

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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A

YOUNG

LADY'S

JOURNEY

FROM

DUBLIN

TO

LONDON

IN

1791 [1]

[JOHN REILLY, of Scarvagh House, County of Down, Member of Parliament for Blessington at the time of the Union, married in 1773 Jane, the only child of Colonel Lushington, of Sittingbourne, Kent ; their daughter Jane Hester, the writer of this diary, was born in 1774 and died in 1813.]

Friday, May 6th.—At ten at night came down to the Packet House. Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Benson (a friend of his) met us there. We set off in a little open boat down the river and found it very pleasant, being a fine, warm night, went down into the cabin ; when we got on board the ship and mother played cards. We got under way at two o'clock past midnight, and then went to bed and were not the least sick, but were kept awake all night by a drunken passenger.

Saturday we got up at nine, went on deck and saw the Wicklow Mountains faintly on one side and Holyhead on the other ; we spent the day very pleasantly on deck, eat heartily, Mr. Benson played the flute, we passed many ships in the course of the day and toward evening the *Queen* passed pretty close, we saluted her with one gun and hoisted our Irish colours ; about the same time we were so near Holyhead as to enable me to take a slight sketch of the coast which is rocky with blue mountains appearing behind ; a little later we had a fine view of the Skerry Islands with the Lighthouse on top of them and the sun just setting behind

them ; all the Welsh coast we passed that evening is bold and rocky but not a tree to be seen, we went down into the cabin after sunset, part of the passengers went to bed, mother and some gentlemen whom we had got acquainted with sat down to whist and others looked on, I began to net, a little odd figure of a quaker in a red night cap got out of his berth and came over to the table where we sat and began to preach against gambling in general, but particularly when we were in danger of going to the bottom, mother prevailed on the gentlemen to leave off and we sat down to supper ; our party at table consisted of Mr. Dawson, Mr. Benson, a good sort of civil young man, Mr. Evans an elderly man, whom mother had once known, a rough good sort of quizz his son, his father said he was agreeable, going to the Temple, Dr. Thomas a good humoured fat person with very laughing eyes, Mrs. Collier a short broad woman with a cross countenance, but something in her manner which indicates a better heart than you would at first suppose and rather agreeable, a bouncing female Quaker who was very lively and pleasant, and Mr. Gralbraith a young gentleman who wore a short blue jacket over a long grey coat, there were besides in a berth just by us Mrs. Thomas, wife of the parson, an ugly quiet little woman, too sick to eat, in another berth was a Miss Hoar, a tall, handsome English woman, who luckily for her fellow passengers was very sick, as we found the next morning she would have talked us all to death ; there were many other passengers particularly Quakers ; at ten o'clock we had finished our supper and part of us went on deck ; there was rather a better gale than we had before, the moon was just setting and was a most beautiful sight ; the Captain told us we were just crossing Beaumaris Bay ; we did not stay long on deck but came down and went to bed at twelve o'clock ; the ship was so quiet there was not a voice to be heard.

Sunday 8th.— I awoke at four o'clock and heard a good smart breeze ; it was a little lowered at five and finding I could not sleep and wishing to see the Welsh coast I got mother to get up and went on deck ; the sun was not long risen, we were near the coast, which had altered its appearance much since we saw it the preceeding evening, it was more cultivated but still bold ; we were told we had got on a good way in the night and had passed the Bar of Chester ; mother and I got into the carriage, and while we were there a small Merchantman passed us so close as to be near breaking it, some of our ropes got entangled with it, but we were soon disengaged ; about eight o'clock while we were at breakfast it became quite calm and we waited for the tide to carry us down the river Dee to Parkgate ; at this time we had the coast of Wales on the right, which had not changed its appearance that morning but continued a steep shore much wooded and here and there some houses ; on the left we had sand banks ; at a distance the Coast of Lancaster ; when we got into the river it was much nearer but not a pleasing object as it seemed to consist of steep banks of barren sand ; we were here shewn the mast of a ship which had been wrecked in the late storms coming out of Liverpool ; it continued fine and we were carried by the tide at a very pleasant rate down the river ; we passed a large Dutch vessel. After sailing close enough to the coast of Lancaster to see some fine houses we arrived about ten o'clock at Parkgate, but the tide not being quite in we could not get close to the shore, but went some part of the way in a small boat and were carried by the men the rest of the way. We found chaises on the beach to take us to the Inn where we dressed as soon as we could get the luggage from the Custom house ; our fellow passengers soon dispersed ; some of our friends went on in the stage to Chester. While we were dressing there came a Merchantman into the harbour (I suppose the one we had passed in the morning as it was coming slowly the same way as we were) on fire, and the whole time we were there they were striving to save the cargo and sink her. Just as we were setting off from Parkgate the *King* arrived in the harbour, it had left Dublin twelve hours later than the *Prince of Wales* in which we sailed, but had more of the breeze which blew up in the evening than us. Mr. Montgomery and his sisters were in it and Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy. We set out for Chester at two o'clock with excellent horses and saw some coal mines at a distance and passed through Neston a neat little village. The country from Parkgate is flat and not remarkably planted, but

