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THE JOURNAL OF
MARTHA PINTARD
BAYARD
LONDON · 1794-1797

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THE JOURNAL OF
MARTHA PINTARD BAYARD



THE JOURNAL
OF
MARTHA PINTARD BAYARD
LONDON, 1794-1797

EDITED BY
S. BAYARD DOD



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**This is a Copy of the First Edition of the
Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard.**

PREFACE

MARTHA PINTARD BAYARD, the writer of this journal, was the daughter of Lewis Pintard, of New York, whose father, a French Huguenot, emigrated from France some years previous to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

General Washington, in a letter to Lieutenant-General Howe, the British Commander-in-Chief, says :

“ HEADQUARTERS, MORRISTOWN,

“ Jan. 20, 1777.

“ *Sir* : I take the liberty to propose the establishment of an officer to reside in New York, under parole,—to transmit no intelligence but what belongs to his office,—whose business it shall be to provide such necessaries for such prisoners as fall into your hands. Perhaps the establishment of such an officer with proper credit may put a stop to the many complaints which I am daily under the necessity of hearing, some of them probably without foundation and others from the want of many

things you are not obliged to furnish the prisoners.

“The gentleman whom I would beg leave to recommend as a proper agent is Mr. Lewis Pintard, the bearer, a person well known in New York and of long established reputation as a considerable merchant.”

Mrs. Bayard was the wife of Samuel Bayard, and he too was of Huguenot descent. He was the son of Colonel John Bayard, who was prominent in Pennsylvania during the Revolutionary War. The Pennsylvania Legislature in 1775-76 were not in favour of independence, but the people were resolved upon it.

“On the twenty-fourth of May, a town-meeting of more than four thousand men was held in the State-House yard, to confront the instruction of the assembly against independence, with the vote of the Continental Congress, against ‘oaths of allegiance, and the exercise of any kind of authority under the Crown.’ It was called to order by John Bayard, chairman of the inspection committee for the county of Philadelphia; a patriot of singular purity of character and disinterestedness, personally brave, pensive, earnest and devout.”¹

¹ Bancroft, Vol. III, p. 385.

When military preparation became necessary, a battalion of cavalry was organized, and John Bayard was commissioned as its colonel, and held the command during the war.

His son, Samuel Bayard, was born in Philadelphia in 1767, graduated at Princeton College in 1784, and studied law with William Bradford, afterward Attorney-General of the United States under Washington.

After the ratification of the treaty negotiated by John Jay with the British Government, he was appointed by Washington agent of the United States to prosecute, in the British Admiralty courts, the claims of American citizens, as provided for in the Jay treaty.

The result of his mission was so successful that the sum of “\$10,345,000 was recovered from the British Government for losses sustained by Americans from illegal and unauthorized captures of their ships on the high seas by English cruisers.”

At the time of his appointment to this responsible and delicate mission, Mr. Bayard

was twenty-seven years of age ; his wife was two years his junior ; they had been married four years, and were sent on this mission to those whom from her childhood " she had been taught to regard as enemies."

"To have known Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Jay, and John Adams, and frequently to have seen George the Third and his cabinet ministers, who were opposed to those great men in the Revolutionary struggle ; to have been well acquainted with many of the American generals engaged in that conflict, and with their antagonists Lord Cornwallis, Sir Henry Clinton, and Col. Tarleton : to have been on terms of intimacy with six of the signers of the Declaration of Independence ; and to have known Lords Eldon, Mansfield and Stowell, Burke and Barré, Fox and Pitt, Sheridan, Wilberforce and Warren Hastings, is certainly a very remarkable record for a young American of thirty." ¹

On his return to this country, Mr. Bayard resided for a few years in New York, and was appointed by Governor Jay presiding judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Westchester County.

¹ General James Grant Wilson, " The Bayards in America and Judge Bayard's London Diary."

On his removal to New Jersey in 1806, he was appointed to the same position in Somerset County.

He was one of the founders of the New York Historical Society, and with his kinsman, Elias Boudinot, one of the founders of the American Bible Society, and its first vice-president.

He was also one of the founders of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and a trustee of the College of New Jersey, and for many years a delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

He was a constant contributor to several religious periodicals, and the author of the following books :

“A Funeral Oration on General Washington,” New Brunswick, 1810; “Digest of American Cases on the Law of Evidence,” Philadelphia, 1810; “Abstract of Laws of the United States which relate to the Duties and Authority of Judges of Inferior State Courts and Justices of the Peace,” New York, 1834;

“Letters on the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper,” Philadelphia, 1825; second edition, 1840.

