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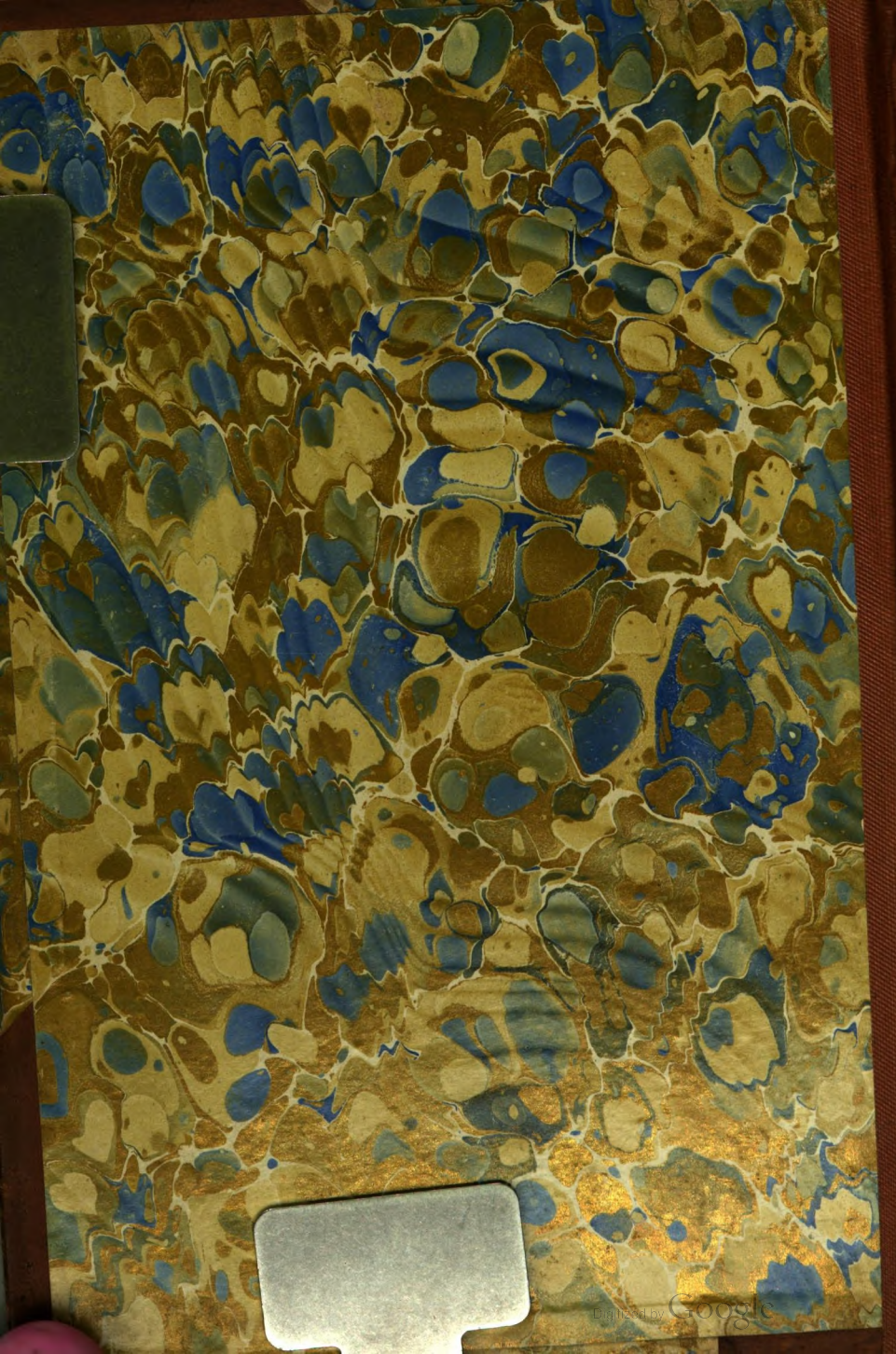
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A. A. Yorke.



Manuscript

LETTERS  
OF  
HENRIETTA RATTRAY

TO HER SONS IN INDIA,

A.D. 1800 TO 1814.

---

Patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest.

*King Lear.*

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Printed by  
SPOTTISWOODE & CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.  
1878.



She was christened at  
St Botolph Aldersgate Street &c  
on Dec: 11. 1751. - The Parish  
Register of St Botolph for instance  
so it is probable that she was  
born in London & not at Greatport  
Hamp.

The "Duke of Athol" Indiaman  
commanded by Capt. Rattray, & the  
burning of the vessel off headland is  
mentioned in Bellamy's "Memories"  
Vol III.



## INTRODUCTION.

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HENRIETTA RATTRAY was one of three daughters, children of Robert and Elizabeth Henshaw. She was born on December 3, 1751, at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, and married James Rattray, of Arthurstone, in Strathmore, Perthshire, N.B. Her husband was in the naval service of the Honourable East India Company, and commanded the Athol, East Indiaman, burnt off Madras in 1783, and subsequently the *Phœnix*. She died at Wimbledon in 1818.

James and Henrietta Rattray had several children. Henrietta and Jane died in their childhood, in 1780 and 1796 respectively. Their eldest son, James, was born 1776, and entered the civil service of the Honourable East India Company, on the Bengal Establishment. He died at Calcutta in 1818.

The second son was Robert Haldane, who was born on November 26, 1781. At eight years of age he was sent to Winchester School. When thirteen

years of age he was a midshipman in the British navy, which he left at the more tempting offer of a 'writership' in the civil service of the Honourable East India Company. He entered as a 'Writer' in 1800, and retired from the service in 1851, holding at that time the post of Senior Judge of the *Sudder Dewanee* and *Nizamuth Adaluth*, at Calcutta. He died there in 1860, at the age of eighty.

The youngest, William, was born in 1786. He entered the military service of the Honourable East India Company, and died at Koonch, Upper India, in 1813.

Their only surviving daughter, Elizabeth, married Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, a captain in the British navy. She died at the age of thirty-six, in 1812.

Subsequent to their departure for India, Henrietta Rattray saw none of her sons again. Her letters to them, here printed, depict her sorrow at this separation, which was intensified by the delay and uncertainty of communication with India in those days.

The following record of affection to the memory of his mother is left by my father, Robert Haldane Rattray. 'Of this *mother* I know not how to speak. In *my* eyes she was the embodied perfection of all that is good and beautiful. She was very clever; had been exceedingly well instructed and brought up;

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and was as elegant as polished teaching, joined to a natural grace of action and manner, could render her. Her personal attractions were acknowledged by all. She was fair but not *pale*; her figure tall and rather full, but most delicately formed, with well-rounded limbs, and small hands and feet. The expression of her handsome face—with her large, speaking hazel eyes and the enchanting smile to which they gave animation—was the sweetest I ever looked upon. Her hair was long and wavy and of a rich glossy brown. I will only add—without the *power* of exaggeration—that altogether she was one of the most fascinating of God's creation, and as fair in mind as in person. She was the idol of her family, and the admired and approved of *all*.'

A. RATTRAY.

21 TALBOT ROAD, LONDON, W.  
*September, 1878.*



LETTERS  
OF  
HENRIETTA RATTRAY.

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I.

SOUTHAMPTON : May 14, 1800.



THANK God I am . . . . .  
. . . . . by him to some young  
friends of mine in India, but I have been  
so hurried as not to have time.

I am, my dear Madam,

Yours very truly,

R. S. . . .

This is the letter from a true disinterested friend whose counsels growing out of . . . and friendship I ought to follow. I hope you will think so too, and that under his banner I may yet continue as I am till this affair is decided of Miss S. and Barnfield. Add to this letter a very kind one from Aunt Betsy,

NOTE. The greater part of the first portion of the manuscript of this journal is illegible from age and decay.

in which she says she is going to Southend to give poor little Robert sea-bathing. I infer that the J.'s will go with her. It has been the yearly custom ; but that will be known to me most probably by to-morrow's post. I own to my dearest children that I am more inclined to remain than to unroof myself. If your father will, as Steuart seems to think, sign, I shall be most easy in my circumstances. And now I propose to do thus—to work on here, which Steuart will show me how to do, till July. Your sister then must leave me ; and then I will offer myself as a visitor, on terms, to your Aunt J. for two or three months ; leave Sally here on board wages ; send James home, and return with either S. H. (whose little which she already pays in Ilford will indemnify me) or your Aunt H. In the meantime I have a superabundance of furniture. What I can choose to dispose of Hookey shall put into the first auction he has, as he did Mrs. Green's old chairs, and that will assist in the business of clearing all my debts. Such is the prospect which I contemplate, and if I realise it, I own I shall be happier if I could do as I have done on my income. Surely now that my dearest Robert is provided for I cannot fear, but I shall sit easy on it ; but it all turns on what your father will do. After July I can but adopt the plan of selling. I write to Steuart directly, and shall send up the copy, opinion, &c. I have seen



Galpine, who is to send the copies Steuart speaks of this night to . . . . .

*May 29.*—A long interval in this, my beloved son, but you have been too near me, and indeed have, you know, in a manner been present since the above few lines were penned to permit me to gather together spirits cool enough to begin to journalise. But now, ah, my Robert! you are indeed no more expected. No more letters do I look for. I pause, for thoughts will occur, although I really will not count them, of anxious hue.

I received your last dear letter of dutiful remembrance of me which you wrote on Sunday from Torbay.<sup>1</sup> I answered it, but the wind having been more favourable since Sunday than it has yet appeared to be since you departed, I expect to have it returned. It is a painful thought that you did not get one of my letters after you last left me. I wrote every day. How blessedly mild has been the weather! Now do I raise my heart in humble thankfulness to the Almighty Power that disdains not to consider His creature's comforts. This serenity of weather does away one very bitter part of my present feelings, and keeps up my spirits; and your letters breathe such a spirit of cheerfulness as cannot fail to communicate itself to a mamma's heart.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Haldane Rattray sailed for Calcutta in the India fleet which left Southampton on May 22, 1800. Owing to a gale in the English Channel, the fleet was obliged to put into Torbay, from whence it sailed finally on June 2.

We go on as usual, hitherto exactly so, and excepting that both Yorke and Betsy seem to think I have lost my first happiness, and are more tenderly attentive to me. The *Fason* went out of harbour yesterday. He went away by seven yesterday morning. She had a famous wind. I ought to tell you that Sir Thomas Williams dined here on Sunday. Ever kind, sympathetic, and pleasant in his manner! How can it be otherwise, for his good heart dictates to his words! I have finally settled with the Molloys. They are to come on the 1st of July, and my sister J. receives me on my own terms; so I look forward, my dear Bob, to a three months at least of most cheerful society, where you will be our frequent theme, and where I may give some little happiness I trust, for I would fain hope, with so much of the will in my bosom, I have not yet wholly lost the power. You also will be pleased to receive this determination. Yes, as far as anything in this mutable world can be fixed, if I live, I go to Bisson's the last week in June. I have the pleasure to tell you that Jem is by no means distressed at my parting with him. I have seen his father, and find that he wishes to bring him up under himself to succeed as gamekeeper to Mr. Dance. Both father and son have acted handsomely by me. This has for some time been their plan, but they would not have mentioned it until I could have been well accommodated with another servant. As to Sally, I have desired Captain Mitford to ask Mrs.

Molloy to let her remain the three months in the house, as is often done, as housemaid, under the idea that she may wish to leave her, if trusty, in London. I have not yet got her answer, but if it is a denial, I think your sister will take her for a housemaid.

I rose this morning at half after six. The wind tends to S.W. again to-day, but I am assured by everybody that you are clear of the Channel. Oh, God grant it! At eight o'clock your sister was not stirring, so having some time to wait for my breakfast, I took up the good resolution of beginning my journal to the best of children. I begin to be a little tired, dear, and yawny, for I am not very much given to employment before breakfast; and so adieu, my dear love. I need not wish you a good appetite to yours, I dare hope.

*May 30.*—After tea. I am alone, my Robert; but do not feel any regret as you read it, for indeed it's an amazing relief to me, and permits of this my best and most agreeable employ. I will resume the thread I broke off yesterday morning, and bring you down to this point, half after seven, Friday evening.

We went out airing yesterday, towards Netley Common, on the Gosport Road, and then got out of the carriage and strolled about the heath for an hour. It gave both of us appetites to our dinner, to which we expected Captain Yorke, but he came not. This distressed your sister and filled her full of fancies, as she had no letter in the morning. However, we

took a nice walk in the evening pretty late, and passed an hour in interesting and good-humoured chat, and went to bed at 10. *Apropos*, to remark. This has been the second long walk I have taken of an evening which has agreed with me miraculously.

This morning we impatiently expected our letters. Ah, my Robert, I did not look for another from thy beloved hand. But to proceed. Betsy received one from Captain Yorke: a court-martial on to-day, another on Saturday; and to say he could not bear to be so separated from her for his short remaining stay, and that he wished for her immediate setting off after the receipt of his letter. Of course, I strengthened his argument. She went, and the carriage meets them again on Saturday, at Botley, at 3 o'clock.

I wrote the letter as you desired me, love, by the *Abundance*, and Captain Yorke is to deliver it himself to the captain of that ship, and to ask his very especial care of it as a great favour. Whether you will ever get it, I cannot say. There seems a tide of bad luck against my letters to you, dear, which afflicts me, because I see a filial, tender anxiety in yours of to-day, which has caused a fresh flow of tears from my eyes, for I cannot bear the thought of your having a heartache. I have also written to Plymouth. If you get that letter it will cost you something, for Captain Yorke being from home, I, of course, had no frank for it. This is rather too early a period after our separation to trust myself on the chapter of feelings.

My study is to keep all under subjection, but such as will not do me harm to indulge in, and I therefore am as much as I can be with you in what I conceive the most cheerful moments of your day, and draw my consolations from telling myself your scenes must be too busy to admit of much melancholy reflection. This regulation of my wandering thoughts, which is considerably brightened by your making me so well acquainted with your friends and your neighbours, your dormitory, and your station at table, &c. &c.; with the great and indescribable support which I derive from considering your excellent principles and your happy trust in the God . . . all created things, with my firm faith in His power and mercy, supports me; and when I wrote you to-day in both my letters that I was really better than I had been these three months past, I wrote the purest truth; for the bitterest pang is over, and I humbly hope to meet again. I must check myself. You see I run into the style I said I would for some time try to avoid. I will only talk of trifling occurrences, I am resolved.

Old James is now nailing down my new Scotch summer carpet, value 7*l.* odd. It looks very neat, and I mean hereafter to make it serviceable as a green-cloth for my handsome Wilton one, which is peppered and folded away safe from the moths. I have removed my cabinet and chimney ornamentals, and rendered the room an easy everyday apartment, which I am sure the M.'s will make it, and shall quit my house

without one care about it, and give myself up to the consolation of dear sisters and nieces with confidence of finding my comfort in it. The interior is my repository. A padlock placed on the door secures a safe asylum for all I shall want to stow away. The two candlesticks, which I now value beyond my best silver ones, are papered and put away, and will ever be preserved with grateful remembrance by me, my dear, affectionate child. Oh, Bob! memory *will* bring forward scenes and times it behoves me to forget, for some time at least.

William Dixon will, I trust, deliver this to you. His captain has taken leave, and his ship is hourly expected round. Poor fellow! His family are extremely good to us, and I heartily hope he will prosper. He came and sat an hour in our little *boudoir* in the dusk of the evening last Wednesday, and then the wind was completely fair, and I was all hope that you were having the benefit of it in the bay—short-sighted mortals that we are!

The Ogles, my neighbours, entreated me earnestly to partake of their mutton to-day, but I should have sat on thorns instead of amusing and diverting my thoughts by employment at home. I did call there this morning in a little walk I took, because I thought it wholesome, and they most cordially pressed me; but I really have no time, luckily, for visits, for I embrace the liberty I have of being alone to-day and to-morrow with a determination of making the most



use of it. The evening is mild and sweet, God be praised! Adieu. One word more: Launay has your sister again for a pupil. She took an Italian lesson yesterday. Poor man, his scholars are nearly all gone, yet he is cheerful.

*May 31.*—The squally weather, my Robert, discomforts me; the wind is at every point of the compass in the hour. Alas, alas! I cannot but fear that your fleet will surely feel it; and the apprehension of it makes me most sick. Last night the zephyrs only fanned the warm air; to-day the winds are let loose. I assure you I bear up against it surprisingly. This morning's post brought me a letter from dear sister J.; everything you could wish. One also from the Molloyes, to say they shall be particularly happy if I can spare a good housemaid to them, as they would wish to leave theirs in London. Is not this lucky? I shall now be sure all the furniture I leave will be well kept. A letter I have also had from your sister this morning from Portsmouth. They return not till to-morrow. I assure you that being alone is so far from rendering me low and unhappy, that I enjoy it, for I am twice as much occupied as when civil attention to a guest binds me to a chair half the day, because I will not leave them alone. She writes me that the *Abundance* is not at Portsmouth, and therefore she will bring back my letter. Tiresome to write so fruitlessly, when I am so anxious that you should receive a letter from me. I wonder if there is

any chance of this gale causing you to return? If you do, you will have my letter directed to Plymouth, for in the address I have thus written: 'If this letter is delivered, the bearer will be rewarded by Mr. Rattray.'

It is just three o'clock. I am going to dinner alone, but I am really not a bit the less disposed to eat, for your sister's heart and solitudes are so much with Captain Yorke, that she is but a dull companion, and the call upon me to furnish amusement for her is at present more than I am quite equal to. If she is not somewhat amused, her spirits lower mine instead of raising them. While at Portsmouth I know she is happy, and I know she is not so when he is there and she is left here. Thus I philosophise, my Robert, and the same *feel* towards you causes the same sort of resignation to the inexpressible loss of your dear attention, your dutiful solitudes, and the joy of your presence; for keeping by my side would have been a very degrading thing for a young man like you. And when a bitter sigh rises I check it ere half breathed, by the thought of your opening prospects and the new character of manly independence you have entered on.

Ere this paper reaches thee, my beloved Robert, I trust you will have exchanged hands and hearts with my dear James. You will have related to him all my various adventures, and led him again into an intimate knowledge of those dear and interesting

stories which I am confident that he has not neglected through indifference about our welfare. He will feel all the sacred rights of natural affection to blend again with a mother who I trust he cannot recall to memory without such emotions as will make him joyfully enter into a share of this kind of communication. Henceforth then, my dearest sons, I write to both. When anything incomprehensible to James meets his eye, Robert will explain. May your love as brothers be proverbial, and may ye in each other find that rare treasure—a friend!

And now, my dear children, I go to my dinner, comforted and consoled by the pleasant imagery I have presented my own mind with. Adieu!

Four o'clock.—I have eat a great deal of asparagus, a little boiled chicken, and some gooseberry tart. I need not say how I could have relished it had I had a son with me. However, we must not talk too much of that yet. Doctor Mackie has just been in. He did not guess I had dined, and I did not tell him. He has cheered me by what he tells me, that this day, though squally, has upon the whole been favourable for you as to the wind. Pray, dear love, compare your journal with mine this last day of May, and see whether he is right or wrong. I leave you to attend a blacksmith, who is going to fix a lock on my repository. Every trifle I give myself up to, my dear creatures, that can possibly prevent too much meditation.

*Whitsunday, June 1, 1800.*—I am returned from church, where I all alone, and softened by recollections most dear, gave myself up to the most fervent desire of making acceptable prayer to the Almighty for my beloved children—all ; for myself, then for my foes, &c. &c. I have been rewarded for my proper resolution to go alone by hearing one of the finest and most consolatory discourses from your fellow-voyager, Mr. Ogle, that my ear was ever blessed with. Could I do it justice in the detail, I would really try to send it for the edification of my two dear sons, but I should rob it of that fine style which dignified the theme, which was the promise of the assistance of God's Holy Spirit to help our incapacity to do always what we wish to do. If we generally prayed to God (with faith in His power) for such assistance, it was to a humble spirit (somewhat tried) most soothing.

The carriage is gone for Captain Yorke and Betsy from Botley. I expect them soon. I met the Dixons at church, and have asked them in to tea to-morrow. It's not more odd than true, that now *you* are not here I like the girl, because I really believe she had a partiality for you which had nothing in it at all alarming. But, in fact, she appeared bold, and I had my disquiets lest your heart might have been seized by the forwardness of her manner. Now I am partial to her, and though I think her still vulgar and forward, yet I can do justice to her having a great deal of kindness in her nature, and can esteem her affection

for her brothers. There is on a visit to them a Bombay old gentleman. He is to come too. He knows Monsieur Mon Frère. When I know his name I'll tell it to you, my dears.

A charming east wind prevails this day. It *literally* agrees with me better than the west, for it blows overland and is dry: generally thought pernicious on that account, but to my habit it is very salutary, and to my mind just now most medicinal. On my letter to Torbay (franked and directed by Captain Yorke) was the request to have it returned if not delivered. What am I to conjecture? No returned letter nor any from thee, my Robert! I begin to conclude you are really clear off. The phrase is bitter, but not so the circumstance. Alas! it is my most earnest wish that it may be so, though it wrings my heart to write it. Poor Gozle is a great comfort to me. If I am dull, she sympathises; and if I can raise my spirits high enough to talk of you to her, she enters into my subject with so genuine an air of kindness and affection, as if she rejoiced to hear me. I always at times liked her. I now love her, and find her one of my greatest helps.

I am going to answer my dear Grace's letter, and shall not forget your love to all but Annie, because you don't like her a bit. Adieu, adieu!

*Monday, June 2.*—I waited yesterday till seven o'clock, my Robert, for these thoughtless folks. However, they came, and that soon put away my

cross-patch fit. Your sister is quite the better for the incessant racket she has been in since she left me. Poor Captain Yorke quite knocked up and as nervous and fidgety after dinner as ever. She has after all, I sometimes think, the better stamina of the two. We have been out this morning for a drive. The rain is come on, and has sent us in. Your brother James has written a letter to your sister. I cannot say any more to it just now. It has lowered my spirits considerably ; and as the whole India fleet are in, I will wait and see if there is one for me, because I will not be unjust or rash. Adieu, my son ! My affectionate Robert, do not *you* slight me too !

*Tuesday, June 3.*—You are proceeding now, my dearest Robert, under the influence of the still favourable wind, and are out of the way of the least fear of the French fleet stopping your progress, for it seems certain that they are out ; and did I not from all quarters receive assurances that you must be so much ahead of them as to defy their endeavours, I should indeed tremble. Eternal Goodness and Power ! oh, protect and defend them, and breathe peace into our too apprehensive bosoms !

James's letter to your sister (the second she has received, while I have not had one,) addresses *me* in two or three passages, but merely as any other kind friend or acquaintance ; but he says that he has sent me his picture, and that it is very like him. It shall plead his cause, and I will complain no more. But



on this occasion I trust that his sentiments and ideas are changed since he wrote that letter. It was the copy of his mind ten months ago. He gives hopes that Mr. Harington<sup>1</sup> was on the point of procuring an appointment for him. I pray God that it may have taken place and settled his purposes. But, alas! if once the rational plan of living frugally in India in order to return to England to live at ease with the friends you regret to quit and long to see again—if, I say, once this plan is given up, farewell the cheering prospect; it recedes, it disappears. My heart swells with all that an affectionate, a really fond mother can feel of disappointment and sorrow, deferring thus from year to year any comfortable account of accumulation of fortune: and in place of those cordial tidings, complainings and regrets. Ah, who can fail to droop under such blighted hopes of once again beholding children so beloved! My dearest Robert, our conversations on this most interesting subject are all fresh in my mind. I draw from what you have said a great deal of satisfaction, and earnestly pray to God to keep you steady in every resolution with which you left this country. Perhaps *your* ardour to return to us may reconcile the spirit of attempt in dear James, and open his eyes to the deplorable folly of wasting that property (without which here he cannot hope for any

<sup>1</sup> Robert Henshaw, the brother of Henrietta Rattray, the writer of this journal, married Sophy, a sister of John Herbert Harington, who died a Member of Council at Calcutta about the year 1820.

kind of happiness, as you have well observed) in a country he loves not, and in a climate less propitious to him than his own, to any hope of happy establishment.

A remarkable stroke of ill-luck has fallen on some of the passengers in the just arrived fleet from India. At the back of the Isle of Wight they were taken by a French privateer, the fruits of a too great impatience to get on shore. I deplore their fate. I heard this from Dixon last night, and it seems the packets of many of the ships were also in the same vessel, and also are gone. If I hear no more from my dear James than through the medium of his sister's letters, I may be simple enough to blind my better judgment, and force myself to conclude that my letters are among the taken ones: but I certainly shall not write any more letters to him until my last is answered.

The Dixons and the Bombay stranger came last night. His name is Guise, a native of the Strath, near Glamis. He was a physican there (Bombay), and knew much about your uncle H. But it is four years since he left India, so that I know later things of my brother than he does. Lucy looked well last night, and seems very much improved by her visit in London. She played a good deal. Indeed, upon the whole, I do not think there is any family here more hospitable, more friendly, than these Dixons are, and I heartily hope the young men will attain all

the advantages of the situation they are going to, and meet with friendship and kindness. Their ship is thought to be round to-day. They are gone to Spithead with all their luggage.

Mrs. Yorke is expected to-night at the Lodge. To-morrow, June 4, Captain Yorke is, of course, invited to dine at Admiral Milbanke's, and your sister is to go to the ball at Portsmouth with Lady C. Durham, and other grandees, among whom is the fair lady who turned her back upon you. You don't forget, I dare say. They leave me again to-morrow morning, and then I shall re-commence my rummages. They have gotten a lodging at Portsmouth, because now he is obliged to be there almost every other day; and certainly they have judged right. One great cause of their fixing was lest poor Betsy should be obliged to stay at the lodge if Mrs. Yorke chose to be very gracious and say, 'Since you have no house,' &c. Now there will be no plea, and it would be very hard to wish to keep them asunder at this period of approaching separation.

I have presented all my plants to Mrs. Munton. I could not leave them unless with an idea of their being properly tended, and they are received as a treasure, because I have quite given them. Captain Yorke regrets that the French fleet are out and the *Fason* still stationary. But all is for the best.

I wrote Steuart yesterday, proposing a plan to him for my accommodation. I feel myself a little checked

in this subject, from the idea of the risk which letters are exposed to, and therefore will proceed no farther at present ; but this one remark, that I am quite convinced it is impolitic to have *any* pecuniary transactions with relations, and that if you are in want of a little sum of money it is better to raise it, as others do, from professed money-lenders, to whom there is no obligation, and to whom you pay a settled legal interest. This mode gives you tranquillity, and fits you to lay down a plan for curtailing expenses without distressing your feelings. I expect his answer in a day or two, and you shall know it. I am going out with Betsy for an airing. These drives do me a world of good, and I assure thee, my dear, dear love, the amendment of my looks strikes everybody. God protect thee !

