

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS—No. II.

[The original of the following letter from the Duke of Richmond* was presented to the Institute in 1853 by Mr. Charles Hine, of Bury St. Edmund's, by whom it had been rescued from the fire. It is addressed to Martin Folkes, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., the well-known antiquary, and gives some interesting particulars of the famous BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, the last in which a King of England has appeared at the head of his troops. In this war the King of France, pursuing the traditional enmity of his race to the House of Austria, allied himself with Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, against Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, who had refused to recognise the election of the Elector of Bavaria to the imperial throne of Germany by the title of Charles the VIIth. It was on the 27th of June, when the allies, in ignorance of the movements of the French army, began their march towards Dettingen in two columns, under the command of King George II. and his son the Duke of Cumberland. The French, under the Duc de Grammont, shewed themselves in great force in the pass, and so completely enclosed and hemmed in the English that "our military fame—the lives and liberties of our soldiers—nay, even of our king—seemed already within the enemy's grasp." Nothing was left to the king but to surrender or cut his way through the defile, which was fully occupied by Grammont and covered by a morass and a ravine, the bed of a small rivulet, in front. The French commander, however, relieved the king from his peril by rashly commencing the attack before the troops of his uncle, the Maréchal de Noailles, could come up. Rushing from the village of Dettingen, he crossed the ravine and gave the allies battle on equal terms. As the French approached, the horse of George the Second, frightened at the noise, ran away and carried his majesty into the midst of the enemy's lines, but was fortunately stopped in time. The king then dismounted, put himself at the head of his British and Hanoverian infantry, and flourishing his sword, addressed the British men in this brief characteristic speech: "Now then, my boys, now for the honor of England! fire, and behave bravely, and the French will soon run!" His son, the Duke of Cumberland, was also in front, on the left, and displayed as much personal bravery as his father. The king's dense column of infantry broke Grammont's squadrons, and pushed both horse and foot before them. Noailles, from the opposite side of the river, beheld the fatal mistake of his nephew, and tried to redeem it; but before he could get to Dettingen the affair was decided, and Grammont's men were in headlong retreat. The loss of the French in killed and wounded was estimated at 6000; and that of the allies at more than 2000 men. The king, who had exposed himself to danger as much as any of his officers, was not touched: the Duke of Cumberland was wounded by a shot in the calf of the leg, but refused to quit the field. The veteran Lord Stair proposed to pursue the enemy, but as the troops were without victuals, drink, or tents to lie in, the king pushed on after a short rest to the well-furnished magazines of Hanau. Another battle was, in reality, hardly necessary, for de Broglie, to whose assistance Noailles was marching, was driven across the Rhine

* Charles, second duke; grandson of Charles the Second, and Master of the Horse to George the Second. Of him Lord Hervey writes, in 1734:—"There never lived a man of a more amiable composition; he was friendly, benevolent, generous, honourable, and thoroughly noble in his way of acting, talking, and thinking; he had constant spirits, was very entertaining, and had a great deal of

knowledge, though not having had a school education, he was a long while reckoned ignorant by the generality of the world, who are as apt to call every man a blockhead that does not understand Greek and Latin, as they are to think many of those no blockheads who understand nothing else."—*Memoirs*, i. 291.

by Prince Charles of Lorraine, brother-in-law of Maria Theresa; and thereupon Noailles retreated towards Worms, crossed the Rhine, and, joining de Broglie, left the German frontier to return in a lamentable plight to his own country. Thus abandoned, the Elector of Bavaria, without an army, and almost without the common necessaries of life, signed a neutrality for his own hereditary states till the conclusion of a peace.]

King's Head Quarters at Hanau,

Wednesday, July $\frac{13}{24}$, 1743.

Ten thousand thanks to you, dear Martin, for your most obliging letter and kind concern for me, which, by long experience I have had of your freindship, I know to be very sincere. As to further news, which every body is so desirous of having, I have little or none to send you. Wee are all in a state of inaction as yett, butt when Prince Charles comes, (and he's expected here every day,) I take for granted something farther will be undertaken; but the great stroke of all is already struck, that is, haveing drove the French out of Germany. That is the first and cheif point our troops came here for, and it has been done bravely and gallantly, and to make use of a very vulgar phrase, *with a kick o' the breech*.* Both Noalles and Broglie's armys have absolutely retired to the other side of the Rhine. What more may be done by us is above me to say, butt I hope in God that all that can be, will be done: Experience shows that there is a brave army here, and I am very sure they are ready to do as much as any men can do. As I know there is not a man upon earth that has more good nature and humanity than yourself, I must tell you what I am sure will please you; which is, that at last our hospitall for sick and wounded is putt upon the best footing that can be, and gott into the best order; and to do justice to those that have done it, I must assure you that the whole is entirely owing to Mr. Ranby,† the surgeon, and Garnier, the apothecary-

