matter. Don't trouble yourself about that. Lord Cholmondely has payed his paltry debt, the dividend will be small, on the whole sum. Such as it is you will have it.

Our taxes for the war are coming forward. One hopes they will be paid in the best manner. If we must have war, no one can object to taxes. It appears

¹ The Paris banker.

that levied in a different way, what is in place of the Income Tax is, at present, only to be five per cent. Should you come before your house in North Audley Street is yours, I can, as I before said, lodge you without the slightest difficulty; scarcely a preparation will be necessary, and your Father—there are, I am sure beds enough! I now sleep below, I mean on the ground floor, as I had intended in a happier time! and this I find much more comfortable, as the two rooms I particularly inhabit myself are together, and I am not obliged constantly to put myself out of breath by going up two pair of stairs. The dear Voisine has continued to mend. I was here interrupted by him and presently she followed herself with Leopoldine, all in their way to Twickenham, and I mean to go myself to Strawberry Hill to-morrow.

Tuesday, June 14.

Events crowd on faster even than I expected, and I grow seriously uneasy about your not being here. Hanover is taken without resistance, and the Elbe shut up. This intelligence came yesterday by the First Consul's own particular cousin (*illegible*), who also announced that the communication by Calais was to end on the 26th of this month. This is not newspaper intelligence. It was told me last night by the Duchess of Devonshire, who either herself or Lady Hervey had seen Lord Hervey. The Duchess says that a *voiturier* comes in, as I suppose you know, eight days from Geneva to Calais. This, could you be in time and have your passports from Paris, would be very easy, as you are two perfectly unexceptionable women in every way and your Father above sixty, and to return home I could certainly obtain a passport for Dover here for you. What other intelligence the cousin brought is not known, possibly some propositions of arrangement, but nothing has transpired. The King came to town and there was a

Council in consequence of the arrival of this courier. What is really distressing, is that if you continue to send your letters by the German post I may never get your letters at all, and it will be wholly out of my power, not knowing what you intend to do, whether to stay in Switzerland or return, or by what route, in any way to assist you by applying for passports, &c. I wish to God you may have taken the advice I sent you in my letter, immediately after I saw Edwards, and now be on your way through France! but this I no way expect or flatter myself of, and now things change and may change so rapidly, there is no giving advice but in a general way. Would your reluctance to returning to England had not been so great, not but that this reflection is suggested, I fairly allow, by *events* I perfectly know you could not foresee—nor could I. Yet certain it is, had I thought you less averse to returning, my *prudence* would have acted more freely, without having a counterbalance. Do not trust to this or that person but write yourself to the person I mentioned above and any others there you think of, and take notice that neutral powers may not long continue so. When I think too, of your stupid courier, your father who will not be of the least support or use to you! is it possible I should not be anxious and seriously uneasy! Supposing the passage from Calais to be actually wholly shut for English vessels by the 28th, I can not see at all which way you can return. For Heaven's sake take the very best and surest advice, and do not either hurry or delay, but act as Prudence may direct. You will still receive my letters I trust, for some posts to come, in the regular way, and I shall, if possible, continue to write, should any method offer, as you may suppose. I have directed Hoper to make enquiry about the Packets, letters, &c., as he sees Lord Charles Spencer, and I fancy you will by this post receive what intelligence he can give. I tried to see Edwards, but he is out of town, and now farewell, and

Heaven preserve and bless you. I am really well in health, and, tho' certainly very anxious on your account, do not let that idea add to what you may yourself feel, for well I know that all things of this sort appear worse at a distance. May Heaven bless you and keep you.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 68.

SECTION VI

MARY AND AGNES BERRY IN SOCIETY (1804-1816)

Agnes Berry's engagement to her cousin—It is broken off—Agnes Berry's illness—Miss Kate Perry's appreciation of her—The *salon* in Curzon Street—Some frequenters—Mary Berry and Sam Rogers—"The Dead Dandy"—The Berrys receive everybody and go everywhere—Parties at Tunbridge Wells—Paul Amsinck, Master of the Ceremonies—A game of whist—Mary Berry presented to the Princess of Wales—Her Royal Highness at Strawberry Hill—An intimacy springs up between the Princess and Mary Berry—The Battle of Vimiera—The Hon. Caroline Howe—Lady Charlotte Campbell—Mary Berry's edition of the letters of Madame du Deffand—The Rev. Sydney Smith—The Rev. G. O. Cambridge—Lord Carlisle—Lord Dudley—The Hon. Mrs. Damer—Mary Berry at Wimpole, Christmas 1811—Agnes Berry to Mary Berry—Lady Charlotte Campbell's letters—The assassination of Spencer Percival—The grief of the Princess of Wales—The Battle of Salamanca—The Princess of Wales visits the Berrys at Tunbridge Wells, August 1812—Little Strawberry Hill leased to Alderman Wood—The Berrys in London, 1812-1815—Mary Berry goes to Paris in 1816 to stay with the Hardwicks—Sir Charles and Lady Stuart—Her correspondence with her sister—John William Ward—Lord Rosebery—The Greffulhes—Sir Robert Wilson's trial—Admiral Linois and General Boyer—Mdlle. George—Talma—The Duke of Wellington—Mdlle. Duchenois—The Duc de Richelieu—Pozzo di Borgo—Talleyrand—Mdlle. Mars—French society—Henry Luttrell—A letter from Maria Edgeworth—Letters from Mary to Agnes Berry.

IN Mary Berry's *Diary* for the year 1804 is this entry: "Colonel — engaged to marry Agnes. Engagement broken off in the spring. Agnes dangerously ill." Lady Theresa Lewis, when editing the *Diary*, did not give the name, but a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* in October 1865 ventures a surmise as to the identity of the recreant lover. "We are not able to fill up the blank with certainty," he admitted;



*From a contemporary engraving in the "Town and Country Magazine"
in the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.*

“but it was no secret that, towards the beginning of the century, her eldest cousin, Ferguson, came to London expressly cautioned not to fall in love with either of the Berrys. The warning naturally led to the catastrophe. He fell in love with Agnes; but for some reason or other, either on account of his father’s opposition or her reluctance, his suit ended unsuccessfully.”¹ The man was Robert, eldest son of William Ferguson, of Raith, Fifeshire.² The slighting way in which Mrs. Damer wrote of Agnes Berry might easily lead to a misconception of that lady’s character, and here, therefore, may be inserted a eulogy written in 1849 by one who knew her well. “Miss Agnes Berry’s health of late had been breaking a little,” Miss Kate Perry wrote; “but she would never confess she was not well; with her complete unselfishness of character her thoughts were so occupied about others that she had no time to devote to herself; she adored her sister, but also had a great surplus of love for others; she had considerable clearness and acuteness of perception, and Thackeray always maintained she was the most naturally gifted of the two sisters. At times she had an irritability of manner, which had not more meaning in it than the rustling of an old elm tree when the wind passes over it.”³

Indeed, the same authority asserts that the success of the *salon* in Curzon Street was due at least as much to Agnes as to Mary Berry. “I often think in future years the *habitués* of Curzon Street will look back with that feeling of regret to the days which are no more, which is common to all who survive their youth and middle

¹ *Edinburgh Review*, cxxii. 311.

² See *ante*, pp. 4, 5.

³ *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, 7.

age, and to that little drawing-room where night after night were assembled the wit and beauty of London," she said. "It was no secret society which met there; it was informed that there was perfect freedom of speech, and no fear of informers. There was a freedom from *gêne* (one might say a comfort) which Miss Agnes said was her doing, from a talent she possessed of arranging chairs and sofas in the most satisfactory manner; in fact, there was such a charm about these gatherings of friends, that hereafter we may say, 'there is no *salon* now to compare to that of the Miss Berrys in Curzon Street.'" ¹ Of the success of the *salon* there has never been any question. The hostesses had no axe to grind, either political or social. The house in Curzon Street was simply a rendezvous for pleasant people of either party, for literary and artistic folk—it was pre-eminently neutral ground—and as such was vastly appreciated. A list of their guests would fill pages, for every one who was anyone went to the Berrys' informal gatherings and a haphazard selection is sufficient to indicate the catholicity of the Berrys:—the Starembergs, (Sir) Thomas Lawrence, Lord Erskine, Brougham, Lady Shaftesbury, the Abercorns, the Keiths, the Rosslyns, and the Glenbervies, (Sir) William Gell, Samuel and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, Lady Charlotte Campbell, Sir Philip Francis, William Windham, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the Hardwickes, the Mintos, Lady Donegal, "Anastatius" Hope, Sir Lumley Skeffington, the Charlemonts, the Duchess of Montrose, Thomas Moore, the Carlyles, Lady Hertford, and Sydney Smith. Samuel Rogers, too, was a not infrequent visitor, but he did not ingratiate himself with the ladies. "Rogers," said Mary

¹ *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, 6.



John Hoppner, R.A.

C. W. Sherborn

SAMUEL ROGERS
In the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

Berry to Kate Perry, "never liked me much, and seldom called on me except once a year, on his and my birthday, which happened to be on the same day and same year, and I was told he said to some friend, 'Miss Berry and I are twins; I have just been to see how *she* wears; this is her and my birthday.' When I heard this, I went to my looking-glass to see if it reflected such a death's-head as his."¹ Miss Kate Perry said something pleasant about him. "Yes," Mary Berry continued, "I have no doubt he is always amiable to young ladies, but an old woman like me is a *memento mori* to him, and I can't boast of his graciousness."²

The Berrys not only received everybody, but they went everywhere. We read of them at Devonshire House, on a three-months' visit to Bothwell Castle, the seat of Lord Douglas, at Guy's Cliffe with the Greatheads, and with Lord and Lady Frederick Campbell at Coombe Bank. Sometimes they were at their London house, at other times at Little Strawberry Hill, and occasionally they stayed at Tunbridge Wells. "A good deal of talk with Miss Berry about the agreeable times we passed together at Tunbridge in 1805-6," Moore noted in his *Diary* in 1838. "Would I had begun journaling then! our ever-memorable party consisting of the Dunmores, Lady Donegal and sisters, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Heathcote, Lady Anne Hamilton, with the beautiful Susan Beckford (now Duchess of

¹ Rogers's cadaverous countenance secured for him the nickname, "The Dead Dandy," and it afforded the wits a subject for merry jesting. Maginn began an appreciation of him in *Fraser's Magazine*, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum!* There is Sam Rogers, a mortal likeness—painted to the very death!" Perhaps the best jest was uttered by Lord Alvanley, who, in the most matter-of-fact voice, asked Rogers, "Why, since you can well afford it, don't you keep your hearse?"

² *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, 8.

Hamilton) under her care, Thomas Hope (making assiduous love to Miss Beckford), William Spencer, Rogers, Sir Henry Englefield, &c. &c. Miss Berry reminded me of several odd incidents of that period.”¹ They spent another six weeks at the fashionable spa in the early autumn of 1807, and this time, too, they found many friends there—Lady Donegal, the Ellenboroughs, Lord Whitworth, and Lord Erskine. They had Paul Amsinck, the Master of the Ceremonies, to dine with them—“the only one of his kind I ever saw very like a gentleman, and not at all a coxcomb”; and at Lord Ellenborough’s, Lady Donegal and Mary Berry played whist with their host and Lord Erskine—“I don’t know which of the four plays worst,” was Mary Berry’s candid confession. Of a more memorable visit to Tunbridge Wells something will presently be said.

It was on Wednesday, May 31, 1809, that Mary Berry made the acquaintance of the Princess of Wales. It was at a reception given by “Anastatius” Hope, and the Princess desired Lady Sheffield² to present Miss Berry. “Talked for a minute or two of the Lockes,” the incident is recorded in the *Journals*. “I stood by her chair till somebody else came up, and I got away. I don’t think she was taken with me, as she saw, when I did not suppose she did, the *moue* which I made to Lady Sheffield when she first proposed it to me—the presentation—which I changed for a proper Court face the moment I saw her looking, and the thing inevitable.

¹ *Journals*, vii. 241.

² Lady Anne North, (d. 1832), second daughter of Frederick, second Earl of Guildford (better known as Lord North) married in 1798 John, first Earl of Sheffield.



Craig del.

Mackenzie sculp.

THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL
In the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

The last dance before supper she danced herself with Lyttelton. Such an exhibition! but that she did not feel at all for herself, one should have felt for her! Such an over-dressed, bare-bosomed, painted eye-browed figure one never saw! G. Robinson said she was the only true friend the Prince of Wales had, as she went about justifying his conduct." This estimate of his Royal Highness was, however, soon modified. On August 8, the Princess went to see Strawberry Hill, and hearing that the Berrys were in the house, asked for them. "The Princess talked a great deal more than she looked at anything, and seemed pleased to have more people to talk to; the pictures, &c., of the house, and observations on them, came merely to fill up gaps and give new matter for discourse," Mary Berry recorded. "She was on her very best manner, and her conversation is uncommonly lively, odd, and clever. What a pity she has not a grain of *common* sense, nor an ounce of ballast to prevent high spirits, and a coarse mind without any degree of moral taste, from running away with her, and allowing her to act indecorously and ridiculously whenever an occasion offers! Were she always to conduct herself as she did here to-day, she would merit the character of having not only a remarkably easy and gracious manner, but natural cleverness above any of her *peers* that I have seen, and a good many have at different times fallen under my observation." The more favourable impression lasted, and the Berrys were frequently invited to Kensington Palace.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry*STRAWBERRY HILL, *September 2, 1808.*

As I believe you receive your letters in the morning before you see the Newspapers, I cannot resist the chance of being the first to give you the great and really glorious intelligence of the success of our *own* Arms.¹ General Junot (I conclude pressed for provisions) came out with his Army and attacked the English, about eight leagues from Lisbon. A battle ensued in which our troops were completely victorious, and the French retreated into Lisbon. The consequence was an immediate offer of capitulation. On this, the officer came away with his news to Government. I only at present know this from the *Times*, but I do and *will believe*.

This is not *an answer* to your letter of the 28th Augt. which I received the day before yesterday, for besides having but little time to-day, I can think of nothing but Lisbon and our Victory. "*Veniret Androgeos!*" how truly you said, and how my heart goes with you! Poor, mistaken O'Hara! Had he lived, which I think he would, had *you* lived with him, how should we not have at this moment exulted and rejoiced! I say *we*, for surely you would both have let me *creep* on your Rocks, while I could *creep* on Earth! But no more of this: perhaps too much already!

Agnes and I will attend to your *materials* for the portrait, but we doubt a little the propriety of "an *Enchantress*" (always a sort of Indignant Being at best) "*blessing*" any thing: also her *right* to an altar, but of the latter objection I am less sure.

Farewell, and HEAVEN bless you, if *I* cannot, tho' *no Enchantress*.—Farewell.²

¹ The battle of Vimiera, August 21, 1808, at which Wellesley defeated Junot.

² Add. MSS. 37727, f. 249.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howe to Mary Berry*HIGHFIELD PARK, *September 3, 1809.*

Your last kindness came to me yesterday, my dear Miss Berry, many blessings on you for all your affectionate goodness to me! I was much pleased with your first Letter, which was exactly of the sort I admire, and I, in truth, for it is indeed very true, should have answered it nearly as quickly as I am doing your last, but the sad accident and suffering which happened about that time to my brother made me rather unfit to write more than I was called upon, owing to that event. But I assure you I did not wait to hear from you again, though it has so fallen out, for I intended to affirm to you to-day that I am proud and happy in your friendship and in being thought worthy of your notice.

You must wait till I return home for the clock account, and I fear much longer for the bees. I puzzled to little purpose yesterday, as a fraction of a Bee would distract me, and I am apt to suppose I yet do not understand the question perfectly; however you shall not have any more trouble concerning it unless when I can send you the answer, but as I hope you will not be very long before you write to me again, I beg of you to send me the direction to Mr. Playfair, and then, if I fail again, after another trial, I shall take courage to apply to him at once.

You mention nothing of yourself in your last. In such cases I am ever willing to suppose such neglect to be owing to the not feeling any uncomfortable reminder; in future, however, do not depend upon my taking the rosy side, but be particular on a subject so interesting to all your friends; tell me too what you are doing, where you are going, what you are reading and tho' last not the least interesting, as much of your

thoughts and opinions as you can find leisure to do. I promise you nothing in return from home. I have met with nought very pleasing for a long time, except what I collected from your Letters.

My love to Agnes, and many, many, respects to Mrs. Damer, and believe me, my dear friend, Your obliged and faithful.

C. H.¹

Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell² to Mary Berry

INVERARAY CASTLE, January 21, 1810.

DEAR BERRINA,—I am quite grieved to think you thought it necessary to write to me because you had *intended* to do so. I feel sure of your regard, and do not require any *forms* to keep alive the steady and warm good will I entertain for you. “In this mutual security of mutual kindness, no such ceremonies are necessary, and remember tho’ I hasten to answer your note, I do not mean to wheedle you into a correspondence.—All I intend to do, is to *stir the Fire* of your Friendship by messages; and then, *when* we meet, have a care of your self, for I mean to set you in a perfect blaze. It is rather an awful thing to *write* to you, at all, considering *what you are*, and what you are engaged in, but I trust to my being Charlotte Maria Campbell to obtain some favor in your Sight whether it be on Paper, or in *Propria Persona*. I like your Account of my future Mistress³ and her agreeable dinners, and feel sure you will always say Amen, to a good natured speech, at least about me.

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 61.

² Lady Charlotte Susan Maria Campbell (1775–1861), youngest child of John Campbell, fifth Duke of Argyll, was a famous beauty. In 1796 she married Colonel John Campbell (d. 1809), and by him had nine children. She married secondly, in 1815, the Rev. Edward John Berry. Shortly after she became a widow she was appointed Lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales. Her *Diary illustrative of the Times of George IV* appeared in 1838. She was also the author of many novels.

³ Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

I hope I shall love Madame du Deffand more than I do Mrs. Montagu—perhaps it is high treason to say so—but her Letters—Mrs. M's. I mean—do not interest my Heart, and do you know that my Heart is composed of much better stuff than my Head, and consequently I always ask its leave what I ought to value.

I never knew before that I could live in Complete Retirement and like it. I am much fonder of myself in Consequence than I ever was, and, like most People that live alone, I believe I shall grow disagreeable to others—this Egotism is a specimen of it.—As to my Bairns I interest myself in every possible way about them, but when People talk of Children being Companions they either talk nonsense, or they talk of what they know nothing about, except in Theory. Children speak and act very differently in reality, from what they do in Books of Education ; and as what we seek for in a companion is sympathy and a capability of comprehending, neither of these things can be found in children, neither can we find in them *Companions* ; but nobody makes use of Appropriate Words, and one thing that would make the World go on much smoother would be the *perfect understanding* of our thoughts.

I am sure you are weary of deciphering mine, and I know not by what right I intrude thus long upon your time Except that of being a Chatter Box.—But believe me always, yours, with much admiration and regard,

CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL.¹

Lady Charlotte Campbell's allusion to Madame du Deffand was occasioned by the news of the imminent publication of the letters of the French lady, edited by Mary Berry. In the autumn of 1807 Miss Berry had begun to read these letters, which she found among the papers of Horace Walpole, and she thought

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 68.

them interesting enough to present to the public. She worked hard at them during the following two years, and in her Journals are several references to her labours. "Saw Mr. Sydney Smith in the morning," she noted on April 18, 1810; "went again over my Preface and Life; adopted almost all his suggestions; expressed with much warmth and sincerity my thanks to him. I believe he was pleased, but I have not known him long enough for him to know me." Longmans published the work in four volumes, and paid Miss Berry £200 for her editorial services.

The Rev. G. O. Cambridge¹ to Mary Berry

TWICKENHAM-MEADOWS, *January 28, 1810.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—I feel grateful to [*illegible*] for the opportunity it has afforded me of having four good Friends in North Audley Street, and of hearing that they are well. I will obey to the last of my power your wishes in regard to Mr. Ferguson; but I know not if you are aware that the list of Candidates exceeds 300, whilst the vacancies amount only to *eight!* If therefore I do not succeed in *raising* your friend to the 293rd step of this long ladder, you are not to impute it to any want of zeal, but to my only possessing the 500th part of the power requisite to effect your wishes.

We regret being such strangers in North Audley Street, but Mrs. G. very seldom visits London, and I am only drawn to it by business which occupies me the whole time I am there; but we shall endeavour as the Spring advances to find some of our Friends there; and you and Miss Agnes among the rest.

¹ Son of Richard Owen Cambridge. He became Prebendary of Ely. In 1803 he published an edition of his father's works, with a memoir.

Had not this opportunity been afforded me, I was about to take up my pen to you, to express the pleasure and satisfaction we have just experienced in the perusal of your *Life of Madame Du Deffand*, which does great credit to your judgment and feeling. The plain and clear representation you have given of the mischiefs of French manners: and the sufferings she endured from the want of those consolations, which religious impressions are so well calculated to furnish to Infirmary and old age will do more to recommend Religion to your Readers than any more direct argument on the Subject, could do. This sketch of yours reminded me strongly of some of Sir Joshua's single heads, so much and so justly admired for their simplicity and truth. I only regret you have not taken a larger Canvas and introduced a greater variety of Figures and objects. But it was the success of his single Figures which led that great painter on to his *Ugolino*.

Mrs. G. C. begs to be kindly remembered to your Sister and Mr. Berry with, My Dear Madam, Your faithful Servant,

G. O. CAMBRIDGE.¹

*From the Princess of Wales to Miss Berry*²

KENSINGTON PALACE, *November 26, 1810.*

My anxiety is so great on account of the poor Lockes, since the melancholy event of the death of their youngest child, that I am induced to commit, perhaps, an indiscretion in intruding on your leisure hours, my dear Miss Berry; but trusting to your usual good nature, and our sentiments concerning them being

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 70.

² This and the following letter, which have been printed elsewhere, are inserted here to show the growing intimacy between the Princess of Wales and Mary Berry.

so congenial, you will comprehend my solicitude. I intrust into your hands, and to your sound judgment, the manner how best to convey from my part every thing that is kind and soothing to them; consolation it is impossible to offer them on such a painful occasion, but it is time alone that can cure so great an affliction.

Let us waive this melancholy topic, and rejoice together at the happy prospect of our beloved Monarch's recovery. We may now trust that that storm which passed over our heads will be dispersed for a number and number of years; it must be the fervent wish of every individual, but especially that of one of his first subjects.

I look forward with great pleasure to the period which will enable me again to enjoy your agreeable society.

I wish to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Hope; and do me the justice to believe me, for ever, My dear Miss Berry, Your very sincere and affectionate,

C. P.

P.S.—I am much shocked and grieved at the melancholy event of poor Lady Aberdeen.¹ I trust that she will feel no bad effect from this sad disappointment, for nobody deserves more respect and admiration than she does, by those who have the happiness of being intimately acquainted with her.

From Miss Berry to Princess of Wales

BRIGHTON, *November 27, 1810.*

MADAM,—I have conveyed to Mr. and Mrs. Locke ² the sentiments of which your Royal Highness has honoured me with being the interpreter. They must themselves express their gratitude, and the high sense they enter-

¹ Catherine Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of John James, first Marquis of Abercorn. She died February 1812.

² Mr. and Mrs. William Locke, of Norbury.

tain of your Royal Highness's benevolent solicitude. I confess I could use no words at once so impressive and so soothing as those of your Royal Highness. I am happy to say that Mrs. Locke's health has not suffered by her constant, painful, and unwearied attendance on her children, and that the remaining two are entirely recovered.¹ This I have been obliged to content myself with hearing by report, and by notes that have passed between us, for I have been under such strict quarantine here by Mr. and Mrs. Hope, from the dread of a possibility of infection to their children, that I have only had two short interviews with William, and that in the open air. . . . I have had the happiness to find myself here, Madam, surrounded by some of your Royal Highness's most devoted admirers. Mr. Ward, Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Rogers, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, are those with whom I have been living; and, though last, not least, my kind hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Hope, who desire me to express to your Royal Highness their gratitude for the honour of your enquiry after them. Mrs. Hope has, I think, quite recovered her health here. Her best comfort, under the loss of her little girl, is the daily improvement of your Royal Highness's little godson, who is really one of the finest children of his age I ever saw. Lady Aberdeen, I am happy to say, is going on as well as possible, after her very unexpected confinement . . . Lord Aberdeen certainly bears his disappointment remarkably well . . . The sentiments which your Royal Highness expresses upon the prospect of his Majesty's recovery, must be those of everyone worthy the happiness of being his subject, by having a due sense of the blessings of his reign . . .

I have the honour to be, Madam, your Royal Highness's most grateful and most obedient servant,

M. B.

¹ Mr. William Locke, drowned in the Lake of Como; and Elizabeth, married, 1822, to the Lord Wallscourt.

*Earl of Carlisle to Mary Berry*CASTLE HOWARD, *August 11, 1810.*

DEAR MADAM,—I find if I wait longer for the arrival of your promised present, I shall incur the imputation of making a dilatory acknowledgment for the favour you have announced. In the meantime I can assure you that everything that relates to my old protectress must be interesting to me, and independent of the pleasure I am likely to derive from the work, I shall ever consider it as a very flattering mark of your kind recollection of me.

Believe me to be, with great respect, your most obliged humble servant,

CARLISLE.¹*Lord Dudley² to Mary Berry*MOUNT SION, TUNBRIDGE, *Thursday, September 1811.*

St. John presents his compliments to St. Mary and St. Agnes, and requests the honour of their company to dinner on Sunday next at half-past five. St. John does not perceive the name of "Charlotte" in the Kalendar—he therefore presumes that she is no Saint, and on that account unworthy to be admitted to the banquets of the blest. However, if she remains long enough in these happy regions, and St. M. and St. A. are willing to answer for her good behaviour on this occasion, St. John will be happy to see her—and as Guglielmo Spencer Avocato del Diavolo will probably be unable to attend, she may perhaps pass muster.³

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 72.

² William Ward, third Viscount Dudley and Ward (1750–1823), the father of the better-known John William Ward (1781–1833), who succeeded him as fourth Viscount, and was in 1827 created Earl of Dudley.

³ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 92.

*The Hon. Mrs. Damer to Mary Berry*COOMBE BANK, *Monday, September 23, 1811.*

Would to heaven ! dear Soul, that you had said not *half*, but even the smallest part of what you now say to me when I was with you. All would then have easily been settled and no doubts or misunderstanding would have taken place between us. A kind, indulgent word from you will, at any time, raise my spirits, however depressed, or, what is often better, give them quiet and composure. It is difficult for me now at a distance to attempt to express the feelings of my heart when I see you dissatisfied with me, or think you are so. Let it, therefore, for the present suffice if I say, and from my heart, that your *do pignora certa timendo* you fear of losing my devoted affection, were it wandering, wavering, or on the wing, would arrest it anew and for ever !

Believe me, you exaggerated to yourself the effect on my mind of the minor, nay, *minima, nothings* at Tunbridge not just to my taste and liking, and seemed unconscious that your own manner and the things you said to me alone really vexed and mortified me. Be it that in this I was wrong, and then only forgive me : I ask no more ! As to my having any secret ill, or ailment respecting health that you know not of, I do assure you with perfect truth that I have not, of any sort or kind, but I have suffered more now for some winters past than you have been aware of, and have not recovered my strength, which indeed, from the weakness of my lungs, the "*vetera vestigia,*" never *shines* in walking up hills, or thro' sand in a mid-day sun, and one always fancies a road, or walk, longer and more difficult when one is unacquainted with it and meets it for the first time.

I do trust that I have said what will quiet your

affectionate heart and kind anxiety for me, for be assured that I have said nothing but what is exactly true, and that I look forward to seeing you again with the hope of finding my only real comfort on earth!—I shall add little more at present, as I have to write to Charlotte, from whom I received a long and (as is always the case with her) admirably written letter from last Friday.—*If* she can bring herself to stay at Worthing till her waiting, it is clearly the best thing for the present that she can do—that is, the most prudent.—*Mustaccio*, if not *forgotten*, will *forget*,—she will in expences be beforehand, her companion will be pleased,—she will gain credit with the world and feel a consciousness of having done rightly, and I do believe her that, when away from *worldly* temptations, she can *hold out* very well in retirement for a time, and has many and valuable resources in her own mind that enable her so to do.—Tell me to whom I am now to enclose my letters to you, as I believe that your sweet Lady Charlemont and her agreeable-looking husband will perhaps be gone by the time I write again.¹

Agnes Berry to Mary Berry

NORTH AUDLEY STREET, *January 1, 1812.*

DEAREST MARY,—I have just received your most kind, impressive and, above all, affecting letter. How it has gone to my heart, where feelings for you and for myself are almost blended in one, I can but ill express to you. But of this I can assure you, that in all your calm and rational views of our remaining existence, I am most desirous to follow and imitate you, for declining life has ever appeared to me a very bitter draft. But I will say nothing more on these subjects at present, for I should only affect more both myself and you, for you

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 251.

must be certain that my feelings are at present what you would wish them to be. My father sends you his most earnest and affectionate blessings,¹ and he begins his year, all things considered, with wonderful health and comfort in spite of aches and groans, which we shall *all come to* if we live, long before his age. My new year begun, as you know, at the Buckinghamshires last night, and my mind is not much in tune to travel there at present; and, indeed, I have not much to tell you about the matter. As half her romance is generally in the name, so our breakfast in 1812 was neither more nor less than the doors of the room, with refreshments, being thrown open after 12 o'clock, where one found everything as usual except a little treillage of roses and the Lord knows what tramping round the edge of the tables; which made it very difficult to get anything. However, the rooms were comfortably warm, and full of the Lord knows who, figures copied from the last century to show us what we should all come to before the end of this—Carolina Vernon, Belle Piggott, Mr. Nolkin, Mrs. Abington, etc. etc. Amongst all these darlings, however, I found acquaintances enough to amuse myself very well, and moreover there were about a score of characters in masks who made noise enough to keep everybody awake, and music that people were meant to dance to, and so it all did very well. The Bumble looked very happy, and I was not sorry to get away a little before two o'clock.