the neatness of the houses pleased me, the frightful wooden ones also surprised me much at first, as they are striped and figured in a most ridiculous manner. The road is narrow and bad ; towards Chester it grew broader but was very bad still. Chester appears a fine old town as you drive into it. We dined at the White Lion Inn with some of our sea friends, it is a very good one and the man who keeps it is remarkable for his fine carriages, we saw many quite elegant. After dinner we walked to King Street to Mr. Gray's ; we supped at nine which appeared odd to me, but I was very glad to get to bed as I was very much tired and more giddy with the sea than I was when I was on it.

Monday.—After breakfast Mrs. Gray took us out in her chaise to see the town, we went first to the Castle, where we met Mr. G. and got out of the carriage ; here we were first shewn the model of a new jail that is to be built after the plan of Howard's ; there is a great deal of it done, which we saw from the room in which the model was, it will be most magnificent. We next walked to the inner castle yard, which is a fine fortification very high and looks down on the river Dee and has a fine prospect, we here saw the convicts who were working at the new jail all dressed in yellow jackets and hats, with chains on their legs. We then got into the chaise and drove to the East Gate, which is an extremely fine arch. We here got up on the walls which encircle the town and are broad enough for two people to walk abreast on them ; there is on one side of them a small parapet wall and on the other a slight paling, and we walked along them for some way ; though it is the public promenade for all the beaux and belles in Chester it is by no means pretty, only one peep of the Dee and its banks ; there are here and there little watch towers which are now converted into resting places for the Masters and Misses of the town to flirt in ; they were once used for a very different purpose. We next walked in the Rows which are piazzas under which you may walk all through the town with shops on either side, they are like everything else in Chester very old ; we next went to the Cathedral which is Gothic and very fine and very old, but in tolerable repair ; what entertained me most were some little figures round the Bishop's throne, whose heads we were told had been cut off by Oliver Cromwell, but were found some years since and put on again. There is a fine tapestry altar piece, of Saint Paul ; we then drove into the court of the Bishop's Palace, where there was nothing remarkable but the gate into it, a fine old Gothic arch. After dinner the Miss Grey's came home from a visit, where they had been for some days. Mrs. G. took mother and me out in the evening to see the Linen Hall which is thought a good one. She then took us to where we could have a good view of the race course which is small, but prettily circumstanced ; there is near it another fine new arch under the walls. When we came home I was so sick I was obliged to go to bed.

Tuesday 10th.—Left Chester at nine o'clock, Mr. Dawson riding with us he had been so good as to wait to conduct us part of the way. As we left the town we had a fine view of it as it stands on the banks of the Dee. We found the roads bad, but were recompensed by a fine cultivated country, a good deal of planting, and a fine view of Besan [2] Castle ; it stands on the top of a very high steep mount, which raises its head beyond the near trees, which together with some more blue distant mountains would make a good picture ; it changes its appearance often as you go along and is in all points of view beautiful ; we also passed a neat little village with a beautiful church, it is called Acton. We came next to Tarporley, a neat village, where we changed horses, but did not alight ; the road from Tarporley to Nantwich (our next stage) is better than the others and lies through a cultivated country, but there is not much variety ; we did not lose sight of Besan Castle till we had passed Tarporley some time. Nantwich is an old town chiefly built of wood ; we did not get out there either, we next came to Woore, a small neat village, and next to Stone where we dined. The country during these last two stages had little altered, except once for a short space it grew more mountainy and in my opinion more beautiful ; in this spot there was a neat country seat situated on the side of a small lake surrounded by wooded mountains ; the postilion told us the name of it was Mear

