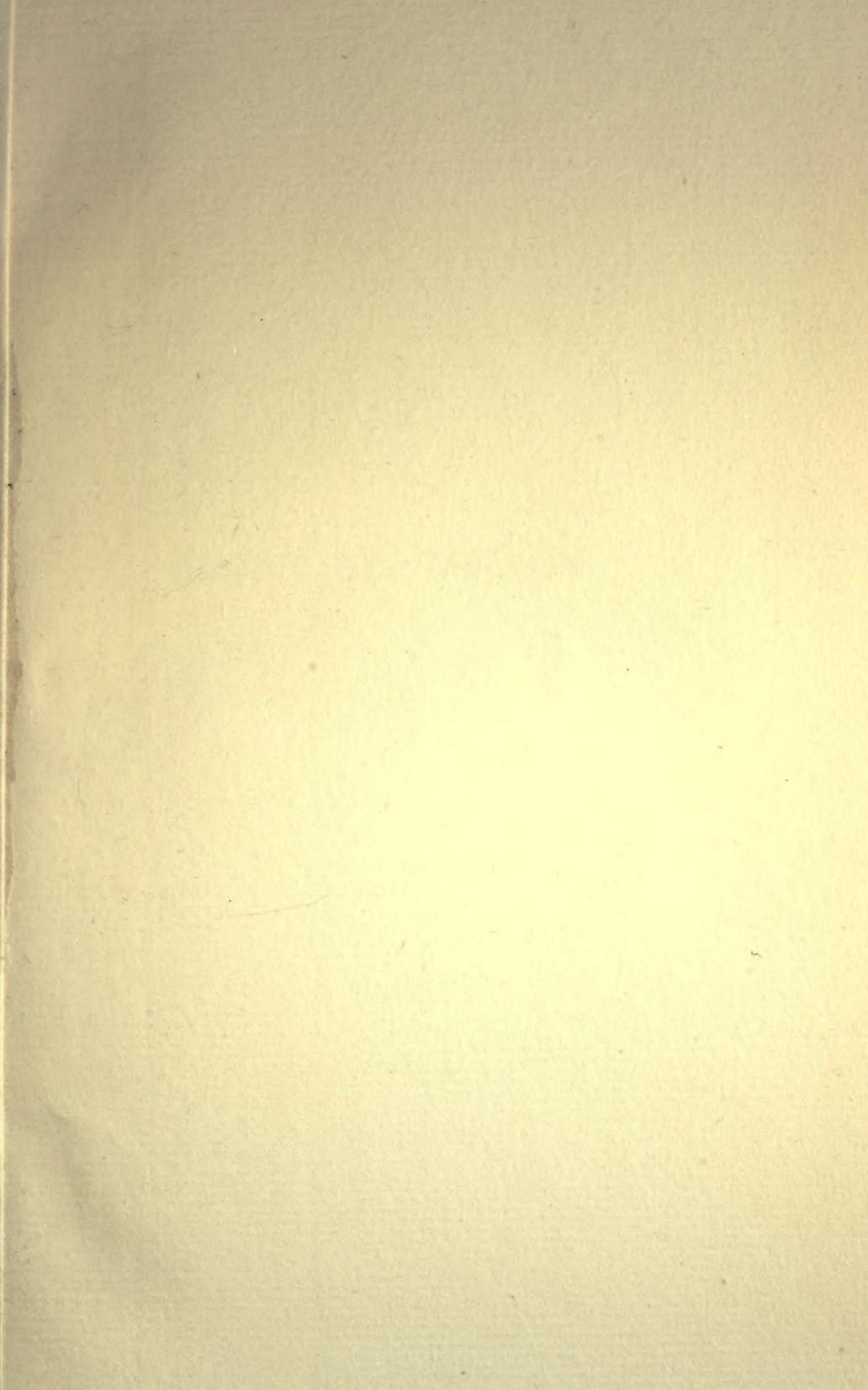




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RALPH HEATHCOTE



RALPH HEATHCOTE, 1814
(From a Miniature of A. van der Embde)

RALPH HEATHCOTE

LETTERS OF A YOUNG
DIPLOMATIST AND SOLDIER

DURING THE TIME OF NAPOLEON

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE
DISPUTE BETWEEN THE EMPEROR

AND THE ELECTOR OF HESSE

BY (COUNTESS GÜNTHER GRÖBEN)

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

[Luise Ernestine Charlotte, Gräfin von der C.]

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DEDICATED TO
MY DEAR CHILDREN
COUNT GEORGE AND COUNTESS ILSA WEDEL
BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER
LOUISA COUNTESS GRÖBEN

THE publisher desires to express his warm thanks to Mr. Brook Taylor, Miss Deedes, and Mr. Francis Steuart, for their kind assistance in contributing many valuable documents, illustrations, and notes.

INTRODUCTION

I

SOME time ago, whilst looking for a paper in my grandfather's old writing-table, I happened to light upon a drawer which none of us had ever observed before. Quite at the back, hidden by bundles of old business papers, lay a small packet carefully tied up and sealed, which bore the following inscription in faded ink: "Letters written by myself, at different periods of my life, to my beloved mother; found at her demise, 2 November, 1830."

It is needless to describe the curiosity and interest with which I opened and read the letters. Some of them were over a hundred years old, and evidently no one had set eyes upon them since Ralph Heathcote himself had sealed them up long ago. Until then my grandfather had been little more than a name to me, when suddenly and unexpectedly I was, so to say, enabled to live with him during the most thrilling and important period of his life. Instead of being an utter stranger, he had become an intimate friend. My one regret was that my dear mother—his only daughter—had never seen these records of her father's youth.

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Although I know that these letters cannot be of the same value to others as they are to me, yet many of my friends consider them interesting on account of the times and the situations they so vividly picture, and have persuaded me to have them published.

In presenting them to the reader, I must add a few words of explanation.

When my grandfather, Ralph Heathcote, died in 1854 in Cassel—then the capital of Hesse—I was quite a little girl. Yet I still have a distinct recollection of a stately gentleman, who let me sit upon his knees and fed me with sugar-plums, which my grandmother wanted to prevent, saying, “Don’t, don’t, you will make little Loo sick.” I also remember the same stately gentleman, dressed in a black coat and tall hat, riding a chestnut horse and waving his hand to me, when I was told to “curtsey to grandpapa.” Probably his appearance remains so vividly impressed upon my memory because my own father,¹ then aide-de-camp to the Elector of Hesse, invariably rode in uniform. These are my only personal recollections; but my mother who, though born and bred in Germany, remained English heart and soul, used often to tell me about her family—about her grandfather and father.

According to her account, the Heathcotes are

¹ Baron Hermann von Eschwege (later Master of the Horse to the Elector of Hesse).

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descended from Thorkell, a brother of Canute, who married a fair Saxon named Hedcota. The crest and arms borne by the family were granted to a Hedcote by King Richard, as a reward for his behaviour at the siege of Acre in 1191. This last fact seems to have been historical. According to *The Family of Heathcote*, a certain Godfrey de Hedcote is mentioned in the reign of Henry II, and in the time of Edward II we find a William de Heathcote repeatedly spoken of. In the reign of Henry I the office of "Custos Cambii," keeper of the King's Exchanges in London and Canterbury, was held by Robert Hethcote. His will, dated 1403, still exists; and his numerous legacies, his connexion with the Saviles and Watertons, and the fact of his bequeathing his sword and collar to the King, prove him to have been a person of considerable importance.

A direct descendant of this Hethcote was in 1782, Ralph Heathcote,¹ Minister Plenipotentiary of George III at the Court of the Archbishop Elector of Cologne at Bonn, as well as being accredited to the Hessian Court at Cassel. In this year his only child, my grandfather, Ralph Heathcote, was born in Bonn. His wife was an Alsatian, Baroness Antoinette de Wolter, and they had been married in 1776 at Munich, where my great-grandfather was Secretary to the British Legation.

¹ We find him mentioned in the Hessian State Almanac, of 1796, under the description of "Sir Ralph Heathcote, bevollmächt. Minister Sr. gross, britt. Majestät."

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She was a Roman Catholic, but her husband and son belonged to the Church of England. A very clever and handsome woman, Antoinette Heathcote was the *grande dame de l'ancien régime*, and accustomed to be surrounded by gay and elegant society. My great-grandfather was an accomplished man of the world. Some verses written by him in a light, witty, and often frivolous vein—several of them in fluent French—show him to have been devoted to the beauties of nature and well up in the classics.

The brilliant Court of the handsome and intellectual young Archbishop Elector was a mixture of ecclesiastical pomp, worldly gaiety, and the philosophical spirit of the time. Maximilian Franz was the youngest son of the Empress Maria Theresa. An injury caused by a fall from his horse during a campaign bringing his military career to a close, his mother induced the Pope to appoint him (then twenty-four years old) to be the coadjutor of the Archbishop Elector of Cologne. Five years later he succeeded to the archiepiscopal principality with the special permission of remaining an unconsecrated layman for the space of ten years. He, however, preferred to be fully ordained shortly after attaining the position of Prince Primate of the Church.

He is an interesting and characteristic figure. Brought up according to enlightened and humanitarian principles, a contemporary speaks of him

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as "the best and most benevolent prince of his time." He anxiously endeavoured to put an end to the corrupt wastefulness of his predecessors and tried to promote prosperity and order. Devoted to literary and scientific pursuits, he opened a public reading-room, and was often to be seen making use of it like one of his own subjects. His chief claims to be remembered are that he founded the University of Bonn; and was Beethoven's first benefactor. In the year of my grandfather's birth (1782), Ludwig van Beethoven, a boy of eleven years, was appointed assistant to the electoral organist, and two years later he filled this important position himself and directed the far-famed choir. It is easy to perceive the influence this atmosphere of culture had in moulding Beethoven's tastes and inclinations. Not only was the very best classical music to be heard at the castle of Bonn, but the opera and drama were there produced in rare perfection.

Our family traditions show that Beethoven attracted a certain amount of attention even then, as the wives of two of the most influential diplomats, my great-grandmother and her friend, Countess Westphalen, the Austrian Minister's wife, joined in presenting him with a harpsichord, of which he stood in need. Little did they think, however, that a hundred years later, when they, the brilliant Court, and the Elector would long be forgotten, there would be no spot in the world in which

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the name of this penniless boy would not be known.

But with all these musical, intellectual, and benevolent pursuits, the young Archbishop Elector was a very gay and pleasure-loving prince, and as his income exceeded two and a half million florins he was able to gratify his tastes. His Court at Bonn was magnificent. Over three hundred chamberlains, all of noble family, were in his service, and amongst them many foreigners. Almost all the noble Rhenish families—the Salms, the Nesselrodes, the Croys, the Hatzfelds, the Metternichs—had their own palaces at Bonn. The sumptuous entertainments at the electoral palace at Bonn vied with the feasts at the châteaux of Poppelsdorf and Brühl; they were little like ecclesiastical assemblies, and much more resembled the gay fêtes given by the Elector's sister, Queen Marie Antoinette, at Versailles or the Trianons.

Undoubtedly he took his clerical duties lightly, and it was no unusual sight to see the Archbishop driving himself in a four-in-hand, stopping under an open church window, or riding into the porch, in order to hear the Mass he was bound to attend. Like his brother, the Emperor Joseph, he was a freethinker, and mostly on a bad footing with Rome. It was in opposition to the very orthodox University of Cologne that he founded the famous University of Bonn.

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I enter so fully into the history of this prince, as an unusual friendship existed between him and my great-grandparents. After the French Republican armies took possession of his territories, he fled first to Münster and then to his palace at Ellingen, not far from Nuremberg. The Heathcotes followed him there, and it was here that in 1801 my great-grandfather died,¹ whilst in the same year a sudden illness carried off the Archbishop Elector, Maximilian Franz, during a journey to Vienna.

Mrs. Heathcote stayed on for some time at Ellingen, until she settled in Cassel. As her husband had been accredited to this Court, she found many friends there, and it had the further advantage of being close to Göttingen, at the university of which town her son Ralph was then studying.

Only a few of her letters remain. Two of these open the series of Ralph's letters, and bring the figure of his mother, the recipient of the following collection, closer before us.

II

The chief interest of these letters seems to me to lie in their unusual point of view. Ralph Heathcote was English, and proud of the fact, yet he felt more at home in Germany, where his

¹ His obituary in the "Annual Register," of 1801, is as follows:— [January] "15th, in his 49th year, Ralph Heathcote, Esq., His Majesty's minister plenipotentiary to the Elector of Cologne, and to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel; eldest son of the late Ralph Heathcote, D.D."

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childhood and the greater part of his youth had been spent.

It is accordingly from the Continental standpoint that he described England, English habits and customs, to his Alsatian mother, who had apparently never visited her husband's country. It is the fresh, unbiassed view of the outsider, and yet it is an Englishman, living as such amongst his own people, who wrote. Some of his observations, as for instance his comparison between the lives of officers in the English and German armies, are very curious.

Again, it is hardly usual to find officers in the midst of warfare producing careful, conscientious, and yet not inartistic drawings, of their surroundings. It gives one a certain thrill to come across the view of "Copenhagen in Flames," the inscription simply stating that it was taken during the siege of that city on September 7, 1807, the day of the capitulation. It is interesting to see sketches of the embarkment of the expedition to the Baltic at Yarmouth, and of the Peninsular landscapes, some of which were taken immediately after well-known engagements.

A few unimportant letters, uninteresting details, and repetitions, have been left out, otherwise the letters are as they were found in the unopened, forgotten drawer.

L. C. G.

BERLIN, 1906.

Introduction

Two letters of Mrs. Heathcote to her son Ralph.

BONN, *April 21, 1794.*

Dear Ralph,

Your letter pleased me, as all that I hear from you does, and it confirms my conviction that your stay in England¹ will do you good. This enables me to bear with more resignation the pain of being separated from my dear child. The day will come, dear Ralph, when your mother will never leave you, and will only be too happy to give up everything in order to be and to remain with you ; but circumstances do not permit this for the present.

I implore you, by all that is dear to you, often to remember the sacrifice I made in having you educated far away from home. It would be impossible to give you the education here in Bonn that I desire, one that will enable you to be useful to others and at the same time contribute to your own happiness in life. When I see your little friends, Max Trotti² and his brothers, and Max Nesselrode, I am delighted to know that you are away from here. The Trottis are without a tutor, they are naughtier than ever, and learn nothing ; their

¹ Ralph had been sent to England, in order to be educated at the house of a Dr. Benson.

² Sons of Marquis de Trotti, member of a well-known Milanese family, Lord Chamberlain of the Archbishop Elector of Cologne.

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father and mother scold them, and the poor children are much to be pitied.

And then, my dear child, we are menaced by the French. The Elector dare not return to his states, as he might be obliged to leave them at any moment, and you can imagine how this distresses us all. The dearness of everything is making itself markedly felt; altogether Bonn is very different from what it was when you left, although even then we were afraid of the French. Max Nesselrode talks of nothing but war and soldiering, and does not care for anything else.

ELLINGEN, *le 1 May*, 1800.

¹ J'ai eu la joie la plus grande, en apprenant votre heureuse arrivée à Göttingen, mon cher Rodolphe. Soyez assuré que je prends à tout ce qui vous arrive un intérêt qui fait une partie de mon existence. Je ne pense et je ne suis occupé que de vous et de vos actions. C'est mon excessive tendresse qui m'a engagé pour votre bien-être, à vous envoyer à Göttingen, mais vous ne pouvez pas vous même avoir une idée du tourment que j'éprouve d'être séparé de vous. Comme, bien jeune, je vous ai laissé en Angleterre vous savez le chagrin que cela ma coûté dans ce temps là. A présent que vous êtes assez

¹ This letter and that announcing the death of Marianne (pp. 70-2) are left in the original French to show the style of Mrs. Heathcote's correspondence.

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formé pour n'avoir plus besoin des soins que demande la grande jeunesse, j'ai sans doute moins de douleur et d'inquiétude, mais content je ne puis l'être que quand j'aurai le bonheur de vous voir.

Votre père est content que vos lettres me soient adressées. Sa santé est comme toujours, le soir nous soupions avec lui. Il a été très content de votre style, mais il vous prie d'écrire en Allemand à Monsieur Doerfeld et de vous rendre le français plus familier. Le bon Dörfeld dit, que les talents ne vous manquent pas, que si vous vouliez vous appliquer, vous feriez un homme essentiel. Il a lu plusieurs fois votre lettre et, en riant, nous a assuré, qu'il n'eut pas cru que votre style fut si bien. Je suis charmé que vous soyez satisfait de votre fournisseur avec Monsieur Floret. A l'université tous les marchands profitent de l'inexpérience des jeunes gens. Je vous prie d'acheter sans scrupule tout ce qui vous est nécessaire, des dépenses inutiles sont les seules que l'on doit éviter, réfléchissez, mon cher Rodolph, et vous ne trouverez pas les choses trop chères. Pour un qui paye, il y en a six qui doivent. J'ai demandé à Monsieur Doerfeld au sujet de Lord North, il s'en informera. Votre présentation chez les professeurs nous a amusé. Continuez je vous prie à nous mander tout cela.

J'ai été ces jours ci à l'Abbaye de Kaisenhaim ; les moines nous ont reçus avec politesse. J'étais

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avec le Comte Persico, le Commandeur Hettendorf et Thérèse. Voilà tout. J-y ai couché deux nuits dans un lit plus sale que vous ne pouvez imaginer. Nous avons été à Donauthverth, y voir, un camp formé de soldats et officiers bava-rois, au nombre de 5000, payés par les anglais ; Comme Donauthverth n'est qu'à une lieue de l'abbaye, nous y sommes toujours retournés pour trouver le lit. Les soldats et les officiers sont très mécontents. Tous disent que leur souverain les a vendus et qu'ils désertent à la première occasion. Le Prélat nous a fait donner un concert exécuté par les moines, excellent ; Il y a un de ces Mes-sieurs qui jouent supérieurement du violon. Jugez si nous avons parlé et pensé à vous ! Thérèse a eu beaucoup de plaisir de cette excursion. Je vous assure qu'elle ne vous oubliera jamais. Comme elle est la première à courir pour aller au devant de la fille qui apporte les lettres, elle m'a remis votre paquet, ne pouvant attendre que je lui donne de vos nouvelles. Elle s'acquittera de votre commission. Mademoiselle de Welden a un caractère plus solide que vous ne le supposez. Elle m'aime comme sa mère.

J'ai reçu des lettres de l'Electeur,¹ de Ratisbonne et de Linz. Il est très bien, a soutenu la fatigue à merveille. Monsieur Floret m'a aussi donné de ses nouvelles et il se rappelle à votre souvenir.

¹ The Elector Max Franz of Cologne, who was a great friend of Mrs. H.

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Vous devez lui écrire aussitôt que vous pouvez, tout simplement à son adresse à Vienne, en anglais. N'oubliez pas de lui recommander de vous mettre au pied de son auguste maître précisément qu'il peut montrer votre lettre à l'Electeur. Cela fera plaisir au Prince.

Votre écuyer, dont je ne sais écrire le nom, a été deux fois chez moi pour me demander de vos nouvelles. Je l'ai vu ce matin et je lui ai dit de votre part de belles choses. La famille . . . vous regrette et Madame K. travaille à force pour vous. Les enfants de la Comtesse Persico ont été hier inoculés dans mes bras. Père et Mère n'ayant pas le courage de voir la grande cérémonie. Antoinette, comme un ange, a souffert la lancette, la petite comme un diable m'a jeté tout au visage. Dieu veuille que cela réussisse ! mais moi, mon chère fils, je vous promets que votre mère ni maintenant ni à l'avenir jamais ne sera inoculée ! Madame Porty, jadis la belle Hellerman, est accouchée d'un fils, il y a trois jours. Elle et l'enfant ne se portent pas bien. A présent adieu. Je vous recommande de ménager votre santé, car si vous êtes malade, je suis en vérité désolé, ainsi pour mon intérêt personnel, ayez soins de vous. Je vous donne ma bénédiction. Puisse-t-elle être un heureux présage de la grace et de la félicité que nous vous souhaitons, cher Rodolph, votre bonne et tendre mère,

ANTOINETTE HEATHCOTE.

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P.S.—Le malheur arrivé au violon est triste. Thérèse a eu en présent le chien de Monsieur Floret ;¹ elle l'aime à la folie. Je l'appelle souvent "Vixen." A ce souvenir il doit de bons moments et maintes caresses.

¹ M. Floret, who is so often mentioned in these letters, was then in the service of the Elector Archbishop, after whose death he entered the Austrian service. He must have been a very able man, for it was he who was sent to Paris in 1810 as Privy Councillor to arrange the marriage settlements between the Emperor Napoleon and Marie Louise.

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RALPH HEATHCOTE

RALPH HEATHCOTE

CHAPTER I

EARLY TIMES

RALPH'S first letter is written in unformed characters, and is rather sentimentously expressed. He was then only nineteen. His style soon becomes easy and simple compared with many of the productions of those days. A collection of letters from Baron Handel, a German gentleman in the service of the Archbishop-Elector, to Ralph, beginning at a time when he was only fifteen, prove him to have been unusually advanced for his years. Handel treats him entirely as he would a companion of his own age.

Doerfeld had evidently described to Ralph the difficulty his mother had had in recovering from the shock of his father's death. "Madame de Heathcote," as her son usually addresses her, was still staying on at Ellingen, the Archbishop-Elector's Palace.

Ralph Heathcote

GÖTTINGEN, *January* 29, 1801.

This morning I have received Doerfeld's letter, by which it appears that you have not yet recovered from the shock which the last unfortunate event has caused. I am confident that time and our joint endeavours will succeed in restoring your peace of mind. Though I was at first very much shocked, yet reason alleviated my grief and convinced me that the dear deceased is in every respect much happier than before, indeed a life like his constantly afflicted with diseases is by no means to be envied. I eagerly count the days of my residence at Göttingen.

Hoping ere long to convince my dear remaining parent of the warmest sentiments of filial affection with which I shall ever glow, a few weeks will bring me to this dreadful and yet dear town.

My dear mother, pray be not offended with the shortness of my letter, as it does not proceed from idleness or want of affection, but rather from very contrary opposite motives; think that every moment I lose now [is] not to be made amends for. My compliment to all friends, especially to dear D. Pray tell him I shall not fail to answer his last letter by the next post.

I remain your ever affectionate son,

R. H.

Early Times

GÖTTINGEN, *September 6, 1801.*

Perhaps you remember one evening at Court, Breuning¹ said he wondered how long it would be before we all met again. I replied most probably never. My father was the first who left us, and the Prince to whom he was accredited followed him soon after. We who remain look down upon the ruins and say like Wieland, "Auch diese waren in Arkadien." If ever I return to the Court of Cologne, if ever I behold once more the walls in which the years of my infant age slid along in youthful plays, I shall behold a world quite new, quite strange to me. It is just as if a mine had sprung beneath us. We are dispersed; some are living, others dead. I am sorry I am not a novel-writer. Nobody has surely ever had a better subject to write his own biography than I; taking the word as it is now generally taken, namely, saying very little of myself, but all I know of others—in other words, "Une histoire de mon temps," taking the shortness of the action in consideration, of course.

This half-year, according to the academical expression, is now almost over. Some lectures are finished, or near their end. I have made

¹ Herr von Breuning was afterwards chamberlain to the Archduke Charles of Vienna, after the Elector of Cologne's death, to whose Court he had belonged.

Ralph Heathcote

great plans for the next ; if I could put one-half of them into execution I have reason to be satisfied. As for the vacation, I think I shall spend it within doors. Dull as the time is at Göttingen, I do not feel disposed to make any excursions, though I can assure you I begin to feel tired of the place. Studying for ever may give satisfaction in as far as it gratifies our vanity, but it gives little pleasure in the main. Smollett, in his *Humphry Clinker* says, "The correspondence of an acadamion is poor ; the want of variety, the necessary attendant of his life, does not afford him subject-matter to write upon." No academic has ever felt the truth of this assertion more than I do at present, for I spend the whole stock of my ideas.

I am very sensible of the kindness of His Royal Highness, and hope that his intercessions will be of some use. With regard to myself particularly, though very much obliged for his goodness, I am determined to follow a line of life in which his protection as well as that of any man living can be of very little, nay, even of no use to me. My father, when about my time of life, despised the law and preferred the diplomatic line ; whatever his reasons might be for preferring the latter, I am resolved to follow the first, convinced as I am of the little solid advantage the line can possibly afford me, for supposing I was made Minister Plenipotentiary, what

Early Times

then? I will take my chance in a much more difficult road, I confess, but which shows me a prospect which ten to one I can never attain [but] will yet keep me in spirits and hope. Another mighty reason, if you might think the other-mentioned ones too trivial, is that the greatest activity is necessary to keep me from a kind of apathy to which I am very liable.

GÖTTINGEN, *December 24, 1801.*

Some weeks ago I made a visit to Doerfeld at Cassel, whom I found very comfortably lodged at the Minister's new house. Mr. Taylor was not in town, and I was not happy enough to find out Madame de Lauterbach's lodgings, for she had left the inn, or else I should certainly have paid her my respects. She is the first woman of fashion I have seen since I left home, and has behaved very civilly to me, reasons enough for a young man, who is yet very far from having acquired *le ton de la société*, to cultivate her acquaintance. I saw, and what's more, spoke to her daughter¹ at the play.

¹ Madame de Lauterbach's daughter Louise was soon to be the object of Ralph Heathcote's fervent, though inconstant affections. Louise de Lauterbach afterwards played a great part in society, and died as Princess Putbus, at an advanced age, at her house in Berlin. She had, soon after the events these letters chronicle, married Count Veltheim; a year and a half later she was divorced, and married her husband's best friend, Count (afterwards Prince) Putbus. The town of Putbus and part of the Isle of Rügen were his property.

Ralph Heathcote

This little journey is the only occurrence worth mentioning which has happened to me since my last ; living the droning life of a student, without frequenting any assemblies or public places, the concerts excepted, my materials for letter-writing are so few, that if I was not convinced you would put up with trifles, I should only be ashamed of taking up my pen.

I send you, dear mother, the compliments of the season. May I live to wish you many New Years to come ; to make them as agreeable as lies in my power will be my most ardent endeavours, my earnest desire. As a souvenir of Göttingen, I send you an almanack which, having consulted your taste for politics, may be of some use to you.

Mrs. Heathcote, like many other foreigners, settled at Cassel, where owing to her late husband's position as English Minister at that Court she found many old friends and led a very pleasant life.

Cassel was then one of the brightest and most attractive German Courts. The taste and lavish expenditure of the Electors had embellished the capital of Hesse with fine palaces, parks, and art collections. There was an excellent opera, and brilliant court entertainments. Even now Wilhelmshöhe is still one of the most beautiful royal residences in Europe. As the cost of living was also cheap, it is no wonder that foreigners of dis-



RALPH HEATHCOTE

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of H.B.M. King George III to the Courts of the Elector of Cologne and the Elector of Hesse-Cassel.

Early Times

tion settled there; and these letters often mention foreign names belonging to Cassel society.

The reigning Electress was a Danish princess; and the fact of the Elector's mother having been a daughter of George II of England may account for the large number of English residents.

GÖTTINGEN, *February* 14, 1802.

It was with the greatest pleasure I received your last letter, which contributed not a little to alleviate my fears, on account of your health, which had been occasioned by your long silence. At present I am convinced you are perfectly recovered. Change of air and of situation cannot fail of producing the most salutary effects, and will undoubtedly remove all the evil consequences of an unpleasant season spent in a solitary recess, whence the little amusements which had formerly served in some measure to enliven it are fled, perhaps for ever. Munich, the most pleasant town I know in Germany, will I trust entirely dissipate the remaining seeds of melancholy, which I am afraid still prey upon your mind.

We have had great disturbances occasioned by riots among the students lately at Göttingen, which induced me to go to Cassel for a few days. I found D. very well, dined with the Minister,¹

¹ Taylor.

Ralph Heathcote

and am now returned as well as ever, the tumults having been perfectly appeased. Probably you may have heard of it. I have not now room or time enough to enter into any details; this much I must tell you, that the military has been called upon to act against the students, who all rose in a body and threatened to leave the University. No lectures were read for a couple of days, and the consequences might have been fatal in case the Academical Senate had not submitted in some measure to their demands. I need not tell you how tired I am of this blessed University, which in less than ten weeks will no longer have the honour to look upon me as one of its members, and which since the last tumult has changed considerably for the worse, orders and Landsmannschaften having been re-introduced.

J'espère bien que vous ferez mes compliments à la nouvelle mariée dont le souvenir me flatte infiniment. S'il n'était pas ridicule pour un jeune homme comme moi de faire des prophéties sur un évènement dont il ne peut guère être supposé d'avoir de l'expérience, je ne manquerai pas d'en hasarder des plus favorables. Le bonheur que ma cousine ressent de son mariage m'autorise de lui faire mes congratulations les plus sincères. Quoique je n'ai pas l'honneur d'être connu de Monsieur de E., ayant seulement eu l'occasion de le voir une fois à Munich, j'espère qu'il voudra

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agr er mes compliments que je vous prie de lui faire de ma part.

This, if I am not mistaken, is the first time I have written to you in French to spare you the trouble of a translation. I hope Theresa will follow her sister's example and will cease to be so very nice with regard to years.

The following letters were written when Ralph Heathcote was on his way to England.

HEILIGENSTADT, *August 31, 1803.*

I arrived at this place about eight o'clock in the morning, perfectly well, though most completely shaken about during the night, the roads being as bad as possible. To complete the misfortune I can nowhere get horses, though the drivers go on well enough; this prevents my getting on as I could wish.

Pray present my best compliments to the charming Miss Lauterbach. Tell her a great many fine things for me, especially how very sorry I was at not being able to take leave of her, as according to all probability she will have left Cassel by the time I return. However, to comfort myself in some measure, I shall look out for another beauty at London to repair the loss I have sustained. I am writing in a dirty room,

Ralph Heathcote

a party of noisy boys and girls staring at me whilst they are dressing and eating their breakfast, so I am glad to conclude. With great affection.

STOCKAY.

I would not send off my letter this morning, but took it on with me for two posts more. It is now half-past-three and I have no chance of setting off this hour yet. The few houses composing this place are very poor; it must have been some country seat or other. However, the roads leading to it are bad beyond description, and I am convinced that the Miss Berrys could not have gone on with it. I fancy no English carriage could stand it, and now good-bye.

Ralph wrote amongst quaint surroundings. Husum, then belonging to Danish Holstein, was a picturesque little port, from which the sea was receding more and more. Even now it has a particular charm, with its tiled roofs, curious stoves, and vestiges of the Holstein costume, which was then universally worn. Here he waited for wind and tide, and here he had the good fortune to find the pleasantest of travelling companions in the shape of the Miss Berrys.

We have no difficulty in recalling the Miss Berrys. As quite young girls, they were the intimate friends of the septuagenarian Horace



MAXIMILIAN FRANZ
ELECTOR AND ARCHBISHOP
OF COLOGNE, ARCHDUKE
OF AUSTRIA

*(From a miniature by Isabey
belonging to Countess Gröben)*



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Walpole, who occasionally called them his little wives, and sometimes his darling children. Very attractive, cultivated, and agreeable, they were made much of by the best society, and many old people still talk of the house at Curzon Street, where a lighted lamp invited passing friends to a cup of tea and a chat with those two charming hostesses.

In the course of a Continental journey they passed Cassel (May 14, 1804). Miss Berry, the cleverer of the two sisters, was just forty, still good-looking, and of a striking personality. She mentions dining at Mr. Brook Taylor's and meeting his secretary, Mr. Heathcote, and her diary gives us a vivid little picture of life at Cassel: "Went to the parade. Nothing can exceed the clockwork regularity of their movements." [Miss Berry had severely criticized the parade, which she had lately witnessed in Paris, before the First Consul.] "Their regimentals are very handsome, and their whole appearance very clean and military. In short, their prince does nothing else and thinks of nothing else, and is, I believe, the greatest adept in every branch of the art of what is called 'German discipline.' Nothing can exceed the fitness of the 'locale' for such a parade: a large plain of fine short grass, bounded by a high wood at one end and by the gay buildings of the *Orangerie* at the other; it really is one of the prettiest military scenes that can be seen."

Ralph Heathcote

Of Wilhelmshöhe she says that nothing can be more magnificent than this palace.

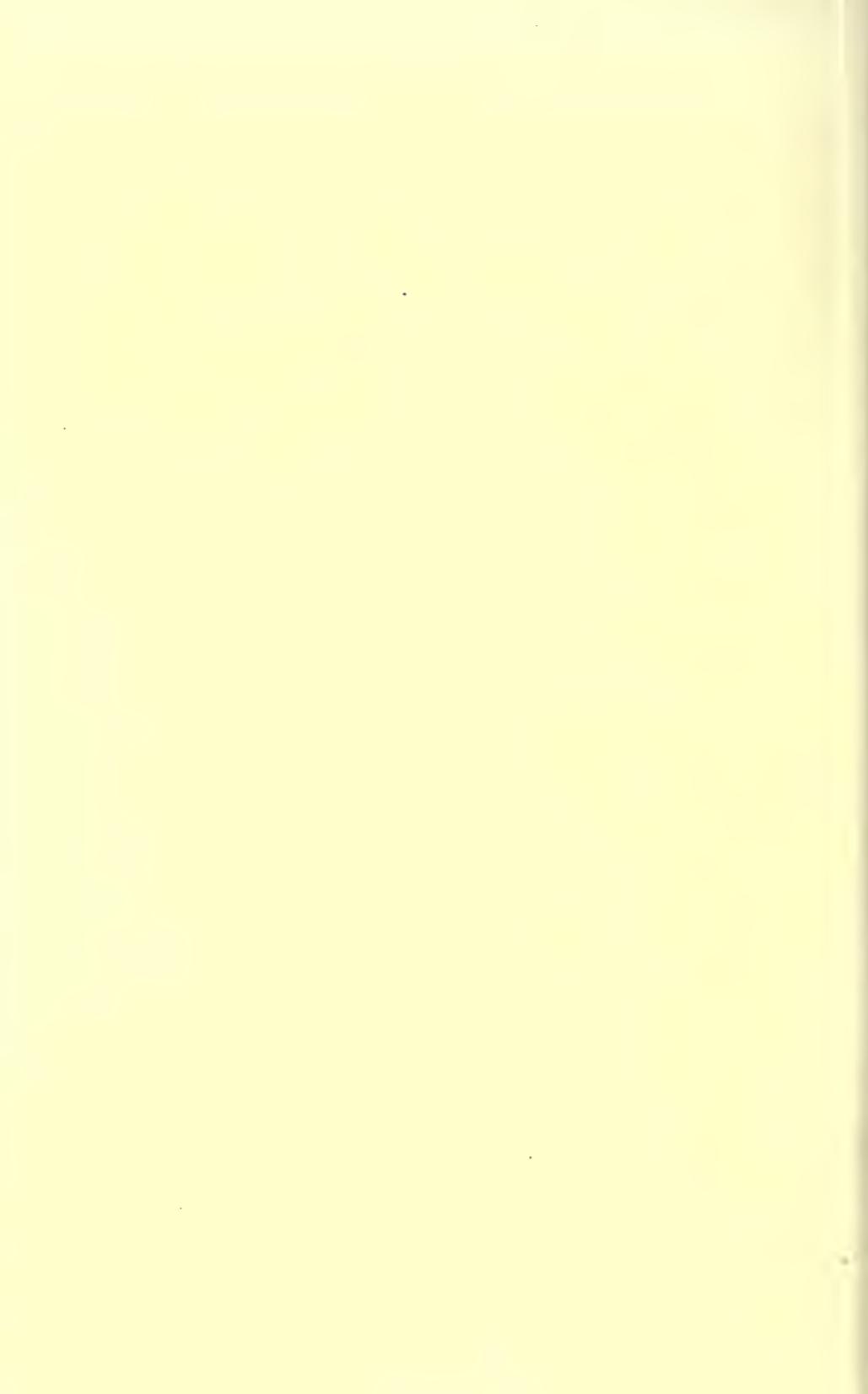
She was introduced to the Elector's mistress, the Countess of Hessenstein, and describes her as a very good-looking woman, with simple, unaffected manners, who looked heartily tired of the position of *maîtresse en titre*. So runs Miss Berry's diary.

Countess Hessenstein's story throws a sad light on the morals of a time not so very distant. She was the orphan daughter of a Baron Schlotheim, and lived with her uncle in the country. When almost a child—not quite sixteen—she went to visit an aunt belonging to the Court of Wilhelmshöhe. The Elector saw her and fell in love with her. Frightened at the sovereign's proposals, she fled by night, disguised in a farm-girl's clothes, from the palace, and ran on and on until too wearied to go farther; then a farmer found her and took her in his cart to her uncle's place.

But the Elector, who had never been daunted in love, found means to make her return to Wilhelmshöhe; people even affirm that her uncle himself took her there. It is certain that she was forced into a private marriage with the Elector on the day of her return. It took place in the chapel of the Löwenburg, where a clergyman was compelled to hold a service resembling the marriage ceremony, and the poor little girl



RALPH HEATHCOTE
(Painted at Bonn in 1790)



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was told she was now married to the Elector. Until his death she lived with him in one palace, while close by in another his lawful wife, the Electress, resided; but the latter, as well as the Electoral Prince and his wife and family, associated in the most amiable way with the Countess of Hessenstein and her five children. She always had a good influence on the Elector, and died universally esteemed at an advanced age at Cassel nearly twenty-five years after him. In later years her house remained one of the centres of court society, and the young Elector never failed to appear at her fêtes.

HUSUM, *September 5, 1803.*

Thanks to the gods, I have at last arrived at the end of my German and Danish journey, for I began to be heartily tired of my solitary expedition, jogging on day and night without having any diversion but hurrying the drivers at every stage I came to. I hope you received the two letters I wrote to you on the road, and should have written more if I had not found it too inconvenient, for if once I sat down to write, nobody thought of getting the horses ready; that was also the reason I never took any regular meals whilst I travelled post, for in Denmark they have no such things as post horses. You

Ralph Heathcote

stop at the inn and they provide you with horses which they hire in the town.

It is very strange that, though I have been travelling on five days and five nights and a half without stopping anywhere, I should not be tired in the least, but I can assure you I am as fresh as the day I set out.

Pray tell Doerfeld I have had another adventure with robbers, in which the hero almost began to be afraid. You must know that the road from Burgstall to Stendal goes over a long heath, excessively sandy, with fir woods intermingled here and there. To this road I came in the middle of night, and was as usual fast asleep, when the postillion woke me and made me observe a fire in the wood close by the place we were to pass. I prepared accordingly, but was too idle to get out of the carriage. We drove on hearing loud laughing and screaming; I took them for a band of gypsies or robbers; but we had scarcely got near them when we were surrounded by about fifteen fellows, who stopped the carriage and asked the driver what right he had to drive that road. The driver jumped off the box, and I, not being able to get out of the carriage now, took aim with my pistol at the fellow nearest me, swearing I would fire immediately if they did not make off; the driver had in the meantime made up to those who held the horses, threatening to horsewhip them if they offered to frighten us any

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longer. The thing was very serious, and I was already determined to shoot the fellow when they thought proper to run away. They were, as we found afterwards, peasants watching their horses feeding in the woods, who wanted to frighten us and get a little money out of us if they could. Ever after I always had my pistols lying on the seat next me all night, and I was determined to get out in time; for had they been robbers I should have shot too, but unable to defend myself with my broadsword or to make my escape would have been slain like Ibycus by the survivors.

My compliments to the beauty of beauties, the fair Miss Lauterbach, of whom, by the bye, I never thought when going to engage with the robbers. It is very strange and makes me doubt of the custom having existed among the old knights. I swear I only thought of myself who was going to be slain!