The first entry in the old vellum-bound book in which Mrs. Bayard wrote her journal is dated 1794, and it is interesting to note the touches of life and manners as seen by a young American woman a century ago.

Among the descendants of the twin brother of Judge Bayard’s father four have occupied seats in the United States Senate almost continuously for fourscore years, one was among the signers of the treaty of Ghent, another was Secretary of State and is now Ambassador of the United States at the Court of Saint James.





THE JOURNAL OF
MARTHA PINTARD BAYARD

November 9, 1794.

NEVER did my heart experience such emotions of painful regret as on this day; when torn from the friends I loved with so much fondness, and the Country which gave me birth, how could my mind find any relief even in the anticipation of a return. More than a year may elapse before this happy period, and Alas! then perhaps

I may return, but not to the embraces of those so dear to me now, the cruel hand of death may long 'ere that deprive me of an aged and affectionate Parent, and instead of the warm embraces of my beloved Aunts, or the tender heart-felt welcome of my equally loved Cousin, I shall be met with the cool reception of an acquaintance, who has nought but tales of sorrow to relate. But why, oh my heart! dost thou so distrust the goodness of that Providence, who has in so many instances disappointed thy fears; are not the lives of those who are dear to me as well as my own in thine all-wise hands, and can'st thou not do with us as seemeth to thee fit.

Peace, every angry passion then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

At twelve o'clock on Sunday we left Princeton, accompanied by my good Father, Brother Andrew, and Sally, Cousin Lewis Pintard, and John Smith. We dined together at Chester and strove to be cheerful, but could not; my Dr Papa's exertions were very great, and I behaved very well till Lewis Pintard, who I believe loves me like a Sister, burst into tears and left the table; this was too much, I was obliged to rise and go up stairs. We embarked on board the *Adriana*, at four in the afternoon; our friends followed us to the beach and took their leave. Never did I experience such feelings as on looking at that Shore where I had left all that was dear to me on earth but my Husband and Child; I stayed on deck till I could see them no more, and then went down into the Cabin and gave a free vent to my tears; this, with the

affectionate exertions of my Dear Mr. Bayard, gave me some relief; I began to feel reconciled to my fate, and a firm reliance on Providence. Oh may the feelings which this scene has excited be nourished and encreased, and may the spirit of devotion which now fills my breast be ever kept alive by constant & serious reflection on a scene so peculiarly adapted to impress the mind with inexpressible solemnity. . . .

We found the Cabin clean, the passengers cheerful, and the Captain disposed to render every thing agreeable; the first night I slept very well, and rose in the morning with rather better spirits than I had in the evening; our breakfast was good, but my appetite had left me entirely. . . .

Monday morning. This day we had a charming little breeze, which wafted us on our way in a rapid but steady

course; and by the evening I felt a degree of composure I was before a stranger to, and, while land was in sight, I had no fears, but was anxious to see the sea; in the evening the wind arose and blew very hard all night, I slept very little and was very much frighten'd. . . .

Tuesday. How thankful ought we to be to that merciful Providence who saith to the sea "thus far shalt thou go but no further;" after the stormy dreadful night we have passed, how reviving is the light of another day. A day which promises so much for us . . . it is very clear and we are going with a pretty breeze, but this evening the Pilot is to leave us . . . six o'clock; he has taken his leave and we can but just now discover the light-house. I could not refrain from tears at the last glance of that land which gave me birth, and oh how different shall

I feel when I am three thousand miles further ! Alas I know not whether I shall ever reach it. . . .

We passed the evening more cheerfully than I expected, and in the morning found ourselves surrounded by an immense ocean. What a new scene opened to my view ! How did it fill my mind with the most awful and sublime reverence to the Great Creator of all things. Who could, in contemplating the wonders of the great deep, doubt for a moment the existence of a Deity !