and that it belonged to some lady whose name he forgot. I now first observed the paling which I have admired so much all through England. There is an excellent Inn at Stone. We set out next for Wolseley Bridge, we passed by Lord Harrowby's, a little further on we were surprised by a man crying out ' Ladies, a gentleman told me to tell you the park which you are just coming in sight of is Ingestre Hall, Lord Talbot's' (it was Mr. Dawson who had ridden on before us, who had desired him). We passed it with great pleasure, both on account of the owner and the beauty of the place ; it is a large range of hills well laid down and planted with some pretty buildings ; it is joined by another place more beautiful, as the hills grow more steep and uneven with a river running at the bottom ; it belongs to a Lady Anson and is the prettiest park I have yet seen in England ; it extends to the sweet village of Wolseley Bridge and helps to beautify it, we got out there for a moment, as the Inn which is situated on the banks of the river looked so inviting we could not resist. On the other side of the village is Sir William Wolseley's, a pretty place, we got to a comfortable Inn at Lichfield about dusk, and were very glad to get soon to bed after travelling [blank in original] miles that day.

Wednesday 11th.—Went to see the Cathedral at Lichfield at seven o'clock, it is extremely worth seeing ; we first went round the outside, which is magnificent ; it is entirely Gothic, the ornaments wonderfully light, but many of them much defaced ; they are cut out of the same soft stone as at Chester ; on the top of the front there is a figure of Charles the Second, which is much newer than the rest ; there are numbers of odd figures, besides others almost imperceivable and some quite gone ; there are some curious old tombs ; the inside is delightfully fine ; they are at present repairing it ; the entire roof is stone and nearly all the ornaments light and beautiful, the caps of the pillars and everything carved in a degree of taste that would do honour to a modern artist. There is but very little painted glass and no altar piece ; there is a pretty monument to the memory of Lady Wortley Montagu. We then went to Coleshill this town has nothing remarkable in it. We breakfasted there : our hostess told us that Baddington, the seat of Mr. Bromley, was near it ; the country from it to Coventry is uninteresting till you come in sight of the town, which you see on rising a small hill after a long flat, four spires appearing among the trees, three of them belonging to Coventry and one to a new little village romantically situated which you pass through before you come to the town, as we left Coleshill we overtook four men riding with twenty fine young horses that they were taking to a dealer in London. At Coventry there was nothing worth observing but Peeping Tom, a ridiculous old ugly figure in a wig and a gold laced hat stuck out of a hole in the wall. Our next stage was to Dunchurch ; though some part of the country is extremely well planted it is all ugly from the excessive flatness of it till you come within six miles of Dunchurch, when the road becomes very broad and good planted on each side with fine large trees which hide the flatness of the country from you and beautify the road very much ; they were planted by the Duke of Montagu. We next came to Daventry where we bought cheap silk stockings, which are manufactured in the town ; we then set off for Northampton ; first the road lay through a fine country, not so flat as the preceding day and much wooded ; afterwards we turned off the great road and for the rest of the way it was dreary with high hedge rows on each side and not a house to be seen ; before we reached Northampton it was later than was pleasant to travel, but not so dark as to prevent our seeing the town as we came in ; it was by far the prettiest I had yet seen in England, the Inn we alighted at was very old and dismal ; we sat in an old fashioned large ball room all night and had a good supper prepared for us by Mr. Dawson ; there is a fine chime clock in a church just by the Inn, which chimes every quarter of an hour and plays *Britons strike home*, every four hours ; in the middle of the night we were awakened by it.