HUSUM, *September 8, 1803.*

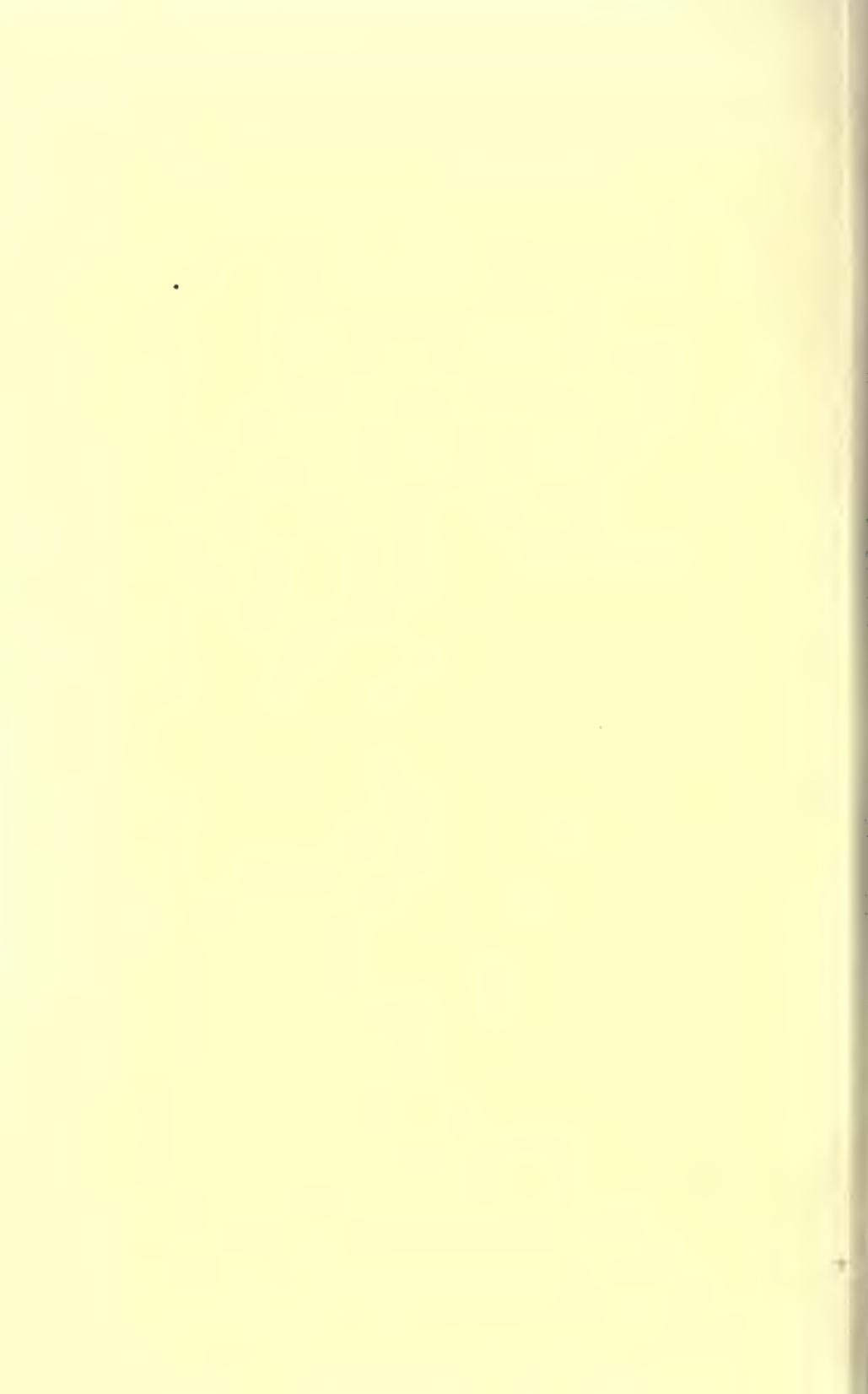
The winds have still kept me a prisoner in Denmark, and our hopes for a speedy delivery are less than ever. In the meantime I am suffering most cruelly from ennui, a sad evil indeed, which exercises its arbitrary sway over all who have entered these regions of expectation. In want of

Ralph Heathcote

books, for *Tom Jones* is my only companion, I eat a great deal, and am a long time about it, besides taking two regular pilgrimages to the seashore every day and calling on the charming Miss Berrys. The twelve hours which I am awake in Denmark out of the twenty-four are passed in yawning and dozing. Past events are now reappearing to my mind, and I have had occasion to find in Husum a quality diametrically opposite to that which the ancients have attributed to the Leucadian Rock. You must know that I am now recommencing to think of the charming Miss Lauterbach, for I had quite forgotten her from the day I knew of my journey to England to my arrival at this place, and should be very much obliged if you would acquaint me if the marriage is yet to take place, and when and where. It is one of the events I cannot well believe till they have actually happened. It had been my intention to have taken leave of Miss L. and of Countess Bohlen at the play, but was prevented by the horses coming sooner than they had been ordered. I hope the ladies were not offended at the apparent want of respect, but if they were there is no great harm done, as I shall probably never see them again, at least not her I most care about. By the bye, is it not odd that all her admirers, at least those of our acquaintance, should be so strangely dispersed as they are? She has two in France, one in England, one in Italy, and poor me up to my



MRS. HEATHCOTE, NÉE ANTOINETTE
DE WOLTER
(Mother of Ralph Heathcote)



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neck in Denmark, who were all a year ago very quietly at Cassel. She has, it seems, a quality similar to that of Medusa. She turns all her lovers into travellers. All I hope is that this influence may not be extended to her husband, for by what I know of him he is little qualified for a roving life, and No. 1 is more than sufficient for the noble Count.¹

Perhaps it may interest you to know that Mr. Liston arrived at this place not many days ago. Had I had the least idea of having a chance of being with him in the same town, I should certainly have requested Doerfeld to favour me with a letter of introduction to that gentleman. As it is, I was very near paying him a visit, but as his brother is dying in the same house with him, joined to some other considerations, I thought it proper to stay away. Though it is said that he intends to return to Copenhagen after having seen his wife's sister with her husband, who, as I have mentioned before, is not expected to reach England alive, safely embarked, I do not believe it, and fancy he wishes to make a secret of his journey to England.

Some days previous to my departure from Cassel I wrote a letter to Esslinger at Frankfurt giving some commission relative to books, with which, unless I am very much mistaken, I have already acquainted you. I expect him

¹ Count Veltheim, from whom she was very soon divorced.

Ralph Heathcote

consequently to send me a box full of these, which I have desired him to direct to be delivered to Mr. Taylor's house. I must request the favour of you to open his letter for me, which will either accompany or precede the books, and beg Doerfeld to get the value of them paid to Ess. at Frankfort. The money I entrusted to your care will be much more than what is necessary, and should this even not be the case, you will advance as much as is requisite. . . .

I forgot that this letter would be opened, and therefore was obliged to erase what I had written and leave out what I was going to write. Pray present my best compliments to all my acquaintance at Cassel, especially to Mrs. Rowe, and tell her that for my sake she may not wish the packet taking over the Berrys to be taken, for I am going to sail in company with them. I intend to take this letter over to England with me and there to finish it, unless my stay in this blessed country is prolonged too much.

In the afternoon of the same day.

I have seen my captain to-day. He tells me there is little or no chance of sailing to-morrow; if that be the case I shall put this letter into the post office here. I called this morning on the Miss Berrys and Lady Prescot, with whom I am to go in the same packet. He had told those ladies we were to go on board this evening;

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this, however, I found afterwards to be false. Yesterday another packet-boat arrived from England; by it we are informed that they believe us to be taken by the French in that country; and well they may, for there are at present six packets all to sail at the same time. I find I have grown fond of writing here at Husum; however, I must now give it up for to-day, as the hour of my afternoon's pilgrimage to the seashore has struck already. As you may perhaps be curious to know what I shall do with myself after my return, I must tell you that I am engaged to drink tea with my Miss Berrys. What should you say if I was to marry one of those ladies? I swear I should do all my endeavours to get one of them, if they were only ten years younger than they are, for I never in my life made the acquaintance of such agreeable people.

HUSUM, *September 9, 1803.*

The wind has been blowing very hard all night, and as I believe still from the same quarter, so that there is no chance of sailing to-day at least. As I have nothing better to do with myself, I am going to give you an account of Husum and its neighbourhood. You must know then that this town contains about five thousand inhabitants, most of whom appear to be very much at their ease; indeed I have not yet seen a beggar or any *pauvre honteux* in the place. The houses also are

Ralph Heathcote

very well built, and, as well as the streets, kept very clean and neat. The inhabitants are very civil, but impose upon strangers without mercy; the language they speak is a mixture of German and Danish, though most of them are able to speak good German. So much for the good of this place; but now comes the bad, which overbalances the former in a very great degree. It is called a seaport, but lies at eighteen English miles distant from the open sea, though the mouth of the river, where the packets lie and which forms the port, is very large and broad. This lies at about the distance of six English miles from the town, and a river which in low water is not above ten feet across leads to it. The mouth of the river, though it has good anchoring-ground, is intercepted with islands and sandbanks without number, so that a very favourable wind indeed is required to get out of it, besides which the land lies so very low that not even the church steeple of Husum is to be seen from the ships, the shore presenting one flat surface, without any hill or any other remarkable object to go by, nothing but the dykes, which are about forty feet above the surface of the ground, being visible. To complete the misfortune, the winds are remarkably steady in this part of the world and generally blowing from the sea, when it is impossible, by reason of the difficult navigation, to get out of the port. So much for the town

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and port ; as to the environs, the description is easily made, for it is nothing but heath all around, without either tree, bush, or hill of any kind. Indeed, by what I have seen of Denmark, I am inclined to divide the country into four parts : two of these consist of barren heath, the third of wood and lakes, and the fourth and last of fertile lands and towns or, in short, inhabited places. So much for Denmark, of which I have only seen the finest and most cultivated part, namely, Holstein and part of Schleswig.

HUSUM, *September 10*, 1803.

The wind has changed a little to the north this night past, and I flatter myself we shall be able to sail to-morrow ; at all events I shall put this letter into the post office at Husum, as it is long enough at least, in all conscience sake. I was a-shopping this morning with one of the Miss Berrys, and discovered that she is a perfect mistress of drawing, the dress of the peasants of this country furnishing her with excellent subjects.

P.S.—The wind is directly contrary, and I cannot say yet when we shall set off. I have engaged my passage on the *Diana* Captain Osborne. However, I amuse myself perfectly here at Husum, having been so fortunate as to meet the Miss Berrys, who having been four days at sea were obliged to put back to port. Those

Ralph Heathcote

ladies have introduced me to Lord and Lady Prescott and Sir John, with whom I am to go in the same packet, and who are very agreeable people. The Miss B. have taken their places on board another packet, the same on which Mr. Paget, our Minister at Vienna, is returning to England. Pray inform Mr. Taylor of this particular, for I have already sent off the letter to him I had written, as all people in this country are in expectation of a speedy rupture with England, which supposition is supported by several little incidents, but which appear all to be tending to one object. At Tonningen the Danes have made themselves masters of a ship which we had taken and maintained it by force of arms against the boats of some of our ships of war that had been assigned for the purpose, and which were ordered to take her out at all hazards; the garrison has been reinforced there, and we have since been informed that the detention had been effected in consequence of an express order from Copenhagen. Our sailors, even at this place, are very ill-treated, so much so that all the endeavours of their commanders can scarcely restrain them from taking bloody revenge on the insults they are but too frequently subjected to. Some days ago a boat from one of the packets happening to land in a place some hundred yards distant from that assigned for that purpose, and which was only occasioned by the very boisterous

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weather, was instantly fired at by the Danish batteries, which, by the bye, have only been erected since the arrival of our ships at this place, and which are daily reinforced and augmented.

It is remarkably cold here, and I am inclined to attribute it more to the situation of this country than to the general temperature now existing in Germany. The harvest has been remarkably plentiful in these countries, and is now quite over.

Good-bye.

As the British Government laid an embargo on all French ships in British ports, great numbers of English, who had taken the opportunity of the Peace to visit France, either for business or for pleasure, were by the order of Napoleon made prisoners of war and kept for years in captivity, so that for the time being travelling was rather a difficult undertaking.

YARMOUTH, *September 20.*

After a most tedious passage of six nights and five days, I am at last safely arrived in Old England, perfectly well and totally recovered from all remains of sea-sickness. I am just setting off for London, where I shall write more to you as soon as I have arrived. In the mean-

Ralph Heathcote

time present my best compliments to all my friends, and believe me

Ever yours,

RALPH HEATHCOTE.

I am afraid the packet with the Miss Berrys has been captured.

Ralph rejoiced in being in England, and described himself as "the happiest fellow living." His feelings during a play are very characteristic of that period, combining, as they did, hysterical emotion with the most robust common-sense.

WARREN'S HOTEL, *October 5, 1803.*

My stay in town having been prolonged above my expectation, and there being little hopes of my being dispatched soon, I sit down to acknowledge yours of the 7th and 18th of last month, which I received a few days ago. Believe me I am very sorry you should give yourself such unnecessary trouble on my account, and look upon the fatigues of the journey undertaken by a young man of twenty-one as at all to be compared with the pleasure of seeing Old England again. If it may at all tend to alleviate your uneasiness, I give you a most sacred assurance, not only that I slept much quieter on my journey

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than you did at Cassel, but also that I am at present the happiest fellow living. I am really quite amazed how anybody can believe I should ever repent of this journey; but in all respects relative to Doerfeld's scruples, you may assure him that he was mistaken. Together with myself, three secretaries came over with dispatches; but receiving messengers is so much a thing of course at the office, that the Under-Secretary of State, with whom I have spoken, never once thought of expressing the least astonishment at my arrival.

I yesterday returned from Bifrons, Mr. Taylor's¹ seat near Canterbury, where I was received with all the friendship and attention imaginable; indeed I cannot sufficiently express the high sense of gratitude and friendship I feel for that truly estimable family. Mrs. Taylor, a young mother of but just seventeen, is the most interesting creature I ever saw; however, I believe by what I have seen it is better not to marry quite so young a woman. She was only sixteen years and two weeks old when she married. My business in town prevented my enjoying the society of this charming couple above two days, when I parted, firmly determined to retire from business as soon as I conveniently can, being convinced

¹ Edward Taylor of Bifrons, married, September 6, 1802, Louisa only child of Rev. John Charles Beckingham of Bourne House Kent. He was the eldest brother of Sir Brook Taylor.

Ralph Heathcote

that true happiness is only to be found in the country, far from the disagreeable bustle of towns, but above all of courts, with all their appendages of assemblies, balls, and card parties.

Your last letter alarmed me very much for your health ; however, I must hope that by this time you are perfectly recovered. As to my complaint, it fled as soon as I set off for England, and the wholesome air of this country has entirely cured me of all diseases, past, present, and to come. You desire me to give you some account of my passage, but indeed I shall do no such thing, as the very recollection makes me shudder, the more so as I shall soon have to cross that detestable element again. As for Miss Berry, she was not on the same packet with myself, and I have not seen her since my arrival in England ; indeed I called once at her lodgings, and intend to go there once more, but I did not find them at home, so you may perceive I am not yet on the point of being married to either of them, and considering I am at present in England, where they lose much of their value by daily comparison, there is no danger, I hope, of any such thing happening.

Mentioning the theatre in one of your last letters, I cannot help saying a few words on our stage at this moment at London. Here once more I feel all the pleasure which, when a boy, the playhouse afforded me, and at the mercy of

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the man on high, I either dissolve in tears, burst my sides with laughter, or rub my hands in a trance of delight at the sight of some favourite fighting scene. At Cassel my heart was steeled and I was brave, but I must own that I was heartily frightened, my hairs standing on end, when some evenings ago the Castle Spectre trod the boards. But what above all things highly amused me was to see the pantomime of *Don Juan* performed with the same music I had seen and heard it seven years ago, and all the jokes of Scaramourt being still the very same, attended with all his grins and faces, gained more interest by recalling past events, and I felt myself young again. But, however I do ample justice to our actors, I am far from being blind to their defects, and however high they may have pushed their art, I am sorry to say they have rather lost sight of plain, unaffected nature. Our lovers sigh and talk affectedly soft and sweet ; our hero talks big, casts his arms about, and makes long strides, and whenever he wishes to be applauded he roars like a mad man, stamps the ground, then suddenly stops short, and remaining fixed like a statue, stares up to the gallery, which instantly re-echoes his noise tenfold throughout the whole house. This, just to show you that I am still a critic ; however, the great degree of grace and dignity, distinct elocution, perfectness in their part, and constant attention to what may be called the

Ralph Heathcote

pantomime of acting cannot sufficiently be extolled. Doerfeld was right: "*L'excellence n'est pas venue.*" I ought to have sent a card, but never thought of that expedient. Many thanks for your care of the books, but pray open and read them if at all agreeable to yourself.

P.S.—I am perfectly of Mr. Taylor's opinion with regard to the fate of my letters, and as by what you write it appears he has received none, I beg you to acquaint him that the one in which the present is enclosed is at least the fifth I have written to him since my departure from Cassel.

P.S.—You must, I am sure, be thankful for this long epistle, as I have sacrificed a London play to the writing of it—more, I am sure, than it is worth. I have forgotten to acquaint Mr. Taylor that the last letters from the Captain informed his brother at Bifrons that he was well, was cruising off Newfoundland, and had made two, but inconsiderable, captures.

CHARLES STREET, *October 22, 1803.*

Contrary to all our expectations, I am still in town, where in all probability I shall remain some days, or perhaps some weeks, longer. When we meet again at Cassel you shall be

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fully informed of the reasons which so materially prolonged my absence ; but as in the meantime you may be desirous to know in what manner I spend my time, I shall, according to my promise, give you a short detail of the occurrences of my day. To begin, therefore, in all regularity, I must inform you that I generally get up at about half-past eight or nine o'clock, when I go down to breakfast and read the newspaper. This, together with some other book, takes me up to eleven, at which time my hair-dresser comes and I get dressed. After dressing I sit down again to read till half-past twelve or one o'clock ; I then go to the office, where I generally stay a couple of hours and then take a walk or lounge about the streets. At four I am generally back again, and amuse myself either with reading or writing till half-past five, when I go to dine at some coffee-house, from whence I mostly remove to the playhouse and thence home again and to bed, this being about twelve o'clock ; should I not go to the play, I go directly home and read till bedtime. Having now given you an extract of the life I lead in this "dear damned city," I have only to mention a few words respecting your commissions before I close this descriptive epistle. Mr. Taylor informed me you wished me to bring out a pair of spectacles for you, and though you forgot to send your eyes for trying them this shall be done. As for the

Ralph Heathcote

silver candlesticks you mention in your last, I think it is better not to buy them. You do not wish to have high ones, which alone are in the fashion, and unfashionable ones, at half the price they would cost here, you may get at Cassel.

Ralph's stay in London proved successful; he was appointed Secretary to the British Legation at Cassel, and accompanied his chief to Berlin.

BERLIN, *January 10, 1804.*

My dear Mother,

My time ever since my departure from Cassel having been taken up with travelling, visiting, etc., I have not been able hitherto to acquaint you with the success of our journey; but am very happy to acquaint you at present that after a very cold but prosperous journey we arrived the day before yesterday at Berlin, and considering that I yesterday paid 120 visits, dined at a Minister's house, from thence went to the courts of two princesses one after the other, and closed the evening by going to an assembly at Baron Struensee's house, you will excuse my not having informed you sooner of our arrival at this place, which, I am sorry to

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say, is one of the finest towns I have ever seen.

Pray remember me to Doerfeld, and believe me

Your affectionate son,

RALPH HEATHCOTE.

P.S.—I forgot to inform you that Mr. Taylor and I had an attack of the libramania at Leipzig, so that we did not leave that place before I had purchased *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, *Les Amours, etc. de Faublas*.

CHAPTER II

THE BROOK TAYLOR INCIDENT

NO letters are forthcoming for a year and a half, Ralph having probably spent the whole of this time at Cassel with his mother. This, nevertheless, was one of the most interesting periods of his life. Only twenty-two years old, the young English diplomatist found himself involved in one of the most stirring political transactions of that day, his chief, Mr. Brook Taylor, having braved Napoleon himself.

As the incident may not be familiar to all, it is perhaps as well to recall the facts. The unjustifiable execution of the Duc d'Enghien had filled Europe with the profoundest distrust of Napoleon. The Emperor tried to palliate the act by declaring himself to be surrounded by conspirators against his life. New plots were continually "discovered." The French Minister of Justice declared that they had seized a secret correspondence between the English Ministers Drake in Munich, Spencer Smith in Stuttgart, and Wickham in Switzerland, which proved that



BROOK TAYLOR, AFTERWARDS SIR BROOK TAYLOR
British Minister at the Court of Hesse-Cassel

The Brook Taylor Incident

these Ministers had employed agents in France, in order to murder the then First Consul.

The English Minister in Cassel, Mr. Taylor, was thereupon accused on the strength of a correspondence between him and some French *émigrés* published by the Hamburg and Frankfurt newspapers of being implicated in this plot.

Mr. Taylor was at the time in England on leave of absence, Ralph Heathcote having been left chargé d'affaires at Cassel. The French Minister in Cassel, M. de Bignon, now requested the Hessian Minister, von Baumbach, to undertake to prevent the Elector from receiving Mr. Taylor on his return, and to order the Hessian Minister in London to make this known to Lord Mulgrave. Taylor hereupon declared that no proof of his pretended guilt was forthcoming, and that his honour required him to return to Cassel, in order to refute the accusation. So he returned.

Bignon immediately presented himself to the Minister von Baumbach, in order to find out whether the Elector really intended to receive Taylor or not.

The Minister tried to temporise, but the Elector promptly decreed: "As I intend neither to accommodate myself to the presumptuous bearing of the French Minister nor to sever the old links with England in such a noticeable manner, I shall see the Minister Taylor next Friday, the 5th, at dinner, without any formal audience, this

Ralph Heathcote

being unnecessary, in order to receive the compliments of the Royal House of Great Britain, to which I am closely related. I trust that Monsieur Bignon will take no offence at this, and I fail to see the necessity of carefully informing him of this fact beforehand, all the more as his spies will probably have acquainted him with the same.

WILHELM, ELECTOR.

“WILHELMSHOHE, *July 3, 1805.*”

At the same time the Elector caused his Minister in London urgently to request the Government to appoint another English representative, in order to spare him further difficulties and complications. George III answered :

My Cousin,

I have duly received the letter of Your Electoral Highness dated July 5th. If Mr. Taylor, my Minister at the Court of Your Electoral Highness, had failed in any way in the duties of his mission ; if he had allowed himself to relax in the assiduous attentions which he is enjoined to observe towards Your Electoral Highness ; if he had failed to cultivate that good understanding the preservation of which is the chief object of his instructions, I should have anticipated the demand of Your Electoral Highness for the recall of Mr. Taylor. But it would be

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incompatible with my Dignity, and contrary to the Principles of Equity and Justice which form the rule of my conduct, to recall my accredited Minister—to degrade a faithful and zealous servant at the suggestion of the Minister of any Foreign Power—resident at the Court of Your Electoral Highness. Still less can I lend myself to such a course at the demand which has been made to Your Electoral Highness based on charges which you may regard (with the rest of Europe) as devoid of all proof.

It is not therefore the legitimate demand of Your Electoral Highness I refuse, but the arrogant claims of my Enemies.

I have no doubt that the conduct of Mr. Taylor will screen him from any just cause for Complaint, and will ensure to him a continuance of the cordiality which Your Electoral Highness was good enough to show at his Reception.

I am,

My Cousin,

Your good Cousin,

WEYMOUTH,

GEORGE R.¹

1st August, 1805.

H.E.H. the Elector of Hesse.

¹ The above is a translation of the despatch which Miss Deedes has kindly placed at the disposal of the editor :

Mon Cousin,

J'ai bien reçu la Lettre de V.A.E. en date du 5 Juillet. Si Mons^r. Taylor, mon ministre auprès de Votre Altesse Electorale, avait manqué essentiellement aux devoirs de sa mission, s'il s'étoit

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The Elector had left his residence for the waters of Nenndorf, when M. de Bignon delivered a categorical message to Baumbach, stating that a courier from Talleyrand had informed him that, under these circumstances, the Emperor looked upon the presence of Mr. Taylor at Cassel as an insult. H.I.M. demanded the same not to be received, and if this peremptory request should be disregarded, M. de Bignon would be recalled, and the Emperor would take a secret alliance between Hesse and England for granted. This would imply a declaration of war, and would

permis d'omettre les attentions assidues qu'il lui est enjoint d'observer sans cesse auprès de V.A.E., s'il avoit failli de cultiver cette bonne intelligence dont la conservation fait le chef objet de ses instructions, j'aurois prévenu la demande de V.A.E. pour le rappel de M^r. Taylor. Mais il seroit incompatible avec ma Dignité et contraire aux Principes d'Equité et de Justice qui font la regle de ma conduite, de rappeler mon Ministre accrédité—de dégrader un Serviteur fidèle et zèle à la suggestion du Ministre d'une Puissance Etrangère quelconque resident à la Cour de V.A.E. Encore moins puis je me prêter à cette démarche sur la demande qui eu a été faite à V.A.E. basée sur des Inculpations qu'Elle regarde (avec le reste de l'Europe) comme denuée de toute preuve.

Ce n'est donc pas à la demande légitime de V.A.E. que je me refuse, mais à la Pretension arrogante de mes Ennemis.

Je ne doute nullement que la conduite de M^r. Taylor le mettra à l'abri de tout juste sujet de Plainte, et lui vaudra la continuation de cette cordialité que V.A.E. a bien voulu lui témoigner à sa Réception.

Je suis,

Mon Cousin,

Votre bon Cousin,

GEORGE R.

A WEYMOUTH,

ce 1^r Aout, 1805.

S.A.E. l'Electeur de Hesse.

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cause H.I.M. to march his troops into the Electoral States.

On the 3rd of August Taylor had left for the waters at Driburg, leaving Ralph Heathcote chargé d'affaires, and in this critical state of things the Prussian Minister, Prince Wittgenstein, went to the Elector in order to smooth matters over, and above all to induce Taylor to continue to remain away from Cassel. When, nothing daunted, Taylor, in spite of everything, returned to his post, the Elector then ordered his son, the Electoral Prince, to invite the English Minister to a shooting party at Hanau, hoping to keep Taylor away from Cassel some time longer.

As the following letters show, the invitation was accepted, and Heathcote accompanied his chief.

HANAU, *August 17, 1805.*

We arrived at this place yesterday evening in perfect good health and spirits. Our journey was very pleasant. We had no disagreeable accidents of what kind soever, excepting indeed the first evening, when Mr. Salto,¹ who was sitting on my knee, chose to discharge the superfluous contents of his stomach all over my breeches and stockings. Fortunately, however, this did

¹ His favourite dog.

Ralph Heathcote

not happen till we were a few yards from the inn where we stayed the first night, so the damage was easily repaired. As yet nothing at all has happened here, we having only just sent off our cards to Philipsruhe, and as I have all hands full with copying our Cassel dispatches I shall only inform you that we are very well lodged.

Beg to be kindly remembered to Doerfeld, the Heskeths, etc. etc., and that I am, with the most sincere affection.

The Electoral Prince resided at Hanau, a town near Frankfurt a. Maine. He was married to Princess Augusta of Prussia, daughter of the late King Frederick William II, and therefore sister-in-law of Queen Louise. The son and heir lately born to them became the last Elector of Hesse. After the war of 1866 Prussia annexed this principality, which now forms the province of Hesse Cassel.

The summer palace of the Electoral Prince was Philipsruhe, near Wilhelmsbad. This watering place is charmingly situated on the Maine, and in those days, before Wiesbaden or Homburg had been "discovered," it was the most fashionable and popular resort of those parts. Now it is all but deserted, and only the fine park and avenues speak of the past.

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HANAU, *August 20, 1805.*

In my first of Saturday last, I informed you of our safe arrival at this place, and of our having sent cards to the principal people of the Electoral Prince's Court. I shall now endeavour to give you an exact detail of everything that has passed since you heard from me. Soon after I had closed my letter we received an invitation from the Prince to dine with him the day after, and were invited in return by the above-mentioned gentlemen. We then took a walk about the town and spent the evening at home. About half-past one on Sunday we repaired to Philipsruhe, where a large party was already assembled, consisting mostly, besides the people attached to the Court, of officers belonging to the Prince's regiment, and about four ladies, Madame de Buttlar, Doernberg, etc. Soon after our arrival the Prince and then the Princess made their appearance. Both were as gracious, civil, and attentive as it was possible to be. At dinner I sat next to Madame de Buttlar, who was very entertaining and polite, asked many questions about you, and desired me to remember her to you. On the whole the dinner was very amusing and tolerably void of the stiffness but too remarkable at several other places. The Electoral Princess is quite charming ;

Ralph Heathcote

it is easy to perceive that she endeavours to imitate the manners of her royal sister-in-law, in which I must do her the justice to say she succeeds very well. After we got up from table, Mr. Taylor being engaged in close conference with the Prince, I had the honour of a long conference with the Princess, who inquired in the kindest terms after yourself, and expressed herself in the most decided manner on the present political discussions at Cassel. From Philipruhe the whole party repaired to Wilhelmsbad, where, the day being fine, a large concourse of people, both from Hanau and Frankfort, were assembled. The Electoral Princess soon formed a circle of ladies and gentlemen, to most of whom, however, I was a perfect stranger, the old Princess of Stolberg¹ (as great a quiz as ever) and Mr. and Mme. de Lützow excepted, who desired to be kindly remembered to you. Mr. de Lützow informed us that a *grande partie de chasse* was already arranged for the Friday, and another ordered Monday next. Before I take leave of Wilhelmsbad, I feel myself bound in justice to say

¹ The mother-in-law of Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender, *née* Princess de Hornes, widow of Gustavus-Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Guedern. Her daughter, Princess Gustave de Stolberg, wrote of her at the age of ninety, in 1823, as "occupied in choosing her winter gowns. . . . What a pity it is she never attached herself with the same tenacity to what is highest and best in life" (*Vitelleschis' Court in Exile*, Vol. II, pp. 386-7). Prince Charlie's unhappy wife, the Princess of Albany, was the devoted friend of Alfieri, and died in Italy, 1824.

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that I scarcely ever saw finer women assembled on so small a piece of ground ; most of these, I was told, were Dutch women and Jewesses. We returned home about $8\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock.

Monday morning we spent making some visits, walking over the ramparts, and going up the chief church steeple, from whence we had a very distinct view of Frankfort and the neighbouring country. However, the weather was far from being favourable for this kind of amusement. At half-past six in the evening we again went, according to invitation, to Philipsruhe to drink tea with their Highnesses. Besides ourselves, only Count Ingelheim, with his mother and another lady whom I did not then know, had been invited. I renewed my acquaintance with the Count and the maids of honour, especially Mlle. de Witzleben, being very pleasant girls, spent a very pleasant afternoon. At half-past seven o'clock the Princess took leave and we retired. Our carriage not having yet arrived, we walked about the gardens with M. de Buttlar, but the Electoral Prince, having observed us from the window, sent Mr. de Schlotheim, just when the carriage was seen arriving at a distance (we had not been waiting five minutes), to ask us to walk up and eat a family supper with him. This very gracious invitation was, of course, immediately complied with, and we spent a most delightful evening in the society of this august couple.

Ralph Heathcote

You will be astonished to hear that upon inquiry to know who the other lady that had accompanied the old Countess of Ingelheim was, I should find it to be no other than the young Countess (Antonia Westphalen that was). She must be excessively altered that I should not have known her again, though to be sure I scarcely looked at her, taking her to be an old woman, excessively fat—the latter circumstance is easily explained, for she is in the very last stage of pregnancy—and my not having seen much of her proceeds partly from her being in a small cabinet with the Princess and her mother-in-law, whilst the Prince, maids of honour, and gentlemen remained in the other room. If the weather renders it anyway practicable, we mean this morning to pay our respects to that family, who reside at Wilhelmsbad, when I shall do my utmost to repair the blunder I have committed through ignorance. It will amuse you if I tell you that as soon as I saw the Count I had been looking out for the beautiful, fine-shaped Countess whom I have been once smitten with.

This morning we have already been invited to dine at Philipsruhe to-morrow, so that you must perceive we are treated *on ne peut pas mieux* by the Electoral family, who have shown themselves in such a light as must do them the greatest honour in the eyes of all Europe, giving the most

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noble example to the other sovereigns of the Continent, in resisting the imperious demand of an upstart tyrant.

HANAU, *August 24, 1805.*

I yesterday received yours of the 20th inst., and must beg you to accept my best thanks for the information contained in it, both with regard to our friend Bignon and the sale of my mare; but I will continue the diary I began in my last letter.

If I remember right, I had got to Tuesday, when we called upon Ct. Ingelheim in the morning, and were confined to our room for the rest of the day by a very heavy rain. On Wednesday, after having taken a walk in the morning, we waited upon their Highnesses to dinner at Philipsruhe, where we were received as graciously as ever, and I had the pleasure (?) of sitting next to a not very good-looking, but very clever and talkative lady, a certain Mme. de Constance, whose husband is governor to the children of the Prince of Orange.¹ From Philipsruhe we proceeded directly to Wilhelmsbad, to which place the Prince followed us directly, and invited Mr.

¹ Afterwards King William I of the Netherlands. He was married to Wilhelmine, Princess of Prussia, sister of the Electoral Princess of Hesse. Having been forced to leave the Netherlands by the French, he received from 1802-6 the principality of Fulda as a compensation, and resided in this old town during the period mentioned.

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Taylor and myself to a shooting-party for the two next days at a country seat of his called Babenhäusen, about five leagues from Hanau and one and a half from Seeligenstadt. Elated by this agreeable prospect, I followed His Highness into the gambling-room, where I contrived to lose five French crowns before the Electoral Princess arrived. After walking about the grounds in her suite for about half an hour, we went into the ball-room, where I was presented to the Landgravine Frederick, who was very gracious, asked after you, and mentioned having heard me play the violin at Frankfort when Maurer was of the party. I afterwards had the honour of dancing with the Electoral Princess, by whose orders it was that I had danced that evening, contrary to my resolution not to dance any more. She had said that that was abominable, that the scarcity of gentlemen rendered my breaking it necessary, and afterwards, after I had danced the first with a Dutch ugly old maid, asked me if I would refuse her the second.

Thursday morning.—At five we set off in a carriage for Babenhäusen, where we arrived at eight, and began the diversion with partridge shooting, when Salto behaved very well, considering his youth. We found a good deal of game, but were too many sportsmen to do much execution, however. I killed a partridge and one hare, having only had four shots in all. Just before

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we gave up for the day, poor Bartle¹ had an accident whilst pursuing a hare rather too closely. A Dutch gentleman fired his piece, missed the hare, but hit the poor old dog, who was knocked over head and heels. You may easily conceive the fright we were in; the poor fellow received eight shot-corns into his body and about five about his neck and ears, but it has done him no harm whatever except a momentary smart and fright. He is now as well as ever, his thick skin having prevented the lead from entering deeply into the flesh. Mr. Taylor and I were lodged at the palace, where the two other Dutch gentlemen who had been of the party only dined. The Prince was attended only by M. de Buttler, who is a great acquisition for this Court, does the honours very well, and is much liked by the Prince. After dinner we were shown all over the old palace and its fortifications by an old Major of Invalids, half crazy, a completely original and second Uncle Toby. This lasted till eight, when the Prince retired for the night, and we accompanied the Dutch gentlemen to their lodgings, where we had a game of whist and I won a crown. M. de Lützow had now arrived with a M. de Motz, a gentleman of the chase.

At ten we went back to the castle and to bed. Friday at eight we set out again to shoot stags, wild boar, and a wolf, who has been in this neigh-

¹ Taylor's dog.

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bourhood for some weeks past. However, though we had a hundred peasants to track, not a shot was fired, and we gave over at two in the afternoon, the carriages having been ordered to join us at a certain place in the wood on the road to Hanau. Thomas, Mr. Taylor's servant, going up to that spot before the carriages, the wolf crossed the road about thirty yards before him, to his great fright and amazement. Several peasants and a *Forst-laufer*, who had, unfortunately, no gun with him, had also seen him, but fortune did not favour us with a sight, which would have been fatal to the poor fellow.

We reached Hanau about four o'clock, when I received your letter, and went to bed at nine.

We have no plans for to-day, but I shall not fail to continue my journal on Monday, hoping that it will not be disagreeable to you to be informed of everything that regards me, and this being now the only means I have of convincing you of the sentiments of love and regard with which I remain, dear mother,

Your most affectionate son,
RALPH HEATHCOTE.

P.S.—I had forgotten to inform you that when we arrived at Wilhelmsbad on Wednesday last, we were informed that Countess Ingelheim had been brought to bed of a daughter about one hour before. As they already have two sons,

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their wishes have been totally fulfilled. The Countess is as well as can be expected for a woman in her situation. I do not mention all the compliments I am desired to make to you, nor those I wish you to make in my name, which are general to all my acquaintances, Mme. de Deken's family in particular. As I remember, you showed some of my letters from England. I beg you not to communicate the present to anybody except Doerfield, as I shall otherwise reduce them to a perfect laconic style.

P.S.—You will perceive from what I have said that we have not been received anywhere, only leaving our cards. Visiting is not so fashionable here as even at Cassel; the place where people usually meet is Wilhelmsbad; there the Electoral Princess spends her evenings twice a week (Sundays and Wednesdays), the rest of the time she is generally alone. The Prince goes there also. He is very fond of gambling and loses pretty regularly between 50 to 100 carolines. Mr. Taylor has hitherto lost 20 louis. I am afraid he will lose as many more, as he intends to win them again, a plan which I have not adopted, being determined to sit down with my loss.

R. H.

Ralph Heathcote

HANAU, *August 26, 1805.*

In continuation of the account I have given you of the manner in which I spend my time at this place, in which, if I am not mistaken, I had come down to Saturday last, I have now to add that we stayed at home the whole of that day, except indeed a couple of hours in the afternoon, when we took a walk in the fields. Sunday morning I spent at home, and we were rather astonished that no invitation to dine at Philipsruhe had been received, that being one of the great court days. However, you may easily guess at our extreme distress when a footman arrived from that place at three o'clock, with a message that the Electoral Prince was still waiting for us (he dines at two); it was now too late to dress, and nothing left to be done but to write to one of the aides-de-camp, informing him of the mistake which the *fourrier de la cour* had probably been guilty of. Though perfectly innocent, this affair was very disagreeable, both to Mr. Taylor and myself, and it was not with a very easy heart that the latter, accompanied by me, repaired to Wilhelmsbad in the afternoon, where everything was soon cleared up.

At that place everything passed on as usual: walking, tea, and dancing took up the evening,

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and it was about nine o'clock when we got home. The Electoral Prince invited us to a *grande chasse* for to-morrow, and the Princess to tea after the same. Her sister, the Princess of Orange, accompanied by her husband, are expected to arrive here on that day, to stay the Wednesday, and to set off the day after. This, of course, will not tend a little to render this neighbourhood more lively and amusing than it even has been hitherto, and I shall not fail to give you an exact account of everything that passes on that occasion. At present I have only to add that we went to take a walk this morning, and shall spend this evening at home. If I have time I shall acquaint you in a few words of what passes to-morrow at our shooting-party.

I yesterday saw old Countess Ingelheim; she was very civil, and desired to be remembered to you. Her daughter-in-law, I hear, is going on very well. I have made no new acquaintances at this place, and those I have formerly made you are already acquainted with from my former letters, except a Mlle. de Motz, a very pretty, good-tempered miss, a little young, a little thin, and a little stupid; so there is no danger of losing one's heart at this place. Pray present my respects to Mme. de Deken and the *belle Cruelle*. The day I left Cassel, and going to take leave of her mother, I was blessed with

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a sight of her *en déshabillé*, very far from being favourable to her, and proper for a leave-taking scene.

I am, with great respect and regards, dear mother,

Your most dutiful and affectionate son,

RALPH HEATHCOTE.

P.S.—August 27. We have been out the whole morning without getting a shot, and am on the point of setting out for Philipsruhe to tea.

The English Minister at Cassel still formed the centre of critical negotiations. In a lengthy interview, Bignon demanded a definite rupture with the obnoxious Mr. Taylor, declaring the subterfuge of his staying at another town in the Elector's dominions to be so puerile that it would compel him (Bignon) to leave the country. Prince Wittgenstein, the Prussian Minister, hereupon implored Taylor not to return to Cassel until he had had an opportunity of conferring with him. He even went so far as to send two post officials to two towns, that the English Minister was bound to pass, with orders from the Elector to persuade Mr. Taylor to await Prince Wittgenstein's arrival. If persuasion were of no avail, no post-horses were to be supplied until the Prussian Minister's arrival. They met, and

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Prince Wittgenstein finally persuaded him to give up Cassel and stay at Geismar.¹

HANAU, *August 29, 1805.*

It is with many thanks I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 24th and 27th inst., which give me a perfect idea of what is going forward in a place² where, I entirely agree with you, I have but a very little chance of making any considerable stay for the future. Though, from all accounts, our affairs do not take so favourable a turn as the ardent expectations of Mr. Taylor had almost induced me to believe they would, you are very much to blame in giving way to apprehensions, which, highly improbable in themselves, appear to me entirely opposite to the views and interests of our enemy. Believe me, Mr. Taylor has nothing to fear for his personal safety, and Bonaparte, so far from prevent-

¹ Geismar (now called Hofgeismar), not far from Cassel, was a very popular resort in those days. It could boast of a regiment of cavalry, of waters, and last, but not least, of gaming-tables! Everybody belonging to Cassel Court society, as well as the county families, spent several weeks each summer at Geismar losing their money, drinking the waters, listening to the band, walking and flirting in the beautiful park, in the midst of which the Elector had a little palace, where he used to reside for some time during the season. Afterwards Geismar was not so fashionable, as the last Elector avoided going there, this summer resort being too closely associated with the ill-famed Countess Reichenbach, his father's favourite.

² Cassel.

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ing him, would willingly furnish him with horses to convey him back to Cassel, his return being a circumstance most favourable for his plans of extorting money from a quarter where he is sure it may be found—a reason which has given rise to all the discussions and negotiations that have recently taken place, to effect which Bignon is at present apparently quiet, and to facilitate which, both the Elector and Mr. Taylor have unknowingly contributed.

Such are my opinions on the present state of affairs ; time must show if I am or am not mistaken. Nay, I'll e'en go further, and venture a prediction of what will happen. In a short time Lucchesini's¹ messenger will arrive with a nugatory answer ; this will be interpreted in the most favourable manner by Jackson and Taylor, and we shall consequently return to Cassel. Should the Elector have a sufficient portion of energy, we shall then be sent away, but in a very civil manner, and return to England. However, I am more inclined to believe that the Elector will persevere in what he believes his attachment to England. Bignon will be suffered to depart, and French troops will soon oblige us to take the same road, which we should otherwise, perhaps, have already finished. These, however, are only my own opinions. Taylor is in better spirits than ever ; he thinks all

¹ The Marquis of Lucchesini was the Prussian Ambassador at Paris.

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Europe will join in supporting his cause, and is in anxious expectation of the Prussian messenger's return to commence his journey and subsequent triumphant entry into Cassel.

I was very happy to see by your last that your fall has had no bad consequences, and that you are so well entertained by the Heskeths at the play. As for the answer Lloyd gave to Miss Jeannetta, I don't think him so much to blame; the actions and words of men must be judged by their respective characters: this, in a Frenchman, would have been the very height of impertinence; in a German, a mark of ill-manner and stupidity; but in a young Englishman just come from school, the natural result of impatience of control and check imposed upon his liberty by the word of a governor, expressed in the energetic language of his country. To this we owe the blessings of our Constitution, the respect we bear abroad, and the happiness we enjoy at home.

