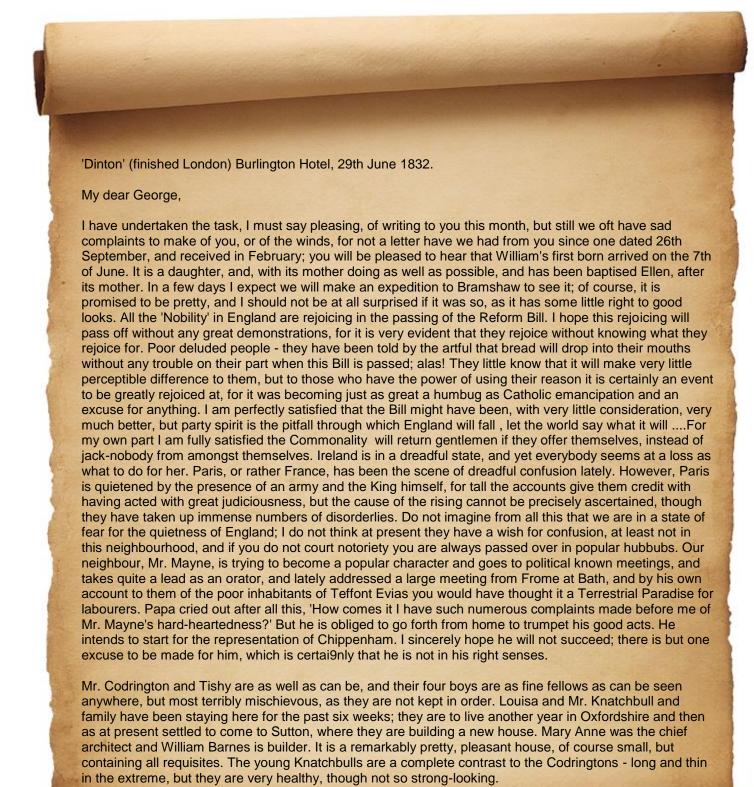
Dinton - Dalwood Letters



On Louisa's return home she intended to have stayed there quietly all the summer, but old Mr. Knatchbull wrote her so very pressing an invitation to come and see him that she thought herself obliged to do go, and is therefore now in London. The old man continues hearty as ever, though past 80. Alexander and Emma spent the winter with Sir John Trevelyan in Somersetshire. They have a very fine boy, she says the image of Papa, but about as much like him as Papa is like Sir John Trevelyan, for he is most ludicrously like his own mother. It is very odd, but not one of Papa's grandchildren are the least like him as yet, unless yours, whom I should much like to see. John is at Oxford, Charles at School, but grown too big for a small school. He promises to be the largest of the family; he is the best-tempered fellow I ever saw - in short, still Charlie. Mama was never better, and moreover grows quite fat. Papa recovered from his last autumn accident, though he says his sprained ankle is not as strong as it used to be. He walks all day without going lame, which is pretty well. Henry Portman is married. Reports say the lady is very pretty, but alas! not a fortune. We used to laugh and say he talked so much of money that he would marry a lady without a sou. But I fear from what we hear that she is not very healthy, which will be a much worse thing than want of money, for what will a person who depends entirely on others for their amusement do with a sick wife. In London. - We came up here last week for a short time. I cannot say much for our gaieties, for stupid dinner parties is all we have had, and a German Opera. Oh! the delight! I wish you both had been at the party. The Opera was Der Freischutz, performed by a company of at least 40 singers, entirely composed of Germans. Even the overture was encored. But imagine the Jaegers chorus without the slightest accompaniment, not a fiddle even, and all the voices most beautifully modulated, that was well worth hearing without any other part of it. The other morning we paid visits to all the various Mr. Portmans. Unluckily Henry's wife was not at home; she is gone into Warwickshire. Wyndham's wife gains the affections of the whole family; indeed, she is a very nice young woman, and they have a beautiful boy rather more than a year old. Mrs. Henry is said to be very pleasing. Lady Emma is also in town with her eldest boy, who grows rather a fine fellow, the image of Berkley. Berkley does not intend again to offer himself as candidate for the County of Dorset; indeed they have used him altogether very ill, but as London is now to return members in districts, the inhabitants of Marlebone are determined to have him to show the world they are fully aware of the importance of the trust reposed in them, and so have selected the largest landed proprietor of the parish, and one known to be a gentleman. I think Berkley is rather pleased with it, but would willingly have given up altogether.

I hope our old member, John Bennett, is secure for Southern Wilts, but Sydney Herbert has been made a catspaw by Party, and brought forward with the intention of turning him out, but we think it has failed. He is a perfect, only just of age, though by no means a fool. Sir John Astley has been driven to offer himself for the Northern Division of the County, which is not what he intended to have done. Mama is still sitting for her portrait, with the patience of Job. An old sailor thought proper to have a shy at his Majesty last week at Ascot, and hit him on the head, but did no mischief luckily, only frightened the Queen and attendants, of course. It only made the people cheer the King more, and William, who was present, said he never before heard so much cheering as when they appeared the next day. Also, a set of fellows thought proper to attack the Duke of Wellington as he was riding into the city on Waterloo Day, and he was obliged to take refuge in one the Inns of court till they got a lot of police, then he went home en trioumphe, attended by about 200 young lawyers, who knocked about the nobility properly. John Hornby says it was a perfect pickpocket row, but yesterday the King presented colours to the guards, and the Duke was in attendance as colonel and was immensely cheered. With all our love to you and Margaret, From your affectionate mother, **ELLA WYNDHAM**