To-day, as I told you, I am going to the Ellenboroughs, and instead of dining first with my Father, he is going to dine with the Lockes and Miss Brots which he likes very much. This change is because the Princess's dinner to which they were asked is put off till the 12th. Her cook is ill, and the menu not to be had. Edward Lane called the other day, and for the first time I asked

¹ Mary Berry had, on December 24, gone with the Charlemonts to Wimpole. She returned to London on January 3.

him if he had seen or had anything to do with his brother Charley. Oh, they are a fine iron-hearted family. It really would have frozen your blood to hear *one and twenty* talk so of a brother, but they are all well met, and all the fitter for the world, and their society may be very entertaining, tho' there is about as much feeling in a brass kettle as in the whole family put together. Your room will certainly be ready for you, and your basin stand is come home and up and I think looks very well. And all the papers shall be off and the *Rivvers* shall be on, and your bed, of course, well aired, as Harriot has been in it all the time. I hope you will persuade the Charlemonts to share our beef and pudding, and tell me about what hour you think of arriving. Half after 6 or 7 will do for us, only don't arrive *murdered*—for I think that is a nasty road with all its endless turnings and windings. Mrs. Upreece is come to town. She is to be with me to-morrow evening, and Lady Tancred and the fair Liddia. I am quite in the *petticoat line* now you are gone, but mean to drive a better trade when you come back. What foolish people the Gordons were to leave you. I meant to have called at Lady Georgiana's, but the thaw, which, thank God, we have got here, has made the streets so detestably dirty that after wading to Mrs. Damer's, Mrs. Buller's, and Lady Margaret's, I was obliged to return home. I will go to Lady G. to-morrow if I can. The Duke is also in town I hear. And now God bless you, dearest Mary, and imagine all that my heart feels and my words cannot say.¹

Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell to Mary Berry

WORTHING, April 22, 1812.

Little did you and I think, Dear Berrina, when we made those rash vows with our *liver and gizzard* how

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 71.

very soon all *real* obstacles would cease to prevent their fulfilment. Well, Lady, and how do you feel? have you packed up your Jewels and Regalia and are *you* ready to set off?

As to me I am in "a sea of troubles," but I never expect to be out of it—with all my female train.—Nevertheless, I am putting the great Body in motion by degrees, and I now entertain Sanguine Expectations of bringing all my Schemes to bear—in the meantime I keep School here without any interruption or temptation whatever. We want nothing but a blue Board and Golden Letters . . . with *Young Ladies Genteelly Educated*—to complete the Establishment—but, Berrina, you may be as angry as you choose at getting a long, dull, Country Letter—I must and will extract an answer from you. I do not want to *draw you* into a correspondence—but I do firmly intend to have *one History* from you—A *Wholesale and retail* of all the great and all the little news.¹

Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell to Mary Berry

MONTAGU HOUSE [BLACKHEATH], May 12, 1812.

Written in the *Blue Chamber*.

You may think, my Dear Berrina, what a shock the tragical end of poor Mr. Perceval² has given to the Princess. I am commanded by Her Royal Highness to beg you will let us know all the particulars you may have heard concerning this awful event.—Her Royal Highness does not intend going to the Opera to-night as she was to have done had not this dreadful assassination taken place—but she means to attend the Drawing Room on Thursday, as that cannot be attributed to any love of pleasure.

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 97.

² Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by John Bellingham, May 11, 1812.

You are requested to give your opinion upon *this Business*. Do you think that it is the action of a mad Individual, or the fulfillment of any settled plan ?

I remain, Dear Berrina, Yours, writing and teaching at the same time, affectionately,

CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL.¹

Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell to Mary Berry

Tuesday, August 18, 1812.

Sampson, the Philistines be upon thee.

I am commanded, Dear Berrina, to tell you that Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales proposes visiting you upon Tuesday the 25th at Tunbridge. She brings with her Mrs. and Miss Rawdon—at least they are invited—and *your humble servant*. There being a Dearth of Men throughout the Land at present, we have none, *alas! to bring*; but you are a good caterer in that way and have a certain pair of black eyes that are no bad Decoys for stray Birds. For Heaven's Sake use *them vigorously in Our Service*, for I think we shall *be heavy in hand* to you and *ourselves* without a little Male Aid.

So much for Nonsense—and now—nothing for Sense.—For I have no time, even if I had wit.

I don't know what to say to the Victory²—will it ultimately produce Peace? Carnage may be glorious, but I cannot say I enjoy it—and I never hear the noisy thoughtless Mirth of the Populace upon such occasions without thinking of those Tears which no glory wipes away, and sighing for those to whom the mirth is but

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 98.

² The battle of Salamanca, July 22, 1812, when Wellington defeated the French under Marmont.

Despair—but I know the World must be made *over again* for me.

Won't—*Voilà le malheur* you shall tell me all about it when we meet. I can only sign myself in violent Haste.

Affectionately Yours and Sincerely,

CHARLOTTE MARIA.¹

Lady Charlotte Maria Campbell to Mary Berry

MONTAGU HOUSE, *Friday, August 21, 1812.*

DEAR BERRINA,—I am commanded by Her Royal Highness to inform you, that about thrée o'clock She will be at your door on Tuesday. The Princess thinks that the Pantiles and the Ball will be very good fun *with* you; but rather wishes (unless you have some very Agreeable Brand) not to have any *Company at Dinner.*

I am grieved to think you have been Ill, I wish to charge the Weather with this Evil, but I know that you have vile Head Aches in all Weathers, and this vexes me the more.

You are a good Girl, though, Dear Berrina, to go to Mrs. Damer. I rejoice at it, and am sure that seeing each other will do you both good. I sometimes wonder why one ever consents to be absent from the Friends

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 99.

² "The Pantiles were put in an uproar last Tuesday by the arrival of the Princess of Wales on a visit to the Berrys. She brought Lady C. Campbell and Mrs. and Miss Rawdon with her, but not a man did she bring, or could she get here for love or money, except Sir Philip Francis and old Berry, who, egad, liked the fun of gallanting her about, and enjoyed himself more than the fair daughters did, who were in a great fuss, and were forsaken in their utmost need by Beaux their former suppers fed, and had to amuse her, as well as they could, with the assistance of a few women that she did not care about."—*Lady Donegal to Thomas Moore, Tunbridge Wells, August 28, 1812* (Moore's *Journals*, viii., 118).

one loves most. Is there anything that compensates for the absence of a beloved object? I know of none. Berrina, Dear Berrina, I shall never be wiser or better. My heart is still at fifteen, and not worn out—the more's the pity, say you—and sometimes I think so too.

I took wing to-day to my own nest and nestlings—and am rather Surprised why I ever leave either—but necessity teaches one to endure many things.

The Princess is asleep. Would I were so too, for I am weary—but in all Haste.

Ever, Dear Berrina,

Yours affectionate and unchanged

CHARLOTTE MARIA CAMPBELL.¹

In September 1813 the Berrys signed an agreement by which Alderman Wood² became the tenant for seven years of Little Strawberry Hill. They parted with the pretty little place with regret, but the rent of one hundred and fifty guineas was of use to them, and they had of late been there less and less. North Audley Street was now their only home, and it became, of course, their headquarters. During this and the following years they led their usual life of social gaiety, dining out, receiving, paying visits, meeting everybody, and extending their acquaintance with the foreigners who flocked to England after Napoleon had gone to Elba and again after Waterloo. They went generally to Tunbridge Wells in the summer or early autumn, and in October 1814 Mary Berry went so far afield as Hamilton, where she stayed until the end of the year as the guest of the Marquis and Marchioness of Douglas. In February

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 101.

² Afterwards Lord Mayor. The friend and champion of Queen Caroline. Subsequently created a baronet.

1816 Mary Berry accepted an invitation to stay at Paris with Lord and Lady Hardwicke,¹ and from there she wrote frequently to her sister, who remained in London.

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

LION D'ARGENT, CALAIS, *Thursday, February 29, 3 o'clock, 1816.*

I wrote to you not four hours ago from Dover (*sic*). We sailed at half after ten and were exactly 3 hours from Pier to Pier—there was *enough* Wind, quite fair, and a good deal of sea—I sat on deck the whole way and was sick *enough* most part of it, but it was merely sickness and vomiting and no headache either then or now. We were a longer time than was needful bothering about our landing, which was only disagreeable from the excessive cold, tho' a bright sun all the time—My companions came here to this town, and a very nice clean town it seems to be, only a little too much *à l'angloise*, but no matter what it is, for we are going on to Boulogne to-night, that we may get to Abbeville to-morrow.—My acquaintance with Mrs. Rice [was made], as I told you, stepping into the Packet and under the best auspices. She seems a civil, vulgar, *sort of Hurly Burly* woman, who is likely to amuse me, as I have no headache—which I repeat with triumph. Calais looks cleaner than it used, but the cold is so excessive, that I really cannot walk far away from the fire, of which the savoury smell of the wood, in which I *delight*, is now in my nose. We are just going to dinner, which will do me much good.—This letter goes with theirs back by their own Vessel which brought us over, and us alone.

¹ Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke (1757–1834), eldest son of Lord-Chancellor Yorke, married, in 1782, Elizabeth, third daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres. On February 6, 1816, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, married Sir Charles Stuart, British Ambassador at Paris, 1815–1830. Sir Charles Stuart (1779–1845) was in 1828 created Baron Stuart de Rothesay.

But when it may be able to return is another case. And now God bless you, as I probably shall not have time to add a word more. I think you will say I have hitherto managed my matters very cleverly—Farewell.

Thursday Evening, 7 o'clock.—I have opened my letter to say, the carriages were so long of getting out, and of passing the Custom House, that finding we should not get off here till near six o'clock, nor to Boulogne till near eleven, we wisely determined to stay here all night and start early to-morrow morning. At all events we shall I trust get to Paris on Sunday, which is all I count on.—This town on further observation and experiment is abominable, everything *à l'angloise*, even to the beds, and so my companions think, and are very sorry they were by some former arrangements obliged to come here. I have retired quietly to my own room, and I shall go at eight o'clock and treat Mrs. Rice with some of my good Tea and then very soon to bed, for I feel now tired with all my morning's amusement. I have bought a basket of French Plums for you, packed up like Harry Sanereds pears, but which I hope you will find better, and if not, they are not ruinous. Whether you will ever get them is another question, which I am afraid I hardly asked myself when I bought them. However, I will try what my Dover Friends can do for me. Tell my dear Caroline, with my love, that were I not going to Paris, *en droiture*, I should certainly smarten myself, as she did at some of the shops here, which are wonderfully improved and really look very tempting. And now once more farewell, for these are really my last words—my next letter must be from Paris, I cannot well write another word. God bless you.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37227, f. 141.



PHILIP, EARL OF HARDWICKE
From an engraving in the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

RUE D'ANJOU [PARIS], *Sunday Evening*, 8 o'clock, March 3, 1816.

Well, dearest Agnes, I arrived soon after 4 o'clock to-day, at least 2 hours before I was expected, which I always like doing, if possible. My letter announcing the certainty of my setting out, and the hopes of my getting here to-day never reached Lady Hardwicke¹ till late last night, so writing to me was impossible anywhere but to the post-house at St. Denis, which they had kindly done. The message passed me on the road from my being so much sooner than they expected. But no matter. My reception was such as to make all announcing unnecessary and to make me (as I am sure it would you) rejoice that I had come. I found dear Lady Hardwicke, alone, just as I could have wished. She was quite angry at Phillip announcing me *Miss Berry* as if I had been an ordinary visitor. Phillip, however, had given me a most smiling greeting in the Courtyard and was the first face of the family that I saw, for we had to trail up and down the Rue d'Anjou in search of their house (as one always does at Paris), and at last paid the polite *cocher*, so that I took leave of my companions in the street, and Emma and I got out with all our loose and *getable* baggage. The rest is to be sent me. I saw Lord Hardwicke, who was likewise at home, very soon afterwards. I think them both looking well, Lady Hardwicke the best of the two, altho' she has a bad cold which has made her *hoarse*, *very hoarse*, but her voice has not gone and I *will not let* it go. They were going at six to dine at the Ambassador's² and proposed me going, if I could possibly rig up, with them, which I

¹ Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke (1757-1834), married Elizabeth, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres. Their daughter, Elizabeth, married in February 1818.

² Sir Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay), British Ambassador at Paris.

could not have done for the world, as I really counted on getting a quiet evening here to-night, to set me up, and give me time to write to you and to recall all my very hurried thoughts, which I find I require much more and am much longer about than formerly. I had a long comfortable talk with Lady Hardwicke till the moment she was obliged to go to dinner, and I rejoice to find that everything here is going on so much better, even in her eyes, than I expected, and I should think and she thinks too, is mending daily. But I again repeat, that I rejoice I have come to her, because I think *she* seems to rejoice in it, and because I think I shall give her a little useful fillip and prevent her dwelling too eternally on one set of ideas, and being interested on one single point, on which by fixing her quick eyes too long, she is apt not to see so truly.

Their house here is, I think, a dull one, but that is no matter, for on Tuesday or Wednesday they move to one in the Faubourg St. Honoré, which is much more cheerful and near l'Hôtel de l'Ambassade. In the meantime I am installed in a very warm, comfortable little French bedchamber with a *Garderobe*, etc. etc., where I have just had some tea, after having had *un très joli petit diner apprité par* Mr. Fisché, who, to my surprize, I find perfectly recovered and once more installed as their cook. I have already had a long talk with Mrs. Maidwell about Mantua-makers, Milliners, *brodeuses*, etc. etc., and to-morrow shall first set about rigging myself and then *you*.

I have no time to write to you about my journey *now* it is over, and I had no time to write to you while it was about. The cold was so excessive at Dover, on the water, at Calais, and where we stopped the first night, that a cold in my head which I felt at Sittingbourne was so completely and rapidly developed by it that the first night after Calais I had a violent head-ache and did not altogether know what was going to become of

me, but I got right in the course of the next day, by a hot bottle at my feet, by Rhubarb, Magnesia, and by your plan of starving, which I adhered to most strictly. Such a woman is my companion!¹ Her vulgarity is nothing in comparison to her folly and ignorance; she never knew for two minutes together what she wanted, and instead of managing or arranging anything, was as thoughtless as a child of five years old. However, I cared not, knowing how soon I was to have done with her. Indeed it is wonderful how very little she bored me while we were together; which, pray tell Mrs. Femey with my love, that she may be convinced of the possibility of my travelling to Paris with Mrs. Price.

Monday Morning, March 4.

I was here interrupted last night by a message from below, saying Lord and Lady Hardwicke were returned, and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, who asked if she should come up to me, which she did, and we were a quarter of an hour together alone before we went downstairs. She looks thin, poor soul! which I am sure I can't wonder at, but otherwise alright and well. She is delighted at my coming and thinks it is the moment of all others in which I shall be of the most benefit to Lady Hardwicke. Their enquiries after you have been many and particular, and much said of your kindness, and the whole thing taken up in the way you could wish. Sir Charles [Stuart] came in from the Opera to take Elizabeth to make some visits. Lady Hardwicke says she has hardly seen such a kindly smile on his face as when he met me. You may guess I shall take care to keep on a right footing with them on *every* account. They went away in less than half an hour and *we* went to bed, or

¹ "Miss Berry placed herself for the passage and journey under the convoy of a lady and her son with whom she had no previous acquaintance."—Miss Berry's *Journals* (ed. Lewis), iii. 71.

rather upstairs, for of course Lady Hardwicke and I had another long talk. Dear Soul, I pity her heartily for all she has suffered here, altho' she now hopes and believes all will go well.

According to my laudable custom in a new place I have slept very little, but I have nothing wrong about the head, and my cold fast going off. Elizabeth told us last night that a messenger was going off to-day with the Russian Ratification of something or other, which, being a bulky concern, she could put something else along with it, and if I get out in the course of this morning with Lady Hardwicke I will see and add some little *secret article* to the *Treaty* for you. At all events the letter will go by this occasion. But, while I think of it, let me tell you, that if ever you want to write to me in a hurry, let it be by the common post, for the refugees from hence very often go round by the Army at Cambray, which delays their arrival 3 or 4 days. However, in a common way write by them, because it will save both your money and mine, and allow us to write as long letters as we please.

As to all my letters, and all my visits, and all my commissions here, I shall take them very leisurely and endeavour to enjoy the sort of quiet which I think one of the great charms of a Paris life—doing whatever I can with and for Lady Hardwicke. My journal, therefore, to you, which I shall begin this day, will often, I dare say, be much less interesting than you expect, and you may perhaps think me very dull and doing nothing when I am spending my time most agreeably. Read as much of my letter to dear Aunt Anne as you please. I know she will not think me over vain for boasting of my kind reception, and I am sure we owe her all due communication of letters. I will try and write a few lines to Mrs. D[amer] by this messenger. *He* goes straight to England, and, if he has any luck in wind, you will get this on Thursday morning, at latest. I am longing to

hear from you and my Father, on whom certainly my chief anxiety will fall during my absence. For myself taken singly, my age makes me feel a sort of independent indifference, which is very useful and leaves one much at liberty to enjoy, as far as one is able, what falls in one's way. Those stupid Prices are not at the Hotel de Grand Batalier where they had an apartment taken for them, and are gone to some other hotel, I know not where, and my cloathes along with them, which I know not where to send for them and which they have not had the wit to send to me to-day, so that I am literally dressed in a Capotte and frill and Bonnet of Lady Hardwicke's, and shall not be able to go and dine with Elizabeth unless I can contrive to find them out in time to get my things which are in my leather hat-bag and the seat of their curricule. Ward is here and they say has mounted a mistress. Don't tell Mrs. Tighe. And I saw Lord Rosebery¹ in the street as I arrived, which is all I know at present of the *Bull* family here.

Monday night, 10 o'clock.—Elizabeth came and took me out to two Silk houses where I bought two Gauze Handkerchiefs for you, which the messenger carries to-night. I think they are pretty and will do for your head. If you should not like them, you may sell them for 7s. apiece and pocket 4*d.* by the bargain, for they cost 8 frs. apiece. Tell me if they are the sort of thing you mean. They are just now coming in to be much the fashion here for the head. In the meantime, thank Heaven, they wear very much and generally that which is the best of all fashions for me. I have bought for myself a white satin, which they advise me to make up at first without my tulle over it. It is a very handsome one at 8 frs. a yard.

With great difficulty I found out where the Prices

¹ Archibald John Primrose, fourth Earl of Rosebery (1783-1868). He succeeded to the title in 1814, and was himself succeeded by his grandson, the present earl.

had lodged themselves, and was obliged to send for my things, which came so late that I should have been hurried to death, if I had been obliged to put them on, but on the contrary Lady Hardwicke and Elizabeth both insisted on my going to dinner in her Capotte and a white hat which she lent me. So as *they* were satisfied I was, and away I went with them to dinner at the Ambassador's. There was literally nobody but ourselves, Peter Stuart (Lord Bute's brother) and George Dawson, his two satellites. The house is magnificent and Elizabeth very properly at home in it.

Soon after 9, while we were there, the Post arrived from England. The basket of letters was brought in, and among them I had the comfort of finding yours, which certainly it is very agreeable to receive thus *à la première main*. Your poor head I know too well how to pity. Dear Charlotte's visit would do for it completely. But there *are* people whom in sickness or in health one would always rather see than not see, and she in distress too; good cheerful soul! is certainly one of them. I have written to Mrs. Damer by this messenger, and now farewell for this time. You shall not want my letters. It is the least I can do for you. I hope to-morrow to go to the Theatre, but sufficient for the day is the employment thereof. Farewell and Heaven bless you.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, *Wednesday, March 6, 1816.*

Yesterday morning I took the carriage and set out making some visits to those for whom I brought letters, as I found it was already known the important event of *my* arrival in Paris. I called on Madame Moreau, Madame Greffulhes, Lady Cahir, all of whom I did

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 78.

find, and on Madame de Coiquy, whom I did not, but from whom I have already had a most *empressé* note, saying she went into the country for two or three days, yesterday, but longed to be back to see me. The little Moreau is beautifully lodged, her house is in the very best style of Parisian *modern elegance*, which supposes a cleanliness and tidiness about everything unknown to their former magnificence. She was delighted to see me, but before she could get out two words, turned to be angry with her lacquy for attempting to light a fire in the pièce in which we were instead of showing us into the Boudoir. In short it is a little, cold, prim, harsh thing, like its voice, which one can well pardon oneself for making use of, and being civil to, without either liking or caring for. She is to come and take me out this day at one o'clock to some shops, but Lady Hardwicke and Elizabeth have both warned me not to put myself too much in her power, for they, like us, don't think her taste at all perfect and she is most despotic in her ideas of it.

The Mantua-maker, who made our Blue Gowns, has worked much for them and is, I think, a very good one. I have already had her here this morning and given her my poplin to make, to show the little Moreau that I can start a little for myself. But to my journal.

The Greffulhes are persons here of whose *measure* we had little notion in London. They are magnificently lodged and receive and are received by the very best and first French company. They gave me a most *amical* reception, and wanted me to dine with them too, which I declined from not knowing anything of Lady Hardwicke's arrangements. But they are at home every Wednesday evening with all the very best society of Paris, and there I shall make my *début* to-night in the blue gown and the Moreau Hat which is all I have at present ready.

Elizabeth says Sir Charles [Stuart] has been already

asking when I meant to come out. Whenever it is I should be sorry (in spite of my own insignificance) that it should not be *convenablement* as *his* and *their* friends, therefore I am rigging myself up as fast as ever I can. I have lived, yes, literally *lived*, in a black Reps Pelisse of Lady Hardwicke's, which one may wear from morning to night in this place, and with a large Bonnet go anywhere except to great dinners and evening parties; and in this dress with a white borrowed hat I was last night for a moment at the Opera.

But to go on with my journal, from which I find I have taken too long excursions into the region of dress, but these will be soon less in my way and my thoughts than at present. As soon as I returned from my visits I received one from Mrs. Mason, who was more than glad to see me. She likes Paris much and has got into a good deal of French society. The Hardwicks have seen them often and like them much, both he and she. Lord Hardwicke and Sir Charles dined at a great dinner at the Duc de Richelieu, and Lady Hardwicke and I with Elizabeth and the three young inmates of the house, George Dawson, Peter Stuart, and young *Doctor Lee*, whose name I have not yet got. Before we left the Hotel de l'Ambassade they returned from their great dinner, and after some *parlage* Lord and Lady Hardwicke and Sir Charles and I went to the Opera and Elizabeth to the *triste* business of making a number of evening visits to all the Grandee Ladies, who had come to the two *Soirées* which took place last week *chez elle*, and which Sir Charles makes a great point of her returning in person, as a great many French ladies *de la première volée*, many more than were expected, made their appearance, *chez l'Ambassadrice*, who, I assure you, everybody unites in saying had the most *parfait succès* both on her presentation and wherever she has made her appearance since, particularly at her own House, where she received and spoke to everybody at the door, which has not been the custom here.

RUE ST. HONORÉ No. 99, *Thursday*.

We yesterday changed our house. The day was shocking for the purpose, for it was almost a continual storm of rain, and Lady Hardwicke so very unwell with so much cough of irritation that I felt quite uneasy at her moving. However, when we left the other house at 5 o'clock, we set her down at the Ambassador's and Lord Hardwicke and I came on to the house to look after the fires and the chairs and tables, and returned to dine alone with her and Elizabeth while the servants were settling themselves here. Nor did we stir further in the evening. Poor Elizabeth had got so bad a feverish cold and inflammation in one of her eyes that her going out was out of the question. Ditto Lady Hardwicke, and I was so fatigued with my morning and two hours of the Moreau voice screaming up the rattle of the streets of Paris, that I was quite glad of an excuse to stay at home too, and get to bed early.

This house is one of the Hotel Doré of old times. We have the Rez-de-chaussée, which opens into a large garden, having a door to the Champs Elysées. But the weather has been so abominable, such perpetual torrents of rain and blasts of wind ever since the day I got here, that it is impossible yet to properly appreciate the beauties of such a situation, except as being perfect repose and country, in the most frequented part of a great town. My bedroom and Emma's, next to me, is in a wing, and will be very comfortable when we get shook into it. It is neither very large nor very high, which are to me great comforts. Before I proceed further let me tell you, or rather Harriot, with my love to her, that I have just now received the bits of the fine worked muslin she contrived to send me, and that the man who brought them offers to take back anything little on Tuesday or Wednesday. Well I saw, and Lady Hardwicke too, *qu'il fallait bien passer par la Moreau en*

part de modes, so I made up my mind, and what was much worse my purse, to letting her advise me in ordering a *Riding Coat*; that is, what we call a *Pelisse* without wadding, which is absolutely necessary to wear here of a morning (and indeed all day, if you choose) to avoid too many white gowns. Mine is a *Reps* of a queer coloured blue, of which I will pop a pattern into this letter. Then we proceeded to a certain Mlle. Phanie for a *capotte*, *Anglicé*, a *Bonnet*. Mine is of white crape and satin with a *tige* of *Jaccanthus* and *Narcisses* which is to cost me 50 francs, *Anglicé*, 2 guineas. But the Moreau is persuaded *que je ferai sensation*, I shall be so perfectly dressed for the morning, including, as I said before, the possibility of going anywhere in the world, except to a *Ball* in the evening. So much for *toilette*, of which you must submit to hear perhaps again and again, and only comfort yourself with thinking how much less I can torment you on the subject than if you were here. The trial of Robert Wilson,¹ etc., they say comes on this week. If women go to the trials *à la cour d'Assises* which I have been assured they do, I shall take care to be one of the audience. He is to be tried for high treason and they say strong circumstances have come out which make his case worse than it was expected. One certainly, very *dishonourable* (as I understand the word), is too true which was denied in England, his having asked Sir Charles for two passports, one for his brother-in-law and another for a Major Losack. The first he used for

¹ General Sir Robert Thomas Wilson (1777-1849), with the assistance of Michael Bruce and Captain John Hely-Hutchinson (afterwards third Earl of Donoughmore), contrived the escape on January 10, 1816, from a Paris prison of Count Lavalette, who had been condemned to death. Wilson sent an account of this daring adventure to Lord Grey, but the letter was intercepted, and the three Englishmen arrested in Paris on January 13. The trial began on April 2, and on the 24th they were sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The Duke of York, as commander-in-chief, severely censured the two officers.

himself and the second for Lavalette. This is something to my mind dreadfully like a lie. Bruce,¹ who is only considered as an accomplice, said to his *avocat* after a consultation, "*ne trouvez vous pas qu'il y a quelque chose de la romantique dans ma situation,*" which I conclude was his reason for putting himself into it.

I am writing, I am aware, hardly legibly, for I have got the thumb disease to such a degree that I can hardly hold my pen. Admiral Linois and General Boyer² were tried yesterday at their own desire. I have not yet heard the result, about which nobody seems to care twopence, altho' it was thought they would be condemned.

We dine to-day again at l'Hotel d'Ambassade, because our own kitchen here is not yet *monté*, and perhaps I may find somebody to go with me to the Théâtre François. Mlle. Mars luckily is here, and has no thoughts of England, I hope, for two months to come at least. I shall seal and finish this letter now, because I am going out between one and two to the mantua-maker's to have my two gowns tried on and may be hurried afterwards. But the morning is always delightfully quiet here.

Lady Hardwicke is much better to-day and much pleased with her new house. So much of her cough and spasm on her breast is nervous, that it will not frighten me as much as it has done. Say much to my dearest Caroline for me, and read all, or as much of, my letters as you please to her, and beg her to write to me, sending her letter to the office like yours. I am interrupted by Mr. and Mrs. Mason being in the Salon. From the Hotel de l'Ambassade this evening

¹ Michael Bruce, the friend and travelling companion of Lady Hester Stanhope.

² Admiral Alexander Linois and General Eugène Edward, Baron de Boyer-Peyreleau, were tried on account of their change of allegiance on the return of Bonaparte. The Council of War unanimously acquitted Linois, but the Baron was condemned to death—a sentence afterwards commuted to three years' imprisonment.

I made Mrs. Mason carry me to the mantua-maker's and some other places, and when I got home I found Ward and Lord Roseberry with Lady Hardwicke, and Ward was in such high feather and so glad to see me and so questioning about England that I delayed dressing till too late and was hurried. Lady Hardwicke saved herself from dining here, but insisted on my doing so with [some] people, all men but a Mr. and Mrs. Mener, the Consul and his wife. I am, therefore, sealing my letter here at a side table with all the folks in the room. We dined too late for the Play, so *that* pleasure is reserved for another day, and I shall not go to the Spanish Ambassador's if I can help it. No headache yet, but my nose from my cold remains as troublesome as yours. And now, once more farewell and Heaven bless you. The Ambassadorial pens are intolerable. The Englishmen are not to be tried till the end of this month. Say if there is any little thing you want, as I can send it by the Messengers. But keep your counsel. God bless you.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

NO. 99 RUE DE FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ,
PARIS, *Wednesday, March 13, 1816.*

To begin with business. Have you received a little packet from the Office containing a Gauze Gown for dear Caroline and your white tulle and some patterns, on which *this* is the commentary which ought to have been put in with them, as well as the letter to Caroline, but it was all done in such a hurry that there was no help for it. The pattern of lace is the French work, which I really think so beautiful as to be not at all distinguishable from real on trimmings, &c. It costs 7 francs 10 sous (6 shillings and 2d. a yard). The silks were three [*illegible*] at the same price, 6/2d. a French

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 82.