But to proceed with my journal. After we had dined on Tuesday, we proceeded to the Fasanerie (not to Philipsruhe, as I mentioned by mistake in my last), at which place the Electoral Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Princess of Orange, arrived soon after us. The Prince of Orange had made no stay whatever at Hanau, but had immediately proceeded on his journey to Fulda, pretending indisposition as the reason for not staying with their Highnesses. Besides our-

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selves, only Linden with his three sisters, the ladies mentioned in some of my letters, were of this party. I was again presented to the Princess of Orange, who was very gracious, and remembered, or pretended to remember, having seen me at Berlin. The party on the whole was a little formal, and the chief actors appeared to be a little *gênés*. I fancy you know that the Courts of Fulda and Cassel are not on the best of footings. We were terribly stung by gnats, and not at all sorry when we got home.

Yesterday we dined at Philiplsruhe with the same party, the Landgravine of Hesse, and another Dutchman, formerly in the Dutch, now Colonel *à la suite* in the Hessian service. The Princess of Orange¹ was very well dressed and showed off to much advantage. She is remarkably well made, must have been very handsome some years ago, and does not want sense, though not always employed in the most good-natured way. The first and only thing she said to the above-mentioned Colonel van Slicher, who had been formerly a good deal about the Stadthouder's Court, a very sensible, good-mannered man, was: "A présent que vous avez changé d'uniforme, je ne vous aurais pas reconnu."

The Landgravine Frederick² was remarkably

¹ Princess Wilhelmine of Prussia (1774-1837) married, 1791, William, afterward King of Holland.

² The Landgravine Frederick of Hesse was the mother of the Landgrave William, who married Princess Louise Charlotte of Denmark, and was grandfather of Queen Alexandra of England.

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civil and kind to me at dinner, inquired much about you and Thérèse, and was in all respects as gracious as it was possible to be. After dinner we, of course, went again to Wilhelmsbad, where I contrived to lose another ten louis before the Princess arrived, when the evening was passed in dancing. Taylor had the honour of being the partner of the Princess of Orange for one country dance, and I of the Electoral Princess for a double one; I mean one that was danced twice down and up again. Buttlar is master of the ceremonies on these occasions, and regularly leads every dance. He goes through this new office remarkably well, and appears to be more destined by nature for a courtier than a soldier. Almost every time he sees me he desires to be remembered to you, who appear to be very high in his good graces. The ball lasted rather longer than usual, though the Princess of Orange danced but once, an object of admiration to all beholders. It was almost quite dark when we got home.

The Princess leaves Hanau this morning. Nothing is going forward to-day. I shall therefore close for the present, to finish my letter when I shall have collected materials for proceeding.

August 30.—News has just been received here of a declaration of war made by Bonaparte against Austria. Doerfeld's letter contains all the particulars that have as yet come to my knowledge. This evening we shall go to a concert,

Ralph Heathcote

where the Electoral Prince and Princess are also to be present, and another *Treibjagd* is appointed for to-morrow, at the close of which you shall hear more from me.

August 31.—We have just returned safe and sound from our *chasse*, which has ended in the same manner as the preceding ones.

GEISMAR, *September 5, 1805.*

My dear Doerfeld,

I think it right to inform you in a few words that Mr. Taylor, not believing that there can be any danger for him at this place, has determined to wait here the course of the present affair. I believe I shall be with you soon; but should anything of importance come to your knowledge, pray let us hear from you by Estafette. Jackson is not to go this day—perhaps to-morrow.

Yours,

RALPH HEATHCOTE.

When Mr. Taylor announced his arrival at Cassel, Prince Wittgenstein again persuaded him to leave and to go to Gotha, thereby finally quitting the Elector's States.

His chargé d'affaires, Heathcote, informed him

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that French troops were about to march through neutral Hessian territory. As the Elector had assembled a corps of 37,000 men, the French were willing to be on the most friendly terms, and General Berthier, as well as Bernadotte, were employed in negotiating the terms. The Elector, however, relying on his troops, was extremely reluctant to accede to the French requests; and this firm attitude, in the face of the overwhelming French army, awakened enthusiastic admiration in Berlin.

On the 26th September Heathcote announced to the Cassel authorities that, according to information from London, Mr. Taylor's absence from his post had given displeasure, and that he was ordered to return to the same by the 1st October. Heathcote was thereupon requested by the Elector to beg his chief personally to delay his arrival until the 15th October, as by that time the march of the French troops through the territory would have come to an end. Heathcote refused to transmit this electoral message, stating that under the circumstances the peremptory order of Mr. Taylor's Government would have to be obeyed, and he could not recommend a course of action to his chief which would evoke the Sovereign's displeasure. Accordingly, Mr. Taylor arrived at Cassel on the 12th October, and after fruitless negotiations Bignon left his post on the 18th of that month.

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In January (1806) the Elector's representative in London urged Lord Mulgrave to replace Mr. Taylor. The Emperor could not forget that the Elector had supported a man whom H. I. M. qualified as an "assassin," and vented his ill will on every occasion.

The terrible experiences of these last three months had altered the face of Europe. Napoleon's brilliant South German campaign had dissolved the coalition between England, Austria, Russia, and Sweden, and the battle of Austerlitz had destroyed the combined Russian and Austrian armies. As the French troops surrounded the electorate, the English Government felt that Mr. Taylor's presence was embarrassing in the extreme. In vain the Prussian Court tried to prove Taylor's innocence in Paris; his transfer to another post would seem the only way out of the difficulty. The Elector himself wrote in similar terms to George III, but neither the King nor the Government vouchsafed an answer.

Thereupon a new French Minister arrived from Paris, presenting a communication from Talleyrand, who desired in the most forcible terms a declaration that the Elector would not receive Mr. Taylor, nor any other English agent "known to conspire against France." If this demand was not acceded to, diplomatic relations would be severed.

M. Corbon de St. Genest reported that the

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Cassel authorities were beginning to realise that England had made use of Cassel for its own ends and purposes, and that as Berlin required Cassel implicitly to follow her lead the Prussian influence was also on the wane. The moment was therefore auspicious for strengthening the relations between France and Hesse.

At last Heathcote was able to state: "The Taylor affair is settled. The Elector has let him know that he will no longer be received as the representative of England, and that all diplomatic relations have ceased. He has not been invited to Court, and though he was not positively asked to leave Cassel, he was given to understand that it would no longer be desirable for him to remain in the place.

"Accordingly, he stated his intention of leaving within three days, but the favour shown him by the Electoral Princess (a favour, I am inclined to think, not based on political sentiments) induced him to disregard the pointed coldness of the Elector and the Electoral Prince. He was so delighted at being asked to an assembly of the Electoral Princess, that he believed he could obtain the public goodwill by giving entertainments himself. On this very evening he had a masked ball, to which he invited the Electoral Prince and Princess and all belonging to the Court. They, however, refused; only the young people went; and he found it very difficult to

Ralph Heathcote

preserve the necessary cheerful demeanour and bearing of a host."

On the night of this ball, Mr. Taylor, whose head had perhaps been slightly turned by being for so long the centre of the intrigues and negotiations of four European Courts, not to speak of the effects of the smiles of his royal hostess of Hanau and Philipsruhe, finally and definitely left Cassel. According to tradition, the travelling-carriage stood waiting in a dark corner of the courtyard, and whilst the violins were still playing, the last guests still dancing, the Minister and his secretary, Ralph Heathcote, drove away for good and all.

The Elector made a great sacrifice in giving way to France. He was closely bound to the House of Hanover by the traditions of his childhood, and the memory of his mother carried considerable weight. But he had at last begun to mistrust English promises, and even at the risk of giving England an excuse for withholding the enormous sums (21,276,778 thalers) due for the Hessian troops supplied by him, he determined to throw in his lot with Napoleon.

St. Genest, Lucchesini, and Waitz (the Hessian Minister) at last managed to pacify the Emperor. Waitz was sent to Paris, and gives the following interesting description of his audience: "The Chief Master of the Ceremonies informed me this morning that H.I.M. would receive the



WILLIAM I, ELECTOR OF HESSE-CASSEL.

The Brook Taylor Incident

letter from my hands at eleven o'clock. I accordingly at this time presented myself in the Ambassadors' Room, where I found General von Pappenheim (the Darmstadt Minister). Shortly after the Master of the Ceremonies and an aide-de-camp conducted us to the last antechamber, where the Crown Prince of Bavaria, the Chancellor of the Empire Dalberg, as well as other ministers, senators, and generals, were waiting. The Chief Master of the Ceremonies went into the Emperor's room in order to announce us, but returned soon and told us that H.I.M would receive us in the antechamber in passing through on his way to Mass. The Emperor entered, approached me, and did not give me time to express Your Electoral Highness's congratulations on the occasion of his brilliant victories, but interrupted me, in order to express his dissatisfaction at Mr. Taylor having been again received. 'How is it possible to countenance an assassin? The Elector had better realise that I am the more powerful, that I command forty millions, and that I shall not forget.'"

But at last matters were smoothed over; Napoleon and the Elector exchanged letters, and in June, 1806, Bignon put in his appearance in Cassel.

Taylor had lost the game, and Bignon had won!

Ralph Heathcote, finding himself, like his chief, deprived of both his place and his position, followed Mr. Taylor to England.

CHAPTER III

MARIANNE

LIVING at Cassel, at the same place as his mother, there are no letters from Ralph to her during the winter of 1805-6. There is reason, however, to believe that the time passed only too quickly.

We have seen Ralph involved in an exciting political complication; and chance enables us to follow the pathetic tale of an entanglement of a very different nature.

Some of these letters—now just a century old—from Countess Marianne X, follow. They were found quite at the back of the forgotten drawer. Even their exterior is characteristic of the time: a small-sized note-paper with scalloped edges and pale pink rim; a very small, graceful, feminine handwriting which was then called *patte de mouche*. They are written in French, and only signed "Marianne."

The husband of the writer held an important post at the Court of Cassel. She seems to have been unhappy in her marriage, and was nearly ten years older than Ralph. A miniature found

Marianne

with her letters shows a handsome, elegant young woman with brown wavy hair and big blue eyes with a tender expression.

Her feeling is the feeling of all ages, but many of the attendant circumstances are typical of those lenient times. Those were the days in which society delighted to countenance every affection, legitimate or the reverse, without, however, when it came to the point, being prepared to make greater sacrifices, or exacting greater constancy, than our more serious and less romantic generation.

The first letter is dated "22nd, six o'clock in the morning." It is probably written at Cassel on the 22nd of February, just before Mr. Taylor's masked ball and before his final departure.

The reports I hear terrify me, as they regard the person who has my happiness in his hands. Can he be obliged to set off without my having bid him good-bye? As I believe him to be a little displeased with me, that would be the torment of my life. Dearest of friends, you must reassure me. I have passed a cruel night; my anxiety made the hours appear a century. How I longed for the moment in which I could talk to you! My dearest one, do not refuse me this satisfaction. It cannot well be managed here at my house. But you must let me read in your eyes all that I wish to see! Will the ball

Ralph Heathcote

take place? And at what time are we expected? My only attraction is the hope of seeing you, and of finding you such as you have always been to me, and such as I deserve. Far rather would I die than be undeserving of your love—than give you the least suspicion. M.

Ralph having left for England, Marianne and her children were staying with her mother at a country place, then, as now, belonging to her family.

BURG SCH. GEN, *May 17, 1806.*

My very dear Friend,

Your letter of the 30th April only reached me the day before yesterday. You can imagine that I had awaited it with all the impatience that the warmth of my affection can call forth. Your friendly and tender words gave me infinite pleasure. Truly do I share all your feelings, and shall do so for the rest of my life—that life that you only have taught me to live. . . . If this assurance makes you happy there is nothing left for me to desire. . . .

If I had the presumption to believe that in breaking my iron chains I could contribute to your happiness and welfare—that welfare which is more precious to me than my life—no effort exists that I would not make. But as long as

Marianne

the illusion that you have awakened in me through too much love is not transformed into an intimate conviction that by so doing happiness would be assured to you, as certainly as it ought to be, according to your merits, so long I shall never undertake a step which you might afterwards regret, and which would therefore cause me bitter remorse. Your happiness is my joy—this is my way of loving you! . . .

I lead a very quiet life here, trying gradually to lessen the grief my poor eldest brother is in, owing to the loss of his wife. . . . As soon as you send me instructions I shall occupy myself with my affairs, and possibly Heaven may give me new duties, both happy and sacred. I do not venture to believe in all this; you know my reasons.

Here is the lock of my hair that you ask for—the one that you gave me always lies on my heart. . . . Farewell, my more than beloved friend.

MARIANNE.

BURG SCH GEN, *May 20, 1806.*

Impossible to be more amiable than my dear friend Heathcote! Your note from Husum gave me infinite pleasure. How I hope that the wind will have been favourable—that you will not be ill! My best wishes accompany you, above all, whilst you are on board the ship.

Ralph Heathcote

You will have received my letter of the 17th through your mother, and this one will reach you in the same way. Your mother had the kindness to add a few lines in sending me your letter. There is not an hour of the day in which I do not think of you. During the days that I was alone at Cassel I had at least the consolation of seeing your mother. You remember, dearest friend, that I have often mentioned my brother Malte¹ to you, and have dwelt upon his sterling merits. I have now told him all about our friendship, in order to be able to speak about you to somebody. He told me that in case of difficulties in conveying my letters to "Madame votre mère" he would be delighted to see to our corresponding safely. He has really the most excellent character that could anywhere be found, and is most universally esteemed. . . . I am often in the garden, now delightful with all the nightingales singing.

The day before yesterday I visited my uncle, who is no longer as active as I used to describe him to you. I found him in bed, with one arm and one leg paralysed, in a most pitiable condition, but tenderly nursed, and surrounded by the really exemplary attentions of his sons. The eldest is a capital young man; but notwithstanding that he is known to be steady, he had a most unpleasant duel the other day with a

¹ Chanoine, Count Malte X.

Marianne

young Livonian, M. de Grüttner, whom unfortunately he wounded seriously. The whole elbow is cut open, and the poor young man is quite penniless, so much so that my cousin feels himself bound to give him a pension, and has in the most delicate manner approached his family on the subject. I tell you this, dearest friend, knowing your taste for all kind of fighting!

Besides, my solitary life provides scanty material for writing. The heart speaks all the louder! If only you could read in it you would be fully contented. Will these happy times ever return? I have now only their memory, and that memory is eternally dear to my heart. . . . I delay the moment of taking any decisive step, waiting for the news from you, which will determine my future.

Do give me details of all that concerns you . . . your letters are my only consolation; if you saw the pleasure they caused me you would procure me the pleasure more often! Oh, that I could persuade you of this, as also of the warmth of my feelings for you. These feelings will last all my life, in spite of a most barbarous fate.

Good-bye, my most beloved friend.

MARIANNE.

BURG SCH GEN, *June 22, 1806.*

Yes, dear friend, I am more satisfied now that your letter of the 3rd has arrived. . . . I see

Ralph Heathcote

that the happiness of my life is assured, that your friendship remains. How is it possible for you to doubt the strength of my feelings for you? Surely my perseverance in carrying out what I felt to be my duty will convince you of my constancy in friendship and in love!

The day before my departure from Cassel I had a long talk with the Electress,¹ who quite suddenly began to speak to me in the kindest way about myself and my affairs in a tone that shows me she knows all. She told me quite openly that she advised me, as a friend, not to return, at least for a year or two, to Cassel. My relations here say the same; they want to establish me on one of the estates of my brother. I cannot make up my mind, you know why, to any step as yet. There are moments in life hard to bear, and as you once said, "The roses are hidden under thorns," it must be stood, hard as my lot has been since the last years. And all this works upon my health; I feel weaker than at former times, and look on to the end of November² with a certain anxiety. . . .

The fate of my letters is too dreadful. Anyhow, it gives me satisfaction to find that you attach the same importance to my letters that I do to yours. This reciprocity proves our sentiments to be mutual, and this consoles me for the

¹ The Electress of Hesse, a princess of Denmark.

² This seems like a forecast of her death.

Marianne

apparent loss of my letters. After all, these did little otherwise than repeat the same thing—that I love you, esteem you, in all the significance of the terms, with all the warmth of this my one and only affection; and this affection will not alter as long as I live. . . . M.

BURG SCH GEN, *August 10, 1806.*

With all my heart I congratulate you upon your new career. May you always be as satisfied as you seem to be at this moment. Your mother is delighted to find you so contented; her letters to me show a kindness and friendship which draws me more and more towards her. . . .

The “beautiful” Countess Gyldensteen¹ has been staying at Geismar. There have been several duels between the students (of Göttingen) and Hessian officers, not, as far as I can make out, on account of her; nevertheless she took the keenest interest in them, being present on horseback. . . . The Countess in a fit of temper has suddenly sent off her lady’s maid, her butler, and her Danish coachman, your faithful Anton replacing the latter. . . . One of the duels was

¹ Countess Gyldensteen was neither beautiful nor young; she was over fifty, unmarried, and very rich, being sole heir to her father’s great estates in Denmark; her mother had been a Countess of Nassau. She seems to have led a very adventurous life and after other flirtations she had a love affair with Brook Taylor, who was many years her junior.

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quite a little battle, three officers were wounded. The duel I mentioned to you, which took place between my cousin and Baron G is threatening to turn out a very serious matter ; they talk of applying the law against duelling, which would mean eight years' fortress. It would be doubly hard upon my cousin to be imprisoned now that his father is on the point of death.

. . . . If I have to go to Cassel, let me find your portrait there, it will be such a consolation and help.

I must close, as I am called away to make tea. How many remembrances this brings before me !

Good-bye, my dearest and only friend ; may you remain well and happy. MARIANNE.

This is the last letter from poor Marianne ; the following one, from Mrs. Heathcote to her son, tells him of her untimely death.

CASSEL, le 26 Décembre, 1806.

Je ne néglige aucun moyen de vous faire parvenir de mes nouvelles, mon cher fils. Ma dernière vous parviendra par la voie de Hollande, Dieu sait si vous la recevrez. Je vous ai annoncé la maladie de votre pauvre amie. . . . Les forces de la malade sont épuisées de manière qu'on la dit dans le plus grand danger. Vous ne devez pas espérer de la conserver. Pour ses pauvres

Marianne

enfants c'est une perte, à moins que son frère qui va se remarier, ne les prenne chez lui et les fasse élever avec ses enfants, qui sont du même âge. Le mari est très triste. Il est venu me lire la lettre qu'il a reçue de sa belle-mère et que j'ai parcourue. Cette femme est dans une douleur extrême de perdre sa fille, elle a eu tous les soins que l'art ait pu procurer, mais en vain ; car elle n'a à 34 ans pu échapper à la violence de la maladie. C'est un bonheur pour elle, vu qu'elle eût dû par les circonstances rejoindre son mari. . . . Vous savez que cela l'eut rendu très malheureuse. J'ai par faiblesse donné des larmes pour sa mort. Aujourd'hui je conviens qu'elle a eu une destinée qui a dû lui faire envisager sa délivrance de ce monde avec résignation et joie. Je vous ai dit assez. Votre raison doit vous faire connaître davantage, que c'est la dernière liaison de ce genre que vous aurez à vous reprocher. Voilà ce que déjà vous m'avez promis et j'y compte. . . . Vous pouvez m'écrire par Monsieur de Lorenz, Ministre de l'Electeur ; sa femme reçoit de ses lettres régulièrement. Nous sommes tranquilles ici. Marescotti est conduit à Paris comme espion, de manière que je ne prévois pas qu'il puisse éviter la mort. C'est affreux ! Le malheureux est à plaindre. Il a agi comme un imbécile de ne pas être parti, car il devait s'attendre à cet évènement. Il a été deux jours arrêté et gardé dans la maison du Commandant,

Ralph Heathcote

le troisième il fut jeté dans une voiture, à ses côtés un officier, et vis à vis un soldat avec un fusil sous le bras, quatre chevaux de poste. On lui a permis six chemises et l'habit qu'il a sur le corps. Le Major I. a été le voir, il a pleuré comme un enfant. A propos du Major, il s'est bien mal conduit. On est honteux de prononcer son nom. J'ai toujours eu mauvaise opinion de lui. Il surpasse ce qu'on devait en attendre.

J'attends de vos lettres avec une impatience que ma tendresse peut vous faire concevoir. Mon chère fils, je vous aime comme peu de mères aiment et il y en a peu de plus à plaindre, car je ne sais entrevoir le moment où je me retrouverai avec vous. Ma résignation est grande, mais je souffre d'une douleur trop naturelle pour la dissimuler. Je reste ici parce que je vous y espère. Je désire être avec vous Où peu m'importe!

Adieu mon cher fils, je ne puis que vous conjurer de me donner vite de vos nouvelles.

Je fatigue Dieu de lui demander le retour de l'Electeur et du votre. Je vous embrasse.

We hear nothing more of Marianne. Ralph's answer to his mother's letter informing him of her death has evidently been lost. The next letter we find is dated six months later (July, 1807). Was the love greater on her side than

Marianne

on his, or did he mourn her deeply? A hundred years have passed since her death, but her feelings, her letters, seem as fresh as if written to-day.

CHAPTER IV

LONDON—ENGLISH MILITARY LIFE AND THE COPENHAGEN EXPEDITION

IN April, 1806, Ralph was on his way to London, after his appointment at Cassel had come to such an untimely end.

HAMBURG, *April 29, 1806.*

This afternoon I arrived at Hamburg in perfect good health, without any accident having befallen me on the road. Our journey might, indeed, have been much shorter if my companion had been a little more accustomed to travel at night. As it was, however, he was completely knocked up after the first night, and the two last we spent in two very bad inns—shocking beds! I have seen nothing of this place except the German play, which is very bad; the theatre wretched beyond description. The last is, without doubt, the very worst I ever saw.

Pray order Anton to bring you my breakfasting cup, and write me a word about it. I do not

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intend to stay beyond two days at this place, and shall write to you again from Husum. Should you not hear from me then, depend upon it I shall have set off for England immediately after my arrival. I am so tired, I can hardly see what I am writing.

Good night!

HAMBURG, *April 30.*

The post does not set off yet, and I have time to add a few lines more. I have seen Mr. Thornton this morning; he received me in the most civil manner possible. I shall dine at his house to-day, shall remain here to-morrow, and set off the day after for Husum, our packets no longer going to Cuxhaven. As for myself, I am in as good health as ever I was, and hope you are as well. My intentions relative to my future plans are still the same; however, built as they are upon contingencies, they are liable to changes. My carriage I have disposed of without much loss. I believe at Cassel I should not have got so much, and at Husum certainly not half the sum. However, this has occasioned me to take a *voiturier* to Husum. He will take us to that place in two days, and, as my military friend is not partial to night expeditions, it will prove a saving to our purse without occasioning a loss of time.

Of Hamburg I have not seen much yet; the

Ralph Heathcote

weather being too unfavourable; however, the little that has presented itself very ill agrees with Mme. de Waitz's description. The town is very badly built—narrow streets—and the harbour, though superior to that of Cassel, cannot be compared with any seaport town.

I live at the Hôtel de St. Petersbourg, on the Jungfernstieg, a very pretty walk near the river, which is covered with pleasure boats of all descriptions, but mostly built like sea boats and rigged like frigates. It is a fine sight to see the elegants and belles walking about here, the view covered with these boats, some sailing on all points of the compass, others rowing matches, and the whole bordered by a view down the Elbe, the decorations on both sides consisting of houses, churches, etc. It would form an excellent scene for a playhouse. In short, for a person who has never seen sea views it must be grand, but far below a view down Westminster Bridge. If the port of Hamburg does not bear a comparison with London, the manners, dress, etc., of its inhabitants certainly do so, and it would not require a very heated imagination to fancy oneself in England, so much do the people in general look like Englishmen. They have the same pli, and do the town justice. If London had not Westminster and Southwark, no docks, and only one-eighth part of its shipping, if the town were also sunk below the surface of the earth,

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Hamburg would be like it. In other words, London was like Hamburg three or four centuries ago. Hamburg wants large edifices ; it has only shops, shops, shops !

HAMBURG, *May 2, 1806.*

We have deferred our journey to Husum for one day, and shall only leave this place to-morrow. I shall therefore make use of this interval to give you some further account of what happened to me since I wrote last.

I believe I left off by informing you that I was to dine at Mr. Thornton's, which I accordingly did. We sat down five of us—Mr. T., Mr. F. his secretary, Col. Sonntag, formerly in our service, Lt.-Col. Mosheim, and myself. For the dinner itself I cannot say much, though the wine was good, three sorts, the discourse during table ruling principally upon Cassel and our late political transactions there. In the evening we went to Mr. T.'s box at the French playhouse. . . . Mr. T. is well lodged, but wants room, and keeps but a very small establishment, not even allowing himself an equipage. He tells me Hamburg is such a very expensive place that he cannot afford it. He is a man of about thirty-five years of age, does not want sense, and is very well suited for his place at H. I believe he is less qualified for a court. To me he has shown

Ralph Heathcote

great civility, perfectly approved of my conduct at Cassel, but blamed Taylor's throughout, especially his returning to Germany last summer. His secretary is a young, unthinking coxcomb, a man of fortune, does not want sense perhaps, but discretion. So much for our Legation.

The French play is far superior to the German one in all respects. I was highly diverted with this first specimen of the French drama that I have ever seen. They act so much in the English style that I should have taken them for English had I been out of hearing. Their operas and ballets are bad.

Yesterday I dined at Altona, a Danish town quite close to Hamburg, from which circumstance it derives its name All-too-nah (much too near). Col. Sonntag had invited us to dine there at a French hotel kept by M. Rainville, one of Dumourier's aides-de-camp. The view out of the gardens is very fine; they consist of a terrace going down to the Elbe, furnished up in a very elegant style.

Returned to Hamburg, we went once more to the German theatre; they represented *Figaro's Hochzeit*, Figaro performed by our old friend Schroeder, who is still as well as ever, and does not appear to me to have lost anything since last I saw him. Mlle. Löhrs is very handsome and acts well, but the whole is worse than I believed it to be the first night I was there. Their first

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singer (who is applauded whenever she comes out) screams so horribly that she would most assuredly be hissed at Cassel and not permitted to go through with her first air ; but their chorus is only to be compared to the howling of a set of hungry dogs—it is frightful beyond description. Still they applauded !

HARWICH, *May 7, 1806.*

This morning I arrived safe and sound on the shores of Old England, having had a most fortunate passage of forty-eight hours fine weather and no hard gales ; nevertheless I was most terribly sick for the first nine or ten hours, after which I managed very well. This evening at six o'clock I shall proceed on my journey to London, and heartily glad I shall be to find myself at the end of my peregrination. Col. Mosheim left me about an hour ago, being too impatient to reach London to wait for the coach (besides his dread of travelling at night), and has taken post. On the whole I am not sorry at having got rid of my companion, who has most certainly not proved very saving to me, and has considerably detained me whilst travelling in Germany. He was always ill on shore, once of a sore throat, the next time of a swelled face. Your powders, however, succeeded in setting him to rights again, but on board

Ralph Heathcote

he was the only man who was well. I hope you will let me hear from you soon, and you may depend upon receiving very exact intelligence from me at least once a week.

P.S.—We have had another successful engagement with a French fleet and have taken two ships.

Pray forward the enclosed, and present my best compliments to all my friends at Cassel, especially to Marescotti.

In 1805 Lord Melville, who had already been accused of unduly favouring his Scotch countrymen, as well as of parliamentary corruption, was charged in the House of Commons with the misapplication of public funds.

His trial in the House of Lords took place in May, 1806; on June the 12th he was acquitted, and became Privy Councillor in the following year.

LONDON, *May* 15, 1806.

Yesterday I went to Lord Melville's trial, no doubt the most interesting sight possible. Both Houses of Parliament, the Prince of Wales, all the Royal Dukes, most of the Peers, besides three thousand spectators of both sexes being assembled in Westminster Hall, arranged for the occasion.

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No doubt Lord Melville will be acquitted. I only wish his accusers could be punished for thus exposing a man of merit, who has for so many years been in the service of the public.

This morning I called upon Colonel Taylor¹ at the Queen's house, he having come to town for a couple of days. We three, his brother being present, consulted again on what I was to do, in consequence of which they went to the Office for Foreign Affairs to make a trial whether it were possible for me to be placed there. As we expected, it has turned out ineffectual. Mr. Fox has refused all the applications that have been made to him of a similar nature, even those made by the Prince of Wales in person, and he has just abolished the only situation that was vacant in his office, distributing the appointments attached to it amongst the junior clerks. It has therefore been determined that I should enter into the Horse Guards, as I mentioned in my last letter, and the necessary steps for that purpose are now actually taking place.

The Colonel told me that no officer in the above-mentioned regiment was permitted to spend more than £150 p.a. above his pay, but that it was very easy to live merely upon that, which is very great indeed, being no less than £250 p.a., besides the allowance for horses, and free lodging, for the cornet. Even a private has 2s. 5½d. a day,

¹ The brother of Mr. Brook Taylor (see p. 262).

Ralph Heathcote

which is equal to 17 groschen at Cassel! Pray inform Zeppelin of this, which makes a private's income a year amount to £44. 17s. 3d., more than a lieutenant's of the Guards at Cassel. However, no other regiment in England receives such pay: mine as cornet being equal to that of a major in the infantry and of a captain in the cavalry, without considering free quarters. You shall know all the details as soon as they come to my own knowledge—so much I can tell you, that Windsor is one of the most agreeable towns in England.

May 16, 1806.

I have changed my lodgings, and live at present in the same house with Taylor, viz. at Warren's Hotel, Charles Street, St. James's Square. Looking at your letter, I find you wish me to inform you of what is believed here respecting peace. Nobody thinks of it! Our trade, in despite of Bonaparte's endeavours, is more flourishing than ever. We have just declared war with Prussia. The people are all perfectly satisfied with the war; the taxes are high it is true, but not severely felt on account of the vast riches procured by it. I have already told you that plenty of money (coin) is in circulation. You may easily conceive how the Powers of the Continent are despised for their conduct in the

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late war between Austria. Our commerce with France alone is sufficient to defray the expenses occasioned by the war. How this is carried on Heaven and our merchants know. I have dined at home to-day with Taylor. We afterwards played some duos, and did not go out again.

May 17.

No doubt you will be astonished to hear that Mrs. Sutherland is still living. Taylor met her yesterday in the streets by mere chance—he had thought her dead ever so long ago. The nature of their meeting permitted him only to exchange a few words with her, when she gave him her directions, and he has actually gone to pay her a visit. According to all appearances, she is in very good circumstances. Pray inform Marescotti of these particulars. I have another more interesting point to mention to you. Col. Taylor told his brother that as soon as I was sufficiently acquainted with the duties of my regiment, he would get me some advantageous situation in the Duke of York's department—this, however, must remain *entre nous*. The Colonel is a man on whom we may depend. He does not promise what he will not and cannot hold. To me he has made no mention of it, only expressing himself in the strongest terms of friendship and regard.

I shall go to the opera to-night, and will not

Ralph Heathcote

fail to give you an account of it. Your carpets, etc., I have not forgotten. Broughton does not know what has become of them, but inquiries are being made whether they are still at the office, or what has become of them.

May 18.

I was highly amused by going to the opera—the first time I was ever there—and will endeavour to give you a short description of it. The house is much larger than any of the other theatres : it contains 195 boxes and four galleries, besides a proportionately large pit. No lady is allowed to go either into the pit or boxes (which cost the same) who is not dressed, and that much stricter than at a Cassel assembly, no hats being allowed to be worn—in short, the dress you would wear at a common court day at Cassel ; the gentlemen in silk stockings and cocked hats. The entrance half a guinea, the house being as full as it could hold. The managers cleared at least £1000 last night. So much for the audience ! Now for the performance (which begins at half-past eight). The orchestra is very full and excellent. I think I am a tolerably good judge of this part of an opera, and must own myself quite satisfied. It is just double the strength of that at Munich. The effect this produces is admirable, for none of the musicians being ever obliged to overstrain his instrument

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the whole sound is mellow, though it may be ever so loud; the contrast with the pianos very fine and great. They can produce two kinds, by the whole or only half the orchestra accompanying.

The first singer I heard was Signora Grassini; her voice is the finest I have ever heard; her manner original and excellent. She sings baritone, but has also very high notes at her command. All her endeavours are directed upon doing justice to the composer and delivering her part with sweetness of tone, which last is fine beyond description. It is very seldom (not three times the whole evening) that she allowed herself any introduction of her own, any *metode*, but never in the recitation, in which her chief force consists. Very different, you will find, from Mme. Willman, and in the style of Mme. Haploch. However, when she chose to show her skill in this, it answered the expectation one had formed. However, to do Mme. Willman justice, I believe Grassini could not easily imitate her cadenzas, but the latter is too good a musician to think of spoiling the effect of the opera for the sake of a quaver; but the tone of Grassini is too superior to Willman's to admit of any comparison. Braham I had heard before. You will remember what I said of him. He went through with his part very well. Signor Righi is the next. He is also a very good performer. Of the rest I

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cannot say much. Perhaps they had no opportunity of showing their abilities. The chorus was very good.

The name of the opera is *Gli Orazzi e Curiazzi*, by Cimarosa. I did not much like it. The ballet which followed really astonished me; such dancing I had not only never seen, but had not believed possible. A Frenchman, whose name I have forgotten, did not appear to touch the ground, but to fly. It's amazing. I had expected to see something superior to what I had hitherto seen, but not like what I saw; he would turn round so quickly that you could scarcely distinguish the different parts of his body without touching the ground with his other foot, stand firm in an attitude, firm like a statue. The ballet was called *Tamerlan and Bajazet*, had three acts, and the whole was over at half-past twelve. I intend to go once more to the opera to hear Mrs. Billington.

When at home I am more generally occupied in studying the Cavalry Regulations, that I may be a little *au fait* when I join my regiment. The thing is not so difficult as I thought it was, and I hope in six months hence to be a pretty good officer. Taylor is to receive a full indemnification for the loss he has sustained by being obliged to leave Cassel so suddenly. He has valued it at £1000, which, I believe, is very fair; Drake got £4000 and Spencer Smith £3000 for their

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losses,¹ and he might consequently have brought in a much larger bill.

May 19.

I this morning took a long walk through the town with Taylor, and we saw two new squares, and streets without number, that have only been built since his stay at Cassel. It is astonishing how this city is increasing in size. We have walked more streets than Cassel contains in one part of the town only, which were only meadows when I left England in 1796, and are marked down as such in my map; now they form the finest part of the town. We went out to look at carriages, T. meaning to buy a chaise instead of the one he had at Cassel and which he sold after his return. We went to all the principal coach-makers. The average price for a second-hand chaise still in fashion (about two years ago) and good order, newly painted, etc., is £150. I mention this as you wished me to bring one over when peace is made, and which I shall most likely do, not having at all changed the plan I formed before I left you.

How it is I cannot tell, but I am certainly growing fatter, especially in the face, and am not sorry for it. However, if it continues to increase in the same proportion as it has begun, you will

¹ The English Ministers in Munich and Stuttgart, who had shared Mr. Taylor's fate.

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soon scarcely know me again, and it will become necessary to take some precautions against it. Old England makes me thrive, you see, and your recommending me to take care of my health is not very necessary.

CHARLES STREET, *May 21, 1806.*

Many thanks for your letter of the 7th inst. I again received it soon after mine was put into the post office. Pray continue to be as regular in your correspondence, and depend upon it that every Tuesday a packet leaves London for you. I was sorry to find by your letter that you still wish me to retire to a private life in Germany ; if peace were made and I had any chance of being able to do so, to please you, I would ; but now it is impossible. Our inveterate enemy¹ has even arrested Mrs. Smith,² a German lady, the wife of Spencer Smith. How then is it to be expected that he would ever permit me to live quietly in Germany? It would be folly on his part to do so.

¹ Bonaparte.

² Mrs. Spencer Smith, Byron's "New Calypso," was the daughter of Baron Herbert, Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople. She married Spencer Smith, British Minister at Stuttgart, brother of Sir Sidney Smith. In 1806 she was arrested by M. de La Garde, Napoleon's Prefect of the Police, at Venice, and taken to Brescia, but by the help of M. de Salvo she escaped to Austria in boy's clothes.

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Another consideration prevents me. What would be the end of such a life—without friends, connexions, and relations? What a miserable old age I would have, tormented by the idea of what I might have been, if I had not been deterred by the view of a short separation from my mother, or attracted by the giddy pleasures of the social amusements of the Continent; however, I repeat it: if at the close of the war I do not find myself in a situation to enable you to live agreeably in England, I shall sell my commission and settle in Germany, for with £500 a year I do not believe you can live respectably in this country. I shall then be able to do so, and not have to reproach myself with want of conduct on my part. I suppose you know that selling a commission is as easy as buying one, the price being regulated by Government.

Taylor and I were very much amused by your letter and particulars it contained. I have only to say that it was rather short. I am sure that mine are twice as long. Every particular, if of ever so trifling a nature, from a place I like so much as Cassel, written by a mother I so tenderly revere, must always be highly interesting. Pray tell Z.¹ that if the lady is worth the trouble I heartily wish he may succeed. I have got another lady to propose to my friends at Cassel; Z. being already engaged, Marescotti ought to

¹ Zeppelin.

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marry her, and after the particulars I am going to state, I fancy he will think her worth the trouble and expense of a journey to England. Her name is Miss Smith (only daughter and heiress of the late Sir F. Smith, Bart.). She is eighteen years old and has £60,000 a year. Nobody talks of her accomplishments, beauty, etc., because she has £60,000 a year, this great virtue containing and drowning all the rest. Tell him that if he succeeds I hope he will build a good fencing-room for his friends to comfort themselves in.

But now to continue my journal.

Yesterday morning I was introduced by my friend Taylor to his brother-in-law and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Bootle.¹ I was very cordially received. They treated me like an old friend. Both are very pleasant and accomplished people. I do not know why, but I had formed an idea that Mrs. Bootle was a tall, thin woman. Judge of my astonishment when I saw a little, fat woman, with no marks about her of having been abroad, looking as English as anything could be. I suppose you know that Mr. Bootle is a man of a good fortune and Member of Parliament.

In the evening I went to a play near Leicester Square, the late Dibdin's, now the Juvenile Com-

¹ May Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor, married, April 19, 1796, Edward Wilbraham Bootle, Esq., of Lathom House, created Lord Skelmersdale.

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pany (the oldest performer not above twelve years of age). I was highly entertained; the little men acted very well indeed, so much so that if they continue as they are now, they will, when grown up, be very good actors. The girls were rather below this standard, and it was easy to see that they were not very fond of their lovers, but, as is commonly the case at that age, bore a tolerable hatred to each other. However, as they were all very handsome, they did not fail to please; one especially promises to turn out a first-rate beauty. This Juvenile Company consists both of an English and German company, who act alternately. I saw the English yesterday; to-day I mean to see the Germans. You would have been amused to see the gravity, ease, and gracefulness with which these diminutive actors trod the stage. I was only sorry that their ladies were almost a head taller than they. Their children were infants of two or three years old. Only think, they performed *The Stranger*—a translation of Kotzebue's *Menschenhass und Reue*. I can assure you I never went with more expectations of amusement to any theatre than I shall do this evening.

May 22.

After what I have just been saying, no doubt you will be astonished to hear that the German Juvenile Company was as bad as the English

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had been good. The children were awkward in the highest degree, did not know their parts, and were scarcely able to speak their own language. The whole was so stupid that I went away before it was half over. Though, to make it quite German, they had erected an immense box for the prompter, who was not there the evening before when the English performed. But let us have done with it! The very recollection makes me sick, and I have much more interesting matters to relate to you.

This morning, in company with Mr. Taylor and some other gentlemen, I went to see the London and West India Docks, the most noble work ever performed by merchants. We first went to the London Docks; these only six years ago were streets and houses, inhabited by many thousands of people. Now on this same spot the largest vessels are lying at anchor in a basin of water covering twenty-five acres of land close to the warehouses, which are built in a most noble style; that for tobacco alone is a quarter of a mile long. This stupendous work (the whole is surrounded by a very high wall to prevent thefts and dilapidations) was begun and finished in two years time. The West India Docks are still larger; they were begun a little sooner, but finished in the same time. They are built on a ground which six years ago was a morass, a swamp; now palaces in appearance (warehouses

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in reality) cover this spot. The basin of water is fourteen feet deep and covers forty acres of land! An acre contains 4840 square yards—a yard consisting of three feet. The whole is surrounded like a fortified town by a wet ditch and a low wall, on the top of which runs an iron railing of about six feet in height, guarded all round by sentinels placed at equal distances. From thence we went to the East India Docks, which are only begun. Above two thousand people are working at them, and they will be finished in less than fifteen months.

We were now at a distance of eight miles from London, though to judge from appearances we had never left the town. Therefore, after having taken luncheon, we embarked in a boat on the Thames and returned home. We passed the Royal Hospital of Greenwich and the beautiful Kentish and Surrey shores. I have never seen Italy. To me this is the finest landscape I have ever beheld! I think you have seen this noble mansion, destined for the last home of our brave tars maimed in the victories they have gained for their country. I shall not therefore enlarge upon the beauty of this structure, which is one of the finest palaces I have seen, and is most like the Opera House at Berlin—of course much larger—I mean it is built in that style of noble architecture. It lies close to the Thames, which now bears the weight of eight hundred ships taken

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within these last three months, and moored opposite the hospital.

I never felt so proud as on this day, passing along our conquered enemies, and coming from the stupendous works performed by English industry. The whole river was covered with ships coming from and going to all different quarters of the globe. They are anchored in rows, one behind the other. We passed between them; on one side we saw the innumerable flags of all our enemies, with British colours hoisted above them, whilst on the other, old men-of-war showed their shattered sides torn in the battles they had sustained for the honour of their country.

When we got nearer to the port of London nothing but English merchantmen bearing home the riches of the world presented themselves to our view. There was not one amongst us, from the waterman to the first gentleman, who did not break out in involuntary exclamations of joy and astonishment at the greatness of our country. We had two Dutchmen amongst us—they sighed!