*June 4.*—After tea. The rain is almost incessant. It again cut our airing short yesterday, but the dawdling about the street and shopping was of some service. I have not had any letter yet, and shall soon give up the hope of one. Heigho ! what can't be cured must be endured. Betsy went off by eleven to Portsmouth. Again I am alone ; but really, was it not so to happen, I must give up all thought of putting my affairs in order, and when I can say to myself, ' She is coming back again,' I find no hour in her absence but what I can quite fill up ; so, of course, my Robert, I do not sit in brooding sadness. No, indeed I do not. Times there are, certainly, when

I find the tears will flow—and who can wonder or blame? If *I* have not a cause for pensive contemplation, what can ever be called such? Heaven preserve thee, most dear Robert, and may the blessings which follow thee from a grateful, approving mother's heart fall on thy head, and comfort thy soul in every hour of reflection!

Who do you think just now broke in upon my meditations? Hewit. He is appointed to convoy troops to Lisbon, and they are to embark from hence. He wears a pleasanter face than he did, I think. You were most kindly spoken of by him, and he indulged me by asking a number of questions about you. You remember, my love, you wrote to your Aunt Henshaw during the few last days you were here. She answered it a few days ago to me, and it is in a style so grateful to my fond affection for you. I shall send the original letter. Your sister and I had a most endearing *éclaircissement* yesterday which has made me feel very comfortable. She had a letter from Miss Paisley this morning which had this passage in it: 'My father has just had letters from Lord St. Vincent, which completely give the lie to the report of the French fleet being at sea.' It is so dark I must ring for candles and say good night, love. God bless you!

*June 6.*—Yesterday, my dearest Bob, I began upon a close inspection of my papers, and sat at the fatiguing employ till I was thoroughly tired and unequal to

proceed. I meant to write a little to you, but could not find the mood, and dedicated the afternoon to a little needlework, the reading of a tolerable novel, and to the Dixons, father and son, with a Mr. Bechir, only four months ago arrived here, to return no more, from Moorshedabad, where he lived in habits of great intimacy with our dear James. He was brought to see me by the Dixons, and I have gathered more account of James from him in one hour's conversation than I have yet been able to obtain in all the term of his absence. He is, as I told you, quite a young man, *and returns no more to India.* James will describe his history to you if you wish it. I know no more of him but that he has three brothers yet in India. He interested me highly. He detailed trifling local circumstances which have introduced me to the society of Moorshedabad. I find that Mrs. Mitchell and the Commodore live within three miles of it; that James is a capital horseman, and keeps some five hunters; that he is a very fine fellow, and the pleasantest companion in the world, but that he is thoroughly attentive to business, and acquitted himself in the absence of Mr. Fendall with so much judgment as to receive the thanks of Government. In short, he has poured a healing balm over the wounds dear James's silence inflicted; and I am so very desirous to conciliate, that I do not scruple to say, for God's sake, my dear, dear James, do not forget me; do not kill me by your silence, by your appearing totally regardless



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of me, whose thought of you and your brothers never leaves its residence in my anxious breast.

I feel there is no such thing as keeping up resentment against any of ye, my dear children, do what ye will. I say I will become indifferent in return for slight and neglect, but the least discourse about ye, the most trifling word of affection, or act of attention and kindness, subdues all my discontent and convinces me the love of a mother is interwoven with every nerve, every fibre of her heart: and until that heart ceases to beat, its comfort, its anguish is equally promoted, as those strong and powerful engines are applied, of kindness or unkindness.

I mentioned to Mr. B. the style of dissatisfaction which afflicted me in dear James's letter. His answer was: 'By this time all that dissatisfaction is at an end; I dare say he is at this hour a *Collector*, and getting money very fast.' He says he is like me, dear: you will judge. A poor compliment to him, poor fellow. But his picture, he says, is like him—I mean Jem says so. Ah, my dear James, let me have a little of your remembrance of me, of your affection, not merely the shadow, and I shall again be as happy as a fond mother can be bereft of her young. Oh, my sons, dear hopes of my declining days; ah! in pity to me, unite in the amiable resolution of being frugal and careful to lay up the wherewithal for returning to enjoy your respectable connections in this your native land. Robert, my dear fellow, paint to

James all I could say by way of inducement to him to make that object his Polar star. May a blessing attend your meeting together! I feel that there will.

The Yorkes are not yet returned. Salter was here by three o'clock, and the horses were ordered to Botley. He brought me a message not to wait dinner, as they should take an early dinner at Portsmouth and be here in the evening, Lady Charlotte Durham with them, for C. D. sailed yesterday with the Gibraltar convoy, not the East India. But they came not. I suppose Durham put back, and Lady C. D. would not let them away, or they are gone to the Lodge, or somewhere or other. I am crammed with dainties which I procure for them and which I like not, for I expect them every day, and, of course, must prepare.

I've a letter from Steuart to-day. He advised me to wait until the last moment, for he thinks I must have a favourable answer from the north. I shall follow his advice, but I cannot go from Southampton without fulfilling my engagements with tradespeople. I can reduce my scale of living to an inch long, but I cannot endure to be in debt.

I don't detail our morning visitors, for generally 'not at home' is the order of the day. I have a little pack of cards of this morning's production. John Mayo is to go with Hewit as servant. Hewit is 'Agent of Transports.' I suspect it's a very good thing. I ought rather to say, I hope it is a good thing, for I am sure I wish him well. Poor Mrs.

Mayo, what will she do! You remember, Bob, I fully designed not to enter my chariot again, but I am obliged to pay the tax for one half-year more by having it in use after April 5. This is a piece of information I have had from Turner, and I find it so. We were, you know, love, in London, and on the road, on the 7th and 8th—so strict are the assessors now! At B. . . it will stand in Mr. Ibbetson's coach-house, so I will save the expense of hiring a place. I shall sell it after all, for I cannot keep it, only I would fain not give it away, and the offers made are next to nothing for it. Well, love, we have had a long chat this morning. I must now unfix myself from my chair and trot about. Ah, dear Robert, when shall I again be tenderly kissed by you, and hear the expression, 'Where's Mum?'

*June 7.*—Captain Yorke and your sister came in yesterday at four o'clock. He set off presently after for the Lodge, and she took to the couch; so again my nicely prepared dinner was sent almost untouched to the regions below. She was fagged to death and looked sadly. I was not sorry he went and left her here. I had her all to myself, and nursed her into a more comfortable feel of herself. Her looks fretted me sadly, but, thank God! they are improved this morning. He slept at the Lodge, and she took Charles<sup>1</sup> to-day. They are not yet returned, and I shall not wait tea after 7. I have not yet seen Mrs

<sup>1</sup> Charles Yorke.

Y.: Betsy, not until to-day. They have fixed on lodgings at Portsmouth, and mean to leave me in less than a week. I have crept on without much apparent fuss, and have only to take an inventory, therefore, I shall soon go too. My heart swells with a kind of pang as I look forward to the turning my back on my home; but you are gone, and the mementos of your having rendered it delightful to me will be all I shall have to regret, for your dear sister must leave me. Yet, how dear is every inanimate object which together we arranged and placed and ornamented each room with! When I return hither, how they will afresh affect my heart! I walked out this morning and retraced the paths we went arm-in-arm so frequently over, towards the bridge. Quite alone I was, and memory of your tender protection and care of me caused me to burst into a flood of tears. I would not tell you this, my loved son, but that I can truly assure you I reproached myself for it, and soon found consolation in forgetting self and paying you and dear James an ideal visit, where I saw harmony and health and prosperity enliven your hours; and at this picture I lighted up my torch of hope, which burnt bright by the time I got home.

Durham is gone to Lisbon, and it is said his cruise will be at least six months; so Lady Charlotte is gone to Lady Elgin's, and will not be at Plymouth this summer, at any rate. Your sister will lose a most pleasant friend indeed. I am sorry to learn that the

idea obtains prodigiously that the *Jason* is to go to Weymouth. It makes us very sore, for there is no hope of Stumpy. I do hope it will not be so. It is the last thing one could wish, on every account. But she has no men yet. I called this morning at Mrs. Tinling's; they were out. I have had so much spirits to-day, dear, as to make myself a straw bonnet. Do you remember the open front fur one which you bought at Dunstable in your way to me? I saw a very pretty one indeed, quite new fashioned, and have made one with the open border you gave poor Bessy, prettier than it. For 4s. 6d. I have a bonnet as elegant as I could have got such an one for by paying 24s. The pleasure of wearing your gift is better felt than expressed.

Hewit called in last night and said, at least you were as far as Madeira. Mingled with a little twang of bitter was the taste of cordial he offered to me by the remark. He is a kind, good creature.

*Sunday, 8.*—Going to dinner, my beloved. I have been to church, from whence we took a nice airing. Called at the Bayards' and the Dixons'. Let in, and made long visits at each house; then paid our compliments to Mrs. Hewit, who is at the *Coach and Horses*. Asked them to dine. I have but just time to change my shoes, &c., so adieu, my beloved, my dear Bob!

*Monday, June 9.*—This is the first day of the grand annual fair, called Trinity Fair; and Gozles

and James, Salter and Betty, are all at it. Charley and grandmamma have the house almost to themselves, for Captain Yorke and Betsy are gone in the gig to Sydney Lodge. The beauty of the day tempted me out, and I took such a walk, my Robert! All the fields and the lanes were deserted, and the mob is at St. Mary's, where the fair is held. Sir Y. Peyton overtook me. I wish you had heard the approbation he honoured me with: I may say instead of me, for it was too much to my face. But he has a kind heart and, I believe, compassionates me for what he guesses I have lost of a companion in thee, my son.

I called on Mrs. Mackie, and forgetting Trinity Fair, to which I have long promised James should go, I asked her, her friend the doctor, and the brats to come in to tea, and come they do. Sally must be footman; there is no help for it. The horses Captain Yorke has are so very washy, they cannot do any work, so they must be changed. The more riches, the more plagues! I don't speak experimentally, dear; do I? But I see it is so.

Nothing from Scotland yet. I quite give up the idea of expecting a letter on the interesting subject of Barnfield. Well, my love, at the worst I thank my good God I shall be able to live comfortably in a lodging. And what ought I to complain of? Surely, I have abundant cause of gratitude.

I think it looks very much as if the *Fason* was to go to Weymouth, by her lying so long without

men. I have mentioned Mrs. Hewit's name to you, and no more. She is a far better looking woman than I had fancied her, with much better manners. Upon my word, I think . . . is a very lucky man. He has recovered his spirits, and both of them wore an air of great content. Adieu, adieu !

*Tuesday, June 10.*—I began to think I should not be able to write a line to thee, my dearest, this day, but I am at liberty, and here I am. Another day and no letter, but the one I wrote to you at Torbay, returned. A sad recalling to my mind of hours which, alas ! I am not even desirous to forget, sore as the *feel* is which accompanies the remembrance of them. I am really astonished that I have no letter—from William, I mean. As to any from James, my dear, forgetful James, I must be resigned to my fate, it seems, until he talks with you. Then I am sure his heart will be softened, and he will be as eager to write to me as of late he has been cool about it. His letters can never come amiss. My anger is grief, and I am ever eager to receive the atonement of my children whenever they are disposed to offer it. But, as you know now, I begin to be very fidgety to hear about my poor Willy.

To-day a Colonel Pollen dined with us ; a new acquaintance of the Yorkes. He fills the epithet of an 'elegant man' most completely :—had more the talent of pleasing, more sense, more accomplishments, more ease, than I ever yet met with in any *one* man ;

with less of the coxcomb, of the rude and abrupt manners, of the present day: in short, he is quite to my taste; and were I young, I should, may be, fall in love with him, as it seems all the women do—I mean, that have hearts to bestow. He joined us in the street, and kept up a conversation as amusing as the most interesting book, till he went. He sails in a few days for Halifax. The Yorkes are gone in the gig part of the road with him. He is returned to Portsmouth. He is just twenty-six, and is, really, in character, in learning, in conduct, and in manners, miraculous.

Sir Thomas Williams has paid your sister the compliment of offering to make a party for her on board the *Endymion*, and he has done poor mama the honour of joining her name to your sister's. So handsomely and kindly invited, I think I shall make up my mind to go. If it comes to anything, I shall soon learn, for a court-martial comes on again to-morrow, and they must return to Portsmouth, of course, from whence they will send me timely notice.

Miss Short is not quite so punctual as I would be, could I, as she does, command money. 'Tis this day the 10th of June, and I have paid my half-year's rent. Yesterday I sent poor Gozle with it. 'How, my dear mother, did you manage?' you would have said, had we been talking the matter over. Why, indeed, my dear love, I have taken up 100% of Captain Yorke, for which I have given my note of hand, bearing interest 3 per cent. He would scarcely permit me to



do so, but I am not so poor in spirit as in purse, and could no other way bring myself to receive it than on the above terms. I have a little bank in hand to keep moving with. The time comes on very fast now which will end suspense, and I have quite prepared myself for a new arrangement which must, of course, take place if things turn out as I expect. Upon my word, I am so indifferent about it, that now I cease to think of it, excepting at times, and then with a tranquillity which I could not feel while my dear good Robert was to share the consequences with me. Then I felt it hard and difficult to sink appearances; now I reconcile it to myself without any pain at all. I suppose, my dear Bob, you are ere now in a climate much warmer than this, where, this very evening, I am sitting by a good fire—June 10!

*Wednesday, June 11.*—Nine o'clock in the evening. Last night I concluded very abruptly, for the Yorkes entered the drawing-room, and I put by my papers. They are gone to Portsmouth. I have been occupied the whole day, and this evening I walked round the field with dear little Charley, where I met such a bevy of Misses: it was quite awful! There was the Misses Davison, the Misses Ogle, and Miss Wallop, and they all would kiss Charles in spite of his resistance. I met also a troop of very fine men, but they neither looked at me nor Charley. The town is very full, but Colonel Pollen says the camp is to be immediately broke up. I had nearly forgotten to tell you that by

this day's post I got a letter which very much surprised me. It was from Mrs. Hay, of Dukenfield Lodge. You must remember her (Mrs. Astley as ~~was~~), so must James—the kindest letter you can imagine. She has ~~been~~ in of a son six weeks ago, to the great joy of all the Hay family—Lord K. . . , among whose numerous clan there is none but himself of this generation. Another thing has just occurred to me. Mr. Harington has behaved so handsomely to our dear James, that I bitterly regret the difference between us and Mrs. Moffat. I would wish you to explain this to James, but I would also wish that it may never be otherwise mentioned than to James, for it would be an ungrateful return, as with respect to her brother she certainly has acted very generously. She has not prejudiced him. The letter James wrote to your sister was directed to the care of Mr. Moffat. She forwarded it with a very civil note. I wrote to thank her for her brother's goodness to my son, and expressed my sense of her generosity in not influencing him, &c. &c. ; to which she wrote a very kind assurance of 'being incapable of so unworthy a conduct, and being sincerely rejoiced her brother had been in any respect useful to my sons.' If, therefore, my dear children, anything like a change of behaviour in Mr. Harington should appear, impute it not to Mrs. Moffat, for I firmly believe she has acted very worthily in this affair, and I do not despair of wearing out our animosity and again calling that

family my best friends. This part of my letter to you will excite dear Jem's curiosity, naturally. You can tell him all that is wanting to elucidate this, and also can make him familiar with every event and change which has befallen us as a family for some years back. What would I give to see your meeting; to hear his question and your answer; to witness the brotherly affection which I feel confident must exist with more than common warmth between ye! Yes, my children, it will surely be so. God bless ye both. Good night. It is getting late . . . Good night. I shall pray for the protection of Almighty God on both of ye, on my poor Willy, on your sister, ere I lie down to sleep, and offer my heartfelt thanks for all the blessings we share among us. Oh, do not fail to continue the same practice. Were I to omit it, my feelings would be far more poignant than they are. It is, when my heart is full, its only consolation.

*Friday, June 13.*—A day has passed in which I have not written to you, love. I was broken in upon at the time of the evening which I had dedicated to you, and completely hindered by the arrival of Green from your sister with a little hundred of commissions: things to send for their use in nasty Portsmouth, where they are to remain another week, which will bring them to the 20th of this month. They will then come to clear all their goods away. Charley and all quit me on the . . . . , and I shall go on the 24th.

Yesterday forenoon Mrs. Yorke called and sat

Mr. Chas  
11/1/00

about an hour. We were the best of friends in the world as to words and manner, and our conversation entirely about things as truly indifferent to either as possible. All I require, all I am now desirous of (from one from whom once I received such warm proofs of regard) is reduced to her keeping up appearances. Such is the caprice, the changeableness of modern friendships. I do not accuse myself as having caused this alteration of conduct, but I pay for all the spleen which she engenders by her self-reproach.

I see not any immediate prospect of the *Fason* quitting Spithead, and if she remains there, Captain Yorke must seek for a dwelling. At any rate, my house here would not have answered their purpose, so that I have no cause to regret giving it up; for at Portsmouth they must be, which is the foundation of an unsettled life to me as well as to them, and less and less should I see of them when once they get the dear boy; while I must still live in a sort of preparation for them, which I could ill afford. Such ideas as the above console me for what I must in some sort regret: I mean leaving Hampshire while your dear sister is in it. Yet, probably, even while I write, great plans are on foot with them, so very fickle is the destiny of sailors and soldiers.

I called in yesterday, late in the twilight, after a walk, on Mrs. Dixon, and learnt from her that her young men are ordered to be on board to-morrow. This warns me to close my packet, for the purser is

to be on board as to-night, and when he is once there, if all else is appointed, there is no certainty of an hour. However, though I shut this, I shall not cut the thread, but continue to spin on, which may probably make up another (though not as large) before they sail. Fain would I that you should know my fate as to Barnfield, in this, but though not in this, I shall transmit it to you by the first possible means. My health is as you would wish. That assurance says a great deal in its favour. They say I look astonishingly better. I think I do, for indeed my mind is tranquilised. Those deep sighs, those bursts of grief which the sight of you created on the close of your abiding with me, have ceased. The anxious thoughts which I *never* shall resign, are tempered with hope, and the sense and unaffected trust I have in the goodness and mercy of God support me in the humble reliance . . . that you will . . . live, act honestly, and prosper. I find . . . state of spirits . . . my sleep mended, so is my appetite. The Dixons will see you. Ask them whether I am not looking better. They will see thee, Bob! Oh, my son, my imagination is with you, and follows you and my dear James in regions unknown. Pray do not fail to portray your apartments when in the *Writers' Buildings*;<sup>1</sup> how furnished, your establishment, your acquaintances,

<sup>1</sup> A large building in Calcutta, still in existence, used in former years as the residence of 'Writers' in the Civil Service on their first arrival in the country.

&c. &c. But you have promised all this to me, and I live on the hope of your steadiness in the performance of all your promises to me. May the eternal and all-presiding God take you into His holy keeping; may He sustain your virtue and destroy all vicious propensities; may His compassion hear a mother's prayers for her dear, dear children, and return ye both to my embraces in health, honest men, with independence! Farewell, my James! Farewell, my Robert! Think always with affection on your truest friend, your mother,

HENRIETTA RATTRAY.


Closed June 13, 1800.

No. 6 Moira Place, Southampton.

*There is now a gap  
of nearly 7 years  
the present*

## II.

BURSLEDON: February 27, 1807.

Y beloved William will most likely, at the same time which gives him this line, receive my picture. Mr. Vansittart, who goes out with Lord Minto, takes kind charge of it through the medium of the worthy, amiable, and friendly Captain McGregor, whose letter to me about it I here enclose. Grey<sup>1</sup> gives me one day in which to write to India. He is most provoking. I cannot write to one only; I write to all; and by the time I have scratched over my letters in trepidation I have to send them to Southampton, to be there by post-hour. This, my love, is hard. My heart is full, and I must suppress all I feel. There is not time to do more than say I am well; Betsy quite charmingly again; Yorke off Brest; and boys all well. I have sent to dear James's care three letters concerning your affairs. They are refusals to the most earnest solicitations I could use for your being appointed to the civil line. I cannot hope for it

<sup>1</sup> Captain Grey, of the *Phoenix*, East Indiaman, to which he succeeded on the retirement of James Rattray, of Arthurstone.

any longer, and I can only try to be patient under my concern and regret. I dare not commit such letters to chance, not knowing where you may be in India, so I sent them to your dear brother. Ships are expected in daily. I trust I shall have letters from ye all. Dear love, use darker ink. The last you used for me is so pale, that I cannot without labour and spectacles make out a word in ten. I send Scotch papers continually to you. I hear nothing from Scotland but by them, excepting through Fairfull, who tells me Arthurstone is one of the prettiest places in the country, and that the Laird of it lives in style, and is in health. Pray write to uncle William and to the above Laird, as there are no circumstances can exist that will justify the neglect of a son. May Providence look upon you, my beloved, and direct your heart! Oh! may it please Him whose power no creature can resist, to give you such propensities to what is righteous, just, and good, as will preserve you in the midst of such scenes and temptations to error as cannot be resisted without His especial mercy! Suffer your poor mother, who no longer sees or hears you, to adjure you to pray to God daily. Indeed, my love, a peace of mind will follow which in no other way can be attained. The only way I ever find relief in trouble is by praying to God; and I find relief. To His care I humbly commend thee, my dearest child. My beloved William, this short letter is better than none. I trust it will give you comfort, though



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I feel afflicted to be able to write no more than this.

Your dear sisters' love and best wishes are united with those of your truest friend, your most anxious and fond mother,

H. RATTRAY.

### III.

SYDNEY LODGE : September 31, 1807.



THE fleet are gone, and I hope will safely bear the letters which I have written to each dear son. Why I have not had any from thee, my William, I ascribe to every possible cause that can remove unhappiness from my mind about your silence. Our dearest James informed me that he expected to meet my William at Calcutta. He was on his way thither when he wrote thus to me, and William might have been so too, and have so lost the opportunity of the fleet's sailing, for it was despatched suddenly. It is thus I argue away the apprehensions which are too ready to arise from the disappointment of my fondest expectations, and am truly thankful that from both his dear brothers I have heard of his health, his safety, and his prosperity. I bless and adore the goodness of God, who has suffered me to receive such comfort. I supplicate Him with all the power of my soul to receive all of ye into His keeping. Happily, I am confident in His Almighty universal power, and that those alone are happy who place their trust in Him. To what or whom could I look for consolation during the years of uncertainty which I look forward to con-

cerning those most dear? What human aid can I implore to protect you in soul and body? O God, who heareth prayer, to Thee I come at the footstool of Thy mercy seat. I lay open the wounds of my spirit. I know that all power is Thine. I beseech Thee to inspect my heart, and to fulfil the unutterable desires which fill it, for the temporal and spiritual good of those dear children whose ways I am now a stranger to. Lead them, O God, by Thy holy inspiration, to their Saviour. Enlighten their minds, destroy their corrupt affections, pity their infirmities, and strengthen them when too violently assailed by the sensual pleasures which lead to destruction. Oh, my God, take them, direct, control, sanctify, and preserve them Thine. In sickness and in health, living and dying, let them be Thine, O God of mercy, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Such is my prayer, my children, in all times of tribulation. Much comfort follows it; my burden is lightened, and I find resignation gradually takes place of distracting reverie.

My packets, sent to Lindegreen, were both off from hence by the 13th of this month. I hope Lindegreen has paid due attention to send them by a safe hand. Sir Joseph wrote to him to press it. I had written all my long letters before the fleet arrived, Grey having worried them from me. The packets in London were closed. I took the only method left of telling ye, my sons, that your dear letters were

happily arrived—by Lindegreen. I hope my industry was not fruitless.

3-2-11  
of H-  
Last Sunday se'nnight, Lord Hardwicke, Lady Hardwicke, Lady Catherine Yorke, and Lady Elizabeth arrived here. They leave to-morrow. Your sister says, 'Mamma's geese are all swans.' As far as seeing only the good side of people I like, and not (with a cold microscopic eye) looking for the alloy, I feel she says true. The Hardwicks are 'swans' of the first order with me at present. The manner of their recommendation of all my sons in Bengal to Lord Minto had prepared me to love them. Their amiable manners confirmed that feeling in me. Goodness adorns all their conduct. Considerate of the feelings of everybody they meet and associate with, they seem to forget themselves. We have sailed together almost every day since they have been here. They are delighted, and, though accustomed to great state and to have a multitude to command, they put up with all the rough of a water-party with as much enjoyment as if they had been bred to inconvenience. When I compare these very excellent people with others who have been here, they do rise majestic, I own; and it is a comfort to live with them; while to endure the insolence of those I allude to, who have visited Bursledon, was one continual disgust and mortification.

I have been most complacently listened to while I poured forth my grateful sense of the manner in

which both Lord and Lady Hardwicke had recommended you all to Lord Minto. The reply from each of them to these acknowledgments was so kind and encouraging, that it quite melted me ; and they both assured me they should ever be ready to prove their goodwill to me ; 'but at present,' says Lady H., 'you know, My Lord is nobody.' It is much indeed to be deplored, that he is at present with the Opposition. Mr. Yorke, though not so, is a cipher, for he will not accept of anything unless Lord H. acts with him, so honourable and true is this brotherly league. But the whole family feel the ill effects of it. Lord Eliot is with the Ministry. Through him Sydney may be in command again soon, but the two others will not ask anything till they are reunited to the Government ; and it is clear that the Admiralty will not give anything but with a view to strengthen themselves.

*October, and the 7th!*—Merciful Father, is it possible! Can I have been so long from hence! My pocket-book and my heart agree. I am wretched at this appearance of things, but will not deceive. I might have sketched a few days, and saved this appearance of neglect ; but no, my darlings, you shall know truly how time has passed, and I think you will say I stand acquitted of criminal abandonment of my dear children. I plead guilty of infirmity, and not being quite as alert in seizing the moments of leisure as I have been, and giving way to the indolence of

my nature, pardonable at my years ; at least my indulgent judges will allow me that plea. The very amiable family of the Hardwicks left us on the 23rd of last month. I can only describe the nature of the weather on the day they went by comparing it with what I suppose the heaviest part of the monsoon—one even sheet of rain throughout. The day added to our sense of regret at their loss. We missed them sadly. They had endeared themselves to me more than I thought any people could have done in their class. So affectionate, so feeling, one and all a superior order of beings ! There is a hope of their coming to the Isle of Wight next summer for six weeks, for bathing. I hope they may. The day after they went was as cheerful and fine as their day was miserable. Your sister and I drove to Southampton, and on our return met Mr. Jarrat's carriage with Miss Manningham (Mrs. Charles Yorke's sister) in it. We stopped, and it was settled that her visit to us was to take place as soon as she quitted the Jarrats. We did not get home till six o'clock to dinner, and tired to death. On the 25th we dined, by engagement, at Lady A. Ward's, and met there the Hornbys, and Mr. and Mrs. Little (she was Louisa Hornby.) The whole of that morning we were employed by Sydney out of doors.