Thursday 12th.—Saw the outside of the Church, it is erected in memory of Charles 2nd, who gave a sum towards repairing the town and old Cathedral. Bought cheap laces, which are made all about the country. From Northampton we came to Newport, and from Newport to

Woburn, a very neat town then to Dunstable, where we bought some hats and boxes of the manufacture of the town ; then to St. Albans, we dined there and set up for the night ; the country we came through this day was for the most part rich with fine seats particularly from Northampton to Newport ; from Newport to Woburn there was a great variety, near the former you mount a great chalk hill from which you have an extensive prospect ; up the hill you are attended by some of the people that live about, who make it their business with great mallets in their hands to keep up the carriage when the horses stop to rest ; for this piece of service you give them some halfpence. From this the road to Woburn lies through deep sandy hills which are all finely planted by the Duke of Bedford ; in this road you meet some romantic spots. At St. Albans Mr. Dawson left us to hurry on to London ; my mother and I went to see the Cathedral ; it was shewn us by the clerk a fine venerable old man who had been forty years in his office. The outside has nothing to boast of but its size, but when I entered I was astonished indeed, it is not so elegant as Lichfield, but the size and the great air of antiquity delighted me ; the aisle is painted and wonderfully fresh ; it is in compartments in each of which are in Saxon Characters I.H.S. The old clerk who was sensible and intelligent told us the abbey had been founded by Offa King of the Mercians, which is the more likely as there are some arches towards the middle of the aisle not in the Gothic order like the rest of the buildings but of the Saxon. Our conductor then clapped his hands which produced the most extraordinary vibration, rattling over our heads like thunder. Between the great aisle and the choir is the belfry where you stand under a large dome, part painted and part glass through which you look up at another painted ceiling ; from this you go into the choir there the ceiling alters, the compartments instead of the letters are filled with coats of arms ; as you walk up the aisle you go over many tombs on which you see the marks of inlaying ; they had all been inlaid with brass, there is one remaining entire, but all the rest were taken away by Oliver Cromwell who plundered the Abbey and made a stable of it . In the wall on each side of the altar there are the burying places of some of the priors inclosed by great iron gates. Under the altars there are four niches in which stood little figures of the Four Evangelists in gold which were also taken by Oliver Cromwell ; we then went into one of the side aisles, at the end of which you are shewn the monument of Humfry, the good Duke of Gloucester ; it is only scratched out in black on the wall with a Latin inscription. The clerk then unlocked a door which leads into a place now used as a vestry room, it had once held St. Alban's shrine, which was of massive gold ; we saw the marks of six feet on the floor ; on one side of this place is a gallery of cut stone in which the monks used to watch the shrine every night, on the other side there is an iron grating for the people to look through at it, but there is a wall built up now, the grating remains on the outside, we saw it ; in the side aisle from which we entered what was most interesting was the vault of Duke Humfry, our venerable conductor unlocked a trap door which discovered a flight of stone steps at the bottom ; this had not been discovered till eight years ago, we saw the stone coffin which contained the bones of that famous man ; the old clerk told us that he himself remembered the flesh on the bones and the hair on the head and it had been preserved with some spirit which had evaporated when it was exposed to the air. In the middle of the ceiling of one of the cross aisles there is a rough, old painting of the Martyrdom of St. Alban. There is also an altar piece in the choir the ' Last Supper,' done by James Thornhill, it is so much faded there is no forming any judgment on it. This great building is 550 feet in length by 60 in breadth and the height of the cross aisles 350. There is a great deal more than we saw now turned into a school. We remained at St. Albans that night and set off the next morning at seven for Barnet, where we found a good breakfast which had been bespoke for us by Mr. Dawson. From St. Albans the country begins to have the appearance of approaching near the great city by the superior degree of cultivation and the frequency of the villages and villas. We dressed at Barnet, and then set out for London ; the first thing remarkable in this road is Finchley Common, a fine green plain surrounded by the neat little villas of the citizens, just off Finchley Common we came into Highgate where the great citizens come out of a Saturday to spend Sunday in a little recreat-