* This does not appear to be the only instance in which Marshal Broglie had to make an ignominious flight, for Lord Hervey, writing of the battle of Guastalla, 19th September, 1734, says:

"The Marshal Broglie's disgrace for having been surpris'd in his quarters, and losing, for want of common guard and watch, all the men committed to his care, was not only the subject of every gazette in Europe but the topic of every conversation, and the burden of ten thousand ballads that were sung in all Paris and all France to ridicule his negligent conduct, and his extraordinary flight, which was made in his shirt upon a cart horse, his breeches in his hand, and his two sons riding before him. He was fast asleep when a sentinel at the door of his tent first came in to tell him the Germans were in his camp; and he had just time to make his escape in the manner which I have described. It was said that,

whilst he was in the stable in his shirt bridling his cart-horse, he was seized as a prisoner by one of the German soldiers, who knew him not, nor in the least imagined this prize to be a Marshal of France. The Marshal told the German trooper he was an under-cook in Monsieur Broglie's kitchen, not worth his care, and begged his release; upon which the trooper gave him a kick and let him go."—*Memoirs*, i. 357.

† Ranby was sergeant-surgeon to George II., "a sensible fellow, and a favorite of Lord Hervey's." He was called in to attend Queen Caroline, queen of George the Second, in her last painful illness.—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs* ii. p. 510. He resided for some time in Bury St. Edmund's, where his family continued till within a few years; and resided in the "Court-house," now occupied by Sir J. Walsham, bart.

general, and in justice to them I thinke every body in England should know it, for I thinke no charity can be greater than that of takeing care of those brave fellows that have really distinguished themselves in the service of their country, and I do assure you that no history affords greater instances of personal bravery than the behaviour of numbers of com'on English soldiers* the day of the battle of Dettingen. Other nations did well, butt I mention our countrymen, as farr the greater number of them were engaged, and all the French officers that have been at Frankfort make no scruple to say, *nous ne crèmes jamais rencontrer de si brave gens*. I have sent the Duke of Montagu a very bad plan of the battle, butt there is no better yett; when there is, I will send him an other. I must tell you a very extraordinary case in the hospital: a man that has a shott through both hips, and quite through the bladder; all his urine pas'd through one of the wounds for the first ten days, butt after that it pas'd the natural way through the penis, and he is in so good a way that Ranby does not doubt of his cure, and 'tis now near a month since he received the wound. This I beleive you'l own to be a very extraordinary case; and Ranby has promis'd me to keep a register of all the extraordinary cases, to entertain our society with next winter. † His R. H. the Duke is, thanke God, in a very fair way of doing well. He really, without flattery, did behave himself with incomparable bravery, ‡ and he escaped very narrowly, for his horse, that was also wounded by the same shott, ran away with him

* A rare print by L. Boitard, published in the same year, preserves to posterity a record of one of the bravest of these common soldiers, in the person of Thomas Brown, a Yorkshire shoemaker. He was then about 28 years of age, and had not been one year in the army. The French gensd'arms, in a charge, took the standard from the regiment. Brown dashed after the gensd'arme who bore off the trophy, laid hold of it, and then pistolled the Frenchman. With his sword in its scabbard, his hands grasping both bridle and standard, he put spurs into his horse, and, exposed to fire and sword, made his way back through a lane of the enemy. He received 8 cuts in the face, head, and neck; two balls lodged in his back, and three went through his hat. His nose and upper lip were nearly severed from his face, a terrible gash from the top of his forehead crossed his left eye, he received two other wounds on the forehead, and two on the back of the neck, besides having two fingers of the bridle hand chopped off. His regiment welcomed him back with three huzzas. In this battle Brown had two horses killed under him. George II. offered him a commission, but his inability to write prevented

his acceptance of it. The King placed him near his person in the life guards, and granted him a pension of 30*l.* per annum. He died from the effects of his wounds between two and three years afterwards.—*Hone's Year Book*, 727.

† We cannot discover any article in the *Philosophical Transactions* on this subject; but Ranby published a separate work on *The Method of Treating Gun-shot Wounds*, 4to. 1744. In this work, which is dedicated to the king, he says:—“ May I be allowed, Sire, to say that the unwearied care taken by your Majesty of the gallant sufferers at the signal battle of Dettingen is often considered by me with that just admiration and respect which such goodness naturally excites. The state and condition of every individual afflicted, either with sickness or wounds in that engagement, was very particularly inquired into by your Majesty every morning; a condescension which had so happy an effect that all possible ease and convenience were procured to the distressed.”—*Notes and Queries*, vol. x. 347; a periodical of inestimable value to all literary students resident in the provinces.