Thursday 19. A very stormy day ; I began to know what sea-sickness was ; in the evening the wind increased, and blew a violent gale all night. I was very much alarmed and began to repent not leaving Lewis with his Grand Papa, who, in case of my death, would have been a consolation ; this night I really thought would have

been my last; I would sometimes catch a moment's sleep and awaken in a most violent fright, call on Mr. Bayard, my head aching extremely; I begg'd for a little camphorated spirits. He crept almost on his hands and knees to get it, bath'd my face, and, with the most tender sollicitude, hung over my bed. "Resign yourself to Providence, my love," said he, "and all will yet be well." This was my only consolation and from my heart did I bless those friends who early taught me that love and submission I then felt. A flood of tears shed on the bosom of the Husband, for whom I could so freely die, relieved me, and, about four in the morning, the Captain came to my window and assured me the storm was abating. I was then a little composed and so much overcome that I fell asleep and sweetly lost all sense of my danger for an

hour or two; and oh my soul what were thy feelings on awaking to the light of another day! Merciful Father, said I, when doth gratitude glow with equal strength or praise ascend to thy throne with higher pleasure than in the moment of unexpected deliverance? Oh may I never, never forget this night.

Sunday morning. This is the most delightful day we have yet had—a fair, light breeze has kept the vessel steady, and we all had a refreshing night's rest . . . for the first time I had a pretty good appetite at breakfast, & sat on deck the greater part of the day. Mr. Bayard read Fordice's Address to the Deity. I never enjoyed them so much—but we were soon obliged to lay them one side, as they all said reading prayers (as they call'd them) would certainly bring a bad wind; poor superstitious crea-

tures! We gratified them, but could not be denied the enjoyment of our own reflections. . . .

Thursday. All day unpleasant—I was very much indisposed—could not hold my head up ten minutes together, lay on the sofa all day.

Towards evening the storm increased, and at tea time it blew violently—the Captain had to leave the tea-table; it increased till ten, and then blew a perfect hurricane,—we were all very much alarmed, Mrs. Kirtland went to her berth, and good Mrs. Edmonson did all in her power to keep up my spirits, by telling me that was nothing to weather she had seen, but all would not do; this I saw, she disguised her feelings, as well as Mr. Bayard. I was very much overcome by my fears, and had it not been for some lavender which I took, and the use of camphorated

spirits, I must have fainted. At twelve, through the kindness of Providence, the wind abated, and we all went to bed, but could not sleep for the amazing motion of the vessel. The wind continued high all night, and, in the morning, I was told we had indeed been in great danger; the Caboose was thrown over, and the poor cook very much hurt, the dead-lights were up for all the next day, and the live-stock almost gone; the wind continued high several days, Mrs. Bowen & myself almost dead.

Saturday. Still rough and disagreeable but the Captain says we shall soon be in sight of land, this news composed and satisfied me and I was anticipating the pleasure I should feel on being again on shore, when a very high sea came and rushed, in a most violent torrent, down the stair-case, and set every thing a-float; I was

ignorant of the cause, & was more frightened than I had ever been before, my hands and feet were perfectly benumb'd, and it was some time before I recovered. My Dr little Lewis¹ who was never sick or frightened, said, "never mind Mama, God won't let you die." Dear fellow, he is the diversion for the whole Cabin. After this fright I thought I could go through anything, but we had no more. Mr. Elmore assured us we were close on land; we went to bed in high spirits, hoping to eat dinner in Falmouth the next day.

Wednesday we all spent a pretty

¹Rev. Lewis Pintard Bayard, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 1813-1820, and Rector of Saint Clement's Church, New York City, 1830-1840.

The great desire of his life, to visit the scenes hallowed by the Saviour's presence, had been fulfilled, and on his return from Jerusalem, he was stricken with fever and died at Malta, and was buried there in 1840.

anxious night. Mr. Elmore and the Captain were up the greater part of the night, and we were much afraid of striking some rocks. After being on the watch for many hours I fell in a sound sleep, and was awakened by the joyful sound of "Land, Land!" Never was I fill'd with so much joy and gratitude, or never was a sound more welcome to my ears than that; we congratulated each other from our berths, and all began to dress; we assembled upon deck and felt too much overjoyed to eat breakfast, but, on hearing that there was no prospect of getting on shore that day, our joy was a little checked, and we returned to our dry biscuit, mortified and chagrin'd; we were in high spirits all day at the prospect of getting on shore in the morning. I felt too much to be as lively as the rest. We retired early & had a pretty good night's

rest. . . . At about nine in the morning, just after breakfast, a little breeze sprung up and we soon were in sight of Falmouth—at eleven we saw a boat coming off to us. This proved to be the American Consul's, who always sends out as the vessels come up; it was a very rainy day, and no prospect of the ship's getting up. The gentlemen persuaded us to get in their boat and go on shore, which we very readily agreed to, and at two o'clock landed in Falmouth. Never in my life did my heart overflow with such joy and gratitude; I could scarcely believe myself on *terra firma* again; the air, the ground, the bread, everything was a source of the most sincere gratitude, and no one but He who searches the hearts of all can tell my feeling, in the morning, when waking and finding myself in a bed of safety & quietude.