MADemoisELLE MARS
From the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

yard, and two *flounces* which are now made much narrower than they used to be made and 5 sous dearer, that is to say, 5 francs 5 sous a French yard. Say if you have a mind for any of them.

The weather, except one single day, has been intolerable since I came to Paris, never a ray of sun but cold, surly, wet weather. Now for my Journal.

Saturday.—The day I wrote to Caroline I saw Mlle. George and Talma in *Britanicus*. She is a fine actress by what Joanna Baillie used to call the [*illegible*], that is to say, having been admirably taught executive, everything she has [carried off] with a magnificent theatrical figure, her face not unlike Mrs. Ferguson's grown very fat and set on the shoulders of a big woman. Talma is excellent, and the dresses, costumes and decorations *superb*. We left the "Medecin malgré lui" at the first act for them to make a French visit while I returned home *pour passer une robe* and go with them to Lady Cahir's. There was a party in a smaller room, and rather fuller and fewer men than in North Audley Street. There were many more French than English, and most of the *Lady Jerseys* and *Coopers* of Paris. As this was the first time I saw them, I have not yet got their faces ticketed with their names, therefore as yet I can give you no particular account of them except that Ward and I agreed we would *turn out* against them in London any day of the year. . . . Ward, too, seems a good deal in French company, and to amuse herself here *à merveille*. To these parties, whether in French or English houses, one can go before ten or half past, and one leaves them about twelve or soon after, so that one has always time (if one has strength) to go to a Theatre first.

Where was I at my Journal that Saturday night?
Sunday Morning.—I went with Lord and Lady Hardwicke to prayers at the Duke of Wellington's in a Drawing Room as long as North Audley Street with a marble floor without the stove lighted. I was *transée de froid*,

and from that moment felt myself ill, having waked perfectly well. I afterwards went and made some visits with Lady Hardwicke to Mme. de la Tourdupin (Miss Doyle's Honorine) who, as Gray said, was very glad to see me, as I her. She is a heavy looking Mrs. G. Lambe on a Pedestal, near 6 feet high. I then called on our poor little Fleury, who is living in a corner of the great Hotel de Beauvais very near us but she did not receive me. I called too (tell Caroline) on the Vicomtesse de Vaudreuil at the Hotel de Caramany,¹ on the *rez-de-chaussée* of which Hotel is lodged, who do you think but the *Baall* with her General and her son still in a high state of education? And the *Baall* here is thought exceeding good company, receives all the very best French society, gives dinners and Balls, and who but the *Baall* has even had the honour of being suspected of being *un peu libre dans ses principes* for having given a Ball in Lent at which the King requested the Duc de Berri would avoid appearing!

In the evening I went with them and Elizabeth to the Duchesse de Courlande (Miss White's Dsse.). She had the most beautiful Hotel I have yet seen in Paris, magnificently *meublé* with every sort of *recherché*, and is herself a still young looking, ladylike, affected sort of a *Grande Dame*. There were few people there. Among that few the Combermeres and Mrs. Jackson, just as much dressed as ever, and looking all the better for her widowhood, of which she has lost every outward visible sign. Without being positively ill, I felt myself incapable of any exertion, and was very glad to get home and to bed and to warmth, which I had never been able to recover the whole day. Next day I waked with one of my worst attacks. Details are needless God knows! to you. I never left my bed till 5 o'clock at night and then was hardly alive. However, I saw Elizabeth *chez moi* for a few minutes at her return from Court in all her

¹ Rue St. Dominique, Faubourg St. Germain, the British Legation in 1801-2.



Libourd

MDLLE. GEORGES IN THE PART OF PHÈDRE
In the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

Leroy

beamy stones, and remarkably well she looked, I assure you. I think nobody could have called her plain, and remarkably the look of a Gentlewoman. Her success here among the French is, I assure you, great, and she has already more French acquaintance than I dare be sworn any English Ambassadors has had since the days of Lady Stormont or any other one else. All the lies that were put into some of the English papers about her losing her earrings, or her shoe, or I know not what, at her presentation, were perfectly false; never anything passed so well, without anything more than a proper timidity on her part.

I waked yesterday (Tuesday) much better, without any actual spasm but with all the weakness which ten hours of vomiting necessarily produces, and therefore remained quietly in my own comfortable room all the morning seeing nobody. I was well enough to dine *en tête à tête* with Lady Hardwicke, and in the evening he and I went to the Théâtre Français and saw Mlle. Duchenois, Mlle. George and Talma in *Aga* and the *Avocat Patelin*. Judge with what little fatigue on my part when I tell you I went in Mrs. Palmer's lovely grey Douillette which I had worn all day and my black bonnet and was quite as well dressed as needful. Besides, the Ambassador's Box *au François* is a snug little hole, where indeed only two people can see well, but to which one might go in one's *Bonnet de Nuit*. We were home by eleven o'clock, had some tea, and I am quite well again this morning. But this severe attack *donne à penser*, and shows me that I must avoid fatigue and cold, which is all I think I have to dread.

And now, having brought up my journal, I must say a little of others as well as myself, altho' still with reference to that said self. I was so well two days ago that having got over some of the plagues of toilette, &c. &c., I wrote to Florian to come and see me and called, as I have told you, on some of my

French friends. Florian called the very next day while I was laying almost senseless on my Bed, yet I could not help an internal smile when Emma said Mr. *Kircaldy* had called, so had M^{me}. de Fleury and the Moreau. However, I have written notes to the two first, and yesterday I saw the last who had proposed to me for the day before a *petit diner chez elle et les spectacles des Boulevards le soir*, which I should have liked much. Now I must tell you that the Duc de Richelieu not only claims my acquaintance but Sir Charles says he had never heard him say so much of any one as of me. To-morrow I dine at a great dinner at Pozzo di Borgo, now the Russian Ambassador here, who likewise acknowledges and asks me as an old acquaintance. There I shall probably meet the Duc de Richelieu, and at all events I shall dine with him either on Saturday or Monday at the Ambassador's, who has named me for two great dinners they are going to give, at one of which I shall see Talleyrand and all the Court people, and at the other all the Diplomats. The Vicomtesse de Vaudemont too (with whom poor Fleury used to live) has heard from her much of me and is anxious to make my acquaintance. Lady Hardwicke likes her (the Vaudemont) very much and thinks I shall. So you see if I can but keep well I shall have occasion to see all I could wish here. Tell Mrs. Damer, with my love and thanks for her letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday, that I had already sent for Barrois and saw him yesterday. He is as mad as Bedlam on the subject of Politics and consequently very entertaining. He has promised to come to me often of a morning, and to bring me a sight of all the forbidden political Books. I receive *chez moi*, so I can make him say everything. I doubt being able to write to Mrs. Damer by to-morrow's courier. I will if I can, but I know she would be the last person willing to hurry me to death.

Thursday Morning, March 14.

I am finishing my dispatches before breakfast for fear of interruption, as the Courier goes to-night and we dine at the early hour of $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5. Lord and Lady Hardwicke and I were last night at the Variétés and saw my old acquaintance Bennet and the now more famed Poitier in two parts. He is very excellent, Nature itself, so that it is impossible to believe yourself at the Theatre. Of the pieces I own I thought little, they would very soon tire and disgust one. The *Chef des Brigandes* which I had heard is very good, is no other than *Bobinet the Bandit* and I think Liston makes more of it than Bennet. But we are to go again to the Variétés some night when Sir Charles is to order all the best pieces. I say *all*, for they generally give four of a night. To the Théâtre Français I shall go oftenest; there one is sure of being really interested and entertained. Luckily Lady Hardwicke loves it of all things, and I have not yet seen Mlle. Mars. From the Play we returned home at very near eleven, got some tea, changed our dress and went to the Greffulhes' who receive every Wednesday evening, and we were not at all too late. Their house is magnificent; it was Lavay's (the Duc de Rovigo), to whom Bonaparte gave *un beau matin* a million (£40,000) to buy and furnish the house. That's what you call a *pie*, agreeable Government, when the Sovereign can give you or me or anybody he pleases forty or fifty thousand pounds out of the public funds and nobody say Bo! to him for so doing. Yesterday was the second fine day I have seen here. To-day is again damp, rainy, not a ray of sun and walking impossible which is what I most long for. George Dawson has very civilly offered to drive me anywhere in his cabriolet, and I shall accept his offer some day to have a general idea of all the new buildings begun in

Paris. Our Englishmen's trial is again put off *sine die*; whenever it takes place I shall be there. General Boyer, you would see by the papers, was sentenced two days ago to be shot, but they said last night that the punishment was to be changed to deportation. Of all this, however, you hear nothing, and from those I live with, necessarily perhaps less than elsewhere, so that I long to get hold of people whom one can set talking. I have got a note and a measure from Lady Warren to get her a Gown, made exactly like your white, with which she has fallen in love. Does she mean exactly in form and fashion like your white? I will do the best I can to order, but can do nothing in the way of conveying it to her, or indeed anything that cannot take the form of a packet of papers. She says she has paid you £7. You must pay it into Coutts's hands, to be forwarded to me, for I am sorry to say everything, even silks and millinery, which used to be cheap here, are almost double the price and every little thing costs money as it does in England, which formerly used not to be the case. While I am on the subject of finance, don't let me forget to answer your question about the Taxes. They are not due till after the 5th of April and will be paid out of the rent of little Strawberry Hill, which is due the 25th of this month and which, according to Mr. Alderman [Wood's] orders, I begged you to desire Hoper duly to demand the first or second week in April.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, *Friday Morning, March 15, 1816.*

Our dinner yesterday at Pozzo di Borgo's, which was a grand formal affair given to l'Ambassador d'Angleterre, consisted of 26 persons, including himself and his secre-

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 86.

tary. I shall send you a list of their names which I made out after I came home, as they were almost all [French] people. You would have been delighted with the *accueil* the Duc de Richelieu gave me. It was *really* amical, really as if he had been happy to be carried back to the days of his youth. He led me into dinner, sat by me, led me out again, shook my hand half a dozen times and was remarked never to have been seen so gay in Company. He is very much like what he was as a young man, very thin, very good-looking, singularly like a gentleman, with very grey hair, very much curled over his head. He asked after you with great kindness and insisted on coming to see me. This he may never find time to do, but I am sure he has the intention. He talked freely of affairs and not in a very consolatory manner, fears that France is not at the end of her evils, nor Europe very likely to enjoy peace. One could not, as you may suppose, much develop these ideas at a dinner, but I shall be very glad to meet him again. He will not be at Sir Charles [Stuart]'s to-morrow, for this dinner at Pozzo's was a mixture of the two parties, as you will see by the list. Talleyrand and the Maréchals, and the Duc de Richelieu and some other of the present Ministry, whereas Sir Charles is not to mix them but to have Talleyrand and all his set to-morrow and the others another day. Talleyrand! could you see him! such a mass of moral and physical corruption as he appears in my eyes inspires me with sentiments so far from those with which I look up to great minds and great exertions that I should be very sorry to be obliged to express what I feel for him. He speaks very little in company at any time and Sir Charles says he looked very sulky yesterday. To-morrow perhaps he may be in better humour. Madame [*illegible*] is Robert's friend, to whom I made myself known as soon as she sat down by me, and was graciously received. M. d'Ormond, whom we are to have in

London, is like an old thin white moth. She was, I remember, in old days a fat *blassaide* woman with a sort of dry (civil) manners. Her fat is gone, but her [*illegible*] and her dryness remain. I might have gone to a Ball at Madame [*illegible*] last night, had I asked Pozzo to present me there, but I did not care for it, and was as well pleased to come home here at 10 o'clock. But Lady Hardwicke is quite angry at herself for not having insisted on my going, as she says the Ball was very pretty and a number of people there worth seeing. I am much better pleased to be going to-night comfortably to see Mlle. Mars, as we dine at home and are not going further in the evening, and I think the Ball yesterday, after the *vast* dinner, would have been too much for me.

I have again missed Florian and Madame de Fleury, which provokes me. I am going this morning for money to Perregaux, the first I have drawn for, and have got Mrs. Mason to go with me. The weather is beginning to be good and I was yesterday out on foot, which you know is my delight. We had a walk in the Ambassador's garden, which is delightful and like our own, opens into the Champs Elysées. There one sees a great many of the trees [*destroyed*] by Austrian and English Cavalry, but they are carefully planting others wherever a tree has been injured, and this is, *as far as I have yet seen* the only *dégât* of the foreign troops perceivable, but they say the Bois du Boulogne is almost entirely laid waste.

Saturday morning.—The day *after the 16th March*. I don't like its own particular number. But I have got up without the least headache and am very grateful for it. Well, Mlle. Mars is *not* Mlle. Coutât. I have no doubt I shall think her as perfect an actress as all the rest of the world do. But her countenance and the first look of her disappointed me. It is an intelligent but a vulgarish face, not *cacheté* by any real Beauty.



TALLEYRAND



The [*rôles*] too I should think were not very favourable to the development of her greatest talents—Victorine, in *Le philosophe sans le Savoir* and Mlle. Something (I could not make out the name) in *La Comédienne*, a new and, I think, bad piece, tho' it has been well received. But what a perfect thing is French Comedy! The representations of *their* life and *their* manners are so perfectly natural that all idea of a Theatre vanishes, and as they admit of much more conversation and less action on the scene than we do, one often feels oneself admitted into the interior of a private House, and listening to their family arrangements. I long to see Mlle. Mars again, for perfect she is, and perfect I have no doubt I shall find her. But I had perhaps heard too much to be struck at first sight. Since breakfast I have received your long and kind letter of Monday last with dear Caroline's note enclosed and the Staremburg's letter to which I shall answer with a date that will surprize her.

For God's sake don't hurry and worry yourself with the world either *out* of doors or *in*. Believe me *cela ne vaut pas la peine* even here, which one may in every sense of the word call *le très grand Monde*. Lady Hardwicke is doing wonders in it, and certainly has got on wonderfully since I came to Paris. Not by my assistance as to the world, don't mistake me, but by being much better in health and spirits and able to return all the French visits that have been made to her, and to accept all their invitations, of which there are now many. As for me, without poking myself forward or allowing myself to be a charge to anybody, I shall always have as much or indeed more than I can always manage with comfort. I want to get hold of some of my old stagers, for *le très grand monde* in which we live is not where one hears most.

My last letter talked to you about our *three wise heads* here. The Duc de Richelieu told me the trial would

certainly take place the first of April. Caroline may tell this if she pleases to the Burns, without just saying that I heard it from the lips of the first minister of France. All the people here expect something (they know not what) to take place in this month of March which, indeed, after the troubles of last year I don't wonder at their supposing must *always* produce some marvellous change. But what they want not even Barrois himself can tell. Many are persuaded that *le petit* Napoleon is actually at Fontainbleau, very few believe the father to be *really* at St. Helena. But what signifies all this? For my own idea of things I cannot help thinking *que cela ira*, but not without Europe being any *priser d'armer* half a dozen times, and this bewildered people exhibiting a few more proofs of their profound moral degradation.

Sunday Morning, 17th.

I have been lucky hitherto about my dinners. The Comte Alexis de Noailles had me in yesterday, and I sat between him and the Duke of Wellington, who claimed my acquaintance, and with whom I had a great deal of very interesting conversation. The simplicity and frankness of his manners, and the way in which he speaks of public affairs are really those of a great man: altho' talking of the allied sovereigns, their views, &c. &c., he says *we* found so and so, *we* intend such and such things, quite as treating *de Couronne à Couronne*. I diverted him much with the constant idea of his never returning to *l'état de simple citoyen*. Alexis de Noailles was very agreeable and entertaining too; he is a Député and one of the most *violent Modernes*. The dinner was of 26 or 27 people, but almost all of Talleyrand's gang, headed by that old incarnation of corruption himself. The women are some of the youngest and most fashionable of Paris. There were no English at all but the Hard-

wickes, myself, and Stratford Canning.¹ In the evening there was a Ball at the Duke of Wellington's. Poor Elizabeth had a violent cold on her breast and Lady Hardwicke was so little well that neither of them went. But they insisted on my going for half an hour with Lord Hardwicke and Sir Charles for my cavaliers, so I consented, feeling myself not tired and wishing to see the inside of the Elysée Bourbon, the last house Bonaparte inhabited in Paris, now the abode of an English commander-in-chief, surrounded by a guard of French soldiers!!

Enter Florian de Kergolay. Florian is a much better looking man at near fifty than he was at twenty. He was really very glad to see me, and enquired most kindly and particularly after you. We had a talk of near an hour together before I took him in to Lady Hardwicke. He is an utter Royalist, so that I have luckily found acquaintances in all the different parties whom I can make talk and talk to. I am to dine to-morrow with Florian *en famille* to be introduced to his wife, who was a Mlle. de la Lacune, niece to the Ambassador we had in England. This would be awkward with an English-woman, but I shall not mind it at all with him for my introducer. I am just returned from seeing Madame de Fleury. She is not horribly changed as I expected, nor indeed much more than one might expect she would be, except her figure which is grown thick and square. She was, or she pretended to be, enchanted to see me, and embraced me half a dozen times. We had then a great deal of very good conversation, and she speaks with all her former precision and clearness. She is so near me that I can go to her afoot, and I intend often to see her. I go on Tuesday evening with her to Madame de Vaudemont. To-day we dine again *chez*

¹ Stratford Canning, afterwards first Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe (1786-1880), diplomatist.

l'Ambassadrice with a small party among whom (tell Caroline) is Pauline, whom I have not yet met.

Now for a word of home. Never mind Parsons's follies, he talks as if he were much affronted, and is all the better for it afterwards; besides, be quietly looking out for another servant, for he is certainly very useless anywhere but in a drawing-room or at a sideboard. When Robert comes to town you had better speak to him yourself about that poor uncle of ours. I once did, and found him quite reasonable and proper on the subject, and my father may make some bother on the subject of what it is he wants. Lady Warren's Gown I shall order and she must likewise find the way of getting it over and you must tell her so. Lady Davy's *Reding-Got*, *car c'est ainsi qu'il faut appeler*, waits only to know if she would like a *Ress* or one *Double et garni en blond*. I enclose you a pattern of mine, which looks mighty handsome and respectable and nothing more. I likewise enclose you patterns of two silks pinned together, of each of which I have taken a Gown, as six French yards cost only thirty shillings. The Green I am going to make up as some sort of morning and Theatre Gown directly. The other patterns are all the same piece, say if you want one. Stockings are very beautiful here at 12 frs. a pair opened and embroidered all round. I have got two Ribbons for your head, one white and one coloured. I doubt you much liking them, but they are the only ones I could get of the sort you want in that width. Do you like any of the enclosed velvet ribbons? They are one shilling a French yard, the others one shilling and threepence. Send me by Pepys—who sets out the end of this month and travels in a carriage he is bringing for Sir Charles [Stuart]—your pattern shoes, the little frills that I had for the inside of the collars of my *Douillettes* and *all* my green feathers. Everybody is wearing feathers here, and their price is enormous. *Je*

vous annonce that some of your white ones are figuring on my head in a toque, but I will bring them clean.

Send the enclosed note directly by the P. Post to —. He will send you a copy of Madame du Deffand's letters, which Pepys must bring to Paris for me. The enclosed gauze handkerchief looked clean in the shop and looks dirty out of it and I am afraid is too small, but they are now of a larger size.

Monday, 18th.

I have found this morning in the *pack* of a silk mercer who has been here, a much better gauze handkerchief, which I send you instead of the all white one which I shall change at the shop I got it. Of the enclosed patterns of striped green and white silk I can have a full quantity for 35 shillings. Would not you advise me to take it? If you would like me to send you over a Gown of *les petites soies*, I can do it by any of the messengers in a letter. You must send me likewise by Pepys that striped lustring which Mrs. Damer bought for me, as I have found the silk mercer who sold it, and is willing to change it, and I can have a beautiful gauze in its place. Nothing need be done to it in the folding up way, for they make no sort of difficulty about silks leaving England or coming to Calais, and as Pepys travels in a chaise all to himself he will have plenty of room.

Our dinner yesterday was dullish, altho' I was led in and sat by a M. de Bennay, the Minister going to Berlin, who desired to be introduced to me as the friend of [Charles] Stuart, an agreeable middle-aged Frenchman, very conversable. Pauline is grown old and very hard-faced, of which hard-facedness, I think her character *d'esprit* always savoured a little. She made a thousand enquiries after Lady Douglas and Caroline, and spoke of them as she ought. Her brother,

Caraman, who is going to Vienna, is a very agreeable person.

And now farewell, I don't know when you will get as long a letter from me again. A very bad day has given me time to finish it and to write to Mrs. Damer. I am afraid you will both think my handwriting detestable, which I am aware of. It is a disease that has dreadfully increased since I came to Paris. Don't forget my things by Pepys, send them to him as soon you get this, and above all don't worry yourself to death about other people and fall *irrecoverably* into the *hurried disease* to which you know you are subject. Once more, farewell. I will go on with my journal, but it must be *en raccourci*.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, *Wednesday Evening, March 20, 1816.*

If I don't begin and run after my journal very hard, I find I shall never be able to overtake it. My dinner at Florian's on Monday was a curious one. I was obliged to present myself to his wife, for he was not yet returned from the *Chambre des Députés*, where he passes his life. I found a woman very like your favourite Lady Pembroke both in person and manner, which did not impress me with *as favourable* an idea as it would you, and certainly her reception did not dispose me more favourably. She was civil and cool, had not the least put herself out of the way to receive me, and tho' she said she had heard often of us from Florian, did not seem a bit the better disposed to like me or forgive me for being an Englishwoman. Before Florian got back from his *Chambre*, the elder brother entered, which was a great relief, for he seemed really glad to see me, and with him I had no difficulty in

¹ Add MSS. 37727, f. 91.

making conversation. He was our only society with their three children, who dined with us. They are all ultra-Royalists, and more profoundly benighted in ignorance and prejudice than any of the many other parties which divide this bewildered country, altho' they, like a hundred others, sincerely wish the peace and happiness of France, but how to compass it the honest and well-meaning have not the smallest idea, or place, or view in common with one another, while the knaves act in perfect unison with the general corruption and moral degradation of the nation.

But I have no time for politics with you, for I have now found so many acquaintances and so many engagements that I must give my journal with as few observations as possible and, keeping to facts, leave comments till we visit. I left the Kergolays between 9 and 8 with indisposition to return to a woman who, I am sure, took me for a *Republicaine Anglaise* and never wished to see my face again; but I was much entertained to have seen her for once and the manner in which that sort of person takes up politics in France at this moment. From them I went to the François, where I saw *Figaro*, not acted by Mlle. Mars, but it is always entertaining, and I was amused with detecting some parts they left out. On Tuesday 19th I told you I was to go to the Vicomtesse de Vaudemont in the evening with Aimée de Coigny, but I knew not that I was engaged to dine there with Sir Charles and the Hardwicks. Therefore my engagement with Aimée was superseded. You know the de Vaudemont is a great Gun of Sir Charles, and by what I have yet seen of her Society I should think it really the best sort of thing and the most like old times of anything going. She is *logée d* Ravée, by far the most comfortable *appartement* I have seen. She is herself a fat fair Flemish-looking woman of forty-five. She received me perfectly, and gave me the *entrée libre* of her house, where she is at home

almost every evening. We had a dinner of ten people only, *parfaitment servée*. Between nine and ten, when all dinner parties finish, I went and beat up the quarters of the old [*illegible*], who badly recollected me at first and was *delighted* at seeing me afterwards. In came Lally (now a de France), who embraced me on both sides of my face and enquired much after you. She insists on giving me a *soirée*, and I (like Lugaune) *prend tout*. I am glad to see all sides of the question. Yesterday (Wednesday morning) I was at the only shop that has given me much pleasure and no trouble since I came to Paris, a Fleuriste (Marshall's corresponding). Such a wilderness of beautiful flowers I never saw, and none of them more than 6 or 7 francs a large bunch, so say what sort of colour you would like, for they are the only cheap things in France.

We had a dinner at home, that is to say Mason and a brother of his and the Comte de Roderer, the lower part of whose house we occupy. He was a distinguished person throughout the Revolution, and his conversation after dinner was extremely interesting on the subject of Buonaparte and Talleyrand. Would I had time or rather strength to tell you half I hear! In the evening we went to Greffulhes, where there was a large and very good party. Every Wednesday but last night there was too great a proportion of the English. To-day I have had a visit from Lally, and from old M. de Borigelin and the elder Kergolay and his wife, who none of them seem to be in the same *enragé* way as the wife of Florian. I had before agreed to dine with them on Sunday next, and the old woman very civilly came to see me to-day. Having been twice obliged to refuse difficult proposals of the Moreau, who is a cross touchy little thing, not pleased, I believe, at any of us for feeling quite independent of her and very able to fend for ourselves, I got off a dinner to-day of English at the Ambassade and proposed myself to

dine with her and go with her to the Ambassador's Box *aux François*. But she was luckily engaged. I say luckily, for I waked giddy and not very well, and was rejoiced to be obliged to do nothing but what I liked, which was to walk to Aimée de Coigny's, and sit with her for an hour. There I found a Comte de Borsqelin (who the D. de Richelieu says is still *amoureux d'elles*). If so, she has hit well at last, for he is a very gentlemanlike, quiet, agreeable man; and either my old liking for her blinds me or she is so still. We go together to the Vicomtesse de Vaudemont to-morrow night. Lady Hardwicke's cough was so bad to-day that she refused going out, and we have dined together comfortably, and I have only left her now to come and finish this letter for you. Thank dearest Caroline for her letter, for I know not when *I* shall be able, I have so much more to do, and above all, to hear and see than I have eyes or ears for, and I know how much I shall regret hereafter, not setting down a number of things that are passing before me; but alas! I feel a cruel falling off in my former powers of attention, memory and combination.

To-morrow I go for the first time to the Chambre des Députés. Lord Hardwicke and I go into the Diplomatic Box, but even there we must be by twelve o'clock. We dine at the Ambassador's—Ward, Luttrell, Nugent, &c. &c.—a little dinner. I have at last, with the sweat of my time, if not of my brow, got a morning-gown made, trimmed, and finished for you, and ready to be sent whenever we can trust it to a messenger. But we are careful of doing this too often, for fear of being deprived of the means of doing it altogether. You must tell Lady Warren that her Gown is ordered and making, but she must find the means of getting it over. *I cannot*. Lady Hardwicke says your morning-gown is beautiful. It ought to be so. It costs you exactly £3. Tell Harriot that my little old coloured sprigged gown which she

would put up for me is the admiration of all the *lingères* and *Marchands de Modes* that have seen it. I think I shall get some things cheaper made now, as Aimée de Coigny is to send in her *couturière*, who *can't* be a bad one, but who she says is *celle des pauvres*. The women here *must* never pay their debts or *must* spend much more than we do. Give my love and thanks to Mrs. Damer for her letter. Tell her I called on Lady Kinnaird and gave her her message yesterday morning. She goes to Bruxelles on the 10th. Tell her too I saw Barrois yesterday. He is as obliging as usual, and is getting something curious I want in the Rumow way. All my friends, on all sides, give me things to read, for which I have no time, except I were to sit up all night, which I have no inclination to do, for I sleep here much better than in London.

The weather to-day has been beautiful for the first time. Tell dear Aunt Anne that Lady Hardwicke intended to write to-day, but won't, for having knocked down her cough with Laudanum during the night, she has not yet had time to sleep it off. But in all respects of health, spirits, views, &c. &c., she is another person since I came, *je m'en vante*. Elizabeth's success in French society (and I have now had opportunities of hearing it from all sides without any suspicion *how* much it interested me) is perfect, and *she* is very sensible of it. All will do well. She made a mistake and took up the *old* fashions of the French *en fait de menage*, for the *new*. *Il en reviendra et cela bientôt*. Farewell, I wish you well through my horrid writing, which is execrable. Love to Anne, I hope she is at hand to receive it. Thank father for his most kind letter. I know he don't wish me to answer it. God bless you.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 98.