ion. From Highgate you roll down a steep hill almost on London, which you now see part of it at least, and indeed even that appears to a person coming from the country a continuation of the town. About four miles from London we observed a soldier with a knapsack on his back, he had sat down on a stone and appeared quite overcome and so ill that my mother stopped the carriage and called him over to her to give him some trifle ; she asked him what regiment he belonged to, he said the 30th that he had been discharged for illness, and that he had long lain in an hospital in London unable to begin this last journey to his own country to die with his friends which he now scarce hoped even to accomplish. Where was he going to—to Liverpool—what was his country—Ireland what part—the county Down—Oh ! whereabouts—a town called Banbridge ; he then described exactly the spot on which he was born, it was my father's estate and he gave him a blessing before he knew how welcome that blessing was to us. It was an odd and pleasant adventure to us and I hope a lucky one to the poor man who was enabled by it to pursue his journey more comfortably. London as we came into it did not at all surprise me. Mr. Dawson met us at the end of Albemarle Street and conducted us to the Leycesters, where we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Leycester and their son Mr. L. ; and Mr. D., then took us to see the lodgings he thought of for us, which we liked very well ; they are at the house of an agreeable French milliner in Duke Street, near all our friends. We dined at Mr. L.'s, where we were introduced to the two Miss L.'s, Mr. Dumbleton, Miss Pery and Mr. W. Lushington ; the latter set us at home in his coach at ten o'clock as Mrs. Leycester was going out.

Saturday the 14th.—Mr. Dawson breakfasted here. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Leycester came to see us, also Lady Blackwood, Miss Pery, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Benson, and Lord Hillsboro' who desired us to go and dine at Hanover Square every day we were disengaged ; he made us promise particularly for Monday and charged mother to employ him for everything wanted to be done ; some time after he had left us he returned again and roared at the window that Lady Salisbury would be glad to see us the next day at two o'clock ; Mother thought it would be better to rest this day so we did not stir out, and in the evening Mr. T. Dawson came in and Lord Erne.

Sunday the 15th.—Lady Hillsboro' called and took us to Lady Salisbury whom we found in her bed of state ill ; it was her last day of giving caudle ; the child [3] was to be christened in the evening, the christening suit was on the bed, it was most magnificent and ridiculous. I did not see much of the house this day, but what I did see was grand indeed. We next called on the Leycesters and there were two coachfulls to Kensington Gardens ; on the way thither we went down Hyde Park which is far inferior to the Phoenix Park at Dublin, it was much crowded with carriages and horses, walking in the garden ; I should have liked it better had I been more used to not seeing any faces I knew, or had known the Miss L.'s enough to make remarks on the strange figures we met, which were equal in oddity and superior in quantity to what one meets on a Sunday night at the Rotunda in Dublin ; the Brownlows were the only ones we met there that we knew. The Queens Palace which you see from this is by no means fine, but a heavy brick building ; in one of the walks there is a pretty view of the Serpentine River but it is only the great quizzes that walk there. We went home with the L.'s to dinner, Miss Pery and Mr. Tilotson, another cousin of my mother's ; in the evening we went to Lady Blackwood's where we saw Mrs. Ryder who was very low, Lady More, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, Miss Blackwood and Mr. Fitzgerald ; it was too dark to see their paintings, which I regretted greatly. We came home early.

Monday the 16th.—Miss Pery, Lord Clanbrassil, and Mr. Fitzgerald in the morning. We then went to pay visits ; we were let in at Lady Londonderry's ; I had never seen her before and though I had heard more of her than any one in the world, she greatly exceeded my expectations ; we dined at Lord H.'s there was no one but my Lord and my Lady, the

Marquis of Downshire, and D. Burton ; they played cards till ten o'clock and then we came away ; Lord Barrington came in in the evening and slept the whole time we stayed.

