



#### June Rebellion – Paris 1832

Robinson, Frederick Philipse (1763-1843) **Collection of seven letters, all but one of which were written by Frederick Philipse Robinson, the American born ex-Governor of Tobago, to his daughters which give a very vivid picture of Paris during the Paris Uprising of 1832, or June Rebellion, and Paris at this turbulent time, as well as his most forthright observations on English and European politics, riots in France, England and Ireland, as well as slavery in Tobago.**

Quarto, Group of seven letters, 28 manuscript pages, in very good, clean and legible condition, dated 1826-1832

Robinson, an upper-class soldier, government official and member of the British establishment presents his conservative opinion on the revolutionary movements and rebellions occurring in Paris and Lyons, in Ireland and in Bristol, England, in this series of vivid letters.

The Paris Uprising of 1832, or June Rebellion, was a short-lived anti-monarchist insurrection by Parisian republicans against the July Monarchy of King Louis-Philippe. Sparked by the funeral procession of General Jaen-Maximilien Lamarque in early June, the uprising was fueled by political discontent and economic hardship exacerbated by a cholera epidemic. Though met with strong government resistance and suppressed within two days, the events became the inspiration for Victor Hugo's novel *Les Misérables*.

Frederick Robinson was born in New York in 1763 and served in the American War of Independence and the Napoleonic Wars. He was a provisional Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1815. Afterwards he was governor of Tobago (1816-1828), and he became a general in 1841. In time he became the oldest soldier in the British service, and died at Brighton, at the age of 88. His daughter, Maria Susanna Robinson, married Charles Hamilton, Secretary to the British Legation at Paris.

The first letter, slightly earlier, dated 1826, was written by Robinson's daughter, Maria, who was a close friend and correspondent of Anne Lister<sup>1</sup> whilst in Paris. It is written from Paris in 1826 to Martha Osborne (1793-1841) Anne Lister was in Paris during this period when she sought a wealthy, aristocratic woman to become her partner and elevate her social status.

Paris, 3d September, 1826, quarto, 8 pages

My dear Martha,

I have behaved shabbily ~~to you~~, after promising so long to write to you I have deferred doing so until now – but I have so much work to do in the writing way, that I cannot always command time to choose my correspondents I hear constantly of you and the Laird through my Aunt and Cousins, and the last account informed me you were at Weymouth – how comes it you did not bend your steps northward? – I thought you would scarcely leave Kingston but for a glimpse of the Land o' cakes! – I trust dear Martha your health is better and that your visit to the sea side has not been one of necessity on that account – Traveling is very delightful with any motive, and pursuit, but that of health – it is robbed of its pleasures when that alone is the object in view – Perhaps Colonel MacLaine was a little delicate I fear that must have been the reason.

I will take it for granted that you have put the question to me, "how do you like Paris"? I answer, not very much, but hope it will improve on better acquaintance. We have not been what English people term settled as yet, or, comfortable, because, as we have an indefinite time to remain here, and may be, two, three or four years, it is of more consequence to me to establish ourselves agreeably at once, than for those who mainly pay flying visits, and care not, so they have a roof over their heads, what place they inhabit. For the rest you must wait till tomorrow, as some friends are coming with whom I must spend the day. Adieu.

4<sup>th</sup>. When I took leave of you yesterday I joined my party and we all set out for St. Germaine, where the Fête des Loges was to be held. It was like all French fêtes, very pretty, and crowded to an excess with all ranks of people. There are but few things for which I allow the French a superiority over us, but certainly in a mixed assemblage, they behave with more decorum, and there is less infringement of good manners towards the upper classes, than is to be found in an English Fair, where the chances are that the good humours of the meeting would be disturbed by the quarrelsome conduct of a drunken party – We remained till after nine o'clock that we might see the Forest illuminated, and returned to Paris by eleven.