*Mary Berry to Agnes Berry*PARIS, *Friday, March 29, 1816.*

DEAREST AGNES,—I sent your perkale Gown last night by the messenger, without a single word in the Packet, which I was obliged to put up early without knowing for certain whether or no if it could go in the Bag last night. Indeed, at all events I had little time for writing yesterday and (as I told you) mean only to send you a letter once a week. I have not heard from you since the 19th. You must have received a letter from me the day after you wrote, enclosing a letter for Mrs. Damer and a note for Longman the bookseller. Last night's courier is the first I have missed writing by since I have been here. See if you have got all my letters. I was far from well when I wrote my last, and I continued so for the next two days, I believe merely from over-fatigue and not having time enough *alone* in the course of the day. On the Monday, after going quietly to the Play with Lady Hardwicke and Agnes Gibbs who had dined with us, I returned home to my bed, instead of making a toilette and going to the Spanish Ambassadors's. The next day (Tuesday, 26th) I was the whole morning from half past eleven till past four in the *Chambre des Deputés*, with the elder Kergolay and Lord Hardwicke, and the attention I gave to their speakers fatigued me so thoroughly, that, tho' I made a toilette and went to a great ministerial dinner at the Ambassador's, I felt myself so thoroughly knocked up after it was over at nine that I returned home instead of staying there, when there was a great *soirée* of two or three hundred people, French and English. The next day, not feeling myself recovered, I resolved to draw bridle entirely and not stir out at all except for a quiet little walk in our garden. This set me up again, and yesterday I had a drive with

Mrs. Mason as far as the Bois de Boulogne by way of doing me good, but the east wind here is at this moment *colder* than I *ever* remember feeling it in London, altho' with a brighter sun. However I was quite equal to being very well entertained with Ward, Nugent and our landlord, Comte Roderer, who dined with us, and afterwards to make our toilette and go to the Moreau's, where was a concert, still more disagreeable as to arrangement than a concert in London, because all the women were seated in three rows of chairs round an oval room, without a possibility of moving, or of a single man getting near them. Lady Hardwicke and I and Ward came late and remained in the outer room. The Moreau was, I hope, *dans le Gloire de Niguée*, for her party was the *élite* of Paris, and was certainly the cleanest, best dressed and most *brilliant-looking* party I have seen. At twelve we left and went to Talleyrand's, that is to say chez la Comtesse Edmond de Périgord, his niece, *that is to say* a daughter of the Duchesse de Courland's whom he has separated from his nephew, to whom she was married (and from whom she made an *échappade* to Italy) and has taken her *to live with himself, dans tout l'étendu du terme à ce qu'on dit. Figurez vous*, that she is not five and twenty, and has a head more like a pretty serpent than anything I ever saw. There we found again music, but it was only Blanquir at the Pianoforte and Mlle. Renaud and another Professor singing. The society did not consist of above 20 or 25 people. All his old set of gambling women, the [Vicomte] de Vaudemont, and his brothers and other members of the *Sainte famille* with a few, a very few, extra men. The *Appartement* has been newly fitted up for her reception, and they say there is 30 thousand francs of [illegible] in it. The style is not near so pretty as that of many others, for by way of something new, they are getting back to India papers, old Indian China and Jars, and white silk damask, which has no other effect

than one of our white papers. This *day* of yesterday, however amusing, tired me, and I have a disposition to faint in my head to-day, not headache, which I am fighting off by remaining quiet in my room all the morning with the hope to be able to go *comfortably* to the Box *au François* to-night, not having anything to do after it. But having brought up my journal to the present moment I will write no more to-day.

Sunday, March 31.

DEAREST AGNES,—I received your letter of the 26th (Tuesday last) yesterday morning and at the same time letters from Mrs. Damer from Caroline and from dear Anne herself. They all most kindly wrote to me of you, without which I should have been very ill-satisfied, in spite of your *gay, frisky* letter from your sick couch, but as I have the happiness as well as the pride of saying that I can depend on the *real truth* from *all* the three, and the accurate *medical* truth from Anne, I feel tolerably easy in the hopes that this violent attack is over, and that if you will take care of yourself and allow yourself to be taken care of, you may, this time at least, have escaped without severe suffering, from one of those crises of inflammation to which it would seem your constitution is liable, as the three *maladies mortelles* which you have had in the last twelve years, have been all effects of the same cause, a violent tendency to inflammation without much fever. When I talk of taking care of yourself and allowing yourself to be taken care of, I don't mean *coddling* yourself in *any* manner, but in avoiding those worries of spirits, and worries of body and mind which must inevitably tend directly to increase and promote that tendency to inflammation, and, therefore, which it is absolutely necessary for you to avoid not as the means of prolonging your sojourn in this world, but of making it the least painful while it continues. With all your

care I do not see but that you have still (*to comfort you*) a very fair chance to be whipped out of the world some day by a good rattling fever. I desire you will read this part of my letter to Caroline, and hear what she says about it. To Anne I mean to write a line myself, if I have a moment's time. But time and strength to make use of it are the two things at present wanting to me. Don't, therefore, fancy me ill or fear my breaking down altogether; that is not my way you know. When I have run a little too fast or too long, I draw bridle, pull in, get breath, and am ready to begin again just where I was. My quiet on Friday, when I left my journal, succeeded, and I was able to go to the François and enjoy seeing *L'Avare* and *Crispin Rival de son maître*, without making my toilette, which is happily here, never necessary for any Theatre.

Yesterday (Saturday) I was quite well again, had a long entertaining walk in the Rue d'Honoré by myself, which is perfectly *permis* to everybody, and much more *the thing* than having a servant after one on foot. Lord and Lady Hardwicke dined with Elizabeth, and I indulged myself, partly under pretence of writing, and partly not to fatigue myself, with dining in my own room and dressing after dinner for *de visite* with Aimée de Coigny to the de Vaudemonts, but we found her out, so I carried Aimée home again and then joined Lady Hardwicke and Elizabeth, with whom I went first to Mme. d'Orglandes, an entirely French small *société* where there were no other English but ourselves and Lady Leitrim. Mme d'Orglande receives every Saturday. There were about as many women as we have at North Audley Street party, with *not* a tenth part as many men. I found there Mm. de la Tourdupin (Miss Doyle's *Honorine*). She is very civil when one meets her, but does not seem to want to have anything more to do with one, to which I have no difficulty in agreeing, for she

has none of the *grace* and *gaiety* of her mother to captivate a common acquaintance, which is all I could be. Her sister Mm. de Louvois was with her, who looks the more pleasing of the two, but I was not presented to her. From Mm. d'Orglandes we went to the Duke of Wellington's, whose parties are always a concert and afterwards a Ball and a Supper. A great many of the French of our society (talking of the society new to me now) go there, and last night there was old *Talleyrand* and all his gang (by the bye we have two parties in that "*suprême bon ton*" for this week). Of course you may conclude we neither dined nor supped at the Duke of Wellington's, and I can't say his parties are very entertaining to me. I see less French that I cannot see elsewhere and a crowd of English, whom I never saw before, chiefly, I suppose, new from the Army. The little Moreau was there in all the glories of a *Velvet*, trimmed and double trimmed with blonde, and a turban of the said velvet *si heureusement posé*, that she was quite angry at my not noticing it. However, we are very good friends, tho' she reproaches me (without thinking the worse of me) for being always engaged when she proposes some *soirée* for me. I have been with her this morning to the Revue of the Garde Royale, between eight and ten thousand men in the Champs de Mars. The brightness of the sun (tho' as cold as an east wind could make it) and the crowds of common people and of carriages made it very gay, and, as we did not take too much of it, I was very glad I went. *Madame* in an open carriage drawn by six horses went up and down the Lines after the Princes and then *état Major* on horseback. At each end of each line as they approached, the people crowded on the rising bank which encloses the Champs de Mars, the Princes were received with considerable acclamation and "*Vive le Roy*" she with very little and but few hats touched or white handkerchiefs waved. In short she is hated by

the people and supposed to breathe nothing but vengeance and bigotry, while her manners, by what I can learn, are not captivating or conciliating to those of higher rank. Mme. de Goutant and Mme. de la Terronage, who you remember in London, are the two ladies appointed to meet the new Duchesse de Berri at the Pont de Beauvoisin.

Monday Morning, April 1.

I assure you I want all you say of my letters to comfort me for the mortification I feel at making so little of what might be entertaining. I cannot tell you how much I have felt this at every Packet I have sealed for you, and how constantly it has given me the melancholy assurance that my bad health has cruelly helped on the progress of years in destroying the kindness, activity and powers of combination in my mind. However, because I can't do better, it is no reason I should not do what I can. The mortification is for myself alone, the entertaining, such as it is, for you. While talking of letters it is really provoking, the neglect and inattention of our Foreign Office. I repeat that I have written to you by *every* courier but the one of last Thursday, and you were a whole fortnight without hearing from me. This I learnt by your letter of Saturday the 23rd, sent by the post which I only received yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. So you see your letters by the messenger come to me much sooner. The fact is, all letters are stopped at the Post Office, therefore, if ever you *do* write to me *by the post*, put nothing into the letter but *la pluie* and the *le beau temps* and what you immediately want to write about. I have had a most kind letter from Jugeville, offering to be my cavalier on my return home, and begging to hear from me, which he certainly shall do in a day or two. I think he will probably be my best opportunity, altho' I have already had an offer of a place in her carriage from

Lady Colin, who returns the beginning of May, and to whom I should have no objection as a travelling companion. This, however, may admit of arrangement, and he may either squire me or both of us, if it should turn out more convenient or agreeable. I think I have got a better pattern of a morning gown than the one I sent you, and if it succeeds with myself in the little red striped thing I brought with me you shall have your other percale so made up. I have a lilac *petite soie* by me of which I enclose you a pattern. If you like it you shall have it made up for yourself but I think stripes don't do *en Reding-got*. The piece of the silk cost 35 shillings, only the making up such as you want will be about 12 or 15 shillings. As for me, I have been obliged to spend all my money in gauze trimmings, a trumpery which vexes me, but it was not to be helped in the way I happened to be living, and everybody at their dinners and evening parties look always as if they came out of a bandbox, so that one cannot wear the same things for ever, or even much *chiffonné en revanche*. Everything remains clean here in a manner which is astonishing after London. While on the subject of toilette I must acquaint you with a delightful present you have received from Lady Hardwicke, no other than one of those charming fur-lined cloaks which Mrs. Damer brought to me, and of which I did not know either the charms or the absolute necessity of having, till I came to Paris, where the cold of the stairs and anti-chambers in full dress, would kill a horse without them. *Aussi*, I am every night wearing yours to *air it*, and I verily believe it has saved my life, for I actually perished in shawls only, which I now wear in the Rooms and the saving cloak over all without. It neither crushes nor dirties anything and is the comfort of our life.

I have but little to add to my journal of yesterday. I refused going to the Opera with the Moreau because

I thought we were going to dine quietly at home and go in the evening to the Duchesse d'Escars (Miss Boyle will tell you who she is) at the top of the Tuilleries. But Sir Charles and Elizabeth would have us to dine with them and a parcel of English (a very unentertaining dinner), but as I had made an excuse the day before I thought it not right to make another, and I knew Elizabeth wished us to be there early in the evening, as she had said she should be at home till ten and expected some French visits which came to the tune of about half a dozen people dropping in before they went to this Mme. d'Escars. But by the time they had gone Lady Hardwicke coughed so much and we were both so tired that we resolved to postpone Mme. d'Escars till another Sunday evening, and go quietly to bed. This evening they (Lady Hardwicke, Elizabeth, &c.) are going to Court, and I have got the *loge au Français* for myself and Lady Colin. I have nothing else to do, God be thanked. The letter of the Duke of Wellington to the King, is only known here through the medium of the English papers, and I, individually, have not yet seen the paper in which are the extracts. If *such a letter exists* it is the dictates of all the Allied Powers of whom the Duke of Wellington is only the mouth, as being their Commander-in-Chief as well as ours.

Monday Night, 11 o'clock, April 1.

MY DEAREST AGNES,—I am returned from the Play so late that I literally have not had time to read your letter of the 28th quite through, before I am obliged to seal this for the bag, so I can only say one word and that must be an injunction to you to allow yourself to be taken care of, that is to say to be kept quiet in your own House, till you get rid of the symptoms of weakness and failure *somewhere* that you mention. If you do, it will I trust lead to nothing bad; if you do not it

certainly will. And now farewell, for I must add no more as the letters must be sent to the Ambassador's. I will answer yours and write a few lines to dear Anne by the next post. As to all the rest of the world I may in vain attempt but I know I never shall be able to answer their letters or execute their commissions, but let them suppose I am doing both and don't worry yourself with making apologies. When I come I will do it for myself. I am sorry I can add no more. Be sure and continue letting me know how you go on. Farewell and Heaven bless you. Whatever requires answer in your letter you shall have by next messenger on Thursday. I have no time to read over my letter, and Heaven knows whether you can read it at all.¹

Maria Edgeworth² to Mary and Agnes Berry

EDGEWORTH'S FARM, *April 3, 1816.*

MY DEAR MISS BERRYS,—The very polite and kind attention you did me the honour to pay to a former note of introduction encourages me, you see, to encroach upon your goodness and to venture to present to you another of my brothers—my eldest brother, Lowell Edgeworth, who has had so large a share of the evils of life that I cannot help wishing that he should now enjoy as much as possible of its blessings—good society. He has been twelve years a prisoner in France—detained by Bonaparte from the time of the breaking out of the war till the Allies entered Paris—so that he is a stranger almost to his own country, and till the present moment ill health has prevented him from fully enjoying the contrast of society in London and that to which he was condemned in France. May I hope that you will do him the honour and the favour to let him

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 102.

² Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), novelist, author of *Castle Rackrent*, &c.

spend one evening in the delightful society of your house?

My brother Sneyd begs me to present his grateful respects to you. He much regrets that a note and an invitation to dinner you did him the honor to send him did not reach him while he was in London. It was forwarded to him to Ireland by the post. He was as fully sensible as I am of your goodness. We are all at this time happily engaged in reading a most entertaining book in the first page of which is written *from A. and M. Berry*. It was a present from the Miss Berrys to the late Mr. Malone,¹ and with all his library has come into the possession of his brother, Sunderlin,² who is our neighbour in the country. His Lordship has had the generosity—and I think it is great generosity—to trust this precious book to us. It is inter-leaved and furnished with prints of Mr. Malcolm's collection of all the persons mentioned in *The Reminiscences*. What a delightful companion Lord Orford must have been and how much we are obliged to those who have preserved in its full animation and elegance the living spirit of his conversation. My father and Mrs. Edgeworth beg to present their grateful respects.—Believe me, my dear Miss Berrys, your obliged,

MARIA EDGEWORTH.³

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Sunday, April 7, 1816.

I think I contrive to get rid of my ills quicker than you do of yours, but then yours are always *out of the*

¹ Edmund Malone (1741–1812), the friend of Johnson and Burke, and the editor of *Shakespeare*.

² Edmund Malone's eldest brother, Richard (1738–1816), who was raised to the Irish peerage as Lord Sunderlin in 1785.

³ From the original letter in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

way ills, and mine are always such *common* ones, as hardly to give me credit for the suffering they occasion. When I wrote to you on Thursday, I felt myself at the beginning of a violent cold. It came on with Giant steps, and then on Thursday Evening I did (to please Lord Hardwicke) continue to make a toilette after the play, and go to Elizabeth's great *Soirée* and talk away while there to the people I knew. I was but too happy to get home before Lord Hardwicke and get to bed as fast as I could. The next day (Friday) I was in that sort of state of dissolution in which a very bad cold at its worst makes one feel, and could with very great difficulty tear myself out of my own room to dine in our salon in my morning dress with Madame de Coigny, Ward, Luttrell, and Nugent, whom I left to themselves and their own devices the moment dinner was over. My night, of course, was a bad one, but I somehow or other contrived to get into a perspiration yesterday morning, which I managed by taking tea in bed, remaining there till one o'clock, and when I at last got up, my head was relieved from all pain and, in spite of the continuance of my cold, I was so much better as to be able to go and dine at the Moreau's at six o'clock—which I suppose she would much rather have seen me die, than not have done—for she had made a dinner for me, that is to say, chose me to be present at one she had made for the Duc de Richelieu, Maréchal Macdonald, and seven or eight other people. Her dinners are exactly like her toilettes, as near, as exact, as nicely set out, and she is just as much or rather more occupied with the one as the other, for conversation there was none on her part, but a continual attention to what was going on and off and round the Table.—I sat again by my Duke and was glad to meet him and he me; I was glad, too, after, to get a little conversation with M. Lenné, the president of the Chamber of Députés, and before I

returned home there came in two or three men whom I was glad to see, such as Mons. de Neuville, the most violent ultra-royalist in the Assembly. In short, in spite of my cold, the Moreau seemed perfectly satisfied with having given me a dinner of which I should make a good report, and at parting hoped we should meet much oftener than we had done, for that after Lord Hardwicke *She must* be the person in Paris who I liked the best, to which I assented with all the sincerity and truth which distinguishes and ennobles this country in which the speech was made and answered. I returned straight home to my Bed and am to-day snuffling and blowing my nose but without any headache and very able to go and see *Athalie* this evening and make a visit or two afterwards.

While I think of it let me tell you, which I am not sure of having done before, that I have heard from Frégeville and have written to him, and desired him to answer my letter directly and let me know when I may expect him here. Our weather within these two days has become warm and Spring-like, which makes me doubly anxious to be quite well and able to undertake several courses which have been necessarily put off till warmer weather. That to Lady Warren is to tell her her Gown is done, and costs a pound more than the seven: *But* that it waits at the Mautua-makers till she tells me how it is to be sent—for I can in no respect help her—Lord knows I have no idea how my own things are to be conveyed, and already see that I must get a larger, or rather another, Trunk, and in the meantime instead of sending you nothing must contrive to slip over all that I can in the Messenger's Bags while I stay—that is to say all that can go in the form of a packet which is neither Caps, nor Hats, nor Gowns, except calico ones.—I am delighted that you like yours so much, I will get you another made and sent as soon as I can.—The larger flapping collars they don't wear

much now, which is a great improvement. I will get one of those that are worn and send it you, to see how you like it—as for Tulle of real thread Lace, it is all nonsense, our own of Cotton is so much more beautiful, that even their dealers in Lace own it, and I am making all my frills and collars of that I brought with me. I shall not forget Anne's Commission of six yards of Lace, but does she mean blonde Lace at 3 francs a yard? What do you think of those I sent you at 10 and 12 francs? I don't think the narrower ones are cheap in *proportion*. Anne is the only person to whom I mean to bring a little present and don't you think silk for Gown will be the best thing for the money? Answer me this in your next and give me a hint of what sort of stuff or colour you think she would like.

Monday morning.—I have really had my cold as much as *raccourci* as possible.—To-day except being a little hoarse and blowing my nose (which as *you* are not here I don't mind) I am quite well again, which I assure you is more than I expected. I heartily wish I could hear the same of you! Mdle. George *looked Athalie* gloriously last night, and spoke most of it with great effect. The High Priest, too, spoke the whole part as if out of a deep Cavern and slower than Kemble in his slowest moods. In short, I was less enchanted than I expected to be (for I never saw *Athalie acted* before). But then came "*la belle Jernicere*," the prettiest, most interesting, admirably acted piece in 3 Acts that can be conceived. In short again—there is no entertainment like the French Theatre.—From the Play I went with Lady Elizabeth and Lord Charles to the Duchesse D'Escars at the top of the Tuilleries. I had been prevented going the other night.—He is Premier Maître d'Hotel de Roi, and brother, I believe, to your Blindman Buff Friend.—They are lodged in an apartment of five or six small low Rooms up the Lord knows how

many steps, like an Entresol just under the Roof of the House.—There were all the French people we meet in society, wherever we go, and a few English, those principally who go to Court. The young French Women are by no means now *accueillantes* in their manner to any stranger, specially to those of my age. They are as much like our own Jerseys and Coopers as possible, only without half their beauty and look of Women of Fashion.—So that it is never in these sort of large parties that one makes any acquaintances, nor does one want it; one goes to see, and for once or twice it is very entertaining and I was glad to see the Interior of the Tuilleries. The great Theatres are shut this (Passion) week, but the little ones open till Thursday, and to some of these which I have not yet been I hope to get.

Nothing but want of time has prevented my long ago giving you what you desired, my "*prejudiced* [views]" about the goings on of *the great House*. I chose to see with my own Eyes, and it was very long before I had any talk with the Lady on the subject.—From *that* moment I was *convinced* all will do well.—*He* has little weaknesses of which I did not suspect him. He makes mistakes about French views and French opinions, of which I suspected him still less.—She is wonderfully little acquainted with the human heart and character *out* of politics, with which the heart, God knows has *too* little to do. But he is a very clever Man—a man who without appearing so to do, observes *every* thing, on whom, therefore, nothing is lost. With such a Man you will easily conceive how much such a character as Elizabeth must gain ground, however defiant at first about his *liberty*, *his societies*, his not being *géné* by a wife. He has already found out that his great *Souétés* are another thing since she presided at them, and that in all his small *Souétés* *she* is reckoned infinitely the more agreeable of the two. In private he treats her

with great confidence and receives every mark of tenderness which she is well disposed to give him with great pleasure, so that I feel sure that their *ménage* will go on well, and end still better whether what worries and *tracassées* dear Lord Hardwicke does, or does not, take place. In the mean time I have been sufficiently provoked at him, and to his Wife that sort of confiding and satisfied happiness and enjoyment that they ought to have had in the first months of their marriage. To *me* he has never entered on the subject, and therefore I don't think I have any right to begin with him, at least I cannot feel sufficiently at ease so to do. He has certainly no sort of awkwardness with me, for he is always offering to go anywhere with me, and complaining that I make no use of him. This is the real true state of the case, and as I believe a perfectly *unprejudiced* view of it. Show it only to Aunt Anne with my love and tell her likewise that Lady Hardwicke has quite justified herself in my eyes for all that we thought so strange in her letters and conduct. Elizabeth herself must have suffered much, but, believe me, she will be, nay, she *is* rewarded.

In pursuance of my plan of slipping over what I can by the Messenger, I send you herewith your Ribbons and likewise seven French yards of silk which I have had by me some time. I bought it for myself but it shall be for you if you like it.—It is 6 francs a yard, coming therefore to 30 shillings. I sent you some time ago other patterns of the same sort and price. Say if you think something of this sort would do for Anne.—Tell Mr. Conetant that I think Mons. Lainé a very sensible man and his manner and clearness in resuming the Debates, and stating the questions in the *Chambre* admirable. I want to go there again next week. And now Farewell, and God bless you and make you well again. I shall bring my Father a beautiful present of a Velvet Cap to shade his Eyes from the light and keep

his head warm at the same time. By the bye, I believe I am going to bring you over two Handing Lamps for the dinner table, which you were always wanting and which are excellent here and I can get them for about 15 or 16 shillings a piece very pretty.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Monday, April 8, 1816.

Having just sealed up a Packet for you addressed to my Father (on the outside) as the more *probable* person to receive a large packet of *papers* from me, in which you will find a volume of a letter addressed to yourself and finished only a quarter of an hour ago, I shall only add here an acknowledgement of your letter of Friday the 5th and Anne's. But I can think of nothing but the account you give of yourself, or rather Anne's account of you, which is always the one on which I depend; that you should now be suffering more pain instead of entirely recovering. I must say I do not at all like it, and if after another letter or two I find you are likely to continue much longer in this *weak* if not *suffering* state I shall certainly pack up my alls and return to you with or *without* the first opportunity. It will be the end of this week at soonest before the to-morrow's Mail can arrive, and I own I shall wait it with much impatience.—I am quite sure neither Anne, nor her Brother, nor Dr. Baillie, consider your case as worse than they say, or leading to anything bad, but if it leads you to a long and tedious confinement to avoid anything bad, it is well that I should return and share it. But I will still endeavour to hope better things and that the end of the week may give me some sort of assurance that I may expect to return to you as I left you and bring with me a friend whose society you

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 109.

may be able to enjoy, and my own stories to which you may be able to listen. I have told you that I am myself well again and have escaped the headache that generally accompanies a cold with me. I have nothing more to add till I hear from you again, and so God bless and restore you. Thank dearest Anne for her account and tell her I *rely* on them.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Saturday, April 13, 1816.

I could not with any degree of comfort begin again my journal till I had heard better accounts of you, which I have just now had the comfort of receiving in yours, and above all in Anne's letter of the 9th. As the evil seems now to be really past, I have only to hope that you will (as far as in you lies) as far as what you own to be a "fussable fatiguable nature" allows you, avoid contributing to its possible return, or to that tendency to inflammation which your constitution seems at all times to possess.—Anne gives a most comfortable, rational account both of your body and your mind.—I am only sorry the latter should have any *bothers* on the subject of money, but one cannot expect to be without them, or to have money in our Banker's hands, when the whole English world is without a penny. We must suppose that the payment of our money lent must be delayed a little, (perhaps for a month or two, or even a quarter) when all other payments are so far behind hand. The rent of the house at Twickenham in the meantime certainly neither need, nor ought, to be delayed on any pretence whatsoever, and you must *make* Alderman Wood's note about calling for the half year's rent when due, which I left either in your hands or Hoper's. My half year's Income in the Funds will like-

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 113.

wise now be paid, and I will write to Coutts to transfer it to my Father's account if necessary. I repeat it again, *we* cannot expect to be the only people not in difficulties. —I have now drawn for a hundred pounds on my credit here, of which, having hitherto paid all my Bills and what I have sent you, I have less than £20 remaining. I shall certainly be obliged to draw for above another £50 to bring me home and *clear* me here. But some of this I shall find paid me back into Coutts's account like Lady Warren's Money, and part of yours. But don't worry yourself about paying anymore money *from yourself* into Coutts's, because you and I can settle that matter between ourselves when I return. I certainly shall not grudge *for myself* the money I have spent here, and I shall as certainly take care that it does not ultimately impoverish anybody *but* myself.

I do not see why you think you are to remain a Cabbage because the life I have been leading here is not one that I could even return to *en famille*, and, believe me, it is the last thing either you or I should ever regret. My tastes and pleasures are really and *luckily* much more of my own age and situation—altho', when not affected with ill-health, I have still a power of general amusement which belongs to few. I still repeat that if my Father continues well, and *if* I can have a Cavalier to help me, I see no reason why we may not go abroad this Autumn, with the idea of merely resting here for a fortnight in a *Hôtel garni* and going on to Geneva or *en droiture* to Marseilles. I am sure I should like it extremely, provided you think, from the report that I shall make, that you would like the life we should lead established anywhere abroad better than the life we can lead established *as we are* in England. I have sometimes my doubts about this, and sometimes I feel certain you would, and sometimes I feel certain you would not. In short, we must talk this over. In the meantime I would certainly, in looking for and hiring

a servant, advert to such a one as one must have about my Father if one went abroad—I mean a permanent English servant; depending on taking another wherever one went.

The account of Money spent and received which you send me is all much as I expected, and I see nothing to find fault with one way or the other, *but* the times, which delays the payment of the Money we expected to go on with, which was Lord G. Pigott's Interest and the Rent of Twickenham and our own Money in the Funds; this was to do for us till June, when our half-year's annuity is due from Scotland, which this year, clear of Income Tax, will be £50 better than it was, and Mr. Vermon's Interest. How all this may be paid I can't say, but I will hope not much worse than other people's payments. Therefore we must submit, and make the best of the inconveniencês that other people suffer, and the delays which they are obliged to make in their payments. You need fear no great Bill, that I know of, coming into you just now, and if any should (which I can't forsee), you must just tell them that our Income, like all the rest of the World's, is not paid, and that, therefore, they must have a little patience. I think I have now answered *tant bien que mal*, all the business part of your letter.

My journal this Passion Week will not be very brilliant. My cold has been extremely troublesome, and, like all the colds here, very tedious in departing. On Tuesday, the day after I last wrote to you, it confined me again to my room all day with a violent oppression, tho' not spasm, in my head. Quietness and barley water, however, made me the next day able to keep an engagement with Madame Moreau to go with her and Le Maréchale Macdonald to see the whole Interior of the Luxembourg now arranged for the House of Peers, as it was before occupied by Bonaparte's Senate. The whole of its arrangement and decoration is *the thing* in best taste that I have seen in France. I there saw too for the

first time Rubens Galerie du Luxembourg, which infinitely *exceeded* my expectation, and Le Sueur's(?) Life of St. Bruno, removed from the former Chartreuse, which fell far short of them—the colouring of most of them is crude and raw, the drawing often defective or ungraceful, and the composition which is certainly their *forte* is seen to better advantage in the Prints—Vernets, Ports de Mer de France are likewise here collected in two large Rooms—they are beautiful furniture and pictures, and one longs to have them in a Drawing Room.

Thursday.—We dined quietly at home with only the two Pepyses. Spectacles there were none, and I therefore had the luxury of remaining one evening quietly at home—quite quietly, for Lady Hardwicke made some visits with Elizabeth, where I had no wish to accompany them. Friday, Good Friday, was the *best* and only really *good* day we have had since I have been here. I went with Madame Moreau in a smart English Landau to Longchamps, where all the English received the consoling assurance that the worst Sunday that ever shone on Hyde Park produces twenty times more handsome equipages than this one day of Gala for all the Horses and Carriages of Paris. Longchamps was a thing of dirty Cabriolets and Hackney coaches, interspersed with here and there a clean Barouche and one or two foreign coaches and four. Here, however, I was very well amused with the people, the lookers-on, &c., and remained till past six o'clock, when I was set down at the Ambassade to dine *en famille* and, like the Scotch Laird, did “nae mair” that day.

Monday Morning, April 15.