*Sept. 26.*—Set off on a round of morning visits, which extended beyond Stubbington. We left home at eleven o'clock, and found everybody at home—Lady

E. Gamier, the Mitchells, Lady Dickson, the Andersons, the Paynes, and the Faulkners. Both our horses and ourselves were worn out.

27.—Sunday. Service at home, and called upon to walk with Sydney.

28.—Called upon the Dacres at Bursledon, and afterwards on the Taylors at Hamble: two opposite points of the compass.

29.—Very busy with Betsy, and occupied with her planning a sofa cover, till it was time to dress for dinner.

30.—Spent the forenoon with Miss Short and Miss Leigh. I would like much to have just as much spare cash as she has. I feel now I would employ it, not in decorating a home, with so limited a portion of land to it, like a palace, which really she does. Yet it comforts me to see such partial attachment to the spot, endeared to me by recollections of the most interesting nature.

*October 1.*—We dined at the Dicksons of Prospect Place. Yes, Robert; and thought was very busy with me all the time of my visit there also. I love William Dickson. Why, you will not ask. He was your intimate at Southampton. He showed he loved you by his attention to you when you were quitting it. Ah me! he is just returning to my sons, and I feel he is much more interesting than when he seemed to be happier than they were. I hope that this does not argue a bad heart. For myself, I can assert I never

felt envy or hatred. But oh, my children, for you I feel all the passions in their turn. In your cause I could be a very very tiger, I do think!

2 and 3.—Morning visits and other uninteresting interruptions.

4.—Sunday. Went to Hound Church and stayed the Sacrament.

5.—Your sister went into Southampton with Mine Jordan, my William, to have the children's hair cut. I begged leave of absence, as she had Mine and boys with her; and was literally seated at my writing-table, hugging myself in the hope of a long chat with you all, when I heard voices in the library, which is under my dressing-room, and was directly called down to company. Muttering, 'Deuce take them!' I descended and found Mr. and Mrs. Lance, who had come down here by water. They passed the whole forenoon here, and I and Sir Joseph walked about with them most of the time. I like them very much, but I should have liked better to have enjoyed myself with my pen and the idea of those most dear.

6.—Mr. and Mrs. Lewin, Captain and Mrs. Foote, a Mr. Ravenshaw, in the Church (who has a brother in the Law at Madras), Mr. Stow, and Mr. Hawker, dined here.

8.—Another dinner party, of the Hornbys, Mr. and Mrs. Little, Lady Elizabeth Gamier, Lady Louisa Howard, her sister, &c.



9.—Drove to Stoneham, to visit Mrs. Fleming and the Beadons.

10.—Went to the paper mills to buy a stock of paper for all the uses of the house and writing, at 10 per cent. saving.

11.—Church at home, morning and evening ; and, I am sorry to say it, on the plea of airing being good for Betsy, we do not stay at home on Sunday ; so, though she could do perfectly well now, thank God, without it, we generally visit on that day as we do on ordinary days ; and this day we called at Bursledon House ; at Brooklands, where Tommy and Mary are now only to be seen on a Sunday, when he steals from Portsmouth where the *Neptune* is fitting out, and at Holly Hill.

12.—Morning visiting at Mrs. Gunthorpe's. Once again here I must make a parenthesis. Gunthorpe was with my Robert at school at Mr. Richards', and is lately married to a Miss Jackson, daughter to the Mr. Jackson of Belle Vue, and now one of the members for the town of Southampton, who lives where little Byam did live—to the Muntons', to Lady Rumbold, to Mrs. Ashe, and to Mrs. Manners.

13.—Dined at Muntons' ; met a very large party.

14.—Dined at Lance's ; met a large party, among whom was the Count Woronzoff and the Countess Catherine, his daughter, less beautiful than she was two years ago, and less spirited. Perhaps the politicks of her country affect her. No wonder, when it is con-

sidered what her respectable father feels, who was at that time so proud of his sovereign, that Alexander now so degraded.

15.—Dined at Holly Hill, and met there the Chamberlains, Sir T. and Lady Tancred, and the Lewins, and heard exquisite musick.

16.—Dined at Stoneham, at Mrs. Fleming's. Met all the grandees. From her house adjourned, the whole party, to a concert at Southampton, a subscription one. This was the first evening. It went off amazingly well. We returned to Stoneham to sleep.

17.—We left Stoneham and paid visits at the Beadons'. Drove into Southampton, and got home to a late dinner.

18.—Church at home, morning and evening. Quite a restorative, after so dissipated a week, was this day of reflection and rest. We kept quietly at home.

19.—The Bradly family took a friendly tea-drinking with us and a sober rubber.

20.—Out again! To dinner at Miss Short's; met there many of our neighbours.

21.—But now comes the finest affair of any yet mentioned—Mr. Lance's ball—very grand, very well conducted, but, without partiality, not as elegant as our dear Betsy's was, although it cost, doubtless, at least three times as much. One thing they had in great perfection—musick. They had two regimental

bands, and very delightful indeed was their performance.

22 and 23.—Poor Mamma ; quite tired to death. I own that I took these two days to recruit after such an unusual expense of spirits, and I am ashamed at being persuaded to be such a *rantipole*.

24.—Drove to Mr. Jarrat's at Grove Place, four miles beyond Southampton, to return Mrs. Jarrat's visit. Miss Manningham is to come hither from thence the end of next week.

25.—Service at home.

26.—This day Mrs. Fleming of Stoneham, Lady Arabella Ward, and her dear daughter, are to dine and to sleep here. They will meet Mr. and Mrs. Parlby, Mrs. Templar, Mr. Stibbert, and Mr. Stow : these do not sleep here. Here is a sketch, taken from my pocket-book, of our present mode of passing time ! We are involved in this extensive and populous society far beyond the taste and wishes of either Sir Joseph or Lady Yorke. They are resolutely determined gradually to reduce their circle of dinner company. The expense is much greater than they approve. Indeed, a constant repetition of these meetings break dreadfully in upon domestic comfort. I find it so. When entirely alone Sir Joseph reads of an evening to us, and time passes much more pleasantly. If it were practicable, from a neighbourhood like this, to make your selection, there are a few whom we should delight in. The Wards are foremost of these. They

are unequalled, it must be owned, but they are so very much liked and so universally sought, that we could not hope for them often. We are on terms of the happiest friendship at present. Long may it last! If they can get a house in this neighbourhood, I trust it will, and that, as now, the partiality on both sides will continue. Sir Joseph, since our residence here, has taken more of his land into his own hands. He is too careful and too wise to be led into unprofitable farming, and I see it is a source of so much interest and amusement to him that he would gladly relinquish all the dissipation of life to pursue it uninterruptedly. To see our dear Betsy so well as she has been these last two months is a joy to me beyond description, because it is a blessed confirmation that debility from child-bearing is the cause of those distressing palpitations, and no organic disease. She is grown strong, fuller, and in all points better. Indeed, I think I may say I see few people—married and breeding women, I mean—in better health. I do not expect it to continue if she breeds again, but I thank God that I shall look beyond that time with great hope, and therefore shall be less dispirited than I have been when that too probable event again occurs. Since her last mishap at Holly Hill she has been better than I have known her to be these five years. I think when you read over the engagements she has made of late—and I declare she has never suffered from either hot rooms, or crowds, or late hours, or preparing for company,

. . . or any one unusual thing, you will feel with me that she cannot want stamina. I am persuaded her complaints are nervous, induced by breeding, and this belief is comfort to me, such as you will share with me, darling sons, and fond and tender brothers to this dear sister who has been a greater sufferer than, I humbly hope, she ever will be again.

27.—Yesterday passed with great pleasure to the visitors and the visited. Sir Joseph was all whim and gaiety, and when he is in this mood he certainly exhibits uncommon talents for amusing—original and brilliant. Mrs. Fleming left us at twelve to-day; the Wards remain, to our great delight. How have I found the time in which to say this? I'll tell you. This evening is the commencement of a neighbourly meeting, which is to be held at one or other of the houses once a fortnight. Every person has free leave to make the entertainment (on their evening) whatever they choose. Some houses are too small for dancing; they will have cards or musick. Such as will admit of a fiddle will have one. Something of this sort was attempted this time twelvemonth, but it miscarried. The two houses where it did exist, in their turn gave such expensive and splendid suppers that it created general disapprobation, and it had a very short life. Mrs. Dott begins this year, and this evening is her's. Lady Arabella, Miss Ward, Sir Joseph, and Betsy are gone, and the ladies return here to sleep and stay till two o'clock to-morrow. I

have withdrawn myself, glad to repose, and satiated with large society. I feel it holiday to be silent and alone. To talk with my children is a delight indeed, always, but of late a rare gratification. William Dickson has written, through Sir Joseph, to Hugh Lindsay to bespeak his round house for himself and family. In April they consider themselves as going. What a dream is life! It seems but yesterday that with a full heart I saw him returned to the bliss and comfort of his mother and sisters. Already it is exhausted. The bliss his presence has given served only to increase the pain of separating again, and those are now the objects of my pity who so little a time past I thought most enviable. But he takes back the 'wife of his bosom.' That indeed will blunt the edge of his feelings and regret. May they be happy! I am very confident that he deserves to be so. Of her I have seen but little; she seems quiet, and, I think, amiable. He is adored at home.

There is a prevailing report that the *Neptune* is ordered for foreign service. If it be true, poor Lady Williams, I know not how she will support it. They are expediting her with all speed: two hundred fresh hands working on her, even on Sundays. She will soon be ready for sea. The *Bulwark*, Captain Elphinstone Fleming, is off. She is also on some foreign voyage. Young James Rattray<sup>1</sup> would have

<sup>1</sup> A nephew of James Rattray, of Arthurstone. He died an admiral in the British Navy, at his residence, in Warwickshire, in 1862.

revisited the Lodge if they had stayed longer at Spithead. He is strongly resembling the family: very grave, very taciturn, and very tenacious. I think I hear or see you all, my dears, saying, 'Am I grave and taciturn?' No, indeed, I mean the doctor's family only, and they are, I think, remarkably so.

29.—A rainy day: gives me that opportunity which I so much love; and now that my Diary is somewhat methodized, I have no longer those arrears to pay off, which require great resolution to overlook, and have, with anguish I have felt it of late, driven me from this employ when I could have devoted a half-hour to it, for half-an-hour would not suffice to bring up lost weeks. In future I will try to enter something daily. If I have little time, my remarks will be also short; if leisure for more, I shall feel most happy, for doubtless I am the reverse when I omit this sole expression of my constant thoughts of my dear sons.

Lady A. and her Bella quitted us yesterday at two o'clock. In the course of morning chat I read to her what my beloved James had said in his last dear letter, written on his way to Calcutta, that he should seek for Mr. Ward as soon as he arrived there. She was pleased, and said, 'May I but derive as much happiness from his affection as you, my dear Mrs. Rattray, receive from each of your dear sons, and I shall be thankful to God.' I have read to her, who takes that particular interest in Indian concerns, at

times, part of the letters of each of my beloved children. They have beguiled her and the lovely Bella, of their tears. The tender fondness which is poured into the bosom of their anxious, ever anxious mother, is calculated to soften the heart. When mine swells so high that utterance fails, and tears flow to my relief, her feelings sympathize. She has a dear son in the same land, but ah, is he as valuable to her as ye are to me?—I have heard passages from his letters—I hope he is; but oh! my affectionate, my tender-hearted, my considerate, dear loves, I do not conceive that there are many mothers quite as blessed as I am in the riches of my children's affection.

I have come to the determination, my beloved James, to keep back your sister's picture till William Dickson goes, deeming it unpardonable to run any risk of losing it or of having it in any less safe situation than in his *escretoir*. I am sure he will take care of it. I have the most perfect confidence in his friendship for you and in his good-will towards me. I trust my resemblance is by this time in my Willy's possession, and that it pleases him as much as it pleased every one here who was interested in it. Dearest Dillins! I read his letters from Agra, after Monson's affair, yesterday, also. It almost killed me, and I felt a sensation of inexpressible comfort in the thought of having replaced the loss, with a likeness of myself so infinitely superior, which he so touchingly felt even at the time. Oh my God, when surrounded



by horrors, let me not recur to those times! What have I not suffered! Oh! let me bless the mercy of the Supreme who, through the worthy Mitchell, has suspended these agonies, and not drive from my bosom the comparative peace which has of late dwelt in my heart with thy idea, oh my harassed son!

I have lately seen a work which has interested me wonderfully: 'Indian Sports'—fine drawings of tiger-hunting, wild boars, elephant decoy, buffaloes, &c. They are designed by a Mr. Orme, and printed in Bond Street, at an immense price. The day we dined at the Dicksons, Lucy brought them out after dinner for my amusement. The scenes are taken from nature. The lively idea they create of the country, the style of riding, the attitudes of the huntsmen, combined to transport me to the spot. I looked for a resemblance to my James in each young dexterous rider in the act of spearing the boar. It was positively such an exercise of the mind to me that I was obliged to quit it. Some scenes of danger presented, your poor silly mother could not forget. I talked with William Dickson as I looked at them. He assured me that my loved Jem did not ride or hunt as rashly as he used to do. I think sometimes that good soul must dread encountering me: I must teaze him to death with my eternal questions.

I forgot to mention that the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, with two of *her* daughters, the Miss Giffords, visited here yesterday morning.

They have been on a tour to the west, and are just returned. I feel delighted to have brought up *my lee way*. When shall I read of you, my children, and my grand-children? How my treasures increase! Bless them all, oh Lord, each in their respective stations. Preserve them. Would that it were possible—alas! I was going to express a great deal of unprofitable desire. It's time to leave off.

30.—A cold, raw, miserable, day, in which a man who is not a reader feels himself adrift. Poor Sir Joseph cannot be out of doors to-day for any good purpose. Betsy has coaxed him up to her dressing-room and has allured him to drawing. He is very much amused and very busy, and we are plying our needles this forenoon. Woman, by nature meant for domestic life, sometimes, very rarely indeed, has the advantage.

31.—The weather, to-day, is a perfect contrast to that of yesterday. It is lovely. One might imagine it the beginning of June, instead of the eve of November. There was no staying indoors. The general mildness of this month has kept the leaves on the trees, and the scenery has been to-day quite deceptive. I read yesterday's *Courier* this morning, and an extract from the *Calcutta Gazette* has alarmed me and conjured up imagery. I wish not to think upon the 'Fort of Chumeer.' I thought we were at peace! Is it McGregor's brother who has fallen there? Is my adjutant in quiet quarters? I believe I ought

not to take up thus every evil, but, alas! a mother's heart cannot be dictated to by her reason or her prudence. Can it, my dearest Amelia?<sup>1</sup> Ah, my children, no joy, no sorrow, compares with these emotions in a parent's heart.

To-day we are engaged to dine at Sir Thomas Tancred's. It is time to prepare. Adieu. I do so long to kiss my little girl<sup>2</sup> at Chupra, and to see what her dear mamma is like, whom I have such sweet descriptions of that I believe I must—Oh, foolish mother, to let the least idea of such an impossible thing loose! I call it back again, my dear Amelia, and with a deep-drawn sigh accuse myself of folly. I do not often commit it. Adieu. Bless ye all, my sons, my daughters, and my grand-children.

31.—Miss Manningham arrived to-day. I find her very pleasant, though reserved. She did not come till dressing time, so she went immediately to her apartment. Our conversation has been, of course, general. To-morrow I shall try to have some talk with her about the Vaughan family.

*November 1.*—It has been all this morning like a summer's day. Most unusual weather. After breakfast we sit in the library, for the interval of time between that meal and entering on either an airing in the carriage or a walk. I enquired as much about

<sup>1</sup> The first wife of Robert Haldane Rattray, and daughter of Robert Cock, a merchant, and British Consul at Madeira.

<sup>2</sup> Henrietta, daughter of R. H. Rattray, died September 15, 1807, within a year of her birth.

the family of the Vaughans<sup>1</sup> as I possibly could—Miss M. is no talker—and gathered this much. Mrs. Mitchell has been on the seacoast all the last summer, and is now there, but returns to Mrs. Machin's, perhaps, before Christmas. I mentioned and dwelt upon my wish to have seen her and to have been on terms of more than merely civil with the whole family to whom my dear son had been united, who he had so tender a regard for, and as he so much wished it. She said, in reply, 'In this country these things are, you know, impossible. You don't go to London. They are a very large and, of course, a much engaged people with each other's families, and unless people meet no intimacy can take place.' 'No,' I replied, 'I find it so.' But I wished to make overtures, and I did all in my power for my son's sake. 'I know you have been very attentive,' said she, 'and depend upon it whenever you do meet it will be on very agreeable terms. They have always spoken in the highest terms of Mr. Rattray; but in this busy world, where every one has pursuits, friendship and family alliances are not as sacredly considered as in India, where the interesting objects are but few, and, consequently, more endearing.' All this I understand, and have

<sup>1</sup> James Rattray, of the Bengal Civil Service, eldest son of James Rattray, of Arthurstone, married Charlotte Vaughan. Her sister, Harriet, was married to Colonel Mitchell, who commanded the Moorshedabad Provincial Battalion, of which William Rattray was adjutant. Charlotte died in 1801, after giving birth to George Herbert, who died (killed in a duel) at Kamptee, India, a lieutenant of infantry, in 1822.

ever experienced. So many new objects press upon the senses of those who have been absent from their own connections and former intimates, that they have not the power of doing everything, which, nevertheless, I dare say they still wish to do, of proper attention to those newly acquired relatives of the dear friends they have left behind. Miss Manningham obligingly convinced me that no offence was taken, and I felt very conscious none had designedly been given. When Betsy was able in town she enquired for any of the family; there was not a branch of it in London at that time. She determined to visit any individual she could find.

Lady Leith<sup>1</sup> has a son, to the joy of her husband. They are in Ireland. Lady Fletcher has a son also. I rejoice to hear that Lady Leith has quite recovered her health and looks. Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Manningham mentioned as a very lively woman. I have detailed all the conversation I could produce. Miss M. is naturally not loquacious, and is very reserved, I perceive, on all but general topics. So mostly are all those who have much intercourse with the world. A cold prudence checks free conversation on any family's concerns, whether creditable or otherwise. It is assuredly the safe course, but I was full of curiosity and wished to ask a thousand questions concerning those

<sup>1</sup> Albin Vaughan, sister to Charlotte and Harriet Vaughan, previously mentioned. She married Sir George Leith, Governor of Penang.

so dear to my James. To have the pleasure of chatting with him about them, that's an amusement I must defer, at least, and remain satisfied, for the present, with the hope that they don't feel we have been negligent, nor mean to neglect us ; and that my James will, I trust, be also convinced that my wishes and his sister's have invariably led towards an introduction to the Vaughan family. Mrs. Mitchell I longed to see. I do so still, but there seemed a spell set on every mutual attempt to meet. The arrival of this dear boy, which fills my heart with unutterable feelings, will most probably open an easier way for me to them. Christmas is near, not quite two months to it. I ache with anxious sensation. God preserve the precious charge and give him safely to my protection. In the 'Christmas Fleet,' as it is called, I am taught by his dear father to look for the loved boy.<sup>1</sup>

3.—We have been all this morning at Southampton. It is now five o'clock, and I can hardly see to write. I must hasten to dress for dinner. Another summer's day.

5.—Such a gale of wind came on in the evening of Tuesday as made the house tremble, though it is built uncommonly strong. The forenoon was like an early September day ; so warm, so sunny, but it became winter in less than two hours, and blew a *whole gale*, with hail and sleet throughout the night.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the expected arrival of George Herbert Rattray, of whom mention has been made before.

It lulled towards morning, and on opening the shutters I beheld a lovely morning—blue sky, white sails and smooth water, and the vessels gently floating with the tide. Is it surprising that we, of these latitudes, are capricious and variable? I could not write yesterday. I tried, but I must go out with them, and so we got early into the carriage and we went to Holly Hill merely to take Miss Manningham to call on Lady A. Ward, as they were acquainted before. But there is no such thing as making a mere call at Holly Hill. As usual, we were spell-bound. Lady A., so conversing and so interesting, and the dear Miss Ward so fascinating. She was wished to play one air on her magic harp. She did, and as heartily played many more in her own style. Her play admits not of comparative praise. She is said to be the best performer on the harp in England. But even this excellence is secondary. She is the most excellent child to her parents; the most charming woman, altogether, I ever saw. Handsome enough to delight the eye by the healthful and sweet expression of an open fine countenance, she will probably not long remain single. We did not get back till six o'clock. Poor dear Sydney was a little enraged, to be sure, but less than we deserved, for keeping his dinner back till seven, for he is a labourer all the forenoon at something or other, and has left off those terrible heavy luncheons which my Robert and my William may recollect he used to indulge in, and dines now like a farmer

as to appetite and like an alderman in his variety. However, dinner set all to rights, and he read to us while we worked from nine till eleven.

To-day it is November, as of old ; foggy, dark, and dreary. Now I like to think of my darlings. They are in a clear smiling region. Ah, if I could always see them better off than myself, how happy it would make my reflections. Your sister and Miss M. are gone out. I shrunk from the cold idea, and sought my own 'den' (that's a fashionable term for one's own private apartment), but even here my finger ends are cold. The Taylors, of Hamble, take a family dinner with us to-day. Mrs. Dacres is never well at Bursledon. This I am sorry to hear, though I am glad to see that the air seems to have benefited everyone of this family, and our dear Betsy most of all.

7.—A letter from Grey. I must send up my packet by next Tuesday. To-morrow is Sunday. Between this day and three o'clock on Monday, in those intervals which I can embrace, I shall write my three letters, but of course I must finish here. When my letters are sealed, the last act will be a word or two more on this paper.

*This journal ends abruptly, as above, and without any signature.*



#### IV.

SYDNEY LODGE : March 20, 1810.

**M**Y tenderly loved Son,—Once more before the expected fleet can arrive Grey furnishes me with an opportunity of sending a few lines to you. The ships which sailed from Portsmouth this last week have many letters from me, written at different times to you, my James, and to your dear brothers. May they reach your hands! Having experienced the misery which results from the interruption of letters, it has become a very heavy anxiety that you should escape so bitter an evil as living in ignorance of your dear boy's welfare. Therefore, though I confess that my passion for writing long letters has received a severe check from the want of supply of subject matter from my dearest correspondents, I cannot let anything leave this kingdom on its way to that where my beloved children dwell without some token of my unchanged, undiminished solicitude for their comfort, and desire to give them all important intelligence in my power of the interests they have here. With you, my James, George<sup>1</sup> is the strongest. I have increasing

<sup>1</sup> George Herbert Rattray, referred to before.

comfort in him. Thank God I can say so without a particle of flattery. His disposition puts forth some new and charming traits, and his turbulence of temper abates as his reason strengthens. God grant he may go on as he has done this last half-year, and then I think, when the happy hour arrives in which you are again to receive him, I shall receive the joyful reward of my anxieties about him in your full approbation. My son, when I look back on the years which have rolled away since the moment when my agonised heart pressed yours to it for the last time; when I recall the horror which followed when I heard Mr. Moffat's house-door close after you, and felt that all was over, a portion of those keen sensations recur, and my breath shortens, my hand trembles, as I retrace the awfully trying moment. The bond of union between mother and child is the strongest of nature's works. Death only annihilates it. Not all these passing years spent in ignorance of such endearing interchange of mind and thought as some think necessary to keep the affection alive, have lessened my anxious solicitude about you. The same emotions spring up when you are talked of, the same zeal, the same sense of delight on every instance of your being most amiable, as, twenty years ago, I used to feel. Oh, how thankful I ought to be to God for making me the mother of such sons! And am I not thankful? Oh, James, would that I could send you a faithful transcript of my grateful heart! Oh, blessed, blessed

children, how great will be your reward for the pious affectionate conduct you have united in towards me ! When the time comes, and come it must, that the *remembrance of me* is all that will remain, then may you take to your hearts for the best consolation the sweet assurance that your love and care for my comforts gave to my latest days on earth all that could be wished for, all that easy and liberal circumstances can do to make the winter of life pass uninjured by the joyless cloudy season which neglect and scanty means add bitterly to. Oh God ! to whom this heart, which dictates strains of gratitude to these, my blessed sons, is open, and to whom all its desires are known, no secret hidden from Thee, humbly I commit it to Thy inspection, and pray that the desires which spring up on account of these good and tender children may be fulfilled. Then, dear props of my life, temporal good and eternal happiness will be your portion.

My James will see in this burst of an overcharged heart that I point at the bounty of Robert in union with his of longer standing. When I contemplate them, judge, my darling James, oh judge what thy poor (but in thanks) mother feels. Tears and smiles, fond regrets, and exulting joy succeed each other. Oh, my sons, once I fed, clothed, and fostered you ; now I am yours—you feed, clothe, and cherish me. Do I mean to exclude my beloved William ? Oh, forbid it every maternal sentiment ! His heart is, I am sure, full of love for his fond mother, and I must

be a wretch indeed even to wish for any other vouchers of it than the comfort his letters can give. My Willy dear, be confident that in the same moment in which I pen a blessing on your dear brothers, you are never divided from them. The thought which swells my heart so forcibly is yours and theirs equally.

This general letter I address to my James. I have a small allowance of time for writing even this. He will speed it to my Robert, and Robert will hasten it to my dearest William. In my last letter to each of ye, by the fleet just sailed, you will read of my having returned here by February 26 from Bath, and finding dear Betsy looking better, and really better than for these last six years. I then mentioned they were gone to London to Lord Eliot's. They have been there about a fortnight, and I expect them shortly to return. Great events have been agitated in politicks. Mr. Yorke is, I fancy, looking forward. When anything is realised I shall be able to communicate. Now I am most alive to the expectation of the coming ships. I hope and tremble. Letters, happy letters, will quite set my spirits to rights. By this fleet a meagre offering I have sent ye, my dearest loves—nothing but strains of woe and complaint. Alas! from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks, and when that is dried up and withering for want of its vital nourishment it can only send forth proportionate sounds.