I was in hopes of receiving the description of the new Docks before sitting down to write to you, as I might then have been enabled to give you some estimates of the riches they contain. I have been disappointed, and shall therefore only state what I was informed of by the gentleman at the head of the London Docks Department. You may form an estimate of the value

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of the whole by being told that the duty paid to the Government for the tobacco warehoused (not including the vaults below it) amounts to no less than £16,000 sterling a year! That for one house, out of the many hundreds which covered the space now occupied by water and ships, between £700 and £800 were paid. These were then to be pulled down, the ground to be taken away to the depth of fourteen feet, and this was done. New buildings equal to palaces were built, and these again filled with the produce of the Indies in two years time! And this was the work of some great prince, performed at the expense and by the sweat and labour of his bleeding subjects? No! it was done by a company of merchants, performed during a most serious war, performed for their own private and certain gain and advantage. Show me the nation that can show the like, and I will own it equal to England. To punish Bonaparte for his many crimes, I only wish he had been in our company to-day.

Taylor and I have been so much delighted with this day's excursion that we mean to make the round of London, taking every day some part of it into peculiar consideration. Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral are to occupy our next attention. We have now admired the works of our fellow subjects and contemporaries; we will next pay a tribute to the

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names of our brave ancestors, to whom we stand indebted for the degree of eminence on which we are placed. Should I succeed in making you a sharer of the heartfelt satisfaction I enjoy in these perambulations, or only make you a partaker in the pleasure I feel in retracing them, believe me it will add the greatest delight I am capable of, after what I have already felt.

May 23.

Having received the book I mentioned above, I believe it will not be disagreeable to you to receive some short statements about edifices and amusements. I have already cursorily mentioned, to begin with, the West India Dock. The great basin alone will hold 300 ships, the smaller one 170 ships. By ships, West Indiamen are meant, of course. The undertaking was begun with a capital of £500,000. The Opera House (its interior is only within two feet in dimensions of the great theatre at Milan), the receipts of a full house, holding 2500 persons, amount to £1092 a night. Drury Lane Theatre holds 3948 persons, besides the company who fill the private boxes; the receipts of the house on a full night are upwards of £752. Covent Garden Theatre holds 3015 persons; the receipts of the house on a full night amount to £634 (exclusive of renters and persons on the free list). The ex-

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penses of this house to a performer on a benefit night are nearly £200 (they are 30 dollars at Cassel). By the same book I learn that since my last departure from England two playhouses, the Circus and Astley's, have been burnt down and rebuilt.

The present annual value of the exports and imports of London may be stated at £60,500,000; the annual amount of the customs at more than £6,000,000. On an average there are constantly 1100 ships in the river—3419 barges employed in lading and unlading these; 2288 barges employed in the inland trade; and 3000 wherries and small boats for passengers. To this active scene are to be added 8000 watermen employed in navigating the wherries and small craft only; 4000 labourers lading and unlading; and 1200 revenue officers constantly doing duty on the river. All these, besides the crews of the several vessels, are the inhabitants of the Thames near London.

May 24.

Taylor has just received a letter from his brother, the Colonel, about me. Having taken further information about the Blues, he now strongly advises me not to enter into this regiment. The reasons he gives are that the purchase is above the sum at first mentioned (it amounting to 1800 guineas), without the necessary expenses

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for equipment, horses, etc.; that the exchange from this regiment into any other is very difficult, few people liking it on account of its perpetually remaining at Windsor; and what causes the greatest weight with my military friend, who, it seems, is determined to make a general of me, is that there is little or no chance of promotion in it. He again strongly recommends the infantry, where he could procure me a commission without purchase, and in which promotion is more rapid than in the cavalry (because being sent to the Indies they die in shoals!). However, as I am one of those strange unambitious fellows who would rather be a living captain in England than a dead field-marshal in the West Indies, I have given a flat refusal to this proposition. He next proposes (if, as he expresses it, I am absolutely bent against the infantry), to enter into the 1st Regt. of Dragoons, in which the commission only costs £735 (but the pay amounts to only £150 per annum), and in which promotion is much more rapid. With this proposal I have again closed. He knows all the officers of the regiment, having himself been in it, though for my part I would have preferred the Blues; but I must not altogether shock my friend, who, of course, knows much better what is good for me than I do myself. This answer has now been sent, and we must expect what he will write next. If peace were made and there were any chance

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of my being able to remain quietly abroad, I know very well what I would do; but, as it is, *il faut faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*. So much for my private affairs, which are wavering like the wind. Fortunately, as you say, my private fortune enables me to wait until it will blow favourably for me.

Yesterday evening I again went to the opera. They performed *Il Ratto di Proserpina*. I can now lay my head down in peace, for I have heard what music is. I have heard duos sung by Billington and Grassini—those names speak for themselves. Of the first you have already heard too much, and of the latter I wrote to you in my last, to enter into any more particulars about them. I shall only say one thing, as it refers to our friend Mrs. Willman. Mrs. Billington sometimes introduces *Manieren*, but always in a secondary style—done with a kind of negligence, with a lowered voice, and only to combine the different parts of her air. Cadenzas she never introduced, even where they would not have been out of place. The music being by Winter, there were some opportunities for them, which she evidently perfectly avoided. That Mrs. Billington is able to make them I believe nobody will dispute. Some of her *Manieren* were like those of Mme. Willman. Those of Grassini, who is still more sparing of them, are quite original. Should I be able to catch any, I will send them

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to you for Mrs. Willman ; they are quite charming. Grassini last year cleared £8000 by the opera alone. I do not know whether her charms have, and are, turned to account ; I believe not. This is not the case with Mlle. Parisot, the finest dancer, I believe, in the universe. Lord Cholmondeley paid her a hundred guineas for a *tête-à-tête* between the acts of an opera-play !

I have another history for you, which you may publish as much as you please. Mrs. Sutherland is now called Mrs. Bishop, and is kept by a young lawyer. She is very happy in this situation. I hear she has grown excessively fat ; this is also the case with Mrs. Billington.

May 25.

I have this moment returned from a visit I paid to our old friend, Mr. Pine Coffin. His ladies have not accompanied him in this expedition to London, and he did not seem sorry for it. He is just the same as he used to be at Cassel : inquires a good deal after his German friends, and has his head as full of projects and new inventions and contrivances as ever. Upon inquiry, he told me that his lately acquired estates had not turned out so profitable as had at first been expected. It seems they are charged with very heavy burdens—annuities, etc. etc. The old gentleman is going out of town again on Tuesday next, so that I shall not see him again so soon.

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Last night Taylor and I went to Astley's. This new theatre has been very elegantly rebuilt. The performance, as usual, consisted chiefly in battles, and what I had never seen before, a combat of an infantryman with a dragoon mounted on a living horse, was brought upon the stage (not, as formerly, in the ring of the pit). Thanks to a tree, around which the foot-soldier kept turning, the dragoon galloping round in masterly style, the first escaped and, taking a proper opportunity, shot the poor fellow off his horse. Of course the blood gushed through his waistcoat and covered his breeches, etc. etc. The whole closed with a harlequinade, in which the clown did wonders.

May 26.

I dined yesterday at Mr. Bootle's house. We had an excellent dinner, and I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing more of Mrs. Bootle, for visiting, you know, is not very customary in England, excepting one is very well and intimately acquainted. I discovered that she may have been very handsome. She is now much too fat; is about forty years old, but has *des beaux restes*, and is very pleasant when she chooses to be, though she has on the whole a little too much of her brother's insouciance about her. He is a very amusing, talkative man. To please him, I believe you have only to be silent

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and let him run on alone. He appears to be very well informed, has seen much of the world, has travelled through most parts of Europe, and is the complete gentleman. Our party consisted, besides the master and mistress of the house, of old Mrs. Bootle, who keeps a separate house, Mr. Taylor (an officer in the 52nd), Taylor, and myself. To answer your first question: on these occasions, I believe we were not very gay until the ladies retired. On the whole, I spent a very pleasant evening—as pleasant a one as an English Sunday can afford. We left the house at 10½ o'clock at night.

Mr. Maynard has come to town. We have called upon each other without ever meeting, a very common case in London, where one is so little at home. If I do not find him this afternoon, I shall leave a note requesting him to inform me when I shall find him at his lodgings.

I have just seen Mr. Maynard; he has grown terribly fat. He was very civil, and pressed me to come down to him at Chesterfield.

This moment I have received yours of the 15th inst., and heartily thank you for it and its enclosures. You were perfectly right in sending me the bank receipt, but am sorry no other letter was enclosed. Your mentioning my travelling companion occasions me to give you some intelligence of him, which I am sorry for on account of his family. He is rather a spendthrift, and I

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hope for his own sake that his stay in this country will not be long, for, living at the rate I saw him do, he cannot afford it for any length of time. Marescotti has not yet written to either Taylor or myself. I hope my friend will hear from him soon. Countess Gyldensteen is a wretch; I cannot bear to think of her. As for my friend Zeppelin, I hope you understood the article which concerned him. As things stand now, I suppose he is not sorry for it, but should it be otherwise, however much disposed to serve him his friend has shown himself—the thing is impossible. I am now taking lessons in drawing together with Taylor. We are working in another line now. How things have changed! I hope and trust only for the better.

Taylor and I were talking it over again yesterday evening, as you may suppose we are doing pretty often. We were laughing at our brilliant exit, and our tragic—diplomatic—death, dying (*id est* leaving Cassel) as conquerors; dying I say, for our life as conquerors was but short. Taylor wondered how it happened that we both, having so long lived quietly and unregarded at Cassel, should both towards the end have turned out such roués; it's true it was high time for us to return to Old England into the bosom of our Church, for had we stayed much longer abroad (as I said) our morals would have been quite corrupted, and it would have been a pity for two such chaste

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youths to be corrupted. Here we are safe, for we have grown too nice to wish pleasing the common, and are too poor to have any chance of pleasing the virtuous of our countrywomen. So, as Lord Rochester says, "we must e'en repent, and being good for nothing else, be wise"; and so much for this chapter.

Many thanks for the receipt of your powders. I have been so remarkably well ever since we parted, that I have no use for it at present; however, it's always well to be provided for the worst, and they have done wonders, having cured Lt.-Col. Moshein no less than twice, once before we reached and once after we left Hamburg. You say you are growing generous. If so, I need make no excuse for the length of this epistle, which looks more like a newspaper than a letter.

May 27.

I have little or nothing to add to the above, only to request you always to continue to address your letters as you have done. Broughton being your agent, may well be at the trouble of sending them to me, and he does not pay for the postage, the Under Secretary, to whom they are addressed in the first instance, being exempt. By this means I save the expense of a French crown on every letter. Cress. Gyldensteen has again written to Taylor. I have seen the letter; it is well

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written. She compliments him on having now met his "Fanny" (the name he invented on a certain occasion). We have been laughing most heartily at all the tender things she said on the subject of this ideal beauty. He means to answer the letter, but does not know yet whether he will send her his desired picture. Poor woman, I am sorry for what has happened, and for being the innocent cause of some affliction to her. Now adieu. My best respects to all my female acquaintances and compliments to all my friends.

LONDON, *June 14*, 1806.

I this morning returned to town from Bifrons, Mr. Taylor's estate in Kent, where I had just been for one week, when Broughton gave me your letter of the 25th of last month, together with its enclosures. I am astonished to learn by this that you have not received the two letters I wrote immediately after my arrival, the one from Harwich the same hour that I landed, the other upon my reaching London, though perhaps you received them still after the departure of your letter, for I am not at all astonished that some delays respecting my letters should take place at Cassel, and pledge my honour they were written and put into the post office. In case the like should happen again, I should advise you to apply to M. de Kunchell on the subject.

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I went down to Bifrons together with our friend Taylor, who stayed there after me, and was received in a very friendly manner both by his brother and his lady. The infant I had seen two years ago was now, of course, able to run about, speak, etc. ; the one next to her died a few weeks ago ; and a third is about the age the eldest was when I was last in Kent. These events, you may easily imagine, have not a little contributed to change Mrs. Taylor, who is now quite what she should be. Of course there is less to say of her than before.

During my stay with them I dined out at gentlemen's houses three different times. The weather was remarkably favourable, and every circumstance contributed to set off a country life. However, I found that my taste was altered, and did not like it at all, so that having prolonged my stay a couple of days beyond what I had at first intended, in consequence of their earnest entreaties, I was very happy to return to town, where I am at present waiting for my commission to be made out, and then to set off for Edinburgh, where the Royals are at present quartered. On my way thither I shall see my uncles Heathcote and Maynard, and spend some days with them, and if it is possible, see Dewar, to talk about old times at Cassel, which I am sure he must lament as much as myself. How long I shall be detained in town I cannot tell, probably three or four weeks more.

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During my stay in the country I have been taking some information respecting the prices of things in general, and find that you might live here upon your income, though it would but barely cover your expenses; but I must request you not to think of doing it, for a country life in England, unless you have a very good fortune or are accustomed to it from your youth, must be insupportable. At the same time, you must consider that I would see very little more of you for it. English regiments are always moving about; you would not therefore settle at the same place with me. Besides, I am determined, as soon as peace will permit me, to live in Germany, to return to that country, unless indeed my rise in the army should be very great and rapid.

You will see from this letter that I am very much out of humour with the idle life I am leading, and long most heartily to join my regiment, where, by forming connexions and studying the duties of my new profession, I shall again hope to find myself at home, which, since my tossing about on the ocean, in coaches and chaises, inns and hotels, I have been very much in want of.

June 17.

I yesterday received your letter of the 28th of last month, and am happy to find that my letters have not miscarried. As I constantly number

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them, you will be able to know when any are lost, and to inform me of it. I shall also request you always to mention the numbers of those you have received last. You cannot conceive how happy I am that you approve of my entering the army: it was the only line left me. Colonel Taylor did everything in his power to place me in another department, but in vain, as he thought me rather old for the army, especially upon my obstinately refusing to enter into the infantry, which was his wish; that by going to the Indies I might rise to command in a very few years. The Colonel has no idea of a man's being satisfied with moderate rank in Europe, preferable to exposing himself to a desperate climate in a paltry little island abroad. However, he has spared me since the present application has been made, that I need not be afraid of not getting on, saying, "I shall take care of that."

It will amuse you to know that when Brook Taylor, to whom I repeated it, thanked his brother for his kindness, he pretended ignorance, saying, "How should I be able to do it?" Brook laughed most heartily, and told me that this was his way. He is so much of a soldier that to all who are not in the army, though his own brothers, he will not own the power of patronage in this line, which you know very well is as great in this as in every other profession.

Be very guarded in your expressions on this

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subject, however, your letters might fall into bad hands, and those things may be guessed at, but must not be known.

I am happy to know that Wangenheim's marriage has succeeded so well, but am far from envying him his wife. Good God! how miserable I should be now, had I had my own way. However, this does not excuse Mlle. Lotte's conduct though in the Church. I shall henceforth class all *chanoinesses* amongst monks, nuns, Brahmins, etc., and beware of them accordingly. Gundlach I look upon as incorrigible. What does he intend to do, I wonder! and Zeppelin too I am afraid is running mad. How can he seriously think of marrying such a . . . makes me tremble to think I might some day or other commit the same folly. However, I hope not. And redcoats are so much dreaded by parents in England that my dress even will stand my friend on such an occasion. Apropos of my dress, I will send you a drawing of it soon.

I hope you regularly forward my letters to my dear friend Doerfeld, for whom they are intended as well as yourself. In consequence of what I stated in one of my last letters, I hope he will soon be able to join you at Cassel. Taylor has not yet answered Ctess. Gyldensteen's letter; he is too idle to set about it, but still intends doing so. Pray let me hear how she is going on at Cassel, and whether she has found anybody to

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make up for her unfaithful swain. I don't know whether I told you that Taylor showed me her letter; it was remarkably well written in every respect. I am rather afraid our mutual experience has not cured him of his inclination to intrigue, as it has done me, and hope most heartily that I may be mistaken in the remarks I lately made in the country. Mrs. X. is still but very young; has had no experience, no education to protect her, and if his principles don't secure her, I look upon the thing as certain. I, in his case, would not remain constantly in the same house, and in the country too.

Marescotti is certainly behaving very ill. Taylor has as yet received no account whatever of the sale of his effects, except what you gave me in your letters. If he did not wish to engage in this business, why not have told me at once and I should have entrusted somebody else with it. However, I think that after the many professions of friendship he made to him whilst in Germany, he is bound in honour to pay more regard to his interests—and surely it must interest Taylor to know the state of his affairs in that country. He is very much hurt by the Marquis's conduct.

I am still waiting in town for my commission to be made out, which will probably keep me a fortnight longer at least. My uncle having returned to Southwell, I shall now very easily be able to see him and Maynard on my way to Scot-

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land, and shall make a point of seeing Dewar, at all events. I think I owe it to the memory of his father to give Mrs. D. a full account of her son's state of health, etc.

P.S.—Pray forward the enclosed.

LONDON, *June 18, 1806.*

In giving you a faithful account of all the various incidents which take place during our absence, I must not omit to mention an event which almost put an end to my existence and to my journal. From this beginning, you will perhaps imagine I was engaged in some perilous adventure—nothing less—I only went to the play! to the small theatre in the Haymarket, when I was last night on the point of being suffocated with laughing, the greater part of the house being in the same situation. I was not particularly noticed, though I was in a much more violent situation than I once was in at Cassel in Kotzebue's *Pagenstreiche*, as I could not make my escape, as I did on that occasion. I don't know what would have become of me, if a violent flood of tears had not come to my relief. A gentleman sitting next to me was obliged to shut his eyes and stop his ears to get the better of laughing, and several ladies in the boxes left the house for a few minutes on the same account. The farce which

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produced this amazing effect was called *The Agreeable Surprise*—Mr. Fawcett, an inimitable actor, the immediate cause of it.

If omens may be believed in, my soldier's life must turn out very pleasant, for I was gazetted cornet in the 1st or Royal Dragoons the very time that I was at the play. (I suppose that you know that being gazetted is the way that people are appointed to any office, commission, etc.?) I shall consequently leave town in a few days for Scotland, as I mentioned to you in my last.

This morning I also received the expenses of my journey paid me, the sum allowed me by Government. All fees deducted, it amounts to £70. I make a clear gain of £26 by it. If the Colonel had not accompanied me, I should have made more by it, but his persuading me to take the after-cabin to ourselves made the expenses of the voyage (the passage from Husum to Harwich) amount to £18 for each.

June 19.

I have a curious anecdote to relate to you. About three weeks ago, walking with Taylor, we went into a seal-engraver's shop, the most fashionable one in London, and meeting some dashing young fellows, I was foolishly drawn into ordering a seal to the tip-top of fashion; to-day I called for it and brought it home, together with the little box containing the impression. The first thing

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that struck me on coming home was the old impression-box of my father's dispatch seal, which laid upon my table. Having been packing up in the morning, I had left it there to make room for something better worth keeping, and upon taking the new one out my pocket, the similarity of these boxes was so great that I was tempted to open them both, and found they both came from the same shop. The one my father bought was made by the father of the present engraver, who made the one with which I shall seal the present letter. This will occasion my preserving both the boxes; I should otherwise both have thrown away as useless.

June 21.

This morning I take my departure from this confounded sweet city; I hope you will congratulate me upon my escape. To-morrow, at about five in the afternoon, I hope to be at Southwell, where I mean to stay two days, and from thence I shall go to Chesterfield. There too I may perhaps stay two days, and then proceed to York, if Dewar will meet me there; if not, I shall go on directly to Edinburgh. I travel in the mail-coach, my servant on the outside. I forgot to inform you that I have parted with Dietrich, who, unable to get a place in England, has taken his passage for Holland. In his place I have engaged an

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English servant, who is both groom and valet, with whom I am very well satisfied.

With regard to my address, you will continue to address my letters as formerly. Broughton will forward them to me, which means that I shall save considerable expense and gain also, they going duty free in England. Pray continue to inform me of everything that happens at Cassel; nothing will amuse me more than to know how my old friends are going on. Remember me to all of them. Don't forget also to acquaint me how things are going on with Willman, whether the stage improves or not; who are the reigning beauties; how Ctess. Veltheim is; how Mme. de Wille goes on; in short, of everything.

P.S.—Perhaps you would like to know my uniform. I can give you a tolerably good description of it. The jacket (coats we have not) is cut exactly like that of the yellow jacket the Gardes du Corps wear at Cassel. It is scarlet; collar and cuffs dark blue; white waistcoat; white leather breeches; and boots something like those of the Hessian officers, but not stiff. The jacket has a great deal of gold lace upon it. It is very handsome. The jacket costs £10.

NEWCASTLE, *June* 29, 1806.

I left London on the 21st, at eight in the evening, in the mail-coach. There happened to be

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but one inside passenger besides myself, and we had a very pleasant journey, going at the rate of eight miles an hour, stoppage included, a thing scarcely credible to a person accustomed to German roads and horses (eight English miles being equal to two German miles). We arrived at Newark at twelve the next morning, having made 124 miles in sixteen hours. There I left the mail, and after I had stayed to dine at Newark took chaise for Southwell, which is only eight miles off, and where I arrived at five o'clock. I found my uncle and family very well, and happy to see me. He looks just the same as when I left him. My aunt also appeared to be very little changed, though she has had six children since I saw her, they having now eleven children living (eight boys and three girls).

Godfrey is a very fine young man, of engaging address, and by no means wanting sense. He is studying physic. Ralph is with his regiment (the 14th Foot), so that I had not the pleasure of seeing him. Chappel is the finest lad I ever saw. He is now almost sixteen years old, and living with a merchant at Mansfield to learn the trade. I was very sorry for the poor fellow, who detests the life for which he is intended, and longs for nothing more than going into the army. All the others are still at home—the girls decidedly ugly—Heaven knows what he will do with them all. My uncle, however, is far from feeling so

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uncomfortable as one would suppose. He has built a good house at Southwell and goes on his old pace. My aunt does everything for him, and is undoubtedly a good mother and even wife for such a poor object as my uncle is, but a sad vixen at the bottom. She has quarrelled with everybody in the place, and is actually upon good terms with nobody, not even with her relations, but particularly civil to me.

I had not been twelve hours at J. when I was visited by almost everybody there, to the great annoyance of my aunt, who hated them all. The Beechers were amongst the first that called, but the only person whom I had expected did not come. You may easily guess whom I mean—my old friend, Cranfield Beecher. You must remember him; he was so handsome a lad! I was, however, immediately informed of the reason. The poor fellow was quite deranged about four years ago, and though under the care of Dr. Willis,¹ he is so far recovered as to live quietly with his family. He is no longer the same creature. Supping at his father's house, I met him. At first he was very cold, scarcely knowing me again; but when we took a walk together after tea, he recovered his spirits a little and got into the old way. However, it did not last long.

¹ Dr. Willis was the celebrated doctor for mental diseases who first advocated gentle and kind treatment. He proved very successful in the first phases of the lunacy of George III.

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I was very much affected indeed. His sisters are not married. They have grown a little old, of course, but are still very pleasant.

I also went to Bilsthorp, where I found everything as of old, except Benson, my old schoolmaster. Having given up the school, and his youngest daughter having married their servant, her family has renounced and takes no notice of her. The others were very little altered. Of my old schoolfellows, I found that most of them had gone into the army. Of the Holbeches I have heard. Two of the boys are in the army, one in the Church (my old friend Henry). None of the girls married—astonishing! I am anxious to see one of my cousins Holbeches and to renew my acquaintance with that truly amiable family.

I left Southwell on the 25th; having stayed two whole days with my uncle, I went to Chesterfield to see aunt Maynard and my cousins (the Ned Heathcotes). The old Maynards were very civil to me; they have grown immensely rich, have hot-houses, etc. etc., everything in the first style. I like the Ned Heathcotes very well myself, but the old story of the will my uncle Godfrey made in their favour, and which is constantly repeated, must ever keep us at a distance, though they are very friendly to me. My aunt Maynard talked to me a great deal of old times, etc. etc. However, as you know none of these people, it would not interest you to be

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acquainted with all these particulars; it will be enough for me to say in general that I found them all very friendly.

I left Chesterfield on the 26th, in the evening, and as I called at my old aunts Heathcote at Dronfield, with whom I stayed about an hour, I arrived very late at Sheffield, and stayed there the night; went to York the next day, and from thence I arrived yesterday evening at this place, where I shall stay till to-morrow and then proceed to Edinburgh. I travelled in different stage-coaches. For these two last stages I have found the country changing its appearance very much, and I do not doubt that the difference will be more striking the farther I get to the north.

I have been walking about this city, which is the ugliest town I ever saw, built in the finest situation. Being built on several very steep hills, some of the streets are naturally almost perpendicular, several consisting of one continuous staircase from the top to the bottom. The Tyne, a river of considerable breadth and depth, flows through the town and facilitates its communication with the sea. The waters of the Tyne are of a dark colour, tainted by the coals over which it flows and which it carries in such large quantities down to the ocean. The town and its vicinity are, indeed, all tinged with this article, which occasions the wealth, and constitutes the chief trading commodity of the neighbourhood of

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Newcastle. Some remains of the wall built by the Romans as a bulwark against the inroads of the Scots are still existing near to it. The weather did not permit me to visit them. The language of the people is already mixed with the Scotch dialect, and almost unintelligible. I saw a very curious sight : two girls, of about sixteen years of age, bathing this cold day, with their clothes on, in the river, within the town. They took several dips over head and ears, and when they came out of the water ran home to shift, amidst the hootings of a mob of boys assembled on the occasion. This shows a wildness of manners which is not to be met with in the more southern parts of England.

EDINBURGH, *July 1, 1806.*

Last night, at about half-past ten o'clock, I reached this city. I had set out from Newcastle at five in the morning in the stage-coach, and had a most pleasant journey, all the way being along the sea-coast. I dined at Berwick at about two, and then entered the land of Ossian. Poor Scotland, so much abused on the other side of the Tweed, appears to be very far from deserving it ; what it lacks in fertility and richness of soil the beauty of its rocky mountains amply compensates, at least to the eye of the traveller. The barbarous English spoken here excepted, the

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manners of the people, as far as I could judge in so short a time, little differ from our own; the accommodations on the road are the same, the roads themselves very little worse, the travelling fully as expeditious.

Edinburgh is situated in a most romantic spot, surrounded in part by very high and steep rocks, between which the town is built and through which the ocean shows to great advantage. The old castle, standing on its rocky foundation, considerably adds to the beauty of the place, and though part of the old town looks ill and poor, the new one is as well and regularly built as any I ever saw. So much for E. at present. When I get better acquainted with it, you shall receive full information of every particular worth knowing; but at present you have heard all I have to say about it, for of course I was most anxious to see the value of my future residence, from whence I am just returned.

Our barracks are built on Piers Hill, a mile from Edinburgh, very near the sea, and in a most delightful situation. I had intended to see them incognito first, but being once there, I thought it as well to report myself to my commanding officer, especially as a serjeant, who guessed who I was, told me it was necessary, it being just return-day of the regt. Col. Grey received me remarkably well, though I had not my letters of recommendation upon me, and gave

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me leave to look about me as much as I pleased before I actually joined. I am now going to buy horses, and in my next you will probably receive a full account of the regiment.

I cannot close this letter without mentioning Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, which I passed yesterday. It was built many centuries ago as a place of defence against the Scotch, but is still complete in all its parts. The inside has of course been altered and made more comfortable, but from without it is a completely old castle, as you would suppose them to have been in the times of knight-errantry. The *fosses* have been filled up, however, though not to be brought to a level with the ramparts, and they together form a most beautiful lawn which loses itself in the park many miles in circumference. In more modern times the wall and turrets of the castle were crowded with stone figures representing ancient knights defending the castle in all kinds of attitudes. At a distance, you really believe them to be living persons (their number exceeds three hundred). The effect is curious. If the place were mine, however, I would take them down. You may easily imagine that this castle beats the Loewenburg hollow ; besides, it is ten times as large. It has stood many sieges in its time, and is now a country seat. What improves the effect beyond everything is that the lawn, which is kept in

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the highest order, begins close to the old castle walls. Here are no artificial ruins and rubbish scattered about to make the place look ancient. No; everything of the kind is removed. You see a gentleman's house kept in the highest state of perfection and order, with its pleasure-grounds before it, but this house is an old castle. The contrast is very fine.

Looking out of the window this afternoon, whom should I see but old Cunnyngname. We were most happy to meet, and he requested his best compliments to be presented both to yourself and to our friend Doerfeld. His father is expected to arrive very shortly from London. They are going to stay at Edinburgh.

PIERS HILL BARRACKS, *July* 12, 1806.

Many thanks for your letters of the 15th and 7th ulto., which Broughton forwarded to me, and which I received this morning. By the date of my letter you will see that I have joined my regiment, and I can most sincerely assure you that the situation in which I am placed is as pleasant as any one can have at a distance from you. Believe me, I feel your absence as much as it is possible for you to do mine, and as your coming over to England is quite impossible, I am determined, in case I should even not be put on half-pay at the reduction of our regiment to

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the peace establishment, a thing most probable, to sell out again and come to fix myself in Germany as soon as a permanent peace permits me to live in that country. So much for the future, and I hope, if I succeed in giving you a faithful description of my present life, to calm all the fears you may still entertain. All the officers of our regiment are perfectly well bred, polite and gentlemanly men, some indeed far superior to most people I have yet seen. The manner in which I was received astonished me. The style in which we live is very elegant, though not expensive; but to give you the best idea of it, I will go through with a description of a day, they varying only in very few points.

At about nine o'clock the trumpets sound for foot-parade, when the different troops being formed before the stable doors march towards the centre of the barrack-yard, and after having been formed in a line are examined by the Major (*viz.* their dress and arms are inspected); then the serjeant's guard mounts and the officers leave the regiment, their business being done; then the Serjeant-Major exercises the regiment, with which we have nothing to do. At ten o'clock I breakfast with some others in the mess-room, many officers preferring to breakfast in their own rooms. At eleven all the subaltern officers (those below the rank of captain) are to go to the riding-school, but if you

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don't go no notice is taken of it, excepting you were perhaps to stay away for weeks together, and at twelve the same subaltern officers have to attend the foot-drill, and then your business is done for the day. If a field-day is ordered (we have about four a week) there is neither riding-school nor foot-drill. By field-day is meant exercising the whole regiment on horseback. As we exercise on the sands of the seashore, we must regulate our time according to the tides of the ocean, and then I leave you to judge how fine it must be riding on the hard sand, having a most beautiful sea view before you, adorned by the shores of Fife. I have heard the Firth of Forth (Bay of Edinburgh) compared with the Bay of Naples, and am certain it is the most picturesque country I ever saw. At five the trumpet sounds for dinner (for the officers I mean, the privates dine at twelve). We generally sit down twelve of us, married officers not belonging to the mess. Our dinner is excellent; our knives and forks and spoons are silver, with the cypher of the regiment upon them; this is upon all the plates, glasses, decanters, etc., and forms a most elegant effect. This is the drawing of it:—

The Royal Garter and Crown with a Latin motto upon the Garter, the English of which is: “When in action we must be seen.”

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There are no hard drinkers in the regiment, and the greatest regularity is preserved. To dinner we go dressed, and if Count Bohlen could just come in for a moment, he would be astonished, I believe. Horses (horses no longer thought fit for the regiment) were sold last week by auction at Edinburgh; they fetched £17 on an average. Of course they were only privates' horses. I have bought a very nice horse for fifty-five guineas, and do not intend for the present to have more than one horse. All the horses in our regiment are black without exception. So much for the regiment this time.

I have seen Sir William Cunynghame, who was very civil to me, inviting me to his house in the country for as long a time as I could obtain leave from the commanding officer, and offering me the use of his house in Edinburgh next winter—in short, to use his own expression, desiring me to look upon his house as my home. He has now gone to London, but is expected to return very shortly. I expect to derive great advantage from this acquaintance. Sir William, having been a staunch Opposition man for these twenty years past, has been rewarded by the present administration, by appointing him Receiver-General for Scotland, an office with many thousands a year, and which obliged him to change his abode from Richmond to Edinburgh.

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Last night I went to a ball at Edinburgh, where I was most highly diverted by seeing the masterly style in which the Scotch ladies dance. I made the acquaintance of several pleasant, though not handsome young ladies—the difference between them and the English girls is very great; they are thinner, pleasanter, but not nearly so beautiful. Their manners are more French; they talk and laugh prodigiously. You must know that we are looked upon as foreigners in this country, fully as much as we should be if quartered in Hesse. The consequence is that the men are by no means partial to us, their women, for the same reason perhaps, being of a different mind, and that circumstance added to our red jackets and dancing in boots and spurs gave us pretty good success. (We are never allowed to appear in these except at Court, where the dress-coat of the regiment is worn.)

The day before I dined with Col. Grey, our commanding officer, who lives a mile from our barracks at Porto Bello, a beautiful little town close to the sea. He is a man of great fortune, married to a very handsome woman, who did the honours of her table in a superior manner. He himself is a very pleasant, polite man, who has seen very much of the world, both in Europe and the Indies. Lt.-Col. Windham commands in barracks; he too is a very pleasant man, but not being married, he messes with the

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rest of the officers. The Edinburgh Races (when the Players with young Roscius at their head will return) are to begin at next month—so you see that I lead rather a gay life, even at this season of the year, and have to expect a very pleasant winter.

I must not close this letter without giving you an account of the force of this regiment. It consists at this moment (it having been reduced by Mr. Windham's late regulations) of 750 rank and file, divided into five squadrons and ten troops. Only two squadrons are quartered at Piers Hill Barracks, where the head-quarters are, the others being stationed at Perth, Haddington, etc. The squadrons change their quarters every two months, relieving each other. However, I shall not change my quarters for the first six months, young officers remaining with head-quarters until perfectly acquainted with their duties.

Looking over what I have written, I find that I forgot to give you an account of Dewar. I informed you in one of my former letters that I had written to him, requesting him to give me a meeting at York. Since my joining my regiment. I received his answer, dated London, July 2nd. The following is an extract from his letter: "I am here to take advice on the subject of my head, in which I have again had such pains that I could scarcely bear it; indeed, it is with difficulty that I

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write at all." He then informs me that he has prospects of being appointed aide-de-camp to a Lt.-General—a palpable lie—no militia officer being entitled to a staff appointment; it's an old story of his, but I did not believe him foolish enough to repeat it to me now that I am in the army, which he is not. He ends his letter thus: "When you write to Mrs. Heathcote, do not mention my absence from my regiment, or the cause of it." You will take care not to let poor Mrs. D. know how he goes on. I am afraid the cause of his absence is debt. Some of the York Militia are now quartered at Edinburgh and are a most blackguard set; none of our officers associate with them. Their discipline is so bad that they are a disgrace to the militia (we won't say army). It indeed exceeds all belief. I suppose you know that Dewar belongs to this corps.

There is a great talk of peace at this moment, but I fear little prospect of it. We have of late been very much disappointed. Mr. Windham having mentioned his intention of increasing the pay of the army, we of course flattered ourselves to enjoy the same advantage; but we now find that it is only the pay of the infantry which is to be increased. I am one of the few in our regiment who think we receive more than we deserve for parading about England, Holland, and Ireland. In case of a continuous war, we are certainly liable to be sent abroad; but never-

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theless our services cannot be compared with those of the infantry, who are sent to the colonies, every regiment of which loses more men in a year than the whole cavalry put together lost in ten times that period.

From the little I have seen of our army, I am nevertheless confident that the French can never hazard a landing—our troops must be seen in England; nothing could resist a charge of our regiment—in the state we turn out for a field-day; but every officer amongst us allows that our men are too well fed, clothed, etc., to accustom themselves easily to a campaign abroad; our horses are in the same predicament. I am highly pleased with every part of our duty and manner of living, which must do me a great deal of good, who am so averse to early rising and exercise. The only part I dislike is the looking on at punishments; though they are not so cruel as abroad, it is still very disagreeable. In my next I will give you an account of them.

PIERS HILL BARRACKS, *July 29, 1806.*

I this moment received your letter of the 10th inst., and am most distressed to find that you still persist in the very erroneous opinion you once had formed of the situation and life of an English officer of Dragoons. If my word still has any credit with you, if you require the most sacred

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oaths I am ready to give them—that I prefer my present situation to any other whatsoever; that if I were not separated from you and Doerfeld, nothing would make me leave my regiment. But that, as soon as peace permits me to live with any safety in Germany, I shall come over and remain with you there. In the meantime, I must beg you to believe me when I tell you that I was never less *géné* than I am since my entering the army, and that your much-dreaded subordination and Heaven knows what besides is a bugbear of your own fancy, unknown to us. Except on parade, every officer is perfectly equal; and if a man were mad enough even then to refuse to march to the right, because his colonel commanded it, let him put up his sword, go home, and sell his commission, and then he will be as free as ever. English officers are not to be compared with German ones. It is not the King who has given us our rank. We have bought it—from the cornet up to the colonel. That makes a most essential difference.

Not long ago an officer was broke by a court-martial for cowardice, but allowed to sell his commission nevertheless. He went to law with the officers of the regiment for having complained against and having refused to serve with him any longer, in consequence of which he was obliged to sell out. (In Germany he would have been sent to the fortress for life.) An English jury

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fined him £1000 damages, which those who broke him were made to pay. Yesterday Colonel Windham came five minutes too late to dinner, after the other officers of the mess had sat down. The president of the day (Cornet Foster) fined his colonel one bottle of wine for this offence. So much for subordination.

Now for an instance of the terrible fatigue, etc., to which we are exposed :—

The Sergeant-Major brought me a list of the words of command for the manual exercise. I wished to learn it myself before I was to command the men. He told me I need not give myself the trouble ; if I only gave the words of command, the men would know what they meant. I need not add (I hope) that I nevertheless had it shown to me for half an hour. I hope you will not repeat this to anybody. It is true ; whether the army is the better for it I will not decide, but you will find by it that the fatigue of an English officer is not very great. Our sergeants drill the men, etc. etc., and do the greater part of the duty of a German officer. Officers never attend the foot drills of the regiment when the whole is commanded by the sergeants. We only attend on parades (they last about a quarter of an hour) and on field days when the regiment is mounted and exercises on horseback : the fatigue then is nothing. You know how soon and easily I perspire ; you may therefore guess at the fatigue,

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when I tell you that I have never been brought to sweat ever so little by it. It is not so fatiguing as a common airing on horseback. Nevertheless our regiment is far above any foreign regiment of cavalry I ever saw. There is but one way to account for it, viz. though we never work so hard as the Germans, our men remain constantly with the regiment the whole year round, and are unquestionably worked much more. An English soldier never does any kind of work, as the Germans do, for money. They are too well paid for that, and a dragoon has not time for it. They consequently never get out of practice. Our officers are not teased with the petty minutiae of the service, they are and live like gentlemen. All we have to do is to know and to learn the manœuvres, which are amusing to everybody who has any taste for the army, and those who have not this taste sell their commissions. Complaining of the service is a thing unknown to us.

As I am most anxious to convince you of your mistake in believing that I suffer any fatigue, hardship, or inconvenience from my present situation, I have again been reading over what I wrote, and will only add that the regimental duty, one day with another, does not take up above two hours when there is a field day and half an hour when there is foot parade. The rest of the time we have quite to ourselves,

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except about three-quarters of an hour, when we go to the *manège*. As for the foot drill, viz. the broadsword exercise, mentioned in one of my preceding letters, I have done with it. The rest of the day is occupied in reading (there is a very good circulating library near our barracks), drawing, music, etc. Captain Radcliff and I have formed a musical society, and play quartettes two or three times a week. I generally go to bed at my old hour, ten, and get up at eight. In short, I amuse myself so well, that time passes away without my scarcely knowing how.

In the winter, in case we remain here, the neighbourhood of Edinburgh will make it still pleasanter; at present, as all the families reside in the country, we draw no advantage from it, except the theatre there, which was opened last week, and which I, of course, attend pretty regularly. It is tolerably good, though inferior to the London stage. The house itself is about the size of that at Cassel, and, like there, not very well attended, which may be owing to most families being at their country seats.

Sir William Cunnyngame being gone to London for a few weeks, I have formed no acquaintance yet at Edinburgh, except that of my old friend Cunnyngame, who is so much occupied with his studies that he attends no parties, or has formed any connexions to which he might introduce me. Indeed, I am perfectly

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contented to await his father's return, who has begged me to look upon his house, both in the country and in the town of Edinburgh, as my home, promising in the most kind manner to do everything in his power to make my residence as agreeable as possible. Living in the same house with the other officers, two of whom are married, we form a society of our own, which does not make us feel the want of any other for the present. What will perhaps astonish you is that we never play at cards or any other game (except at ball, coits, etc., and that for nothing); but most of us having seen the Continent and travelled a good deal, the time between dinner (at five in the afternoon) and bed-time slips away one does not know how in talking of foreign parts, discussing politics, etc., and you would be astonished to hear that many of the officers understand German and Italian; all know French. Indeed, I never saw so many men of taste and knowledge of the polite arts assembled as I do every day at and after dinner, and I will venture to say that each individual officer of our regiment (myself excepted) would make a most distinguished figure at Cassel, or indeed in any society whatever.

So much for myself, and now to answer your letter.

With regard to your intention of going to Munich, I have only one thing to say, which is,

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that it is high time for you to think of fixing yourself somewhere or other. At Cassel you are so already, but if you dislike the place it would be folly for you to remain there, and as you said yourself, it is quite as easy for me to join you at Munich as at Cassel, and at all events I must make new acquaintances, let me go to either; to me it is therefore perfectly indifferent. I shall only wish to remain where once I have settled myself, and where I intend to make myself comfortable. Pray consult Doerfeld upon the subject. I daresay he will advise you to go to Munich, where he too will be permitted to remain in safety and quiet. I have not heard from him ever since I left Cassel. I hope you send my letters to him, as I begged you would do. I wrote to him twice since my leaving you, but think it useless to put him and myself to the expense of double postage, when, by your sending my letters to him, he will be fully informed of everything that concerns me.