We ate a very hearty breakfast; the bread was remarkably fine and grateful, after living so long on dry biscuit. The Inn is larger than any I ever saw, but very dirty. Mr. & Mrs. Kirtland were engaged packing and changing their baggage, and I was persuaded, tho' it was very muddy, to take a walk with Mr. Fox, the American Consul. He took me to his and his Brother's house; their Ladies both received me with every mark of attention and respect; their houses were very elegant, and the gardens more highly improved than any I had ever seen. It seems to be the custom there to give chocolate to morning visitors, and I was press'd by both the Ladies to take a dish, with cake.

After returning to the Inn we took a snack, and at two o'clock set out on our journey—and I was immediately struck with the beauty of the

Country; the small fields divided by hedges, the amazing verdure on the ground, with the sweet harmony of birds in the hedges, almost induced us to think we were trav'ling thro' enchanted fields rather than English.

A short time, however, altered the scene as the Country began to look barren and bare, the appearance of December rather than May; the weather was so mild and the travelling so fine that we were induced to ride till ten o'clock, when we reached Bodmin. Here we had the best bed of any since we left Philadelphia, as handsome Curtains, and the room as well furnished as any gentleman's; we had a most excellent supper, and very good attendance; arose early in the morning and pursued our journey through rather a barren Country, the County of Cornwall, nothing but waste ground, where the turf was put up in

hills to burn ; we did not pass one good or comfortable house all day — naught but the Thatched Cottage without the shelter of one tree ; how strange did it seem — that, with so much ground, there was scarcely the appearance of any cultivation, — how forcibly does the difference strike an American between the Palace and the Cottage. We were very much diverted with the language in this place ; could just find out that it was English ; and they were the most ignorant people, I believe, in the world. There was one woman who asked if we had come all the way from America by Land. But nothing struck me with so much disgust as the game law, from which a poor Man cannot, on his own land, shoot a hare, which perhaps would feed a wife and children, for whom he is unable to purchase meat, for several days. Oppressed people

indeed! You will one day or other, I hope, claim your rights, and, like the generous American, let merit only distinguish the Man.

December 8th. We reached Exeter late this night. I was very much fatigued and went immediately to bed, had a very good room, through the politeness of a gentleman who had taken it, and had a good fire; but on Mrs. Bowen telling the Chamber-Maid it was for a sick Lady, he offered to give it up. Mrs. Kirtland rather displeased because she had one not quite as good. We determined to rest on the Sabbath day—which we did, and found it much more agreeable trav'ling alone. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, for whom Mr. Bayard had letters, call'd and invited us to tea; we accordingly waited on them and were received with much friendliness; they mentioned the Cathedral as a great

curiosity to strangers, and went with us, the next day, to see it. It was indeed worth seeing, and the first piece of antiquity we had ever seen. I cannot recollect who it was that built it, but Mr. Smith said it had been four hundred & fifty years from the foundation till it was finished. In the afternoon we proceeded on our journey, and, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, dined on our way at Mrs. Davy's; dined there on hare; it was brought on table in the second course, but I cannot say either of us preferred it to venison. We were surprised to see them eat celery with cheese, after dinner; the Devonshire-cream, as they call'd it, I was pleased with; it is heated over a little fire with cinnamon and loaf sugar. The trouble we took in going a little out of our way was fully repaid by the pleasure it appeared to give Mrs. Davy, who seemed to regret

the absence of her Son very much; we left them at three o'clock and proceeded on to Tiverton, a small but pleasant place; we had good accommodations, and rose very early the next morning, and reached Glastonbury at twelve; here we took a view of the famous Abbey, walked all through and got a piece of the pavement and a sprig of the holly-thorn which blows at Christmas.