To go on with my journal. Saturday we again dined at the Ambassade with 14 or 15 people. In the Evening there was a sort of *Soirée* for the English that were pué, and it was agreeable enough. It snowed a little that evening, but yesterday it was a regular and violent

snowstorm here the whole day after 12 o'clock, and I believe the whole night; everything this morning remained covered with an inch or two of snow like the middle of winter, and all the tender green of the shrubs and buds of the trees bowed down with a weight of snow. It has now at midday disappeared, but a wind is blowing as cold as Christmas, and it has just been hailing—never was there so late and so bad a season here. However, as Madame de Staël said, it is the fashion not to mind it here—and so in the very midst of it, at 3 o'clock yesterday, we went to l'Eglise de l'Oratoire, now given to the Reformed Religion—from the principal Minister of which we had obtained permission after his Service was over and the Communion administered, which was done by Pepys and another young clergyman here, and which we all received with above a hundred others, before a considerable audience of common French people (for, of course, the church was open), and I could not but remark the serious attention and curiosity with which they marked everything that was going on. From the Church in the same violent snow storm I returned at very near six to make a hasty toilette to dine with the Duchesse de Vaudement. There was only Aimée de Coiquy, myself, Ward and 3 other men, and it was very agreeable. Late in the evening I at last made out my party with Lady Cahir to Duchesse Jablonowski's, a Pole who receives here every Sunday. She is an *Intrigante à ce qu'on dit*, and I believe *mal où de la Cour*, but receives all sorts of people *de bonne Compagnie*, and I dare say by what I saw it might be often very agreeable. I went principally to see Madame Walewska (I don't spell the name right) but Buonaparte's last mistress, who has a son by him. Well, after all I had heard of her at Naples, I expected to find a person who, if not handsome, was interesting, was elegant, looked interesting and animating, or languishing and tender. *Rien de tout celà*. She is a large square woman, not very unlike the cut of

Madame Constant, only laced up, and not more than six or seven and twenty, with a singularly vulgar flat countenance, redeemed by no expression whatsoever, and more like a good bouncing Kitchen-maid brought up in School at Wimpole and promising to be too fat for her work, than anything else. And this is the interesting Heroine that went out to see him at Elba, and with whom he passed a night on the Mountains!—I never shall, I find, live long enough to overcome my surprise at the taste of great men *en fait de Femmes!*—From Madame Jablonski I returned very late, and am quite well this morning.

While on the subject of these parties, let me tell you how pleased I am to find the real truth of what foreigners have often told us, that North Audley Street is the thing in London the most like French Society. I don't mean so much our large parties as our common Evenings at Home—only they are generally much better, more men, more conversation, and the refreshments more tidily served. I shall no longer have any scruples of being At Home as often as you please and receiving anybody who may have the *entrée* without any fear of them finding it dull, and when I bring you over the two nice lamps that I propose, I assure you humble North Audley Street may vie with many *Sociétés à la mode ici*.

Now don't let me forget to tell you that I have had a second letter from Frégeville on Thursday last enclosing this for you. He had not then received my first letter, on which I immediately wrote him a second to the same purpose, which I am *certain* was put into the post and I trust will reach him, *in time*. But the post office here is I fear at present most uncertain from the delays of examination, &c., to say nothing of the bad weather and roads. This said bad weather has cruelly delayed all the drives into the Country which I counted on and which they are all ready for as soon as possible, but hitherto they have been quite *impossible*.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 115.

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Sunday, April 21, 1816.

I have used you shabbily this week, for I have two letters to thank you for, and I have not yet written a word to you, so that I fear my journal will be a little *en raccourci*, for to-day I am going to pray at three o'clock, and to-morrow morning I know not how long I may be kept at the Trial of our Englishmen¹ which begins of course early. They will be acquitted of everything *but* extreme Folly, from which no tribunal on Earth can clear them. Bruce is to deliver his own defence, which will probably be sufficiently *romanesque* to be very entertaining.

For this last week I have got rid of my cold and have continued sufficiently well to do a good deal and to enjoy a good deal. This has made me idle, which it ought *never* to do with regard to you. As to the rest of the world, I have given up all idea of writing to anybody. What I much more regret is, not finding time to write down half I want to remember for my own entertainment and that of others.

Now for my journal—

Tuesday, the 16th, I was to have dined with the Moreau and gone to some of the little spectacles, but she was ill, which I only knew the same day, so I dined delightfully at home, alone, on a sort of Luncheon dinner, and dressed quietly and went and met all my Folks at the Opera, after which we went and drank tea with Mme. de Vaudemont. Wednesday the 17th, I went in Dawson's cabriolet all round the Boulevards to the Jardin des Plantes, where Lady Hardwicke and Elizabeth met us, and we had a charming walk. For the Jardin des Plantes, according to its present arrange-

¹ The trial of General Sir Robert Wilson, Michael Bruce, and Captain Hely-Hutchinson. See *ante*, p. 320.

ments, is not only one of the most magnificent, but one of the prettiest, and most enjoyable, things you ever saw, with all the Beasts and Birds living very much at their ease, in that part of it called the Menagerie. In the evening we went to the Play. Mdlle. Mais in the *Coquette congée* (*vide* my letter to Mrs. Damer for what I think of her). Among these young fine ladies I find I have the reputation of being *une femme de beaucoup d'esprit*, which I shall certainly retain with them, as we have no conversation together that can possibly detect my want of it. The elder ones, whether they take it on their own judgement, or the report of their Daughters and Nieces, certainly treat me and talk to me as if they gave me credit for it.

But to my Journal. Thursday, 18th, we had a dinner at home—Humboldt, Barthelemy, Ward too, and in the Evening went to music at the Dsse. de Vaude-ment where (*par parenthèse*) I always find my Aimée de Coiquy, whose face and whose manner Lady Hardwicke begins to like so much that she is going to ask her to dine here some day with Ward and some others.

Friday 19th.—In the morning I had an enormous long walk in the streets with Sir Charles. We went first to Gérard, the Painter's, who is a much cleverer and more agreeable man than he is a good painter. Lady Hardwicke too met us here, but here we left them again, and continued walking into shops, where there were curious and beautiful things, till half past six o'clock, when I dined in my walking dress, just as I returned, at the Hotel with no creature but our family party. In the evening I was to have made two separate French visits, but after sitting an hour with the Moreau, who was *becomingly* convalescent, I was rejoiced to find myself too late for my other visits, and to get home to Bed.

To-day, thank Heaven, we dine quietly at home, Lady Hardwicke and I, and Elizabeth with us, as the men are

at a Men's dinner at the Duc de Richelieu's. I don't know whether I shall get a bit of a Theatre, but afterwards I am going again to my Duchesse Jablonowski's and Lady Hardwicke with me, not Elizabeth, for these Poles are all *sujet à caution* here at present.

Now, my dear Agnes, tho' you have never yet mentioned coming home to me, nor I to you, I have not the less thought of it, and as soon as ever I hear from Frégeville, and know when I may expect him in Paris, I shall be able to form some idea when I shall think of packing up my alls, and returning to you. I will not say of Paris as the Chevalier de Boufflers to the [*illegible*] at Warsaw—" *bien heureuse de vous avoir vu, et de vous quitter,*" but *bien heureuse* to return to a comfortable home, where everybody I know wishes to make me so—where I can enjoy the *first* of all blessings, rational society and quiet, and where I trust my absence will have made me a more entertaining inmate. I think I must hear from or see Frégeville in a few days, as my last letter was by his direction addressed to Montpellier, and I *know* that it was put into the Post. Tell my dearest Caroline that I wish she could have heard me on Thursday with Sully, and yesterday with the Duchesse d'— on the subject of poor cat's-paw.—Yesterday in an hour's conversation it was a fair set too of French *sentiment, convenances*, and hard-heartedness, against English truth of feeling, benevolence, and humanity.—St. George against St. Denis—and believe me, tho' I say it that should not, St. George had fairly the advantage, altho' fighting with the disadvantageous Arms of a language not his own.

Tuesday night late.—I am just returned home and must send my packets to-night for fear of the Messenger going before I get away from the trial to-morrow where we are to be soon after eight o'clock—and so Good Night and God bless you.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 121.

*Mary Berry to Agnes Berry**Monday, April 22 [1816], 5 o'clock.*

Just this moment returned from Wilson's trial, I find your packet of the 19th, Friday. I have not yet had time to read it even, and I don't believe I shall before I am obliged to dispatch mine, as the Courier now sets off at six o'clock instead of twelve at night. But I have opened my packet directed *like papers* for my Father to pop in. The work you want I had got it for the bottom of your Calico Gown, but can get another. It is the quantity for the bottom of a petticoat in which one buys them. For the sleeves you must do as you please: this would not do for them. I would not have missed the trial on any account. It is not over, and I am going there again to-morrow, which is sufficiently fatiguing, for one is obliged to be there soon after eight to get a tolerable place. But you know all trials entertain me, and this is certainly a peculiar interest. The conduct of a French trial (when not for life and Death) is so contrary to all our ideas of justice as to [surprise] one that so clever a people after all their Codes and all their Constitutions should not yet have got nearer the mark. I have no possible time for details just now, but I confess that I think our people made a very bad appearance. They were all examined to-day. All spoke much too bad French (according to my ideas) to have attempted to speak in public. In the midst of my peroration my letters are called for, so farewell.¹

*Mary Berry to Agnes Berry**PARIS, Thursday, April 25, 1816.*

I shall send you but a short line to-day, as this is not my post day, but I have the enclosed to forward

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 124.

to you, and to tell you that it came enclosed to me in a letter from Frégeville two days ago, who had received mine and assures me shall be at Paris at the time I mentioned, which was the end of this month, so that I may expect him every day. A second letter which I wrote to him at Montpelier would tell him to let me know as soon as ever he arrives here whenever this happens, and when we have had a talk together about the *how* and the *when* I shall be able to give you some idea when you may expect us. I intended to buy a second hand Imperial here, which I am sure I shall get much cheaper than in England, which may be useful to us hereafter, and which is the only possible way in which I can convey my baggage, to say nothing of a Box which I must have by the Carrier.

Well, thank Heaven, the trial ended yesterday, without convicting me of a headache, but it took up entirely the whole of the three days; for after being up soon after seven o'clock, and in the hot and crowded court for between eight and ten hours each day, I was perfectly incapable of anything but eating, drinking, and going to bed after my return; and it has thrown me back in all my engagements and deprived me of one or two that I should have liked. But I have been extremely entertained. Yesterday after the defence of the English prisoners by their *Avocat* M. Dupin, who executed his office admirably, speaking with great freedom and eloquence and the same time avoiding everything that could properly give offence (He was one of the Counsel for Maréchal Ney), both Sir Robt. Wilson and Bruce made a speech, Wilson first and very well, except his abominable and *extra bad* pronunciation. However, everybody seemed to excuse that as the speech had considerable effect, and, I think, deserved it, for it was manly, soldier-like, to the point, and temperate; luckily for him nobody touched on the *really* bad part of his story, the having obtained passports

under a positively false pretence, and for two non-existing persons, so that he was not obliged to defend himself on the only indefensible point in English eyes. In those of French truth and probity it was nothing, not thought worth adverting to, even by their magistrates!!

Hutchinson wisely thought proper to say nothing. Last came Bruce who, in fine flowery commonplace, which he too pronounced with a horrible accent, brought together Montesquieu, La Fontaine, Henry IV, le Chev. Bayard, La revolution d'Angleterre de 1688, les Bedouins du Desert, Les Druses du Mont Libane, and the romanesque of the adventure in which he was proud of having acted a part. Judge what sort of a farrago this must have been, and the farrago of a vain, weak mind. The young *Avocats* thought it very fine (what they understood of it).—It was just such *fudge* as they would have talked themselves. The older people, while they admired Wilson, said Bruce had the *ton* of a "*mauvais Comedien.*" However he sat down with great self-applause, and neither did good nor harm, I believe, to his cause, for the fact, as they both owned, and gloried in it, was undeniable, and therefore some punishment was absolutely necessary. The jury did not remain out above an hour, and they had to decide on three French persons implicated as well as the three English. The Court was kept in good order and no applause or marks of approbation, very properly, allowed. It was cram full of women, but Lady Glengall, Lady Conyngham, Mrs. Crosbie and myself the only English ones (of people known) who attended constantly. But I do not think, whatever lies may be told of it, that it excited a *very* strong interest anywhere, or with any people except the personal friends of Lavalette. I can add very little more to you just now, for I have been out all the morning with Mrs. Meason in the first of Spring days. The Spring has burst on us with fine

warm weather at once, and during the three days that I have been shut up at this Trial it is quite wonderful how every thing has started into flower and into leaf in our Garden and every where else. *Pour mon malheur*, or rather for my plague, just at this moment there is a Court mourning for the Empress of Austria, which everybody is obliged to wear in Society of an Evening, and not having a rag of black with me, I am obliged to buy a Gown. No harm in that you will say and truly, but to get it made and something on my head and something on my tail, &c., nobody knowing or telling one a word of this mourning till the night before it was to be put on, I shall run the chance of being shut up this evening for want of decent apparel or borrow a Gown from Lady Elizabeth, which she proposes, but which I do not see the possibility of getting on.—However, once *en deuil* I shall be quite happy and never have another thought about my dress.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Sunday, May 5, 1816.

I neither *bounced*, nor was the least angry at the beginning of your last letter of the 29th. According to your laudable custom you always believe and feel sure of what you least wish to be true, and in this instance it does not discompose me, because I hope I have it in my power to disappoint you, by arriving near about the time I proposed.—That is to say, if Frégeville makes his appearance in the course of this week (for he is not yet here), I see nothing that will prevent my setting out the end of the next week, that is to say, about the 10th at latest. But till he comes I can neither make up my packets, nor finally settle my affairs. I have written to him again to Montpellier to hasten his departure, if

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 125.

he is not already on the road, but hoping and believing him to be so, I have not forwarded your letter, but keep it to give him here. As for his being none the better for my introduction to Sir Charles, you are mistaken there. He has been everything that is civil and *kind* to me *in his way* since I have been here—and I take him in it.—It is not that that I like best, but I am sure as there are no political reasons against Frégeville, which makes everybody draw off here—that *in his way* he will be very civil to him.—In short, *fiez vous à moi* for doing what is right and best for our Friend.

Did I send you a letter on Monday last? I do not feel sure.—I know I did not write to you on Thursday for I was *laid not by the leg*, but by the head, the whole day. However my *heads* here just last a whole day without having ever (but once) come to vomiting, so that the next day I am myself, or at least capable of service again.

Now for my journal of last week.—Monday we dined *en famille* at Ambassade, and in the evening Sir Charles carried us to the *Variétés* to see the last piece, and afterwards we joined Lady Hardwicke and Elizabeth at Lady Glengall's where there was an excellent assembly both of French and English. Tuesday I was for a long time in the Morning in the Library of our Noël Comte Roderer, who is a most informed and interesting Man, from the great part he has acted during the whole of the Revolution. He and I are quite friends, and I go up to his Library and find him there whenever I please, or rather *can*, which is not half so often as I wish.

And here arrives most opportunely your letter of Friday last. You will see by the beginning of this that you only did me justice in supposing that I should not be discomposed with your former letter, still less suppose that my poor Father's dream could make any impression

on *your* mind. The life I have been leading, I should be very sorry to lead for two months longer. Enough is as good as a feast, and of this sort of *feasting* not only is but ever *was* to me. Had the circumstances, the society and the situation in which I have found myself here, occurred to me earlier in life, they would have been of great consequence, and material good effect to me, they only make me feel every day when I *ought* to have been while I was younger, and when I *should* have been now. As it is, I have been much entertained, and shall now welcome the quiet daily bread of Life, and the home and its little circle that will give me at once time, and occasion to talk over and digest all I have seen and heard.

You misunderstand me about Sir Robert Wilson and the passport being not mentioned by the French. I did not blame *them* but said it was well for *him*. Au reste, be assured that, like the Duchesse de la Ferté, *il n'y a que moi qui ai raison sur le compte des François*, and when you know all I have heard and seen you will think so.

I have little to add to what I have already said about my return. I am waiting impatiently for Frégeville, and the moment he makes his appearance I shall be ready to set out with him within a week. In his last letter to me of the 14th April, he says he means to make a very short stay in Paris "*pour son propre compte*" and so I suppose he will contrive to arrive only a very few days before he supposes me ready to start; for he says, "*j'espere être à Paris au moment que vous m'avez prié,*" which was at latest the middle of May. I have written again to hurry him.—I send dear Robert by this Courier in the Ambassador's Bag a long letter from Meason, which I engaged him to write on politics, promising to get it so conveyed. But Meason, although a very sensible man, is very credulous of bad or strange news, and is not enough acquainted with the French character

to be able to judge, what little truth he may hear. The letters I have had from poor Mrs. Damer but too truly confirm what you tell me of her. It is a subject on which my heart is still so feelingly alive, that I never think of it without as profound, and a much more *painful melancholy* than I should feel at the death of an *ordinary* Friend. Her ills of every sort are every day increasing and are alas! absolutely without remedy. In the midst of what I feel myself I can heartily pity dear Charlotte. I have written to her (Mrs. Damer) by this Courier, but as my letter was sealed before I got here to-day, do tell her that I may not tear my letter by opening it, that I will daily forward the enclosures she sends me. And now, farewell. A bad day has given me leisure to write, and thank Heaven I do nothing to-day but dine *en tête à tête* with Elizabeth, her parents dining with the Prince of Condé, and her husband at a ministerial dinner at the Duc de Richelieu's.—They are all to meet us at the Play afterwards. The Caledons we expect on Wednesday, and I have got them lodged in a pavillon *attenant* to this House, so that we shall eat and dine together. When I leave dear Lady Hardwicke in the hands of Catherine she cannot do better, although she will not yet for some time be quite well, and she is aware of it herself. And now once more farewell. You shall hear from me the moment Frégeville arrives. God bless you.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Thursday, May 9, 1816.

No Frégeville arrived yet, but as I have not heard from him again, I must suppose him on the road. It is, however, very inconvenient to me his not arriving a

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 127.

moment before the time I wish to set out, because I cannot make the final arrangements about the packing my things till he comes. My heavy Box of Books, lamps, &c., which must at all events go by the *Roulier* is already packed, and as soon as I have seen Prince Esterhazy, and had a word about its being addressed to him, can be dispatched to Calais directly. But my Hats, Bonnets, and Chiffons, I really am puzzled about, and believe after all I must send in a small deal case apart, for it is no use destroying them for the price of the carriage. I enclose a bit of your Capotte, which I hope you will think beautiful tho' I daresay I might have done better for you, but you know I am very stupid *en fait de la Toilette*, and nobody can know the torment and incommodiousness of Paris tradespeople except those who have had lately to deal with them.

As I wrote to you on Monday last with a packet *addressed to my Father*, I must be short with my journal to-day. On that evening I went to the Play, where I never in my life was so well-entertained. It was the *Misanthrope* and *La Suite d'un Bal masqué*, Mdlle. Mars in both pieces, and in both so perfect that she has at last entirely made my conquest along with that of all the rest of the World. Afterwards I went and made a visit to the Princess Serge Galitzen, she that has just now been in England for a little while.—She is young, and pretty (in a Russian way) and somehow or other took violently to me when I was first introduced to her at our party here the other night. Like the two Ladies in the German Play, we swore eternal friendship at our first meeting, and she asked me to dine with her the next day (Tuesday), which I agreed to, if we did not go to Versailles which we did, and I (oh! shame on me) utterly forgot my dinner with that sentimental friend, till I was half-way there!—However in the evening after the Opera I went to her, made my excuses, which were

well received and I am to dine with her to-morrow. She is laughed at as being a *tête étourdie* and up in Lights of Romance where Reason and Logic cannot follow her. But hitherto I really like her, and I am always prone to pity and to like those who feel, or even *think* they feel, more or differently, from the everyday world. We had a most entertaining day at Versailles, which I had never seen well, and almost forgot; luckily our party consisted only of Lord and Lady Hardwicke, Elizabeth, and myself. We saw everything very completely, dined there, and returned to tea here. I had before no idea of the magnificence of Versailles, nor the great effect that it must have had on the Arts of its day. The gardens are the most magnificent thing conceivable as the appendage to such a Palace, and now, in their first and freshest verdure beautiful! But if anything were necessary to deter one from the wish of wearing a Crown it would be the idea of living, passing one's life from morning to night, and from night to morning again in the Gilded Rooms of Versailles! To a spectator, however, how interesting the remembrances and scenes it recalls! from the [statue] of Madame de Maintenon in the Chapel, to the door at which the wretched Marie Antoinette fled from the murderers already in her Gilded Bedchamber to that of the King for protection. But pray don't keep me here talking about Versailles, when I am going out in a moment with Mrs. Meason to Perréguay, who have given me a [few] francs too little on my last draft—a diminution which my friends can ill support.

The weather is abominable again. We had a fine day for Versailles, but yesterday and to-day it is raining hard, and as cold as March. The Caledons we expect early to-day as a letter came from them at Calais yesterday. I told you they were lodged in a sort of Pavillon belonging to this House. My Room could have served them in no respect, so that I do not feel at all

in their way. But now that Lady Hardwicke has got another Daughter, I certainly can do *you* more good, or at least am more wanted by *you*, than *her*. And therefore, as I have said so often before, by the middle or end of next week, if Frégeville will only arrive, I am off.

Ward is gone to England to-day round by Rouen. I and all my packets could do nothing with him. He dined with us yesterday with Aimée de Coiquy(?) and our Comte Roderer (a most entertaining person). Ward promised me to call on you and report of me as soon as he got to London. I send by this Courier a *something* which I mean for myself—my last sending was meant for Bab, but we can make any change you please. And now farewell, for I will put up my packet before I go out, and then it will be off my mind. We dine at Barthelemy's to-day. Farewell, and God bless you, till we meet in North Audley Street. Don't fancy by this that I shall not write again.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Sunday, May 12, 1816.

Not a word yet from Frégeville, which really begins to worry me, as I am ready and willing to go, and because I think it is just possible that he may be stopped altogether by the battle that (*they say*) is going on at Grenoble and in many different parts of the Southern provinces—but it is impossible to know a word of truth on these subjects, by any means, from anybody. I cannot myself believe there is anything that should impede *his* coming, and still think, as I have not heard from him, that between this and the 15th or

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 133.

16th I shall see him. If by that time I neither hear nor see, I shall really begin to think that his letters as well as himself are stopped, and shall immediately turn my mind to setting off by some other means. Lady Cahir's is still open to me, and she is still most willing and civil about it, but she does not set out till the 25th, and going with her will cost me much more, because I must not only pay for two horses as I did in coming, but hire a Cabriolet for Emma and my luggage from here to Calais which will cost me £4 in addition. However, I will still hope that Frégeville will make his appearance, and then I shall be ready to set off on Saturday or Sunday next as I promised you. If any delay occurs it will not be imputable to me. The longer I stay at Paris the longer I may stay, and in some respects the more agreeable it would be. But, as I said before, enough is as good as a feast, and I am now only anxious to return to you, while I have the sacrifice to make to you of some regrets on the part of my friends here at my departure, and some interests and amusements which I leave behind me. This sounds a little like *a French phrase*, but you know me too well to think it one, and, even putting you out of the question, it is a clever thing to leave a place with a wish to return to it. *And* so I am coming to you as fast as ever I can.

Now for my journal.

Monday Morning, May 13.

Before I proceed on it I must acknowledge your letter and Mrs. Damer's of the 10th this moment received. I tremble at your saying you have received no letter by the Courier, for I sent a week ago eight yards intended for Bab, which I hope and trust your next letter will say you have got, as we never feel quite sure of what is put into the bag because I fear other people are far less scrupulous than ourselves. My own flowers,

many of which have been worn, more than fill up every corner I have to put them in and must be packed by the Flower people themselves. Esterhazy in the kindest manner has allowed me to send one *Caisse* with his things, hoping it was not *too large*. I dare hardly ask for another, altho' I must put three or four hats in a *Caisse* by themselves, go as I will—I would most willingly do anything for Lady Harrowby—tho' Heaven knows Lady Susan wants no flowers to set her off. I have no time now to consult her, or I could order the Flowers here, have them packed by the people, entered at the Custom House, and coming over like any other goods that are allowed by paying a duty. But I doubt if this is what she means. I will see what can be done, and if nothing, assure her that it shall not be my fault. Still no Frégeville and no letter from him. I really begin to fancy both himself and his letters are stopped, and I am seriously thinking of making Lord Pollington my Squire back. He arrived with the Caledons all safe and well on Thursday last, but he only intending to stay eight or ten days, and he seems to have no great wish to prolong his stay—so that (*faute de mieux*) after waiting till the 18th to see if Frégeville arrives, Lord Pollington and I shall hire one of the Calais Carriages of which there are always plenty at Guillagues depôt in Paris, and return together. In this case I think I can set out about this day se'nnight. I shall not travel very fast, because as I must pay the post myself and settle every thing, I may be fatigued, and *may* catch a head-ache on the road, and I would fain arrive in *good order* to you. But with tolerable luck and tolerable wind, we should certainly be with you the sixth day from our leaving Paris. A day or two I know you will not mind in our departure and on our journey, rather than that one should be fatigued and hurried out of one's life. My almost every hour is already engaged for nearly the whole of this week—supposing

that I don't *break down running*. But I think I have been on the whole very well for this last month, altho' the weather ever since Tuesday last that we were at Versailles, has been uninterruptedly such cold, rain, and absolute absence of sunshine, that it is more like a Scotch than even an English Spring. The cold is really quite afflicting, I only wonder I keep so well with it. Tell Mrs. Damer I will take care of her enclosure, that to Princess Staremburg is gone. I am surprised Mrs. Damer don't mention my letter to her in which I told her of Leopoldine's marriage.

Friday I dined with *my friend* Psse. Serge Galitzen with the Russian men—sat with her a great part of the Evening—went and made a visit to Flahiant's mother to whom I had been too long of making a second visit, and then returned to *my friend* who set me home.—Dear Elizabeth and Sir Charles had kept a place at the Opera for me, but I told Lady Hardwicke I would *not* go, as they were already three women in the Box. I like to make myself scarce sometimes, which they are kind enough to complain of at the embassy and Sir Charles crossed himself the last time he saw me. Saturday, we dined at home, and I went in the Evening with the Moreau to Mme. Récamier's, who, from a professed beauty and a rich Banker's wife when I was last here, is become poor, rational, and somewhat in the *Bel esprit* line—the party consisted of the Moreau, myself, a quidam Lady in a Great bonnet whom I never enquired after—*your friend* Mrs. Paterson, Jérôme's ex-wife, and about a dozen men—Mme. Récamier was on a *chaise longue* with a *migraine*, a sort of remains of her beauty character, I suppose. Mrs. Paterson is a very pretty ordinary-looking little person, who said nothing but to the men and is, they say, *bête comme un pot*—in that the party was dull and I was glad to leave it with the Moreau for a great Assembly at the *Ambassade*. I could not help laughing at the Moreau (like you

formerly) saying to me as we were going in—*Ah ça, ma chère vous n'allez pas m'abandonner tout à fait.* I laughed, swore I would not, and kept my word like a *French woman*.¹

Mary Berry to Agnes Berry

PARIS, Thursday, May 16 [1816].

I will send you a word—it can only be a word to-day—for I am going civilly with old Augustine and the two Bouchents to the Tuilleries to-day with an order that I have to see the King's Apartments, which are shown while he is out airing. This was the only little attention that I had in my power, and I proposed it this morning to Augustine, who came to call on me a second time to make many enquiries, all of which I answered *de mon mieux*, and I begged he would have no scruple of making me of any little use to any of them while I stay—which I am sure I owe him. I have already seen both Mrs. Bouchents and the Girls. No Frégeville, nor no account of him, so that I really begin to lose all hopes of him, and am arranging to set off with Lord Pollington. Lord Caledon is this day gone to look at a carriage for us—a return carriage to Calais. Lord Pollington has got a great cough, which frightens him, and keeps him almost entirely at home here and he is so anxious to get away that you need not fear his detaining me. I promised in my last to set out the 18th or 19th, and I hate putting off departures, but I think I must give Frégeville a chance till the 20th, which is next Monday. If he is not come then, I shall say I set out Tuesday and *really* depart on Wednesday the 22nd, and, God and the wind willing, I shall be with you about the Tuesday following, the 28th. I have got a nice light

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 135.

French Imperial that will go on any Carriage and cost me only twenty-three shillings, and have this day had my two packages nailed up, which are going with Esterhazy's baggage. He was so civil about carrying the trimming for Lady Harrowby that I have done the only thing that was possible for her—ordered the Flowers for the trimming of a Ball Dress which could not be ready for his baggage, which must be all sent to-morrow. But I have sent two or three hats of my own with his Things, and take her trimming packed in a separate Carton in my Imperial. I hardly know by her note to you if she meant a Garniture made up, or the Flowers for one, but the fact is that except she had the whole *Habit de Bal*, which does not seem to be what she wants, she can only have flowers ready to posé, and the accompanying flowers for the head, which I have ordered for her, I must trust to her liking. I have no time for journal to-day. We had a great dinner of thirty-five people the other day at the Ambassade for the Esterhazys, at which I had a *reconnaissance* with Prince Auguste d'Aremberg, Mme. du Staremborg's brother, who was quite glad to see me.

I went afterwards for a little to the Opera with *my new friend* the Princess Galitzin, who is the most enviable being I have met with in the course of my practice. But I like her. To-day *we* all, I mean the Hardwickses and Stuarts, dine at the Moreau's, a great dinner likewise for the Esterhazys, who depart on Saturday, so they will be in London before me. The Moreau has desired us to stay to some music in the Evening, a thing seldom or never done after a French dinner, so that we shall certainly have too much of her. To-morrow we go for all the Morning to the Princess de Vaudemont's, who (*par parenthèse*) is delighted with her gown. I have been interrupted by Sir Charles coming to offer to walk anywhere with me, but my engagement with Augustine obliged me to refuse him. Nothing can have

been more obliging to me *in his way* than he has been and nothing can be going on better than Elizabeth and he, and so God bless you and let me be quiet for a moment. My Father's velvet cap is laying on the table before me and looking beautiful—as I hope soon to see him doing so in it.—Farewell.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37727, f. 139.