Countess Gyldensteen must be mad to entertain any further ideas of Mr. Taylor's marrying her; he never loved her; does not intend even to keep up his correspondence with her; has told his friends in England the whole intrigue with her. He told me he expected and would advise her to marry Marescotti. As he is one of those men who are pretty generally liked by women, it will be no difficult matter

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for him to find a young girl of Countess Gyldensteen's fortune who will marry him; but I question whether he will ever marry, and believe rather that he never will. He and I are not made for the matrimonial state. From all appearances there is every reason to believe that Mr. Fox intends to make peace with France, and that he will succeed before the end of this year, an event which was not at all believed in when I left London. I hope to God it will be so honourable and lasting a one that we gentlemen of the red cloth will become entirely useless. I already indulge myself with the agreeable prospect of joining you before or about next spring. I have not gained my object of belonging to some profession; in time of peace I am useless as such, and shall be most happy to follow your advice in its full extent. I always thought we might some day settle in England, but having fully examined it, I have found that the immense load of taxes, and the increased prices of all the necessaries of life hence arising, have made it, if not impossible, at least very unpleasant for people of any moderate income to stay there. It has induced almost all young men of that description to go into the army, where they are able to live in a very genteel manner on what would scarcely support them out of it, and will cause numbers to emigrate as soon as peace will put it in their power.

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My servant, the cook, behaved very well and faithfully all the time he was with me, and I should recommend him most strongly to everybody who wants either a valet or cook. He has returned to Germany. I have a very good, steady man at present, who, I suppose, will remain with me for ever, for I venture to give myself a good character as a master, and he had a most excellent one given to him by his last master, who was also an officer, so that he has been of very great use to me, by putting me in the way how to go on at first in a line of life with which he was so well acquainted.

As I am now settled, and there is little variety for the present in my way of living, I intend to write to you only once a fortnight. Besides, I could not well trouble Broughton with too many letters, and if I had not him to forward my letters (for mine to him are directed to one of the Under Secretaries of State), each letter would cost me half a guinea. I fancy it will come to almost the same to you, and if anything particular occurs you will hear from me oftener.

I have heard lately from Taylor; he is at present in Lancashire with his sister, Mrs. Bootle, and complains very much of not hearing from Marescotti. I regularly inform him of all the Cassel news you impart to me, which he is very anxious to obtain. He is very desirous to return there. Who knows what a peace may effect!

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I forgot to inform you of a curious anecdote. The first time I appeared on parade our band played Figaro's song, "Jetzt gehts nicht mehr zu Damen Toiletten," etc. It was mere chance, for they don't know the words.

PIERS HILL BARRACKS, *August 10, 1806.*

This last week has been very gay in this part of the world, the races having attracted vast numbers to Edinburgh, both ladies and gentlemen being, as you know, passionately fond of an amusement which certainly deserves the encouragement it meets with. These are the first races I ever was at, and I may truly say the first public entertainment which afforded me more pleasure than my expectation had promised. They lasted a week, the horses running about three hours a day. The evenings, or rather nights, were occupied with balls, plays, concerts, and assemblies, to none of which I went, for two reasons. The plays are about half an hour's walk from our barracks, and riding about the races, I was too idle to stir out immediately after dinner, and the other amusements began at too late an hour for me—between ten and eleven at night—the balls lasting till seven the next morning.

I shall endeavour to give you a short description of the races.

They are held on the sands of Leith, of course

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close to the sea, the water, when the tide returns, covering the whole course. On these sands four wooden towers are built at equal distances, in which the judges (clerks of the course) are stationed; each two are connected with ropes to prevent the people from getting on to the course; the rest of the course is marked out by flags stuck in the ground. Behind these ropes, which are about four hundred yards in length, innumerable quantities of carriages of all descriptions are stationed, containing ladies and children, the handsome ones on the coach-boxes, the ugly ones in the inside. The sight is really very fine. Thousands of horsemen spectators are galloping about the ground between the course (which is one and a quarter miles in circumference) to bet upon the horses, as the chances are varying. The racers are first led about with all their clothes on, the jockeys following them on other horses, grooms leading the racers. After the jockeys are weighed, the horses are stripped, led about to be seen again with the jockeys on their backs. They then assemble at the starting-post, and set off at the word of command given by the judge. The public races for the prizes were all four-mile heats—or rather the best horse of three four-mile heats was the conqueror. Between every four miles, or three times round the course, they stopped, when the horses were rubbed down and led about to breathe a little, and half an hour

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after they started again. It being very hard work for horses to run on the sands, as you may easily imagine, they did not go quite so fast as they otherwise would have done—the average was fifteen minutes to four miles (four miles are very near one German mile). Two horses broke down—that is, the tendons of their legs broke, owing to the sands in great measure. However, it is a very common accident; it prevents the horse from ever running again, but does not disable him from going quietly along the road, though for some time they will go lame. The horse does not fall down when the accident happens, but his pace slackens instantaneously, and the jockey stops him and leads him away. Besides these public heats we had several private matches, only once round the course, run between the heats. Most of these were run by horses belonging to officers of our regiment, and ridden by them themselves, which, from knowing the horses, were more amusing than the others. I won half a guinea by them, upon private bets—*toujours quelque chose*. We said the matches were for £100¹ each, but they were only for £5.

So much for the races. Now to give you an account of a spectacle that I attended, far more extraordinary, though not so amusing. This was nothing less than a competition of the pipers of the various Highland Scotch clans for a prize of

¹ £100 Scots is equal to £5 sterling.

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a bagpipe ornamented with ribbons. The place selected for this competition was the theatre at Edinburgh. Proper judges were appointed, and the *entrée* the same as at the play. The time for its beginning was the second day of the races, at two o'clock in the afternoon. The house was as crowded as it could be, the Scotch still adhering with ardour to their ancient customs. The pipers came upon the stage one by one in their own dress (without breeches) and played their warlike tunes (the noise was horrible to me and to everybody but a Scotchman) with the greatest exertion. The whole lasted three hours. I could not distinguish any music or even any time in the noise they made, and if I had been put upon the rack could not have distinguished one from the other. The sound was like what twenty or thirty pigs would make who were all put together to some terrible torture. Yet I saw some Scotchmen affected almost to tears! They danced to their reels, screaming all the time, and I believe I have now a perfect idea of the war-dances of the North American savages. I mean this autumn to make a short excursion into the Scotch Highlands, for after their pipers, whom I now have heard, I believe they must be most curious and interesting to behold. In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh the manners of the people are very little different from those of the English; they have been civilized in dress and in most other

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things. However, they still retain some nasty customs.

My health is most excellent, better than I have known it to be this long time, all the sickness with which I was troubled at Cassel in the morning having quite disappeared. Regular exercise and sea-bathing, which is very good here, I take to be the cause of it. In my next letter I will give you an account of the manner in which this is taken. At present I shall only repeat what I have already so often said, that the line of life which I have chosen not only agrees perfectly well with me, but is far pleasanter than I even had imagined. Time passes I don't know how myself, and without being confined by any particular duty I can scarcely find time to read or write, which I believe is the best proof a person can possibly give of his leading a pleasant life, for perpetual occupation I look upon as being one of the most desirable things, being the surest way to happiness.

Pray remember me to all my friends at Cassel. If possible, get Marescotti to write to Taylor.

PIERS HILL BARRACKS, *August 23, 1806.*

Since my writing last, nothing extraordinary has happened; day after day has passed on in the same way, and a perfect calm has succeeded to the bustle of the race-week. I continue to be

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perfectly satisfied with my present line of life, and have every reason to believe that I shall never change my opinion on that head. As I, however, infinitely prefer the pleasure of your society to every other consideration, it is my fixed determination to leave the army as soon as peace is made, and to come and live quietly with you wherever you choose to fix yourself. According to all accounts, this period is not very far removed. Lord Lauderdale is negotiating. However, the French troops in Germany are said to have been augmented and to approach the Austrian frontiers. These are inconsistencies which it is difficult to reconcile. Our papers talk again of a Continental war. Surely the Emperor is not mad enough to engage in it again! If so, the House of Austria is ruined.

I have written to Taylor on the subject of Countess Gyldensteen, who has so perfectly succeeded in imposing herself upon you for a pattern of virtue, but am confident that he will never marry her, and much doubt whether he will be at the trouble of ever writing to her, though I really begged he would. The woman certainly is mad; Taylor is convinced of it, and expected her to follow him to England. He had taken the precaution to inform his brothers and friends about his connection with her, not even concealing her name, so that if she had made her appearance, you may judge of the manner in

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which she would have been received. I am sorry for her, but cannot excuse her conduct.

Taylor is very anxious to learn whether the hats which the Electoral Princess ordered him to send to her, and which left England several months ago, have reached their place of destination. Being addressed to M^{me}. de Gundlach, perhaps you might find it out and let me know of it.

The questions you ask me in your last letter of the 25th ult. have already been answered by my subsequent letters. During the absence of some officers of my troop (Compagnie de Dragons) I have had the sole command of it, without ever having learnt to march, etc. I myself am perfectly persuaded that the German method of teaching an officer the duty of a private, before he learns that of an officer, is far better than our own, but as we have nothing to do with the drilling of the men, which is only the duty of the sergeants, it is not absolutely necessary for us to know it. Besides the manual exercise (the exercise with the macket or carbine) is not attended to much by the cavalry. Our parades too are very different. We do not exercise the men there as it is done in Germany. The men are only examined to see that they are clean, etc. etc. To this the greatest attention is paid. A man had better exercise ill than have a dirty shirt on.

With respect to my servant, I am happy to say

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that I have an excellent one, whom, I believe, I shall never part with if I can help it. He is a steady, middle-aged, honest, and sober fellow, very much attached to me and to my interests. To him I am indebted for having purchased an excellent charger, whom I might already have sold for ten guineas clear profit. I gave fifty-five guineas for him.

I believe I shall manage very well as to my finances. Besides my pay, I have lodgings, coals, and candles gratis, and am allowed forage for two horses at the rate of one guinea a month per horse. At Cassel it cost me $2\frac{1}{2}$ guineas a month. I only keep one horse at present, but shall buy another as soon as I can meet with another that suits me. Horses are not so dear in this country as in Germany, but are valued very differently. A horse which at Cassel would sell for fifty louis I can get for thirty-five here; but a horse for which I could get two hundred here would not sell for thirty at Cassel, and would not be worth more there. On account of its speed, it would be worth it in a country where racing is so much in fashion. Beauty is not considered so much as strength and speed, as horses of any value (I mean above seventy guineas) are only used for hunting and racing.

The German Legion behaving so excessively ill in Ireland, it is reported that it will be recalled very soon. In that case we shall be sent to the

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Land of Blunders and Potatoes ; at all events our next quarters are in Ireland, but we have some hopes of remaining here this winter. The beginning of next month I intend to make a tour to the Highlands, which I look upon as the most curious country, the manners of the people there differing so entirely from those of the rest of Europe. It being harvest time at present, many of the Highlanders descend their mountains for the purpose of cutting the corn and assisting the farmers in the Lowlands of Scotland. I have seen several of them, all without breeches. Though an Act of Parliament orders them to wear breeches, nothing can induce them to do so.

The country in this neighbourhood, though wild, still bears the mark of Europe, farming not having been carried yet to the same degree of perfection at which it has arrived in England. The country looks more like Germany than England. Here we have no enclosures, hedges, etc. The few enclosures they have in Scotland are of stone. Within a few hundred yards of our barracks, a very high rocky mountain rises out of the earth and extends as far as Edinburgh, which is built on and between some hills that appear to terminate it on that side. It is called Arthur's Seat, from one king of that name, and on account of its steepness, rather difficult to ascend. The view from thence is, however, very fine, as you may easily imagine—Edinburgh with

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its ancient castle and bridges on one side, the Firth of Forth and ocean on the other, and beyond the Firth the shores of Fife and the distant Highlands rearing their aged heads above the clouds. A mountain so very high and close to the town might perhaps induce you to believe that it must add to the beauty of the city. No doubt it would do so if, like the German hills, it were covered with wood, but a true Scotch mountain, it is rocky, bleak, and barren, producing nothing but a poor shrivelled grass.

In former times all the Scotch mountains were covered with wood; at the present day not the slightest vestige remains. The baneful custom of cutting down without replanting, which has rendered our English forests barren heaths, has reduced the Scotch to the present state. Birnam Wood, by Shakespeare's pen immortalized, like the tyrant Macbeth himself, lives but in our great poet's works. A few straggling trees, already in a dying state, inform the traveller where Birnam Wood once stood. Thus far I mean to push my wanderings in Ossian's land, and from the ruins of Dunsinane Castle, where Macbeth lived, I mean to bend my way back again towards Edinburgh. To enable myself to enjoy all the advantages to be derived from this excursion, I have been reading several tours through the Highlands. At present I have seen little or nothing of the ground rendered classical

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by history, except Holyrood House, the palace at Edinburgh, where Rizzio, the favourite of Mary, Queen of Scots, was murdered; the very room is there where she was so ill-treated in the person of her friend.

I have been highly amused by the account you gave me of the students of Göttingen. The officers were fools to fight with such boys. Whilst I was at G. I should never have thought of challenging an officer, and now I should certainly not fight a student. Remember me to all my friends at Cassel.

P.S.—In my No. 9, which is lost, you would have found a long account of the new seal, which I suppose you know to be my crest, with the cypher of my name.

PIERS HILL BARRACKS, *September 14, 1806.*

The political intelligence contained in your last has not failed to astonish me very much. It is too unsafe to trust to Prussia to form any great expectations from the show of vigour that Power is again adopting. Should, however, a Continental war be again ventured, you may depend upon it that John Bull will have a hand in it, and I sincerely hope and trust the Royals will not be the last to join in the fray. The glorious victory we have just obtained over a very superior French

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force in Calabria, though in itself of little importance, must have convinced the Continental Powers that the French are not invincible, and that the English soldier, in Europe as well as in Egypt, knows how to convince his enemies at least of his importance. The joy this victory has caused in these kingdoms is very great indeed ; you may easily imagine that the army do not feel a little proud on the occasion. On the other side, we are on the point of losing a very great genius and able statesman. Fox, by the time you receive this letter, is probably no more, and the influence this event will have on the great question of peace with France it is supposed will be very great.

I am going on in my old way, liking my profession as well as ever, and am now principally engaged in examining the country in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. I lately bought a very nice blood-mare, five years old, the pleasantest animal I ever crossed—far superior, I believe, to anything you ever saw—so that what with her and my charger, riding out twice a day, I shall soon be able, having seen everything remarkable in this neighbourhood, to undertake my tour to the Highlands. As yet I am unable to fix upon the day, for Ld. Cathcart, having at last come down to Scotland (he is the Commander-in-Chief in this country), we are to be reviewed in a very short time, and after the review I mean to ask my leave.

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Sir William Cunnyngame has not yet returned from England, and his son has left Edinburgh for his brother's seat, about fifty miles off, so that I have not yet formed any acquaintances in that town. Taylor is still in Lancashire at his brother-in-law's house. He has at last received Marescotti's letter, and was very much disappointed to find that, instead of having to receive money from Cassel, he was to send a considerable sum down towards the liquidation of his debts. He has not answered Countess Gyldensteen's letters, but has written to Marescotti on the subject in a manner, as he expresses himself to me, to put an end to that ridiculous business. I am sorry for the poor woman, for duels are not fought every day, where, attending on horseback, she may have occasion to divert her melancholy. If I were at Cassel I would persuade Marescotti to follow and to marry her. I am sure she would be happier with him than with Taylor.

I was very sorry to find by your last that Doerfeld was unwell when you wrote. I hope that he is well again long before this time. Pray why does he not return to Cassel? Quite alone in a strange town, he must lead a very unpleasant life. I wish to God they had done fighting, and that things were once settled in some way or another. I shall then lose no time in coming over to join you, and we shall then be able to settle quietly in some place or other

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—Cassel or Munich, it is all quite indifferent to me.

I trust the many letters I have written to you will have quieted your fears upon the subject of the line of life I have for the present embraced. However, as you mentioned your apprehensions with regard to drinking in yours of the 3rd of July, I shall add a few words on this particularly. No doubt more wine is drunk in England than in Germany; the climate being more damp may be one cause. However, at our mess drinking is very uncommon, and I can assure you most sincerely that I do not drink more wine than I did at Cassel, and that since I have joined the regiment I have not seen one of our officers drunk. If you consider that we pay five shillings (or a French crown) for a bottle of wine, you cannot think it likely that we should take much to drinking. In short, make yourself quite easy on the subject of my health, which is much better than I ever knew it to be at Cassel. Pray remember me to all my friends at C., to Marescotti and Buttlar especially. Pray tell the latter that partridge-shooting is famous in Scotland.

PIERS HILL BARRACKS, *October 22, 1806.*

Many thanks for your letter of the 29th of last month, which reached me some days ago. It appears at last certain that Prussia will be drawn

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into a war with France, and I am heartily sorry for it; the consequences of so ill-advised a measure are too evident to need a comment. Our papers, as usual, anticipate the defeat of our enemies, and have actually announced a signal victory obtained by the Prussians. How far this country will participate in the Continental broils I am yet utterly unacquainted with. All I know is that our regiment has as yet received no orders whatever which might tend at all to an embarkation, and the country itself will in a few weeks be in general commotion for the election of a new Parliament, so that Ministers can scarcely have time left for the planning and executing of any efficacious diversion in favour of Prussia. Our army, whatever the public papers may say, does not feel very anxious in sharing the fatigues of a German campaign, which is generally considered by the men of the profession as likely to terminate in the destruction of another once-formidable Power. Should Government, however, think proper to send a British army of any force to the Continent, believe me it will do wonders, and convince the foreign officers that the army of 1806 is no longer the same as that of 1793. I have seen a good many different troops, but can positively assure you that it would be impossible for any to resist the charge of our cavalry, and what our infantry can do Egypt and Italy have long since shown.

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So much for politics. I shall only add that you cannot oblige me more than by letting me know as much of it as you can possibly pick up. Remember I am no longer on the Continent, but concealed in the wilds of Scotland.

My life is so monotonous that I have nothing to add respecting myself, except that I am very well, and that the bad weather is reducing the number of our field days and parades, so that all our military duties are now almost reduced to the riding-school. I expect Cunnyngname to return very soon to Edinburgh, as his father's presence will, I suppose, become necessary on the approaching election, and I shall feel inclined to participate in the winter amusements of that capital, which, I am informed, are very multifarious. I have not heard from him since he set out for his brother's seat.

Having no acquaintance in Edinburgh, my visits have been confined to Sir Alexander Purvis,¹ who lives near Musselborough, about four miles from our barracks, and keeps a very pleasant house. He himself is a very old soldier, as he calls himself, though he has left the army these forty years, and is very much attached to every red coat, especially the Dragoons. His wife, a thorough Scotchwoman, whose brogue is

¹ Of Abbeyhill, fifth Baronet, died November 13, 1812, aged seventy-four. He married fourthly, 1789, Isabella, daughter of James Hunter of Frankfield.

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merely intelligible, is a good-humoured old lady, and his daughters, six in number, are very entertaining girls. Truly Scotch : they are *gai comme un pinson*. One of them, an elegant brunette with sparkling blue eyes, almost made a conquest of me. With them I sometimes play Macedoine, which reminds me of the very agreeable parties of H.E.H. at Cassel. The worst of it is that we have to ride home four miles after supper, which is never forgotten in Scotland. When I say "we" I mean Colonel Wyndham and myself, who are the only officers of our regiment now at head-quarters that are acquainted with that family. Captain Purvis with his family has been sent farther north, in the late exchange of quarters, which, as I told you before, takes place every two months, only young officers being kept at head-quarters for the first six months after their joining the regiment.

For want of better, I shall talk to you of my horses. I have now got two, a black charger, and a thoroughbred bay mare, a hunter. The charger, the same I first bought on joining the regiment, has turned out remarkably well, but the mare is the finest creature I ever rode, only five years old. Before she came into my possession she won several cups at the Newcastle races and two private matches at the last Leith races. I gave sixty guineas for her, and have broke her regularly in the *manège*. She has the finest



YARMOUTH

Where Lord Cathcart and his suite embarked on board the "Africaine" frigate and "Bellette" sloop of war for the Expedition to the Baltic, July 5th, 1807

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mouth I ever knew, a thing very scarce in a horse that has been raced, and is so perfect upon her haunches that she goes like a German *manège* horse: the only difference is that she would canter up to Wilhelmshöhe and back again with the greatest ease in twenty minutes without sweating at all. Her speed (full gallop) is an English mile in three minutes, with Colonel Wyndham on her back, riding ten stone (about 140 pounds) saddle included, which she kept up for two miles, the race being no farther. Two miles are about as far as from Cassel to Wilhelmshöhe, which she went in six minutes, and could have done it in much less, but the horse that rode against her not being able to keep up, she was of course not put to the greatest speed, not having either felt the whip or spur the whole of the race.

I am quite ashamed of not having an enclosure to send, but believe the next time will do as well. Pray desire Marescotti to purchase the following book: Hühnersdorff's *Anleitung zur Reitkunst*. He will know what I mean, although it may not be the exact title of the book. Keep it until you have an opportunity to send it.

GOTEMITZ, *July 24, 1807.*

I dare say you will be greatly astonished to learn that I am at present in the Island of Rügen,

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in Germany, not four miles distant from Putbus, the seat of the *ci-devant* Louise Lauterbach, to whom I propose paying a visit very shortly. The appointment to which I alluded in some of my last letters was no other than that of aide-de-camp and assistant military secretary to Lord Cathcart (General-in-Chief of the expedition), part of which has left England lately. Our expectations on leaving England were great, but are now most likely going to water, as the late peace concluded on the Continent by our allies must put a stop to all further proceedings. I hope that a general peace will put an end to all war's alarms, and will soon allow me to return to my much-beloved mother. At present I am living very quietly at this place, the seat of a nobleman, who has been obliged to give up half his house to the English General, whilst his brother-in-law, who lives on the other side of the water in Pomerania, has Marshal Brune living with him.

With regard to danger, you may make yourself perfectly easy. We are not likely to have anything to do with the French, who are divided from us by the sea, and my situation about the Commander-in-Chief would, if even peace had not been made, and we had advanced into the country, have guarded me from all mischief. As it is, we expect to set off again for England in a very short time. Our voyage, which lasted only eleven days, was a very pleasant one. I was on

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board the *Bellette*, sloop of war of twenty guns, and only sick the second day. We had the finest weather, and our sail through the Sound and past Copenhagen was very restful. We passed over the same spot where Nelson engaged the Danes, and had a full view of the town. Its steeples brought the poor Countess of Gyldensteen to my recollection. I have been presented to his Swedish Majesty (the living image of Charles the Twelfth, as far at least as it was in the power of his tailor, bootmaker, and hatter, and his hairdresser to make him resemble my favourite hero). I am closing, as the messenger is just going off. This letter I send to England to be forwarded by Taylor. I hope my next will find a speedier conveyance.

P.S.—Count Putbus has been created¹ a Prince by the King of Sweden, so that my former belle is at present a Princess!

Unfortunately, almost all Ralph's letters from Sweden and Denmark, telling of his warlike actions as well as his deeds of mercy during the "murdering" fire of the Copenhagen bombardment, are missing. Knowing the anxiety of his mother, as well as her dislike of the military profession, he had possibly avoided writing more than was absolutely necessary.

¹ The title of Fürst af Putbus was granted at Stralsund, May 27, 1807.

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One letter that remains shows that he had done well.

Mother and son were more than usually devoted to each other. In one of her few remaining letters she says: "I look forward to your letters with an impatience you can imagine, knowing as you do my devotion. My dear son, I love you as few mothers love, and few are so much to be pitied, for I cannot foresee the moment when we shall again be together. I am resigned, but the grief I suffer is too natural to be hidden. . . ."

It is needless to state the facts of the Copenhagen expedition, "inglorious, though successful," as it has been called.

Ralph's sketch-book contains the views of "Copenhagen in flames" and "The Embarkment of Lord Cathcart from Yarmouth," which are reproduced in these pages.

LONDON, *November 3, 1807.*

I this moment received your two letters of the 15th and 27th of July. Many, many thanks for these proofs of your tender regard for a son who, if love, attachment, and esteem for the best of parents can render him such, certainly deserves your kindness. You wish to know my occupations? The letters that I wrote to you from Sweden and Denmark will have informed you of them.



THE SIEGE OF COPENHAGEN

From a sketch taken from the country house belonging to Mr. Ericsson, a banker of Copenhagen, the headquarters of the British Army, on the 7th of September, 1807, the day that the capitulation was signed.

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Thanks to that Power who protects the soldier fighting in his country's cause, I have been able to fulfil them with credit to myself and, I am proud and happy to say it, not without use to others. Of this hereafter ; but, dear mother, it will give you some consolation to know that on some of those nights when you have been thinking of, perhaps praying for the welfare of your son, the sick, the aged, and the helpless exposed to the murdering fire of the batteries of Copenhagen may perhaps have had reason to thank Providence for having driven him from your arms.

The scene is changed and the farce is over. Crowned with success, we have returned to our happy isle. I landed on Wednesday last, and I am happy to tell you that I am now permanently placed on the staff of North Britain. I shall accompany Lord Cathcart¹ (Commander-in-Chief in Scotland) to the place of his residence, and shall accordingly in a few weeks visit Edinburgh once more, not as a cornet of a Dragoon regiment, as I did last year, but as aide-de-camp to the Commander-in-Chief, a position which gives me the rank of Captain. Living in the family of the first man of that kingdom, whom I have already accompanied in the heat of battle, whose son and I, nearly of the same age, exposed to the same hardships and

¹ William, 1st Earl Cathcart, 1755-1843.

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dangers, are intimate friends, my residence at Edinburgh presents a most pleasant prospect. My promotion is certain and rapid, and I have every prospect of doing honour to the memory of my father. With the end of the war my military career will cease, and I can, with honour, retire to my mother's house and enjoy the blessings of peace. Such are my views. May Heaven be propitious to my wishes!

I am heartily glad to find that you intend to fix yourself at Munich; this is a very rational plan. In England we cannot live together, the necessaries of life are much too dear for our income, considering our rank in life. You could never like the manners of a country which differ so essentially from those to which, from an early age, you have been accustomed. Convinced that you will be happy at Munich, I shall live there with the greatest pleasure, and look forward to that period with true pleasure. I shall never be quite happy until we join in a family circle, when you will find Capitaine Tempête¹ cured of many faults, a better and more amiable companion than he was before. Adieu! My love to all who remember me.

As soon as I reach E., which will be in about fourteen days, you will hear from me, till when, farewell.

¹ Ralph Heathcote had been named "Capitaine Tempête" by his Cassel friends.

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LONDON, *le 15 Novembre, 1807.*

Ne pouvant guère espérer que les lettres que je vous ai adressés par la voie ordinaire vous seront parvenues, j'ai pris la liberté de prier Md. de Bigot de vous présenter celle-ci. C'est pour vous informer de mon retour heureux de notre dernière expédition que je vous écris celle-ci, et en même temps d'obvier les difficultés dans lesquelles vous vous trouvez peut-être, à cause des papiers que Broughton ne vous a pas encore envoyé, et que vous aurez des grandes difficultés à pouvoir lui faire parvenir de retour.

Ne pouvant tirer votre pension qu'après cette Démarche a eu lieu, je dois vous avertir que j'ai pris les démarches nécessaires, que vous pouvez tirer sur Broughton pour autant qu'il vous plaira, à trois semaines après la réception de votre note (at three weeks' sight).

Je me porte bien et je suis au point de partir pour Edinburgh, pour rejoindre Lord Cathcart, en qualité d'aide de camp, le Général Maynard n'ayant pas fait un long séjour à Londres après son arrivé. Il ne me reste qu'à vous mander que notre Prize Money, sera très considérable, notre Gouvernement proposant de nous donner la pleine valeur des vaisseaux, etc.

Faites mes compliments à tous mes amis, connaissances, etc., à Cassel, et soyez persuadé de mon attachement éternel.

Ralph Heathcote

LONDON, *November 15, 1807.*

I have seen Broughton, who informs me that the Treasury refused to pay him your pension, as he is not furnished with a regular Power of Attorney for that purpose. Till now he has made use of another one, drawn up for a different purpose. I have advised him to send you the paper which is wanted for signature by Mr. Smithson, and we must run the hazard of its reaching you, and returning again to this country. Mr. de Lorentz refuses to assist us any longer in forwarding letters, and I therefore strongly advise you to have it forwarded by Mr. Smithson. Should he be gone, give it to a banker, and have it addressed to Mr. Baumer, No. 7, Queen's Row, Grove Lane, Camberwell, London. At all events, draw on Broughton, at three weeks' sight, for any money you may want. I have taken the necessary steps to have your Bills honoured. I am sadly afraid that you want money and are too good to draw on me, thinking perhaps that I am short of cash. Believe me, this is not the case. My pay amounts now to fully £400 a year, besides *bouche en cour*, so that I cannot be in want. Far from obliging, believe me, you distress me by not drawing for money, and I hope you will relieve me from this most unpleasant sensation.

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Next Wednesday, I shall be off for Edinburgh ; the enclosed will tell you the cause, etc. I shall write to you by Mr. Smithson's means ; these are the only ones left. If they fail, adieu till peace. Though general opinion here is against the probability of a speedy conclusion of the present war, I still flatter myself that before next midsummer peace will be made. Thank Ministers we are now at war with almost all Europe, to the great satisfaction of our navy : the more the better is their motto, and if you were here, perhaps I should be of their opinion. For we do not feel the effects of the war, and as soldiers we are considerably the gainers by it. Our stocks are as high as ever, plenty of money is in currency, and we are in want of nothing. We can do without the Continent is the general opinion. Should the French honour us with a visit *tant mieux*, we shall receive them to the best of our power, and perhaps our entertainment will astonish these gentlemen. If conquered, we shall only share the fate of more powerful armies ; if conquerors, we shall have reason to be proud indeed, and Egypt and Maida present a favourable prospect. You will have heard that we have lately been unsuccessful in America, but Genl. Whitelock, it is supposed, will share the fate of Byng, as Voltaire said "*pour encourager les autres.*"

I find that we Copenhagen gentry are violently abused in all the foreign papers. Soldiers, you

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know, have nothing to do with the causes and motives or justice of a war. We were sent, and succeeded ; got prize-money, came home again, and so far all was well. We attacked a weak point, 'tis true, but surely B. would not have us lay hold of the bull by his horns. If we don't land in France, why does he not land in England ? Pray do you know Mlle. de Drechsel at Cassel ? I was told she was one of the Muses at the last masquerade at that place ; however, I never noticed her, though I have some confused ideas about her. Her brother was a brother aide-de-camp of mine in Denmark. He is now in London, going to join his regiment, and we have been talking of Cassel very frequently together. He and I slept on the same sofa together, for about six weeks, wrapped up in our cloaks. Adieu !

LONDON, *November 16, 1807.*

To have some chance of letting you hear from me, I have devised another channel of communication, which has been offered to me by Lieut. de Drechsel, the brother of a young lady living at Cassel. He is in the German legion (was one of Lord Cathcart's aides-de-camp on the late expedition), and we have slept on the same sofa together for six weeks running, wrapped up in our cloaks. As the other letters I have

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written to you may perhaps never reach you, I must repeat what I said in some of them. I am now permanently placed on Lord Cathcart's staff as aide-de-camp. His lordship being Commander of the Forces in Scotland, and having already set out for Edinburgh, I shall follow him on Wednesday next. My stay at that place will be a very pleasant one in my present situation, and I have every prospect of speedy promotion, besides a very liberal income; my pay amounting to about £400 a year, besides dining with my General, and forage for three horses. My prospects are therefore very promising. I am, however, tormented by the idea that you may be in want of money, as you have not drawn on me ever since I left you, and as Broughton cannot take your pension until he receives the power of attorney he sent you back again duly signed. I must therefore entreat you to draw on Broughton for any sum you may want at three weeks' sight, having arranged everything with him for that purpose, and I can assure you that I shall not be easy till I know that you have as much money as you wish for. Taylor is well, and desires to be kindly remembered both to yourself and to Doerfeld. His pension amounts to about £800 net, so that living at his brother's house his income exceeds his expenses considerably. However, he regrets the Continent, and I believe he will be one of the first who leave

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England after the conclusion of the peace. Heaven knows when this event will take place. I hope very soon. When retiring on half-pay, Capitaine Tempête will hurry abroad to join you and his dear old friend Doerfeld, settling quietly for life, after all the hurry and bustle in which the whole of my career has hitherto been engaged.

I received your two letters of July last, and believe, though I am not certain, they were forwarded by M. Lorentz.¹ This gentleman, however, now refuses to assist us any longer in facilitating our correspondence, and I very much fear that no letters of yours will for the future be able to reach me. Pray address them under cover to M. Baumer, No. 7 Queen's Row, Grove Lane, Camberwell, London. He will forward them to me. I should be very happy to contribute everything that is in my power towards calming Mrs. Dewar's [anxiety], but I have not heard anything of her son. He must have good friends, however, for he could never have got his present commission otherwise. Taylor thinks it was Col. Imhoff, who is the lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Garrison Battalion, Dewar's corps, who told Taylor D. had been placed there, to keep him out of the way of expense. I am astonished they could not get him on the staff of some general in the late expedition.

¹ M. de Lorentz was the Minister of the Elector of Hesse in London.

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And now, dear mother, farewell for the present. Remember me to all our friends.

EDINBURGH, *May 1, 1808.*

Since your last, of September 5th, not a line has reached me from Germany, and though Mr. Baumer assures me that my letters will be more fortunate, I much fear that your uncertainty relative to my proceedings will not be less than mine are on your account. What distresses me most is the fear that you may want money, as the bankers in Germany may perhaps refuse to cash "English Bills"; fortunately the Vienna papers, against which I formerly declaimed so much, will afford you some assistance till the restoration of peace between this country and France enables you to draw your arrears, now in Broughton's hands, which are very considerable, besides those I owe you, which are about £400, ready in my banker's hands at a moment's sight.

I have again returned to this place, having spent a couple of months in London, where Lord Cathcart was obliged to attend on account of the then General Whitelock's¹ court-martial. I suppose you have heard of that unfortunate man's

¹ 1807. Expeditions were sent to the Dardanelles, to Egypt, and against the Spanish settlements on the River Plate in South America, but no advantage was obtained by any of them. The most disastrous was the expedition to the River Plate; it was supposed to have failed through the misconduct of General Whitelock, the commander.

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sentence. He was cashiered (*infamcassiert*), a sentence which, in robbing him of his honour, has at the same time deprived him of an income of about £4000, which he drew from his military appointments. He has a large family, and almost no private fortune. Shooting him would have been an act of charity, under these circumstances. However, it was done, as Voltaire says, "*pour encourager les autres*," and I trust will prove successful.

Having in former letters given you all the details worthy of notice with which my acquaintance of Edinburgh has furnished me, I shall at present pass them over in silence. Indeed, my manner of life here is very simple, and affords little anecdote. It is entirely spent in Lord C.'s family, and, except wearing uniform, participates little of the military profession. Attending reviews occasionally and parades but seldom, and that only as a spectator attending the General—in one word, leading the life of Captain Bastinello, whose chief occupation and duty was dining at Court. In a fortnight at the latest we are going into the country for the summer. Lord Cathcart has taken a villa called "Salton," about fifteen miles from hence, where he means to reside during his command in Scotland, and as in all probability I shall remain on his staff as long as he is employed, at least till peace is made, Salton Hall will be my abode during the remaining



SALTON HALL
Drawn July 16th, 1868

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period of our separation. Most of the families here have already gone into the country. The balls, plays, etc., are all over, and the gay world in Scotland is resting after the fatigues of the winter.

Taylor, the Heskeths, Cunnyngname and the Coffins, the Imhoffs,¹ etc., are all well, and all talk with regret of the pleasant moments spent in Hesse. Of Dewar I have never been able to learn anything. All I know is that he is in the battalion commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Imhoff, and he is quartered, I believe, in Jarny, a place where I should think he cannot possibly ruin himself.

I have finished the sale of my landed property to great advantage, it having fetched considerably more than its evaluation, and the money hence arising has been placed in the 3 per cent Consols, where I leave it to accumulate, as I at present am very well able to live on my pay, amounting to upwards of £1 per day, besides lodging and table, etc. This will enable me to spend the more when I retire to rest on my laurels in Germany. I am sorry to say there is little talk at present of peace. We seem to carry on the war with great ease, and, our merchants excepted, nobody feels the effect of it, and those gentlemen, after the amazing profits they have made for the last years, can very well afford to lay by a little. Indeed, they

¹ Sir Charles Imhoff was stepson of Warren Hastings.

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lose nothing, they only cannot go on getting 100 per cent as they used to do.

In your last you mentioned an intention of going to Munich, and that in March. I have, however, continued to address my letters to Cassel, trusting that you will have taken pressing measures to secure their being forwarded to you, in case you have left Cassel. I also mean to write a few lines to Mme. d'Effner, requesting her to let you know I am living and well, for fear my letters to you should have miscarried. I should prefer writing to Thérèse, but cannot remember her husband's name. In future, address your letters to (under an envelope) Messrs. Greenwood, Cox & Co., Craig's Court, Charing Cross, London. This method is better than that of sending them to Broughton.

SALTON HALL, *July* 17, 1808.

It is now full seven months since a single line of yours has come to my hands, and having but too much reason to suppose that my letters have not met with better success than those you have written, the distress and anxiety this unfortunate state of uncertainty must have occasioned you only adds to the disappointment I am daily experiencing myself. Baumer, who at present has the charge of forwarding my epistles to you, confidently relies on their coming safe to hand. I

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shall not therefore be remiss on my part, and go on writing as though a return of post would favour me with your answer.

From Lorentz I have also heard indirectly that he had lately heard from Count Bohlen, and as neither you nor Mrs. Dewar are mentioned in his letter, I flatter myself you are well and happy. Should you ever read these lines, the assurance of my being as much so as it is possible for me to be whilst away from the best of parents, I make no doubt that it will considerably add to your satisfaction. The fact is that I am now, and have for the last six weeks been, living at this place, a charming country seat Lord Cathcart has taken about fifteen miles from Edinburgh, to which place we only go once or twice a week for the purpose of transacting business. This, and a few occasional reviews, constitute my official employment; the rest of my time is occupied much as usual; drawing, music, and reading fill the hours I am not either on horseback or strolling about the park.

'Tis a great pity that the death of poor Comtesse¹ has disgusted me with shooting, for a finer opportunity for this diversion I never enjoyed, nor ever saw a country so well stocked with game. As it is, I now never fire a gun. However, knowing your passion for a regular detail of the manner

¹ He had the misfortune to shoot his own favourite pointer, Comtesse.

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in which I spend my time, let me now attempt to lay down the history of a day.

I generally take a ride before breakfast, which is held *en famille* at 9 o'clock and lasts about an hour. Then I go upstairs to my room, read, etc., till about 2, when I am sent for to assist Lord C. in making up the letters for the post, which are dispatched to the next post town, Haddington, at 4. We dine at 5. Dinner over at about 6½, then we either walk or ride till 8½, when we all assemble once more for tea, after which our concert begins. Miss Cathcart (seventeen years old) plays the harpsichord, her father the violoncello, and I lead the trio. We sup at 11 and go to bed at 12. Such is the history of my days, five out of seven at least. Edinburgh excursions, reviews, or dining out in the neighbourhood, make the only variations to this regular mode of living.

Now for my establishment. I keep three saddle-horses, one poodle (a black Copenhagen youth), and two servants; "*c'est bon et pas cher*," as Marescotti used to say, for, except my servants' wages and washing, I am literally at no expense, and for this my hard service I regularly pocket one pound sterling a day. Edward Holbeck, my cousin, about my age, is at present here in my old quarters at Piers Hill Barracks with his regt. (the 6th, or Inniskilling, Dragoons), in which he is a lieutenant. I am still in the Royals, but expect soon to be promoted out of it. His brother, the

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eldest, is a major of militia ; his sister, Mary Ann, my belle, of tender memory, has married Sir [Charles] Mordaunt,¹ and is now a Lady. The first opportunity I have, I mean to go and see the family at E. Of Dewar I have heard that he is at present aide-de-camp to Gen. Grey at the Cape of Good Hope—a very good thing for him, though rather out of the way. Taylor is travelling about the Highlands. I saw him a few days ago. He is quite well, and desires to be remembered. Hesketh is going to pay the French a visit in Spain with his regiment, the Guards, and I am going to spend a few weeks in the Highlands, at the Duke of Atholl's place. I shall set off in about three weeks' time.

And now having exhausted my whole stock of news, let me again entreat you to ease my fears on your account by drawing on Broughton for any sum you may want. If it were not for the Vienna papers, I should be terribly alarmed, but as you can dispose of them as necessary, I trust you will not find yourself in any difficulty, though, as I suspect, you are unable to negotiate your Bills on England. Doerfeld too, to whom I need not say how much I wish to be with him once more, will find a supply there whilst this unfortunate war continues, and as soon as it is over we will settle quietly and peaceably together,

¹ The daughter of William Holbech, of Mollington. She married in 1807 Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart., of Walton D'Evile.

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Capitaine Tempête retiring from war's alarms with as much satisfaction as you can feel in receiving him. Though I would not wish to say anything against my cloth, no, as I honour and love my profession, and whenever the brazen trumpet sounds again to war I shall assuredly not be the last man to offer my services to my King and my country. But in peace I shall be inseparable from you, and that peace may long, very long, continue will be my constant prayer. And now farewell, dearest mother. Communicate my letters to Doerfeld as the agreement was at parting. Direct your letters to B——, No. 52 Cannon Street. Remember me to all old friends or *soi-disant* friends.