Tuesday 10. We arrived at Bath late this evening; was very much pleased with the appearance of the City, illuminated as we thought, from the very brilliant show it made. We are now at the London Inn, and, from every thing around me, I should rather suppose myself in the house of some private gentleman of three or four thousand a year; every thing is in better order and higher style than I ever saw at an Inn. What are we to ex-

pect to-morrow? I am all impatience. After taking a good dish of Coffee we were shown to our rooms by the Chamber-Maid, as smart a looking Lady as any you ever meet at home; she gave us an excellent bed, and, as we were much fatigued, we slept till nine, and were refreshed very much; our curiosity would fain lead us to take a walk through the city, but we knew not a creature whom we could ask to shew us the way; however we determined to get a porter, and, while we were standing at the door, a very large woman came up and asked the nearest way to the Pump-room; we immediately determined to follow her which we did, till I fancy she thought we were following her with evil design, and walked so slow that we were obliged to pass her, and then did not know what to do. At length we stepp'd into a shop and inquired the

nearest way to the Pump-room; the master of the shop was obliging enough to send a little Girl with us; we examined the baths and different rooms, of which there were several: two private rooms on each side with beds in, for them to rest on after bathing; these baths you pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per day; but there is another large one outside for commoners for which but 6*d* is demanded. It is equally good but more public; a constant smoke is rising from that, and we were told it could be made of any heat. We tasted it, and were almost made sick. There are several shower-baths and every convenience that could be thought of. We gave the woman a trifle and returned to the Inn, fearing to go any further. The master of the Inn heard by accident that we were strangers and begg'd that he might be allowed to shew us those parts of the City

which were worth seeing; we thanked him and were very glad to accept of his offer. . . . We walked, I dare say, three miles and were highly gratified; the mode of building pleased us much; we went into a small Church which was built by some private gentlemen for their own use; it was a very neat building, but not remarkable for anything but a very fine painting done by a lad of seventeen. . . .

After taking dinner we set out for the last stage to London. The road was excellent, the houses better than any we had seen, and we hurried on to reach Marlborough that night, that we might get to London by daylight the next day. We accordingly rode very late and left Marlborough at four the next day. The Country then was delightful, the gentlemen's Seats very close, almost every mile; I never felt my attention so roused; I got a

head-ache, looking about . . . and as we drew near the City my impatience increased. At the last change of horses we were told it was ten miles from London, and from that the road was lined with houses, as close as they could stand, that I thought we were in London; but we still rode, full speed, near an hour long, and almost lost in expectation, till at last we entered the great arch lighted very brilliantly with a number of lamps. I then thought we should soon be at the Adelphi Hotel; but it was full an hour before the Coachman stopp'd. I seriously thought he had heard we were strangers and was trifling with us, but we at length reached our place of abode, and were shown into a handsome parlour, where a fire was soon lighted, and some tea and coffee served up. We were diverted at the morsel of butter and the few lumps

of sugar that they sent in; I was fatigued and my spirits depressed; I could eat nothing. My Dear Mr. Bayard took notice of it and tenderly enquired the cause, but I could not speak—my heart was too full; my friends and their affection rushed on my mind; three thousand miles separated from all of them, that I was in a Land of strangers whom I had early been taught to look upon as enemies, was a thought that would very naturally affect me. I could not refrain from tears. Mr. Bayard said every thing he could to reconcile me to my situation, and begg'd me to go to bed. I went to my chamber and was consoled by seeing Mrs. Bowen (who knew not a creature) look cheerful and contented. We went to bed about ten, and had a good night's rest. In the morning the first thing I thought of was writ-

ing to my friend Bell Vandam. I dropp'd her a line by the penny post, she unfortunately was out of Town; but her good Uncle came to us immediately, sent for a Coach and directed the man to drive to No. 8 Guilford Street, where we were received with great kindness. Bell came in just after; we were both rejoiced at so unexpected a meeting, and had a thousand things to say. They determined at once that we must live near them, and went out with me that afternoon to look for Lodgings in the neighbourhood; we took the best we could find, for a Month, till we could get better. Our friends' cheerfulness and affection made the day pass agreeably, and we returned in the evening, and moved the next day. I had never lived at lodgings before, and was rather dissatisfied. The rooms are

dark, and muddy, the fire gloomy & dirty, the streets and the weather insupportable.

This Climate will never agree with me; I shall return to my friends in worse health than I came; but Heaven pardon my ungratefulness; let me be contented with the situation in which I am placed, and never forget the late mercies I have received.

Mr. Vandam's family are very kind and endeavour to remove every difficulty, and many, very many, I find in house-keeping; it is so different from what I have been accustomed to that I shall never feel contented till I get in some place where they will board me. Had I but the luck of getting into a clever family, I would put up with many a difficulty rather than trouble myself in this way again. We shall go in search of some, to-morrow; I cannot put up with dishonesty. Mrs.

