

Mrs Hamilton
 Oct 17 1706

Dear M^{rs} Dickenson -

Thank you for the long Letter that I receiv'd from you a little while ago - you see I have taken a large Sheet of Paper in order to pay you in kind. but I don't promise that you won't be tired before you have got thro' it - however you desir'd a long Letter so you must have patience. I had the pleasure of seeing M^{rs} and Miss Glover a few Days ago - they were in Town for a couple of Days they don't come to stay till December - they are both very well - I told Miss Glover that I had lately receiv'd a Letter from you and that I shou'd write to you shortly, so she begg'd me to give her Love to you.

I am much oblig'd to you for the interest you are so good as to take in the health of my sister and her Children - I had a Letter from her lately, and she was very well - she mention'd that her eldest Daughter had been ill but was recover'd - she has three Daughters but no Son.

I see by the Papers, that Lord Rapier has got a Son - so I suppose you will not be permitted to be God-Mother - as you say Lord Rapier is an admirer of mine, I think my self bound in gratitude to take his part - therefore say that he is in the right, not to hazard his son's Bones, by letting him have an opportunity of receiving any instruction from so saucy a Lady as you - I think now, I have taken his part very handsomely. I suppose you know by this time that it is true that M^r Charles Hamilton of Bath is dead - though upon second thoughts, you may not know it, because (being in the Country) you may not have heard any thing further than what you saw in the News-Papers. Colonel Cathcart is much recover'd - travelling he found too

much for him long before he got near Scotland, therefore, return'd to London - he is now at Lord Cathcarts House, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square - he was with us last Friday evening, and seem'd pretty well. Lady Stormont was likewise with us and brought William, George, and Charles Murray - ^{all} the little Murrays have had the Measles, except William - Lord and Lady Stormont wish'd much that he should have them, because he is going to Westminster School - but he did not catch them tho' he try'd for it, by not only being in the House with his Brothers, while they had them, but by nursing little Henry - William is to go to Westminster in less than a fortnight, I believe. he is much grown and improv'd and is really, as fine a Boy as can be seen of his age. My Mother has been extremely ill, of a cold which fell violently on her Lungs - she had much fever kept her Bed some Days and was bled twice in two Days - she is now however (thank God) pretty well recover'd, but must be very careful of herself. My Father and myself have been well, excepting cold, and are now quite well.

My Father begs his best Compliments to you and Mr. Dickenson - he is oblig'd to you for your desire of making him acquainted with the bad state of the Irish Affairs - he knows it but too well - all the intelligence you receiv'd about it is true, but he lives in hopes of an amendment. Dowager Lady Warwick is very well, and returns her Compliments to you, with thanks for your kind remembrance of her. Mr. Walkinshaw is not yet come to Town.

I don't describe the Plan of our new House to you, because I hope for the pleasure of seeing you in London, before it is completed and I should have more satisfaction in shewing it to you, than in describing

it in a Letter. ~~William~~ if I must not expect to see you soon, I will describe it as well as I can in my next Letter. I like our situation extremely - indeed it is impossible to do otherwise, for it is certainly one of the finest in London. My Brother is very well, and much flatter'd by ^{Mr. Dickenson's} your affectionate remembrance of him - he does not forget either you, or his friend Mr. Dickenson. you are both great favourites of his - he is much grown and improv'd, and I hear he makes a pretty good progress in Latin - we are now so much more in his Neighbourhood than when we were in Bedford-Square, that till very lately, he came to dine with us every Sunday, but the Days are now too short for that. I go on with Music as much as ever, and like it (of course) better and better, the more I know about it. I have learnt Italian since I saw you - indeed I continue to take Lessons in it - I think it a remarkable pretty Language - it is certainly, peculiarly adapted to Music.

Do you walk about much in the Country? I suppose you do. I walk in Hyde Park when the weather permits. Do you ride? I suppose you know that Miss Glover has learnt to drive a pair of Ponies in a low Phaeton this Summer - she likes driving, very much. Miss Clarke's came to Town the other Day - I have not yet seen them, but hope to do so shortly. - I should think it must begin to be cold in the Country, but suppose you are grown so hardy, by living there, as not to mind it.

This is a stupid Letter enough, but I can't help it - I

seldom have much news to tell. Poor Princess Amelia
(the King's aunt) is dying - indeed she may be dead
now, for this Morning's Paper said, she was but just
alive last Night - it is said, she will be a great
loss, for that she is a very charitable, good woman.
I don't know whether 'tis true but the Papers said,
that she never recover'd the shock she receiv'd at the
death of her Cousin the King of Prussia for that
she had taken it into her ^{own} head ^{some} ^{time} ^{before} ^{his} ^{last} ^{illness}, that she should
not long, survive him. I suppose you heard a great
deal about the attempt of Margaret Nicholson to
assassinate the King - there was more piece of
work than enough made about it, for the poor
woman was undoubtedly mad - she has been in Bed-
lam ever since a Day or two after her mad action,
and I suppose (poor creature!) will continue there the
remainder of her Life. My Mother desires her
best Compliments to you, and says, she is sure you
don't stand in need of any instruction about your
work, and that she should commend it very much
if she was to see it, for that she knows what a
nice work-woman you are. Pray give her Compliments
and mine to Mr. Dickenson. I have seen my charming
friend Mrs. Siddons only once this season in public, as yet -
she call'd on us the other Morning, and look'd beautiful,
tho' she was rather indispos'd, having a great cold - I
hope soon, to see her perform, again. The next time
you do me the favour of writing to me, let me know
when I may expect the pleasure of seeing you in
London, for I think it very long since I have had that
pleasure. Adieu my dear Cousin, believe me yours sincerely
October 30th 1786. London. Jane Hamilton