SECTION VII

THE LATER LIFE OF THE BERRYS (1817-1852)

The Berrys at Genoa—Society in that town—The Duke of Devonshire—Lord John Russell—The letters of Lady Russell—The letters of Lady Glenberrie—The death of Robert Berry—Mrs. Damer's tribute to him—The death of Madame de Staël—Lucca Baths—Professor Playfair—Lady Carlisle—The death of Princess Charlotte—Lady Charlotte Campbell's second marriage—John Whishaw—The publication of *The Life and Letters of Rachael, Lady Russell*—The Countess of Albany—Lady Hardwicke—Lord Colchester—The Berrys' movements, 1822-5—They move to Curzon Street—Mary Berry begins to prepare her edition of *The Correspondence of Horace Walpole*—Lady Charlotte Lindsay—*The Comparative View of Social Life in France and England*—The death of Mrs. Damer—Lord Dover—The Reform Bill—"The Quiet of Gunpowder"—Macaulay—Richard Westmacott, R.A.—English art in 1834—Charades—The Berrys at Paris in 1834—Harriet, Lady Granville—William Beckford's *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*—Buckingham Palace—The Duke of Sutherland—The resignation of Sir Robert Peel, 1835—Lord Melbourne again becomes Prime Minister—Lord Jeffrey—Lord Carlisle on Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*—Sarah Austin—Madame Récamier—The Duchesse de Prastin—Chateaubriand—Stratford Canning—The state of Europe in 1848—Kate Perry—Dean Milman—Ruskin—Last years—Death of Agnes Berry—Death of Mary Berry—Epitaph.

MARY BERRY arrived in London on May 27, 1816, but in the following August she, with her father and sister Agnes, set out for Genoa, where they made a long stay. She loved the place, but pined for the intellectual society with which she surrounded herself in London. "You would understand the thirst one must feel for some more intellectual society—for some *épanchements de cœur et de l'esprit* with those who are capable of feeling with and for one," she wrote to Madame de Staël. "No

such things exist here ; it is the only fault of an enchanting place, which, if differently peopled, would be an earthly paradise. To remain always in the noviciate of society, with that only one sad consolation that it would gain nothing by being better known ; to pass one's life without books—for there are none to be found here—and without conversation—for it is unknown here—is an intellectual fact which exhausts and weakens one morally, and influences much and painfully my physical well-being." The Berrys, however, made the best of a bad job. "Lord Minto added that but for your house, or the society you collected, Genoa would have been unsupportable," Professor Playfair wrote to the elder sister. "I have often admired, as indeed all the world does, that power which, by the above account, has this winter been exerted in making something out of nothing—society out of solitude."

The Duke of Devonshire to Mary Berry

LONDON, *February 13, 1817.*

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—Lord John Russell applied to me in the same manner as to you for permission to publish several of the Russell letters,¹ in the life which he has written of Lord Russell. I could not answer him in any other way than by saying it was impossible for me to agree to it without your approbation, after the interest and trouble you have taken with the letters,

¹ Mary Berry had been invited by the Duke of Devonshire to prepare for press from the originals in his possession the letters of Rachel Wriothesley, Lady Russell. The work appeared in 1819, under the title, *Some Account of the Life of Rachel Wriothesley, Lady Russell*, followed by a selection of the letters from Lady Russell to her husband, Lord William Russell, together with some miscellaneous Letters to and from Lady Russell.

and that I thought in case of its being found advisable to make them public it would greatly hurt their interest to have extracted even a part. You must be, of course, the best judge of this in every point of view, that is, whether the collection would bear losing so interesting a part as the *affectionate letters* which Lord John wishes to select, whether the whole collection ought to be published and whether in that case you would ever undertake the plague of it. Pray, therefore, answer us as soon as possible. I own that I do not feel very sanguine about Lord John's work: he seems to be in too great a hurry. His friends are extremely anxious, however, that he should be occupied by it on his retiring from the House of Commons,¹ and very urgent with me not to refuse his present request, as it might *damp* him. These are not considerations to prevent our doing only what we think for the best in a case of so much importance to the memory of those very distinguished and very good people. I am inclined to think if he takes any, he should take all. They might form a second volume, to which the Life would be the first. Pray consider all this well, my dear Miss Berry. I am writing to you in a room full of people to be in time for the foreign post. It is a formidable thing to write to anybody in Italy, which has made me silent for so long. I think your friends here are all going on well. Lady Glenbervie's death made a great affliction.

My two sisters are very well, but fanciful as usual. They have endless little colds and toothaches, but not enough to affect their spirits or real health. I cannot understand being ill in such a winter as this. It has been mild enjoyable weather for more than a month. We have done our best for the amusement of the Grand Duke Nicolas. As to me, I am quite taken in by him. We became acquainted at Chatsworth, and

¹ Lord John Russell, owing to ill-health, applied for the Chiltern Hundreds on March 12, 1817. He re-entered Parliament in the following year.

since we came to town I have been almost constantly with him. I like him extremely and I think very highly of him; and, what is more, he supplies to me the place of Clifford, whom I miss very much. This is certainly an odd thing to have to say of a Czarovitch, but so it is, for he puts himself down to our English level, and still, I hope, without lowering himself.

Lady Caroline Paget and Lord March's marriage gives great satisfaction. The Duchess of Argyle and Lord Anglesea have kissed hands (to each other) upon it. Adieu, my dear Miss Berry, I am, your affectionate friend.

DEVONSHIRE.¹

The Duke of Devonshire to Mary Berry

BRUXELLES, *March 23, 1817.*

Your letter caught me here, my dear Miss Berry, Lord John [Russell] is still in England and I sent your enclosure to him desiring him to write to you in case he should wish to have the papers which you mention forwarded to him anywhere on the continent. He will, I hope, be satisfied with *Lord Russell's* letters, but there is no knowing. We are all going to be so scattered about Europe that it will be difficult to communicate on this subject. I can only say that I am much pleased with your view of what would be best to be done by the letters, as well as convinced that I cannot do better than entrust their appearance or non-appearance to your judgement. At the same time it is a little unpleasant to refuse Lord John, if he continues to press on the subject, but this will not influence me while I think it would be a real disadvantage to garble the letters. Anyhow, it will not, I hope, alter your occupation, which is also, while you are so well, an amusement, and

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 132,

by the time we meet again, everything may be arranged with Lord John, who cannot be in such a great hurry to publish, if he is going abroad directly.

I arrived here two days ago from the Russian headquarters at Maubenge, where I had been extremely well amused. There was a magnificent review of 15,000 men and a sham battle in which the manœuvres of the Cosaques and the attack and defence of a ravine were most curious. Avoronzow, the General, is a most delightful person: nothing could be more hospitable and kind than his treatment of us, and it was very striking to find that Russian colony in France, the officers leading their own life, and the meals and hours so different from any others. They are lucky in having a very nice society of women *des environs de* Maubenge, who have made great progress in the northern acquirements and have learnt the national dances in great perfection. The Mazurka is remarkably gay and pretty.

I left England with the Grand Duke [Nicholas]. We are not going to travel together, as he goes much faster than would suit me, but we are to meet at Weimar and then at Berlin, and I think of then going on to St. Petersburg to be present at his marriage. It is a very pleasant way of seeing these courts, and I continue to like him so much that I should have been very sorry not to have seen more of him. The Court here is none of the gayest, but the Prince of Orange seems perfectly happy. The Grand Duchess is not yet visible: she recovered slowly from her *accouchement*, but I am to see her before I go. The Duchess of Saxe Weimar seems to be the most popular of the Imperial family: her brother raves about her. The Kinnairds are the only English fit to be seen here: the Belgian Ladies are the most hideous I ever beheld.

Adieu, my dear Miss Berry. Pray write to me: you will judge best how to direct and send. I expect to

be at Petersburg all July, and I have just heard with great pleasure that at the time we had settled to be at Moscow, the Emperor means to establish his court there, which will be a very interesting thing to see. Ever yours most sincerely and affectionately,

D.

I shall not leave Berlin till near the end of April.¹

At Genoa Robert Berry was taken ill, and died on May 18, 1817. He was buried in the cemetery at Carignano. Mrs. Damer, on hearing the news, said of him, "He had a kind, cheerful, and guileless heart, and I shall always remember him with gratitude," and he was sincerely lamented by his daughters. "You will already know that we have lost that good father to whom you sent your kind remembrance!" Mary Berry wrote to Madame de Staël.² "His pure and guileless soul has quitted a world in which he had met with nothing but difficulties and injustice. His death leaves us without a duty to fulfil towards the living generation; nor have we any tie towards that which is to come." The death of Robert Berry materially reduced the family income, for the annuity of £1000 a year settled on him by his brother was not continued to the daughters, whose means henceforth were limited to about £700 a year.

T. N. Fazakerley to Mary Berry

LUCCA BATHS, August 13, 1817.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—I left Genoa with the fairest prospects, but they deserted me when we were off

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 126.

² Madame de Staël died at Paris on July 14, 1817.

Chiavari, and I did not reach Lerici till the next morning. However, when I look'd at the scorched mountains which I must have passed on horseback, I did not regret even a calm and twenty-four hours' imprisonment among the perfumes of a felucca, and the screams of its helpless navigators. I reached Massa the same day that I landed, and in time to go to the Quarries, which in themselves are paltry excavations, and interesting only from their names: the scenery about them is wild, and would be worth going to see if one hadn't seen, and wasn't doomed to see, such quantities of the same kind. If you, when you come this way, have a mind to go there, you should make the postmaster at Lavenza send you that way to Massa: it is not much out of the way. I proposed this, but they set up so loud a squall about difficulties and additional horses that I gave way. Had the weather been a little cooler I might have had fortitude to insist. I twaddled away nearly a whole day at Lucca, made acquaintance with Passi the translator of Milton, who seemed an agreeable man, for he made me a present of his book, and, what was more essential, went to a party in the evening, and was introduced to a very pleasant Signora Tsebiliani, who has a house here in which I have hired some tolerably comfortable rooms. The Signora, whether fortunately or otherwise, remains at Lucca.

This place is in the midst of mountains covered with chestnuts and vineyards and little patches of ground cultivated with the care and niceness of a garden. It certainly is very beautiful. I know not a soul, but in my walks I hear all languages, and they say there are at least three hundred bathers, to which number I have added myself to-day. What can I say more? I have told you everything I know about the place, the journey and myself. But no—I quite forgot to tell you that I had a letter from the Mother of an Italian named Bindor, whom you may have seen in England. He had written

before to say that I was coming, and it seems that Lady Charlotte Campbell must have told him too of her intention, which he probably communicated at the same time, for when I went into the room, after the first compliments, the Lady exclaim'd "Ma dov' è la Signora?" "What Signora?" said I, "Ma la Signora Charlotte chi deve venire con te." It was in vain that I protested perfect ignorance of all Charlottes, to save time. The question was renewed in fifty shapes, and at last I have resolv'd it into Lady Charlotte, from whom, by common report, I derive so much honor. I have this morning got a letter from Lady Gordon dated Bordeaux, July 24,—horribly fagged, but in extasy at her escape. Pray let me hear something of your plans. Write to me "presso il Sigre. Francesco Petri in Lucca." Remember me very kindly to your sister. Lay me at the feet of all your admirers at Genoa, and believe me, dear Miss Berry,—Most truly yours,

T. N. FAZAKERLEY.¹

John Playfair to Mary Berry

GENEVA, August 20, 1817.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—On my arrival here I learnt from Lady Minto that you had been ill of a fever, and on recovering from it had felt yourself much better than you had been for some time. This has since been confirmed to me by Mr. Dundas, who is lately arrived from a long expedition on foot to the high Alps. It gives me great pleasure to hear of this amendment in your health, which I trust is likely to continue, and indeed has been purchased at a great expence as the remedy (the Fever) was certainly a severe one and not a little dangerous. How fortunate that Dundas was with you!

I wrote you a short letter from Turin, and a very

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 138.

long one from Milan, but have been in doubt as to your having received either, till I learnt from Dundas that you had at least received one of them. In one of these letters—I do not know which—I requested you to write me to Venice, and I left word there to forward any letters that might come to Geneva. I have never heard, however, at all, and was uneasy from the accounts I had of the unhealthy state of Genoa, till I received Lady Minto's information. I have very little doubt that the uneasy and irritable state of your nerves of which you complained when I saw you was really the effect of the feverish and inflammatory disorder that was then coming on, and that you had much more occasion for a Physician of the Body than of the Mind, in which last capacity I have had the presumption to act. I hope my prescriptions are quite unnecessary, that they lay down no rules but such as you are naturally inclined to follow, and that you will as much as possible endeavour to forget the occasion on which they were offered.

By what I have learnt from Lady Minto your intention of going to Rome for the winter continues. I hope you will be joined by Lady Charlotte, and I have no doubt that you will find your residence delightful. Since we left Genoa, we have been first to the east and then to the west and north. I have been highly delighted and an excursion of a fortnight to the high Alps which we made from Lucerne and luckily in the present weather carried me into scenes of the Great, Sublime and Terrible that I never expected to have realised. We set out for Lyons to-morrow, and after one short excursion to the extinguished volcanoes of Auvergne, we proceed direct to Paris. If we can stay there a week or two it will be the utmost, and after all that I have seen of the Great and Beautiful, I shall look on the white Cliffs of Dover with additional delight.

I shall be most happy to hear from Miss Agnes or you. My direction is now to Edinburgh, where I shall

be fixed immoveably for a long time. In London I will not forget to wait on Miss Turner. Remember me, I beseech you, to Miss Agnes (to whom I will write from London) and to Viniani. To him, when I have delivered his Papers, I will also write.

Poor Madame de Staël.—I have seen *Auguste*. They are all well. They have much, I fear, to suffer from the spurious and illiberal publications to which their Mother's celebrity will give rise.—Yours affectionately.

J. P.¹

Mary and Agnes Berry had gone abroad in the summer of 1817, and in September were at Florence. They were again at Genoa in April 1818, and visited several other cities, reaching Paris in July, and returning to London in August.

“Miss Berry is at Genoa,” Harriet, Lady Granville, wrote to Lady Georgiana Morpeth, June 1817. “She has had a violent quarrel with William Hill. She complained of his rudeness, and, upon it being reported to him, he said, ‘Lord bless the woman, what would she have? I am sure I’m very ready to have her to dinner!’ Upon hearing this she stormed. ‘Mr. William Hill have me to dinner, ready to have me!’ The Genoese States rung with her larum.”²

Georgiana Dorothy, Countess of Carlisle, to Mary Berry

CASTLE HOWARD, *November 23 and 24, 1817.*

MY DEAREST MISS BERRY,—I am sure you have been shocked at the number of shocking events that have succeeded each other so rapidly here, and particularly

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 140.

² *Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville*, i. 124.

with that of Princess Charlotte's death,¹ which shews one such a sudden reverse from every worldly prosperity. I believe no event ever made a greater sensation or was more generally mourned. I hear it was Baillie's opinion after the examination that she would not have lived long, and that she would probably have died of a dropsy; that it did not seem as if her death was caused by exhaustion, as she sat up unsupported a few minutes before it and yet was without any fictitious stimulus of fever, but that the spasms which came on in her throat choaked her. What was the immediate cause of them is not known. They say Prince Leopold's behaviour has been quite perfect, that, tho' his grief and anguish have seemed rather to increase than diminish, he has shown great firmness and resignation and that his considerate kindness towards everybody about him has never varied. He sometimes looks as if he could not bear to see Claremont again, and at other times as if he never should leave it, and his greatest comfort seemed to be in sitting by the side of her coffin and in praying, and the person he likes best to have with him is Dr. Short, with whom he can talk of the Princess.

Of course the succession is much talked of, and there are reports that the Prince will try to obtain a divorce. The Duchess of Cumberland is with child, which delights the Duke very much. I have sent you these particulars which I thought might be interesting to you.

The other events to which I alluded were the deaths of Mrs. Henry Cavendish and Lady Albermarle. The former had, I believe, certainly the same complaint of which her Father died, fullness about the heart, and Lady Albermarle's was an advanced miscarriage. I

¹ Princess Charlotte Augusta (born 1796) was the only child of George, Prince of Wales, by his wife, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. She married on May 2, 1816, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and died, after giving birth to a still-born child, on November 5, 1817. Sir Richard Croft, Bart. (1762-1818), was the accoucheur, and so much blame was laid on his shoulders, that shortly after the unhappy event he shot himself.

suppose she had been dreadfully affected by the shocking death of her son.

My Brother said he could not stay at Paris after such melancholy events, and was anxious to be with Henry Cavendish, who is very much afflicted. I hear that my Brother looks remarkably well—thinner, but healthier and better for it, and that his account of his travels is very amusing. I hope to see him and to hear it as we are going to meet him the end of this month at Chatsworth, and afterwards we shall go to —

We have had the Cholmeleys here, and he enquired a great deal about you and told me that he heard you intend to be in England next summer. Pray tell me what your plans are; give my kind love to your Sister and believe me, my dear Miss Berry.—Ever affectionately yours,

GEORGIANA DOROTHY.¹

John Playfair to Mary Berry

BURNTISLAND LINKS, August 5, 1818.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—It seems to be a matter agreed on between us that we shall never make any apologies, and, on my part at least, that I shall always stand in need of them. Conformably to this arrangement, I go on to write as if I had received Miss Agnes's excellent letter from Florence and Genoa only a few weeks instead of a few months since. My last news of you was from Robert,² in whose near neighbourhood you may observe I have at present the happiness to reside. He told me you were at Paris, quite in the gay and busy world, but preparing, as I was very glad to learn, to return soon to England and to take

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 142.

² Presumably the Berrys' cousin, Robert Ferguson, of Raith.

up your abode again in North Audley Street and for the winter. I hope you will do so with an improvement in health, and an increased power, from having escaped two winters, of resisting the endless variations of our unfortunate climate. I need not say to you that it will be necessary for you to be on your guard perhaps more against the dissipation of society than against all the rude blasts and thick fogs of a Northern winter. But why should I presume to admonish a person who knows all this much better than it is possible for me to do?

I am passing the summer in this charming retreat quite away from bustle and hurry, and have had the satisfaction of hearing the noise of a General Election all round like the sound of distant thunder, without feeling the slightest agitation or disquiet. (By the way, we have got a new Parliament. They say it is to be better than the last. God knows it cannot easily be worse!) I am very busy—*studiis florentem ignobilis oti*—quite retired so that I have only once been at Raith: occupied with a sketch of the History of Natural Philosophy for the century just past. I will send you a copy when finished, but that will not be for some time.

All goes on well at Raith: when I saw it the Craufords were there, the society less numerous and more pleasant than I used to find it.

I am afraid that at Florence the circumstance of Lady Charlotte's marriage¹ which has given so much disgust to her Friends, must have considerably diminished your enjoyment. After all, it is an action on her part more unwise than wrong, and I think ought not to be visited with the continuance of indignation and reproach. It brings her down a step below the *heroic*

¹ Lady Charlotte Campbell (see *ante*, p. 294), married secondly, on March 17, 1818, the Rev. Edward John Berry, sometime Rector of Litchfield, Hampshire.

level to which her conduct and her beauty (for this last had its full share in fixing our opinions) had raised her in the estimation of the world, but she still remains at a height much above the common run of Men and Women even of her own rank.

I will write to your sister very soon. I was charmed with her letter: there is one sentence in it, above all, that I never can forget. I am only sorry it connects itself with a feeling of bad health and of such consequences as I hope notwithstanding her anticipations are still very remote. It is a sentence worthy of Seneca or Antoninus, but I have not room to transcribe it.

I hope on coming to England you will write. I shall continue here for a month or six weeks longer, but do not go, as you usually do, to Edinburgh.

I am, my dear Miss Berry, Yours with the most sincere affection and esteem,

JOHN PLAYFAIR.¹

The Duke of Devonshire to Mary Berry

October 30, 1818.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—I leave London on Monday next, the 2nd, for France. You will, I hope, be in town before that day. In case you should not, here is what I have to say about the letters.

I wish to put them entirely into your hands, leaving to you as well the decision of the form in which they shall appear, as the conclusion that they are what will interest the public and prevent your feeling any regret afterwards at having brought them forward. Taking them independent of the powerful assistance and the great interest your notes may create, I must own that I have some fears as to their success with those who have not family reasons for taking pleasure in them, or

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 144.

sufficient enthusiasm about Lady Russell, which would have the same effect.

I have not read Lady Sunderland's letters, but you have told me that they will not be the least entertaining part of the whole. And now in a word the object of this letter is to give you a total and entire responsibility for the whole business, if you are willing to take it, relying upon your own judgement not to produce anything which the world or the Duke of Bedford's family might blame me for making public.—Ever yours most sincerely and affectionately,

DEVONSHIRE.¹

John Wishaw to Mary Berry

LINCOLN'S INN, April 2, 1819.

DEAR MADAM,—I return the specimen of Lady Russell's Letters,² which are curious and interesting. The only fear is lest they should be too exclusively *domestic*, but this will depend in a considerable degree upon the quantity published. It happens very luckily that they are well garnished with proper names, which add a great interest to the work. Your notes are very judicious and useful, and indeed quite necessary.

The nature of the letters makes it the more requisite that you should be careful not to make too large quotations in the memoir from the letters formerly published.—Yours truly,

J. WHISHAW.³

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 148.

² "Mr. Wishaw leaves to-morrow for Florence. I showed him a sketch of the beginning for *The Life of Lady Russell*, which he much approved of, and we talked a great deal on the subject."—Mary Berry, *Journals*, August 30, 1817.

³ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 151.

The Comtesse d'Albany to Mary Berry

FLORENCE, LE 11, 7bre, 1819.

J'ai toujours attendu mon aimable demoiselle l'arrivée de votre nectar Ecossais pour vous en remercier, mais il est toujours en mer—ainsi je ne veux pas differer de vous dire combien je suis reconnaissante de votre bonne intention que j'espere cependant se realisera, et que je boirai de votre santé avec le *jus du houblon* et avec d'autant plus de plaisir que je ne bois jamais de celui *de la grappe*.

Je serai bien charmé de vous revoir et de vous remercier de vive voix. On nous annonce beaucoup de vos compatriotes, et ce qui me fait grand plaisir Lady Charlemont avec sa sœur et sa mère. Ce sont des connoissances de 25 ans et ce sont celles que je préfère. C'est pour cela aussi que vous m'êtes plus chère car il y encore plus longtemps que je vous aime. Veuillez bien me rapeller à Mme. votre sœur, et conserver (*sic*) moi toujours votre intérêt, et compter à jamais sur mon tendre attachement. Je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur et je suis votre très dévouée.

LOUISE DE STOLBERG,
Comtesse d'Albany.¹

Mary Berry² to The Countess of Hardwicke

Monday, September 25, 1820.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Agnes has really so completely anticipated everything that is to be said that I find myself left with nothing but to repeat "*write to us, and love us.*"

¹ From the original letter in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

² Mary and Agnes Berry went abroad again in August 1819, and remained at Paris until May, when they paid a short visit to Italy. They did not return to London until August 1821.

Elizabeth's¹ letter was really of the greatest comfort to us. Although Lady Burghersh had before assured us by her letters that his illness was really momentary, it nevertheless completely distracted my attention from *la chose publique* and any *chose PLUS publique* than the Queen I think can hardly be imagined! I doubly rejoice in never having fallen in her way abroad, and now being out [of] her way at home. I have been long of the opinion of those who think she will *bolt*. And in my opinion it is by far the best way the thing can end. What do those Ministers not deserve, whose folly, or whose baseness reduced the Country to such a disgraceful situation!!

Florence at this season of the year is beautiful and enjoyable in every respect. The thorough baking I have had during this most uncommonly hot summer makes me now so sensible to cold that in a Bed Room to the North I could willingly have a fire night and morning. I have just now escaped with a very slight touch from my fortnight's attack of headach, which makes me very cock-a-hoop. To-morrow's post will, I hope, bring us intelligence, if there is any chance of the odious trial being over; time enough to allow Lord Guildford and Lady Cleav. to find us at home. I hope to be settled there by the first week of November. If either the Climate, or the Times should essentially disagree with us, we can retreat upon Florence, which I think is the last part of Italy likely to be politically troubled. We are very comfortably lodged here in the great Hotel, which for the time of our stay is, on the whole, both cheaper and much less trouble than setting up a House, and the view from our windows is perfectly delightful. I hope Agnes's teeth are very near being set all right with much less trouble than either she or I expected, and then I think she will much enjoy herself here. That is to-day as much as her nature allows of, which is not

¹ Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

one pleased and occupied with as great *trifles* as mine,—a nature for which I thank God every day of my life as I grow older.

I keep quiet all the mornings, which is the only way in which my weakness allows me to be alive to Society at dinner or in the evening. People often won't understand this, but *you*, I am sure, do ; altho' you too often used to allow yourself to be *run down* before evening, and many a fine plan and excellent resolution I have seen it turn to "the baseless fabric of a vision," and leave not "*a wrack*" but *yourself* behind. When I come to quoting and to *mending* Shakespeare, the sooner I conclude the better. So farewell and Heaven bless you.

BERENICE.¹

Lord Colchester (Charles Abbot) to Mary Berry

NICE, January 7, 1822.

"The Berrys are now at Wimpole"—a Christmas reflexion coupled with names of Person and Place which makes it impossible to forget that a Letter is owing, and that by writing it without delay, I may send some account of ourselves before your party is broken up, and that more than my correspondent will take some interest in knowing something about us. Long before your Letter from Raith, we had heard with concern of your sudden return to Paris, after your departure from it in the Summer ; and when told that you were set out again, I concluded the Paradise of Scotland would soon attract you. Fifeshire I have always admired, and indeed I am a very good Caledonian at heart, without need of referring to my head, which would not disprove the propriety of my choice. I do not know whether you saw in your way homewards

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 163.

through Edinburgh my Co-guardian if the young Baronet whom she has carried there by dint of her half-authority and whole-determination. My part is only to hope, as I sincerely do, that it will all end well; but time was when men were supposed—some at least—to be the best judges of such matters. Osborne writes to me gaily, and talks of his occupations very rationally. What is next to be done I shall be told in due time.

My love of Scotland is such that I have no doubt of making it one of my first Summer excursions from here into that part of the Island where happily all antiquities as well as the Hills are covered with dark clouds, and one may travel trusting to the evidence of one's senses. Having once visited every part in detail, my chief pleasure would be to compare the present state with that of forty years ago. Ossian was then authentic, but *nous avons changé tout cela*. England, however, will first be a subject of examination and its *dramatis personæ* must be looked at, and how far they, as well as I, are altered during my three years' absence. Old friends with new faces, &c. &c.

You know that from Orbors we travelled down the Loire, and crossed by Poitiers and Angoulême to Bordeaux and the Pyranees. I remain very much of opinion with a young Oxonian who looked carefully all the way from Calais to Bayonne—some 800 miles—if *par chance la Belle France* lay in that direction, but could not find it. Some few points were interesting, and some spots handsome. We were glad to see Lord Bolingbrooke's residence during his exile at La Source and the Duke de Bordeaux's massive, fantastic, and abominable Château de Chambord; also Chanteloup, where M. le Comte de Chaptal (suppléant for the Duc de Richelieu) goes on manufacturing Beetroot Sugar, which you really may have at a price somewhat dearer than West India Sugar if you prefer having it also not quite so good. Les Ormes, the Country Seat

of M. d'Argenson, is also cried up. It lies south of Tours, and so far as rooms ill-proportioned and ill put together, with a labyrinth of dirty passages, and a splendid staircase can make a good house, it may do. The garden side might be pretty, but it is not made so. Distance from English to French practice in Country Houses and Landscape-gardening about two centuries. The Bridge at Bordeaux pretends to rival Waterloo; the river is larger and deeper and the masonry magnificent, but I do not prefer it. The Theatre at Bordeaux I do prefer to all others I have ever seen for external grandeur and stateliness: the inside is inferior to many. Talk of mountains—visit the Pyrenees. Even after the Alps they are wonderful, but they have characteristic differences. We were between six and seven weeks residing in or rambling about them.

From Toulouse to Nîmes, and the Rhône. More of grey Cevennes to be seen than of any other object. Pont du Gard—see and never look at another aqueduct. If you miss Vacluse there is no harm done. If you do not go to Arles much good is done, for it does not repay the fatigue of a horrible journey. But at S. Rémy, near Tarascon, you may see an Arch and a Mausoleum, which, with the Maison Carrée at Nîmes, may save you the trouble of going again to Italy to see such things.

The Mistral, Marseilles, Toulon, and Fréjus completed our journey to this place. And now I must be brief. Uninterrupted bright, still and warm skies from 9 October to 1 of December—then torrents of rain—and stormy seas—Elysium not yet returned. Of English our chief society are the Leitrims—Montagus—Fieldings—Mildmays—Fazerkerley—J. W. Ward—and 2 Tighes. Fazerkerley's match with Eleanor Montague is just declared.

Remember us both most kindly to Lord and Lady Hardwicke. If we could step over for a day, you would have us at your fireside.

As you will be thinking of Paris in a few weeks, pray think of us as soon as you get there, and write as soon as you are settled there, that we may know how to inquire for you upon our arrival there, which will be by the middle of April.

Lady Colchester says all kind things to you and Agnes. I have no room to say much on that score for myself—but that I believe I shall always continue to be most truly yours,

C.¹

In March 1822 the Berrys again went abroad, visiting Paris and Italy, and they remained on the continent until August of the following year. In the elder sister's Journal for 1824 occur some interesting passages.