Church was the first visitor I had. She called the day after we came, was very polite and sent us an invitation for Sunday, tho' this was a day that I had always been used to keep holy, and not visit. As we were strangers we accepted the invitation, but went to the foundling hospital in the morning—heard a pretty good discourse and were much pleased with the clean and neat appearance of the Children; we heard the blind man and woman sing, but I cannot say it pleased me, tho' the Man sang remarkably well; but it had too much the appearance of a play-house; however they are admired, and I must not let my opinion be heard,—we went in the hall, or rather dining room, to see the Children eat their dinner.

It was then near three and time to go home and eat my luncheon, as they call it, before I dress for dinner. . . .

I returned from Mrs. Church's much pleased, found her a very agreeable woman; she met me with as much sociability as if I had been an old acquaintance; they live in great style, the house was elegantly furnished and the dining table shone with a full service of Plate, tho' less on the table than I had ever seen, for so many people, and dressed different; the first course I made my dinner on, which was Salmon-soup, and a roast fowl, Asparagrass & string beans (in Dec.); she was very attentive through the evening and politely offered to send me her tickets for the opera next evening; Mr. Church is an affable, agreeable Man, but engrosses almost too much of the conversation . . .

Monday. According to promise the tickets are sent, and as it is quite a new thing we must go and see it . . . Bell Vandam, Mr. Bayard and I set

off for the Opera; there was a very genteel company, and the house very elegant, but we were not much pleased with the entertainment, as we could not understand a word; however it is the fashion to admire it, and I must take care what I say. . . .

The next week several Ladies called upon me and sent invitations to dinner. Christmas day we spent with our friends very agreeably; but oh how unlike the season before; the next day we dined out of town at Mr. Jacobses, lost our way by the stupidity of the Coachman, and setting out too late.

Sunday 28. Dined at home; after walking three or four miles in pursuit of a Presbyterian meeting-house, we found Mr. Sterret's, whom D. A. Rush mentioned, but unfortunately he was sick, and we heard a very indifferent sermon; however we were gratified

by worshipping in our own way; to-morrow I hope we shall be at home, tho' it is a less agreeable home than I ever had. Tuesday, Mr. Bayard dined at Mr. Jay's, and I spent with our good friends, and Wednesday was at a large party with them; Thursday evening went to the theatre, and was very highly entertained; the house is elegant and many of the actors superior to ours, the changes in the Pantomime were capital, and the music excellent. Friday spent the day very agreeably with Mrs. Davy; found everything perfectly genteel, she appears to be a smart, amiable Woman and resembles Mrs. Nancy Hodge very much; there were several Ladies and gentlemen there, and we received offers of politeness and attention from them all. We engaged to dine and go to Church with them on Sunday, which we did, and heard an

excellent discourse from a Mr. Winter—returning from Church we saw my Lord Mayor's State Coach attended by the Sheriff; the latter carriage I thought much the prettier, as it was more modern and not so heavy; the Mayor's really looks as if it came out of Noah's ark, but, from the parade and show attending him, a stranger would suppose he was the King.

January 10. Dined at Lord Balgonie's; were received with much politeness and less ceremony than I expected; none of that Parade and Form that I looked for in the house of a Lord, but every thing perfectly genteel and elegant. "My lady" (as they call'd her) is a sensible, fine-looking woman, a handsome likeness of Miss Bradford, tho' not quite so large; she is very affable and polite, offered to get me Tickets of admit-

tance into the privy Chamber on the birth-day. She accordingly sent Tickets in the morning, and we attended; but I think I shall never feel any inclination to go again, such parade and ridiculous homage is disgusting to a plain American; they really treat the King as if he was some superior being.

January 11. This day my Dear Mr. Bayard is 28 years of age. According to our usual custom we had a few friends to spend the day with us, but how small the number to what I had been accustomed to meet on that day; how did my heart bleed at the recollection of the tender and heartfelt congratulations I ever received from my friends on the return of this day; Alas! there are none here who feel much interested for us. . . . How can I ever rest another year in this place; I trust our stay will not be long.

January 15. Spent this day at Mr. Vaughan's very agreeably; found them charmingly situated, about three miles from Town, everything about them plain tho' perfectly genteel, they had a thousand questions to ask us about America. They are great Americans. I expect much pleasure from their acquaintance.

January 17. At the first Card party this evening at Mr. Coxe's; they live in a much plainer style than I expected; have not troubled us with attention, tho' I brought a letter from her Mother; we met Mr. Furgeson there, who is a fine, handsome-looking man; we played at loto. . . .