On resuming my pen, my dearest James, which I

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had laid aside for a few minutes, I request that you will not send this letter by any means to my dear William. I shall write to him. I have read what I have written to you and Robert, and feel convinced that he may take to heart the warmth of my expressions, and imagine those which I have used about him cold. The very most distant idea of this makes me shudder. Alas, dear boy, his mind was early impressed with the doctrine that I loved him not as well as his brothers! Oh! my William, should I have suffered what I did suffer at your departure? Should I have felt such anguish at the dangers of your profession, if I had not felt all a mother's tenderest emotions towards thee? Oh, no, no! However, my James, this sheet is to you and my Robert, the chief subject being what I feel from your bounties to me. I have written twice to that dear brother since I received the first half-year of his noble addition to my income. What words I use when my soul is so agitated by the strongest emotions of tenderness and grateful joy I cannot recall to memory; but I know one thing to a certainty, that the overfraught heart seems unable to relieve itself by words. Tears can, but language cannot, assist it. Oh! had I been so blest as to have had you both on the same occasion near me and you had witnessed how I was affected, and how long it was ere I could speak for the floods of tears my half-broken heart sent forth. Oh! my blessed children, but to have seen what you both felt when you resolved

to pour these comforts into the bosom of your mother, that would have been an addition to my utmost wish.

Farewell! God grant me happy tidings by the ships now coming in. I tremble with hope and fear. Oh, it is such an age since I had a letter from thee, my James, or from thee, my Robert, that I feel half-terrified. Bless ye both and my dear Amelia, my truly beloved daughter. Again I say farewell, and commend ye all to the care of God. I have not yet spoken of my health. Believe me, my children, I have not been as well as I have been this winter for the last three years. Bath has been most serviceable to me. Thanks to my sons, I can, please God, go there again next winter. Thy mother,

H. RATTRAY.

V.

UPPER CRESCENT, BATH : Dec. 3, 1810.

**H**ERE yesterday did I receive the blessing of your letter, my most dearly loved son, written at Tirhoot on May 8, 1810. Never did I less expect the comfort. Oh ! how welcome is this letter so long ardently desired. It is an ingot of comfort. Oh ! much as you have conferred on me, though you disclose to me your most munificent designs, and remove every future anxiety concerning your provision for George, yet, my beloved, believe me, great as my thankfulness and gratitude are, my joy in reading of the happy union, the assembling of all my sons and daughter under one roof, rose higher. Could I portray my feelings—but it is impossible. Suffice it to say they are made up of delight and happiness. My ideas are full of the scene so enchanting. My dear, excellent, amiable James, your tender and affectionate manner of describing the conjugal happiness of Robert and Amelia touches me to the soul. Oh ! thanks to thee, my son, for sending me this picture of domestic harmony, this beautiful and interesting detail. I bless God that you have met together ; that you so highly

approve our dear Robert's wife ; that you take so brotherly an interest in his happiness—in a word, language fails me. I never in my life derived more comfort than in this letter you have bestowed upon me. Again, believe me that in this acknowledgment I allude to your description of your happy visit to Tirhoot ; your meeting all together ; your sweet praise of our Amelia ; the love you feel for your brothers ; and the pleased assurance that all of ye were in perfect health. Oh, God, gracious and merciful art Thou to me ! Let me never forget that unto Thee I owe all that makes me happy !

I come now, my noble son, to that part of this dear letter which has excited feelings compounded of the tenderest gratitude and deep sorrow, your dispensation to me and George. Oh, James, it is too, too much ! It bereaves you of all. Good and liberal son, it must not be. I have written to Mr. Fenning. I languish to see your letters to him. I long yet dread to read them. What has dropped from your pen in this letter before me causes me to anticipate some declaration respecting pecuniary circumstances, which is to annihilate my fond hope of your return to me to leave me *no more*. Ere I am ascertained how the sight of these letters is to affect me, let me seize on the transporting offer you make of coming to me. I cannot write the heart-sickening sentence throughout ; but come, my son, oh, come ! Money enough, my child. Oh, is not all I have thine ? May Providence guard thee.



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protect thee through the dangers of the voyage, and suffer me to see thee, oh, my James. How shall I bear the joy! Do not let me know the exact time of your embarking, or the name of the ship you come in. Oh, no! Thy mother will be exhausted with agitation and fears. Acquaint your dear sister; she will tenderly guard me against surprises. Oh! tell her all particulars, and when, under God's mercy, you will be with us. Oh, why, why do you wait for my assent to this joyful proposal! Could you possibly think I could reject your intention, my love? Justly do you say the time present is to be preferred to the far distant meeting. No doubt I must think so. Again I say, dear, why wait to hear from me? Alas, already seven months are gone since you wrote, and before you can get this how many more may pass away! Had you resolved to come home and settle your concerns, instead of sending 'powers' to any one, at this hour I might have beheld thee. If I had conceived what was your dear design, I would have urged you so to do. Would that I had so done! But looking to the time, the blessed time, of your being restored to us, with the hope that your acquisition would accelerate that blissful period, no more to leave me, all other ideas faded before this perfect comfort. But let me not embitter the cup of happiness you offer me. No; I take it, my child, my son, with joy, and from henceforth will give myself up to the delightful hope of again embracing thee, humbly com-

mending the event to that Power without whom we labour in vain.

*December 5.*— I have begun this reply to your dear letter, my beloved, and shall continue to write of circumstances as they occur, as time and opportunity offer. Mr. Fenning's reply to my letter reached me to-day. I will transcribe what relates to yourself, &c., or enclose the very letter. He tells me that he has received from the hands of Messrs. Palmer, Wilson & Co. your letter of April 21, 1810 (from Tirhoot) addressed jointly to the Colonel<sup>1</sup> and himself; that you have directed the estates of Arthurstone and Dumbarrow to be sold, and legacies to be paid; that you have particularly ordered Lady Yorke's legacy may be paid as early as possible. He adds that he has received my letter; that as your letter is the authority by which the Colonel and himself are to act, he fears loss of it by post; assures me that it is everything that I can wish, and that he conceives you have apprised me of whatever is your intention and direction. He will, at his first leisure, send me a transcript of all which can relate to me or Lady Yorke; and concludes with very strong assurances of accelerating the completion of the business he is engaged in.

Alas, alas! he prefaces what I have transcribed with the following sentence from your letter to him, which he writes mechanically to me, your anxious

<sup>1</sup> Colonel William Rattray, of Downie Park, N.B.

mother: 'Your son states that having no prospect of returning home for some years,' &c. This is the part of your letter, then, which you dreaded the effect of upon me. Oh! dear, affectionate James, it has fallen heavy on my heart indeed. Yet there remains to me a hope you will come to England for two years. Oh! come, come; your sister and I have had many conversations about it. I had no courage to propose it. I had hope that in a short time you would entirely quit India, and I could not wish that you should prolong your residence there by paying a visit to us and going back. But my eyes are opened. No longer does thy mother hesitate. Let her bless God for a chance of beholding you again, and committing the future to His mercy. I am resolved to commit myself to the happiness which seems to approach me, without the alloy of unavailing regrets.

11.—Two days ago Mr. Fenning sent me a complete copy of your letter to him, my dearest son. To define my complicated feelings is impossible. Mr. Fenning at the same time wrote a very kind letter to me. Generous, dearest James, how hard it is that with so good a nominal property you will realise nothing, while I live to be a burthen on you. When I read in your letter to me that you had settled the interest of a sum exceeding 10,000*l.* on me and George, believe me, love, the pain I felt exceeded the pleasure. In the copy from Mr. Fenning I find that the 3,000*l.* funded for my annuity is to be called

in and appropriated, with other specified sums, to the discharge of debt, &c., and that the probable surplus of 7,000*l.* is to be funded, and the interest of it paid to me. To a heart as feeling and liberal as yours there can be no difficulty in comprehending why I am happier by this arrangement than when I thought you had lavishly set apart for my use and for George's education, 500*l.* a year, besides your bounty to me from India. The thought of this superabundant generosity has been attended with remorse. I could not have enjoyed it, love, indeed I could not. That you have withdrawn that annuity of 150*l.* which your father settled on me, and instead of it have granted me 350*l.* a year (which has increased my income 200*l.* a year) fills my bosom with grateful content. I was confident, my child, when you sent me the liberal supply of 200*l.* a year from India, you tenderly considered that my means then were small, and that you designed it for myself only, and I have remained in that belief ever since; and with tears of gratitude have I constantly received it, and felt the comforts which it gave me. When you sent your dear child to me I was sure that you did not look to that sum for his education and other expenses, and I never allowed myself a doubt on the subject. You have realised my expectations. The 200*l.* a year which you have, in your letter to Mr. Fenning, settled on me for my life will fulfil the expectation I had formed. It will supply all George's expenses amply. Dearest James,

I wish you could see my heart, for then you would distinctly view how truly sincere is my assertion, that I am infinitely happier in the knowledge of the reputation you have made with the executors to your poor father's will, than when, ere I learned all particulars, I conceived that so much more than I ought to spend was allotted to me and for the use of George.

As it must be perhaps a year before all your orders are fulfilled, so will it be out of my power to make use of your supplies for your dear boy for that time to come. You desire me, my son, to draw bills on you. How can I do such a thing, knowing the vast discount, the ruinous effect of this practice? No, I will not conceal from you that rather than make use of you in this way, I have sold out 800*l.* which I had in the 3 per cents., to supply the heavy demands that I had fall on me the last two years, and I certainly will avoid drawing on you still. I have 200*l.* still which I can command, and to that, if wanted, I shall apply. In a word, I have heard so much of the evils of drawing bills here on Bengal, that I have resolved I never will do it, but from the last necessity.

To be thus minute in the detail of my extra expenses for this dear child (which I would avoid, and be much happier if I could do so)—Alas! shall I not trust your feelings? Yet you may be informed from any person who has lived in England of late years the increased expense of every necessity of life, and that anything like accommodation or comforts can

only be tasted by those who have a good fortune. Hospitality is a word unknown in the circle I now move in. Moffat's family practised it in its most extensive sense to me and mine. But those days are gone by, and I know no house wherein I could go as an inmate for a month. The sentiments of those with whom I live are well known to me. You enabled me to unite with them and that in an independent way. Myself and George are by no means unacceptable, and the advantages derived from their station in life, their carriage, &c., are so far beyond what I could have in any other way, that I know my advantages as well as they know theirs. The sum I paid there, my personal expenses—maid, and now man-servant—swallowed up, with some other things which affection to my less fortunate sisters, &c., led me to do, the whole I had, and your bounty of 200*l.* a year. George's schooling is over 100*l.* a year. His clothing and the journeys and incalculable expenses, attendant, I do not exaggerate when I place at another 100*l.* The necessity I have been under last winter and this, to quit the coast on account of my not standing cold damps as well as once I could, and having my dear charge with me, of course has been heavy upon me. I knew that if I drew on you for what I thus wanted for George and myself, (yes, I knew you would honor my bills, dearest; I have reason to know that you would), you would accept my draft; but, as I have said already, I preferred selling out from a little fund

I had in the 3 per cents; and I did so. £600 at first sufficed, and rather than draw, as you desired I would, on you, I shall sell out again for the additional exigencies of the time which must pass ere I can benefit from your power of attorney to Mr. Fenning.

You see from whence this is dated. In a Journal which I sent away the end of last August, which I hope you have received, I wrote largely on the cause of my being here. I explained why I had burthened myself with a house for a year, so that I will not go again over the ground, but fasten on, as well as I can, where I left off in my last to you.

I think it was settled that Lady Yorke and her family should go to the house in the Admiralty, and that I should at the same time come to Bath and send to Salisbury for my boy when his holidays commenced. This was my plan as nearly as I can recollect at the time I closed my last despatch to you. Now to what befell us to hasten my movements hither. In the early part of September letters from Mr. Radcliffe, at Salisbury, acquainted Lady Yorke and me that Harry<sup>1</sup> and George were attacked with the measles; they could not be moved, and we must go to them. Under the greatest anxiety we established ourselves in lodgings at Salisbury, and we waited the issue of this disease, so often fatal in its consequences: in my sweet Jane,<sup>2</sup> so direfully fatal to me. They both

<sup>1</sup> Henry Reginald Yorke.

<sup>2</sup> Daughter of James Rattray, of Arthurstone, died at Fareham, Hants, 1796, at the age of ten years.

had it severely ; but, thank God, they *weathered the storm*. Both were much reduced, and required the mother's nursing for a long time. Lady Yorke was oppressed with all the business of moving her young family, her household, overlooking moving the furniture to the Admiralty ; and all this was to be accomplished by the first week in October, and her mind was being much distressed. She could not leave Harry at Salisbury ; she could not take him home, for the three little ones had never had the measles. I happily could tranquilise her spirits. Harry and George were to come to Bath with me. I returned not to the Lodge, but brought my two dear little patients on here as soon as they were able to bear a journey. This was done very early in October—on the 5th—and Lady Yorke returned to the Lodge, satisfied and comfortable by her child being under my care. My sister, E. Henshaw, by a letter I wrote from Salisbury, prepared for our reception. For the first month the children did not go on as well as I could have wished, but there were no symptoms of hectic cough ; and I constantly kept up your sister's tranquility about Hal. I thank God they are both perfectly recovered, and are unmanageable from redundancy of spirits and health. This is a most salutary air, and exactly suited to restore the enfeebled system. To take them somewhere to change of air was necessary. Their schooling could not be followed up while they remained poorly : it was a minor consideration. Harry was to



go up to London to keep his holidays at home. I had resolved to have George with me here. Three such boys in a London house, besides three smaller, as riotous as they can be, are too many, and discord may ensue. Since we came here Lady Yorke has endeavoured to shake this design, and has proposed my coming to her with both boys for the holidays. But since their being in London great events have occurred. Our dear Sovereign is still in a state which threatens to unsettle all Government and the removal of the present Ministry—Mr. Yorke and his adherents, of course. Every day teems with anxious prognosticks, and the suspense and solicitude of every person are beyond expression. I will send you your sister's letters to me. They will explain the circumstances, which it would be impossible for me to detail.

I think at present that I shall remain here till the end of May. My lease is then out. While Betsy is so suited in station, in society, and shares the brilliancy of life, I am as well and suitably seated in this comfortable asylum calculated for the early and late stage of life. The house is high rented ; but nothing decent, furnished, can be obtained for less. The situation is delightful, surrounded by neighbours who live on their incomes, independent of business ; professional men's families many of them. Some are country gentlemen, whose rising families require educating ; and Bath abounds in masters eminent in the various branches.

My *château* is in one wing of a beautiful Crescent composed of large and handsome houses, and I find a pleasant and easy society which is enough and not too much, with the power of tasting the amusements of the gay city of Bath. But the quiet and retreat from care and dissipation are to me the most desirable, and if I lived only for myself it should be here. Within four houses of me resides a clergyman who takes pupils ; under fourteen, 100 guineas a year, with *et ceteras*, which amount to fifteen more. Above fourteen, the terms are 200, and 30. He takes only eight. I have made interest with him to receive George from ten to one o'clock every day, to keep up his Latin, &c., which he vouchsafes to do at the rate of 60 guineas a year. George repeats his lesson to me previous to going to Mr. Spry, and I find he has made great progress in this short time. Was I to remain here it would be very desirable that he should go there, but there is no vacancy, and, indeed, until I know how the Yorkes are to be disposed of I do not think of withdrawing him from Mr. Radcliffe. Yet my boy has lost so much time that I do not omit to consider how best to repair that loss, consistent with his health and happiness. Three hours in the forenoon is moderate, and he finds it so, for he is much oftener home at twelve than later, going over his three lessons with facility in that time. Harry is but eight years old, and as his stay here was precarious, Sir Joseph did not think it necessary to be at that expense for him.

As I write the thought often crosses my mind that these sheets may meet the same bad luck which I am confident most of mine to you have met with. I do not receive any answers from you. Ever since the dear boy's arrival I have in every letter requested that you would tell me his birthday, whether he was inoculated for small-pox or vaccinated. Time has solved two very important doubts. He has, thank God, got well over whooping cough and measles. When you read that the last disease is happily over, you will, I am sure, feel grateful to that Power in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

One of my neighbours is a family of the name of Brown. He is from Bengal. He knew you and dear Robert well ; has been home five or six years—a very tall, and now a very stout man, turned of forty, I suppose. We have had much discourse, and he has made me laugh with one eye, while fond regrets brought the tear into the other. He was colonel of a volunteer corps, and told me many little interesting matters in which dear Bob bore a part, at which he was very merry, and seems to have great pleasure in recalling the scenes of his stay there. I owe him much for a very kind part he took in my wishes. I have been very importunate with Sir Joseph, through Betsy, to make use of his interest to forward each of your promotions. At length he desired I would put my desires and wishes into some shape and form, that he might ask in the only way of

obtaining any attention. I mentioned to Mr. Brown that I felt it difficult to specify my desires from perfect ignorance of the progressive steps each dear son must go over in the road to attaining posts of emolument. He gave me some leading ideas of the right way, but ended by saying, 'I will make a memorandum of situations each of your sons is competent to fill, and send it to you to-morrow before post hour.' He did so. I copied it exactly, and sent it to dear Betsy, who approved it and has made use of it.

*Sunday, 16.*—The uncommonly interesting state of politicks keeps half the world in agitation of spirits. Your dear sister's letter, written yesterday, received by me to-day, strongly speaks that their situation totters. Alas! And oh, how I feel for our dear, honoured old king! They, the Yorkes, may continue in office, but I do not expect it will be so. You see in your sister's letter that Sir Joseph means to be here by Monday next to visit his mother. Harry will go up to London with him. He will probably not stay many days.

In the *Courier* of yesterday and to-day you will find the unfortunate circumstance detailed of the loss of three of our frigates by running aground near the Isle of France. I consider this is known to you at Bengal sooner than to us here. It is a most afflicting affair, such men so to lose their lives. The thought of it is deeply depressing. The loss to us comes next into consideration. Ships and men so cut off is

lamentable. This tragic news came by the *Baring*, which left Bengal in June. She arrived at Portsmouth last Thursday. A letter came from Portsmouth to Bath, written the day she anchored at Spithead. We heard it here as soon as they did in London. There may be by this ship letters for me and for your dear sister. You said, my love, in yours to me, 'I shall write to my sister by this ship.' You also said, 'Robert is now writing to you.' These letters I think we may hope to receive by the ship which sailed next after that which brought me the blessing I am now replying to, as the chance is they might be too late for that opportunity and were laid aside till another offered.

I have this day received a short letter from Betsy. Sir Joseph intends being here to eat his Christmas dinner with his mother. He will probably stay a day or two, and take Harry up with him. In this letter you will see mention made of yourself, dearest James, and will be convinced how sincerely your dear sister participates in my fond hopes and expectations. I wrote to her all that you said about coming, and suggested an idea that it was a preparative to your quitting Bengal sooner than you could receive an answer to yours. You see she adopts the thought.

But now, dearest love, it behoves me to explain that part of her letter which is marked by red ink, which I used expressly to distinguish it. I have observed in these sheets that I fear many letters which

I wrote are lost on their way to you. One of particular import (when your poor father's will, &c., was sent) I wrote with pain and anguish of heart, at the marked severity with which your poor sister was treated, and the totally omitting to provide any recompense for her being kept out of the legacy which she was to share (by Alexander Rattray's will) jointly with you, and which by your generous deed of gift became legally wholly hers. When Captain Yorke married her, he was informed by Robert Stewart (who kept the copy of this said will and your deed of gift) that your sister had this claim on your father. Captain Yorke in proper time made a gentlemanly application for it to your father. I have not spirits to retrace this painful part, yet will force myself to say no man could behave more forbearingly than Sir Joseph did when he found that there was no notice taken of it in your poor father's will, but that Betsy was passed over till my death, and then so small a mark of a fatherly affection bequeathed to her. He was hurt. What I suffered I will not dwell upon. Still Sir Joseph preserved his affectionate regard for your sister's feelings, and I must own he most kindly respected mine. He might demand the legacy and interest upon it from the time it was due, and but for love of your sister and regard to you, my James, he would have done so, and the estate, I suppose, must have paid it. But he has waited to hear from you. He knew that I wrote to you fully on the subject.

Alas! my letter cannot have reached your dear hands, for if it had sure I am you would not have so entirely neglected to take some notice of it.

Authorised by you, my beloved, I requested Mr. Fenning to let me see your letter to him. He wrote me that he would send me a copy as soon as possible, and adds, 'I have the pleasure to tell you that Mr. Rattray has ordered his sister's legacy to be paid from the first receipts,' &c., &c. With a heart swelling with happiness I immediately wrote this sentence to your sister, and her reply to me you will see in its place. I had but one interpretation for Mr. Fenning's information, and was most thankful that my noble son had acted in this instance with his accustomed magnanimity. In a few days I receive from Mr. Fenning the promised copy of your directions to him and the Colonel. I need not say that my spirits sunk and my high-raised joy subsided. Yet believe me, my most worthy, most dear James, I fully appreciated your dearly affectionate and tender proof of love to your dear sister in anticipating your father's legacy to her, and a persuasion that you are perfectly uninformed of the whole sad business of Alexander's legacy and the train of consequences of the treatment Yorke has received, and—in a word, that you still are a stranger to the whole affair. Such are the tormenting consequences of a correspondence so fatally at the mercy of others.

*January 28, 1811.*—You may indeed, my beloved

James, well be surprised at the date of this day. I put this long letter away when I last quitted it, and not having any time marked for sending my packet to India I did not resume it. Since that time the unsettled state of the nation has affected us so much that had I begun to write I should not have known what to say. The suspense still remains. The poor old king does mind and . . . struggle for him as long as they can, but the crisis must be near, and I hope before I close this to be able to say whether the Yorkes are 'in' or 'out.' I shall send you the *Couriers* of the last four months. They will unfold to your view the whole of what I here touch upon. Now Sir Joseph is at Portsmouth. He is going to Portugal with a very brilliant squadron, eight sail of the line, frigates, and sloops. He takes troops and is to return forthwith. This is not amiss—to get out of the way while the bustle exists. He does not give up his seat at the Board. It is not unprecedented for a Sea Lord to go out during his service there. I have had a jog from Grey. He tells me in a fortnight he will send my letters to Bengal. This has caused me to resume my pen for thee, my James.

Your dear sister has just parted with her son Charles<sup>1</sup> to Harrow School. Sir Joseph came here for three days for Christmas, to see his mother. He dined one of them with me, and took Harry to town with him. Harry is to be placed at a school near

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards, Earl of Hardwicke. 4<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1.



London, for if the Ministry is not changed Betsy will still remain where she is. If it is dismissed they seem resolved on settling in London and taking summer excursions. But as matters are, and no decisive steps can yet be taken, I have concluded that George shall return to Mr. Radcliffe's for the present. When the die is cast he can very easily be removed whenever I move. At present my thoughts are that I shall continue here till the end of my lease of this house, which will be May, and by that time probably we may keep the boy's holiday at the Lodge. It is high time that dear George should resume his subordinate state. Over me he reigns triumphantly. My only hold on him is that he loves me, but the love felt for a grandmama is a very feeble tie when pleasure and powerful playfellows call another way. I study to amuse him within doors. Sometimes it is impossible. He has tumultuous animal spirits, and such health that he receives no injury from boisterous exercise every day with about twelve other boys, mostly older than he is, in all kinds of weather. He is restrained till eleven o'clock, but, oh, the difficulty! I insist on his reading and writing before he starts wild, and this point I accomplish; then he darts out. At one, hunger brings him home: again he is off, and I see no more of him till half after three. The sports of this squad of schoolboys are carried on in a most safe place, within our view. Poor fellows! their festivities draw to a close. Some go into Berkshire to school; some

one way, some another. Our poor *Pickle* goes on Monday next, a week from this day. I dread its approach, though certainly he does worry my spirits sometimes. But when I no longer hear his little shrill voice calling out, 'G'an'ma,' no more see him in his bed in my room, I shall forget all the worry and most likely weep that he is not here.

Arthurstone and Dumbarrow are, I see, advertised in the Scotch paper for sale. It must, however, be a considerable time before they can be disposed of and the money realised. Who can say, my dearest, but that you may be here first? For the life of me I cannot but suspect that what you have said to me about coming is by way of preparing my mind, and that your resolution is taken to come. But, oh! grant that it may be so: that while I am contemplating you as still in Bengal, safe, you may be on your way hither, and that I may know nothing till the tidings come that you are arrived . . . me what I should be spared of anxious fears and dread, and how complete my happiness must then be. Alas! my son, the extremes of joy are almost as much a trial of my strength as the reverse. Only writing about this interesting event agitates me more than I can describe.

Your friend Captain Richards has been to visit your sister in London, and they have met, and she gives me a description of him:—'A very pleasant man; much attached to James; dislikes this country so much he would not live in it; is happy in the

thought of returning to Bengal; wishes and wants much to see George; describes William most satisfactorily to me; speaks of James with enthusiasm, and says that Robert is happy beyond most men, and deserves to be so.' I would rejoice to have a visit from this gentleman, and trust that I shall see and talk with him before he goes back, and that he will see your dear boy. Yet, let me hope that you may meet in this country, oh, James, my dearest son, . . .

I must comment upon the perfect neglect of the Vaughan family. Lady Fletcher is my only correspondent of the sisters. I wrote to her a most earnest request last June to enquire of Lady Leith whether she could say that George had had the measles while a babe under her kind care. I had no reply till long after the dear boy had it at Salisbury. In October I made George write a letter to her, which I enclosed in one from myself. She has not noticed it in any way. I cannot pretend to account for this changed manner, and as I have been pointedly attentive to keep up an intercourse, I am less hurt than if I had any self-reproach to make.

The political world are so wholly occupied by their own concerns, not an individual has an ear . . . of a friend. Your sister has been desirous to fulfil your wishes for an introduction to the Governor-General by strong letters of recommendation to him, and Sir Joseph has not only spoken to those who could be serviceable to you, but has written. But as

nobody knows who is to be in power, all is stagnation. The crisis is, however, at hand, and this point will be settled when the applications they have made will be granted or refused. I fully meant that Jagger should paint your dear child's picture these holidays, but your probably quitting Bengal before this letter gets there made me decided not to spend twelve or fifteen guineas uselessly.