Tuesday 17th.—The two Miss Leycesters, Mr. Fitzgerald, my mother, and I, in the coach, and Mr. Dawson and Leycester, riding, went to the review at Blackheath where we were much entertained ; we got a tolerable situation where we had a very good view of the troops, but did not get so near the King as we wished, we then went to Greenwich with an intention to see the hospital, and all that is worth seeing there, which is a great deal more than we saw that day as the gentlemen were impatient to return to town, however we were delighted with the chapel and hall, which was all we then saw. As we approached near this immense building, which is far beyond anything I had yet seen, I was struck with admiration and pleasure to see an edifice appropriated for so noble a use as for the support and comfort of so many old seamen, and to make the evening of their days, who had spent the mornings of them in the service of their country. The whole scene here pleased me much the number of little boats besides two large vessels sailing down the Thames, the richness of whose banks together with the magnificence of the building by which we stood gave one a great idea of the prosperity of the Kingdom. We first were shewn the chapel which is only just finished ; the ornaments are light, elegant and well executed, those on the walls consist chiefly of paintings, either done by Cipriano or exactly in the same style, and where the light answers you might be deceived and take them for bas reliefs ; in the middle of the aisle there is an anchor and cable inlaid in stone, the prospect of which is so perfect that though there is no shading you think the end of it quite raised off the ground ; there is also a fine altar about which I ought to know a great deal as an old sailor stood up with a white wand in his hand and in an audible voice described to the whole company the different merits and meanings of the piece, but he was so tedious and stupid that by hindering me from getting near enough to the picture, he prevented me from trying to learn that for myself which I never could from him so we left him to continue his harangue, and those of his auditors who had not patience proceeded to the hall. The deceptions here were in two colours, once thought wonderful, but I was glad to observe how much the style of painting is improved on ; after the paintings of the same sort in the chapel they appeared nothing ; the shadows are quite strong and harsh instead of the beautiful softness of colouring which deceives the eye so much in Cipriano's ; the ceiling is painted in colours and much finer in its kind than the black and white figures on the wall, it is allegorical, and seems finely imagined, but I was so confused by the attempts to explain of another old man, who held forth here, besides our large party, that I could not consider it as much as I wished and hope to do another time ; after seeing this we were hurried to town where we arrived safe but tired to death of the wind and dust which was excessive ; we all separated immediately and mother in pity to my head, which ached sadly, sent an excuse to Lord Hillsboro's where we were engaged to dinner but the servant who had been sent with the excuse returned ; he brought three tickets from Lady H. for her box at the Opera at the Pantheon ; this tempted us and we determined to go. As soon as we dined we set off to Mrs. Leycester to get her to go with us, as Lady H. had sent three tickets, and then to the Strand which is near the City to buy a gown my mother wanted for the next day ; returned dressed in a quarter of an hour, went to Mrs. L. who was not ready, so drank coffee there, and then proceeded to the Pantheon. There are now two opera houses, both supported by different parties, the Pantheon and the Haymarket, the former is of the court party and the latter that of the opposing ; when the old opera house was burned down they fitted up the Pantheon as a temporary thing, and got a license from the King ; when the new one in the Haymarket was finished the managers of it applied also for a license which was refused by the High Chamberlain, (Lord Salisbury) as he said they did not choose to license two at a time, and as they had once granted it to the other they could not take it from them again ; as there were some gentlemen of consequence who interested themselves for the new theatre and who were chiefly in opposition they thought they were illtreated by the Chamberlain ; party runs so

high that there are many who would not go to the Pantheon for the World, though they must like it better as they are afraid to dress or act regular operas at the other. The Pantheon is certainly very small and is under great disadvantages from the stage being so confined, but it is altogether fitted in most elegant style. The scenery beyond anything I have yet seen, the only fault I could find was in the curtain that drops between the acts, which is a confusion of figures strongly coloured representing Poets and I don't know what Graces and Satyrs, Poets and Bacchus and dancing fauns and Tragedy Queens, Cupids and Furies Venuses and Hobgoblins, etc., a green curtain would rest the eye better after all the gay and tawdry finery of an Italian Opera. The first act was near over when we came in, the opera was *La Molinarella*, the music is very pretty, one actor pleased me greatly, Morelle, he plays with a vast deal of ease and hums and sings pleasantly ; there was one beautiful scene of a mill going, and another of the inside of the Miller's House most beautifully designed and executed ; the last dance was beautiful, I could not nor would not think till I had seen it that I should be entertained with a thing of the sort it was *la siege de Cythere* ; the scenery, machinery, and dresses are most beautiful, particularly some dear little children who acted Cupids ; little Teadore dances charmingly. At last after waiting a great while we got away ; I was so tired I thought I should have died. When we came home we found a note from Lady Salisbury with two tickets for the ball at Almacks the next night.