"*February 23.*—Left North Audley Street *for ever*, after a residence of more than thirty years, to go to Petersham; fortunately, I was too much occupied to think much of this adieu, and indeed I leave it without regret.

"*February 27.*—Went to our new home, No. 8, in Curzon Street. We are delighted with the house, though, as it snowed all the morning and rained the rest of the day, the beauty of the situation was lost.

"*March 24.*—I occupied myself in arranging Lord Orford's letters, which I have done in chronological order in four portfolios."

During this year and the next, the Berrys held their *salon* at No. 8, Curzon Street, and their visitors were as frequent as ever. Frequently, however, they were away from London, paying visits to Chatsworth, Bramhall, Capesthorpe, Raith, and other country seats.

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 166.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay to Mary Berry

1826.

I used to think with Gay that—

“Friendship, like Love, is but a name,
Unless to *one* we stint the flame.”

That is to say, I would allow my Friend to love some others exceedingly well, provided *I* held a rank pre-eminent over all the rest. But I have found a Friend who, I am fully persuaded, loves me with all the warmth, tenderness and sincerity that my most exalted ideas of Friendship ever taught me to expect and require, and yet this Friend, I am aware, loves four others, at least *as well* as she does me.

There are *some* inexhaustibly affectionate hearts, the more you draw upon them, the more ready you will find payment. When I said *some*, I don't know that there is more than *one* of these hearts, and that is Berrina's, who, having many Friends to whom she is warmly attached, has *five* who, I think, are upon the first rank, her affection for each of these differing rather in manner than in degree. Agnes, her only sister, and nearly of the same age with herself, I ought perhaps to place in a rank above the other four, but the sentiment we feel for a *sister* that we love is so different from all other friendships that none can interfere with or rival it. Agnes is a part of herself, and Agnes's good qualities give her the same pride and satisfaction and her faults the same degree of impatience and mortification that she feels from her own. This affection knew no beginning nor (though many things may ruffle and discompose it) can it ever know an end.

The heart that can love a sister as she loves Agnes, could never stop there : it must choose and be chosen.

Mrs. Damer, her first Friend, inspired her with all the enthusiasm and devoted affection and admiration that can be felt in Friendship, but Mrs. Damer, in fact many years older than Berrina, is now in point of mind at least *forty years* more *aged*, and Berrina, who not only still retains all the vigour of intellect, but also all the fire and warmth of youth, requires in addition a Friend more nearly of her own age, whose occupations, pursuits, amusements, and views of the world are more like her own; one in whom she can find a companion to her taste, and a most trusty and faithful confidant; one who, altho' of an understanding inferior to her own, may yet have sense enough to be of use in matters "where two heads are better than one,"—and such a Friend, I would fain hope, she finds in the devoted affection of Charlotte.

But neither Sister, *Dowager Friend*, nor *Friend for present use*, can entirely suffice Berrina's *enormous* appetite for objects to love. She requires the interest arising from affection for those *much* younger than herself, to whom she may be of use, and for whose future success in life she may feel that interest she no longer feels for her own, or for her other Friends, to whom nothing now can happen except death! Her two *adopted daughters*, Car and Harriet, fill these places in her heart, and are loved according to their very different characters. Car, her *eldest daughter*, by the purity, originality and freshness of her mind, her genius, the romantic tenderness of her heart, and the sweetness of her temper, affords Berrina all the delight that such a character can give to one of her feelings. Car's situation is a happy one, because it suits her character. Berrina has therefore no cause for anxiety on her account, except what the delicate state of her health may give. This *Daughter* is a source of *unmixed* satisfaction to her.

Harriet, her *youngest Daughter*, "tho' last not least

in love," is by some people perhaps supposed to be the most beloved of all, because she seems to occupy more constantly Berrina's time and thoughts, but this I conceive to be from the same cause that makes a sickly child generally appear to be its Mother's favorite—it requires her more constant attention. No *reasonable* being ever loved another the better on account of their faults or their infirmities. Berrina loves Harriet for her noble qualities, her truth, her generosity, her superior understanding, her good nature, and above all, she is touched by her warm and ardent Friendship. The difficulties of Harriet's situation, resulting from the faults in the characters of those with whom she is connected, and still more perhaps from the faults in her own character, her bad education, her violent and uncontrolled temper, and some early prejudices unworthy of her excellent understanding, make her an object of constant anxiety to Berrina, who must naturally feel warmly interested for a noble creature, who loves her tenderly, and to whom she feels she is the only person who can be of essential service, from the influence she has over her heart and understanding. This anxiety is often very painful to Berrina, but if she succeeds in making Harriet *more right*, and more happy, it will reward her for it all; if not, she will have done her duty.

This being my confession of faith respecting Berrina's heart, and knowing that all my happiness depends upon my holding my place in it, and that I could not bear to think that any other was *positively better loved*, how shall I conduct myself, in order to keep my own *snug, separate corner*? I cannot claim that peculiar, sacred, tender sentiment that belongs only to *first* Friendship as to first love! Still less can I expect to excite that lively interest felt for those *much* younger than herself, the colour of whose life may be changing every day. But when in good humour, and when in tolerably even spirits, I may

be a companion that interests and amuses her, and when entirely divested of all those whims and jealousies unworthy of my head and heart, I may be the person to whom she can with the greatest comfort and confidence talk over all that interests her—her pursuits and occupations, and the pleasures and pains that she experiences from all her other affections.

This is what I hope to be, as long as I live, and retain my reason.¹

Lady Charlotte Lindsay to Mary Berry

12 CHARLOTTE STREET, PORTLAND PLACE,

Friday, April 25, 1828.

Though I said that I would not answer the King's Speech, like Mr. Hope, yet I must write to tell you that your Book² is *quite new* and perfectly delightful to me. I always thought it would be a very creditable Work, but I had no idea that I should have derived so much amusement from it. I imagine that having hitherto either read it *spitefully* to detect faults, or when I had rather have been talking, or talked to, by the Authoress, prevented my really enjoying the entertaining information and the acute and just reasoning upon facts and persons sufficiently known to be interesting, and yet not enough so to be commonplace. In short, it exactly suits the extent of my reading and reasoning powers, and I hope and believe that it may also suit those whose information and abilities may be far superior to mine. Everybody has asked me, since I came to Town "when Miss Berry's book is to be published?" never having seen it advertised! I cannot think what Longman

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 168.

² *A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution.*

means by this. If it is to spite you, it is an expensive pleasure that he indulges himself with. However, I have sent them all to their Booksellers for it.

By my note to Agnes, you will know that I have got a very comfortable Lodging just by my Sister. I have settled to remain in my present abode till this day sen'-night, that I may see you after you come to town, and then known more about when our *great Go* is to take place. My sister goes with me to Blackheath, and it will suit the Legges perfectly well to receive us at that time. We all dined yesterday at Harewood House to meet the Portmans, who both of them look the better for matrimony. They are a very pretty looking and particularly gentlemanlike couple. To-day I am going to dine with Harriet Williams, and to-morrow my Sister and I are going to the Opera with Lady Frances Lascelles, and Monday I am to go to a party at Mrs. Davenport's and a great Assembly at Harewood House, which considering that I am by way of being *incog.* and entirely quiet, will be enough, but not near so much as you are doing in your "Juan Fernandez Retreat." I have just called upon Lady C. Bury, who I found under the infliction of a visit from Lord Dillon, with Colburn waiting, so I could not get much talk with her. She seems over head and ears in Belles Lettres, and Royalty, Cookery, Bazaars and Dress, but she talks of driving down to you next Monday, if possible.

I have got *An Autumn upon the Rhine* and *A Guide along the Rhine*, leaving the map to Mr. Stanley. Farewell, dearest Berrina ; love to Agnes and Anne,—Your own
CHA.

I went to visit *myself* yesterday, and admired my *own House* much more than I admired *my own person*, when I saw myself without prejudice in Mathew Montague's Glass Door.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 172.

While the Berrys were abroad with Lady Charlotte Lindsay in 1828 they received the news of the death of their old friend, Mrs. Damer, who had passed away on May 28, aged seventy-nine. Though their friendship had not waned, the frequent and prolonged visits of the Berrys to the Continent and the increasing ill-health of Mrs. Damer had for some years made their meetings rare, but, as Lady Theresa Lewis has stated, the loss was bitterly felt and tenderly deplored. To follow in detail the movements of the sisters is unnecessary, but it may be mentioned that they were frequently at Paris. "The Berrys and Lady Charlotte [Lindsay] are come, and very eloquent, but I have not seen them," Rogers wrote from that city to his sister, September 7, 1830; and shortly after added, "I have now seen the Berrys and they are very animated. They were at St. Germain during the war in Paris, and went to Paris for a few days afterwards." In the following year Mary Berry published the second volume of the *Comparative View of Social Life in France and England*."

Lord Dover¹ to Mary Berry

DOVER HOUSE, *September 26, 1831.*

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—Many thanks for your amiable letter. I trust you *Lakers* have had as fine weather as we Cockneys. I never remember so beautiful a season. *We* have been endeavouring to enjoy a little of it at Roehampton, where in fact we still are, though I write, as you see, from town. But next week the

¹ George James Welbore Agar-Ellis (1797-1833), Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests 1830, created Baron Dover 1831. He wrote a biography of Frederick the Great, 1832, and in the following year he edited *Horace Walpole's Letters*.

[Reform] Bill will bring us permanently to London. As the decision of the House of Lords approaches, it makes one very nervous. Never was there a question on which the two parties were more equally balanced and never certainly was there a question entailing more important consequences. I have no doubt, of course, that Reform will eventually win the day,—but if it does not win at once, we shall have an awkward winter. However, I am, upon the whole, sanguine respecting our division. In any case, I trust Ministers will not think of going out, if they are beat—this would be too foolish. I am sorry you do not like our peers. I think them “very pretty Fellows,” as the old plays would say. Littelton and Portman were not made, because it was not deemed advisable to open their counties. Burdett refused—I think very wisely. I think you are very likely to see a few more in the *Gazette*, in the course of this week—so prepare yourself for it. Francis Osborne is talked of, and Lord Bridport, Uxbridge, Mount Charles, Grey of Groby and Glebo, &c.

Your versions of retrenchments at Castle Howard are, I think, very probable. As the Carlisles will not most likely go there this year, Loch may have taken the opportunity to economize. But the reason assigned—namely, losses at play—is quite ridiculous.

Lambton has lost his beautiful Boy, and I hear Lord Grey is sadly cut up by it.

I fear the Dutch will attack the Belgians again, as soon as the Armistice is over, *i.e.* on the 10th or 11th of October—in which case, I look upon a general war to be inevitable. The events at Paris are calmed for the moment. But the quiet of that City seems to me to be very much what Lord Wellesley called the state of Ireland—“*the quiet of Gunpowder.*”

Pray remember me most kindly to your Sister. Georgiana desires the same to both of you.—Ever yours
most truly,

DOVER.¹

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 189.

*Robert Ferguson to Mary Berry*RAITH, *Sunday, October 13, 1833.*

MY DEAR MARY,—Your letter of the 4th I shall keep within my reach, for it is one to keep—not only from my affectionate interest for the writer, but also for its firmness and wisdom, and as a guide to steer by, when placed either in reality or in imagination in that state of decadence which is our irrevocable fate in advancing years.

I trust and hope, my dear Mary, and you do so yourself, that you are anticipating and not yet obliged to be so serious about your present selfs.

To give up the world is a proof of weakness and want of energy. Better to be done with life than say, "I have outlived all my friends and acquaintances," and when that is the case—and we see many such—old age becomes a melancholy load of ennui. No—in whatever terrace of life we still rest on, we can, if well constituted, secure appropriate society, without making tiresome exertions to obtain it. Youth is fond of generous and animated old age, and advanced life is always cheered by having rising generations about them. That, I am sure, is our tendency, and when that is the case, they will not fail us.

Enough of Philosophy for the present. We had Ellice with us on Friday—was obliged to go to Edinburgh to dine with Jeffrey¹—but if he can, will be back to-morrow for a day's shooting before going South. Lord Lyndoch comes in a day or two, and we shall have then no more quiet—as we migrate on the 21st to East Lothian. Ronald remains with us till the end

¹ Francis Jeffrey, Lord Jeffrey, Lord Advocate 1830–1834. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a brilliant essayist as well as a successful lawyer.



LORD JEFFREY

From an engraving after W. H. Lizars. From the Collection of John Lane

of the Month—and then moves on to Holliam. Robert is with us for a few days—and has been at Edinburgh during the Race week, which was very brilliantly attended. Lady Londonderry was down at Dalkeith—and shewed off all her diamonds. I do feel for poor Hallam. What a heavy and severe blow! ¹

There is plenty of combustible matter for formidable war, but Austria must remain quiet, on account of Italy, and neither Russia or Prussia dare attempt—whilst England and France remain united, which cannot fail, for no illiberal Government can now exist in these two Countries. There will be then after all nothing but local strife.

Mary is now quite well again, and sends her love to you both and to Lady Charlotte [Lindsay]. We have had beautiful weather, but cold. It now looks like days of rain.

I think it was wise in you not to make a move until you were to go into your Winter quarters,—Ever Affectionately Yours,

ROBT. FERGUSON.²

Mary Berry to Miss Cayley

CURZON ST., February 12, 1834.

MY DEAR PHIL.,—Gerard conveyed to me the other day, in perfect condition, your kind remembrance of me, in the shape of two pots of Pinks. They gave my conscience a twinge for never having acknowledged a most kind and flattering letter I received from you before you left town last Summer. The truth is, I am grown very old, very idle, and very indifferent to every thing but the affections of the Heart. All my little

¹ Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian, died at Vienna on September 15, 1833, at the age of twenty-two.

² Add. MSS. 37726, f. 193.

remaining thought of mind or character has retreated to that citadel, and there I mean it to hold out valiantly, till the whole place falls honourably together, after disputing every inch of ground on the encroachments of Indifference, or else falling at once, by a *coup de main*—which you know I rather prefer. In the meantime I am getting on better than I could expect, but as nobody seems to be aware of my age but *myself*, I lose credit for many exertions.

Friday, February 14.

I was interrupted by being sent down for, to take leave of Macaulay, who leaves England this very day for India. An honourable desire for securing to himself political Independence, and the fortune of two Sisters has engaged him to take a most honourable place in the Council at Madras, but there he must remain for at least six or seven years! So that my farewell was for *ever*: and it was certainly not without sincere regret that I saw depart, so distinguished, so extraordinary a member of Society! so very unlikely to be soon replaced! For his conversational powers were yet greater than his House of Commons Eloquence.

I see your Nephew often. He much improves on acquaintance, and the world much improves him—which I believe to be the case with all the better order of understandings. I introduced him last night to Lord Lansdowne, and they seemed to take to each other. I have told him (your Nephew) whenever he sees a light in our windows to come up without invitation, which is a more comfortable thing to a single man in London than [formal] parties.

I should ask if you had no intentions of reoccupying your old quarters at Gerard's this Spring, but that I am myself uninterested in the question, for if I do not slip down much lower on the inclined plane on which we are all treading, we mean after Easter to cross over to

Paris for three or four months. I wish once more to see it, and hating London after Easter and being determined not to remain in it, I would rather go there at that season than anywhere else. The Spring at Paris and its environs is beautiful, and I shall endeavour to let somebody into our House here who prefers smoke and bustle to flowers and a clear sky. I suppose I shall see Sir George *here*, before we go, which will be about the 8th or 10th of April.

And now farewell, dear Phill.—for I have been again interrupted, altho' not by *another* Macaulay. God bless you and keep *that* corner of your heart warm where you have been so good as to allow me a place.

M. BERRY.¹

Richard Westmacott, R.A.,² to Mary Berry

21 WILTON PLACE, May 10, 1834.

DEAR MADAM,—You were so good as to say you should be glad to hear from me some account of the Exhibition, Belles Arts, &c., and I best show my sense of the distinction by obeying your wishes, tho' I fear you will be ready to blame your own rashness in *volunteering* to encounter so sorry a letter-writer as you will find me. I almost foreswore criticism the other day—at least before non-artists—from an observation that was made in my presence by a Dilletante, one who “paints” himself! It arose from an Artist's praising the works of some of his brethren now in the exhibition—“Ah! they all hang together—Praise me, I'll praise you!” And within a quarter of an hour, upon being told that a work *he* commended was not thought very highly of by the Pro-

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 195.

² Richard Westmacott (1799–1872), eldest son of Sir Richard Westmacott. Both father and son were distinguished sculptors.

fession, he as wisely and liberally remarked, "Very likely—but Artists and Authors, you know, when their brethren are praised, &c. &c. . . ." I could easily have made him cut his own fingers from his awkward use of his double-edged sword, but he would only have hated me for life—or put me down for one of the "*irritabile genus*"—so I left him alone. You, however, will have the generosity not to think me *necessarily* a humbug (*con rispetto parlando*) and at the least I promise to show my honesty, if I don't my judgement. I think then our Exhibition is extremely satisfactory. There is a good show of *subject* on fancy Pictures, tho' poor Newton, Leslie and Etty are not contributors, and the general *tone* of colour is lower and richer than we have been accustomed to. There are but few Portraits of Ladies, particularly Ladies of Fashion, who do not yet seem to have discovered an artist who can do them justice. Lawrence has indeed left an *hiatus valde deflendus!* Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the olden time"—Monks receiving contributions of Game, Fish, &c., from the Country people—is a delightful picture. It is painted for the Duke of Devonshire, who is quite pleased with it. Eastlake has a small picture full of talent, of the escape of Francesco di Carrara and his sick Lady, Taddea d'Este, from Galeazzo Visconti. Turner is splendid in his fairy and poetical Landscapes, and Callcott beautiful as ever. Wilkie's best—and a beautiful work it is—is a group of a Spanish Mother and Child, the latter playfully pulling the mother back. His whole length of Her Majesty I do not like. He also has a whole length of the Duke of Wellington of which Mr. Rogers—who was looking at it with me—said, "I would have *sworn* the Tailors had struck!"—and truly poor Wilkie's "Trowsers" haven't even the promise of *the* celebrated Pun, for I don't think anything *could* be made of them. Our keeper, Hilton, has a fine historical Picture of the finding of Harold's body after the battle of Hastings—a first



RICHARD WESTMACOTT

*From an engraving by Thomson after J. Derby
From the Collection of John Lane*

rate work. Amongst the good Portraits is "Mrs. Somerville" by Phillips, who is strong. Poor Miss Martineau, too, is there, and *not* flattered—*al contrario!*—which is a hard case upon all parties. Shee, our President, has one or two excellent Portraits, particularly one of His Majesty, whole length, and a smaller of Sir Henry Halford, for Sir Robert Peel. There are works of half-a-dozen other men—only I should fatigue you by particularizing too much—who prove that what *is* done in Art is *better* done here than anywhere else just now. I put historical Art out of the question of course, for alas! there's no employment in it—nor are our houses, if there were a taste for it, adapted to receive large pictures, but for our comfort, where is it practised nowadays, with success? Echo answers "where?"—but in Portrait, Landscape, Seaviews, Home Subjects—animals, and in every branch for which there is a demand I am proud to say—and I am sure you will agree with me—we yield to no country. I grieve to say there is but little to boast of this year in Sculpture. My Father has a fine statue of Locke, and Wyatt of Rome has a beautiful group—there perhaps I had better stop—for *your* Patience and *our* Honour's sake. The Duchess of Sutherland did me the honor to come up to me at the private View at Somerset House. The recognition was flattering, tho' it was "*Vox et præterea nihil!*" The Dukes—past and present—are in every variety of form and size in the Sculpture room by the *protégé* of her Grace the Duchess-Countess.

Charades seem to be increasing in popularity. If it goes on thus, there won't be a word capable of dismemberment left unanatomized in the Dictionary. Mrs. Chency, Lady M. Shephard and Lady Charlotte Bury keep the chief Rival establishments. Lady H. Williams came in to the Ladies FitzPatrick's on Thursday full of Lady C. Bury's. She had borrowed the *Paper warehouse*,

under her own apartments, for her *Salle*, and had covered herself with glory! I don't know what we shall make of it next Thursday at Mrs. Chency's, after the success of the Rival Houses. How I wish we could be honoured by the presence of our Trio. I have had to write one on "Farewell" and I think you would smile at the shifts I have been put to to make a *petite comédie* of each syllable, and then the sum totale of the whole, as Mrs. Hume would call it. I asked Luttrell what I had better do for the *second* syllable; he said "Let *well* alone! It's a good rule."

Quin's Book,¹ if it is not yet out, will be born in a few days. The whole profession will be upon him, but he will take a good deal of beating. Mr. Morris's work too is now anxiously expected, but you know, I doubt not, what sad fellows publishers are. Longman has announced a new Edition of your interesting Volumes "with the usual forms." Nothing however has *appeared* very lately of any great calibre nor of much interest. Rosa Matildas and the numerous family of the *anonymi* send forth, *al solito*, heroes and heroines of what they call fashionable life; but I cannot report anything *very* remarkable for its excellence.

I hope the change of air and variety of scene have completely re-established Lady Charlotte's health, and that you and Miss Agnes continue well. You know not how much you are all missed, as you would not leave Curzon Street at this season. Of myself I say nothing, for *one grumbler* in the family is enough! But truly it has been a bad year. I fear I have (if you read so far) tired out your Patience. Pardon me and remember

¹ Presumably Dr. Frederick Henry Foster Quin (1799-1878), the first homœopathic physician in England, and as such, much disliked by his professional brethren. In 1834 he published *Pharmacopœia Homœopathica*, which was dedicated to Leopold, King of the Belgians, whose family physician he had been at Claremont.

you drew it on yourself. I beg to throw myself at *all* your feet (rather awkward in English!) and to subscribe myself with great respect,

Your obedient and grateful servant,

RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

My Father would desire—if he knew I were writing to you—to have his Compliments made, and pray accept them as if he were at my elbow. His Duke of York seems to be doing him honour; His Majesty has not distinguished him (though he has seen him three or four times lately) by offering any observation upon it. I know my Father *feels* this, but His Majesty one day called works of Art "*Gimcracks! Figuratevi!*" I know it for a fact—" *poveri noi alti!!*"¹

Richard Westmacott to Mary Berry

LONDON, August 19, 1834.

DEAR MADAM,—In meaning to avoid being thought a bore I'm afraid I have run the risk of being set down as idle—or worn—negligent—for having left your kind letter so long unacknowledged. The return of Mr. Luttrell, the Byngs, and others, from Paris reminds me of the time I have lost, and I hasten to throw myself at *vostra piedi*. Mrs. Byng is full of your kindness to her, and has had no difficulty in persuading me I should have been very happy had I also been with you. I assure you I had a hard fight with myself before I could entirely give up the pleasure your temptation to go to Paris held out to me, but I could make no better excuse than my own particular enjoyment, and I may confess to you that I am not quite able to indulge in such pleasurable vagaries—I must confine my *Villeggia-*

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 199.

tura to England for the present, endeavouring to mix the "*utile*" with the "*dulce*."

Your observation of the deterioration of taste in the French helps to confirm me in my opinion that your very free governments are a species of "*mal occhio*" to the development of the Fine Arts. I know many writers and Fathers hold a different Doctrine, but I am strongly inclined to dispute it, and without going into the whys and the wherefores, I think the history of the arts affords sufficient ground for the contrary opinion. In Greece they flourished—indeed, in nominally free Italy; but surely Athens, the chief seat of Arts in sculpture and architecture's most flourishing period, that is under Pericles, was hardly free. The Spartans, really free, had no Art. There was very little in Rome—none properly Roman, for the best about the beginning of the Empire (and that by the bye, when they were beginning to lose their freedom), was Grecian—the fitful start under Adrian hardly deserves mention, its duration was so short—it reminds me of Pope's lines,

"Collects her breath as ebbing life retires
For one puff more, and in that puff expires."

In more modern times the most flourishing period of Art in Italy was when that country was anything but free—for the Medici's Republic of Florence was *vox et preterea nihil!* but they had the Angels and a race of Giants. The same may be said of Rome and of Venice, the three great schools of modern art. The most flourishing time of all in France was under Louis XIV and Napoleon. Ours never came to anything, but it *budded* about the reigns of Henry VIII and then for Charles I, had *free* times! but it "died and made no sign." With us it never had a fair chance—there must be a certain degree of civilization before Art can be thought of. We had hardly attained that when the Reformation sent the Virgin Mary (the modern Minerva of Artists) to the

right about, and then one great opening to Art enjoyed by other Countries was closed to us. Occasionally an extraordinary genius may arrive, and a beautiful work will be produced; but whether the changes that are now taking place *partout* are for "weal or for woe" generally, it is not for me to decide, but I am sure her *Beaux Arts* will suffer—that is the higher branches of them—and a trade, divested of its poetry, and the high feeling and study that should accompany it, their practice may go on—but Art, as I believe art should be followed, is gone back to its *nativi soggiorni*, be they where they may. These being my opinions, pray admire that Spartan Virtue of an Artist, who professes to be a Whig. I shall like to hear what you think upon this subject.

As every thing as well as every body gets to Paris I daresay you have read Mr. Beckford's book of Travels.¹ Notwithstanding much beautiful writing and rich and poetical description, I think it disappoints people's expectations—perhaps they were unfairly indulged, but I suspect it is dangerous—or at least injudicious, to publish in old age the promise of youth. The odour of freshness is gone by, and one can't be quite satisfied in being shown, in Autumn, the blossoms of Spring, however brilliant or well preserved they may be.

I sat an hour on Sunday with Mrs. Callcott. She seems to be getting weaker and weaker physically, but her powers of mind are strong as ever, and when she can do so she enjoys seeing and conversing with her friends—she has lately shown herself "game" by firing a very strong and clever pamphlet at Mr. Greenough,² the President of the Geological Society, who

¹ William Beckford (1760–1844), the author of *Vathek*, published 1834, *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*, a revised version of the suppressed *Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents*, printed 1783.

² George Bellas Greenough (1778–1855), President of the Geological Society, 1811, President of the Geographical Society, 1839.

reflected in some measure upon Mrs. Graham's account of the earthquake at Chili in 1822 (in his address to the Society at the end of the season). "Some d—d good-natured friend," as Sheridan says, of course told her of it, and the consequence to the worthy President is a very severe shaking!

Where do you think Protheroe is gone to, to get his Radical notions corrected? Moscow!—If the Autocrat of All the Russias means to have such a violent ex-M.P. in his dominions, he will certainly pass the Lady Morgan sentence against him, and bow him out, and Protheroe will return, for the season, a political martyr.

The board in front of the new Palace is removed, and it is now exposed to public view—a handsome iron-railing with gilt spearheads, extending from each extremity of the stone building to the Marble Arch, connects them in unnatural alliance. The Architect might have offered the country the expanse of the railing—The Critic's had, and do still, supply an ample provision of it—nearly 40 feet of loose *alti rilievi* of the triumphs of our army and navy—executed in marble by me, *for the Arch*, are promised to the garrets on the Garden Front of the Palace—and Nelson dying in the Cockpit of the *Victory* (to say nothing of her arms) and the Battle of Waterloo, by my Father, decorate the Attick on the Park front of the same! They say placing them so has saved a great quantity of stone facing! *Vivent* Lord Duncannon and Mr. Blore.

As you are of my select Committee and are so kind as to take some interest in my little doings, in and out of my own Art, I take the liberty of acquainting you that Keeley, the actor, has requested a Farce for the opening of Vestris' Theatre, and I have sent him the one I read to you, which was too late for the last season. I don't make a farce of my profession, nor a profession of my farces, but writing them amuses me and it makes, as Mr. Callcott called it one day, an interlude between

the marble life and bread and meat life! If it's done I trust you will be here to give me a helping hand. I had no intention when I began of trying your Patience so far as my four sides of scribbling must have done—*Eheu jam satis!* I hear you crying. Pardon the consequence of your kindness, and permission to trouble you. I trust you are well, and meaning to be in London again in November—I beg to offer my best respects to Lady Charlotte and Miss Agnes, and have the honour to be, Dear Madam, your much obliged

RICH. WESTMACOTT.¹

The Duke of Sutherland² to Mary Berry

DUNROBIN, *September, 10, 1834.*

Your Letter of the 28th of August, my Dear Miss Berry, is most acceptable and most interesting to me. I only received it two days ago, and hasten to answer it, and to tell you my own history since the barren Letter of which you so justly complain. I must defend myself, however, in one article, that of politics, of which I think as little as I possibly can, excepting as to what is called the politics of my own environs, but you are so fully informed of all public events by the newspapers that my corollaries would be superfluous at any time. I sincerely hope all may go on well, and am much soothed and comforted by having had the Chancellor, here for some days, his society [?] quite delightful as you know. He took a great interest in the improvements here, we had fine weather and everything *au souhait*. I assure you that you were not forgotten. He and I expect to dine with you in November. He received the freedom of four Boroughs here yester-

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 220.