An invitation had been sent, some time, from Mr. Barckley's, and this day we promised to spend with him; he has a charming place at Clapham. Found him very friendly and polite; was much affected at seeing his

twelve Orphan Children, all very pretty and well-dressed; saw the famous Mr. Wilberforce, a small man but remarkably sprightly & entertaining.

Sunday 25. Spent charmingly at home, by ourselves; what an enjoyment is it sometimes to be alone, particularly on the Sabbath day, that day which it seems our duty to devote to ourselves & our God.

February 2, 1795. Dined at Mr. Pinkney's, with a large party; met with Mrs. Kirtland, the most dress'd in company; Mrs. Church there and very plain; the contrast so great that I could not help observing it. . . .

I was much pleased with Mr. Pinkney, he has very much the appearance and delivery that our good friend Mr. Bradford has; his situation interesting and distressing, left with seven children, to learn the loss of so amiable a woman as Mrs. Pinkney was.

I spent the day at Mr. Vandam's; saw Mr. & Mrs. Grant from New York; play'd at Commerce & poole; but shall never be pleased with cards.

Saturday 7. Mr. Church was so polite as to send me their order for his box at the Theatre, and, tho' the play was indifferent and the evening very cold, I was induced to go. "As you Like it," & "My Grand Mother," were performed; but a little company, and they did not act with spirit; we were very sadly entertained, and suffered extremely with the cold; the next day walked a great way to Church and returned home in a violent ague, kept my bed for several days, but, thank God, am now quite recovered; what a blessing is health, we know not its value till deprived of it. Still too much indisposed to go to the assembly, but prevailed upon Mr. Bayard to go with the ladies

with whom I was engaged to go. He returned quite early, highly pleased with the brilliancy of the room, but did not think the ladies danced as well as in America. I am determined to go and judge for myself.

Friday 13. Spent the day at home in writing to my friends, the most agreeable employment I now have. A very deep snow has fallen and reminds us of what we have been used to see at this season; the poor suffer exceedingly; coal is now half a guinea a sack; bread very high; a scarcity is apprehended.

Monday 16. . . . Dined at Mr. Vaughan's, the bachelor; Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld there, and their Brother and wife (Dr. Aiken); Mrs. Barbauld a very small woman, agreeable and cheerful in conversation, asked many questions about America, & expressed a wish to go there. Began music this

day with Mr. Jones, a very arduous task, but I hope I shall have resolution to persevere, as I have so often said I would learn if ever I had an opportunity. . . .

Thursday 19. Spent the day at Mrs. Dickenson's; was surprised to see so fine and large a house in such a confined and small street, for it is situated quite up a Court; they had been in America, and had a great many questions to ask about their old friends; Mr. Dickenson seems determined to go and settle there for life. . . .

Tuesday 24. Was engaged at Mrs. Noble's to dinner; set out early and called upon Mrs. Church, Lady Balgonie and Mrs. Kirtland . . . we were received with much affection by Mrs. Noble and her sister; spent the most agreeable and sociable day we had done since we have been in Eng-

land; conversed a great deal about all our friends; she appears to know everybody. . . .

Wednesday 25. How pleasant is it sometimes to be alone! It is now a perfect feast; I am wearied with engagements, I long for the enjoyment once more of a quiet life; how delighted would I be now to pass a month or two at New Rochelle. . . .

Thursday 26. Went to the London assembly, a very brilliant one indeed, five hundred Ladies and gentlemen — all well dress'd, the room very spacious and five of the largest lustres hung through the middle of the room, and twelve or fifteen smaller around; the assembly was opened by two minuets, and after those nothing was danced but reels and Country dances. They really do not dance as well as Americans, they all appear to have corns on their feet — their waists are

foolishly short, I may almost say they had none; I went down into the card room where eighteen Card tables were set and most of them fill'd—in the room next the ball room was tea and coffee (for it seems they do not sup), and next to that is a room where every refreshment is served. I danced four dances and left the room at twelve o'clock, but could not get away till one, the constant cry, of Mr. Such-a-one's carriage which was echo'd from one servant to another quite frighten'd me with the confusion; what a life is that of a Lady of fashion! Heaven forbid that ever I should enjoy it.

Friday 27. Spent the day with Mrs. Townley and accompanied her to the Oratorio; tho' the music was very fine and I enjoyed it excessively, there was not that solemnity that I expected in sacred music, indeed there

is little of that even in the tunes that are sung in the Churches; it was over about ten, and we returned home. . . .