Wednesday 18th.—Mrs. T. Dawson came in the morning and went into the city with us, where we went to shop, we met Mr. Leycester in our drive and took him into the coach and set him at home ; we then came home ourselves. Mother dined at Lord H.'s but I was obliged to stay for the hair dresser. Mother came home to dress at nine and at half past eleven we called on Lord H. at Lady Salisbury's and then went to the ball. The room is very large and a charming one for the purpose but not ornamented with taste, though there was a great number in the room when we went in I was surprised at seeing so few fine women, there were some very pretty to be sure, but I have seen one or two in Ireland much more elegant than any here, and this ball was an extraordinary thing, almost all the people of fashion were there ; it was patronised by the Duchess of Gordon ; when I had said I had seen more beautiful women than any there I forgot the Duchess of Rutland who was beyond anything, and Mrs. Fitzherbert who was there. I think her handsome, she has a fine animated countenance, the Prince was not there, the Brownlows and Mr. R. Stewart were there ; as I knew no one I did not expect to dance but Lord Hillsborough asked me just as we got up ; before we began to dance we were called to supper but afterwards we danced a set and I found it full enough as it was long and crowded ; there was a bad supper but we were very pleasant ; about four we got away ; our own coach could not get up so Lord H. sent us home in his ; indeed there was never anything like his good nature on every occasion. It was daylight and a charming morning when we came home.

Thursday 19th.—Awakened with a dreadful headache and was too ill to go out with my mother in the morning ; when she returned found myself too ill to dress to go to Lord Clanbrassils, where we had been long engaged to dinner ; mother went out again to buy me a book and then went to dinner at Lord C.'s, from which she went to Lady Salisbury's who sees company every evening. With sitting quiet pouring over my book and drinking coffee I had got well when she got home about ten o'clock and sat and worked and supped afterwards.

Friday 20th.—In the morning the two Mr. Dawsons Mr. Leycester, and Lord Erne came, we then went out in the coach, dined at Lord H.'s, where dined also Lady Stowell and the two Mr. Knowles' ; in the evening went to Mr. Leycester's and accompanied Mrs. Leycester to a party of a friend of hers, a Mrs. Lawrell, the two Miss Leycesters were ill and could not come ; there were some strange figures, but I had no one to make remarks to ; we were introduced to Mr. Mrs. and Miss Lawrell. Mrs. Lawrell seems a pleasing woman ; we met here

Mrs. Gardner, Miss Porter, that was she, whom we had known at Sir Richard Johnstone's ; mother sat down to cards ; Mrs. Leycester was so good as not to play but walked about with me and introduced mother and me to Mrs. Lushington, and Mrs. Blackshaw, her daughter ; we came home rather early.

Saturday 21st.—Mr. W. Lushington came in the morning ; we went out shopping and dined at Mr. Leycester's ; there was a great deal of company ; I did not know any of them except Mr. Lushington, he gave us his tickets and box for the Haymarket Opera ; he came with us himself and Mr. Mrs. and Miss Leycester ; all these are violent Haymarket people. Without prejudice or any regard to party, for I should be very sorry to let party blind my judgment in anything, I think the Pantheon much the best ; the Haymarket is much the larger, indeed its size astonishes you but it is not fitted up either as comfortably or as elegantly as the other. The scenery is I think far inferior too, but I have heard great people, even of the court party, say it was better for the other was abominable but that I don't mind as I liked what I saw at the Pantheon much and great people are apt to fancy they are connoisseurs because great and ought to be so and their cleverness generally consists in abusing everything indiscriminately ; there is no opera but the singers come out in their everyday dresses and stand behind a low screen and squall a parcel of Italian songs ; the dancing at this house is what they pride themselves on and I hear everyone say it is better than at the other, but for my own part I am no judge of the mere dancing, and the decorations and the plot of the ballet I saw at the Pantheon pleased me much more than the Vestris and the Helesbery Haymarket ; even Mrs. L. who was at both houses with us and is a violent partisan of the latter place agreed that she was more entertained with the former. What entertained me most here was Cupid in a little surtout, a most agreeable figure ; after it was over we went into the coffee room for some time, and found it very difficult to get away.