*February 6, 1811.*—The hour is arrived in which, according to Grey, I must close and send my packet. The political horizon clears somewhat, as you will see by the *Courier* of yesterday. I send them from the time I have sojourned here. My beloved boy returned to school yesterday. Ridgely, my servant, is returned. He came back by a night coach. The dear fellow was in the best spirits, and so he left him. I am not in my best spirits. The little soul feels not yet. He is gone to the kindest people in the world, and to his playfellows, but though he does keep me on the too much alert all the time he is with me, I feel such a blank now he is gone.

Soon another opportunity will occur of writing again. I hear not of any progress made towards the realising your plans for your Scotch property. Arthurstone and Dumbarrow are still advertised in the Scotch paper. You desire me, love, to draw on you if I want. I have before told you nothing but the greatest necessity shall make me do such a thing. The prospect of my benefitting by your goodness to

me from the produce of those estates is distant. In the meantime expenses do not stop. I have, since dear George came to me—for all the charges of his school; all the extra cost which has and must accompany the moving about on his account, having no settled home; when illness has occurred—sold out of that little fund which was remaining of what I got for Barnfield; and out of 2000*l.*, one only remains. The other is gone, all but 150*l.*, and that I must sell out. Do not think me extravagant. Could you but know exactly what the expenses are to live merely as a gentlewoman and educate and support properly a boy, I think you would not say I had spent much. Hateful subject! I will quit it. Only, if I should, do not think ill of me if, after all I have said, I should . . . you, my generous son; but I do not mean so to do, I assure you.

I shall not trust my letter in the packet of newspapers. They will be merely a parcel by themselves. Let me entreat you, dear, to forward them to our dear Robert as soon as you have done with them.

I finish this, dearest of sons, with the thought ever uppermost in my mind that we may meet ere it reaches India. God . . . and may His mercy sustain me under the event, whether it be the fruition or overthrow of my unutterably anxious expectations.

Farewell, my affectionate, my generous, my beloved son! May God be your protector, and may

that heart of yours, so full of noble impulses, continue to love, above all earthly things, your only child ; may you and he meet in the tenderest bonds of affection ; and may you never cease to consider me as your truest friend and the most anxious of mothers.

HENRIETTA RATTRAY.

## VI.

WIMBLEDON : May 25, 1812.

**M**Y beloved Robert,—I will begin my letter by telling you I am infinitely better, both in my health and in my spirits. I think my handwriting is so good now that I scarcely need to have told you so. Your dear letter I received last Saturday. James had told me of your being at Calcutta, and had at large detailed to me poor dear Amelia's loss. Who can better understand than I do what her sufferings have been ! Oh, how I sympathised with her ! But the agonies of sorrow cannot be for very long. Neither the delicacy of our sweet Amelia's youthful frame nor the feeble one of my time of life could have sustained them, had not the compassionate hand of Him, who having created us knows how far to permit their effect, stayed them. We have survived our miseries. We are shaken, but oh, blessed be God, our consolation is certain. Those who have been taken from us are in bliss.

This theme—oh ! how I could go on with it, but for both our sakes, my love, my dear Amelia, I will forbear to add anything to the last two words. There

I will pause: there, both you and I will meditate. It will do us good; and as it must lead to endeavours at self-correction, you will benefit by the contemplation. You have not lived long enough in this world of trial and temptation to have much to repent of. But the best prepared have something. I have gone through many years; I have had many trials, and various scenes do I recall which must be received with self-abasement and true repentance. We desire a reunion with those we weep for. How gracious is God, how supporting the promises of the Gospel, dearest Amelia! May you and I and all those dearer to us than ourselves, prepare for this reunion; and though separated here, be hereafter a united family in heaven.

At this sweet place, my Robert, I am within three miles of Mrs. Loch,<sup>1</sup> to whom, through dear James enclosing to her a letter for me, which she sent to me with a very amiable note, I sent a letter yesterday. Mr. Moffat drove over to Mr. Adams' yesterday, and Mrs. Loch is to dine here on Wednesday. I have not yet found spirits to visit anybody, and custom befriends my feelings in this instance. I do not yet know where my Amelia's dear mother resides. Her kind enquiries, with her card, which came to the house of Sir Joseph at a time I knew nothing that

<sup>1</sup> William Loch, of the Bengal Civil Service, married Juliana Cock, the elder sister of Amelia Cock, referred to before. Juliana died in 1808, after giving birth to a daughter, Mary.



was going on around me, has been mislaid. But I see her name on the list. I wrote yesterday to Mrs. Murdoch, requesting she would give me information concerning this matter, and as soon as I receive her reply, I am purposed fully to wait on Mrs. Cock, who I long to see and to sympathise with.

It is impossible for me, my beloved Robert, to describe my grief and indignation at the discoveries you make me. Oh, how your happiness has been sported with, how cruelly have your claims and just expectations been set aside. How little are the sufferings of the individual considered in the corrupt general policy which is now practised in the government of this world, by the 'little great.' I could cry with anguish of heart over the sad picture I paint of your grieved and depressed spirit, bending under the sickening sensation of hope deferred confined to a lone spot. My tenderly loved son, I do indeed comprehend all which your pious care for my repose has hitherto kept from me; and scarcely can I allow myself to trust in the promises made you of promotion immediately. I fear I shall not be able to taste this cup of happiness. It seems at your very lip. But I have so little trust in man. I'll tell you what I have already done. I have written to Lord Melville to this effect. After expressing what a grateful remembrance I have of my obligations to his honoured father, to whom you and James owe your present situation—'I beg leave to pay my tribute of fervent thanks to his Lord-

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ship, and to acquaint him that the letters' (of such a date, &c.) 'that he wrote to Lord Minto in recommendation of my dear sons, had, after many disappointments, procured the attention of Lord Minto, who had promised to my son Robert immediate promotion.' I then say—'I trust this happy promise, My Lord, will be realised. Repeated disappointment of hopes which seemed to have a very strong foundation have created a diffidence which I hope your Lordship will pardon,' &c.

Such is the tenor of the letter. Since I received yours, my son, my impulse to take advantage of this fair occasion of reintroducing myself to Lord Melville's notice was irresistible. It may touch him. My pleader is gone!<sup>1</sup> It was at her warm intercession that letter was given. Yorke will not stir a finger. I have no hope through him. It is so much the characteristic of him and his brother to ask no favours, that I have of late ceased to attempt to interest him. A positive refusal to apply to Lord Melville for you and your brothers closed the door of any expectations from him. Perhaps my letter of thanks may be as productive as a letter of request. And above all and after all, are we not dependent on God? Is it not the Almighty who regulates through man, His agent here? And if we depend on Him and refer all our actions to Him, cannot He raise up friends and place us where it is good for us to be? Oh, yes! I am sure you think with me. The beautiful history of

<sup>1</sup> Lady Yorke died in 1812.

Joseph and his Brethren has comforted me when I have considered that my sons are in a strange land. But God was with Joseph and blessed him and inspired the heart of Pharaoh with purposes which led to all the glory Joseph was favoured with. I should not be ashamed or shrink from this avowal of my faith in any circle, however irreligious, however disposed to turn this way of thinking into ridicule. Humbly I pray to that Power in whom I trust, and feel the blessed conviction that He is supreme.

*Tuesday, 26.*—I intend to send this letter up by Mr. Moffat on Thursday to Grey. By last evening's post I got Mrs. Murdoch's reply. I confess, my dear children, that it has relieved me. I took it into my head that on a frugal plan she might have changed her situation. Indeed, I was anxious about her, and now I am less so considerably. Please God, I will see her as soon as I possibly can, and in the meantime Mrs. Murdoch's letter, which I enclose, will, I trust, comfort my dear Amelia; and I will write every particular of her dear parent after I have seen her.

It is but justice to be more explicit on the subject of my solicitude about Mrs. Cock. Your princely-minded brother James, one of the most munificent of human beings, in his letter to me mentions her with the greatest desire for my informing myself particularly of her health and circumstances. This wish he expresses with his glowing zeal to add to her

comforts, and says, 'if, my mother, you find it so, I can, and will,' &c. . . . 'to do it in the most delicate manner.' I know that I need not give you this instance of our James' benevolence, but it must serve to convince you how truly he loves you both. Never did any human being excel him in benevolent impulses.

Oh, my Robert, how could you be otherwise than painfully disappointed when our worthy auld Robie's mountain (in perspective) became a molehill as he came near it? His marriage interfered with his intentions for you, I am persuaded. But peace to his soul! May he be among those, whose virtues preponderating, are admitted to a better world than this.

Miss Vaughan coming home at last! I cannot but wonder at her conduct, for I have heard much of her. But I do rejoice that you and Amelia are relieved from so distressing an inmate. I wrote, immediately on getting yours, to Lady Fletcher, her sister. You say she goes home in the January Fleet, by which you will not fail to inform me of the consequences of Lord Minto's<sup>1</sup> promises. I must own that my heart mis-

<sup>1</sup> The following is an amusing account of the fulfilment of the hopes and expectations here alluded to. My father is the writer. He speaks of himself in the third person :—'At the appointed time R. was ushered into the presence of his Lordship; who with his right leg bandaged and resting extended on a couch, was half sitting, half reclining, on the same, with writing materials and a Bengal Directory (open at the Civil List) on a small table before him. On the outer side of this table was a vacant chair, to which he pointed; but before R. could seat himself, he abruptly put the question, "Pray what has brought *you* to Calcutta,

gives me. Happy shall I be to acknowledge myself wrong if he performs what you are led to expect.

Mr. R.?" 'My Lord,' replied R., 'I have made the journey, under the permission you did me the honour to grant, for the sole purpose of obtaining the indulgence of this audience; assured that the opportunity afforded of a personal explanation of circumstances would satisfy your Lordship that I was not less worthy of promotion to a higher grade of service than the many who have been more fortunate in sharing your Lordship's consideration, and been raised accordingly to offices of trust and responsibility. I am, My Lord, the only one of my year who' —. "The best thing that you can do, Mr. R.," interrupted his Lordship, "is to return to your station as you came: I have nothing to give you; but, at a proper season, your claims, with those of others, will meet with due attention. Good morning, Sir!" 'My Lord,' said R., 'I have come a long way with a confident anticipation of success in the object of my journey; and I trust, if not convenient at this moment, that your Lordship will permit me on some future occasion to remove, whatever it may be, that has hitherto operated to my detriment,' — "You have had your answer, Sir," returned his Lordship, with a most unamiable look, "Good morning!" and a small silver bell was about to be sounded (to show him the way out, I suppose) when R. rose, and making his parting bow, observed, 'how hard it would be to satisfy his family in England that this neglect was not caused by misconduct on his part; and above all,' he added, 'what can be said to our most kind friend Mr. Dundas, whose introduction to your Lordship's notice I so lately had the honour of submitting?' — "Mr. Dundas! what Mr. Dundas? when, where, what letter?" demanded his Lordship hurriedly. 'The letter, My Lord, was from Mr. Robert Dundas, the Lord Advocate: it reached me about three months ago; but I awaited your Lordship's return from Java, and then forwarded it through your secretary,' replied R. "Be seated, pray!" was the altered injunction; and up started the recumbent *boiteux*, and, in spite of his game leg, made his way to a *secretoire* at the end of the room, from the divided shelves of which packet after packet was drawn, examined, and replaced, till a sudden ejaculation of "Sure enough!" announced the discovery of *the* letter—by some strange oversight, *unopened*! A hasty return-hobble to the couch was the first effect of the talisman; and then, a slow and attentive perusal of a closely written sheet, of what evidently related to matters very far exceeding in interest the introduction which had made R. the medium of its delivery. After

Six thousand rupees a year! Oh, how sickening a train of thoughts does that confession conjure up! Oh! my dear, dear, compassionate, amiable, Robert, what shall we do if you are to remain in this state of low income, out of which 150*l.* a year is dedicated to your mother? The reflection makes me hate myself, and I feel that I have been a sinful creature to permit you to enrich me under such very contracted circumstances. Had your income admitted it without so much diminishing it, I had received your bounty with joy, and exulted in your tender care of me. But now! the sweets it procures must be mingled with bitter tears of remorse. Oh! my loved son, withhold it in future if you really love me. I cannot receive it without anguish. To be bereft of you because you

the reading was concluded, his Lordship sat abstractedly, with the letter still open before him, and his eyes wandering to and fro from it, totally regardless of R.'s presence, till, suddenly recollecting himself, he turned towards him, and with much affability enquired what particular line of service it was in which he was desirous of promotion. R. stated his wishes. "You shall hear from me in the course of the day, Mr. R.," said his Lordship: and a most gracious smile and courteous inclination of the head ended the conference. Before sunset that evening R. was Judge of a Zilla Court; but it was in one of the Eastern districts, unhealthy, and the allowances below the average: so, taking courage from the flood-tide which had just turned in his favour, he begged to be transferred to another, naming it, better both in climate and salary. His Lordship 'had much satisfaction in complying with his request;' and, two days after, he was gazetted.'

'The Governor-General who, in the year of Grace 1812, thus disposed of his official patronage; who, one moment, had nothing to bestow, and the next gave all that was asked, in the manner here set forth; was, the 'Directory' informs me, the RIGHT HONOURABLE the Earl of Minto.'

cannot live in your native country for want of means, to languish for your return, and to retard that blessing by lessening your hard-earned income—it is so unnatural, I cannot bear myself for doing it.

With what emotions shall I receive your next letter! My dear George is of an endearing nature, and grows a very fine-looking youth. But, oh, my Robert, I have still to deplore the evil I wrote to you about on his first coming. It is invincible. It does not yield to any mode of endeavour to cure him of it, and his turbulence of temper is unrestrainable. But there are such bright gleams which occasionally appear, as lead me on to hope from time to time. . . . Happily, I fondly love him. Indeed, the child is very loveable, but very tormenting: all fire and animation, and, as I said before, a too great mixture of turbulence and ill-temper with it. He is with a gentleman who takes only twelve. I pay him 120 guineas a year, and in all respects he is the proper person for the management of such a boy. Gentlemanly; paternal in his conduct to his pupils; firm; patient; kind and highly learned. I would not have him return my poor boy upon my hands for anything I can think of; for it is my belief that if Mr. Townsend cannot reduce his spirit by his sensible manner, and I was to place him with a man of less principle, the child would be lost. To his dear father I send not so true an account of his loved child. All I speak of to you may by time be amended, and to that I look;

and I pray God to consider him, and by His power assist my weak efforts to render him a blessing to his beloved father.

Mr. Moffat goes to London on Thursday (tomorrow) and takes this packet up with him. This is Wednesday. I left off yesterday abruptly. I have now been here a week, and I find my mind benefited by the calm serene air of everything round me, and that my contemplations rise less encumbered by the sad imagery of earthly sufferings to that Paradise where I believe my departed treasures and your infant and your Juliana are now secured in happiness.

Adieu, my fondly loved, my ever loved Robert! Adieu, sweet Amelia! May you continue the most dear of earthly beings to each other. I need not say I pray for ye. May my prayers be heard and answered.

Yours, dear children, with the most sincere mother's love,

HENRIETTA RATTRAY.

Wednesday, May 27.





## VII.

. . . pleasure is derived from horses, dogs, carriages, and outdoor sports, in the pursuit of which he minds not cold or bruises or broken shins. Within doors there is no pleasure for him. He certainly is a very fine boy, stout, well-made, tall, a lovely complexion, an universal favourite with those before whom he is sufficiently under restraint to rein in his temper. For active life certainly nature designs him. What to fix on baffles all my contemplation. I have talked with him continually on this subject. Once the idea of going to Bengal was unpalatable to him. I think it is less so. But, alas! his infirmity will prevent his going to the Hertford College, and no 'Writer' can get to India without going thither. And the military line—oh, let me not part with him for such another sacrifice! I have considered the possibility of getting him received into the suite of some great man going to India. I think I might have interest enough through the Yorke family to accomplish this. But this is at present a distant idea. The vista is long

NOTE.—The first portion of the manuscript of this journal is lost.

which just suffers me to see this object. He is only thirteen, and I hope to receive some guidance from thee, my beloved James, before positive action is necessary. I should not even press this upon you as much as I have done, but that the infirmity I am bound to tell you of shuts the door of the Navy College, the Hertford College, and the Military College against us, and his turn is so decidedly against all study that a civil profession, I mean where learning is needful, is quite out of the question. He is young enough for great changes to occur in his disposition. In all my treatment of him I never lose sight of the necessity there is that I should attach his love to me, and I trust he does love me, and that whenever he does reflect he is afflicted at having behaved ill to me. Certainly I am, excepting his schoolmasters, the only person he has any fear of, and I am confident that fear arises from a conviction that I never am severe with him without cause, and that I am always as sorry as he is for the necessity of my being so.

I have at length had a visit from that lovely woman, Lady Fletcher. Miss Vaughan, a very handsome woman, was with her, and her little son. George was at home. If actions were always a proof of the heart, how do they admire, how dote upon your dear boy! He was looking his best when they came, and he was called by both 'charming.' And so he is, dear boy, in all behaviour and exterior, while his

passions lull. Nothing could be pleasanter than they were during their visit, and it was very much pressed our going there to dine. But I excused myself: my hermit's food makes large dinners unpleasant, and having no carriage I entreated that they would excuse me and favour me with visits without my returning them. Let me hope that their obliging professions were sincere. To this Lady F. most kindly assented. *Apropos*, my James, I am commissioned by her to exhort you on the subject of your silence to her repeated letters upon a matter of great importance to the whole family, in which your own son is largely concerned. She said it was merely your signature to papers which was required. I trust she will have no more cause for such a reproach. I can scarcely credit it. Yet, dear, dear James, you well know I have no reason to doubt it. While I am the person neglected by your pen, I can keep it to myself. People circumstanced as and connected with you as the Vaughans are will express themselves freely about it, and your respectability as a punctual man and a little on the head of carelessness of George may be questioned. I, with true love of you and never, never slumbering anxiety, entreat you to answer Lady Fletcher's letters or requests for *my* sake.

I have also to tell ye all, my treasures, that poor Caroline Vaughan has at last been to see me. She was much agitated, and it was my business to sup-

press as much as I could her emotions. Poor woman! Her hand, from the dreadful fall into the fire which happened, now a long time ago, is wholly useless—fingers burnt off. She embraced me most tenderly, talked of ye all with fondness and gratitude. She gazed on the picture of our Amelia and talked *to* it. Your miniature, my James, she has affixed a value to beyond what it had before, for I never before was so satisfied that it exactly resembled you. My Robert's picture I needed not any opinion upon to sanction my content with it. Little as there is in it of his sweetness of countenance, it is so much of what he was when last my streaming eyes beheld him that—I need no more.

This worthy, unfortunate woman evidently shows the havock which epilepsy makes on intellect as on the features. Memory is shaken. I perceived her recollections were feeble, her language inflated. George was happily not at home. She talked of him till I dreaded the result of feelings so high wrought. She said something about my likeness to my dear James, and kissed me. I suppose she almost fancied it was the same thing to kiss James' dear mother as himself.<sup>1</sup> You see, my loved James, that I have had quite Platonic opinions by this remark.

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Vaughan, sister to Charlotte, Harriet, and Albina, is described elsewhere as being 'a handsome girl, highly gifted as regarded intellect, well educated, and elegantly mannered.' She had, subsequently, to be placed in a private lunatic asylum.

We have hitherto had here delightful weather. It is now October, and bright, clear frostyish mornings, and, indeed, till the sun sets, makes the country still very beautiful. Be assured, my tenderly loved sons, and you, my Amelia, my dear one, that I do not practise any deceit when I tell you that my health has gradually mended, my strength has gradually increased, my spirits as much better as you could wish, and that respecting self I have most abundant cause for gratitude to God, and I am most thankful. My situation is pleasanter every time I look around me. My sister Henshaw is my constant inmate, and has uncommon health and spirits, and one or other of my nieces. My favourite, Eliza,<sup>1</sup> is now with me. Excellent girl! I am sorry to add her sister, Mrs. Brassey, has just written to solicit her to go to her while she lies in. Poor Eliza had rather stay here. But we do not live for ourselves alone, and of course she goes to her.

In Mr. Moffat's friendship I continue to find an even flow of comfort. My landlady and her family remain on the most desirable terms with me, and I have no desire for any change in my present mode of going on.

My mind strengthens, and my resignation to those

<sup>1</sup> Eliza Ibbetson. Grace Henshaw, sister of the writer of this journal, married Samuel Ibbetson, of Great Gearey's, in Berkshire. Eliza was one of their daughters, and Annie (Mrs. Brassey) was another. Mr. Brassey was a London banker.

trials (which I humbly hope will be instrumental to my salvation) also strengthens. It has pleased my most merciful God not to suffer sorrow to destroy me. He has raised me up to the tranquil enjoyment of the blessings which, through the virtue of my remaining children, comfort the dreariness of my latter days. Oh, may this God of mercy, power, and universal dominion, forgive my manifold errors, accept my penitence and prayer, so through our blest Redeemer my futurity will be joyful. Yet can I say this of myself and not turn to ye all, my children, with a heart full of fond motherly anxiety, and conjure you to reflect on the past and on the future, to try the paths of religion? For I affirm there are no other ways of pleasantness, no other paths of peace, no other prescribed remedy for the breaking heart, but of which the fallacy is soon felt. Oh, blessed Saviour, vouchsafe to touch their beloved hearts with a desire to look into Thy Gospel; tempt them to taste the fruits of Thy mercy in this age of thoughtlessness and infidelity.

I am aware that I may excite the opinion of being an enthusiast. Alas! I am too far from the character I wish I could attain. But my heart swells with gratitude to my God and Saviour, and with anxious desire and fervent hope to meet again those gone before me. And if the Sovereign Disposer of all our concerns admits not of my pressing you to my bosom in this world, I may meet ye in the abode

of the pardoned, accepted, and blessed, to part no more.

This packet goes up to Grey, merely to be ready before the heavy postage is laid on. I know not when it will be afloat. And I take the same opportunity to send a few papers, though I shall put them up by themselves. In the *Calcutta Gazette* of December, 1813, I read that my James is appointed 'Second Judge of Appeal,' &c., at Dacca. Second! But, of course, that is a necessary step to the supreme judgship of that place. To see the name in the list of the living, to see promotion attached to it, almost makes me forget that this same 'James Rattray, Esq.,' seems to have forgotten his fond mother; and I should think so, but that jointly with her other darling he feeds and clothes her and shelters her aching head. Oh, my loved sons, *do write* to me; add to all the tender care you manifest for my comfort that most dear proof of love, the effusion of your hearts. My Robert's last blessing detailed a course of employment and fatigue which I dread the effect of. I have heard no more of his proceedings since that detail. I am very, very desirous to see his dear handwriting again, and may God grant me the consolation of comfortable tidings from Dacca and from Mizapore.

This general letter is, I hope, as acceptable to all as if I wrote to each. Feelings too strong yet to be controlled forbid my doing otherwise. Bound up

together I seem to see my loss less distinctly. Adieu, adieu! Oh, could I see ye!—but that is impossible. Yet, and I am instrumental to your continuing from me! Oh, how inconsistent is this! Oh, my children, would that we could unite all expenses under one head and live together. In theory how sweet, and would it be less so in practice? But the means would cease. Distressing subject! Oh, most distressing!

I have not seen or heard of your 'little Mary Loch,' my Amelia. Stationary as I am, I have been indefatigable in my search after her. But she went to Scotland with her grandmamma almost as soon as she arrived. I longed to see her, my love, for your sake.

Again adieu, adieu! My blessing hovers over ye all, my dear, dear children, and I pray to God to bless you all.

Your fond mother, most truly,

HENRIETTA RATTRAY.



## VIII.

. . . . . I AM more content with my residence every day. The situation of the house, on high table land, is one amongst some respectable mansions which skirt a portion of fine common, and commands a very extensive view; and although only ten miles from London, the character of the different houses, the fine old elms which abound, and the total absence of anything like inferior dwellings, give to the spot an air of superiority. Lord Melville, Lady Mary Singleton, Lady Ashburnham, Lady Louisa Manners, have beautiful houses which surround us. Lord Spencer has Wimbledon Park, one of the most magnificent and beautiful things possible; and the house and grounds which the Prince de Condé had, are also remarkably grand.

Eliza Ibbetson, towards whom I have ever been very partial, is a most pleasant girl to have as an inmate. She has succeeded Fanny with me, who is now at Ilford with her sister Mrs. Brassey. Grace is at Portsmouth with her parents. Annie *was* handsome, but child-bearing has made her very dif-

NOTE.—The first page of the manuscript of this journal is lost.

ferent. She is become large and corpulent. Neither of the others, Mary excepted (who is married to Mr. Morgan at Bombay), had beauty to boast of; but Eliza was very pretty, and has a delicacy of figure still, which gives her a superiority of air and movement. Poor girls! But I hope their prospects brighten. Robert Ibbetson at Penang is very good to his parents, and Sam,<sup>1</sup> who is much more able, begins to consider them and his sisters.

I am sitting in my pleasant dressing-room, opposite to Amelia, and writing to Bengal. I could almost imagine she participated my feelings, but she is, I hope, much happier, for she talks with you, while *I* only imagine vaguely about ye all. My walls are hung with drawings which only now I have had the courage to contemplate. One day or other (I pray God to permit it) you will see them. Possibly we may look on them together. How you will admire the genius, the performance! These relicks, with others of her dear works, I now contemplate with fortitude. Blessed, oh, blessed, is she now, I trust, while I cling to these faint remnants of her uncommon graces and accomplishments. Alas, alas!

There is a rumour that the royal party are to have for their Saturday's entertainment a review on Wimbledon Common. If so, I may get a peep at them and the old veteran Blucher. Mrs. McEvoy's

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Ibbetson. He was in the Madras Civil Service.

house has a commanding view of the Common. But I do not credit the report much. I am quite afraid that the tormenting welcome the *sovereign mob* give to that fine old soldier, with the daily feasting, after a campaign where he must have known such privation, will have an ill effect on his health, and I daily expect to hear of his falling sick.