We have taken a delightful apartment in this street (rue de Rivoli) – the situation is delightful, as in all weather we are secure of shelter under the Arcade, and of pleasant walks in the Tuileries – we shall also be entirely out of the noise of the street as there is a court yard on the St. Honoré side, where the entrance is, and another, with a garden on the rue de Rivoli, where there is a private sortie for our selves and intimate friends. Now you know exactly where we shall be, and how situated – as I dare say you have not forgotten the geography of Paris – We shall not take possession for these six weeks, as the people have not yet quitted it, and we shall have to furnish it ourselves. A better plan than taking a furnished house. At this moment there are but people of any note in Paris. The English have taken wing for Switzerland, to try and find cooler air than we have been able to boast of – And the French run away in the Country to live like Pigs, until the season returns for shewing off themselves and their finery. I am lost in astonishment at the number of English people who desert their own dear beautiful country to come and muddle in Paris! It is all very well to visit it, as well as every other place worth seeing, and it would be the height of illiberality to say anything against so laudable a curiosity; and also where there are large families it is well to come abroad for the sake of Masters in different branches of education,

who are to be had on much more reasonable terms than in London - But for those who come here solely for the love of Paris, in preference to England, I have no patience with them! It is preferring dark to light indeed!

Annie is quite well – But living so far away in the Faubourg St. Germaine that we might almost as well be inhabitants of the opposite Poles for anything we see of each other This is a serious loss to me, as I anticipated so much pleasure from her society when I must be otherwise a good deal alone, as Mr. Hamilton is must be often at the Embassy. Mr. Wilson is in rude health – and not one bit like the poor miserable, wretched animal that visited Thornbury last October!

What in the world my dear Martha can have possessed Mr. Townsend to behave with such unexampled gratitude to my Uncle! I understand that when the latter was so ill, and all his friends kindly solicitous in their enquiries after him, the Vicar alone withheld this common act of courtesy, to say nothing of the unfriendliness and indecorum of such conduct – Mr Townsend showed me such kindness and attention at the time of my marriage; but with such a heartless person there is no security to show that such kindness and attention proceeded from anything other than the impulse of the moment.

To me he owed nothing – to my Uncle he owes much, and he ought to be thankful for every day that is added to his life, in which he could by every attention in his prayers, show his grateful sense of the kindness he received from him. He pays poor compliment to the woman he has married if he allows none but his bad qualities to appear- because it would seem as if she ventured them alone- formerly, for every fault, and he had plenty, there was a good quality to counterbalance it, and I sometimes hoped that if he married well (I do not mean in point of money, which has been his destruction) the errors might have disappeared, and the virtues have become more prominent – But now I consider him all but a lost man - Whose ingratitude to the extent he has shown it, flourishes; the soil must be very favourable to the growth of weeds – I think with great sorrow about him, and cannot congratulate his wife who has not given the finishing stroke to his follies – you may tell him what I say, as I do not wish to conceal from him the indignation I feel at his conspicuously, unchristian like, and ungrateful conduct to my Uncle and his family.

Where is little William? Still at school in Bristol? I wish he would give the Vicar some advice, he would do it admirably – I can fancy I hear the little fellow in his emphatic, slow manner, dealing forth the words of wisdom.

How is Miss Ward? I hope well, and that she is not so much troubled with the pain in her side as last winter – pray remember me very kindly to her –

I need not trouble you with any message to Sir Wm or Lady B, or to my Aunts, as I wrote very recently to Lady Robinson – unless, when you see them you give my very best love to them all – I have seen dear Willie's name in the Gazette, as Lieut by purchase, this very morning, and rejoiced to read it. Remember me very kindly to the Kelso's.

Do pray let me hear from you, as it will be giving me a great deal of pleasure by so doing; tell me of everything great and small that concerns you and yours, and garnish the letters with any little chit chat, foreign and domestic, that you can think up – not forgetting to tell me whether that picture of patience, the old horse is alive, and how the young colt comes on.

Hamilton often regrets that he had not an opportunity of making yours and Colonel MacLaine's acquaintance, but until the moment arrives for accomplishing his wishes in that respect, he begs you both to accept his kind regards. I hope some time or other we shall meet north of the Tweed!