² George Granville Leveson-Gower, second Duke of Sutherland (1786-1861), who had succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his father in 1833.

day *sur ces antiques parages au but du monde*, and made most beautiful little speeches to each deputation. We had a breakfast for them afterwards, (about 40), and he departed for Edinburgh and a hundred visits by the way. While he was here we also had the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch part of the time, the Yorkes, and latterly Lord and Lady Harrowby, who are new here—previously the Master of the Rolls, and Miss Leach, and the Duke of Bedford (hang my half sheet) is coming. I had all my *gentlemen* by turns to dine during this visit, and there was a great curiosity to see the Chancellor, and they were amused one night by seeing the great seal affixed to a Treaty with Spain. All this, with fine weather, *shooting*, &c., was very agreeable and cheerful as the local here is so, in those circumstances. Now an *orage* has come on and the sea very rough and angry, but these storms generally pass over in a few days, and September and October are generally fine months.

I do not foresee being in London late in November, but I think I shall then repose myself there by coming directly from hence, and going perhaps afterwards for a short time to Trentham, &c.

On my arrival here I had to set out on a journey by the new roads round the coasts and to see all I could of the more remote parts that I had not seen, which occupied a fortnight busily. Lord and Lady Surrey, who I am happy to say are here, met me at Tongue, formerly Lord Reay's residence, and it was altogether very pleasant. The North Sea dashing against the great wall of rock that those coasts have to defend them from it—part of their journey was curious—later covered with white *Kyorphen Alba* in full flower. Many more useful productions on the coasts and in the valleys, excellent crops everywhere, in short all I saw and met with was most satisfactory. I had Mr. Loch and various *gens-d'affaires* with me.

You will very reasonably be tired of all this detail, and now I must proceed to say that I am well acquainted with Bellevue, having formerly breakfasted there with the old Mesdames, and gone about the Farm with Madame Victoire dressed *à moitié en homme*—(a large man's hat—petticoats of the other sex) Eugène de Laval *en Abbé* at a side table, *abbés* not being up to the same table with the *Mesdames Royales*. The next time I saw it after these unfortunate ladies were swept away, it had been purchased by somebody and was half a ruin. At present by what you describe it is pleasantly and usefully employed by harbouring you and a great deal of good society in its environs. The country about it is charming in all these little woods—Vendôme &c. I went once from thence with Madame de Pareite round to Versailles, St. Germain, and also saw Marlé, and made a *day* of it, I don't know how or by what way, but through forests and a beautiful country. This was forty-three years ago.

I should like much to meet you one time or another at Paris, but I must during this October apply myself entirely to my diurnal affairs here, walking over all the settlements I can reach bit by bit, and doing a great deal of what we call business of that sort—looking at trees, imagining that they grow the better—surveying mill wheels, peeping into ditches to see if they have a good run, and above all lamenting that the herring fishing this year has failed, compensated a little by a fine harvest.

I have also to look at some schools, and to try to find a slate quarry if possible, and this must continue till the shortness of the day-light may warn me away, as I think the winter nights here might be too long.

I must wish and hope as do all for the return of L. de T. to England, and I have great hopes that the present obstacles will be removed. He and Madame de Ducie would be a great loss to our society. Madame

L'Infanta, the wife of Don Carlos, is dead of some violent complaint, it does not appear to have been cholera; but it is melancholy, particularly for the other Infanta, who remains, somewhere near Portrush.

With my kindest regards to your associates,—Ever my dear Miss Berry, most affectionately yours,

SUTHERLAND.¹

Mary Berry to Phil Cayley

CURZON STREET, April 9, 1835.

MY DEAR PHIL,—If the unknown tongues are half as excellent as the *Saint Sally's*, if they will even contribute as much towards agreeable converse as I hope hers will at our table, I shall think more *seriously* of them than I ever have done. As for your magnificent Loaf—I want words to express its charms, not only to myself, but to everybody who has tasted it, and to the highly favoured few who have obtained a little corner of it. Had you seen the *4th plate* of bread and butter, devoured at our tea table the other Evening, you would have seen how well bestowed your present, not only on me, but on my Society.

Now as to business. The Saint writes me word, in a very well edited Epistle, that the cost of the Tongues is £1. 10. 0. and to her trouble I am welcome. But I hope ten shillings added to the price of the tongues will be as welcome to Sally as her tongues to me. So tell me how I shall convey to her a couple of sovereigns. The carriage is the only thing that seems dear, as it costs eleven shillings. But still I am much pleased in every way with my bargain.

I have not beheld Edward for these last ten days. The whole world have lived in the House of Commons.

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 223.

The event of their labours there, the papers of to-day will tell you. The Tory Ministry have ceased to exist,¹ and more than *this*, nobody can tell you. At half past six yesterday evening the King had *not* sent to Lord Grey, as was reported, and who he will send to is as yet a secret. I don't envy those coming into place, whoever they may be. Peel has raised himself infinitely in the opinion of the Country and will be at the head of a much better organized opposition than ours has been. If, which nobody can yet know, there is to be another Dissolution, it will not take place till Autumn. But I don't believe in it. Sir George is looking very well, and happy to be out of the scrape.²

Lord Jeffrey to Mary Berry

6 ARLINGTON STREET, *Thursday Evening*, 21 [1837].

DEAR MISS BERRY,—The unexpected loss of a dear friend has disenchanted London for me, and I leave it to-morrow for Scotland. But I cannot go without thanking you for your constant kindness, and what you must allow me to believe, your real regard. I regret very much that I cannot make out my promised pilgrimage to Petersham, and can sincerely assure you that there are few things on which I turn my back with so much regret as the prospect of enjoying more of your society.

Is there no chance of your coming North again in the autumn? At all events let me retain a little corner in your recollection till we meet again in spring. With kindest remembrance to your sister, Believe me always,
Your obliged and very faithful,

F. JEFFREY.³

¹ Sir Robert Peel, who came into office in December 1834, resigned in the following April. Lord Grey declined to form a Government, and Lord Melbourne became Prime Minister for the second time.

² Add. MSS. 37726, f. 197.

³ From the original letter in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

*Earl of Carlisle to Mary Berry*CASTLE HOWARD, *December 8, 1843.*

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—I have read the third volume and two parts of the fourth of the Selwyn Correspondence.¹ I confess that I cannot quite agree with you with regard to my Father's letters. Some may be creditable, but that which details his losses at play, and that which applies the term old rascal to Franklin might as well have been spared. They were all written in the strictest confidence to Selwyn upon the most private matters. The publication I conceive to be quite unjustifiable. You ask me about the Baron and the Lady. The Baron, whose name I do not precisely remember, was, I have always understood, an unprincipled adventurer and rogue, and possessed too great an ascendancy over the Lady, especially in financial matters. I am glad that the same is not obvious, and I ought not to be the person to disclose it, as most of the notes are sad book-making expletives, and what a portrait he has given of the Duke of Queensberry, with the Star of the Garter which he never had, and features as like mine as this. I shall not repine at the work having few readers, for never was a family so mercilessly exposed as ours. There is, however, one letter which pleases me much, that of Horace Walpole upon this place, which is very flattering.

I wish that I could inform you about our plans, but disabled by gout, and harassed by cough I hardly know how to form them. I was sorry to hear that you had been suffering. With many thanks for writing to me believe me, Always very sincerely yours,

CARLISLE.²

¹ *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, with Memoir and Notes.* Edited by John Heneage Jesse, 4 vols., 1843.

² Add. MSS. 37726, f. 231.

*Mary Berry to Mrs. Lamb**Tuesday, March 12 [1845].*

MY DEAR MRS. LAMB,—A letter which I have this morning received from Castle Howard emboldens me to address you once more on the subject of your house. G., after giving a very comfortable account of Lord Carlisle's state, says "You and Mrs. Lamb tell me very different stories. *She* tells me you will not take her house because it is not large enough to hold Lady Cha. Lindsay, which I cannot believe. I must write and tell her how happy I should be in profiting by the six months' absence, tho' I am sure she knows it."

Now we have given up all hopes of having Lady Cha. under the same roof with us, as Miss Foley keeps the house on the hill till July for certain. And if you will make up your mind to give up your house for 6 months, and make all your friends happy by your company, we have found that we can add £50 to what I mentioned on the rent, and certainly £250 will go a great way in Railroads and Hotels, and carry you from one end of the Kingdom to another.

Wednesday Morning, March 13.

Thus far had I written yesterday morning. In the evening I received your welcome note. We now, I hope, have settled the matter to the satisfaction of both parties, for £250 is just about the amount that Mr. Pigot advises you to take. I received the letter from him which you announce, in which, *take notice*, he never mentions *your* House, but strongly recommends to us Bingham Villa. However, I trust we are now settled with our old favourite and shall renew with much satisfaction with Mr. Bennet and with *The Tortoise*.

You know that when we are in your house, you can

always get out of it anything you want, and that anything you leave will be taken special care of. I should have you down immediately to talk these matters over with you, but I have been for the last four days so ill with a severe attack of cold, which, altho' not exactly the Influenza, has confined me to my room till to-day, and has left me so hoarse that it is hardly possible to hear or to understand me. I suppose this cannot last, and as soon as it ceases you will see us for half an hour.

Morpeth comes from Castle Howard to-morrow with Lord Doreen. They go to the Irish dinner and [are] to return to Castle Howard on Monday. I am afraid he will have no time to see the *likes of us*. You must be aware of all the good you will do at Castle Howard, which there seems to be no thought of leaving.

Yours ever most sincerely

M. BERRY.¹

*Mary Berry to Mrs. Austin*²

RICHMOND, Tuesday, May 26, 1846.

MY DEAR MRS. AUSTIN,—I only waited till the *flurry* of your wedding was over to claim your promise of coming to see us here. But I did not know till your note of yesterday how little time I had to lose, or how soon I had to lose you for —, the next is an ugly word I don't like to pronounce, or to write, because it conveys a melancholy which *ought* not to attach to it. In the mean time, then, can you and will you, come and dine with us on *Friday next*, or if that should not suit on Monday next the 1st June? I have written to Sidney Smith to make the same proposal to

¹ From the original letter in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

² Sarah Taylor (1793–1867), who in 1820 married John Austin, the jurist. She is best known as the translator of Ranke's *History of the Popes* (1840), and the same writer's *History of the Reformation in Germany* (1845), which latter work is referred to in this letter.



MRS. SARAH AUSTIN

From a drawing on stone by Weld Taylor after H. P. Briggs R.A.

him, and you must put yourself *en relation* with him to know which of these days will suit you both. I should much enjoy proposing to you to stay for a day or two with us, and we could make you comfortable as to Lodging, but I fear you have no time for such idleness.

I am very sorry to restore you the first volume of Ranke just as I was beginning to read it, but as Murray was civil enough to lend us the second Vol. I intend to persuade him to do as much with the first.

I shall be in town for an hour or two (if able) and will bring your volume with me, and leave it for you at Mr. Smith's. Go and see Lady William Russell again. She is worth cultivating. How I should *have* enjoyed, nay how *I should* now enjoy meeting her, and you, at such a place as Carlsbad. But, but, farewell, and let us see you on one of these two proposed days, or propose another. It must not be Tuesday the second of June, but I know of no other day tabooed. Above all let me know your determination on every account.¹

Miss Mary Berry to Miss Kate Perry

CURZON STREET, *November 10, 1846.*

Nothing but my having been travelling much further downhill than you have been doing on your various Railways, could have prevented my sooner having thanked you for the *most* entertaining letter I ever read, for allowing me to become acquainted with all the *maravigli* and *memorabili* of Alton Towers without going through the initiation which seems to be little less terrific than that of Free-Masonry. I once was at Alton Towers, long ago before the present incumbents came in possession. Nobody was living in the House, and I

¹ From the original letter in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

saw only the Gardens, which certainly anticipated the House they were tutelary to, for such extraordinary combination of all sorts of styles and of tastes I never beheld. How I shall like to talk all this over with you! but alas *nullum tempus occurrit* to you, any more than to kings when once you get into your far west, while I have certainly no time to lose. We have not made our annual visit to Tittenhanger this month, for while we were leaving the county our dear Lady Hardwicke was in bed with one of her bad colds—Lady Caledon ditto, and we thought ourselves much too little well to add to such a house. Lady Char. Lindsay was already there, and was rewarded by the company of my Lord and Lady Pollington who dear Lady Hardwicke had invited to come together to *Grandmama's* by way of stopping the reports of immediate separation and Divorce. This, I believe, was never intended for the *Polly*, but the *Dolly* is supposed to be past saving and not worth it. She is at her father's House and all the Norfolk folks seeing her there you should spot the Pollington scandal away.

I have written too many lines on this worthless subject, for I am little able for writing to-day, having had a bad attack of palpitation yesterday, which pain leaves me more [dead] than alive the next day. There are lots of people in town, we could have a charming little quiet society, but we have both been too unwell ever since we came to town on the 31st not to be obliged to deprive ourselves of what certainly would be of all things the best for me, when one has the strength to take the medicine—I mean the society of those one likes. Lady Char. Lindsay returns to us from Tittenhanger to-day, and as she has taken us for better or for worse, no apology is necessary for finding us in bad repair. I hope to plaster myself up in the interim of my attacks to be still equal to show, for a couple of hours or so of an evening, and some morning soon to be able to write you a less dolorous letter, and offer

you somewhat less worthless thanks than those for all your kindness to your gratefully affectionate.

P.S.—How can I put in a *P.S.* my thanks and my delight with your miniature of Charlotte Canning. It is admirably like. I would be sworn more like Charlotte than what it was done from, and sure you cannot think any apology necessary for the execution! It is clear and admirable. God bless you for it.¹

Mrs. Austin to Mary Berry

ROCHEFORT DANS LES ARDENNES, *September 18, 1847.*

DEAREST MADAM,—I constantly catch myself thinking how I should like to tell this or that to Miss Berry! What would Miss Berry say to such an incident? and so on. Meanwhile time rolls on, and I do not see you, dear Madam, and all my longings for a conversation about France are unfulfilled, and my projects,—dreams. Among the other peculiarities of Paris which I would fain have you help to analyze, is its faculty *de dévorer la vie!* I know not why, but nowhere did I ever find time turn to so little account. Is this the result of external or of internal influences? or of both? I think the latter. One is more interrupted, and one finds it more difficult to *regagner son assiette*; to be tranquil and assiduous. This, at least, is its effect on me, and the *little I do* is one cause of my unsatisfaction with my place of abode. I am become a wretched correspondent, or I should long ago have indulged myself in writing to you. The idea that it might be in my power to afford you the least amusement and pleasure is most tempting and flattering to me, or nothing but a constant sense of ineffectual hurry has

¹ From the original letter in the possession of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

prevented my sending you a budget of gossip now and then.

Above all I wanted to talk to you of our dear Madame Récamier—her blindness, her irreparable loss in the death of the most excellent Ballanche—all the clouds that gather round the setting of that brilliant sun. The death of Ballanche struck all who knew him with consternation. You know perhaps, his lifelong devotion to her. You know, what these friendships are in France; they reconcile one—almost—to a state of society so full of vice. This was one of the most beautiful of all, Ballanche was her *concitoyen*—a printer at Lyons. From the moment he saw her, he gave his life to her—and without the least pretension to any other character than that of a devoted friend. He sold his business, took a lodging opposite to the Abbaye aux Bois and lived for her service. Since she was blind he wrote her letters, transacted her business, received people whom she did not wish to see, was entirely at her disposal,—I never went that I did not find him, and he filled every gap; he could even help to soothe the fretfulness of M. de Chateaubriand. To me personally he was most kind, I may say affectionate, and he had inspired me with great affection. You may think how I dreaded to see her after such a calamity. I went one evening—the servant said she was ill, had her complaint in the throat, and could not speak, but wished to see me. I went in, and never shall I forget seeing the sweet woman, sitting in her fauteuil like a statue; alone, blind, ill, sleepless, and sad. I sat down on a little seat at her feet, took her hand and kissed it; and so we sat—when I made any motion to go, she pressed my hand and held me. Soon after, young Ampère¹ came in, and I could talk to him, and indulge myself in a gush of tears in the ante-

¹ Jean Jacques Ampère (1800–1864), philologist, elected to the French Academy in 1846, partly by the exercise of the influence of Madame Récamier.

chamber sitting under the portrait of her lovely self. And now think of Ampère—himself ill and ordered to the Pyrenees—nay, his place taken to go with Cousin (?) I said, “But you cannot go?” “Ah,” said he with a smile, “*Je n’y pense plus. Mais elle, voyez la—dans quel état elle est!*” Is it not admirable? and what is it in England that prevents the formation or the demonstration of such friendships as these? People are friendly and wish you well—perhaps even will make an occasional effort or sacrifice for you—but who binds his whole existence with yours in this way? Is this the result of the looseness of the conjugal relation? Perhaps so—and if so we will not regret it. But I don’t see that it necessarily follows. Everybody has not a husband or a wife.

Since I left I have heard that Madame Récamier has been in the country, is better, and her sight rather so. You heard perhaps that she had been couched; the result did not appear very satisfactory—but I believe something is gained.

I had a letter to-day from C^{sse} Baudrand, wife of the Governor of the Comte de Paris—an Englishwoman. She tells me the Queen is very indignant at the publication of the Duchesse de Praslin’s letters. A man whom she and I know called on the Queen the other day and found her burning papers. She said she saw that if she were to perish in some bloody commotion, all her letters would be published. I don’t know what is thought of this in England. It appeared to me extremely revolting to English notions of justice. That Madame (*illegible*) should publish them I could just conceive—(seeing what a pass people are come to in courting publicity); but that the chief officer of justice should think fit to put forth all that *ex parte* matter over the grave of the accused, seems to me one of the most monstrous appearances in the whole monstrous affair. The remarks current in Paris are characteristic “*Pourquoi aime-t-elle un homme pareil?*” “*Pourquoi ne lui tenait elle pas tête*

par une conduite semblable?" "Elle était fatigante et embêtante avec des jalousies." "Les lettres sont ennuyeuses et accusent un esprit nourri de romans." [This latter remark I must say, I think just enough.] I suppose you know more about this horrid affair than we in our fresh and pure solitude.—I cannot understand it.—I used to write in my copy book "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus;*"—and M. de Praslin passed for an honorable man. What is *certain* is, that he could have drowned her in one of the deep canals of Praslin, without risk of detection if he had really meditated this crime even two days before. *Mdlle. de Luzy a fait ses affaires.* She lives to enjoy a pension from the murderer, and one from the murdered, and may amuse herself when she will. The Elliots must have some notion what to think of *her*. That again is all unintelligible. So are many things in that vast cauldron of seething corruption. We dined two days at the Château of a most respectable Seigneur of these parts. He told me he had lived in great intimacy with Mr. Leste for a long time and thought him a model of virtue and probity! Can people fall into crime as down a precipice? It is fearful to think it.

Altogether there is something alarming in the state of Paris—and everybody seems to feel it—sinister rumours and presentiments are in the air, and my most respected friends seem dejected and oppressed. There is one who has lost more, much more than his gaiety in this mephitic atmosphere—his high and pure reputation—at least to a considerable degree. You may imagine what a grief this is and has been to me, who know how much there is noble and good and kind in his nature, and who see him as a son, a father, and a friend, still so admirable, so engaging. But he is between two bad influencés and can wholly resist neither.

Pray did you ever know a lady who is now a sort of a specimen of a bygone world? the Marquise d'Aguesseau? She lived in England for a long time

during the emigration, and had a daughter to whom M. d'Aguesseau never made the slightest pretention. The father was an English nobleman. Who? Her name is Mme. de Freuilleville, a woman of great *esprit*, wit and information. She lives with Mme. d'Aguesseau. The old lady's conversation is very curious—it is that of a real *Marquese* of 85—*très leste*.

M. de Chateaubriand is an entire wreck.—His legs have entirely failed him.—This would be nothing, but he is profoundly disgusted with the world and with life. Nothing less than Madame Récamier's sweetness could endure his fretful and morose state. I know of no one else you will wish to hear of. We are in the wildest and most tranquil solitude with my dear children, who are so well and happy with no society but ours, that I am more content than I have words to express. They will tell you about it hereafter.

I wish to be kindly remembered to any who think of me. Lucy sends her best regards. My intention is to visit London next Spring, for I feel that I have been too long away. One of my most earnest wishes, dear Miss Berry, is, that I may find you, Miss Agnes, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay well and disposed to receive the exiles with your usual kindness. I will not add another cross word, except that I am ever your very grateful and affectionate,

S. AUSTIN.¹

Letter from Stratford Canning² to Mary Berry

BERLIN, April 11, 1848.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—Sovereigns and their kingdoms are tumbling about in so strange a manner that a correspondent who announces anything short of a

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 242.

² Stratford Canning (1786–1880), diplomatist, created Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, 1852.

revolution or an earthquake has little chance of a welcome.

Now, as we arrived here after the barricades, and have not yet reached any land of volcanic explosions, it requires no small [effort] to challenge the attention of Curzon Street or Petersham, as the case may be. We nevertheless take courage from recollections of past indulgences, and stoutly resolve on paying our compliments without more ado.

We have been here a whole fortnight without meaning it, and are now going on to Dresden and Vienna. The railways are good, the trees are coming into leaf, and the weather is improving daily. Though Society has been sadly cut up by the late events, we have had our share of sober amusements and found much to gratify a sedate curiosity wherever we have stopped. The king, having more leisure as a constitutional monarch, has kindly shown us the well-known wonders of Potsdam. We have chatted with Humboldt, and made acquaintance with Rauch over, or rather under, his marvellously beautiful statue of Frederick the Great. We have also laughed most cordially at the awkward figures of the Burghers and students keeping guard with huge muskets and sabres at the doors of the Royal Palace and other public buildings. Though the troops have returned to Berlin, they are either confined to their barracks, or only appear in the streets like stragglers, without fire-arms or side arms. Prince Adam Czartorynski, and Madame de Sarzans are here, the former looking out for a Polish crown, the latter sighing over the disturbed state of Silesia. It makes one melancholy to hear the lamentations on every side, ladies and gentlemen pining in seclusion from operas and Parties, shopkeepers in despair at the want of their custom. One cheerful sight appeared to-day in the shape of a procession of workmen going to thank their employers for raising their wages and diminishing

Will you & Lady Anne
come & eat a ^{Box} Cotelette with
us tomorrow at dinner, & we
will trust that Mr. Scott will
be pleased to come with you?

Wed. 3 July
1850

Mary

LETTER FROM MARY BERRY TO CHARLES DRUMMOND
3RD JULY, 1850
From the original in the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

their hours of labour.—I hope you have not been alarmed by any monster meetings or other demonstrations of mob powers. We are too much at the mercy of the newspapers not to be frightened by their terrific warnings of preparation. You can hardly be in the country: but wherever you may be, our best wishes attend upon you. Lady C. will write to you from Vienna, and we hope that you will in due season give us as good an account of your health, as we, thank God! can give you of ours.—Ever, my dear Miss Berry, Yours most faithfully,

STRATFORD CANNING.¹

Agnes Berry to Kate Perry

RICHMOND, *Sunday, July 29, 1849.*

MY DEAR MISS PERRY,—I long to have a word from you that we may look forward to having you an inmate here, which we count upon with much pleasure, and that you will tell us what your yachters are about. I hope the storm that has alarmed all London has neither reached them, nor you at Brighton. It was bad enough here, but nothing like the accounts and damage done in London. I have little to tell you about ourselves, but that we have had a good many farewell visits and farewell dinners, which will leave us much more quiet. Moreover we have just had our Petersham Marriage, with all its forms and ceremonies, a breakfast of about 80 people, 10 Bridesmaids, *healths drank* and *speeches made*, and the Bride and the little *ugly bridegroom* in the middle of it all! in my mind very bad taste for such a marriage!! For our dear Lady Scott's sake we are very glad that it is over.

I hope you will be able to confirm the good accounts you gave of your own improving health. Of *our own*, I

¹ Add. MSS. 37726, f. 246.

have little to say, it would be very unreasonable to expect health and strength at our age! But still we are much as usual, and shall be very much the better for you when you can come to us. You must forgive this scrap of a letter, for I find my stupid head very disagreeably affected by much writing.—Ever most affectionately yours,
A. BERRY.¹

In spite of their great age, the Berrys still held their salon at No. 8 Curzon Street, and, unlike most old people, were always pleased to welcome new faces. One of the latest recruits was Thackeray, after he became famous as the author of *Vanity Fair*. At first they did not appreciate him, but within a short time they came to love him; and when they were arranging a little dinner, "We must have Thackeray," they would say. "It is at one of these dinners," Miss Kate Perry has written, "that Miss Berry astonished us all by saying, she had never read Jane Austen's novels until lately, when someone had lent them to her. But she could not get on with them; they were totally uninteresting to her—long-drawn-out details of very ordinary people, and she found the books so tedious that she could not understand their having obtained such a celebrity as they had done. 'Thackeray and Balzac,' she added (Thackeray being present), 'write with great minuteness, but do so with a brilliant pen.' Thackeray made two bows of gratitude (one, pointing to the ground, for Balzac.)"² Miss Kate Perry, who had become very intimate with the old ladies, is the principal authority for their last years. "Miss Agnes seemed more failing day by day; those who loved them, still

¹ From the original letter in the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

² *A Collection of Letters of W. M. Thackeray*.



M Berry 86

MARY BERRY AT THE AGE OF 86
From the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

assembled in the little drawing-room to try and maintain its cheerfulness of old, but it was in vain, a shadow had fallen over the bright salon, and we all felt these charming reunions were drawing to an end," she wrote in 1849. "We knew Miss Agnes could not be long with us, and Miss Berry felt this also, and when alone with Jane¹ and me continually spoke about her, but more as she remembered her in her youth—the pretty charming girl with whom Gustavus Adolphus danced at one of his court balls and was admired and envied by the other ladies present. She not only dwelt on her prettiness, but her graciousness and simplicity of manner, her talent for drawing, and of her delightful disposition, but then (with a touch of that self-estimation which belonged to her character) added, 'But she had not my intellectual powers, she could *not reason* so well;' then perhaps feeling that these qualified remarks were unkindly, continued, 'But then she had *every charm* a woman ought to possess.' 'I can never forget,' she said with emotion, 'her loveable expression when she threw her arms round my neck and said, "Oh, Mary, the only shadow to my happiness in marrying Robert Ferguson is leaving you."' Then Miss Berry's voice faltered, recalling, no doubt, her own disappointment in love as well as her sister's. 'But it was destined that we should *never* be separated in life, oh! now this parting is very terrible, after nearly ninety years of happy communion together; but it will not be for long, she has only gone one stage before me.' She ceased speaking, suddenly her eyes were full of tears,

¹ Jane Octavia, daughter of Sir Charles Elton, of Cliveden Court, Somersetshire, and wife of the Rev. William Henry Brookfield, the friend of Thackeray, Tennyson, and Hallam.

the first I had ever seen her shed, but the brave old lady tried to conceal them, and after a few moments spoke on some indifferent subject."¹

Agnes Berry survived until January 1852, and showed herself as unselfish in her last illness as she had been during her life. "She begged her friends to come as usual in the evening, 'it was less dull for poor Mary,' she said," Miss Perry has put on record. "She retained her senses till almost the end. The last evening of her life I was with her she asked me who was below. I mentioned the one or two ladies who were with Miss Berry, and Mr. Kinglake, I said, "who has come to enquire after you." 'Go down, my dear,' she replied, 'and give my love to them all, and tell my dear friend Eöthen (as she always called Mr. Kinglake) not to be anxious about me. I have no suffering, and am very happy; do not let any one be sad; I daresay I shall soon be amongst you all again. God bless you.' She kissed me and soon fell asleep; I went down and brought up her sister, who sat down by her side, and we watched her through the night, but she never woke again. In the early morning her gentle spirit passed away without suffering; her last words were of tender solicitude for others; as her life was, so was her death!"² Agnes Berry was the lesser light of the *salon*, her sister being the more imposing and more forceful spirit, but her loss was greatly felt by the frequenters. "After a time," Miss Perry has informed us, "the light was again placed in the window—the signal that Miss Berry could receive her friends again, or, as the saying is, was "at home." The world gathered round her, but

¹ *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, p. 11.

² *Ibid.*, p. 12.



PETERHAM CHURCH
From a contemporary water-colour drawing in the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

the light within burnt dimly to the friends of former days, the gaiety and spirit of the salon seemed quenched, though Miss Berry was supposed to be the ostensible attraction of it; yet now that the kind sister was gone, we all knew that it was the union of the two sisters which formed the peculiar charm of these evenings in Curzon Street; perhaps Miss Agnes's self-abnegation made her influence less recognised in her lifetime than *felt* when we had lost her." ¹ Mary Berry did not long survive her sister, and on November 10 she passed away. Dean Milman, who had preached at the funeral of the younger, preached also at the funeral of the elder sister. The same grave at Petersham holds the mortal remains of those who had lived together for so many years, and one tombstone, upon which is inscribed an epitaph written by Lord Carlisle, serves as their memorial.

¹ *Reminiscences of a London Drawing-room*, p. 12.

MARY BERRY

BORN MARCH 1763, DIED NOV. 1852.

AGNES BERRY

BORN MAY 1764, DIED JAN. 1852.

BENEATH THIS STONE ARE LAID THE REMAINS OF
THESE
TWO SISTERS,
AMIDST SCENES WHICH IN LIFE
THEY HAD FREQUENTED AND LOVED,
FOLLOWED BY THE TENDER REGRET OF THOSE
WHO CLOSE
THE UNBROKEN SUCCESSION OF FRIENDS
DEVOTED TO THEM WITH FOND AFFECTION
DURING EVERY STEP
OF THEIR LONG CAREER

*In pious adoration of the great God of Heaven and Earth
they looked to rest in the Lord.*

*They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their
death they were not divided.¹*

¹ Cobbett, *Memorials of Twickenham*, p. 333.

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