17.—In the Bengal Infantry (at present he is, I believe, stationed at Lucknow) is a lieutenant of the name of Sandford. He is married, and is, I fear connected with a young woman of colour, or half-caste. However, if she makes him a good wife, his friends will love her, of course. You will say, 'What is our dear mother aiming at?' Alas! my children, I did not think I should ever be led to speak on the subject of the native infantry again, but I believe that I shall never hear it spoken of or know of any one exposed to its chances again without my heart feeling an interest more than usual about them. This poor Lieutenant Sandford has his family residing here. His father, a medical man, did attend our lost Elizabeth. He is now my assistant in that way whenever I do need advice, which is hardly ever now, and they are a most valuable family. If any chance circumstance enables any of my beloved children to show to this poor lieutenant of native infantry, either help or kindness, I beg them to do it; for, oh, no tongue can tell how bitterly I have deplored the fate of such, nor how continually, every season, I seemed

to expect that blow which fell on me last February, Oh, my children, was not a broken spirit the prime cause of hope deferred, which makes the heart sick? Did not these evils combine to produce our dearest William's end? Oh, my poor fellow, how amiably didst thou try to hide from me the ravages which disappointment and anxiety had made in thy heart! I must quit retrospection and endeavour to look forward. I must remember the bitterness of all is past, and seek consolation where it is to be found—my God, in Thy abundant, Thy all-sufficient mercy, in our Saviour.

I have not heard from George since he returned to school. The review which was spoken of for to-day, does not take place, otherwise I believe I should have sent for him. The Marchioness takes the dear children out of town on Tuesday. Charles's holidays, from the College at Portsmouth, and little Eliot's,<sup>1</sup> at East Sheen, fall at this time, which induces her, I suppose, to go out of town, 'so soon,' as it is called; and, indeed, the weather having changed again to 'wet and cold,' it does seem more desirable to defer leaving their well-aired house in London. Sir Joseph goes to Portsmouth to attend on the Sovereigns, and probably he will go to her from thence. Harry's<sup>(K)</sup> holidays commence on the 22nd of next month, as George's do, and he, of course, will be sent down to the Lodge. I wonder if any of the Vaughan family

<sup>1</sup> Eliot Yorke.

*? Clavin cards*

*X L. S. ...*  
*# H. ...*

will pay attention to George these holidays? They are very capricious. I have now been, since October last, within seven miles of Lady Fletcher, and have not heard anything of her. Perhaps she may not know it. Yet Miss Manningham and Miss Vaughan correspond; therefore I might infer she does know it, and that having no carriage I cannot go to her. Poor Caroline! She is, I believe, a confirmed epileptic, and very rarely seen. My friend Ashhurst is to come here to take leave of me. I know not when he quits England. The seal so particularly commissioned, to accomplish which I took so much pains about, and I was so well pleased with when I saw it thus completed, lies here in my writing-desk, a speaking monitor. I shall send it to ye, my sons, for to me it is useless. It cost eleven guineas. Perhaps some use may be made of it, grateful to *his* feelings who was so precise about it. Alas, my William! yet again I reproach myself. Oh, why do I write in such a strain of lamentation! Oh, my God, grant me to hope we are not parted for ever.

My man-servant asked leave to go up to town yesterday to see the royal party go in state to dine at Guildhall. I have not a pen strong or quick enough to go over the details, but nothing ever was seen equal to it. *Apropos*, I will send my Sunday's paper. The one of this day is rich in the descriptive. By one item which I will mention, you may judge of the expense. Strawberries are a shilling each, and every

dinner has abounded in them. What these royal visitors will think of the riches of England may be pretty well guessed by those who know that every day has had to boast of two grand sights and dinners, and every evening of splendid entertainments, that the very streets seem paved with gold, such loaded tables and sideboards they see at every house they enter! Gracious me! I exclaim, at every fresh account I hear, I shall feel relieved when dear old Blucher is safely returned to his own country and habits. I fear we shall wear out the remains of his noble life by fatigue and feasting. John says that there is nothing to be attended to, nothing to be bought; the rage is to follow these blazing meteors, and that all the inhabitants of London seem to live in the streets. I am as retired and as unannoyed as if no such pageantry was proceeding. The expense is felt, certainly, every way. Eatables of all descriptions are sold now at an immense price. But, indeed, such has been the case, in a less degree, for a long, long while. I recollect, dearest Robert, when I was blessed with you at Southampton—oh, days for ever gone!—in the way we then lived. A fowl or chicken was not considered extravagant. Now, dears, half a guinea for a fowl, the same for a duck, 18s. a couple of small chickens, 3s. for a pigeon, and so on, place such food on the list of dainties uncomeatable. China oranges, 6*d.* each; lemons, 1*s.*; fine lump sugar, 2*s.* 3*d.* a lb.; the most common, for tea use,

20*d.*; and one very powder sugar, 18*d.* Butchers' meat keeps its pace; and malt liquor. In short, I am within the mark if I say housekeeping is now two-thirds as much again as in those fond and regretted times I have here alluded to. House rent, servants' wages (board wages), every article of food or wear, has risen in proportion. May peace by degrees reduce these terrible charges, and enable people once more to enjoy the necessaries of life at a less ruinous expense. Yet, among the opulent, no appearance of limitation takes place. The same expensive entertainments are given, and as many dinners set forth as when luxuries were attainable, in their degree, by all classes who kept servants. I still keep to my vegetable and farinaceous diet. Yet even that is no trifle. Asparagus at 12*s.* a hundred, is, of course, above my reach; new potatoes, 1*s.* a pound; a cabbage of the smallest sort, 4*d.*; a little handful of spinach, 8*d.* This has hitherto been the state of the vegetable world. Last winter destroyed root and seed. I trust this summer will set things on a better footing again. My kind friend's garden begins to pour forth its treasures, and when he has any I am fully assured there will be some to spare for me. After all, we now look with hope to a great change. God grant it! Otherwise, positively, people on very small means will be reduced to live as the cottager once did; and the cottager must, like the Irish peasantry, emigrate for bread. One article I have not mentioned: I paid

six guineas a chaldron for coals! This year, please God I live, I propose to lay in my winter stock early in the autumn, when it will be 3*l.* 17*s.* So ends this topic.

20.—I see by my paper to-day, which, by the bye, is the 20th, that the *Acorn* sloop is arrived from the East Indies. Shall I have any letters by her? I may—I may not. Her packet will soon be looked over. I shall not be doomed, in this instance, to suspense, that sad enemy.

George has not given me a line since he returned to school this day sen'night. I have just written to him. Generally speaking, he is mighty fond of writing to me. I suppose some more pleasant occupation is preferred. He was to have a piece of ground for a garden, and probably it is that has made him forget 'an'ma' for a little while.

23.—Being a little anxious about my boy's silence I ordered the carrier to stop at Mr. Butler's on his way to London, with a letter from me to Mrs. Butler. If I had not been so impatient I might have spared myself this trouble, for the post at one o'clock brought me the one I here place. The dear boy gives a very good account of himself, I think; and another thing in this letter to please me is, his handwriting is considerably less bad than it had become at Harrow. I hope poor Mr. Butler will soon be better. He is an excellent man. I wonder George's leg continues an open wound. He is an unlucky little rogue. One



accident is no sooner got the better of then he places himself in the full way of another. His shins are covered with bruises. You may believe it is not very bad or I should not treat it so lightly. I am glad he has seen the great folks. The hero, Lord Wellington, is now coming forward on the *Tapir*. He is expected daily. I am pleased to learn that the Asiatics are to contrive a feast to welcome his return. It was in India, I think I recollect, that his first honours were achieved; and the East Indians here seem to claim him as 'their own Wellesley.' What wonderful events has 1814 already produced! The day seems poor and barren which is not marked with some rich and splendid detail.

I did not expect letters by the *Acorn*; and yet I thought it possible I might have some tidings by her. How is Lord Moira liked among ye? If Lord Minto was too simple in his habits, if his parsimony gave disgust, by all accounts Lord Moira will not be disapproved on the same score. Let him but keep his promises, conditional they were though, with Lord Hardwicke; let Lady London do what she pledged herself to do, that is, to keep alive Lord M.'s memory, and I will not quarrel with his regal pomp.

Sir Joseph is quite in his element just now, and will, I dare say, make on this occasion a conspicuously respectable figure. Lord Melville is a man of very reserved and shy manners, and Lord Henry Powlet (who is the Marchioness of Clanricarde's brother) has

a stiff and high demeanour. Sir Joseph, whose manners are proverbially endearing and full of suavity when he pleases, will be the Sir Clement Cottrel of the ceremonies. I expect to hear a great deal of him, and that in this opportunity of approaching the royal ear for some days perpetually, he will become a prime favourite with the Prince. Oh, how different is the interest with which such reflections are now accompanied! The link is broken, the chain falls to the ground! Yet he is very good, very attentive to me. I have no reproach to make; and as to her—to the Marchioness—oh, she is a most valuable acquisition to my comfort, for if the departed spirit knows aught passing here, my blessed Elizabeth may behold her dear children happy—yes, happy! God be blessed and praised for such a mercy!

24.—Alas! how little did I think when I spoke of Lord Minto that it was of one who was at that very time called to his great account. My good lady, Mrs. MacEvoy, returned from London an hour ago, and, as she generally does, sent in to say she would come and chat with me, if agreeable. After detailing me news of the day she told me that Lord Minto was dead, after only a week's illness; that poor Lady Minto was requested by him not to quit Scotland as he would hasten to her, so she has not seen him since he came home. I do not like to think on this catastrophe. Poor man! Poor, short-sighted creatures, that we are! It does not seem necessary to live to

my years in order to be convinced how frail is every earthly calculation.

*Monday, 27.*—Yesterday Ladies Hardwicke, Polington, Elizabeth and Caroline Yorke drove down and made me a long pleasant visit. Lady H. is a very lovely woman, and really looked almost as young as either of her daughters. Lady P. is, to be sure, very big with child. She brought her eldest boy, Saville, with her: a sweet fellow of four years. The amazing career of dissipation which the great world, and all the worlds, I think, have run since crowned heads were so plenty among us, has a frightful effect on female beauty. The ladies yesterday looked so sallow and languid, it was not easy to forbear making audible remarks on the change.

I have this day written to Mr. Downie. I conceive it possible that you, one or other, may have written to him; I have asked the question of him. I fancy he has settled himself in Edinburgh. I do not at all wonder at his so doing. There he will command an excellent society of old friends, so many East Indians are settled there; while in London he would be merely a man of business, notwithstanding his large fortune.

Mr. William Loch will hear how very lucky his cousin, Captain Charles Adams, has been, by commanding the *Impregnable* at Spithead on this great occasion. Royalty assembled on his quarter-deck; and it was the selected ship to receive the Royal

Standard. The entertainments at Portsmouth have been most magnificent. My Sunday's papers are very descriptive ; and I will send you those from the time of the august visitors' first step in this 'blessed country,' as I hear they all style it. They much admire what they have seen. Every nerve has been strained to prove how welcome they were ; and the season also is, generally speaking, the fairest of the year. But really this spring has been very backward and very cold. This is June 27, and I am under the necessity of having constant fires still, although I dislike a hot room.

29.—Sir Joseph returned to London on Monday. He wrote to me, which I got last night, enclosing me a letter from Colonel Rattray, which I will place in here. The unfeeling manner in which he discusses the leading theme of his letter with me, the poor bereft and afflicted mother, will strike ye, my tender children ; but, as I do, forgive it. We are not all organised alike. You will see his idea on the subject of the worldly possessions of my poor lost child. Had I a thought that was of the same colour? Indeed, did I not well know that property never reverts to the parent? I should have kept this letter back : and I believe, as it pleased God to remove our dear Elizabeth first, all claim on her part became extinct. I shall mention Captain James Rattray when I write to Sir Joseph to-day. It may bring him to his recollection, and I am confident that the cousin of his beloved

and still lamented wife will be thought of with more than an ordinary desire to assist him, if he can. But now the difficulty is tenfold more than it was.

Our capricious climate is, I believe, proverbial. To-day June unlocks her store of beauties. I am sitting at an open window shrouded with a large moss-rose tree, and innumerable buds just opening breathe their sweet scents on me. Oh, how, by contrasting it with the chilling east wind of yesterday, do my senses regale on the blessings of the southern breeze!

I am going out in my carriage—a garden chair. It takes me, in the hands of my footman, further than is good for me to walk; and Eliza Ibbetson accompanies me, and when she thinks poor John gets weary she pushes it on behind. Oh, my dear ones, I know you will read this stupid detail with that interest which alone could excuse my egotism. Would that I had a sketch of your proceedings!

*June 30.*—Poor George has written me the letter I place in here, under the fear that I had been offended at his silence. I am pleased with his sensibility, poor fellow, and wrote to him this morning as affectionately as I could, to convince him I was anything but angry. We have had another summer's day, and as my *promenade en chaise* agreed with me so well yesterday, I have extended my exercise this day, and had a most delightful airing. I also walked occasionally. If I had been told six months ago I should have done so

much, I could not have hoped it. But it has pleased God to strengthen me beyond my most sanguine expectation. He knows my heart, and that I am thankful for so much mercy. My sister Henshaw has charming health, strength, and spirits. Every day I am more thankful than the last that I obtained her as my inmate. With her and with one or other of my nieces I am in constant society of the kind I best like, and my spirits are unconstrained. When, as must ever be my case at times, recollections sink them, and anguished thoughts subdue me, they know the cause I have had, and respect it, and tenderly soothe me; and their cheerfulness is ready to minister to my amusement when I am disposed to be amused.

I have written to Sir Joseph, and, with more resolution than I thought I could have exerted, have spoken of Captain Rattray. I do not expect much from it, for at present I cannot see how he is to be brought forward. Many have been passed over in this last promotion. I do not think this son of Dr. Rattray is known to any of ye. He is very amiable, very good-looking, and very much respected. The Colonel, his brother, is as unlike him in look and manner as possible. He was well known to my dear, lamented William, and, I believe, to you also, my Robert. I saw him some months ago, and when he told me that he was married, and afterwards brought his pretty wife to see me, I could scarcely help ex-

claiming, 'What could induce her?' so little does he suit my idea of 'attractive.'

*Monday, July 4.*—I have done this day, my dearest loves, what I have not been inclined to attempt for these seven months—I accepted my good friend Moffat's offer to take an airing in his nice coach-and-four wherever I pleased, and as I wished to see Mrs. Loch, we fixed on going to Mr. Wm. Adams' Cottage, in Richmond Park. We had a most beautiful drive. Eliza and Mr. Moffat went with me. Unfortunately, all the family were absent. If we had given it two thoughts we might have guessed as much. The *Nelson* is launched to-day, and all the world assemble to see it. The servant to whom we spoke belonged to Captain Charles Adams, R.N. He is on a short visit to his father. It would have given me pleasure to have renewed my acquaintance with him. The last time I saw him was at Sydney Lodge, where he made one of a lively party; and he would claim cousinship with us, because Mr. Wm. Loch had married one sister and my son the other. Oh, memory! My Amelia joins me in this exclamation, I am sure. Twelve miles I have gone to-day, and am not at all tired; oh, how much am I recovered! Oh God, keep alive in my soul a constant sense of my dependence on Thee, I most humbly beseech Thee, through the prevailing name of Jesus Christ, and give me ever a thankful heart, endeavouring to receive Thy chastisements with resignation.

I have a letter from Annie Brassey. She and the Dowr. Brassey invite themselves to dine with me to-morrow. I do not expect that my Robert can recollect Annie. She was a lovely little girl in 1800. Now she is as lusty as Mrs. Munton (only she has a youthful air), and is the mother of seven children. Yet, still, how lovely is her face! When Mrs. Charles Yorke looked at your picture one morning when she came to see me, my loved Amelia, she exclaimed, 'Bless me, how very like the beautiful Mrs. Tom Hope!' There is a tribute of unfeigned praise, my dear! Indeed, you are a very sweet creature, my Amelia.

*July 6.*—My expected guests came yesterday. They are delighted with my apartments, and I wonder not at their being struck with the size of my rooms and the general air of the house and property. Mrs. Dowr. Brassey is well jointured, and can please her taste as to house and such comforts. She has a very good one in Lower Seymour Street, but she is determined to quit London, and is so charmed with Wimbledon that she has resolved to settle here if she can, and has left a commission with me to secure for her Mrs. Wilcox's house (where I was until I came into this) from the 1st of next December, that she may look about for a house to rent at her leisure. Of this I am glad, for she is one of the few I should like to have near me. Poor Annie is *again* in the family-way, and reckons on confinement in November. She has seven



already. Her *sposo* has not any remarkable graces or merits, but he does love his children dearly. Certainly, you would suppose Annie's husband must be a lover also, but I fancy the case is rare where the two characters long unite. His mother is very much attached to her, and never so much pleased as when she can be with her. My William, my dear, dear William! knew Brassey very well, and thought him, I believe, a queer creature. They left me at 9 o'clock, rather late to return to London; but the moon was to rise at ten, and there is such an air of security and distance from London in the scenery of this place that I am not at all surprised my friends were beguiled to stay. Oh, if wishes could operate, how soon should I gather to me here my surviving treasures! I ponder in this idea too, too much. Let me try to be thankful that I survive the blows I have received and that hope rekindles.

*July 7, Evening.*—This has been the day of Thanksgiving for the Peace. An adoration of the most perfect kind that devout minds could suggest was planned, and the offering of grateful praise has this day been made 'in the beauty of holiness.' You will read in my Sunday's paper a better description on a day thus devoted.

I am sorry to have to relate an extraordinary event, the consequence of thoughtlessly giving way to an eager impulse. Some fine timber lately felled in the Prince de Condé's grounds was to have been fetched

away yesterday. Something prevented the merchant from sending his teams from London yesterday, and they came for it to-day. The men who drove the horses placed them in the park, as they thought safely, and came on to the village for drink for themselves: the day has been most sultry. The poor cattle left chained together within sight of a fine piece of water, and being famished with thirst, made their way to the banks of it and, poor animals, the first that attempted to stoop to it, encumbered with the heavy chain harness, over-reached himself, fell in and dragged five others in after him, the great depth of water and the weight sinking them all but one, which, poor beast, struggled till their thoughtless owners returned to them. The five first were dead. When the hue and cry reached the village, my man, who is a very humane and spirited fellow, and swims well, it seems, thought he could save the struggling horse, and jumped in, and did, by labour and courage, succeed in getting him on shore, but only to lie down and die. This, I am told, John did. But it was very hazardous and against all advice. Yet, I honour the feeling which rendered him deaf to remonstrances. The good-for-nothing drivers, who could so shamefully forget the poor animals' wants and leave them, to gratify their own sensuality, were very much in liquor when they returned to them. Each of the horses is valued at 100 guineas.

I was agreeably surprised yesterday afternoon with a visit from Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Hard-

wicke's eldest sister. She has a villa near this house, and sometimes comes to stay for a short time at it. This visit to Wimbledon was merely to see how her hay went on. She has a few acres now making. *Apropos*, I cannot but remark that I see a very great threatening of rain. I wish it may hold up for a few days more, for the grass is cut all around us; indeed, it is pretty nearly ready to carry, but this being a holiday, it remains out till to-morrow.

*Saturday, 9.*—I was too true a prophetess: it has rained these two days. This evening it seems as if the sun would shine on us again and reanimate the spirits of the poor haymakers, who begin to croak. Mr. Moffat has 25 acres down, and that is a small quantity compared with the great crops around this neighbourhood.

I have the pleasure of a letter from Mrs. C. Butler, received last night. It is so satisfactory that I put it among these sheets to comfort the dear father of the dear boy. You must observe that Mrs. Butler is no flatterer, therefore, anything from her like approbation has great weight with me. How thankful I shall be for that degree of amendment in my beloved George which this letter leads me to hope, God knows, to whom my heart is open.

*July 13.*—Is it possible that I have not written here these four days? How have I managed so to occupy myself as to have found no time to give to this employ which, stupid as it must seem to every other

eye, begins to have charms for me ; and, I fondly hope, on the same principle, will be interesting to those loved beings for whom it is designed ?

On Monday I sought Mrs. McEvoy to make a proposal to her concerning rooms. The whole of mine, excepting bedrooms, are on the ground-floor, and I have longed for one on the first-floor in the front of the house, looking on the Common, which, from its peculiar beauties and fine clumps of trees, looks like a park. I prevailed. She has given up one to me, and I have resigned, in lieu of it, a front parlour which I never liked much. This little arrangement has employed me agreeably, and I have made a most excellent change.

Yesterday I had a good deal of out-door exercise, for the day was favourable ; and I also had my neighbours, the Misses Maclaren, call upon me, and the Phillot's, Mr. Moffat's friends. The afternoon produced me a most acceptable friend, Mrs. C. Butler, who I was to expect, you know, by her letter. I dreaded what she had to impart to me about George, and have anxiously looked for her coming. But I thank God that she left me much happier than she found me. She was very descriptive of his conduct, and related in what way he had offended ; how he had been punished ; how dearly he had proved that he had a most affectionate heart, which could not be comforted till completely restored to favour. How, ever since, he had behaved most amiably ; and she

concluded with assuring me that there was no doubt of his being a comfort to me and a credit to them. That so far from wanting talent, her brother, Mr. Weedon Butler, who is his chief instructor, told her but yesterday morning he has not had once occasion to correct him for inattention or want of ability. Some vile slang language, some more vile tricks, acquired at Harrow, where no curb, no restraint is used, my young gentleman made an effort to introduce at Mr. Butler's, but Mrs. C. Butler, who has the faculty of knowing and hearing everything which passes in their house, soon made him understand the unworthiness of his conduct, and brought him to a sense of the situation in which she should place him if she consigned him to her father to be punished. Since that period there is no return of offending. She is going into Northamptonshire on Monday next, and therefore took the most leisure time, before their school breaks up, to see me ; having been charged by Doctor Butler to take George particularly under her care. Am I not obliged to them, and is it not a most fortunate event my removing this dear neglected boy from a system of education not calculated for one who must be continually attended to, and then will do very well, but who never would seek for instruction ? I sometimes repent having sent for the inspection of my beloved James Doctor Butler's correspondence with me, and I heartily wish that he knew all that has since occurred. But what could I do ? Alas ! the

charge is with me too awful to permit me to act with concealment, and though I am self-acquitted as to intention in all I do or ever did for this loved child, I feel so responsible to his dear father ; and this move from Harrow did appear so important that I could not conceal it. I believe most entirely that it will prove one of the happiest events which could befall him. We have arranged the mode of his coming home on Saturday.

14.—We were in the midst of dinner to-day when a rap at the street door announced a visitor. It was Mr. Moffat, who, without ceremony, came to us in the dining-room, bringing in his hand a basket of beautiful strawberries. I dine at the early hour of three. His hour is half-past five. I am a privileged person to take my meal at this obsolete hour, in order that I may take something by way of supper at a proper time, as my diet requires renewing a little oftener than if it were of a more solid kind. *Apropos*, I believe my success in the use of this vegetable system will bring it into repute. He put me into a little flurry by telling me that he had just received letters from Mr. Harington, by the *Lady Flora*. I, of course, expressed my warm hopes of having some, but he has repressed this hope by telling me it was despatched suddenly from Calcutta : so unexpectedly, that Mr. H. had scarcely time to write, but that she brought the news of several more ships being about to leave Bengal immediately after her. By them I

shall expect this blessing. I am sure if you had seen my kind attentive friend Moffat you would have been highly pleased. Seventy-six at least are the years he carries, and I declare he is as alert, as upright, his form as unbroken, as a man of fifty. Seeing me so hearty a feeder and making so good a figure at the dinner-table, he would not be refused our all dining with him to-morrow. We have consented with pleasure. If the day is less fine than this has been he is to send his coach for us ; if as fine, I shall go in my own *open carriage*, and sister E. and Eliza will walk. At any rate, he will send us home in the evening, as my vehicle is rather too airy for any other than the warm hours of the day. It is a treasure of its kind to me, being made for no less distinguished a person than Horne Tooke, who used it constantly the latter part of his life, being driven by his servant in it all around this Common. He was a great big man, and it is made suitably strong ; but so light that my man drives it with ease ; nay, sometimes Eliza takes his place. You are not to suppose, my dearest children, that I can't walk because I use this chair. I assure you that I walk a great deal ; but it is wise not to take long walks ; and yet, it is pleasant in fine weather to join those who can go three or four miles out and home. This chair admits my doing so, and you will readily understand that it is a great treat to me, and gives me very good exercise in the open air.

I got this kind note from Lady Anne Barnard a

day or two ago. I send it to you, my dears, because I think it may please ye. Good-night my dear, dear children, I am going to my nice supper. God bless ye, and may ye all relish your fare as well as poor mama does hers. May it be as nutritious. Ah, if I begin to express hopes and wishes, to unlock the feelings of my heart, I shall not know how to stop, so once more to the Almighty I commend ye. Good-night.

16.— We dined yesterday with my kind old friend. My limited luxuries abounded, and I did due honour to the beautiful vegetables and fruits. I am most thankful that a diet so good for me is so palatable; that with a degree of fortitude, which astonishes everybody, and obtains for me a great deal of unmerited praise, I see the luxurious dishes of all descriptions, smell their savoury odours, and without regretting, eat my vegetable store and drink water from the spring. What a change! Although, I believe, I was never intemperate, you will be apt to wonder how I feel on such an altered system. Why, cool, light, equal spirits, stronger, excellent appetite, no ebullition of blood, no irritation of nerves (from indigestion)—in short, I humbly bless the mercy of God. I am of opinion that my good physician, Doctor Ainslie, who put me on this regimen and sent me out of London, had the honest intention of prolonging my life.

This afternoon has brought our dear George home.



How well he looks! How often do I sigh because his dear father cannot have the joy which I feel on beholding him. But let me not mar the present pleasure I wish to impart, but with all the resignation which I labour to attain and to practise, lay before ye, my most beloved children, any little event which my still life affords. George's arrival is one of consequence. Dear child! I have received him with great delight from what Mrs. Butler told me, and he made his entry with great confidence. For two, or perhaps three, days he will be very decorous, and by degrees we shall resume our old habits, I suppose. But I will not anticipate. He is a sweet boy at present.

18.—This evening the apothecary's family, consisting of six, are to drink tea, play at cards, and sup with me. This apothecary is the father of poor Lieutenant Sandford, for whom I want to make interest with you, my sons, if possible to do him any service at no expense to yourselves. This worthy family are admitted into the best society of the neighbourhood, and are really far superior to his profession. But they are indeed intrinsically good, and excellently well instructed are the young people. George gave me last night a sample of his reading. It being Sunday, he most readily took the book which I offered him and read some chapters in the Bible with all the point and emphasis requisite to make it pleasant to listen to him. When he ended I embraced

him and thanked him, so did my sister, and praised his reading, and the dear fellow seemed quite happy.