When you write to me put your letters under cover to John Bidwell Esq., Foreign Office – and then in an outward cover to the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Downing Street, London. Believe me always my dear Martha, your very affect. Friend. Maria S. Hamilton”

Robinson, Frederick Philipse, Paris November 28<sup>th</sup>, 1831, to his daughter Anne

“My dear Anne,

Last evening I received your letter of the 21<sup>st</sup> and in return for your account of troubles & the cholera I have to say that this country is thrown into considerable alarm by a serious insurrection at Lyon. The silk weavers rose as one man, a very numerous body, and after three days fighting with the troops and National Guards, they succeeded in drawing them out, and are now in possession of the town having taken several pieces of cannon, barricaded the streets, formed a regular police and guards, and by the latest accounts remain in quiet possession of their conquests – it is supposed that more than fifteen hundred lives were lost in the conflict. Marshal Soult the Minister at War set out for Lyon two nights ago, with full powers to quell the riot – a large body of troops of the line will soon be in the neighbourhood and then the insurrection will either be put down, or the insurgents will be strengthened by great numbers of disaffected people from the South – it is pretended that there is nothing political in this ... the Carlists are at the bottom of it, and their party is very strong and ripe for mischief at Marseilles and other places in the South. The word Carlist is used but it is Henry 5<sup>th</sup> they look for. The Duchess of Berry his mother has been in Italy some time carrying on correspondence with the malcontents in the South, all this must end in a dreadful conclusion unless the men in power act promptly and with spirit & judgement.

The cholera is making its way hither, it is already in Holland, and may be here yet before Xmas but the alarm is not so great as it was a month ago people are so accustomed to it now that they do not appear to mind it much, and are generally prepared with the essential medicines for resisting the first attack, viz. a little cajepout oil, an ounce of laudanum, a piece of mint and some camphorized spirits.

I have this morning received a very handsome letter from Lord Melbourne, in answer to mine, in which I explained to his Lordship the precaution I used for the Garrison of Tobago against the Yellow Fever and which succeeded very much beyond my expectations and to the astonishment of the medical staff. It is so simple that the poor as well as the rich may be able to use it, and if used in towns must evidently tend to lessen the effect of miasma in the atmosphere. I request therefore that you and Sue will always be prepared to use it – it is this – small fires made of pine sticks about a foot long, with about as much of one end dipped in tar – the fire ought to be made in an iron pot or pan, and placed in the middle of the room, or the entrance hall – pounded resin, as much as might lie on a shilling must be thrown into this fire, and in a moment the room, and perhaps the whole house, will be filled with the smoke impregnated with the healthful fragrance of the resin. In rooms also may, and indeed ought to be used the resin thrown into a hot shovel, but not red hot.

Be prepared as above, and don't dread the cholera. Wilson and Annie dined with us yesterday. He shows what roast beef and good ale can do when properly taken. He looks well and is so in spite of his fat. Annie is looking remarkable well, and will be able to stand riots and cholera better now that she has her helpmate with her. Maria is greatly well. Hamilton much the same and I am better than I have been since my return from Tobago.

I read the account of the Bristol riots with horror. The wildest savages in the world could not have acted worse than that disgraceful Reform Mob, but there must be more such scenes before anything like regular tranquility can be restored, the feverish state of mind in which the lower classes have been

thrown by a thirst for popularity among those in power must produce more mischief before it will be finally quelled. Poor Old England, her Glory is gone for ever.

Give my love to Sue ... the conduct of J. R. astonished me very much, as I had conceived very differently of him. It must end in his ruin and despair.

I wish you would inform William of the news from Lyon ... ever affectionately, your Father"

Paris, April 6 [1832], Frederick Philipse Robinson, to his daughter Susan M. Hamilton

"My dear Sue,

The cholera is perhaps worse here than in London and at the same time alarm has almost subsided. Since the coming of the 26<sup>th</sup> March up to 4 o'clock yesterday there have been 1854 cases and 670 deaths, and from 4 o'clock yesterday there have been 470 cases and 168 deaths, horrible as this is, the Carlists and the Republicans have been exciting the populace to riots and disorder of every kind. It was given out that the physicians and apothecaries had caused the meat, bread, wine, water, and milk to be poisoned, and that numbers had fallen down dead in an instant after taking any of these things, the mob cruelly murdered for or five persons who some accused of being the actual poisoners although they were as fully innocent of anything of the kind as you are. It was enough to point at a man and call him a poisoner for the people to fall upon him and beat him to death with sticks or to take him in their arms and throw him into the river. The National Guard were under arms the whole of Wednesday and by their usual firmness and exultant conduct restored tranquility without shedding a drop of blood.

