

July 20 1790

His Royal Highness
Prince Ernest
Göttingen

I cannot help troubling you with a few lines My Dearest I need not say how happy I am to hear that you have got thro' the Measles so well & your Brother also - Now that it is over I am rejoiced about it, but I own I was very sorry at first All your friends here thank God for it now. William is sail'd in Barington's Fleet, they are now at Anchor in Torbay, waiting there till further Orders I never saw any body happier than he is. It would do you good to see his zeal for the Sea Service. My Two Eldest Brothers were with us Yesterday they are both very well & go soon to Brighton - We have had a very good account of Edward from Captⁿ Crawford who is just returned from Gibraltar where he left him very well & happy having at present the Command of the Queens Regiment of Infantry, and he will be happier soon as his own Regiment the Fusiliers will arrive there & may probably be there by this time as it sail'd about 3 Weeks ago - I am sure you as well as every body are very happy to hear of P^r Heathfield.

Death. I am sure I thanked God for it. for indeed he was an Object of pity -
 He could scarce walk & was so obstinate that he never would be helped. I have
 been in danger of being thrown down by him at St James's at least I used
 to think he must die of standing there. for he dragged me. by most dreadfully
 and he had lost the use of one hand so that I assure you he was the most
 melancholy sight I ever beheld. His hat was buttoned to his head for he
 held a stick in his hand to support himself - However by the Messengers
I will send you a Head of him which was done just after he returned
from Gibraltar when he was in Gods health the likeliest thing you ever
saw. I bought it for myself as soon as he was dead for I would not
have it before when he was walking about like a Ghost & dying by
 Inches. He was a fine gallant Old Soldier & I wish to God he
had died two years ago. for ~~People~~ the News Papers are so good as to
forget what he did for us & how much we owe to him & are

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Cruelly insulting his Memory by a Parcel of idle Tales & are talking advan-
tage of his second childhood to make game of him - That is not like
the generous English. - Pray write to me soon I long to see you again
& to tell you how much I love you for the mean while you must believe
it as it is most true. Oh! I fancy you know it - My best love to
My Brothers. believe me most affly a truly Yours -

A S -

July 20th 1790 -
Windsor

The person who
is hereby told
that the
writing must
be kept
secret

1177

While the University of Oxford was assembled for the purpose of presenting Lord Heathfield (General Elliot) with an honorary degree it was for some time a doubt what degree they should give his Lordship, when an eminent dignitary of the church very pointedly replied, "Why, we must make him a Doctor of Canon law to be sure."

1787

On Monday Lord Heathfield reviewed his regiment of dragoons on Hounslow-Heath, when his Lordship was pleased to express his satisfaction of the appearance of the regiment; and upon leaving the ground ordered a guinea to be given to each Serjeant, 5s. to the Corporals, and 2s. 6d. to every private in the regiment.

1790

The late Lord Heathfield raised the first regiment of Light Dragoons in the British service, in the year 1750; it is the only regiment in England which never changed its Colonel.

1185

Lord HEATHFIELD, it is said, goes back to Gibraltar next month;—or at furthest! only waits the return of the King's Birth day:—He may be saluted by a battery, and be complimented by an explosion of powder; but not one heart in all the garrison will give him a welcome in silent sincerity!

An INSTALLATION of *Knights of the Bath* will be celebrated at Westminster Abbey towards the latter end of July:—Twelve Knights will be installed; amongst whom will be Sir *George Augustus Elliot!*

For the MORNING CHRONICLE.

A few extempore LINES.

ELLIOT, a name that's d' be dear
To ev'ry English heart—
Thank Heaven that we can boast of Two
Super'our in their art.

Sir John is sent by Heav'n's decree,
A thousand lives to save:
He, by his Esculapi'n cart,
Doth keep us from the grave.

His Skill, wher'e consumption lurks,
Is GREAT beyond belief;
When he appears, he's *sure* to bring
The sickn'd heart relief.

The *General* too shall have our thanks,
And surely our support;
His valour humbl'd haughty Spain,
And all's sav'd our fort.

Gibraltar is again secur'd

By *Hercules* and *Elliot's* care;

Then let us all *re-joice* sing

An banish black despair.

Despair might surely take her flight

For ever from this

While we can have *such* public men,

Britannia ought to smile.

A. P.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD HEATHFIELD.

By THE SAME.

JUSTLY, great Heathfield, we mourn thee
Dead;

Our praise, our glory, and deliverer, fled!

Where shall we turn our sorrows for relief?

Where find a subject for an after-grief?

To this ungrateful *Earth* Heaven denies
What in a distant grateful age may rise.

Bath, October 1.