20.—Wednesday. The weather is fine, and I am as idle as the rest. George and Eliza are very excellent friends. She is fond of a garden, and Mrs. McEvoy has been good humoured enough to permit her to do as she likes with a part which is very pretty, and on which our windows particularly look. George and Eliza have been busy there these two days, and I am not unemployed. It is a perfect delight to me when I can find any amusement for George, as I have no companion for him. This gardening which hitherto has interested him, is a fortunate taste in Eliza. To-day I have examined Mrs. Butler's account!! With such notes of wonder I could fill this page, at least. Two months only! I am distressed at the enormous expense, but know not what to do. Certainly he appears much benefitted by the pains now taken with him, but when I look at the bill and recollect the entrance money, also paid, I cannot be satisfied.

*July 23.*—Saturday. A summons, by letter, from Grey last night. 'Grey's respects, and on Wednesday next,' &c., &c., warns me not to lose any more but to apply to this employment. George yesterday produced me three kind letters from Lady Fletcher to him. My dear boy commenced the correspondence by writing to her for some money, at which I am very sorry. She, however, after sending him a *1l.* note, invites him, with my consent, to renew his visit to

Ashley Park this vacation. Of course his heart is set upon going, for there is in fact all that is wanting here: horses, carriages, dinners, company, and splendour, compared to what he now sees about my establishment. I thought it due to Lady F. to notice her kindness to George, and accordingly wrote to her yesterday, saying how very much I was gratified by the kind notice she had taken of my dear boy, and that I should with infinite pleasure permit him to wait upon her, &c. I mentioned any day in the week after next as convenient to her to fetch him that she would have, he should be ready. His *rigging must be overhauled*, and a new coat, &c., procured to render him a proper guest, and this caused me to defer his going so long. On his last visit, when I sent my maid with him, she became well acquainted with the unfortunate habit he has, but he is now too old to have a nurse. Yet, more care than ever is necessary. . . . She speaks of Caroline in her letter to George as one of whose love and kindness he is bound to retain the most grateful remembrance. If Caroline Vaughan is at Ashley Park, I think she must feel some little touch of remorse at not having checked this sad habit in his babyhood, when every child is guided by their superintendent. . . . .

*Monday, 24.*—I do not think, my children, that any one of ye at this time feels more heat than we do. Sudden are all the transitions in this climate! From cold November weather we are suddenly under

the Torrid zone. Yet, how seasonable, how revivifying is this glorious change! I trust that it is some proof of my strength that I do not feel overpowered with it, but capable of enjoying it as a blessing. Lady Anne Barnard's house is to let for seven guineas a week. I should not envy the inhabitant of it, even were I still suffocating in London. It is so enclosed with trees that no air can circulate round it, and, of course, it smells musty. But I rejoice it is off her hands for a time, for she is a most kind and affectionate-hearted woman and deserves to escape worries, for she never inflicts any or causes inconvenience to a living soul. She is a prime favourite with me. I expected a letter to-day from Lady Fletcher, but the post has brought me only one, which is from Lady Williams. It is a reply to one which I wrote upon the subject of a cheap and tempting property which is to be sold within two miles of Wimbledon. You will see that they reject it because it is too near London. I am sorry, for it is a beauty of a place, and such a bargain!

We of this house have been enlivened by the return of one of the sons, from the Duke of Wellington's army—a very fine young man in the 5th Dragoon Guards. But, alas! his regiment is in the 'break,' as it is called, and the young warrior must now turn his sword into a ploughshare. At present all is joy. The soldier is tired of war's alarms, and hails the prospect of repose. I will not squeeze into this page more

than a drop or two of my bitter feeling. When I witnessed the mother's transport of— No, I have made the resolution to check my propensity to describe the state of my wounded spirit, and I hope I shall be able to govern my pen. Of one thing I am certain—that grief is insatiable. Give it food, give it vent, it becomes uncontrollable.

*Tuesday, July 25, 1814.*—These sheets must go up to Grey to-morrow. I know I might keep them back a day or two, but in my dealings with him I lay such a stress on punctuality that I am always obedient to the letter of his summons. Now I approach to the closing of my packet I seem not to have written you anything. But, in fact, what have I to tell ye, my children? The *dramatis personæ* of my stage are very limited. George is of the first consequence on it, and I trust I have reconciled his dear father to that circumstance, his being changed from Harrow, as I am. At first it alarmed me, but I now consider it as favourable. I put a letter of Lady Williams's in here. It contains her opinions on the subject, and her opinions are always just and wise. I have put in a specimen of George's writing here, which will tend, I think, to bear me out in my opinion that to change him from Harrow, where he lost everything he had acquired by being neglected and was not instructed in anything new, is favourable. Where he is now educating such pains are taken, such studying of the mental powers, and so much attention to the morals

that I have great hopes and few fears. The amendment I see already in my dear boy surpasses my best ideas of what attentive cultivation would do for him.

Lord Neville's sons, the young Dundas's, are this day come from Harrow. George and they have met, and now adieu to all home engagements while they remain at Wimbledon. I was out this afternoon in my chair, George amusing himself with Eliza pushing it at the back. Presently, off ran George. Breathless he ran back. 'The Dundas's are come and want me, mayn't I go?' 'By all means,' was my reply. Off he flew again like a feathered Mercury. At tea he has just shown himself. Off again. But first he loudly lamented that they were going to the Isle of Wight next Monday. I do not urge George to write to his dear father just now. His handwriting is totally spoilt at Harrow. But in this respect he is not singular. Mr. Pearson, of East Sheen, sends his pupils to Eton and to Harrow, writing like copper-plate when they go from him. In the course of three months all is gone of this excellence. Harry wrote me a letter just before he went deserving of a frame, so beautiful. Since his residence at Harrow he has entirely lost the art, and writes vilely.

I do hope that by the ships which are daily expected I shall have a letter from my beloved James, from whom I have not received one these two long years and more! I dare not enter upon a detail of

my varying reflections of the cause or causes of this lamented silence. I will only say, the last two years of my life it has pleased God to try me with heavy chastisements, such as He alone could have sustained me under. Those I have mourned, I, trusting in God's mercies and promises through the Mighty Saviour, contemplate as happy. It is I that am forlorn, bereft, and struggling against heart-breaking recollections. 'They are happy,' I say to my perverse feelings continually. And what is left for me to do? My utmost, to be pardoned for my offences, and to be permitted a reunion with them.

I will turn to the blessings yet left me, my beloved sons, my Amelia, and tell them once more how my heart swells with gratitude for the testimonies of their anxious affection which they have bestowed upon me, and to assure them that letters are the medicines to my woes, and that whatever has been the cause of my James's silence I hope that by the expected ships I shall have my mind restored to serenity on that head. I cannot omit to say to my Robert that his unwearying attention to me has been the only comfort I have known. I thank God my mind recovers its former tone. The depressing effects of sorrow are subsiding. My health improves, and so do my spirits. The resignation I pray for begins to visit my heart, and I seem now to be able to say, 'If I get good tidings from my children I shall call myself well, and shall court amusing occupation in-

stead of working up my heart and devoting it to fruitless regrets.'

Captain Ashhurst has not yet visited me. My dear George's miniature is quite an eyesore to me; so much so, I want to send it to his beloved father, but Grey gives me no help and I cannot send it up at the hazard of tossing about the India House, and perhaps not going at all. Even now it is so like him that the Sandford family, to whom I showed it a few nights ago, one and all cried out, 'Oh, that's Master Rattray,' who is, to be sure, one of the happiest of the happy. Our dragoon has lent him a pony to use during his stay, the tamest and gentlest of little animals, and he rides it about the Common; and to-morrow the 4th Dragoons are to be reviewed on Wimbledon Common, and George is to go under the care of our young officer to see the sight.

No answer from Lady Fletcher. I suspect they are in the North. If so, I fear George's visit there will not take place these holidays. I tell him so, but this pony alters the case. He replies: 'Never mind, grandmama, I am very happy.' I hoped to have had something to say about a visit from my Amelia's dear friends the Murdoch's, but they have not yet been to see me. From them I should have heard some particulars of her dear parents, but not seeing them I am in ignorance, and must content myself with the belief that they write to the dear Amelia and tell her everything. There has been sufficient



time for Downie to have answered my letter, but he is silent still. However, dear Mrs. Loch's letter is sufficient for as much comfort as I could expect, until my eyes are blest with letters from each dear hand.

Now, my heart's treasures, I must end this journal of which when I look on the quantity, I am ashamed of its quality. Nothing amusing!—and, did not my full conviction of being dear to ye stop me, I would add, nothing interesting. But I believe otherwise, and that there need not graces and beauties in such a performance as this between hearts linked together, as ours are, to render it welcome. Still direct to me, my dear ones, to the 'care of Sir Joseph Yorke, Admiralty.' It gives a useful consequence to my letters which induces care of them. Will my James send me a certain beloved miniature, if he can part with it only for a time? I would get it copied. Adieu, my beloved souls, adieu! Believe me when I assure you I am in better health than I have been since the blow fell on me,<sup>1</sup> and that I only now want the assurance of 'all well' with my darlings to enjoy my amended health.

<sup>1</sup> The following obituary notice is taken from the *Calcutta Gazette* of September 30, 1813 :—'On the 19th ultimo, at Koonch in Bundelkond, of fever (brought on from the unhealthiness of the situation of Nuddee Kagong, where the corps to which he belonged was for a short time encamped in the latter end of July and beginning of August), Lieutenant William Rattray, 2nd Batallion, 12th Regiment, Native Infantry, a young man of most honourable sentiments and great talent, highly respected and much regretted by his brother officers, as well as by all who had the happiness of his acquaintance.'

May Almighty God take ye all into His protection, prays your fond mother,

H. RATTRAY.

All well. God be praised. July 27.--Wednesday morning. With her tenderest blessing,

H. RATTRAY.



LETTERS referring to the death of James  
Ratray, of Arthurstone, and Admiral Sir  
Joseph Sydney Yorke, Bart.



## THE DEATH OF JAMES RATTRAY.

### I.

DOWNIE PARK : April 19, 1809.

**M**Y dear James,—It is with grief I inform you that on March 11 last your poor father, on his return from the county town of Forfar, where he had been that day to settle a lease with one of his tenants on Dumbarrow, about six o'clock in the evening, unhappily was thrown from his horse, on a hard stoney road, and although in a few seconds after Mr. Adams, the surgeon of Forfar, found him still alive but so materially hurt that his art by bleeding proved ineffectual, and, as he informs me, your father breathed his last in about seven hours afterwards: and the surgeon since reports that the death was occasioned by a fracture in the skull and some ruptured blood vessels. As soon as intelligence reached me here, Mrs. Rattray and I instantly repaired to the place, but too late to see him alive, and as soon as the necessary preparations could be made had him removed to his own house, where Mrs. Rattray, Mrs. Wedderburn, Mr. Wedderburn,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Rattray, a niece of James Rattray, of Arthurstone, married 'Wedderburn of Pearsie,' in Scotland.

and myself remained till the 17th, when he was interred in the burying ground of our maternal ancestors at Chapelton of Kinloch, beside the remains of our respected mother, attended by a numerous company of relatives and neighbours, suitable to his rank in society, and the respect borne him in the neighbourhood in which he lived, where his loss will be long remembered and his memory respected.

The night of the accident I acquainted your mother and, in a day or two after, Sir Joseph Yorke, from both of whom I have had very satisfactory letters.

When the melancholy accident happened, and when I and your father's other friends in this quarter believed he had executed no settlement, I presented an application to the Sheriff of the county to empower me to discharge the funeral expenses, to take regular inventories of the writings and of the furniture, &c., at Arthurstone, to preserve the same for the interest of all concerned. This was done as accurately as was possible, but I soon afterwards heard from Mr. Fenning that he was possessed of your father's settlement, a copy of which you will find enclosed. Besides this will your father also, about six months before his death, executed a bond of provision and annuity in favour of Mrs. More, his housekeeper at Arthurstone, leaving her 200*l.* and 25*l.* to purchase furniture, which is payable at Whitsuntide first, and 25*l.* yearly during her life, the first

term of payment of which annuity commences at the ensuing term of Whit Sunday.

In consequence of this will it becomes necessary to dispose of the furniture at Arthurstone, which must be done without delay. The other moveable funds must be uplifted, and after payment of the debts the balance shall be laid out in safe hands at interest on your account. I shall now, as nearly as I can, give you an idea of the value of the property.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Your father's estate of Dumbarrow in Forfarshire, is rented at, about, £480, though I am not yet possessed of a regular rental, say . . . . .				480	0	0
Arthurstone, rent payable . . . . .				255	0	0
House, grounds, and farm in the possession of your father (should I not incline to occupy the premises at £80, agreeable to the option in the will) may be estimated at				145	0	0
				<u>880</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Valuation of furniture, &c., at Arthurstone	2,049	0	0			
In Dundee Bank . . . . .		970	0	0		
Fund hitherto applied to Mrs. Rattray's use	3,000	0	0			
East India Stock, estimated at . . . . .		3,600	0	0		
A dividend of £1,500 from the bankrupt estate of Mr. Ibbetson, supposed to produce about . . . . .			600	0	0	
				<u>10,219</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
[N. B.—Two-thirds of the balance due by Mr. Henshaw to the estate of Mr. A. Rattray, yet unaccounted for.]						
Deduct heritable and moveable debts already claimed, including funeral charges, and £250 to Mrs. More. . . . .				7,550	0	0
				<u>2,669</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Interest of which . . . . .				133	9	0
Supposed yearly income . . . . .				1,013	9	0

Deductions.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Interest of provision to Robert . . .	250	0	0			
"        "        William . . .	350	0	0			
[N.B.—Though the interest to William is stated on the whole of his legacy, he has only £100 a year till he arrives at 26 years of age.]						
Annuity to Mrs. Rattray . . .	5-					
"        Mrs. More . . .	140	0	0			
"        "        "        "        "        "        "        "	25	0	0			
[N.B.—You will observe that Lady Yorke's legacy is not payable till her mother's death.] . . . . .						
				775	0	0
Leaving free yearly. . . . .				238	9	0
But supposing the lands of Dumbarrow were to be sold for . . . . .				15,000	0	0
And Arthurstone, at least . . . . .				12,000	0	0
Free moveable fund, as before . . . . .				2,669	0	0
				29,669	0	0
Deduct legacy to Robert . . . . .	5,000	0	0			
"        "        William . . . . .	7,000	0	0			
"        "        Lady Yorke . . . . .	1,000	0	0	13,000	0	0
Supposed free fund to you burdened with the annuities of Mrs. Rattray and Mrs. More, which fall at their death . . . . .					16,669	0

In my letters to your mother, Sir Joseph, and Lady Yorke, I have informed them of ideas I had for your guidance in the present situation of your affairs, the management of which has devolved on me; at least, until you either take charge of them yourself or if you be so inclined, commit them to the management of others. In the first place I would mention to you to pay your brothers' legacies in India; Robert 5000*l.*, with interest at 5 per cent. from Whit Sunday next (May 15), and William 100*l.* a year till he is 26 years of age. I believe that happens in March 1811;



and on that arrival, 7000*l*. In so doing you will remit your money home to this country, enable your brothers, by the India interest, to acquire independence and disencumber your landed property here ; the rents of which will go either to disencumber also or, after all that is done, accumulate here. The tenant on Arthurstone, by his lease, has a right to have his farm buildings completed, or you are liable to a penalty at the term of Martinmas next (November 26) ; accordingly we shall, for your interest, go on with the completion, as was doing at your father's death, and generally do in all cases for your interest as I should do for my own. You must, however, be sensible that expense of management must be looked for, although my personal trouble is at your service, and it is not, nor will it be, inconsiderable. I intend sending you powers of signature to enable myself and the other gentlemen to act, or whomsoever you may think more proper ; for although convinced of my own and the other gentlemen's honourable intentions, I should not, for my share, wish to be understood as constraining your inclinations in choice of your representative.

Your mother has asked for her own and Lady Yorke's pictures ; and Lady Yorke for two landscapes in oil, by Naesmith, of Edinburgh, gifts to her, she informs me, by a young friend many years since, and a satin-wood drawing-box. These articles, presuming your acquiescence, I shall forward to them. There are two portraits of your father in oils, one small one,

and one of William ; your father's watch ; and certain trinkets, of less real value than of value of affection ; a miniature of your mother ; two casts in wax, I think of your father and mother, which, together with every thing else within the door, I have had inventoried, but which, if not given to your mother and sister, will be kept in security. Certain trinkets that belonged to my mother, also inventoried and valued, I shall keep until I hear from you, but which for that reason I might wish to possess at their value. It will be proper for you to say as to the sum set aside for your mother's annuity, and the India stock and generally all moveable property, whether it would not be most proper to convert them into cash to pay debts, and to order the annuity to your mother to be paid from your estate. But you will please to observe that it is not my wish in any way to control your inclinations, but merely to call to your attention points for you to communicate and will upon to the gentlemen appointed by your father's settlement to manage his estate, or such others as you, being of age (30 years), may prefer on legally discharging us, should that be your wish.

You may remember before I left India I sent you an elevation of the house of Arthurstone as your future house. You then thought lightly of it, but you see it is now yours, though I do assure you it might have been mine if I had thought it proper to have acceded to overtures. The price at that time would have been

far more advantageous to me than the estate and house I now write from, but I thought it improper.

Thus, James, I have as far as I can see given you my ideas. Your mother wishes me to do so, as does your sister and her husband. I could wish you to follow them, but you are best judge in your own affairs. The house, garden, and grounds are fit for the residence of any man. If their being situated in Scotland shall be a bar to your occupying, I shall regret I did not make them mine. Write soon and fully. I send this in triplicate, addressed to you, Robert, and William, each a copy.

On the property in Arthurstone, in Perthshire, there is a qualification to vote for a member of Parliament in that county, and on the property of Dumbarrow there is a like qualification in Angushire.

I am not able to explain fully the amount of a burden on your late father's property for the use and maintenance of your uncle, Charles Rattray, which will continue payable from yours now, during his life. At his death a trifling sum will be payable to your uncle, Dr. David Rattray, your aunt, Mrs. Rattray, and myself, as specified in a bond from your father in my possession. As your father's wardrobe could not be sold, I shall appropriate it to the use of your uncle, Charles Rattray, which, in his retirement, may be very useful to him, and save you money, as it now appears to me your father succeeded at my mother's death to

funds which occasion this burden on his estate for the use of his brother Charles.

I would wish generally to be understood in the settlement of debtor and creditor of your concerns, as meaning to give only in as perfect a degree as circumstances *now* enable me, but it is my opinion that they may turn out more favourably for you than above stated.

Observe that out of the five executors named only three can interfere.<sup>1</sup> If all *these* accept, which, however, I imagine will be the case, and which I wish, because, although it may not expedite the business, from our distance from each other, and occasion laborious correspondence, yet, though nothing doubting of my own inclinations, there is a satisfaction in publicity. Mr. George Yeaman has been dead many years, and poor Captain Fairfull, his wife writes me, incapable from palsey to take upon him the fatigue of the trust. Please also to observe that the articles, trifles, which I hint as wishing to have at their value, have been valued on the inventory, which inventory, signed by the valutors of all the moveable property, must be sworn to before the Commissarial Court of

<sup>1</sup> William Rattray, the writer of this letter; Robert Fairfull, in the naval service of the Hon. East India Company; Samuel Fenning, one of the directors of the Royal Exchange Insurance Co.; George Yeaman, merchant at Dundee; and James Yeaman (brother to the above), of Murie, Perth, are named as executors in the will of James Rattray, which is dated 1796.

the Diocese of Dunkeld, where the papers will remain on record.

Wishing you health and a speedy return to Europe,

I remain, your affectionate uncle,

WILLIAM RATTRAY.<sup>1</sup>

P.S.—The many avocations of my own since my return home, after an absence of five weeks on your concerns, has obliged me to employ a young friend to copy in triplicate this letter, which I send open to Mr. Fenning, both that he may add, if he sees occasion, and that it may not exceed the weight containable in a frank, as a friend of mine in Parliament affords me that privilege.

To James Rattray, Esq.,  
Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, Bengal.

*One of the copies referred to above, to the address of Lieut. William Rattray, contains the following post-script:—*

P.S.—In the first and second copies of this, already shut, it escaped my recollection to mention that about Arthurstone there are several poor people who have had dependence on our family in your grandmother's time, and continued during your father's time. It is

<sup>1</sup> William Rattray, of Downie Park, N.B., was a younger brother of James Rattray, of Arthurstone. He died in 1819, a colonel in the military service of the Hon. East India Company.

not an absolute obligation on James to take upon him an hereditary charge of these, but perhaps it may be one which he may wish to take up. If 10*l.* a year was authorised by him to be bestowed in that way, it should be given in his name. You will, William, remember Charles, alias *Charley Billy*, as one. There is in Dundee an old woman of our own name who is dependent on me ; at least, has fallen to me. If this sum is warranted, I mean her amongst the number alluded to.

I have heard from some of my old friends returned from India, who I met at the India Club, where we sat down thirty-two in number, twenty of whom were my old friends. Last January, when in Edinburgh, I heard of you, though you did not answer my last letter, which assuredly you must have got, as I took particular care in its transmission. How did you like your *sans culotte* march under Colonel M——n? A gentleman, a friend of mine at Agra, on your return told me he heard of a William Rattray among the number of *tatterdemalions* who had escaped, and as he had before known a William Rattray, he thought he would look at the second edition. But I assure you his report of you did you no discredit.

W. RATTRAY.

## II.

KINLOCH : October 24, 1812.

**D**EAR William,—Mrs. Yeaman showed me part of a letter she received from you about a fortnight ago. It is dated in June 1811, so has been a long time by the way. As she is not a very ready correspondent, and as you express an anxiety to hear from the 'land of cakes,' I shall let you know, as far as I remember, what all your old friends or acquaintances are about. But first I shall mention some particulars about the death of your father, my much lamented friend and neighbour.

On Friday, March 10, 1809, he called here and as it happened to be a fine day, he, Mrs. K. and I sat for half an hour on the steps of the door, chatting. Little did I then think it was to be the last time I should see him alive. On the 11th he rode to Forfar, to settle some matters about Dumbarrow. He dined and was returning home, and when about three hundred yards on the east side of Douglaston, his mare had probably come down with him and he had pitched with great force on his right temple. The mare went on to David Millar's, from whence Dr. Adam was

returning, and found your father sitting on the road, stunned and unable to speak. He got him conveyed to Douglaston, bled him, and stayed as long by him as he could; his own wife being in labour and consequently needing his assistance. Your father never spoke articulately, except to mention William Watson's name, who had dined with him in Forfar. He languished till about two in the morning of the 12th, and then expired. Mrs. More arrived soon after. As she passed she left word that he had fallen from his horse, and in the morning I rode east to see him, and cannot express how much I was shocked to find him dead. Poor man! I found your uncle and his wife there, and several other people, so I left them and returned to Arthurstone to seal up his repositories. He was buried in my chapel here (by his own request) on the 17th, much regretted by those who knew him best; for, with all his faults, he was a warm, kind-hearted friend.

It must be a great satisfaction to you to know that in many conversations I had with him about you he never mentioned you but with great affection. He showed me two letters he received from Robert, with which he was highly pleased. I strongly urged him to answer them, and he promised to do so, but, you know, he was very indolent in writing, and always put it off.

Arthurstone was sold last year to a Mr. Cameron, of Fass—, for £15,700. He has fitted it up and

?) Fass—



furnished it, but has not yet come to reside at it. It was previously let for two years to Captain William Ogilvey, R.N. The trees about it have grown very much, and the new garden is now in full bearing.

I forget whether all my *bairns* were born before you left us. There are seven—Cecilia, Margaret, Helen, George, Ann, John, and Eliza, who is now nearly nine. There was one younger, who died an infant. I have been busy *redding* up this place, and have now got it comfortable. I bought an estate on the sea-coast near Arbroath, close by the Hain, where there is a very good house, and where we go occasionally. The name is Carnoustie; it cost me £10,000. It is within five miles of Affleck, so we very often meet. So much for myself.

James Yeamen went into the army, was at Walcheren, got the fever, and came home a skeleton. He went on half-pay, and now stays at home. Nancy is grown a tall, handsome woman. She is here at present. Alick is in your quarter of the globe, in the *Hussar* frigate. Affleck has built a very comfortable house. Cronan died on September 18, 1810. He was *grieving* his shearers and dropped down dead. He left *Rob* in trust, and he has been living very quietly. *Miss* Blair lives in Perth. David married a daughter of Wilson, the wood-merchant, and lives in Dundee: *no produce*. He has not been in very good health lately. Yourdie has been wonderfully well these some years past. Your father's death was a severe loss to

him, and I must do Mrs. K. the justice to say that she was as much afflicted as if she had lost her own son. Charles K. has been some years in the army, in the 52nd. He was wounded at the capture of Badajos, and is now at Yourdie, on sick leave, but he is pretty well. The Clayhills are at Knocagowrie. James has sold out of the army and is now idle. Tom Mylne has taken up house next his mother and sister at Mylnfield. Murie died suddenly in bed, in June 1811. Janet is now the *laird*, and Peggy Spencer is waiting *for you*. Miss Menzies is just as you left her, and Mary playing brag as keen as ever. *Uncle* William stays close at his castle of Downie Park. He and his wife never visited us, so we are nearly grown out of acquaintance. Pearsie has built a comfortable addition to his house, and he and Betty *Lawtie* live in their usual *humdrum* way. Dr. Whitson is still a bachelor. *Cockie* Millar has a wife and five *pairnies*. Speaking of *pairnies*, poor Colonel McPherson is in his dotage, and is kept by his *amiable* wife, a close prisoner. Mrs. More last year married David Carrer, who has got a farm from me at Blacklaw. They have one son and more on the way. Sandy Gibb and his wife Grizz. Wighton have two boys, and seem very comfortable. Mrs. Smyth died in February 1809, and the family still continue together, . . . seem to be matrimonially inclined. Cockie Knight and his wife still *vegetate* in Dundee. Miss Ogilvey was last year married to Peter Wedder-

burn (a cousin of Sir David's), to whom she has already produced a son, of which *grandpapa* is very proud. Your cousins, David and James, are both at Downie Park at present. Murray, of Limprim, has two daughters . . . last spring to Bath, where he . . . remain four years. Mrs. Wortley . . . every summer and . . . November. Mr. Hallyburton . . . Irish lady, a Miss Leslie. She is a most pleasant woman, and we find them very agreeable neighbours. *Fim Steel* is married, and lives very quietly at home. He has one son. Willie Bruce is in great preservation slaughtering hares and *pairtriks*, as usual. Captain John Ogilvey has succeeded to the family estate and is now 'Sir John.' So much for as many of your old acquaintances as I remember at present.