An attempt was made to release all the political prisoners in St Pelagie (a strong prison) but it did not succeed, one of the prisoners was killed, and three or four wounded in consequence of their attacking the guard posted inside the prison who were mainly overpowered and certainly must have been, but for the timely arrival of a reinforcement.

And yet, will you believe it, while thousands were engaged in rioting the rest of the inhabitants were walking the Boulevard, the Champs Elysees, and other public promenades, as unconcerned about the riots as if no such circumstances existed. The theatres and every other place of amusement just as crowded as ever, conversing about the riots as they would about War or Revolution in other countries, there never before existed, or ever will again, so strange a people.

The subscription at this moment for the relief of the poor exceed everything of the kind ever yet heard of and yet those very poor would readily throw into the river, or stick up at a lamp post any one of those benefactors merely pour l'amuse pour le moment.

One cause for discontent among the lower classes is that the cholera is not attacking the higher orders – a clear proof that there must be some villainy a-foot against them and yet nothing can be more plain than the real cause of this difference, the upper classes live well, are comfortably lodged and have medicine at hand. The poor live too much upon vegetables, & particularly salads of every kind which with the vinegar is a violent poison just at this time. They are badly lodged, and do not complain in time through fear of being sent to the hospital, although the utmost skill, care, & attention is bestowed upon them.

A deep rooted dislike is no longer disguised against xxx, xxxx, which is at this moment both illogical and unjust, for he is doing all the good he can for the people, as well as for himself which is natural enough – all this is the work of the partisans of Henri cinq.

All my flock are well. I suppose the Wilsons well done with us as soon as Annie's corns are better, she deserves to be pinched by them because she will not apply the proper remedy.

We are very anxious to hear from Jane, her last letter gave an alarming account of the state of the slaves, and no doubt they have by this time followed the advice of the Saints as the others have done. If those Saints are not damned there can be no occasion for a Hell.

When you write to William, tell him I have received his letter of 31<sup>st</sup> March, which I will answer after the next riot. Give my love to Anne, and remember me most kindly to Hector & Martha [MacLaine]. Ever affectionately, your Father"

Paris May 20<sup>th</sup> [1832] ], Frederick Philipse Robinson, to his daughter Susan M. Hamilton

"My dear Sue,

Your letter of the 14<sup>th</sup> inst. occasioned me very great surprise as regard's William's health, for I had seen General Horsford about two hours before who told me he had seen William at Bath, and that both he and Lady R. were in excellent health – "Bled, leached, and blistered in the Head!" why that is enough to kill the D-I – with a Bulletin at least thrice a week & direct to me at the Junior United Service Club.

With respect to Old England and her Republican Politicks I have done with her – In a few years she will no longer ne the admiration and envy of all the world – she will be a mere speck in the ocean and the inhabitants will become more savage than the aborigines.

The Reform Bill being once passed and some other unavoidable business gone through, there must be a depollution to make way for a regular built Reform Parliament. One of the first steps of which will be to attempt the exclusion of the Bishops from the House of Peers. The next, to make the Peers as insignificant as their brethren are in this country, and last of all to make the xxxx a mere xxxx Log. The demagogues of the people will soon after throw off the mask, and excite their poor infatuated ignorant tools to rise & upon the total overthrow of the present constitution in lieu thereof to substitute that of a Republic under which anarchy will reign triumphant for a few years, and then authority will fall into the hands of some great & daring individual who will tyrannise for a time, and then sink before a reintroduction of the original Government – but before such a happy restoration could take place the whole system of finance would be overturned, never to be recovered. I dare not venture to go farther, but I always console myself with the idea that I shall sleep with my fathers long before such dreadful events can ever take place.