Sunday 22nd.—Did not go to Church. We went out in the coach to pay visits ; was let in at Lady Lushington's, found Mr. E. Leicester ; liked lady L. mightily, a comical lively pretty woman ; dined at Mr. Leycester's, where dined Mr. H. Leycester ; went in the evening to Lady Salisbury's found three or four card tables, sat some time, and came away. There Lady S. gave us four tickets for the King's box at Westminster Hall for Hastings's trial the next day ; returned to Mr. L.'s ; Mrs. L. made us stay supper.

Monday 23rd.—Went to Hastings's trial at Westminster Hall Mr. Leycester and Mr. Dawson met us there. This hall is not fine but venerable from its antiquity, the roof is all arched and carved wood and one end of the hall is almost entirely casement, through which you see into another apartment which is lighted by a large gothic window. We were a great while there before the procession began, which was as grand as a parcel of ugly old Dukes, Lords, and Bishops could make it ; they were all of them dressed in their robes, which are magnificent, and in my opinion graceful ; the Duke of Gloucester came in the procession with his train held up by two attendants in scarlet and black ; he looked very much like a Prince and I should have known him by his likeness to all the halfpence and guineas I ever saw to be one of the Royal Family. The trial was opened by Mr. St. John, who stated the charges against poor Hastings ; this was very dull, as the subject was very uninteresting and it was delivered in plain language without much choice of words or any cadence, but I am told those who understand this sort of thing say that it was done very clearly. Mr. Hastings himself then got up and spoke ; in an instant all were silent ; he seemed greatly agitated ; his language would have been good had he been more collected ; he contradicted himself once or twice and spoke very low, he complained of the delays and said he saw no prospect of an end to his trial, indeed that he never expected it would come to a close ; a little after he said he now hoped his torments were near at an end that he had every reason to suppose that his cause would soon be decided on, whether for or against him ; one part of his speech was very

affecting where he said that if his memory did not fail him he was then in his sixtieth year, that the last four had been wasted in the most painful situation that any man could be in, indeed he could date his torments still earlier from the very hour he landed in England when he was told that an attack of this sort was meditated against him ; he also observed that there were differences of no less than sixty Lords since they first sat on his trial who had died in the meantime ; Mr. Burke then got up and from the beginning of his speech I expected something very great but he got into such a passion that it was nothing but a continuation of abuse to poor Hastings and cavilling at his speech ; he called him a murderer on which one of the counsel for the prisoner got up and attempted to interrupt him by saying he ought not to call him a murderer without bringing proof of it ; this made Mr. Burke very angry ; indeed he said that when the gentleman chose to speak he certainly would not interrupt him, therefore would by no means allow himself to be interrupted. Mr. Fox afterwards got up and he spoke much more gently than Burke and with a good deal of compassion for poor Hastings ; at the same time he said he perfectly agreed with all his honourable friend had said ; that he thought that the public had as much reason to complain as Mr. Hastings if there had been any unneedy delays made, and as they had been deputed by the House of Commons as managers in this business he did not think they were answerable to any one else, nor would they answer at any other tribunal. His speech was short. Mr. H. then got up and made a short apology and said that he did not mean to offend either the Lords or any of the gentlemen. A clerk then got up to read the evidence and we came away, as there was to be no more speaking. We took a peep through a casement into the Court of King's Bench and the Court of Chancery which are exactly the same. I saw nothing remarkable but a parcel of old ugly figures ; nobody could tell me who they were ; we also peeped into the House of Lords, a large room hung with dirty old tapestry. We dined in the evening with the Leycesters and came home early.

[1] *The style and punctuation of this interesting little fragment have been left quite unaltered lest any of the characteristics of 'sweet seventeen' of 100 years ago (long before the f advanced woman was invented") should be interfered with.*
EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century.*]

[2] Pecforton Castle.

[3] James Brownlow William, second Marquis.

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