P.S.—My uncle and family are all well, and regularly present their best respects. My cousin, the captain, has lately been made a major. Ralph, who is married, has gone to the East Indies with his regiment; his wife made *une fausse couche en route*.

SALTON HALL, *August 31, 1808.*

I have not received a single line from Germany ever since September last. Heaven grant that you are well, as also Doerfeld, and all my other friends, and that you may not exist in the same most unpleasant state of uncertainty in which I seem condemned to remain! I know

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my letters reach some part of the Continent which I am ignorant of, and can only hope they may arrive at Cassel and come to your hands. However, trusting to chance or rather to Providence for their safe conveyance, I will suppose you to be acquainted with the preceding occurrences of the last months, and taking up the string of my narration where I left off again commence the recital of what I have seen, heard, or understood.

Down to the 9th of this month no material change in the usual course of my *train-train* took place. I quietly remained at Salton. On that day, however, in consequence of an invitation I had received from the Duke of Atholl, I set off for Blair, in Perthshire, a country seat belonging to His Grace, situated at about seventy-three miles north of Edinburgh, in the renowned Highlands of Scotland, a part of the world in which, notwithstanding my pretty long residence in Scotland, I have never yet set my foot. The first day I reached Perth, where I formerly had been quartered, the second I went to Dunkeld, the third to Blair. The compass of a letter does not admit of the detailed narrative of a journal. You cannot therefore now expect an account of this mountainous tract of country, inhabited by the Sansculottes of the north—a task which I have only begun to compile, and which at some future period will come to your hands. At Blair I was

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most hospitably received by the owners of that mansion, renowned for its hospitality.

All the time I stayed there, about ten days, we never sat down to dinner less than twenty-four of us, number frequently considerably exceeded by casual arrivals. Amongst the party were Lord Cathcart and his family and Lady Findlater,¹ an old acquaintance of Mrs. Dewar, from Brunswick. The principal diversion, or rather occupation, was shooting moor-fowl, ptarmigans, and stags. This may indeed be called the country of game, for perhaps, excepting some parts of Russia, it would be difficult to find larger deserts in Europe than Scotland can produce in its Highlands. We spent four days at T.,² a shooting-lodge belonging to the Duke, in the middle of the Grampian Mountains, at least ten miles distance from the nearest cottage, above fifteen miles from any hamlet or village; there you see no trace of the steps of man, no tree or wood of any kind. Huge masses of bleak mountains piled one above the other form the scenery of that land, where herds of three or four hundred stags rove freely, unrestrained by the encroachments of man. From Blair I returned by the way of Loch Tay, Dochart, Awe,

¹ She was Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Brunswick, sister of King George III.

² Telair, a shooting-lodge belonging to the Duke of Atholl, about a mile from where the view reproduced was taken.



THE GRAMPIAN MOUNTAINS

Drawn August 16th, 1808

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and Lomond, by Inverary and Glasgow to Edinburgh and Salton.

Thus ended my excursion through one of the most interesting and beautifully sublime parts of Europe, the finest in that kind of mountain scenery I have ever beheld. I came home again on the 27th, having been absent nearly three weeks.

I have for some time past been promoted to a lieutenancy in my old regiment, now at Dublin, and expect soon to get further promotion. And having now brought up the sketch of my life down to the present period, nothing remains for me but to bid you adieu till the next opportunity of writing. To Doerfeld I need not tell you what to say. I hope you send him my letters to read. To my friends at C. present my best love. I shall never forget the poor Elector's words: "that all those who have been at Cassel regretted their departure." 'Tis true, we all do, T. and all. . . . As for T., having got a good pension, he amuses himself by sauntering about the country, in expectation of better times, for the speedy arrival of which we all most fervently hope. Many of our friends have gone to Spain. Lord Cathcart, however, is not likely to be sent, so that I remain quietly in Scotland, *me reposant sur mes lauriers de Copenhagen*. Perhaps all the world may not think alike on those *lauriers*.

Ralph Heathcote

SALTON HALL, *February 12, 1809.*

I have now again been some months without hearing from you, and feel that you have been equally unfortunate. If I were certain that you were well and happy, and that you were informed of my being likewise, I should not feel so much regret at the probable loss of my epistles; for indeed what else can they contain that can be at all a matter of interest to you. Secluded as I have been for the last twelve-month from the active scenes of life, and shut up almost entirely within the limits of this estate, it would require the genius of a Sévigné to collect materials for epistolary conversation; deprived of that, you must e'en put up with coarser fare and rest contented with my best endeavours.

To speak seriously here I am, and here am likely to remain, for Heaven knows how long! going on in the old *train-train*, which is only occasionally disturbed by an expedition to Edinburgh for a day or two, to attend some ball or dinner party. Though not long ago it was on the point of being disturbed by an expedition of a far different nature, the 1st Dragoons having received orders for holding themselves in readiness for foreign service, and I was in daily expectation of being ordered to join. They marched from Dublin to Cork, when they waited for transports; however, before these arrived our

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army returned from Spain, and the old Rôyaux stay where they are. I would not alarm you by informing you of our being under orders, and should not have acquainted you of the danger till it had really arrived, or now that it has blown over.

Eager as I am for seeing service, I never longed for this particular kind, and gladly resigned all the honour of building *des châteaux en Espagne* to others; and I daresay you are not sorry at my having lost this opportunity of reaping the honours of Bellona in the land of Don Quixote. As for the *infama plebs*, as Sheridan calls them, the noisy multitude, they are pleased with every tragedy in which a sufficient quantity of blood has been shed, and provided you can furnish him with a good dishful of pitched battles, with a long list of killed and wounded, it will go hard but John Bull sits down contented. Such is the case at present, and strange to say, yet it's true, John Bull is more pleased at having been driven out of Spain than at having some months before conquered Portugal. He has had a hard battle! General killed! etc. etc. etc., and may now build a monument in Westminster Abbey! Perhaps I ought to have refrained from politics, seeing that this is intended for the other side of the water; however, let it pass; it is at best but a trite remark, and fully as applicable to any period of our history as that which may boast of Capt. Tempête as one of its actors.

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Pray remember me to all Cassel. (I mean that town which in days of old was the residence of a Landgrave of Hesse. What changes since that period when first I knew it!) I daresay now I should almost be an entire stranger in one of its assemblies, and yet but three years ago *et j'y jouais mon rôle!* Put them in mind of me—like Hamlet's ghost, bid them remember me! T. is well, and requests to be made a second ghost of, or at least to come in at the last act. I have not yet heard that Broughton has received your draft.

SALTON HALL, *March* 19, 1809.

No changes whatever have hitherto taken place in my manner of living; it is exactly the same as described in all my letters for the last year past. From you I have not heard this very long while. Your last was of the 3rd of October, 1808. However, trusting to Providence, I hope all is well at Cassel. To a speedy peace we must look forward for a termination of this cruel state of suspense and torment, and the Demon of Carnage having so long enjoyed his influence over the devoted inhabitants of this world, we should think that the expectation of better times being near at hand cannot be construed into a too-sanguine construction of our wishes.

All your friends on this side of the water are well and in good spirits. To comfort Mrs. Dewar,

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I may add that the last accounts received from her son state him to be equally so. I had made a mistake as to his appointment. On official reference I find that he is aide-de-camp to Sir J. Craig, Commander of the Forces in Canada, and stationed at Quebec—in every respect a most advantageous situation. To you at Cassel America sounds far off; here we talk of it as you do of Frankfort. You never mention in any of your letters the name of a very young lady, about whom, however, it may be natural to suppose I must be somewhat interested. Though time dissipates many prejudices and may weaken the testimony of witnesses, still facts remain unshaken and render questions of that kind ever doubtful. If possible, communicate on the subject. I am also anxious to hear something about Thérèse and Mme. d'Effner. Though sadly disgusted with the latter, I shall never forget how pretty she looked when I saw her at Munich, and that nothing but the charms of Mme. de N. (I believe that's her name; of Jeannette I am certain) saved me from falling desperately in love with her; as it was, *je me plaçais entre deux chaises et cela me sauva!* D., I hear from Broughton, is well. I am anxious to receive an answer from him. I am also very desirous of getting more positive intelligence from his friend; the latter is now in town. He spends his summer months in visiting his friends in the country,

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leading an idle kind of life, and longing for an opportunity of going abroad again. Indeed, daily experience convinces me of the truth of one of my father's favourite arguments, "that an Englishman who has spent some years abroad is spoilt for living at home." I have never met any one yet who did not regret his residence abroad, though whilst he was there he only talked of home.

I suppose the public papers have informed you of the investigation into the conduct of our Commander-in-Chief. He is hard run, but, depend upon it, will come off with flying colours.

Pray remember me to all who are kind enough to think sometimes of their old friend. I was very happy to hear so good an account of Bologna, but would not write for fear of bringing his friends there into trouble. To Buttlar, and the aunt, and Countess Bohlen I beg to be particularly remembered, as well as to Mrs. Dewar.

P.S.—As you express great anxiety about my health in some of your letters, I am happy to inform you that I, as usual, am perfectly well.

SALTON HALL, *March* 28, 1809.

I yesterday had the pleasure of receiving yours of the 10th of December last, and of obtaining, after so long a delay, a convincing proof of your

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being still in good health and spirits. Aware as you undoubtedly are of the high importance that these objects are to your son, whose affection and regard may perhaps be equalled but cannot be surpassed, I hope and trust you will omit no means in your power to preserve and cherish them ; and as a patient resignation, founded on religion, added to a well-founded expectation of a speedy change in the affairs of Europe, must evidently conduce in an eminent degree to the attainment of so primary an object, surely, dearest mother, I do not flatter myself in expecting that to them you will entirely resign your cares and troubles. Hard and severe as our lot most certainly appears to us, it is shared by thousands, and few indeed are the instances of a family never dispersed by the accidents of fate. Numerous are these when it occurs under circumstances more afflicting than those which now oppress us. The certainty of that great truth that “Whatever is, is right,” must comfort and relieve our present distress.

For the interesting details you gave me of the occurrences at Cassel I am much obliged to you, and can only lament that it is not in my power to give you an adequate return ; but a quiet English country life furnishes little matter for conversation and remark, and I am too well acquainted with your abhorrence of the army to have recourse to military anecdotes of reviews ; informed too of

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your new aversion to politics, I can only have recourse to the *chronique scandaleuse* for some interesting particulars. To begin: the Duke of York has resigned his command. An unfortunate amour has brought about this change, and though it appears clear as day that his mistress had no hand in any army promotions whatever, still less that H.R. Highness was privy to her receiving bribes for procuring the same, the publication of this scandalous connexion has made it necessary for him to withdraw from public business. Another of our generals, Lord Paget, but just returned from Spain, where he commanded our cavalry with great credit to himself and his people, has lately run away with Lady Charlotte Wellesley, the wife of Sir Arthur Wellesley's younger brother, though he himself is a married man with a numerous family. This most disgraceful transaction has not, however, as yet had the fatal consequences at first apprehended. The lady has already returned to her paternal friends.¹ She is the sister of the present Earl Cadogan, and the storm will probably blow over. His death would be a severe loss to the army.

The letter I lately received from my old friend, Joseph Andrews, has given me the greatest pleasure. I instantly sent it to our mutual friend in Kent. Indeed, I shall never be able to express

¹ They were married next year.

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my gratitude for his attention, and he must even wait till, having followed his advice, I may be able at least to devolve that task on my wife, and I promise in advance that I will be the best-natured, easy husband the lady may require for that purpose, and he must own that this is going great lengths indeed, especially in a man who remembers the account given of him by the pretty shoemaker's daughter: "Er bezahlt schlecht und verdirbt viel." May I soon have an opportunity of talking over old stories with him.

My best respects to Countess Zabelitzky. So detailed an account of her nephew it was not necessary to give one; surely I could not forget my old travelling companion; besides, I served a campaign with him at Stralsund and in Denmark. Ayez la bonté de mander à Mdme. la Comtesse, que M. le Colonel se porte à merveille. Depuis peu il vient de retourner de Suède, où pendant quelques années il avait surveillé le recrutement des régiments étrangers dans notre service, son bataillon est encore dans les Indes Occidentales, mais il se trouve à présent à Londres, étant sur l'Etat Major, je ne saurais dire en quelle capacité.

Taylor was well when I last heard from him. He begged to be kindly remembered both to D. and yourself. Poor Anton, I was glad to hear, is in a good place. The fellow in the main was, I believe, attached to me, and I am much obliged

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to him for his honest exclamation. Some of my friends, less fortunate, have found an early—though an honourable—grave in Spain. I have to lament the death of three other brother officers who were on the same staff with me in Denmark, whilst others have got honours and promotion.

I have nothing new to tell you respecting myself. We are still going on as usual at Salton, except that, spring coming on, a few more reviews help to pass the mornings. My regiment is still in Ireland, from whence I suppose it will return to England this year. However, expecting promotion in the infantry, I don't suppose I shall go there again. Pray have the goodness to make all your letters a little better in future, the last I received could with the greatest ease be read through without breaking the seal—a circumstance which is not exactly very pleasant. If properly made up, those who want to examine will be obliged to open and shut them again, but idle, curious mortals will at least be kept from poking their stupid heads into their contents.

P.S.—My best love to Doerfeld and all my friends at Cassel.

SALTON HALL, *May* 29, 1809.

Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, nothing has occurred which could afford you the least interest or amusement to be informed of—of

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course I mean only what regards myself in my present retired situation, when the diurnal revolutions of time suffer scarcely more changes than what are brought about by the seasons and the state of the weather. I always thought, and have of late been thoroughly convinced, that a country life is very little better than the vegetation of the trees and plants with which you associate; that in the present state of things it is preferable to the more busy intercourse with the world is a reflection upon the times, but no encomium on its real value.

As you so frequently expressed a desire to be informed of every one of my actions and recurrences relating thereto, I thought it right to say this much. By referring to former letters, you may know accordingly how I have since been spending my time. I sincerely hope yours may answer the purpose equally well, for since December last I have in vain been looking out for German letters—your last, I mean, was of that date. Patience and resignation have now become very necessary qualifications, and, to own the truth, they are virtues which, under more favourable circumstances, I should never perhaps have acquired.

When I heard last from Taylor he was well, and in town, where he meant to stay till after the birthday. His eldest brother is now in Parliament for Canterbury, very much against the

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advice of all his friends. However, he seems to be going on better than they expected, for great apprehensions had been entertained of his being carried away by the vortex of dissipation, more prevalent now than ever, and but little calculated for the moderate income of a private gentleman. The Colonel is still with the King, giving general satisfaction to everybody connected with him, and treads the *prés de la cour* with more than usual address. Their younger brother, whom you know, a captain in the navy, has been very fortunate of late. He now commands one of the finest frigates in the service, and has made above £20,000 prize money since you saw him. I have not heard from Southwell this long time. My uncle made some foolish mistake about the purchase of my share of Southwell Park, and then took it into his head that it was all my fault, because I would not cut the knot for him, but left him to settle the matter with my cousin Woodhouse, by which means he was only able to get half of it, W. taking the remainder. However, I will write to him when I have nothing better to do. My cousin, Edward Holbech (of the 6th Dragoons), is just leaving me, his regiment having received orders to march to Ireland into our old quarters there. He expects to be gazetted immediately for a troop in his regiment (to be made a captain). My regiment is still in Ireland, where it will probably remain a year longer be-

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fore it is recalled to England, a period anxiously looked for by all the officers and men.

And now I believe I have given you my whole budget of news, and scanty enough you will find it, the main object of this epistle being to inform you that I am alive and well, which a few lines are adequate to do as well as a thousand. I hope it will not be lost, but be allowed to find its way and to pass, a poor innocent traveller, through the hands of all the various persons it must visit on its journey.

Remember me kindly to D., as well as to all my Cassel friends, not forgetting Countess Zabelitzky, who may depend upon receiving from you all the information I may be able to collect respecting her nephew.

SALTON, *July 27, 1809.*

I this morning received your letter from Frankfort, and was most sorry to hear that your intended journey to Munich, of which I had not had the least idea, has unfortunately miscarried. I strongly advise you, however, as soon as the state of things will permit, to execute a plan which in every respect is by far the wisest that you could possibly have conceived. The idea of coming over to this country I have already frequently attempted to dissuade you from. Indeed, such a crowd of reasons present themselves at once that it is difficult to fix upon the most, or least, evident

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and convincing; to attempt to prove the light of the sun or the heat of fire would be ridiculous, but indeed not more so than to enter into the many proofs of the impracticability and facility of your coming over and settling in England, especially as the main object of our being together would not by any means be thereby obtained.

The dearness of everything in a country which teems with an unnecessary influx of wealth and riches can scarcely be conceived by persons unacquainted with the wondrous effects of commerce. Every livery servant on an average spends sixty pounds sterling a year, and your present lodging would cost at least thirty pounds a month, even at Edinburgh. But supposing this was no object, my profession (without which I cannot live here) is an insurmountable bar. I have already frequently told you, and indeed you know from experience, that our troops are never stationary as those of the German Powers—we are always what they call at Cassel mobile; but the other day a regiment was ordered at a week's notice to march from Perth (where I was quartered two years ago) and embark at Edinburgh for Botany Bay, about eight hundred miles farther off than any of the most remote part of the East Indies. Cavalry are not so much exposed, but equally subject to distant embarkations. Pray therefore never think of a plan which is so inconsistent

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with all ideas of happiness, comfort, and expediency.

You will, no doubt, be happy to learn that I am still with Lord Cathcart at Salton, and that an expedition is again on the point of sailing without me. More than half of the staff in North Britain have gone with it. Lord C.'s eldest son left us some time ago. The last letters received from him mention his embarkation, and Lady Cathcart has not less than him, two brothers, and four nephews who are to go out on this occasion, besides her husband and two younger sons, who are liable at a moment's notice to be ordered on the same service. You see, dearest mother, that your lot is not worse than nine mothers out of ten. Whatever Heaven decrees—however different it may appear to us short-sighted mortals—is doubtless all for our good and advantage; and is it right, is it so much as excusable, to murmur when convinced of this great truth?

I was most happy to hear so good an account of my friend D. Pray tell him how anxious I am for the happy day when we shall meet again, how rejoiced whenever a few lines reach me concerning him, and how much I deplore being deprived of his society. Let him know that, thanks to his advice, counsel, and instruction, I am getting on in the world better than my deserts can claim it. I was offered (without any application having been made by my friends) a situation on the

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staff of the expedition now preparing, but by Ld. C.'s advice I declined it; the proposal, however, is honourable.

Pray remember me to those who may still recollect their *ci-devant* chargé d'affaires at Cassel.

CLONMEL, *September 20, 1809.*

Since writing to you last from Fort George, near Inverness, the farthest place in the north that I have ever yet been at, several most unexpected changes have taken place, which prevented my fulfilling the promise I then made of sending you immediately on my return to Edinburgh the close of my journal of this Highland expedition. To be brief, I left Fort George on the 28th ulto., and bending my course southward, proceeded by easy stages through a most uninteresting and bleak country by Granton, Cairn Shields, the Spittle of Glenshields [Glenshee], to Cupar Angus, where I bid adieu to the Highlands, went by Dundee and St. Andrews to Kinghorn, from which place I embarked, and in a couple of hours landed at Leith on the 3rd inst. in the evening.

That very evening, on my entering the inn at Edinburgh, I received the official order (which had been received at Edinburgh a week before) of joining my regiment, ordered for foreign service. The next day I went to Salton to get my things ready, to take leave of Lord Cathcart,

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etc. His Lordship was most kind to me at parting, desired me, however long my absence might be, ever to consider myself as his aide-de-camp, which situation he would keep vacant for me, and, in short, behaved more like a father to me. My horses, etc., with my faithful Thomas, I left at Salton (Capt. Cathcart taking the superintendence into his own hands), and the day following I set off for Ireland with my Scotch servant (a journey of four hundred miles, including the passage at Port Patrick), without a moment's delay on the road, favourable wind, and a quick passage of four hours.

I landed in Ireland and was at Dublin on the morning of the 9th inst. There I learnt that my regiment had embarked for Lisbon, and sailed on the 3rd, the very day I first received my order to join. I accordingly reported myself to the Commander of the Forces in this country, and was ordered by him to join our depot squadron at Clonmel and to remain quietly at home with them. No doubt you will be happy to be relieved from your fright, but however short the absence of my regiment will be most likely, I yet feel very unhappy at being left at home with a few recruits and old men and horses, whilst the majority of my brother officers are seeing service in Portugal. However, such are the chances of a military life, and here I am, third in command. My old friend, Captain Radclyffe, arrived a day

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before me, from recruiting in England, and is in the same predicament as myself.

We are in daily expectation of receiving orders to commence our march to England, where we are to go to a certainty, the regiment having been taken off the Irish establishment, to our great satisfaction. We shall probably be sent to Dorchester, and there remain snug and quiet till the regiment comes home, when I return to Lord Cathcart in Scotland. Of course we are leading an idle life enough, having only to take care of about sixty young horses, and to see them and about thirty recruits properly broken in. It is provoking that without anything to do, being quite a supernumerary on this squadron, I cannot go back to Scotland, but the rules of the service forbid it. What renders it tolerable, however, is the sweets of authority, for, most of my seniors having gone abroad, I am oldest subaltern, and therefore a very great man in a depot squadron.

Pray lose no time in writing to my dear friend D. to acquaint him with what has happened to me lately, and tell him that I fear, as I have never heard from him, my letters to him, forwarded to Broughton, must have miscarried. Remember me most kindly to Joseph Andrews and all my other friends at Cassel. You may inform Countess Zablitzky (I cannot spell her name better) that her relation (Lt.-Col. Moshein) has gone out with Lord Chatham as Asst. Adjt.-

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Gen. to Holland. Shall write again as soon as we receive our route.

It will be remembered that while Sir Arthur Wellesley was Chief Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he laid an especial stress on the importance of inland magazines and depots for stores. The people were dissatisfied and restless, so that a French invasion of Ireland would have been of the utmost danger to England.

Ralph Heathcote was stationed at one of those depots.

CHAPTER V

SERVICE IN THE PENINSULA

THE following letters, extending over a period of more than four years, are written during the Peninsular War, at a time when the writer had great doubt if any correspondence would reach his mother. He mentions on July 20, 1812, after an interval of a whole year, that, to his greatest happiness, he had again received a letter from her. As it was so likely for these letters to be lost or to fall into the hands of the enemy, they could contain little else than the news that he was alive and well. He never once speaks of the dangers surrounding him, nor of his fatigues, but attempts to give his mother comfort and quiet her fears. He also goes on dating his letters from Lisbon even when written from other places, as it was the only safe direction for letters to reach him. It is curious and touching to compare his rather superficial letters from 1810-13 with the bare and yet eloquent facts noted down in these two little brown leather sketch-books.

Ralph Heathcote, arriving in Lisbon, Novem-

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ber, 1809, found the victors of Vimeira bitterly resenting the Convention of Cintra, but satisfied with the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley as Commander-in-Chief. The brilliant passage of the Douro, the terrible battle of Talavera, had altered the aspect of affairs. Yet, as Heathcote writes even in January, 1810, "many believe that the Commander-in-Chief is only waiting for an opportunity to embark with good grace."

LISBON, *November 2, 1809.*

My last letter was, I believe, dated from Clonmel, in Ireland. Little did I then expect that my next would be written in Portugal. However, so it is. The day after sending off your letter orders arrived for Capt. Radclyffe and myself to proceed without delay to England, there to be embarked for Lisbon. This we accordingly did. I immediately bought a charger of one of our officers, left behind on account of ill-health, and the next morning we set off for Waterford, where we embarked for Milford Haven, in South Wales, and landed there the following morning. We proceeded in the mail to Bristol, our horses following us by easy stages. There we remained till the 1st of October, when our horses having come up, and I having bought a second horse, we proceeded, according to further orders we had received at Bristol, to Ports-

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mouth. From thence I intended to write to you, but had not time a few hours after our arrival, which were of course taken up in equipping ourselves for so long a voyage.

We embarked on board a horse-transport and sailed the same day, the 4th of October, with the great fleet for the Mediterranean and Portugal. Besides Capt. Radclyffe and myself, only two other officers were on board, Lieut.-Col. Bussche, of the 5th Batt. of the King's German Legion, and Capt. Wade, of the 42nd Regt., both on their way to join their regiments in Spain. A pleasanter society we could not have wished for, and the weather being favourable almost during the whole of our voyage, this proved by far the most agreeable passage I have ever made, nor was I even seasick for one moment only. Indeed, I am now pretty well accustomed to the sea.

After having remained on board for sixteen days, we landed at Lisbon on the 20th, where we found our regiment very quietly quartered, without the least probability of its being sent down to the army, which is near two hundred miles off; and here we have hitherto remained very quietly, being in excellent quarters, our men and horses in magnificent barracks and stables, and we ourselves enjoying the luxuries of a delightful climate and all the amusements of the capital.

And now, dearest mother, that I have a little time to breathe and make all necessary arrange-

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ments and get all possible intelligence, I at last venture to inform you of my being in this country. Ever since my first landing, whilst there remained the slightest possibility of our joining the army, I was afraid of writing, and thought it better to defer my letter till such a time as I could with some degree of certainty pronounce upon our future movements. This time has now arrived ; there no longer exists the remotest possibility of our going to the army, and I can now write to you as usual, looking upon the expedition as a party of pleasure, and as an opportunity of seeing a part of the world which has not commonly been visited.

My reasons for pronouncing so decidedly against our leaving Lisbon, except for our return to England, are many ; but I cannot with any regard to my duty enter into these particulars, nor do I hope you will therefore be at all uneasy. You may depend upon my being well informed and having sufficient grounds to think as I do, and that if there was the least chance of my being mistaken I should not hesitate to communicate the same to you. Leaving therefore the disagreeable subject (though it really is only a bugbear, fit to frighten little children to sleep) let me proceed to give you a description of my present quarters, etc.

I live in a very pleasant little villa, my windows looking into the garden, and commanding an ex-

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tensive view of the Tagus and the opposite coast of Alentija. The garden, still in full bloom, though at this advanced season of the year, is full of orange groves, olive trees, palm trees, etc. You remember Persico always abused me for my want of taste for flowers, shrubs, and so forth. I am sorry to say it still continues—so far, at least, that I am utterly unable to describe a garden. You must therefore fancy one, composed of all the hot-house plants you have seen, and me staring into it, with my pen in my hand, admiring the whole, but ignorant of the particulars, and you will have the scene now before me. This delightful little villa is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Lisbon, in a huge village called Belem, where we are quartered, and not one hundred yards from the new royal palace, which is not yet quite finished, and at about the same distance from our stables and parade. Belem itself, though I called it a village, is a large place, extending about three miles along the banks of the river, and reaches almost up to Lisbon.

Of Lisbon itself I have little to say. All the descriptions I ever read of this place agree in representing it in its true colours, as a nasty, straggling, dirty, and large city. Situated on the banks of the Tagus, it rises like an amphitheatre above the river, and it must be confessed forms a magnificent appearance, which, however, upon a closer investigation dwindles away to little or

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nothing. From the nature of its situation, the streets are steep, some of them scarcely practicable for miles, and most of them are too narrow for a carriage to pass. To describe the filth of all kinds, which remains accumulating in these narrow passes till swept into the river below by some heavy rain, would be impossible. The stories told of Edinburgh some years ago are here literally true, and every kind of nastiness is constantly emptied out of the windows into the street, nor are the Portuguese at all nice about their hours for performing these emersions, and you are as much exposed to a savoury shower at twelve o'clock at noon as at midnight. Lisbon may, however, boast of some good streets and tolerable squares, but you must not expect to meet with a single piece of fine architecture in the whole precincts of the city. If any buildings should, however, be found worthy of notice, they are seen to be either churches or convents. Some of these are shown, and are visited by strangers; however, fortunately for even these, *dans le royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont des rois*. They have here an Italian opera, which, though not to be compared with the one at London, is certainly far above mediocrity, and is perhaps, to use a vulgar expression, more of a piece than ours.

Ignorant of the Portuguese language, I am unable to judge of the merit of their National

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Theatre; all the dancing there, however, was of the grotesque kind and most notoriously indecent, so much so that I could scarcely advise an Englishwoman to go there at all. However, as this place is better attended than the Opera, and we of course wish to see as much of the natives as possible, it is much resorted to by our officers. What astonished me most on my first entrance into the theatre was the number of negro ladies, dressed out in all the extravagance and elegance of fashion, who crowded the boxes. I believe I do not exaggerate in saying that about one-third of the ladies present were blacks. The Europeans (I can't call them the whites) were far from making any great display of beauty or elegance. They all look like Jewesses, and their eyes excepted, which are fine, they can boast of scarcely any charms.

I lately had an opportunity of seeing and judging, better than I perhaps shall ever have again, of the Portuguese ladies. Our Ambassador gave a ball in honour of the King's accession. All the Portuguese nobility at Lisbon was present, and I can truly say that I could not have picked out one handsome woman amongst them all, though, considering the candle-light, their sallow complexions were shown off to the greatest advantage. I expected to have found a great difference in their manners from those of other countries, but was disappointed; they are fully as

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free as the Germans, though rather awkward, and might pass very well for boarding-school girls just let loose in the world. Of course there is no rule without exception, and I only mean to state the appearance of the generality of the ladies present.

At Mr. Villers' (that is the Ambassador's name) I experienced one of the great advantages of having been on the Staff so long. I found myself among a number of old friends whom I had not met for many months, some not since our late expedition to Copenhagen, and spent there a most pleasant evening. The entertainment was most magnificent. Above five hundred persons sat down to supper, served up in the most magnificent manner. Our regiment furnished a guard of honour on the occasion; infantry lined the lower part of the house; and, in short, it was as fine as ever I saw anything. I stayed till two, when I got into my *calesh*, drawn by mules, and returned home. I am told that everybody retired by four o'clock. Owing to the great heat of the climate, there was very little dancing, regiments' bands playing during the intervals, and there was more walking through the rooms than anything else going forward. Card-tables had been prepared, but were not made use of.

And now, dear mother, though the packet is not going to sail this week, I shall close my epistle, merely to begin another which I shall continue in the shape of a journal, writing by conveyance, so

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that at least some of my letters may come safe into your hands.

Pray remember me to all my friends at Cassel (though I hope you have succeeded by this time in getting to Munich). Put Doerfeld in mind of me—though I have not written to him except once (and then I had no answer). I almost forgot to add that I am perfectly well, and that this warm climate agrees most completely with me. You know I always longed for Italy; well, though not quite in that charming country, I am now at least in the same climate.

LISBON, *November 17, 1809.*

Since writing my last, nothing of any consequence has occurred to me, the usual routine of regimental duty being excepted, and having been a couple of times to the play, drawing has occupied my time almost exclusively. We have indeed had several horse races, but these being merely confined to the English, and of course the sport in itself being poor enough, I only went to them once, and that was more than they deserved.

For want therefore of a better subject, I shall now give you a description of my late journey to Cintra. This place, the favourite resort of the natives from the intense heat of a Portuguese summer, lies on the land side of the Cabo da Rocca (by us called the Rock of Lisbon), about fifteen English miles from the latter place.

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Capt. Radclyffe and myself embarked on board of a *calisse*, drawn by two mules, the one in the shafts, the other carrying the driver, and being also attached to the carriage. We started at six in the morning and arrived at Cintra at about ten. The road, uphill the greater part of our journey, led through a bleak and miserable country—we could have counted the shrubs we passed, and as for grass, there was none. It was a *chaussée*, in other words, a very rough pavement, and Heaven knows we were most heartily pleased to have arrived at our journey's end.

Cintra is situated nearly at the base of this immense rock or mountain, which is partly covered with a scanty herbage, but rises towards the centre into innumerable conical hills formed of huge stones most singularly piled together. This circumstance causes the environs of this place to be called the Switzerland of Portugal. What forms the principal characteristic of its scenery is the abundance of wood with which it is surrounded—cork trees, oaks, elms; the tall canes, and lemon and orange gardens intermix with, overshadow, and conceal the houses, which extend all along the slope of the mountain downwards. Upwards, the rocky region maintains its rigid superiority, naked and bleak. Two huge conical rocks overhang the peaceful town; on one of these the remnants of a Moorish fort are still visible; the Penha Convent crowns the other.

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To this I went toiling and labouring for an hour at least, the heat being intense, the way almost perpendicular. It is a convent in miniature; three old monks were its inhabitants, and these are monthly relieved from another convent in the valley beneath. The view from this spot is most extensive over the wretched bleak grounds to Lisbon on one side, to the distant convent of Mafra on the other, the Atlantic Ocean bounding the greater part of the horizon. Of this, however, I saw nothing, for a thick fog suddenly involved us in utter darkness and obstinately continued all the time. I remained above an hour. However, I don't much lament the loss, having afterwards had nearly the same view from the Cork Convent.

There is a royal palace at Cintra, usually visited by strangers. Of course our cicerone conducted us to it, which is an ancient, irregular building, in which they show the chair on which Sebastian sat when he announced his African expedition to his councillors, and the room in which the wretched Alfonsus VI spent the remnant of his days after his brother had robbed him of his crown and queen. The brick flooring is worn deep in one part of the room by the steps of the captive monarch. This is all worth seeing in the palace, however. I cannot dismiss it without a general remark, applicable to all Portuguese palaces I have hitherto seen, viz. that

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they are without exception in a dilapidated state and look as if they had been uninhabited for half a century. They are like some German hunting-seats I remember to have seen in the early part of my youth—Herzogsfreuth, Rottgen, etc., near Bonn—built in the same style, and not kept in any manner of repair. This is also the case with some magnificent-looking houses at Lisbon: all show without; all poverty, dirt, and nastiness within, and would-be grandeur meets you at every turn, so very different from the solid comforts of an English mansion.

The next place we went to was a really elegant building, surrounded by very fine gardens, belonging to the Marquis de Marialve. In one of the apartments of this palace the famous Convention of Cintra was signed last year, by which we were put into possession of this blessed land. In my next I shall finish the description of Cintra; for want of room I close here for the present.

I am well and hearty, and so are my horses. We have lately received official communication that we are not to be moved up to the army, and are now looking out for empty transports to convey us home to England, for if, as it is said, Austria has made peace, what are we to do here? Pray remember me to all who are kind enough to inquire after their old chargé d'affaires.

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LISBON, *December 17, 1809.*

Here we still are, though the army having fallen back, we are now in constant expectation of a speedy embarkation. This state of uncertainty, as our transports are lying within hail of us, has prevented my carrying my researches farther up the country, and since writing to you last I have seen nothing new, with respect to the country at least. As to the natives, I have been more successful, having found means to be introduced to several families, and I have now got two houses, the one at Lisbon, the other at Belem, where I can go to spend my evenings; these are Mme. de Dubatchefskey, the Russian Ambassador's lady, and the Marchioness de Angeja, one of the first families in Portugal, both with respect to fortune and to rank. At the former's, however, very few of the real Portuguese are to be seen, her parties being chiefly composed of foreigners. Of course, those societies are exactly like yours at Cassel. Nothing but French is spoken, and the evening passes in drinking tea, playing at cards, talking, etc. However agreeable this may be in one respect, particularly as it reminds me of old times, it is not exactly the thing one wishes to see in a country like Portugal, and I was very anxious to get into some thoroughbred Portuguese houses. This was no easy matter, for they all live alone or in family

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coteries, know little and care less of what is passing about them.

At last I succeeded, and was introduced to the old Marchioness, whose husband has followed the Court to the Brazils, whither she is preparing to follow him with her family as soon as we leave this country. I don't know how to describe these people, nor the way in which they live. However, I will attempt to give you some idea of it. In a very large house, containing perhaps above two hundred large rooms, very badly furnished, this good old lady resides with her daughters, occupying one or two of the smallest rooms; the rest are empty and look deserted. However, through twenty or forty of these, as it may happen, you have to find your way, the doors being all open, not a soul appearing, and the place looking more like an old enchanted castle than anything else. At last you stumble upon a room full of people; these are servants amusing themselves in their own way, who don't even attempt to show you the room where their ladies reside, whom you find at last crowded together round a table, warming their hands with a silver ball full of hot water, attended by five or six priests, whom they feed in the house. They work sometimes, but I have never seen them with cards. Occasionally their servants come into the room and join in the conversation, which is entirely carried on in their own ugly language, for, with the exception of two

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young ladies, they none of them are acquainted with any other language. They are besides excessively awkward, and shy to the greatest excess. Thus they spend their whole day, without ever leaving the house, buried in the grossest ignorance, and constantly expecting armies of one hundred thousand English to land, in addition to the forces we have already in this blessed land. Of course, living with such people, you may naturally suppose that we all look forward with anxiety towards the happy moment when we are to re-embark.

Here nothing but the climate is worthy of praise, and that, I must own, is charming. At this moment, when you are probably buried in snow or deluged with water, we enjoy the finest weather imaginable: almost perpetual sunshine, the air perfectly temperate, about as warm as it generally is at Cassel in the middle of summer when the sun is not shining. The trees are in full verdure and the orange groves in bloom, the oranges just beginning to ripen.

My horses, my mule, and myself are all perfectly well. The mule I have got to carry my baggage in case of a march, as well as the forage for my horses; however, in the meanwhile I make use of him according to the manners of the country, and ride him about everywhere. This moment I received the pleasant intelligence that all the camp, equipage, tents, etc.,

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are embarking. This promises us an early move.

Pray remember me to D. and all our friends at Cassel.

We find the clue to where the following letters had been written in a statement contained beneath a view of Santarem in Heathcote's sketch-book :

N.B.—We marched from Belem December 31, 1809, and were distributed at Torres Novas, at Santarem, and at Alcavara, where we remained to the 18th February, 1810.

The passage in this letter referring to the enormous expense of the English armies recalls the fact that, exactly contrary to Napoleon's system of levying contributions everywhere, Wellington paid for all supplies.

LISBON, *January* 20, 1810.

I never was more at a loss for materials in making up a letter than I am at this moment ; indeed, nothing but the rule I have laid down of writing at least once a fortnight during the whole of my stay in this country would have induced me to have again addressed you so soon after the departure of my last packet ; however, when I consider the chances of about half of my letters being lost, and the anxiety you undoubtedly are

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under on my account, I am convinced that, however uninteresting their contents, as long as they serve to convince you of my health and welfare they will at least never be unwelcome. I am happy to inform you that I never was better than I am at this moment, or indeed have been ever since my first arrival in this country. The climate is so delightful that if the people were but barely bearable it would be a terrestrial paradise; however, I have indulged sufficiently already in abuse against the poor natives, and will therefore let them remain quietly in all their filth, stupidity, and nastiness of every kind. As it is, I believe there is but one opinion in the army, namely, that the sooner we leave Portugal the better!

All our preparations for some time past indicate a speedy embarkation. The army has fallen back from the Spanish frontiers, transports have arrived to carry it home, and, *entre nous*, I believe our Commander-in-Chief is only waiting for an opportunity to embark with good grace. As soon as the French are ready to advance we shall be off, and it is generally reported that they are forming magazines on the frontiers to enable them to pay us an early visit, which we all anxiously expect, though they may rely upon finding us not at home. However, the scarcity of provisions of every kind, both in Spain and in this country, is such that it may perhaps take them longer than we could wish to march



A VIEW OF THE TAGUS
Drawn March 19th, 1810

Service in the Peninsula

towards the frontiers. We are entirely supplied from home and other countries (America and the Barbary States), and are consequently in want of nothing; but the enemy, who are cut off from every means of supply by water, must of course have innumerable difficulties to contend with. The sums which our army costs Government are, however, immense, particularly our cavalry, which is entirely supplied from home, straw excepted. I am informed that every horse costs about ten shillings a day, according to which our regiment consumes forage to the amount of no less than £400 a day! I doubt both Bonaparte's willingness and ability to keep up an army at such a rate!

From some strange mistake or other, I have received no letters since my arrival here, and am sadly afraid that your letters must have been lost. I sincerely hope and trust that you have been more fortunate, for in general I find that a very regular intercourse subsists between us and England, I forming only an unfortunate exception from the general rule.

Pray remember me to all my friends in your part of the world, and assure them that I shall ever think of my stay at Cassel with sentiments of gratitude and regret. I have seen a good deal of the world since I left that charming little town, but never met with a spot which united more advantages than we enjoyed there.

Ralph Heathcote

They talk less of a general peace. Heaven grant it may soon be made. However, I own my expectations on the subject are far from being sanguine. When you write to my dear D., let him know how anxiously I look forward to the moment when we shall meet again.

LISBON, *January* 30, 1810.

I yesterday had the pleasure of receiving your letter of the 2nd of December from Dillingen, to which place I shall therefore, though at random, address this letter, for, I am sorry to say, you entirely forgot to inform me how I was to direct my letters now that you have left Cassel. Nothing could have delighted me more than hearing that you had at last executed this plan, which I had recommended in almost all my letters, and if you will follow my advice you will settle quietly at Munich, or Dillingen, or anywhere in that neighbourhood, where you may find it most convenient, but the great and most essential point is to form a home where you may fix yourself comfortably.

I am sorry to find you so anxiously avoiding expense, and living in a style to which you are so little accustomed. If you do it with a view to my advantage, nothing can be more oppressive to my feelings or more unnecessary to both of us. I have frequently told you that I had money

Service in the Peninsula

enough, much more than I want; that my private fortune, in consequence of the late arrangements I have made, has been much increased; and that I lay by annually a great deal. As to the excessive dearness in a land of florins and Xrs., you must excuse me, but it makes me smile. Poverty and dearness cannot harmonize, and unless great fortunes are now as common in Germany as they used to be scarce, it is scarcely possible to account for the existence of what you so much complain of; that the march of armies has drained the country and produced scarcity is natural, still I fancy if your prices were known in England, people would scarcely credit the possibility of such cheapness. However, to have done with this useless reasoning, let me intreat you to spare no expense in making yourself comfortable, in which the chief happiness of this world consists, at least as far as regards the mere animal man. In company with Thérèse¹ and Lilly, to whom I beg to be most kindly remembered, you will, of course, spend your time in a much pleasanter manner than at Cassel, when the changes which have of late taken place must have removed, dispensed, and disharmonized the few friends you had there, when the strangers were gone who enlivened the place. The only circumstance which you seem to allude to as the reason for avoiding to make Munich a permanent place of

¹ Mlle. de Welden.