From one of the cleverest men in the world (and not a Frenchman) I had the following intelligence yesterday. The Duchess of Berry was certainly taken prisoner and was secretly permitted to escape and compacted in it, because this Government did not know what to do with her – and her presence might have occasioned great disturbances in the South & West. It is now well known that she distributed Fifty Thousand pounds sterling among the Carlist Party at Marseilles without doing the slightest service to that cause – there never was more than fifty or sixty people assembled in the streets, and those, seeing they were not supported, dispersed quietly, and made no further attempt in favour of Henri Cinq – The Carlists cannot succeed without the introduction of Foreign Powers. But, the Republican Party increases daily, it is already by far the most dangerous opponent of the existing dynasty, and by way of giving it encouragement they talk of placing that old fiend Lafayette at the head of the National Guard, but I cannot believe it, should it however happen he will be virtually King for one year, and then at the head of a Republic for the rest of his life, after which he will burn eternally in Hell's Flames, a just retribution for the Horrors and Death he has occasioned in the world.

The riot at Lyons sometime ago was in reality only a dispute between the workmen and their employers, there was nothing political in it whatsoever. There was a large and very respectable body of gentlemen on the side of the weavers who deputed two of their body to go to the King with an address assuring him of their loyalty and attachment to his person and Government, and that the troubles in their city were totally unconnected with politicks or under the instigation of Carlist or any other disaffected Party. That deputations could not be received and the mortified loyal delegates returned to Lyons to communicate the disturbing information to their fellow citizens. Nothing but the immense military force that was immediately collected there prevented the most serious consequences – order however was restored and all is now quiet there, but one general indignation reigns throughout which one kind look and civil word would certainly have prevented.

I saw the whole street ceremony of Casimir Perrier's funeral [he died of cholera], all Paris was in the streets and I must say I never saw more proper conduct than was displayed throughout by the people. They all knew his worth as a Minister in their times and deeply regret his loss. It may be the more severely felt in a very short time, in consequence of the want of cordiality between Soult (the Minister of War) and Sebastiani, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I suspect they hate each other heartily.

Your account of my old Chief Sir Henry was truly distressing tho' his very advanced age must occasion his soon leaving us – pray let me be most humbly remembered to him – I am not surprised at the prospect of the arrival of another little Henry but I was out in my reckoning for I thought that if by chance she should have another child this year it would complete a baker's dozen – but I suppose that cannot be now in less than two years more.

We are all well, the Wilsons are coming to dine with us and go to hear Paganini in the evening. Give my love to all with you, and always say a kind word for me to the Nobles. What is become of the deer. I mean the badge and order that you had from the old Lady? Ever my dear Sue, your affect, dear Father"

Paris, June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1832, J, Frederick Philipse Robinson, to his daughter Susan M. Hamilton

"My dear Sue,

I wrote to William in preference to writing to you, for a few times, because in the event of my not being able to procure a frank, he could stand the postage and you could not, for I am not always sure that a frank can be obtained by the Secretary of the Club at all times, and also requested of him and Kate to give you all my news.

Everything is perfectly quiet here at present, and may remain so for some time if there should not be any execution by death under sentence of the Military Courts. The disaffected are striving all they can to prove to the people that Martial Law is a direct violation of the Charter, and that placing Paris in a state of siege is not what Charles X attempted to do and was therefore overthrown – my opinion is that no sentence of death will be put in execution, but that it will be commuted for hard labor for a term of years. The arrest of Chateaubriand, Hyde de Neuville, and the Duke Fitzjames (descended from our James the second) has occasioned very strong sensations, & the information gained by the Government in consequence of those and many other arrests, together with the seizure of arms everywhere, will tend to satisfy the whole nation as to the necessity that existed for adopting so strong a measure.

The Vendian War is drawing to a temporary close because those brave and loyal people see the improbability of their succeeding with their slender means against the immense military force that is now assembling around their whole country for the purpose of crushing at once the Rebellion – I call it a temporary close because in the event of a War, an attempt may be made, and will certainly be expected, to reinstate the legitimate family in the person of Henri Cinq. The Duchess de Berri is supposed to be

still in La Vendee, tho' many firmly believe she has made her escape, which I believe this Government would be glad to find true, for her capture would cause great embarrassment, and might occasion a formidable and desperate rising of the Carlist Party – I wish she may have escaped for her own sake as well as of the enthusiastic Chouans, who have not sufficient money, arms, ammunition or organization to cope with their opponents, and as long as the National Guards remain true to Louis Philippe, and that the troop of the line are true, partial insurrection can never succeed.

