

NAM 11/20/95

Cork, 8 Jan^r 1786.

My Dear Sister,

As you are now no longer
a Miss about St. James's, but have risen
into the far more respectable situation
of a Country Housewife, I presume you
are now employed superintending & assisting
Lady Wake's housekeeper in the fabrication
of Mince Pies, & of course expect that my
letter should begin by wishing you the
compliments of the Season. O, be serious, I
hope Lady Wake is resigned to her situation.
Her loss is (I believe) irreparable but Sir Wm's
bad health must have long given her
reason to fear what you write me word
has happened. She is a young Woman, her
family, I suppose not large as I never
heard you talk of any child but the
present Sir William. Mr. Glover's death
I was ignorant of, till I received your
letter. Whatever airs I may have given
myself relative to his writings, be assured
I ever respected him, from knowing his

disinterested Attachment to you. I myself have lately experienced Alarms, which thank God are now all over. My vacation's Legacy had obliged me to go to Dublin. I left my little Mary in the small Poe from which she ~~has~~ been for some time perfectly well. On my leaving Cork, a spotted Fever was very prevalent there. I had not been many days in Dublin when I received a Letter from Maria telling me that she was confined to her bed with a Scarlet Fever. You may believe I immediately returned where I found her out of danger from that disorder but in a few days she was seized with a complaint in her bowels attended with very alarming circumstances, which for two days made me apprehend the most fatal consequences — But that Providence who gave me my Maria was equally beneficent in preserving her to me. I trust I shall ever remain thankful for the Gift.

I hope your swindling lunatics no longer exist. I cannot conceive how they came to single you out, for playing their Pranks on. You had neighbours in that Square at St. James's much more likely to have got into such a scrape! As soon as I received your Letter, I wrote to Mrs. Plunier, I fear she may not have been able to shew that attention to Mr. Wm. Dickenson that I am confident she would have wished to do. She has unfortunately inherited the Gout from my Father, & has lately had a violent attack of it in her Stomach. This is the second time of its visiting her. At any time of life that disorder must be alarming & in her situation her family have every thing to fear. My Letter absolutely puts me in mind of the Bills of Mortality. I could learn it, only that I write to you just as I feel.

The newspaper accounts were not perfectly exact, relative to the Duties of Rutland & Maria. It is true that she went out on an airing & dined with her Grace in private two or three times, but she had not sufficiently recovered the birth of her daughter to be able to exhibit herself in public. The Duties had no companion with her, consequently was reduced to the necessity of feeling herself obliged to Maria for being with her at all. She is a silly Woman, not comfortable in her matrimonial connection.



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some time or other to assure you personally
that we esteem you both. The lives of Soldiers are
uncertain. We (like true philosophers) make the
best of whatever situation my Duty throws us
into. I remain ever, My Dear Sister, your faithful
friend & affectionate Brother, Charles.

Miss Elizabeth
Robertson
Northampton
New London

and of course more an object of Pity, than Envy. I be-
lieve her to be naturally good humoured, but fond of
universal Admiration. The Duke attached to his
Bottle makes her Grace a secondary object of his
esteem. Such a System will not do. Maria
unites with me in every kind and affectionate
wish to Yourself & Mr. Dickenson, & we hope