As to public news, you will get them better in the newspapers than I could give you them. Owing to the imbecility of our Government, this country is in an awful situation. They have dissolved the Parliament, and consequently we are all busy electioneering. The next session will be a serious one, as the situation of the country is most critical.

And now, my dear William, I shall conclude by saying that it will give me most sincere pleasure to hear of your welfare, and that when you return to your native country with a fortune, or without one, I shall be most happy to see you here, and 'to tak' a cup o' kindness wi' ye yet, for *auld lang syne*.'

If you ever see or write to Robert, remember me

kindly to him. By-the bye, in writing to me I make a bargain with you for one sheet at a time, as postage comes high, and *siller* is no' sae *rife* as wi' you, Billy.

I remain always, my dear William, very sincerely yours,

GEORGE KINLOCH.<sup>1</sup>

To Lieut. William Rattray, Calcutta.

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Jane Kinloch, daughter of Kinloch, of Kinloch, in Strathmore, Scotland, was the mother of James Rattray, of Arthurstone.

## THE DEATH OF SIR JOSEPH YORKE.

14 NEW BURLINGTON STREET : June 22, 1831.



MY dear Uncle,—I cannot express how unhappy I feel that this my first letter to you should be the messenger of sad, sad tidings. It has pleased the Almighty to take from us our dear father by one of those remarkable and sudden dispensations of His Providence which He occasionally manifests in His dealings with His creatures. On May 5, my dear father went, during an intended short sojourn at Sydney Lodge, out sailing in a small half-decked yacht belonging to Captain Bradly, a near neighbour. The weather was remarkably squally, and much thunder and lightning had accompanied the gusts of wind. About five o'clock a very heavy squall, with much lightning, overtook them between Spithead and Sydney Lodge. It conveyed their sentence to destruction. The boat was struck by lightning and all its crew—I dread to add, that all perished : my dear father, poor Captain Bradly, another naval captain, and the boatman. Their bodies were shortly after picked up, and, of course, we were summoned to the spot only to witness the last sad duties, and manifest

our love and affection to him by fulfilling his wishes as to his interment. He was buried at Wimpole. His body now rests by the side of our beloved mother, and, I trust, their souls are united for ever in those regions of bliss where sickness and sorrow can no more approach. He died, thank God, at peace with all men; for never, I can truly say, was any man's loss more deeply regretted by all, both as a public and private character. This is a great consolation, and we must bow to this awful stroke and say, 'God's will be done.'

I need not add that we all feel much affection for you as the only near relation, except Mrs. Henshaw, of our dear mother, and that we hope some day to see you here amongst us, that we may convince you, *vivâ voce et propriâ personâ*, that we still possess such feelings. May the next time that you and I communicate be more auspicious than this, and the subject one of less painful interest!

I remain, my dear uncle, with great truth, your affectionate nephew,

HENRY REGINALD YORKE.

To Robert Haldane Rattray, Esq., Calcutta.

LONDON: PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
AND PARLIAMENT STREET



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**NOTES**

relating to the  
**RATTRAYS and HENSHAWS.**

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Personal and family

events in the life of ROBERT HALDANE

RATTRAY. Written by himself. Calcutta.

1859.

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Copy of letter from Mrs Thompson ( nee  
Rattray ) to the Honble Eliot Yorke.

. . . . .

93 Ebury Street.  
Eaton Square. S.W.  
April 15th 1878.

My dear cousin,

We are very sorry to have missed seeing you and Mrs Yorke at our respective calls on each other. When you were with us at Bympton, you asked me if I could give you any more information about your mother's family, and about a certain George Rattray of whom I then knew nothing.

My brother one day shewed me some papers, among others the accompanying

Robert Haldane Rattray h.

notes written by your uncle and by him given to my brother. I transcribed them thinking they would interest you as well as myself. I have pleasure in giving you a copy, having inserted on the blank pages a few notes and corrections of my own. My brother Tom speaks of Judge Rattray as such a fine handsome gentlemanly man.

My brother was in Scotland in the autumn and occupied himself in enquiries about our family, and he has made out many particulars.

When visiting at Craighall he received as a gift from Colonel Rattray of that ilk an old bible containing entries made by your great-grandfather and mine, of the births and baptisms of his dozen children. The entry about your grandfather is as follows:

" My second son was born March 19th 1741, was baptised James by the Right Revd Dr Thomas Rattray of Craighall and died March 11th 1809, aged 67 years 11 months and 22 days."

You will see that the Laird of Craig hallof that day was also the bishop of Dunkeld.

My brother and one of my sisters



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are at the present time busy compiling a summary of the information he has picked up at the Advocate's library Edinburgh and elsewhere and tracing the Rattrays back to the time of Alexander the Third.

Can you kindly tell me the Christian name of the Henshaw, writer of the reminiscences you once lent me. He seems to us to have been the only son of Robert Henshaw of the Bombay civil service.

Should you wish at a future time to hear more of the Rattrays of gone by days I shall doubtless be able to give you information.

With kind regards to you and Mrs Yorke,

I am yours sincerely  
M. Janetta. Thompson.

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Personal and Family  
events in the life of ROBERT HALDANE  
RATTRAY.

Calcuuta. 1859.

Written by himself.

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At the beginning of the year 1790 I was sent to Winchester school having just attained the age of eight, our family then residing at Gatcombe house Isle of Wight, and occasionally at Arthurstone in Scotland. I was born in London November 26th 1781. My father was born March 19th 1741, was one of several brothers, sons of James, the son of a younger son of the Laird of Craighall Rattray in Perthshire Scotland, the lineal descendant of whose eldest son, John Rattray Colonel in the Bengal Army held the estate of Craighall Rattray when I visited it and him in 1797.

The family must have been of some notoriety if not distinction, for my grandfather commanded a body of Prince Charles' adherents, 1745, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Culloden,

See note at beginning of this  
volume - The "Attack" by  
Commander Capt. R. H. ...  
mentioned in W. Hickey's "Memoirs"  
Vol. II.

A Capt. G. Gray (sic) is also mentioned  
in Hickey's Memoirs, who probably  
is the man here mentioned as Capt.  
Gray -  
H. H. H.



---

convicted of treason and open rebellion, and sentenced to be hanged, but with a dozen or two others was pardoned at the foot of the gallows at Southwark, and returning to Scotland died at last in his bed like a gentleman.

My father's mother was Elizabeth Jean Kinloch, daughter of Kinloch of Kinloch, one of the finest estates in Strathmore, but forfeited on the occasion when my grandfather nearly lost his head.

The family mansion of Kinloch and contiguous lands were afterwards restored to the heir of the rebel Laird, and Arthurstone, the estate of our family, another portion of the same property became ours by the marriage just mentioned of my grandfather with Elizabeth Kinloch. My father was in the Naval service of the E.I. Company, commanded the Athol Indiaman, lost off Madras in 1783, and afterwards the Phoenix of which he was part owner. He sold his interest in the command of her to Captn Grey, also an E.I. commander, for a large sum, and retiring from public life, lived esteemed and respected as a private gentleman till 1809, when he was killed by a fall from his horse. He was in his

\* Janetta Henrietta Rankine.  
She was my godmother.

M.J.T.

\* This is a mistake. Colonel William Rattray of Downie, who died in 1819, by his will left his estate to his widow for her life. Lord Airlie, who bought the estates in 1861 has now pulled down the house of Downie. John Rattray, the younger and only surviving child of the late colonel David Rattray, is now life tenant of the residue of the estate, in form of a trust fund.

M.J.T.

† David Rattray M.D. of Coventry, eldest son of James Rattray of Ra-aeegullion, born 1739, died 1814, was father of Charles Rattray M.D. who had 10 daughters, 6 of whom sur-

---

69th year.

My father's younger brother, William married " Jessie " Rankine (a cousin, I believe ) of Dudhope near Dundee in Scotland, but left no family. He died Colonel of Artillery in the E. I. Company's service at his house Downie Park, Forfar, N.B, soon after I quitted England, but I do not recollect the year. Downie Park fell to a son of David Rattray, a colonel in the army, son of my father's elder brother ( David ), who lived and died a physician at Coventry, and failing his name and that of three or four more descendants of the doctor, becomes vested in my children.

Our cousin Tom Rattray is the son of one of the Coventry doctor's sons, Charles. Tom's brother David is another, and both are married and have issue, so Downie Park will probably remain in the medical branch of the family. Tom's father Charles was also a Physician. Of my father's other brothers I know nothing, but that they bore the names of Charles and Alexander respectively. His second sister married a Mr Ramsey, whose son

- vived, and 5 sons; 1. Charles, Political Agent in Afghankstan, killed in Kohistan, 1840.
2. David, 13th Prince Albert's Lt Infantry, died Lieut-colonel 1873.
3. William, Lieut R.N. died at (?) Bedford House, 1843.
4. James, Captn 2nd Bengal Grenadiers. died in India, 1852.
5. Thomas, Colonel Bengal Staff Corps.  
C.B. C.S.I.

M.J.T.

The following record of the death of Dr Rattray of Coventry, was lately found in an old newspaper.

At Coventry, on Saturday last, whilst visiting a patient, David Rattray M.D. in the 75th year of his age. The public will deeply lament the loss of this truly valuable and useful character, who for more than 50 years has exercised an extensive and successful practice in that city and its vicinity, and who has thus suddenly terminated an extensive and honourable career to the unspeakable regret of his numerous family and friends.

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Michael was our friend and who returned to England ( Major Ramsey ) in 1849, and died. His sister Jane I knew in Scotland 60 years ago, but whether living or dead now I cannot say. I have omitted to state, that of the remaining children of my Coventry uncle David, besides the David and Charles mentioned, the eldest girl Jane married a Dr Wilmer, who also married her younger sister Selina. This led to their leaving the neighbourhood of Coventry, and what became of them I know not. Dr Wilmer was buried at Coventry. His widow Selina married a Peacock who survived her.

The second girl Elizabeth married Wedderburn of Pearsie in Scotland; the third, Selina, has been just disposed of; the fourth, Charlotte, married a Mr Watkins, of whom all I know is that he was very rich, and had a dozen, more or less, children by her. Lucy the youngest married Mr Addison a clergyman, who had taken the name of Fountain from his first wife, and had five children, three daughters, and two sons. The only surviving son and brother to David and Charles above mentioned, was James, who married

This is wrong He was Attorney  
at Law.

Emily Vivian, and had one son and one daughter. He died, an Admiral, in REGENTS Park, having sold his seat in Warwickshire. The Coventry family was considered the handsomest in the county of Warwick.

So much for my father and his kin.- If a fine portrait, life size, in oils which we had of him, might be relied on, my maternal grandfather was a remarkably handsome man, both in face and person, and if a judgement may be formed by the way he was spoken of by his children and others, he was amiable and enlightened. And my "dear grandmamma" who reached 86 was one of the finest examples of a "green old age" perhaps ever seen. She retained at that age all her faculties as clear and perfect as they were 30 years before, and in spite of wrinkles and grey hairs was "a thing to gaze upon" for perfect comeliness, and the graceful and gentle demeanour, so appropriate to her time of life. He died "Sergeant at law".

The above Robert and Elizabeth Henshaw, perverted to Henshaw, had 3 daughters and a son. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, died unmarried; the





2nd was my mother, of whom more presently, and the 3rd was Grace, who married Samuel Ibbetson of "Great Geary" in Berkshire. The son Robert was in the civil service of the E. I. Company on the Bombay Establishment. Aunt Grace had a large family, of <sup>whom</sup> the eldest son Samuel was in the Madras civil service, and one of the daughters, Annie, was married to a Mr Brassy a London banker, and their son "Dick Brassy" was our acquaintance in Calcutta between 1840 and 1850. If I understood him rightly he had 15 brothers and sisters.

Aunt Grace's other children were, Grace, Eliza, May, and Robert, of whom I know nothing beyond the names they bore, when I did know them. Uncle Robert came home from Bombay about 1795 and married Sophie Harrington, a daughter of Dr Harrington, and sister to John Herbert Harrington, who died a Member of Council at Calcutta about 1820. With her he returned to Bombay and I know no more.

And now as regards my mother, my sainted Angel Mother. She was as first stated, the second daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Henshaw, and

She was christened at  
St Botolph's, Aldersgate Street, E.C.  
Decr-11-1757. - She must therefore  
have been born in London or probably  
so —

She must have been married before  
1744. because her father (Robert  
Heeston) 's will dated <sup>Sept</sup> 1741, refers  
to her as already married.

Hay

was born at ~~Cheshunt~~ in ~~1758~~. She was married to my father, ( the chief officer of one of the E.I. Company's large Indiamen ) about, perhaps before 1774. Their children were, - Henrietta, who died 1780; Elizabeth (Lady Yorke), James, Robert Haldane, and William and Jane (twins). Of these I am the only survivor.

Of this Mother I know not how to speak. In my eyes she was the embodied perfection of all that is good & beautiful. She was very clever, had been exceedingly well instructed and brought up, and was as elegant as polished teaching joined to a natural grace of action and manner could render her. Her personal attractions were acknowledged by all. She was fair but not pale; her figure tall but rather full, but most delicately formed with well rounded limbs and small hands and feet. The expression *face* of her handsome, with her large speaking hazel eyes, and the enchanting smile to which they gave animation, was the sweetest I ever looked upon. Her hair was long and wavy, and of a rich glossy brown. I will only add, without the power of exaggeration,



that altogether she was one of the most fascinating of God's creatures, and as fair in mind as person, and the admired and approved of all. May her guardian spirit be permitted to watch over, protect, and guide my transit.

Dates of days and months of the following not known or forgotten;- the years correctly stated.

My sister Jane died at Fareham in Hampshire, aged 10 years, 1796.

My sister Elizabeth married Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, 1798; their son Charles, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke <sup>2<sup>nd</sup> Earl</sup> born 1799. Elizabeth died aged 36, 1812.

My father died 1804 ( ? 1809 ), killed by a fall from his horse on the road between Forfar and Arthurstone, his estate in Strathmore, Perthshire.

My mother died at Wimbledon 1818, aged 67.

My brother William, Lieut in the Bengal Infantry & Adjutant of the Moorshedabad Provincial Battalion, commanded by Colonel James Mitchell, died there in 1824. Colonel Mitchell was married to a Miss Vaughan (Harriet)

✱

Killed in a duel immediately after  
his arrival in India, aged 21.

M.J.T.

---

a sister of my brother James' wife, (Charlotte) who died at Penang in the house of her sister Albina, in 1801, after giving birth to George Herbert (Rattray), who died at Kamptee (Central India) Lieut of infantry, 1822. ✕

Albina's husband was Sir George Leith Governor of the Island. Another sister Caroline (Vaughan) came to reside with me and Amelia soon after our marriage, but she was subject to epileptic fits, and by the advice of her medical attendant returned to her family in England. The last I heard of her, poor thing, was that after falling in- to the fire, and losing the fingers of one of her hands in consequence, she had been placed in a private lunatic Asylum. She was a handsome girl, highly gifted as regarded intellect, well educated and elegantly mannered, and all for this.

Signed. Robert Haldane Rattray.  
Calcutta.  
1859.

The original M.S. was given by the writer, Judge Rattray, to the Tom Rattray mentioned therein, now





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Colonel Rattray. C.B. C.S.I. and  
was copied word for word by his  
sister,

sd M. Janetta. Thompson.



REMINISCENCES  
of the Family of the  
HENSHAWS of HENSHAWS.

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Copy of a letter from  
Mrs S.E. Moor~~o~~, (nee Henshaw)  
to  
The Honble Eliot Yorke.

- . - . - . - . -

Moortown House.

Ringwood.

August 27th. 68.

Dear Mr Yorke,

By request of Mrs (?) Tregorwell  
I extract and transcribe exactly, and  
no more information than seem to re-  
quire. But if you like it, I willco-  
py for you some very interesting me-  
moranda respecting my father's family  
Robert Henshaw Esqre, the only son of  
the aforesaid Robert Henshaw Esqre  
of London & Cheshunt, & brother to  
your grandmother Henrietta Rattray  
(nee Henshaw).

The name like many others has dége-



---

nerated from the crest, which was a Heron or Herne picking a Falcon's wings,- which takes off the insignificance of Hen, by making it more appropriately Heron- or Herneshaw.

Should you ever pass near Ringwood remember your "cousin" within a walk of the station, and believe in haste  
sincerely yours,  
sd S.E.Moore.

The following is the extract referred to in the above letter.

Robert Henshaw of London & Cheshunt had 1 son and 3 daughters; viz, Robert Elizabeth, Grace, and Henrietta (Henshaw) your maternal grandmother, who married Captain Rattray of Arthurstone Co Perth, N.B.

Copied by S.E.Moore.

Moortown House.

Ringwood.

August 27th. 65.

I have tried to follow the  
various statements in the  
said history, & am obliged  
to say that it is hopeless  
inaccurate.

H. R. P.



---

N.B. Apparently Mrs Moore made good her promise to send Mr Yorke the "interesting memoranda" she mentions, and the following is a copy thereof.

H.A.Y.

---

The original Pedigree was lost in the Ship GANGES on its voyage home, together with much valuable property belonging to Robert Henshaw Esqre of Bombay.....

---

As the only son of my father I may premise the chief information relative to the early history of our family was derived from the maiden sister of our late Father, Robert Henshaw Esqre, formerly of Bombay, in the E.I. Civil Service, and who died at Bath, Novr 6th 1826.

That branch of the Henshaws from whom our Grandfather claims descent was situated at Cambridge Hall, near Uttoxeter, on the borders of Staffordshire, and in the reign of Charles 1st the then head of the family, was Receiver General of Taxes for the County of Derby; and espousing the Royal

? These two  
are one &  
the same

A. Mr. Thomas Henshaw  
is mentioned several times  
in *Diary* in his *Diary*  
? d. 1701.

Thomas Henshaw, F.R.S.  
1618-1700 - *Historia* etc. →  
He married Thomas  
Halsby of Gaddesden.

Joseph Henshaw  
(Colbeck's MSS.)  
1603-1679

This is from *Enquiry*  
the son was married  
Mary

Cause became involved in difficulties which led to the dispersion of his children, together with a forfeiture of his estate.

Mr Henshaw of Cambridge (sic) was a younger son of a Mr Henshaw of Cheshire and whose family had long been settled there.

→ One of his Brothers became eminent as a Diplomatist, filling several important Embassies;- particularly that of Denmark, and held office under the Crown in Ireland, etc.

→ He had an only son, who married, leaving an only daughter, who carried her father's property into the Halsey family, of Great Gaddesdon, Herts, and in right of that heiress, are possessed of the estate of Cannings Court in the County of Dorset, and situate in the Parish of (?) Pelham and adjoining Lydlinch.-- Vide Hutching's CO Hist<sup>y</sup>

Another brother of Mr Henshaw of Cambridge was Rector of Lavant in Sussex, and successively Dean of St Pauls,- and Bishop of Peterborough, and is buried at Lavant, with his wife. His only son died unmarried, and an only daughter married to S...

Robert Henshaw

No record of his name as  
Governor is now to be found  
at either of these Hospitals  
1424

John Wheake, Reading  
Clerk in the House of Lords

Our great Grandfather, a son of Mr Henshaw of Cambridge, was settled in London in business, married and had 2 sons and a daughter, from the latter are maternally descended the Leekes of Longford Hall, Salop. ? S Son

> Our Grandfather, the eldest son of the above mentioned Mr Henshaw, was bred to the Law, was eminent as a Black letter Lawyer, and in that capacity was usually consulted by the Crown Officers, and became a personal friend of the 1st Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, at whose hands he received the appointment of a Commissioner of Bankruptcy, was a Governor of <sup>St</sup> ~~Gray's~~ <sup>St</sup> Christ's Hospitals, and High Bailiff of Southwark, until his death, A.D. 1774, buried at Cheshunt, Herts, where he resided for many years: his wife was

Elizabeth eldest daughter of William Weeke Esqre, Chief Clerk in the House of Commons, - - whose family, located in Norfolk, were related to the "Boloynes" and of whom was Ann Boloynes, wife of Henry the eighth, and mother of Queen Elizabeth.---In consequence of this connection with the Boloynes family, our grandmother became possessed of much of the Baby Linen of the infant Prin-



cess Elizabeth, and which by her was presented to her daughter, Mrs Rattray on her marriage, and is now in the keeping of the Earl of Hardwicke, whose father the late Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, had married Mrs Rattray's (only) daughter "Elizabeth Weake".

The present Earl of Hardwicke succeeded his uncle Philip in the Title and Estates, his father having been accidentally drowned in the Southampton Water in a storm, and the Boat was supposed to have been struck by lightning.---

The issue of our grandfather Robert Henshaw of London & Cheshunt were,-- Robert Henshaw,-- an only son-- and 3 daughters. The eldest, <sup>Elizabeth</sup> died unmarried at Woodville in Devonshire: Grace married her cousin Samuel Ibbetson Esqre formerly of Byfrons in Essex, and had issue, 3 sons & 5 daughters; of the former Robert only is now living. He was lately Governor of Penang, E. Indies; is a widower, with son Samuel, and 2 daughters surviving, the eldest of whom is married to John, only son of the Honble General Meade, and grandson of the late Earl of Clanwilliam.-- Henrietta married to Captain Rattray

? ? Anna Maria Kellett



of Arthurstone, Co Perth, N.B. by whom she had three sons ( one Robert alone surviving, now as Judge in the Supreme Court of Calcutta). The daughter, Elizabeth Weake, married to Sir Joseph S Yorke, and whose son is the present Earl of Hardwicke.—

*Robert  
Haldane  
Rathay*

Our father, Robert Henshaw, born at Cheshunt, went out early to india, having obtained a Writership, at the instance of the late Sir Robert Inglis, an old friend of the family, finally left India in 1807, lived many years at Bath, where he died and is buried in the church-yard of Weston, near that city.— 1826

William Henshaw, 2nd son of our great grand-father, settled also in London,— had one son, who married, Anne Kettle of Great Baddow in Essex,—by whom he had issue, 2 daughters, Sarah and Ann. The former became the wife of her cousin Egerton Leake Esqre, of the Vineyards, Salop, and died without issue, Novr 14th. 1841. Anne married John Dolland Esqre, the eminent optician of St Paul's Churchyard. She died at Bath Septr 11th, 1843, and also without issue.

This lady's name was  
Elizabeth - see information  
supplied to me by Col R. Decker  
of Boston - Newport Salts  
who has her miniature &  
family Bible.

HAS

See also Administration (1769)  
of Elizabeth Decker's estate  
at Somerset House. where  
her only children were named, viz  
Elizabeth married to  
Thos. Decker, & Mary married  
to William Ward

? Great-grand daughter

→ Anne Henshaw, grand-daughter of Mr Henshaw of Cambridge, married Mr Leake of Cheshire, by whom she had, Ralph Leake Esqre, who went to India, and on his return built Longford Hall in Salop. He married Miss Thursby of Abington Abbey, Co Northampton, by whom he had 2 sons, and 3 daughters, — the eldest of whom is unmarried; the second, Caroline, the present Countess of Abergavenny; and Emily, married to the present Revd Sir Henry Thompson Bart. —

Egerton, & Stephen, Twins, sons of the above Mr Leake of Cheshire, and brother of Ralph of Longford. The first married his cousin Sarah Henshaw, but had no issue. — Stephen died at Chester, also unmarried, and the whole of the Leake family property in land is now centered in the present Ralph Leake Esqre of Longford Hall, grandson of the late possessor, and who is married to Lady Hester, daughter of the Honble Newton Fellowes, now Earl of Portsmouth, and has a son and heir. —

N.B. Robert Henshaw Esqre, formerly of Bombay, — only son of Robert Henshaw Esqre of Cheshunt, married, 1st— Anna Maria, eldest daughter of John

Lydlinch  
Dorset

Elizabeth d. July 13<sup>th</sup>  
1923. aged 85.

---

Goodwin Esqre of St Helena, by whom he had issue, one son and one daughter, who died an infant and is buried with her mother at Exmouth, - South Devon. The only son, now the Revd Robert Ibbetson Bazatt Henshaw, and Rector of Lydlind(X) in the Co of Dorset. He married Harriet, 3rd daughter of William Findlay Esqre of Montrose, and has issue, - Agnes, born 6th March 1836; Elizabeth, born Febry 1st 1838; Anna Maria, born Aug 14th 1839; Harriet, born Aug 28th 1841, and died March 5th 1861.

The aforesaid Robert Henshaw, formerly of Bombay married 2ndly, Sophie Harrington, 5th and youngest surviving daughter of the Revd John Harrington D.D. of Thruston in Hampshire, and Prebend of Sarum. He was the son of Sir John Harrington Esqre (sic) of Kelston House near Bath. By this marriage were 3 daughters ; - 1st Anna Maria, who died; 2nd Sophie Elizabeth, who married the Revd Robert Moore, and has issue; Harriet died March 2nd 1847, at the age of 17.)  
 ( Robert born March 5th 1835, and died Decr 15th 1860, after his return from Indian Mutiny, being Captain in Her



---

Majesty's 5th Fusiliers.

Charles Hinton, born Decr 8th 1841, & after entering the Royal Canadian Rifles, married Caroline Anne, 2nd daughter of William Douglas Esqre, and has issue 2 infant daughters.

The third grandson is Clement Harrington Moore, born Novr 28th 1865, & is at Ch. Ch. Oxford.

N.B. The aforesaid Robert Henshaw of Bombay and Cheshunt was ~~1st~~ appointed / *st* Consul at Goa which he held with great succes for some years, but a secret Insurrection of the natives, which had been brooding for some time drove him from that post. - His (native) warm adherents giving him no choice, but conveying him through a subterranean passage, placed him ( at two miles distance from Goa ) in a boat awaiting him to convey him to a place of safety. The next morning there was not a white man remaining at Goa. Query ? Might not this have been in the time





of Tippoo Saib. Our father often said it was there he made his first £10000, though of course he again as quickly lost it, as also the appointment, which naturally lapsed for a time, if not altogether. —

Having assumed the Mahomedan costume and in great measure conformed to the customs of the inhabitants, he rendered himself a great favorite;—hence may be attributed his escape.

( The notes end here. )

The MSS of the above notes relating to the families of Rattray and Henshaw were given by the Honble Mrs Elkot Yorke before her death to her husband's nephew, Lieut Colonel H.A.Yorke. R.E. and were by him typewritten as above, so as to be bound up with the letters of Henrietta Rattray. January. 1901.

Lieut Col H.A.Yorke was Mrs Rattray's great-grandson.



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