I had a long letter last evening from Jane. She is very well and gives a most extraordinary and amusing account of Tobago. It was bad enough when I was there but it is a hundred fold worse now – she says they have no serious fears at present of an insurrection of the slaves, but there is no saying what may arise from the conducts of those Devils the Saints in England.

We, that is my flock, cannot help indulging in the hope that if Don Pedro should succeed against Don Miguel, Hamilton's destination may be changed, as the whole of that party have warmly expressed their wishes that H ought to be put to Lisbon. He would be delighted with such a change.

I am truly sorry, and so are we all, at the account you gave of Anne and William. I think she ought to have tried the Baths while she had it in her power – it might have removed every symptom of illness, and given her a new stock of health – I cannot help thinking that William's illness must be owing to gouty affliction, and that nothing but a regular diet will cure him. Give my love to Anne, I will write to her very soon. Ever, affect. Your Father"

Paris July 12 9 o'clock A.M., Frederick Philipse Robinson, to his daughter Susan M. Hamilton, Thornbury, near Bristol

"My dear Sue,

I have this instant received your letter of the 9<sup>th</sup> inst. and I begin answering it now, lest any untoward event should prevent my doing it tomorrow.

Your account of Anne is very, very disturbing, she must have the best advice. I am quite sure that nothing else will do. I enclose a small supply, and I will stand by for more, therefore take the law into your own hands and let her be well supplied with everything.

Which way ... can we turn our eyes without viewing dreadful indications of internal tumult, and a general continental war. Ireland is in a state of actual rebellion, and yet our heaven born ministers dare not avow it. But if cool, deliberate resistance against the Law of the Land is not Rebellion, pray explain to me what is – The restless spirit in this country will I verily believe produce more riots in Paris, and particularly on the three Great Days – there is a rooted dislike towards a particular point that I fear is not likely to be overcome – and yet the intended change, or rather changes, must evidently be for the worse, and not tend to tranquilise the country. There exists a degree of jealous shyness in society that I have never before noticed. The French will speak freely to a British subject if there is no Frenchman present, and the English speak as freely to all, as if each man had a spare head or two in case of accidents.

The report of the day is that Madame Adelaide, the King's sister, is attacked with the cholera. I sincerely hope it may not be so, for that family affords a wonderful wide field for that destroying Devil. It is said to be nothing here at present, and yet upon an average forty people die daily.

It will require but a few weeks to develop the plans of Russia, Austria and Prussia – there must be a War, and most probably it will take place without caring three straws about the rights of the Belgians. The farce is drawing to a conclusion. The subterfuges of the Conference are quite exhausted, and at it

the Frog and the Mouse must go on. The best of the story is that Great Britain cannot any longer pay nations for fighting their own battles and the worst of it is that the British Army will have nothing to do in it.

Yesterday I went with Hamilton & Maria to dine with Nancy Burgees about 8 or 10 miles from Paris, where her son has purchased one of the prettiest and cheapest villas have ever seen. He has a noble garden and five acres of good land, the greatest part a beautiful wood. I never saw her looking so well since she left the Broadway. She is deaf it is true, but hearty & strong, and eats and drinks like a Turk.

In order that you may receive this a day sooner I shall not try for a frank. Give my most affectionate love to Anne – you will probably hear again from me by Monday, Courier Ever Your Father

74 persons died of the Cholera yesterday. The heat for the last six or seven days has been greater than in Tobago. The thermometer has been at 91, 92 & 93 alternately. Fruit is so very plentiful and so cheap that even the beggars eat it in quantities – hundreds of fine melons to be seen in almost every street, and as the common people will eat them the cholera will have fair play – give my love to Kate & William”

Paris July 30<sup>th</sup> 1832, Frederick Philipse Robinson, to his daughter Susan M. Hamilton