Ralph Heathcote

abode I should imagine you might *ignore*, as long as the person whom it concerns most takes no offence at it.

As I am obliged to address this letter to Dillingen, I would have written to my uncle, but having unfortunately forgotten his rank in the Austrian army, a circumstance which an old soldier never forgives, I was so much afraid of making a mistake in my address that I thought it better to leave it to you to make the best apology you can for my omitting this mark of respect.

Before I begin upon my own affairs I must answer a question you put to me, viz. why I left Lord Cathcart? I thought you would have known it as a matter of course, and therefore very likely never expressly mentioned it. The reason is this: that whenever a British regiment is ordered on foreign service those officers belonging to the regiment who were employed on the Staff at home (*l'Etat Major de la Grande Bretagne*) are ordered to join and do duty with their regiment. I suppose you know that, as aide-de-camp, I was on the Staff, and on the Staff at home, Lord C. commanding in Scotland; I was therefore obliged to join, but expect to return to Lord C. as soon as we land in Old England again. I have been thus explicit, as I well remember how well you are acquainted with the military profession, I think almost as well as you like it!

Service in the Peninsula

I am sorry to inform you that the French still continue to disappoint us most grievously ; they are most anxiously expected, but are still deferring their arrival. We of course cannot go home till we have an excuse for it, and are therefore quietly remaining in this land of flies, olives, and dirt ; for, as far as I can perceive, these three are the chief articles of Portuguese wealth. The country and climate, however, are so very fine that I make no doubt, after the French have taken possession of the country, it will in a few years rival, if not surpass, the happiest parts of Europe. As it is, I am going on just as usual, the same round of occupations and amusements, —riding, drawing, fiddling, counting the transports, watching the changes of the wind, and devouring the papers whenever an English mail arrives. As for my personal safety, you may make yourself quite easy ; as soon as the enemy commences his march we commence ours into our transports. Everything is ready for that purpose, and the sooner the better is the general wish and desire, for we cannot reasonably expect to do any good where we are.

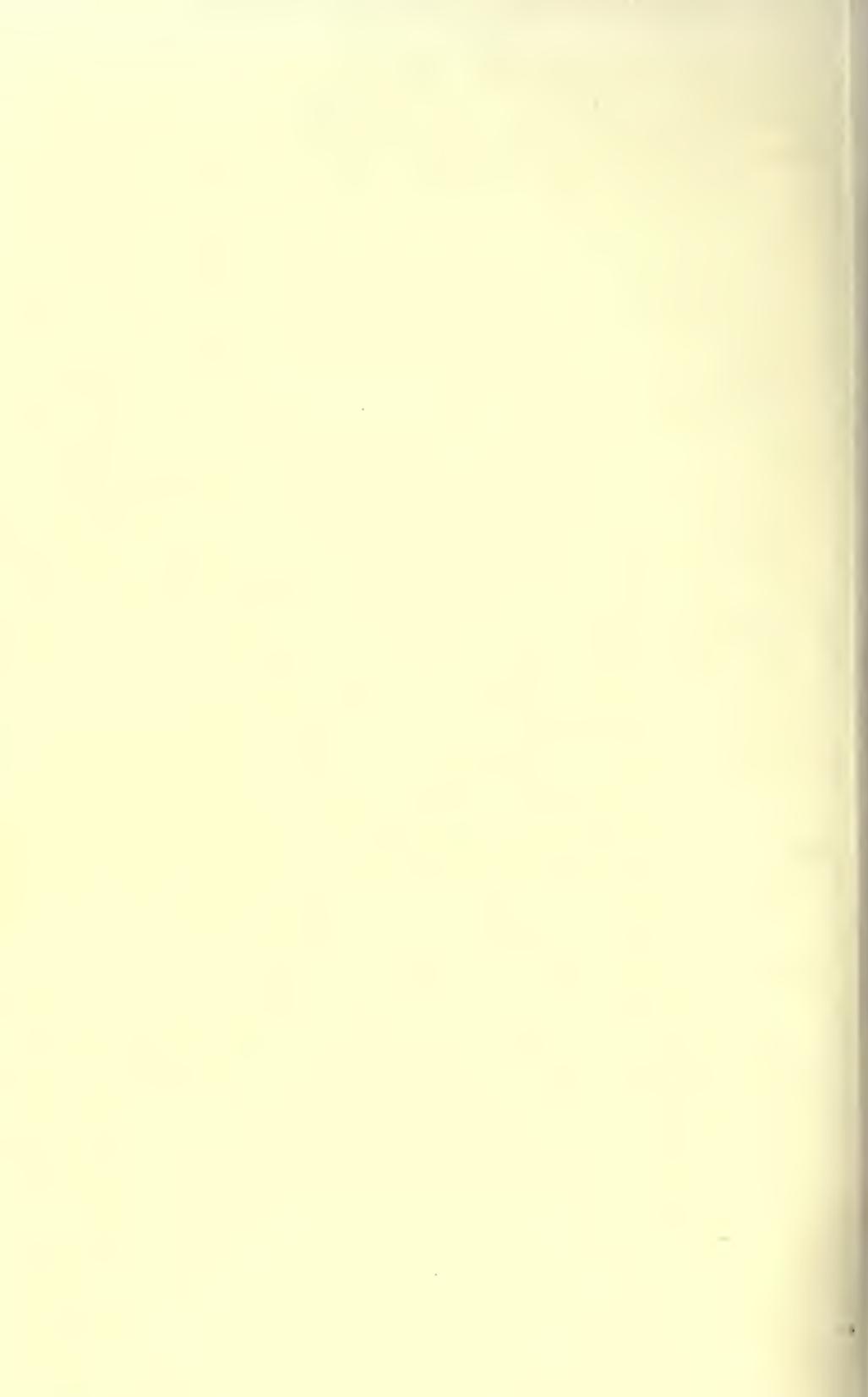
By this post I have written to my friend Taylor to execute Her Majesty's commands. It is now some months since I have heard from him, and he was then, as he has now been doing for some years past, travelling about the country in summer and spending his winters in London.

Ralph Heathcote

You would scarcely believe that the shy Mr. T., who, when clothed in all the pomp of ministerial dignity, was literally afraid of going into a strange house, now, and has been ever since his return from the Continent, one of the gay characters of London, dining out at least six times a week and going to a couple of parties every night. The reason is simply this: at a London party, where ten or twelve rooms are as crowded as the pit of a theatre possibly can be, he has only to go into the room, walk about, speak to his friends, and then go to another party or to bed. At C. it was quite the reverse, and he was obliged to exert himself beyond what he liked. If Ld. Grenville comes into office again I think it very likely he will be employed, either at home or abroad, but till that happens he will probably continue his present mode of living, I never hear from him without his requesting to be kindly remembered to our dear friend D., and he has frequently told me that he regretted nothing so much as to have, however innocently, been the cause of an alarm or inconvenience to him. I was most happy to hear that you regularly transmit my letters, or copies, to D. Soon to meet you both again is my most ardent daily wish and prayer; and you may rely upon it that I shall omit nothing in my power to accelerate that happy moment. These times are bad, 'tis true, but fortunately things cannot long remain in their



ABRANTES
Drawn February 20, 1810



Service in the Peninsula

present state, and I am almost inclined to think that no change can be for the worse. In perfectly good health and tolerable spirits.

Beneath a view of the Tagus Ralph writes :
N.B. "The enemy having threatened Badajoz, our Brigade (1 and 14 Drag.) were put under Lt.-Gen. Hill's orders, and crossed the Tagus. We left Santarem February 15th, and this and the following views were drawn during my stay at Niga."

One of these—Abrantes¹—is reproduced, and is interesting as showing the bridges, pontoons, etc., of the day.

The view of Albuquerque shows Ralph's surroundings for about a quarter of a year, the N.B. stating : "April 15th. I left my regiment (1st or Royal Dragoons), having been ordered in advance by Lt.-Gen. Hill to watch and communicate the enemy's movements in his front. I first waited upon the Marquis of Romana [the Spanish

¹ Abrantes : "Domourier states that this place, if properly fortified, would be the key of the Tagus, and one of the most important posts for the defence of Portugal. At that time its only fortifications consisted of an old citadel, almost in ruins, and in that state it was suffered to remain till the French took possession of the country, who immediately followed the advice given by the General in 1766, and commenced a regular line of fortifications round the town, which is at present continued with great energy, but is still in a very backward state. N.B. Drawn the 3rd day's march from Santarem to Niga." (Sketch Book.)

Ralph Heathcote

Commander-in-Chief] at Badajoz, and joined M.-Gen. O'Donnell (a Spanish general), the 19th remaining attached to his head-quarters."

A sketch of Caceres, a picturesque old town in Estremadura, "full of large and handsome edifices," ends with the N.B.: "The enemy having moved from Merida towards Olivenca, General O'Donnell's division was ordered to advance, in order to induce them to recross the Guadiana. He commenced his march May 14th, and proceeded as far as Caceres, where he halted. Br.-Gen. d'España, being detached, made an unsuccessful attempt upon Truxillo on the 18th, and the general object of the movement having been effected, the division returned to Albuquerque on the 24th."

As Ralph was there from the 19th April until the 22nd July, he must have suffered acutely during the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, 11th July. The Spaniards were heart-broken and indignant at having to watch the gallant garrison being abandoned to her fate; but Wellington was firm in refusing to involve himself in a relief action, which he knew was bound to fail.

The following letter to his mother was therefore written in the midst of a good deal of mental tension, as well as of exciting skirmishing expeditions, in a mediæval little mountain town, as the writer was attached at the time to the head-quarters of the Spanish army.

Service in the Peninsula

May 20, 1810.

I suppose you remember the disappointment of the whole family on opening the chest sent them by the Vetter von Lissabon, and I never sit down to address you but I feel evident apprehensions of my letters producing similar effects on reaching the place of their destination ; for the fact is simply this, that except informing you of my being in perfectly good health and spirits, they contain nothing from which any kind of interest can possibly be derived. The society I frequent being principally confined to that of my regiment and horses, it furnishes me no materials for our correspondence, for the dislike you have shown on all occasions to the Gentry of the Cloth, and the indifference most ladies entertain towards their faithful companions in the stable, banish both the one and the other from our chit-chat. News! Alas, how can it be expected from Botany Bay, from Lisbon, or from the confines of a prison! Shut out from the rest of the world, we eat, drink, and sleep, and all in hopes of a joyful re-embarkation ; indeed, most tombstones out of a country churchyard, with a few trifling alterations, give the very best description of our existence in this land of milk and honey. For instance, supposing this sheet to be one of those interesting narratives of some fool's deeds and actions, you will read :—

Ralph Heathcote

Here vegetate,
in hopes of a joyful re-embarkation,
the bodies of
A., B., C., D., etc., who left England last year,
but hope by the grace of God
soon to come to life again
when the last trumpet
sounds to leave
this land
of
Vanity and Woe.

When this long-wished for moment will arrive nobody knows, and I am sorry to add we see no more chance of its speedy approach than the day we first landed. This is the most extraordinary kind of warfare I have ever heard of, and Buona-parté, who could conquer whole empires, defended by hundreds of thousands of Austrian and Russian veterans, in less than six months time, seems unable to drive a handful of British soldiers out of Portugal in three times the length of that period. However, sooner or later, there must be an end of this inactivity, and as soon as all the wedding ceremonies are over at Paris, we may perhaps expect some of a different kind on the banks of the Tagus.

Since I wrote last I have not received any of your letters, but trust that you are well and happy, wherever you are, for I am even in doubt as to what place to direct my letter; however, the safest way will be, I believe, to send it to Dil-



CASTELLO DE VIDE AND MARVAO
Dracon March 20th, 1810

Service in the Peninsula

lingen. If you should still be there, pray present my best compliments to my uncle and aunt ; if at Munich, to Thérèse and Lily ; and if at Cassel, to all our old acquaintances. Pray tell D. that I have been fortunate enough to be again noticed, that I have succeeded in giving satisfaction, and that, owing to his precepts and instructions, I am even in this country enjoying advantages which I little expected to meet with on my first arrival. I daresay he remembers the situation which Col. Crawford held at Frankfurt. Similar ones of course must occur wherever allied armies exist—for fear of accidents precaution is necessary. He will take the hint, and is well aware that in the army swords are more plentiful than pens, but that the latter being equally necessary are, owing to their scarcity, more valued than in another line, which we both have been acquainted with ; my endeavours once proved unnoticed, they are now very much the reverse. He will rejoice to hear it, it is the only news I can give him.

A despatch of Lord Wellington to Lieut.-Gen. Hill, 28 May, 1810, shows the atmosphere Ralph found himself in :—

“ I am sorry to find that General O'Donnell and his staff and the officers of his corps are so much dissatisfied with us. Lieut. Heathcote, however, should not allow these reproaches to pass unnoticed. He might observe to them that

Ralph Heathcote

General O'Donnell himself upon one occasion, and General Ballesteros himself again, lately, had the advantage of your assistance, and were thereby saved from being destroyed by the enemy. He might ask whether, in case you were to move forward into Estremadura, the General or the Yjunta of Estremadura would insure for you even one day's existence, a forage or any means of transport to communicate with your magazines," etc., etc.

June 20, 1810.

All the news and interesting intelligence which it is in my power to communicate may be comprised in a very few words, viz. that I am well and in perfectly good spirits, and you may believe me most sincerely, dearest mother, that I would most willingly renounce all the remaining part of your letters if only those few words reached me regularly. It is now above three months since I have received a letter from you, and that was of so ancient a date that I don't like to think of it; indeed, I now am suffering for my juvenile follies and past offences; when indiscriminately levelling the severest animadversions against letter-writing, I foolishly despised what I now know—alas, at my own expense—the value of too well.

I remember you some time ago thought fit to praise my talent of letter writing. Praise from you at all times must be most grateful, as it at

Service in the Peninsula

least is a proof of your being pleased with my endeavours ; but from an adept like my mother it ought to be doubly so. However, at present I am almost ashamed to put pen to paper for fear of doing away with the favourable impressions it was once my good fortune to make. However, be candid, and confess that the most difficult task is that in which I am engaged : in other words, writing a letter without having any subject to write upon. Alas, all those that crowd into my mind are forbidden fruit, apples of Paradise ; and let them ever remain hanging to their parent branches, for the juice they contain is but too bitter. I could talk of a late wedding, but though weddings are said to be a pleasing subject to both widows and bachelors, who can dwell upon this same unnatural connexion ? Peace to the ashes of our friends ; happy for them they are no more. What would have been their feelings at this moment ?

I have heard Persico frequently observing that in our days we must not be astonished if both of us made our exit on the gallows. By heaven, I have lived to see more extraordinary events taking place. Who would have expected a Louise Lauterbach to become a Princess. Who would have dreamed of an Archduchess of Austria¹ becoming the mistress, the kept mistress, of one of the assassins of Marie Antoinette!

¹ In December Napoleon's ambition made him divorce the wife he loved and who for twelve years had shared his glorious career—

Ralph Heathcote

I feel I have been hurried away by my feelings, but shall neither efface what I have written nor blush at the sentiment that dictated them. Indeed, I cannot believe that even Bonaparte's agents, should this letter fall into their hands, will destroy it on that account ; to him it is a triumph, to us a severe rebuke. We for these eighteen years have been spending our blood, our treasures, and our happiness, in supporting the cause of that very same family, which in return is sacrificing our common interests to obtain the momentary smiles of the fellow that degrades it. But never mind, John Bull is an animal, obstinate as stupid, one of those singular productions of nature who sticks to the cause of honour, of good faith, and of loyalty, however unfashionable the terms may be deemed on the Continent ; and though oceans of blood have been spilt in vain, the source will never be dried up to maintain the cause he has once espoused, whilst an Englishman remains to furnish a supply from that nearest his own heart. I know England may fall ; but I triumph in the thought that its fall will be recorded on the pages

the Empress Josephine. He was then in the height of his glory, and wanted to be allied with real emperors and kings. He asked for the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria, and the Emperor, her father, had not the courage to refuse him, but even forced his daughter to unite herself to the hated usurper ! The above letter shows the impression this then made. As Bonaparte, Josephine, and Marie Louise were Roman Catholics, his second marriage, according to this creed, was not legal. The Empress Josephine continued to live at Paris, and Napoleon even went to see her from time to time !



STEWART'S MONUMENT
Dracm September 3rd, 1810

Service in the Peninsula

of history as the greatest triumph that Bonaparte ever obtained—the only one, indeed, that was ever worthy of a genius like his. No wonder he should be anxious to conquer our island, for that contains his only admirers—a slave can never be the admirer of his master.

Having given a free vent to my passions, I feel easier and less cramped than when I began my letter. A heavy load is off my mind!

You cannot conceive how happy I feel at the thought that you are with Thérèse, Lilly, and amongst all the rest of your friends. It was always my wish that you would settle. I am a bird of passage; they are not. To you I shall turn when our labours are over. Let me find you comfortably established.

Pray remember me kindly to all those who remember poor me. Soon I hope we shall all meet again, and Capitaine Tempête will be able to speak for himself. To D. I leave you to say what you think best to my best of friends.

August 24, 1810.

It was with the greatest pleasure I received your letter of last June, which reached me in a very short time, considering the very large distance it had to go, and gives me some hopes that some of mine, at least, may be equally fortunate, and by convincing you of my perfectly good

Ralph Heathcote

health, may serve in great measure to diminish and dispel the uneasiness which, I am sorry to observe, you still continue to be under on my account. For all the interesting details respecting Munich pray accept my best thanks, particularly for what you tell me about my old rival and companion, Moltke. Poor fellow! Fortune seems to have been very severe upon him, for though he escaped being married at Cassel, I fear he runs a good chance of being assassinated in Trioll. As for the Cunégonde of Voltaire, events have exactly answered my expectations, and I am only glad to find that she is wise enough to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*.

The dearness of Munich astonishes me, especially as I am totally at a loss to what it can be ascribed, for the natural consequence of general poverty, such as you describe, should of course raise the value of specie. However, as Doerfeld approves of your establishing yourself there, I take it for granted that it does not exceed your means, and shall accordingly be happy to hear of your being quietly settled and established. I have by this post written to Baumer, ordering him to honour your drafts to whatever amount they may be, and have only to add to what I have so frequently stated in my letters, viz. that my income considerably exceeds my expenses, that I have during the course of this very year saved £627, which, as usual, Baumer has laid out for me in

Service in the Peninsula

the purchase of additional stock in the three per cent Consols, which, by convincing you that I really do not want the money, will be an additional reason for you to draw for whatever you may require. At no period whatever since my coming of age have I spent the whole of my income; but since I am in this country I live almost entirely on my pay, which, when abroad, is really very considerable, particularly now that I hold a double situation. It is very odd, but that abominable *timidité* I really believe I shall never be able to shake off entirely, and I actually caught myself blushing when I read that part of your letter which mentions Mme. de Westphalen laughing at my former awkwardness; however, a blazing suit of regimentals goes a great way, and I hope to be able to face her the next time I am happy enough to meet the Countess.

I much fear our hopes of soon leaving this country will be disappointed. Our preparations have long ago been completed, but the enemy actually seems to be afraid of meeting us, and without some pretence at least, with the best will in the world, it is impossible for us to go away. I, however, am not without hopes of soon getting promotion into a regiment at home, as, to say the truth, I am heartily tired of this country. The climate is very fine, but that is exactly all that can be said for it. We have little or no society except ourselves, no amusements whatever, and

Ralph Heathcote

nothing to do; in constant expectation of embarking, which, now for this year almost, has as constantly been disappointed. Our chief amusement consists in reading the English papers, and your letters of course are a treat of the most superior kind. But pray let me know something of our belles of Cassel the next time you write, at least of those that were such in my time, for Mlle. de Waitz, with all the other little infants, though I perhaps remember having seen them making themselves troublesome to everybody in the room, cannot possibly afford me any entertainment, and hearing of such children as grown-up women only reminds me of my own age, which I begin to conceal. As for the young lady herself, I am sure she ought to be very much obliged to you for choosing a husband for her quite old enough to be her father. As you seem determined to choose a wife for me, it is but fair I should give you your instructions on this head, and these are :

1st. Your future daughter-in-law must at least be twenty-five years old.

2nd. She must at least have £300 a year, and as for all the rest, you may suit your own taste; she must not be younger, because I have no inclination to be a governess, and she must not be poorer, because I otherwise cannot afford to marry her. However, I have now so long done without a wife, that I make not the least doubt I

Service in the Peninsula

shall be able to live without that article of luxury, and therefore advise you not to be too eager in your search, as I should probably, after all, be obliged to disappoint you.

With regard to my books, when you leave Cassel you had better sell them all, except the English books of all description and the maps, which I beg you to keep and take with you. I am as fond of books as ever, and would not part with my English books at Cassel for any price. The rest may be bought again anywhere, and are therefore not worth the carriage.

And now, dear mother, all that remains is to request you to make yourself quite easy with regard to my health, which was never better; to beg you to remember me kindly to all my friends at Cassel, not forgetting Marescotti (whom I beg to accept of as many foreign books as he may choose to take); to send my best wishes to my dear friend Doerfield; and ever to believe me

Yours,

R. H.

September 5, 1810.

P.S.—The packet has been so long detained by contrary winds that I again open my letter to add a few words, the chief import of which is that I am in perfectly good health, the climate agreeing with me; the heat indeed is great, but owing to the clearness and lightness of the atmosphere, it

Ralph Heathcote

is not felt so much as I have known in Germany. We have here continual sunshine for six weeks together, without seeing a single cloud; a thing unknown in your part of the world, and if necessary I can, in imitation of the Italian who wrote to his friend in London, present your compliments to that luminary for the honour of his daily visits. In return I request you to pay mine to all my friends at Cassel.

Whilst ostensibly complaining of the dearth of subject-matter, a note under a view of La Zagala, a picturesque ruined castle on the banks of the Alboragena, states: "It having been reported the enemy had left Merida, Genl. O'Donnell advanced to La Rona with part of his division, but returning the next day, July 1st, to Albuquerque, we halted a few hours on the spot from whence this view is taken." [A view of Castello Novo, a mountain gorge, with an old bridge thrown over the rushing river]. Reynier crossed the Tagus on July 17th, and Genl. Hill immediately followed him to the other side of that river, marching by Castello Branco. This having rendered my mission to the Spanish armies useless, I left Genl. O'Donnell's headquarters at Albuquerque July 22nd and joined Genl. Hill at Atalaya July 25th. I was soon



THE SIERRA DE BUSACO
Dracon September 28th, 1810

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after appointed to his Division as Dept. Asst. Quartermaster-General. Reynier threatening that part of Portugal, Genl. Hill remained in that neighbourhood; he continued at Atalaya to the 30th of July; marched to Jenailhas that day, remained there the next day, and marched to Sarzedas August 1st.

Under the sketch of the young officer's grave is noted: N.B. "Lt.-Genl. Hill remained at Sarzedas till the 12th of October, when the division marched to Sobreira Fermoza."

Sketch-book: "Peña Cova, a beautifully situated town in the valley of the Mondego, one of the finest parts of Portugal. N.B. Lt.-Genl. Hill's corps remained four days at Sobreira Fermoza; on the 17th September we continued our march and reached the Mondego opposite Pena Cova on the morning of the 23rd; the same day we occupied the position along the Serra de Murcella, and the Serra de Seboya. Genl. Hill established his head-quarters at Villa Cham on the 2□th, remained the night of the 23rd in a quinta near the river."

The picture of the Sierra de Busaco¹ shows us

¹ The Sierra de Busaco: "This high ridge of hills, extending from the Mondego in a northern direction for about eight miles, was chosen by Lord Wellington as the most favourable position for opposing the further progress of the enemy towards the capital. At six o'clock in the morning of 27 September, 1810, Massena made two desperate attacks on our left and centre, in both of which he completely failed, having been repulsed with great loss. The action lasted till 8 a.m., though some firing between the light

Ralph Heathcote

the actual scene, taken by a participant in one of the great battles of the campaign. General Hill led a decisive attack, and Ralph found himself assisting at a magnificent victory over an enemy who fought splendidly under Masséna and Ney.

Beneath a sketch of Coimbra, probably taken shortly after the battle, there is the following N.B. "In constant expectation of a second attack we passed the 27th and the night following in our position amongst the rocks. On the morning of the 28th the enemy was seen moving off towards our left. During the course of the following night the army broke up; Ld. Wellington with the main body moving towards Coimbra and Lt.-Genl. Hill returning to his former position on the Serra de Murcella, where we halted the 29th and 30th. October 1st our retreat commenced to the lines, which was continued by Thomar and Santarem to Alhandra without interruption: we reached Alhandra October 8th."

Castle of Montemoro Novo. N.B. "From the 3rd of October to the 16th of November we remained in the lines; the enemy having retired

troops on the left was kept up till about noon. The enemy left 2000 dead on the field of battle; his loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was estimated at about 7000 men. Our loss amounted in the whole to 1253 men *hors de combat*.

N.B.—Lieut.-Genl. Hill with the British, and Genl. Hamilton's Portuguese division, marched from his former position 26 September, and that morning joined the army on the Sierra de Busaco, forming the right of the line."

Service in the Peninsula

as far back as Santarem on the 15th, we advanced on that day. On the 18th Genl. Hill's corps crossed the Tagus near Valada, entered Chamusca on the 19th, and remained in that neighbourhood till Masséna commenced his final retreat out of Portugal. Genl. Hill left his corps December 1st on sick leave for Lisbon, from whence he returned some weeks after to England. Marshal Sir W. A. Beresford arrived and took the command of the corps December 30th. This view was taken whilst detached on a reconnoissance into the Alamtijo."

The surprise of Wellington's lines of Torres Vedras was sprung upon the absolutely unsuspecting French. Behind these fifty miles of fortifications, Lisbon and her harbour, connecting the army with the mother country, formed a perfect basis for all further operations.

LISBON, *January 1, 1811.*

It would be equally impossible to begin this commencement of the new season in a manner more gratifying to my own feelings, or more consonant with my dearest and most sacred duties, than by wishing you an enviable return of the same for many years to come. That I may never more on similar occasions be confined to the dull, long beaten, and yet not worn-out, track of a common New Year's letter's style

Ralph Heathcote

I most sincerely hope and trust, and may almost be said to comprise all the substance of the good wishes you may form in return for mine.

Our situation is strange, though shared by thousands, and I must think myself most happy if a few lines can come to your hands which can solely tend to acquaint you of my being in perfectly good health, both of body and mind. Not to be obliged to cut short all at once, and to put a sudden period both to my epistle and to the pleasure I derive in conversing with my dearest friend and parent, I will in return for the interesting details contained in your letters inform you of the present situation of old Capitaine Tempête.

You must remember an old friend of mine, who accompanied me back from Berlin and Cassel, and whose rough outside contains an interior all warm and grateful to master's feelings. I mean my fur coat. This same fur coat, which has been my faithful companion, sharing all my campaigns and wanderings, being tightly wrapped round me, enables me, together with the assistance of a foraging cap, to write the present lines. A New Year's day is generally a cold day, but in this country, where fires and stoves seem to be dreaded as much as the warm regions underground or their goat-footed inhabitants, winter wears, if possible, a more horrible aspect. Indeed it does not last long, and to-morrow may

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possibly be as warm a day as you may generally have in the moderate seasons at Hesse-Cassel, but the few cold ones I am doomed to experience on this side the Pyrenees convince us most feelingly that we have not escaped yet beyond the reach of the surly old gentleman usually depicted at the head of each almanack, and so to curry his favour I can habit myself like Hibernius himself, and fare the better for it.

To all my friends within your reach I beg to be most kindly remembered, how many they may be I know not, but hope the Bolognese Marquis and Mrs. Dewar may be of the number. To both, but particularly to the latter, I hope you will present my best respects. What you said of the Princess Putbus amused me. I rode past her house during the Stralsund expedition, but looked so warlike (viz. so dirty) that I did not wish to introduce an old admirer in so bad a trim. When I reached my quarters I actually unpacked a new aide-de-camp uniform, in hopes that the gold epaulettes would speak in my favour; but Mars, jealous I suppose of my modern Venus, prevented the rencounter by suddenly ordering Neptune to snatch me away. The fact is, however, simply this: we embarked sooner than I expected, which prevented my paying my respects to Her Highness, after I was cleansed for the occasion. Vanity might have had its share, but *mauvaise honte* had none, I can

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assure you, in preventing me laying myself at her feet.

Many compliments to your favourite Hanchen the next time you meet. I have so frequently been singed that I can hardly tell when I have actually been burned, but to the best of my knowledge, if I ever was in love, it was with her. Now, like my Uncle Toby, I am cannon-proof and defy the Devil and all his works, so all the beauties you have in store for me must even change their plans of operations.

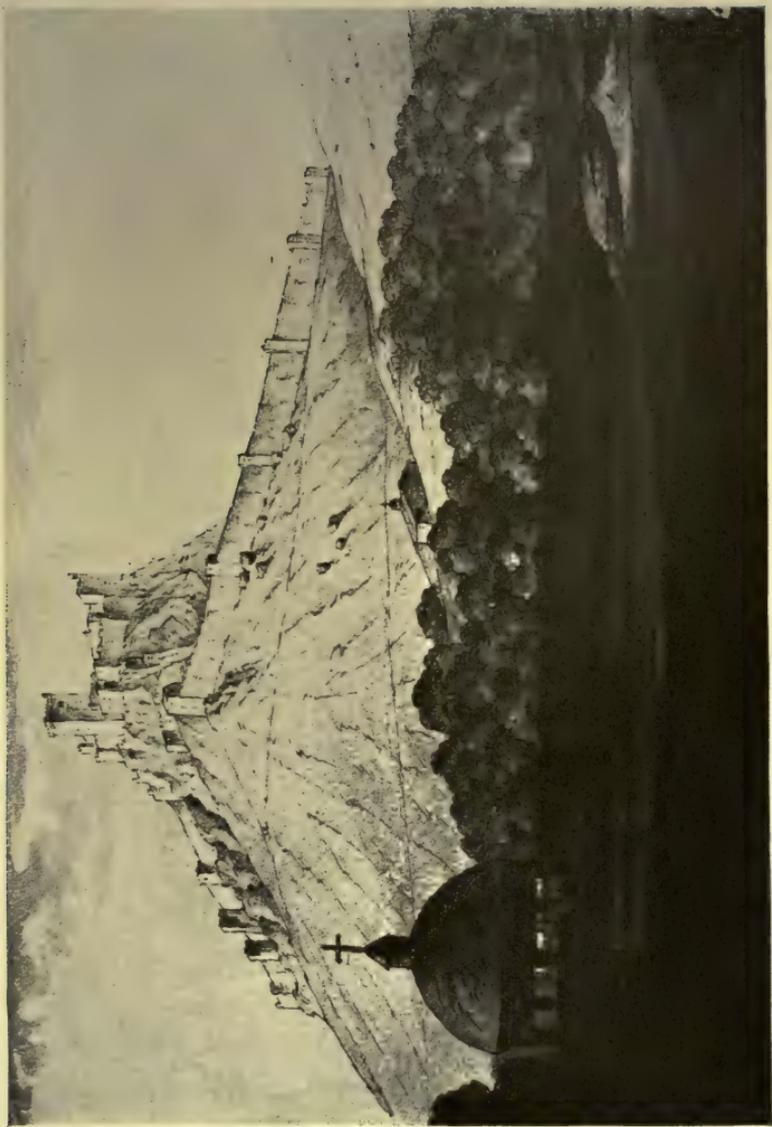
I find my long letter to consist of nothing else but verbiage, but such as it is, you will find it the verbiage of a son who loves you, and who under that conviction is confident that it will meet with the best reception from the kind, indulgent mother of yours,

R. H.

P.S.—I omitted telling you that it is a long while since I heard from T. When last he wrote me he was well, and begged to be recalled to all his friends in Germany.

May 12, 1811.

Nearly nine months have now elapsed since I have received a single line from you. The edict condemning all English letters to the flames has, I fear, prevented mine from reaching their destination, and I see so little chance of even this paper coming to your hands that I shall be as



ALBUQUERQUE.
Drawn March 8th, 1810



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short as possible. Its brevity may perhaps plead and effect its pardon.

I am in perfectly good health, having never been better during the whole course of my life, and this climate agrees with me *on ne peut pas mieux*.

Pray remember me to all my acquaintances at Cassel. Write to me by every opportunity.

Lord Wellington to the Earl of Liverpool, Secretary of State.

QUINTA DE GRANICHE, May 30, 1811.

We invested Badajoz¹ on the 25th inst. on the

¹ "Albuquerque has for these three months back been the headquarters of Don Carlos O'Donel, commanding the 2nd Division of the Spanish Army, commanded by the Marquis de Romana. April the 15th I left my regiment, having been ordered in advance by Lieut.-Genl. Hill to watch and communicate the enemy's movements in his tent. I first waited upon the Marquis de Romana at Badajoz, and joined Maj.-Genl O'Donnel the 19th, remaining attached to his head-quarters 8th May, 1812."

Elvas: This, one of the largest cities in Portugal, ranks as a fortress among the first of the Peninsular. Its works are extensive and are kept in good repair, but its streets are narrow and filthy in the extreme; its situation is elevated and picturesque.

N.B. Masséna commenced his retreat March 6 (1811), and whilst Ld. Wellington pursued him in the North, Marshal Beresford received orders to lay siege to Badajoz. He assembled his army near Arronches May 24th—Affair of Campo Mayor, May 25th—from thence he moved to Elvas. I joined the Cavalry under B.-Genl. Long April 1st. We advanced into Spain, sieged Olivenga, taken April 14th—Affair of Los Santos, April 16th—Skirmish of Santa Martha, May 15th—Battle of Albuera, May 16th—Affair of Usagre, May 25th—June 5th I joined Ld. Wellington's Head-Quarters—Siege of Bajadoz raised June 17th—The Army takes a Position near Campo Mayor, June 19th—moves into Cantonments, July 23d—Lord Wellington Crosses the Tagus & fixes his Hd. Qus. at Fuente Guinaldo August 12th.—*Sketch Book*.

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right of the Guadiana. The ordnance and stores for the siege having been brought forward, we broke ground last night. The enemy retired their main body upon Llerena and hold the advanced posts of their cavalry of Usagra. I enclose a copy of the report of Major-General the Hon. W. Lumley of a very gallant affair of the cavalry near that place on the 25th. The Major-General has reported that he received very great assistance upon this occasion from Major Holmes, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who was acting in the department of the Adjutant-General, and from Lieut. Heathcote, who was acting in the department of the Quartermaster-General.

It seems very probable that this report induced Wellington to attach Ralph to his head-quarters.

Considering the advantage enjoyed in being so closely associated with the greatest general England owns, we have all the more reason to regret that he felt himself constrained to omit all the information we should give much to possess.

The following letter may possibly have been written at Lisbon, from whence the next is dated.

August 26, 1811.

My letters, from the state of affairs, must necessarily be everlasting repetitions. After I have informed you that I am in perfectly good health



ELVAS
Drawn July, 1811



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and spirits, I am precluded from entering on scarcely any other subject. It, however, occurs to me that the public prints may of late have rather proved alarming to you. Pray consider on all such occasions that it necessarily comes exactly to the same point, as far as danger at least is concerned, whether I am at Lisbon or at London.

Our stay in this country has, I fear, been prolonged, for I am very anxious to get back to Old England. I was mistaken in the high opinion I had of some generals, and except the Emperor comes in person, we may yet remain a long while in this country. However, I ought not to complain; my situation here is in every respect advantageous.

I am still without hearing from you, and the papers give us such a dreadful account of the precautions taken on the Continent against the importation of English letters that I despair of these lines ever coming to your hands. In case they do, however, let them inform you that I am quite well and happily situated. God knows when first I trod these shores I little thought the scene would be so long. In Portugal, however, though eager to get home, we cannot in conscience complain of our situation; mine in particular is remarkably fortunate. I have plenty to do, am relieved from the bodily fatigues of my comrades with the regiment, and enjoy a most

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ample income all the gaities of the place do not enable me to spend. I have, however, so long been saving, having actually during the whole course of my coming of age never spent the whole of my income, that I begin to think of enjoying the good things of this life and to retire upon my laurels. Perhaps some changes may follow the King's death, which is now soon to be looked forward to, as may enable me to carry my plan into execution.

LISBON, *November 3, 1811.*

Since writing to you last, I have not been fortunate enough to receive a single line from you, and greatly fear the present system may continue to prevent my receiving your letters for some time to come. Trusting, however, that some of the English bags may escape the vigilance of the guards along your coasts, I shall continue to give you regular information of my being still alive, and in good health and spirits. Confining myself entirely to this subject, which I should think can be of no manner of interest to any human being to prevent or impede your being made acquainted with it, I can hope that in case this letter should be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of any *Gardes-Côtes*, they will have the charity to seal it up again and to forward it to you.



CIUDAD RODRIGO
Drawn January 23th, 1812

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With my kindest good wishes to all my friends in your part of the world.

The sketch of Ciudad Rodrigo brings before us the outlines which for six months Wellington and his staff so anxiously surveyed, and learnt to know by heart.

Ralph Heathcote wrote beneath it :—

N.B. "From the 12th August Ld. Wellington remained in the neighbourhood of this place waiting for an opportunity of besieging it. In September Marmont threw supplies into the town; action of El Boden September 25th, 1811; of Aldea de Ponte September 27th, after which the enemy retired, and we occupied our former cantonments. January 6th, 1812, Ld. Wellington moved his head qrs. to Gallegos. January 8th, the town was invested, the advanced redoubt was carried by storm, and the trenches were opened. January 13th, the Convent of Sta. Clara was taken. January 14th, the batteries of the 1st parallel opened, and the Convent of St. Francisco was taken the following night. January 19th, at 8 p.m., Ciudad Rodrigo was carried by storm by the Light Brigade and 3rd Division. Genl. McKinnon kill'd, Genl. Crawford mortally wounded. This view was taken January 25th, on my return from M.-Genl. Crawford's funeral; he died the evening before."

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It is possible that during these winter months a little incident, which Ralph often used to relate to his children, occurred. In crossing a mountain ridge, he told a fellow-officer riding next to him about his bad luck in losing, just a year before, a valuable watch. "There was heavy snow on the ground, and it could not be found . . . it happened on this very spot." As he emphasized these last words by pointing to the roadside, he saw something glitter, got down from his horse, and picked up the watch.¹

In April, 1812, Badajoz had been taken; in July the victorious battle of Salamanca caused Marmont to retreat, and in August the Allies had entered Madrid.

The small sketch-book of 1812 shows that Ralph was moving about in Estremadura, went along the Tagus, was in Toledo, whilst sketches of Madrid are dated October and November.

He returned to Portugal via Alcantara in December, as notwithstanding all the victories, for the third time a retreat was deemed advisable.

In September he notes :—

N.B. "Zalamea. Poodel join'd me September 4th, 1812, and remained my faithful companion to the hour of his death, which took place at Hesse Cassel, February 24th, 1817, at 9½ a.m."

¹ The watch that lay a year under the snow is still existing.—
L. C. G.

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The letter beginning on page 266 tells more of his devoted friend.

April 1, 1812.

I have long been in most anxious expectation of receiving a few lines from you, but alas! have still been disappointed; it is now eight months since your last letter came to my hands.

I am assured by Mr. Baumer that my letters will be more successful than yours, and that they will elude the vigilance of the French police. Heaven grant it may be so!

Situated as we are, I am fearful of committing anything to paper, and shall merely confine myself to giving you information of my continuing in excellent good health; indeed, the climate of this country agrees particularly well with me.

Mr. Broughton has upwards of seven hundred pounds belonging to you in his hands, and you have only to draw on him for any sum you may want.

Thérèse's old prophecy has at last been realized, *me voilà capitaine!* Who would have thought it some years ago, during the happy days of the Lauterbachs, the Deckens, and all the other deities at whose shrines I once did bend my knees? In case you meet any of them, pray remember me to these, as well as to all others, both male and female, who formed part of the

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ancienne Cour, and have not learnt as yet to forget their old acquaintances.

As for my old friend D., of course every line I write to you is equally addressed to him. Heaven grant the time will soon arrive when we may meet again, or at least be able to correspond without these follies of constraint.

P.S.—Address your letters under cover to

C. Baumer, Esq.,

No. 7 Austin Friars, London,

To Captain Heathcote,

1st (or Royal) Dragoons.

LISBON, *May* 1, 1812.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Baumer, acquainting me that he had received a letter from you, dated August 28 last, in which you request him to inform me that you were well, but unable to write to me. It is impossible for me to express the pleasure these few lines gave me. They contained all I wished to know. I am, however, at a loss to conceive why you could not write to me as well as to Mr. B.; however this may be, many thanks for what you did.

I conclude, from the manner you let me hear from you, only a few insignificant lines are permitted to pass, and shall therefore follow your example.

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I am in most excellent health, and present my best good wishes to all who still remember me abroad.

On May 11, 1812, Mr. Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons by Mr. Bellingham. This murder was bound to be especially interesting to Ralph and his comrades, as Mr. Perceval had energetically, often in the face of vehement opposition, furthered Wellington's campaign.

LISBON, *June 24*, 1812.

Custom has at length so habituated me to writing without the smallest expectation of an answer, and of inditing letters that have no reference and contain no reply to any I might previously have received, that, familiarized with a state of existence as singular as it has been unexpected, my epistles have naturally adopted the shape and essence of private and recluse cogitations, instead of that of familiar and social intercourse. Happy if, escaping the harpies which infest the continental coast, they succeeded in acquainting you with my constant and hitherto uninterrupted state of good health, I have for some time past limited the intelligence they contained to this single circumstance, which, judging

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from my own feelings, would more than satisfy the receiver.