‡ The conduct of the Duke and his father on this occasion very much recom-

between the French and English lines for about a hundred yards, in the midst of both fires, and two beasts of Austrian officers, tho he had a green bough in his hatt, and English regimentals on, fired their pistols close at his ears, takeing him as they say for a French officer; and this in presence of Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Fitzwilliams, and several of his servants that call'd out to them. Wee have just had an account that Prince Charles's hussars have taken three squadrons of *Le Royal Cavallerie*, of Broglio's army, before they could scramble over the Rhine. I beg you would give my kind love and service to the Duke of Montagu, and that you would com'unicate what you thinke proper of this letter to him, which saves me the trouble of writing an other; tho I assure you I think it none to write to you, nor should I to write to him; but really I have not time at present, for I have a long letter or two of business to write, besides one to the Duchess of Richmond, who is, I hope, now quite safe at the Hague. I send you the totals of our kill'd and wounded; which is authentick and exact, that is, according to the returns; butt I am apt to thinke the non-effective are included in the kill'd. The French have certainly lost in this affair and in the week after by desertion, at least eight thousand men; that is kill'd and wounded. They own themselves four thousand; then there are certainly at least as many more, by down'd in the main which they never recon'd, prisoners, and deserted, as I have already said. I must now thank you for your obliging letter, which you writ to me in answer to that I had wrote to you about the Pollipus's. My best services attend Miss Lucrece,* who I hope continues in good health. I beg also my kind services to your brother the counsellor;† and that you would do me the justice to be assured that I am, with the utmost sincerity and freindship, dear Martin,

Your most faithfull and affectionate humble servant,

RICHMOND, &c.

mended both to the people of England. "We are all mad," writes Horace Walpole; "drums, trumpets, bumpers, bonfires! The mob are wild, and cry, 'Long live King George and the Duke of Cumberland'."—*Letters*, i. 290. The Duke's wound never completely healed. In 1764 it broke out afresh, and it became "necessary to make an incision of many inches in the knee. Ranby did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do. In the middle of the operation the Duke said, 'Hold!' Ranby said, 'For God's sake, sir, let me proceed now; it will be worse to renew it.' The Duke repeated, 'I say, hold,' and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap, 'for,' said he, 'the poor man has sweat through these.'

It was true, but the Duke did not utter a groan."—*Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford*, p. 154. His royal highness died at Newmarket in the October of the following year.

* Youngest daughter of Martin Folkes Esq., named after her mother Lucretia Bradshaw, an actress and the representative of Farquhar's heroines. She married, May, 1756, Richard Betenson, esq., (afterwards Sir Richard Betenson, 4th and last baronet, of Wimbledon,) and died the 6th June following, aged 36.

† William Folkes, esq., of Hillington, Norfolk, agent to the Duke of Montagu, in Lancashire. He married first, a daughter of Samuel Taylor, esq., of Lynn, in Norfolk; and secondly, a daughter of Sir Wm. Browne, kt., whose estates descended to his grandson, Sir Martin Browne Folkes, bart., father of the present baronet.

*Abstract of the kill'd and wounded at the battle of Dettingen,
June 16—27, 1743.*

English.....	821 men.	495 horses.
Hanoverians ...	553 ditto	71 ditto
Austrians	977 ditto	50 ditto
	—————	—————
	2351 men.	616 horses.

Since the above I have gott a more particular account, which I enclose to you, as also a particular list of the names of the English officers that are kill'd and wounded.

Pray com'unicate it all to the Duke of Montagu.

Mareschall de Broglio is *disgracièz à la cour*, strip'd of the government of Strasbourg and all his employments, and *releguèz à sa terre*.

ON THE CASTLE AND HONOR OF EYE.

ANTIQUARIES have differed so much in opinion respecting earthwork fortifications, that it would be presumption in me to decide upon the origin of the hill and its adjacent works, now before you. But whether they were constructed by the Britons, the Romans, or the Normans, this locality affords proof that all these people occupied at different periods, now long passed away, Eye and its vicinity.

In July, 1818, as some labourers were at work raising gravel on what is called the Abbey farm, now the property of Sir Edwd. Clarence Kerrison, bart., they broke into a British burial-ground.* An eye-witness relates that at least 150 cinerary urns were discovered; "they differed in size, shape, and in the ornamental marks which appear on their superficies; their height varied from 5 to 9 inches; many were in a fine state of preservation; the depth at which they were buried varied from 4 inches to 2 feet; they were filled with calcined bones, covered with fine sand: there was also found a small fragment of gold, a pair of bronze tweezers, and two half globes of ivory, an inch in diameter." Unfortunately the greater number of these urns were des-

* See Gent. Mag. Aug. 1818.