My Dear Sue,

The three Great Days have passed off without the least disturbance. There was plenty of all kinds of amusement for the people, and the people, as at all times were determined to be amused, the only difference between this and the last anniversary was that there certainly was not that enthusiasm which distinguished the latter. I also perceived that His Majesty was very grave, none of those smiles that we so lavishly bestowed to all around him last year. The first part of all the sights was the marching past of ten thousand cavalry, and fifteen thousand of the line, and about fifty or sixty thousand National Guards - all Paris was, as usual, out of doors, it is computed that there were upwards of three hundred thousand people in the streets yesterday, and there was not an angry look or word amongst them - the theatres were all open to the people, gratis, at twelve o'clock. Few except the sovereign people, alias the mob, dare venture to enter the theatres on those occasions - and yet when once within the theatre the most perfect order prevails. They are the most decided paradox in the world, a boy of twelve years may be called a manly little fellow, and a man of forty may very properly be denominated a child.

The industrious Liberals both with you and with us have at length succeeded in lighting up the flame of Rebellion in the German States; public attention seems to be almost exclusively directed that way, all other politicks give way to it - even the marriage of our highly beloved eldest daughter has lost its effect, although it is to take place on the 9th of August at Compiègne [marriage of King Leopold I of Belgium to Princess Louise of Orléans], where the King of the Belgians will meet the King of the French, and part of his August family. Deep sighted politicians pretend to foretell that in the event of a general War, Belgium will eventually become a Province of France, and Leopold will find himself a dependent vassal instead of being an independent sovereign.

The cholera is diminishing daily here, and yet not less than fifty die in 24 hours. The three days dissipation will probably occasion a temporary increase, but if the weather should continue as fine as it is now there will be no great cause for alarm.

My next letter shall be to Anne, as I suppose and do most sincerely hope she will be able to open it

herself. I send you a five pound note. Let me know that you receive it safe. Ever most affectionately,  
Dear Father.

\$ 2000.00

1. Anne Lister (3 April 1791 – 22 September 1840) was an English diarist, famous for revelations for which she was dubbed "the first modern lesbian".

Lister was from a minor landowning family at Shibden in Calderdale, West Riding of Yorkshire. She had several lesbian love affairs from her schooldays onwards, often on long trips abroad; muscular and androgynous in appearance, always dressed in black and highly educated, she was later known—generally unkindly—as "Gentleman Jack". Her final significant relationship was with Ann Walker, to whom she was notionally married in Holy Trinity Church, Goodramgate, York, which is now celebrated as the birthplace of lesbian marriage in Britain.

Lister's diaries reveal much about contemporary life in West Yorkshire, including her development of historic Shibden Hall and her interests in medicine, mathematics, landscaping, mining, railways and canals. Many entries were written in code that was not decrypted until long after her death. Containing graphic portrayals of lesbian relationships, these diaries were so frank that they were thought to be a hoax until their authenticity was confirmed.

Maria was a close friend and correspondent of Anne Lister. December 1829 Anne Lister called on Maria Hamilton in Paris, she as not at home "and thought of asking her to go with me chez Giroux." She called again, but again found her absent and writes in her journal, "called at Mrs. Hamilton's – not at home – left no card – Meant to have said had received no invitation did Lady Stuart de Rothesay expect me ad if I could should have asked to go with Mrs. Hamilton tonight as it is shall say I wanted a little of her advice and help about something and was told by Lady Stuart and Miss Hobart always to apply to her but now that I have done by myself I shall laugh and say I shall not tell her what I wanted to consult her about. In 1830 Maria invited Anne Lister to come and see her portrait painted. Letter from Maria S. Hamilton to Anne Lister, Paris, 1831, requesting her to deliver a parcel to the Misses Bing when she returns to England. In 1826, Anne Lister was in Paris during a period of her life when she sought a wealthy, aristocratic woman to become her partner and elevate her social status.

The recipient, Martha Osborne (1793-1841), daughter of William Osborne (1746-1807), and Grace Bolton. She married Colonel Hector Maclaine (1785-1847), in 1816, and the Kyneton estate eventually passed to the Maclaine family. Kyneton House in Kingston was the family home of the Osborne family from the early 1700's to the early 1800's. It then descended to the Maclaines as a result of the marriage of Martha Osborne and Hector Maclaine. Both these families were major landowners in and around Thornbury.