However, at last a bright beam of sunshine seems to open and promise a prospect of better times. Probably the public prints have already spread abroad the news of Mr. Perceval's horrid assassination, but whatever colour ministerial papers may give to this catastrophe, there is little doubt that it was occasioned by the despair and frenzy of a population reduced to the last ebb, in consequence of the blind continuation and perseverance in of Mr. Pitt's erroneous Continental politics.

John Bull, you well know, like the animal that personifies him, bears long and patiently the yoke his masters have imposed, but once roused, his fury becomes as terrible as his previous submission was abject, and the history of our nation produces incontestible evidence that when once he shows his horns he is sure to carry his point. This period has at length arrived. It is not the weight of our taxes, nor the blood spilt in a Continental warfare—a commercial nation feels no taxes, and John Bull delights in bloodshed. To have two or three bloody gazettes a year more, he would readily pay five per cent more out of his income, but it is work he wants. Our machines supplied the want of hands—Pitt found armies, the Continent paid over taxes—Pitt found money and found work for John, in the destruction of

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Continental commerce. John now bellows out for work, Ministers must make peace to find him work, and to that happy period I look forward with anxiety, to introduce into your presence Capitaine Tempête, who, as far as his own vanity will allow him to judge, is as blooming as ever; a phenomenon easily settled, as a present lady I met lately, told me in a few words: "*Car Monr. avec une figure comme la vôtre on n'a jamais été jeune.*"

LISBON, July 20, 1812.

After an interval of a whole year, I this morning received your letter of the 20th of May last. You may judge how happy I must have felt, and it is no small augmentation to have a chance of this letter coming to your hands. That my promotion would give you no pleasure I was perfectly aware of. However, believe me that a captain of dragoons in our service enjoys a very snug and comfortable situation. At present I agree with you; it is a *chienne de carrière*. However, this Peninsular War cannot last for ever, and whilst it does, pray inform my uncle Walter, who you say enjoys those things a little more than you do, that, besides being a captain, I have the honour to be (what is called in the French army) *Chef de l'Etat Major de la 2d Division de Cavallerie*.

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I would advise you not to dread the dangers of my position, but I know it is in vain. However, the life of man is in the hands of the Almighty, and you may rely upon it that whether I wear a blue or red coat, a hat or a helmet, I shall not die a moment sooner or later than He ordains I should.

You remind me of an unpleasant truth. I am thirty years old, and, as you very justly believe, I look upon myself as getting old, and therefore mean to retire the first good opportunity I find to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness. My views and ambition are satisfied, and I believe I have contributed my share in the service every man owes his country. As I was wise enough not to marry, I am quite rich enough to live in the way that suits me best, and, without finding fault with M. de Schall for fancying himself a young man, I have experience enough to know that, though many years younger than himself, I am descending the ladder, and that it is time for me to make way for the rising generation, *sans la moindre prétension*.

I am very sorry to hear of poor Buttlar's untimely end, and really thought he had too much sense to make the exit he has made. As his children are not the losers by it, the event is only to be regretted as far as he is concerned. In different ages he would have been differently judged. In ours, which with its prejudices has

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lost its virtue, charity will forget and folly justify the deed he has committed.

You will perceive by this that six years have operated a change in Capt. Tempête. He is what he always was, a philosopher who thinks for himself, but one who, if he had children of his own to educate, would bring them up in strict conformity to the opinions of the country in which they are to live. "Chrétienne à Paris et Musulman dans ces lieux," as Zaire expresses herself. Indeed, in England this has been followed pretty generally, and whatever may be the private opinions of men of my age, the rising generation are again taught to believe what their great-grandfathers have believed before them. The event has proved the advantage, and the rock remains against which the waves of the ocean dash in vain.

Pray remember me kindly to my old friend Marescotti. I hope we shall soon shake hands again. Being a great politician, he has probably observed the changes that have taken place in our Government. Peace is now looked forward to with some degree of certainty, as it must be to the interest of all Europe to put a stop to the present system of devastation, murder, and pillage, and as those men who then stood against it are now no longer at the head of affairs.

Remember me to all my old friends.

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LISBON, *December 25, 1812.*

I have just received your two letters of the 26th June and 19th July last, and shall commence by answering the most important first, namely, what regards your changing the place of your residence. Whatever D. advises must meet with my unlimited approbation, and I only advise you not to be in too great a hurry in carrying his plan into execution, as it appears to me that we are fast approaching a crisis which may give a most decided turn to the present state of affairs in Europe, and must either one way or the other terminate in a peace which will stamp its seal on whatever face our poor unsettled and shaken Europe may wear at the time. If I were you, I would therefore wait the termination of the present contest to see what will be best for you to do.

As far as relates to the state of your finances, I must request you to be under no alarm at all on that head, but to spend just as much as you may find convenient. My income amounts to about £1000 exclusive of my pay as captain of dragoons, and as I live in this country entirely on my pay that sum is regularly saved; and you will therefore agree with me that it would be the height of folly to retrench yourself, as the so doing cannot possibly lead to any good whatever. I should be sorry that in giving you this

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advice you might be led to suppose from what I said above that I myself was committing the very error I am advising you against; but the fact is that a troop of dragoons abroad is worth about £400 a year, besides innumerable other advantages, which make it more than equal to twice that sum in any other profession.

And now for a reply to your other interesting details, though only hinted at. . . . My own vanity supplies the rest, and I can only thank God and Mme. de Decken for having preserved me from getting into the greatest scrape that ever threatened me, for I really believe that at one time I should have married her daughter, however well I am persuaded that I never was really in love, *et que ma vanité seule était piquée*. What the consequences would have been, saddled with a wife, without a fortune, cramped in the means of making one, and as things turned out, without a profession, obliged to remain in Germany leading a despicable existence instead of being what I now am, I leave you to judge. Nevertheless, I can assure you it will give me the greatest pleasure to see Mme. de Wangenheim again, as well as all the other actors of our former stage. Like a wandering player, it has been my fate to tread a great variety and to act various parts in various places. Believe me, I regret nothing more than my being prevented by circumstances from giving you a detail of our scenes,

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which shift almost with the rapidity of a harlequinade. However, the French papers, as read by an old *diplomate* like you, will in general let you know enough of the main subject, and as for the details, any old invalids of the garrison will supply you, for a soldier's life is, and has been, nearly the same at all times and in all parts. Should any French regiment of dragoons with brass helmets march through Cassel, they will give you the best accounts, as I believe most of them have been near us.

The last time I heard of Taylor he was still in Sicily. My poor cousin, W. Heathcote, who went out to India as a lieutenant in the 14th Foot, died in that country, together with his wife. Chapel, who was brought up for business, was likewise seized with what we call the "scarlet fever" and has entered the marines as a sub-lieut., and his eldest brother Godfrey, who studied medicine, has also entered the army and is now captain of the 5th Foot; my cousin, Edward Holbech, is captain in the Inniskilling Dragoons. His father¹ died a few months ago, and his eldest brother has resigned his commission as major in the Warwickshire Militia to take charge and live upon his estate. My aunt, Mrs. Maynard, died about six months ago. Thus much

¹ William Holbech, of Mollington, M.P. for Banbury 1792-6; married, 1772, Anne, daughter of William Woodhouse, of Lichfield, died July 6, 1812.

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for family news. In return pray let me know what has become of all my old friends in your part of the world—Marescotti, Zeppelin, and the other officers of the garrison we knew—in short, give me a brief history of our former circle. Like me, I suppose, many have been dispersed. Remember me most kindly to those that remain.

P.S.—I suppose you know of our war with America. I hope Dewar, who is still in that country, may get a lift by it.

BROZAS, *April 24, 1813.*

It was with the greatest pleasure I yesterday received your letter of the 3rd of last month, and as, both from its contents and from the general appearance of affairs as stated in the last Continental papers that have come to our hands, there is every reason to suppose that the free intercourse between Cassel and England will have been re-established by the time this letter reaches the north of Europe, I shall now for the first time these seven years past venture to write an open, unembarrassed letter to you.

Thank God, the tide seems at last to be turning, and if Germany only half does her duty the happiness and peace of Europe will soon be firmly established; of course sacrifices must be made, the spirit of modern philosophy, having its founda-

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tion on egotism, which points to inactivity, double dealing, and wavering policy, must be abandoned or at least laid to sleep for some time, and in its stead a vigorous, manly mode of thinking and acting must be adopted. However, the specimens produced bid fair for the future, and the arms of England and Russia will, I trust, prop and support a plant which, however luxurious in its growth, sad experience has too often proved deficient in firmness and true, devoted patriotism.

At home it appears preparations are making for immediately sending over the disposable foreign troops, and here we have the finest army England ever produced, experienced and tried, which looks down upon the French as much, or more, than in Germany I have known them admired and looked up to, which army, owing to our immense navy, still more formidable from its organization than its numbers, may, if Government chooses, disembark in six weeks time on the coasts of Germany. I say nothing of Lord Wellington, let his actions speak for him. The French know him as well as they do the troops he commands. If we remain in this country, ours will be a very inactive campaign. We are in very quiet quarters; the enemy, it is presumed, are making preparations for evacuating Spain. It is naturally our game not to hurry them, for the longer their army can be kept here, the better it must be for the cause of the Continent, as the great game is

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playing in Germany, not on the banks of the Tagus or the Ebro. Individually speaking, however, the sooner we leave Spain the better, for it is a sad country.

By this time you must have received my letter informing you of the impossibility of sending you my picture. I can assure you I have not seen a painter since I left England, and shall probably be in a better land before I shall.

I am glad you own that it was fortunate I have acted as I did, but must only remark, that at no time of my life could I have ever reconciled to myself a life of sloth and idle ease, when the existence of my country called for the active exertions of all her sons. That once secured, I shall be most happy to retire to a peaceful corner, to enjoy the society of those most dear to my heart, which the recollection of having done my duty, and having assisted in obtaining, will only render the sweeter.

I perfectly conceive you will have a troublesome time of it for a few months to come; however, necessity has no law, and though women are not expected to fight, they ought at least to put up with some inconvenience for the good of their country. Unwelcome lodgers are certainly unpleasant, but remember they are exposing their lives for your sake, and that your son is putting others to the same inconvenience you are suffering; let them find a hearty welcome, and rely

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upon it you will be the gainer by it, and the poor fellows deserve it for their sufferings, past, present, and to come.

The accounts you give me of my old acquaintance are sad indeed ; it was, however, only what could be expected from those holiday parade gentlemen, dressed like and fancying themselves to be soldiers ; their first campaign was likely to prove their grave. I am truly sorry they did not fall in a better cause. Hessberg was a fine fellow ; I am glad his death was different from the ladies Schmidt. He died the death of a hero. Peace be to his ashes ! Many, alas ! are those who have found an early grave since I saw you last, many a friend of mine slumbers on the honoured field, but living in the memory of their country and their friends : sweet is the fate of those who bled in their cause. Instead of mourning their loss, let those who survive live worthy of their memory.

With the greatest pleasure I have this day forwarded your enclosure to Mjr.-General Löw. The address of your own writing was excellent, and your reason for writing it truly good, *croyant que la lettre parviendrait plus tôt, en y mettant l'adresse de mon écriture* ; it put me in mind of a similar one, "*A Monsieur mon Frère, vis-à-vis du grand tas de neige à Paris !*"

I have added a note to the Major-General, who commands a brigade in this country, offering my

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services in forwarding an answer to Mme. de Schenk, and you may assure that lady her letter will reach its destination. I am sorry it is not in my power to give you any details respecting officers in the German Legion. We are never near them, even the German cavalry is a great way off; of course their friends must have heard that the legion has very frequently distinguished itself, particularly the cavalry.

On consulting the Army List I find that Colonel Mosheim is still Commandant of the Foreign Recruiting Depot at Lymington, which situation he obtained after our return from Copenhagen, since which I have neither seen nor heard of him. He has been promoted to the rank of colonel (being only lieut.-colonel when at Cassel). He has never been actively employed since you saw him, but has been on the recruiting service ever since, first in Sweden and Denmark, afterwards at Lymington.

Of Dewar I know only that he is still one of the youngest lieutenants in the Canadian Fencibles. I believe he is employed on the Staff in Canada, but am not quite certain of it. He has played his cards wretchedly! However, now that we are at war with America he may perhaps get on. The folly of his not entering into a regular regiment of the line is astonishing; he has now been pottering about in the militia, garrison battalions, and fencibles for the last ten years without

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doing any good to himself, and all for the vanity of avoiding to be an ensign at first starting!

I find that many of my letters must have been lost, for I frequently gave you all the details I was master of concerning people who have friends at Cassel, and hope Countess Zabeliziky will do me justice. I am glad to hear my uncle approves of my conduct. Perhaps if our newspapers reached Germany he would have been glad to see my name mentioned in one of Lord Wellington's dispatches in no very dishonourable terms, on an occasion where we gave the brass-helmet gentry a very pretty dressing about two years ago. Talking of helmets, I can't help informing you that the Prince, on coming into power, has completely changed our appearance. We are now dressed exactly like the old Hessian *gardes du corps*, only in a different colour, wearing red jackets and broad gold lace, and instead of our hats we now wear helmets very like that of the French Dragoons, a change which altogether is rather for the better than otherwise.

I wonder after all that has passed you do not expect a peace. I own I expect it now more than ever, and fully expect the present to be the last campaign. We are getting old, tired of the war, and poorer every day, and Fortune has always (being a woman) turned her back on the old, the weary, and the poor. Some people who were determined to see Russia lately made that experience.

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I almost forgot to add that I am in excellent health and spirits, though getting old and bald. As far as I can judge, I have not changed in the least since I left you (except losing my hair); however, before we meet I shall provide myself with a good wig to cover my deficiency. As yet, by good management, I contrive to keep my pate pretty well covered, though a windy day plays the devil with me. On consulting my glass just now, I also find I grow rather snuffy about the nose, but otherwise look very amiable.

Yours with and without hair.

SANGUESSA, *August 24, 1813.*

As I take it for granted that by the time this letter reaches Germany the preliminaries of peace have already been signed, I venture to date it from the real place that I am at, which by a reference to the map of Spain you will perceive is not above six leagues from the French frontiers. Owing to this circumstance, which, as you may naturally conclude, has not been effected without some smart work, the enclosed only reached me a few days ago, though from the accompanying note to me I take it to be of a very old date; all I have to add on this subject is, M.-Genl. has returned to England at the opening of the campaign.

After all that has happened, I am happy to tell

Ralph Heathcote

you that I am safe and sound, and have never had one moment's illness during the whole of our operations. At present it appears our dangers are all over, and we will expect to be in England before Christmas ; indeed, if even the intelligence sent over to our head-quarters from the French army should prove incorrect, and the war still continue, you need not be alarmed, as the Pyrenees are no cavalry country, and we cavaliers therefore are not likely to be again engaged.

I would not have you communicate the following melancholy event to poor Mrs. Dewar, as it perhaps may be a mistake, but according to the public prints her son is no more. He died in Canada about the beginning of last March ; his name no longer appears in the Army List. I can give you no other intelligence of any of your old acquaintances ; Taylor's brother is now a major-general.¹ He still remains about the Royal Family at Windsor, and I am told the *chronique scandaleuse* will have it that he is married to the Pr . . . ess M . . .² Of his brother I have not heard this long while, but I suppose he has long ago returned from Sicily to England.

Of course at a moment like the present it

¹ Sir Herbert Taylor, elder brother of Sir Brook Taylor. He died in Rome, March, 1839, having married in 1819, Charlotte Albinia, daughter of Edward Disbrowe, Esq., Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte.

² Princess Mary, fourth daughter of King George III and Queen Charlotte, was born in 1776. She married in 1816 her cousin, H.R.H. William, Duke of Gloucester, and died in 1857.

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would be ridiculous to form any plans for the future, but if peace is actually made, I shall endeavour to join some of our missions in Germany, that I may have an opportunity of being near you without losing my rank in the regiment. I am now above the break, that is, I shall not be reduced on half-pay by the peace establishment, having three captains under me, and after seven years' hard service it would be foolish to throw up all the fruits of my labour, when by a little management both objects may be united.

My interest in the army is very considerable, having been so long on the Staff. Lord Cathcart, my old friend, is now Ambassador to the Court of Russia. Sir Charles Stewart (*ce beau Stewart de Mme. de Willich à Frankfort, anno 1796*) is Ambassador to the Court of Berlin, and I know him very well likewise, having been so long at Ld. Wellington's together with him. I therefore think I have a good chance of succeeding; besides a captain of dragoons is no little feather in a Minister's suite. The only difficulty will be to get permission from the Horse Guards, and then Genl. Taylor's interest must help me through. Should, however, all chances fail, I shall wait till the reduction has taken place, and then receive about £2000 on half-pay.

The information you give me respecting M. de Schall is extraordinary; he is certainly older than I am, and you say he is still a beau! All I can say

Ralph Heathcote

is, I am not. I am getting old, *je me fais vieux*, and, according to La Rochefoucauld, have long ago read my condemnation in the eyes of the beauties of the present day. To give you a picture of myself, I have only to make you remember the Old Chevalier of the Teutonic Order at Mergentheim, my father's old friend Bentinck, *me voilà tout craché*. And you may now be prepared to know me, without making some choking exclamation. Thank God, I bring back my arms, legs, etc., without a wooden representation, and that is more than many people can say.

Pray make my best compliments to the few people at Cassel who may have outlived the late troublous times and remember *l'ancienne cour*. Inform D. of my views and intentions.

Ralph's reflections on his age were much the same as any man of forty would make in any age.

Every collection of letters shows how much sooner people formerly began life, and how much sooner their youth—in their own estimation and in the estimation of others—departed.

It is interesting to see Ralph notices the universal change in England from freer views to more orthodox beliefs.

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Bonaparte's Russian disasters had caused him to recall some of his best troops from the Peninsula, whereas, notwithstanding considerable discouragement in England, admirable reinforcements were sent to Wellington.

The conclusion of the Five Years' War was drawing near. In May the English armies crossed the frontier, leaving Portugal for good and all. They outmanœuvred the French, who had King Joseph instead of Napoleon's very best marshal as leader, and began to fall back.

Ralph Heathcote's letters which follow are written from Navarre; Pampeluna was being blockaded in order to guard the passes of Roncesvalles.

He had been present at the magnificent victory of Vittoria (June 21st), and mentions his regiment's share of the fabulous spoil which the fleeing king and his generals had left behind them.

Now that he believed peace to be at hand, he ventured to "date from the real place" he is at, still continuing, however, to keep his mother in the dark as regards the amount of stiff fighting that was going on and the dangers that he still encountered.

Ralph Heathcote

Mr. Vaughan to Sir Charles Stuart.

CADIZ, August 3, 1813.

The Spanish troops in Catalonia and elsewhere are starving, and the Government is feeding them with proclamations to intendants. Since I have known Spain I have never known the seat of government in a worse state. There is a strong feeling against the English, and a miserable Jacobin party, which is violent beyond measure.

TUNES, NEAR PAMPELUNA, November 12, 1813.

I yesterday received both your letters of the 7th of June and 26th of July. You may easily fancy how very happy I was to hear so good an account of your health, as well as that of my dear friend Doerfeld, and sincerely hope that my letters, by reaching their destination, will have the same effect. I shall write by this post to Mr. de Wessenberg to thank him for his attention. I am sorry to say I see no chance of doing it in person, for the turn affairs have taken renders our return to England less likely than ever. I find I was mistaken in my conjectures relative to peace, but cannot say I am sorry for it. We owe much to our country, and its interests must be preferred to our own; but when, as in this instance, the interests of mankind, as well as

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of future generations, are at stake, however soon the blow may be, we must rejoice at receiving it. However, a truce to reasonings, which only waste paper.

I will begin by answering your several inquiries. Colonel Mosheim is commander of the foreign recruiting depot at Lymington—a very lucrative situation. He has not been actively employed since leaving Cassel, and considering his rank in the army is not likely to be employed again. Poor Dewar is no more; he died in America. Peace be to his ashes! His cousin, General Mackinnon, whom you may remember having seen in Cassel, was killed at the head of the storming party, and fell in the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo.

I have for the last two months been quartered at this place—a pleasant little country town of Navarra—amusing myself as I used to do at Cassel, playing the violin and drawing, reading, and riding during the day, and spending most of my evenings at a sober party of whist amongst ourselves; for of course we associate but little with the natives, national habits and mutual pride opposing their formidable barrier. They dine at one, we at six o'clock, etc. etc.; besides, we can hardly make ourselves understood. At a certain age it is too late to learn languages, and, though I can read and understand Spanish very well, I cannot speak it well enough to enjoy society. However,

Ralph Heathcote

we expect a speedy change in our present situation. The infantry and light cavalry have left this country some weeks ago, and are amusing themselves in France. Of course we expect to follow very shortly. How far we are to advance I hardly know. Events have taken such extraordinary turns of late, all speculations are rendered vain.

Soult's army is weak, and very, very bad; the enemy were never a match for our men, but now they run even before Spaniards and Portuguese. We have it all in our own way here. Lord Wellington is as absolute in the Peninsula as Bonaparte is in France. His resources are great, but I rather think we shall only act as a division to the armies in Germany.

You see I write boldly, fully hoping that your part of the world is cleared of the enemy before this reaches Germany. The last accounts from the Continent give us, at least, every reason to expect that event, and I fully believe, by the time you peruse these lines, I shall be making love to some amiable French coquette. Though not over superstitious, I cannot help trembling sometimes on reflecting on Thérèse's old predictions. She always said Capitaine Tempête was to end by marrying a Frenchwoman. However, I hardly think I shall meet with any that comes up to my price, for I am not to be had under £20,000, and so must wait until I get back to Old England.

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My faithful friend and companion requests to be introduced to you. Mr. Poodle, now fast asleep behind my chair, snores his best wishes to you. Last year, pursuing the enemy's rear-guard, he, a poor deserted stranger, implored my protection in the market-place of Zalamea. From that moment to this he has never for a moment left the master of his adoption ; in town or camp, or picket or in action, he has been my constant companion ; I never saw an instance of greater attachment in a dog. That I love him as dearly as my own self I need not add, for you well know I have ever been a steady friend to the canine race.

And now to your last question about a servant. You show your ignorance of my profession in asking it. Dear mother, every situation in life has its advantages and disadvantages ; in many respects we gentlemen of the sword cannot compare ourselves with your fat and pampered [*corps*] *diplomatique*. Dining at Court, Monsieur Le Ministre takes precedence before Monsieur le Capitaine, but when Monsieur le Capitaine leaves the audience chamber one hundred men watch his nod and are obedient to his call. A troop is a little world of which he is the sovereign, and sovereignty has its advantages, whatever you philosophers may say of it. Thus I am not in want of as many servants as I please to have, who are paid by the King, who cannot leave me, and whose fate is entirely in my own hands.

Ralph Heathcote

Shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths, etc., all attend my motions, and wherevèr I am, I am surrounded by my own people.

This likewise holds good with regard to my house. Dragoons are generally distributed about the country, and we take quarters for ourselves according to seniority. Thus a captain is very frequently commanding officer, when he takes the best house in the town for himself, at all events the best house in the cantonment of his troop should even more troops be quartered together. Do not therefore fancy that a soldier's life is so full of hardships; sometimes, to be sure, we must put up with a rub, but ten months in the year at least we are very well off.

You must not compare an English captain of dragoons with a French or German one—the respectability, the situation is quite different. For instance, I keep four horses, three baggage-mules, four servants, besides a woman cook, and can give my friends port wine, claret, Madeira, and vin de Grave any day, either in camp or in town, carrying all this about with me; and should I even be out myself, our army is always attended by merchants who supply us at a moment's warning. You know Lord Wellington was long in India; he therefore sanctions this kind of life. Even Marlborough found out that Englishmen fight like lions, but must be well fed. And even so, our pay when abroad is more than sufficient to

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answer all these demands. Having entered into all these details, I hope you will no longer pity me for imaginary hardships. True, on a retreat, when the baggage is sent to the rear, I have been without bread for some days, but I did not want meat, rice, and wine.

With regard to the portrait you want me to send you, there is nobody here to do it. However, the first painter I meet shall set to work upon it.

Having now exhausted nearly every subject, I shall take my leave of you. May I soon be able to join you is the constant prayer of

R. H.

It may be as well to glance at the course of events at Cassel. In 1806, shortly after Brook Taylor had been sacrificed to Napoleon Bonaparte's demand, the French marched into Cassel and the Elector fled.

The kingdom of Westphalia, consisting of Hesse, Westphalia, parts of Hanover, and Brunswick, was created; and Cassel, with its luxurious palaces, was the designated capital of the new kingdom, of which Napoleon's brother, Jerome, was king.

To this day there are traditions of the reckless extravagance and immorality of this amiable, though utterly dissipated, king and his court.

Jerome's queen, Princess Catherine of Wür-

Ralph Heathcote

temberg, was an admirable wife, and not even his flagrant infidelity and his harem of favourites could shake her affection. It is only fair to state that afterwards, in the days of exile, he became a devoted and excellent husband, and repaid her constant affection.

The accounts of the festivities at Wilhelmshöhe sound like a rather disreputable fairy tale, and by a strange irony of fate, it was there that Jerome's nephew, Napoleon III, passed the months of captivity after the catastrophe of Sedan.

The foreign dominion lasted seven long years. Several attempts were made to cast off the yoke, but the leaders lost their lives, and the usurpers remained masters.

At last, after the Battle of the Nations, Leipzig (18th October, 1813), the Cossacks appeared before the gates of Cassel and drove out the French. On the 21st November the old Elector entered into his own again amid the enthusiastic acclamations of his subjects.

To a certain degree the former life was resumed, but all had become older, and the terrible wars had led them not only to retrench, but to look upon life under a more serious aspect. The sovereign had returned, but not the *ancien régime*.

Mrs. Heathcote, who had spent the greater part of the interregnum at Munich, hastened to Cassel to receive the Elector.

Marchese Marescotti had also returned to

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Cassel, where he settled again and enjoyed life as he had done hitherto.

Inheriting great estates near Bologna about the year 1824, he returned to his native town, and there his old friend Ralph Heathcote visited him (1825), as he states in a letter to his mother.

“We saw Marescotti and his family at Bologna. Though I knew what a rich fellow he was, I was astonished at what I saw. Besides his estates about Bologna, he has got three houses at Pianore and six houses at Bologna—drove us about in his carriage and four, gave us a splendid dinner at his apartments in his brother’s palace, consisting of about twelve beautifully furnished rooms. He and his relations did all they could to show their friendship and make our stay agreeable.”

The next and last news that came of the unfortunate Marquis Marescotti was that he had been found murdered in his bed. It was said that his own valet de chambre, who had tried to rob him and was later arrested, had been the murderer.

TUNES, *December 24, 1813.*

I have just received yours of August, together with a letter from the “gallant Marquis”; contrary winds have, I suppose, prevented your last letters reaching me as yet, and I am in daily expectation of receiving your interesting accounts

Ralph Heathcote

of the French expulsion from Hesse-Cassel, and of the jubilee attending the gratifying return of the legitimate sovereign, our good old Elector, to his long-lost subjects and country.

As I take it for granted that even your economical principles, as you are pleased to call them, have permitted the dreadful expense and waste of *gute Groschen* requisite for an appearance at Court on such an occasion, I hope you will be enabled to express to His Electoral Highness the sincere and heartiest congratulations of a humble member of his former *corps diplomatique*. I fancy it is not necessary to add how truly painful it is to my feelings that I should be under the necessity of leaving to another the agreeable task of paying my devoirs to the lawful sovereign of a country, to which circumstances have so much attached me. Fortunately the recollection of the dread you have always been in of fire arms removes the fears I might otherwise have entertained of the consequences of my inducing you to extravagance might have had, particularly since Colonel Roux has set so bad an example; however, what with your fear, and the *prêtre noir*, I believe I can safely lead you into the temptation of spending perhaps even a thaler or two without running the risk of becoming a parricide. Seriously speaking, I am very much disappointed, having permitted myself to run away with the idea of being one of the first to gallop

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into Cassel at the head of a parcel of bearded Cossacks. The event which has taken place, I had expected long ago, and accordingly applied at the Horse Guards to be employed in your part of the world, as attached to some of the allied *corps d'armée*; however, I have not succeeded, and must therefore trust to fortune, who has stood my friend on so many occasions, to assist me again on this.

Luckily I have more strings to my bow than one. The expedition to Holland will drain England of nearly all the cavalry regiments on the home station, these must of course be replaced, and we are now so very weak, both in men and horses, that it is only fair to suppose this regiment will be one of the first selected to return home, in room of those sent to Holland. Once landed on English ground, my interest will easily secure me a staff situation in Germany, and you may rely upon it, I shall leave no stone unturned to get away. In my letter to Marescotti I have stated the probable events to be expected here, to him I therefore refer you on that head; and however much I should like to *gasconner un petit peu*, I shall refer you to our next meeting for a detail of all my adventures during our late most successful campaign.

I lately made a trip into France, where of course you know our army has been these three months past. I visited the tomb of Orlando Furioso at

Ralph Heathcote

Roncesvalles, climbed the Pyrenees, and entered the sacred country *de la grande nation*. I could not help being astonished that by some unaccountable mistake, instead of having been driven by these heroes into the sea four or five years ago, they should have allowed a parcel of red-coated militia shopkeepers to kick them out of Portugal and Spain, and not satisfied with that, carry their civility so far as to be thrashed by them on their own sacred domain. However, so it is ; their ladies swear they are no longer Frenchmen, and I can assure you, if sixteen or eighteen years hence, the breed has not very materially improved in that part of France, it is not the fault of the fair sex, who do their best to regenerate the nation. The men are equally civil with the ladies, and Soult carries his good nature so far that he actually sent 350 ladies, who had fled from their homes on the first approach of the army, back to our cantonments, one morning, all in a batch. I must own I am very sorry the cavalry is not likely to be sent into France. I long to improve my French and learn good manners.

I presume you have had a few troublesome days when the Cossacks first made their appearance, and I believe there was a little skirmishing at Cassel. However, *il faut passer par là*, and I trust you will see and hear no more of the kind.

Bonaparte has fallen to rise no more, and a few months hence I trust will be crushed

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beneath the ruins of his fallen empire. The spirit, unanimity, and exertions Parliament has evinced during the last session are unrivalled in history; the opposition have to a man shown that, whatever their opinions might be on some political points, they were all true Britons at heart, and it is really gratifying to find that their very heads have rivalled Ministers in promoting the views of Government. The contrast between the two great rival nations is really astonishing; whilst all England is in a ferment, and our innumerable fleets are scarcely sufficient to convey the people that are crowding to all our ports, the French seem to have lost the very feelings of men. Nobody hitherto denied the French soldier's courage, and we honoured the enemy we fought and conquered; of late, however, they are completely changed. It is literally true that their officers can scarcely make them stand a moment, and are obliged to cane them like slaves to prevent their running away before our men come within musket-shot; nothing but the badness of the roads, the intersected state of the country, and the badness of the weather has hitherto saved Soult and his wretched army from utter destruction.

Of course, you know that a regular communication has been established between Germany through Holland, and that therefore there can be no difficulty in sending your letters to England. I would recommend you, however, to continue to

Ralph Heathcote

send them under cover to Baumer, and putting them under an envelope instead of directing the letter itself to him, which, of course, causes him to open and read every letter you have yet sent me. I think you had better get Marescotti to direct and make all your letters. Don't be offended, but your *vivacité* makes you commit innumerable mistakes. Your last, now before me, is directed to "Charles Baumer." Now you would even address him "*Mr.* Charles Baumer" if he were one of his principal's footmen. Pray never forget in writing to him to put the *Esq.* after his name, thus—

To Charles Baumer Esq.

I should not tease you on this subject if it were not necessary; but you know people in England are very particular in all these things, and it is but too true that however free by our happy Constitution, we are slaves to established forms, fashions, and manners. Particularly as Baumer is situated, it becomes doubly necessary to avoid the appearance of treating him with disrespect.

Pray let me have Doerfeld's address. I see no reason why I should not write to him now that all is safe; in the meantime pray communicate the contents of this letter to him. Remember me to all our old friends.

P.S.—Of course you direct your letter to me to—

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Captain Heathcote,
1st (or Royal) Dragoons,

leaving it to Baumer to enclose it in one of his, with the address necessary for the military post office.

Almost a whole year lies between these two last letters. There was much hard fighting to be got through against Soult: the passage of the Adour, the battle of Orthes; afterwards the entry at Bordeaux, Tarbes and the battle of Toulouse. On the Emperor abdicating, the campaign was at an end, and the army which the great organizer and leader had pronounced "fit to go anywhere and do anything" was dispersed.

BRISTOL, *November 23, 1814.*

I received your letter of the 29th of last month during the course of yesterday, and you may rest assured your directions shall be punctually complied with. I never heard you mention your physician before, and thought you had given all my books away. If I should be mistaken on that subject, pray request the doctor to accept of the whole of my Latin collection of books, at least the classics; to me they never can be of any use, and I shall be most happy if they will prove acceptable to him. I am happy to hear

Ralph Heathcote

that you have got a better lodging, though from the price you pay for it I must own my expectations are not very sanguine. Pray inform me what street it is in. You are very good to be alarmed at the state of my finances, but you forget the advantages a military man possesses. My three servants cost me less than your one; His Majesty pays the rest. When I come over to you I mean to live in very good style. I shall bring my carriage, etc. etc., and I only wish that you would think a little less of money. With the excessive cheapness of Hesse you ought to be able to live in a very handsome manner. Indeed, I cannot conceive the possibility of this extraordinary cheapness, which even exceeds that of France. Having just finished our stock of mess-plate, glass, etc. etc., which our long absence from home had rendered necessary to renew, you will wonder perhaps to hear that we had to pay three guineas for a mere decanter. We have now certainly as handsome an establishment as any private gentleman can boast of, and such as Germany certainly does not possess. Our fund had been accumulating during our absence; we had £800 in hand to furnish our sideboard, and plenty besides to re-establish a band (orchestra), thanks to the spoils of Vittoria, which furnished £500 for the purpose.

My first letters when I entered the army will have made you acquainted with the system of

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messing. Indeed, an English regiment is like one great family, which enables every officer to live much cheaper and infinitely better than he otherwise would.

Nothing new has happened since I wrote to you last ; we are all anxiously expecting the result of the Congress at Vienna. Of my private adventures I have nothing to say ; going on just as usual—music, horses, and Mr. Poodle occupy my time. The latter, known all over the town by the name of French Cavalry Dog, is a general favourite ; he is at this moment snoring most sonorously on the sofa, which was very clean before he took possession of it ; but in defiance of the housemaid and her mistress, all the covers in rapid succession adopt the colour Mr. Poodle most delights in. If I dared take the liberty of interrupting his slumbers, he would request to be remembered ; but that being totally out of the question, you must accept my excuse in his name, which I can assure you is no little compliment.

Pray remember me to all my friends in your part of the world.

CONCLUSION

FOR seven long years Mrs. Heathcote had been separated from her only son. It is needless to describe the transports of delight with which she welcomed him home, her pride in all he had accomplished, and her gratitude at his safety after all the perils he had encountered,

Since the night in 1806 on which Ralph Heathcote had fled with his chief from the British Legation—whilst the music was still playing and the last couples were still dancing—no English Minister had been accredited to the Court at Cassel. A great many business matters had therefore accumulated, and it was Ralph Heathcote's task now to wind up affairs.

As so many Hessian officers and men had fought for England in the King's German Legion, there was a particularly large number of pension claims to be settled.

One of these was to play a considerable part in Ralph's life.

In the disastrous campaign, 1794, of the Allies against the French Republican troops, the battle



LOUISE DE TROTT ZU SOLZ
Wife of Ralph Heathcote
(From a Miniature by A. van der Embde)

Conclusion

of Tourcoin ended in a flight before the overwhelming majority of the Republican French. The Duke of York and most of his suite suddenly found themselves surrounded by the enemy. They were all but overpowered, when the royal Prince caught sight of a Hessian battalion commanded by Captain von Trott, and an aide-de-camp managed to call to their leader, "To the rescue, brave Hessians! Save the Duke!" A deadly hand-to-hand fight ensued; eight officers and forty-seven men of the Hessian battalion, amongst them the intrepid Captain von Trott, remained on the field of honour, but the Duke and his suite were saved.

This deed of heroism was fully appreciated by the English, and George III allowed Madame de Trott a pension for life. She was left a young widow with two daughters, one of whom had married General Baron Haynau, an illegitimate son of the Elector. Madame de Trott was staying with her son-in-law at Cassel, and sent her younger daughter Louise as her agent in order to inquire about the pension, as during the French occupation the remittances had been stopped.

Ralph Heathcote often used to say that nothing more exquisite than the innocence, grace, and charm of this young girl could be imagined. He, who had hitherto expressed frivolous and cynical opinions upon love and marriage, instantly lost his heart, and determined to try and win her.

Ralph Heathcote

Louise de Trott was the very reverse of the type he had pictured to his mother. Quite young and absolutely inexperienced, her beauty, ancient name, and sweet character were the only fortune she had to bestow.

Mrs. Heathcote was delighted at her son's determination to marry and at his choice. The wedding took place very quietly one morning, with only the nearest relations present, Ralph disliking the idea of a brilliant function. Cassel society was completely taken by surprise.

His mother's house was the acknowledged centre of Cassel diplomatic and court society; people used to meet there after the play for music and boston. On the evening of the wedding friends dropped in as usual, whereupon Mrs. Heathcote mentioned that her son's bride, Louise de Trott, who, as had been the case during all these last evenings, was present and employed in pouring out tea, was now her daughter-in-law, having been married to her son that morning.

The union proved a very happy one. His mother, as she had always planned, shared his happy family life until her death. Such happy plans are seldom fulfilled, but here all the fond wishes so touchingly expressed in these letters came to pass. His marriage made my grandfather change all his plans. Although with his family he repeatedly visited his native country and his friends and intended to settle there altogether,

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the move was always deferred, and the idea finally abandoned.

He died at Cassel ; and rests with all those he loved in the peaceful old cemetery there, under the shade of wide-spreading oaks.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Note on Sir Brook Taylor

SIR BROOK TAYLOR, born 30 December, 1776, was the third son of the Rev. Edward Taylor, of Bifrons, near Canterbury (nephew of Dr. Brook Taylor, LL.D., the friend of Newton), and of his wife, Margaret Payler. He and his brothers were taken abroad to Germany and Italy from 1786-92 by their father, who was, with Arthur Young, interested in agriculture, and in the last year three of them entered the Foreign Office. His immediate elder brother, Sir Herbert Taylor, became Secretary in succession to the Duke of York, George III, Queen Charlotte, and William IV. On 1 February, 1801, Brook Taylor was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Elector of Cologne, and on 4 August to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, with the results that we read of in Ralph Heathcote's letters. In 1814 he for a time was in attendance on the afflicted King George III, relieving his brother, and was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Wurtemberg. While in this position in 1818 he was commissioned (by power under the Great Seal which is given in the Appendix) to treat for the marriage of the Duke of Kent and the Princess Dowager of Leiningen, the parents of Queen Victoria; and in 1820 he was transferred to Munich. In 1822 he was created G.C.H.,

Ralph Heathcote

and in 1828 was Minister Plenipotentiary to Berlin, being made a Privy Councillor in that year also. In 1831 he was sent on a special mission to Italy to negotiate with the Pope. This ended his official career, and he died unmarried at Eaton Place, London, 15 October, 1846.

[COPY]

*Power under the Great Seal appointing Brook Taylor
Commissioner to arrange the marriage contract of the
Duke of Kent and the Princess Dowager of Lein-
ingen.*

In the Name and on the Behalf of His Majesty,
(Signed) GEORGE P. R.

GEORGE THE THIRD, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, King of Hanover, &c. &c. &c. To All and Singular to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting! Having consented that a Marriage shall be solemnized between His Royal Highness The Duke of Kent, and Her Serene Highness The Princess Dowager of Leiningen, Sister of His Serene Highness the Reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Saalfeld; And it being expedient to have the Marriage Contract drawn up in due form, and signed without delay, We have judged it proper to appoint some fit and able Person for that purpose, to treat, conjointly with such Person or Persons as shall be nominated on the part of His Serene Highness The Reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Saalfeld: Know Ye, therefore, that We reposing entire Confidence in the Fidelity, Judgment, Skill, and Abilities in managing great Affairs, of Our Trusty and Well beloved Brook Taylor Esquire, His Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Our

Appendix

Good Brother and Cousin The King of Wurtemberg, have nominated, constituted, and appointed him, as We do by these Presents nominate, constitute, and appoint him His Majesty's true, certain, and undoubted Commissioner, Procurator, and Plenipotentiary : Giving and Granting to him all and all manner of Power and Authority to meet the Minister or Ministers of His said Serene Highness The Reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Saalfeld, properly vested with similar Power and Authority, to treat with them on the Conditions of the Marriage to be solemnized between His Royal Highness The Duke of Kent, and Her Serene Highness the Princess Dowager of Leiningen, to sign, in His Majesty's Name, the Instrument or Compact of Marriage thus concluded, and to do and perform all other requisite Acts in as ample manner and form and with the like Validity and Effect, as We Ourself could do, if Personally Present : Engaging and Promising on the part of His Majesty, that whatever Things shall be transacted and concluded by His Majesty's said Commissioner and Plenipotentiary, shall be agreed upon, acknowledged, and accepted by Us in the fullest manner, and that We will never suffer, either in the whole or in part, any Person whatsoever to infringe or act contrary thereto.— In witness whereof, We have signed these Presents in the Name and on the Behalf of His Majesty, and have caused to be affixed thereto, the Great Seal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.—Given at the Palace of Carlton House, the thirty-first day of July, in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighteen, and in the Fifty-Eighth Year of His Majesty's Reign.

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