Sunday, March 1. A most delightful day indeed, for the reason we attended service twice and then dined at Mrs. Herman's; this I hope we shall soon get excused from—it is much more agreeable to be at home. Monday we are to dine at Mrs. Frasher's; we are really oppressed by invitations. I sincerely hope it will soon be over, but almost every day this week we are engaged. I am sure I shall be unpardonable if I ever should return to my native Country and not make a point of returning this continual politeness of the English. . . .

After being out every day this week what a treat have I found it to be at home all this day, and, tho' we had a very shabby dinner, I enjoyed it really; as we are out so much, they might

afford to give us something better when we are at home. How unfortunate was it that we were engaged to go to the Play in the evening, otherwise our domestic engagements would not have been interrupted for this day—it was the first time the “Wheel of Fortune” was performed; we were highly entertained with it, as well as with “Alexander the Great.” . . .

Sunday, March 8. We went to hear good Mr. Winter . . . he gave us, as he always does, a most excellent discourse, the subject, “Irresolution as to that life which in moments of reflection and retirement we promise to lead.”

Monday 9. . . . How rejoiced am I that Mr. Parton has given us notice to leave these Lodgings next Month; we cannot be worse off, every thing is uncomfortable about us — this even-

ing am engaged at a private assembly with Mrs. Herman and Mrs. Slade, but shall go with much reluctance, as my Dr. Mr. Bayard is too busy to accompany us. . . .

Sunday, March 22. After a week of constant engagement how pleasing is this day in which we are determined to be uninterrupted, but oh what a life do we now lead, compared with the quiet, regular, rational one that used to mark the most of our days at home; how little reflection does it bear; I trust however that there is some good mixed with the folly that is so constantly inviting us; . . . it will not I hope shut my ears to the cries of the needy or distressed, for there is no time when their poverty struck my mind more forcibly than in beholding the vast entertainments or the extravagant equipages of the wealthy of this place; how comfort-

able would many a poor Creature be made by a few pounds from each estate . . . even the wages and victuals of one man-servant would bear the whole expense of one man's family, and this servant perhaps the tenth or fifteenth that is kept for idle show . . . I have been severely shocked by the death of Mrs. Jay; only the day before yesterday was I conversing with her, and, tho' she had been very ill, she thought then, that, in a few days, she would be able to come in and see me; we moved in this street with the Idea of having her for a neighbour; but alas! how uncertain is every thing but death. . . .

Saturday 28. . . . Went out to spend Sunday and Monday with Mr. & Mrs. Bird and found them charmingly situated . . . they really live elegantly. I was exceedingly pleas'd with Mrs. Bird, but thought her rather

distant and formal . . . we spent two days there very agreeably, and returned on Tuesday to prepare for a jaunt to Ramsgate with Mrs. Townley. She insists upon our both going in the Carriage with her, but I am afraid we shall have an uncomfortable ride. . . .

Tuesday. We have all been engaged these two days in packing up to move, as the things will be taken to our new house before we return; I sincerely hope we shall be more comfortable when we move; all that I dread is the Cook; the English servants are so different from ours that I fancy I shall not be pleased.

April 7. Set out with Mrs. Townley for Ramsgate, but unfortunately she had determined to take her youngest Child with her, and the most unruly Child I ever saw; I foresaw that we should have a disagreeable ride,

but she kept him in rather better order than I expected; at twelve o'clock we reached Woolwich and went to an acquaintance of Mrs. Townley's who very politely asked us to dinner; we went down to examine the tower. We hurried on to Rochester that night, had excellent beds, and the next morning rose early to walk about the Town. The first thing that drew our attention was the remains of a tower, and, tho' we climbed to the top, still we could not see much as the weather was cloudy, and I was very much afraid of the walls falling in. From this we next went to the Chapel and examined that. It is a fine building & worth a stranger's attention. We returned to the Inn, took some refreshment and proceeded on to Chatham, visited Chatham Docks and reached Canterbury that night — the next day, being

good Friday, we stayed there and went in the morning to the Cathedral, said to be the finest in England; it took us two hours to go through it; there were a great many curiosities shown us; among the most striking to me was the armour of Edward the Black Prince; it is so old that touching it it falls to pieces. The floor is all marble; and just near the altar, where the pilgrims used to kneel, is quite worn in a hollow. . . . From this we walked round the City walls and went to see Simon's Folly, as it is call'd; it is a very great eminence raised with earth, in shape of a sugar loaf, handsomely sodded and a path, with railings round it, winds round and round till you reach the top, where there are handsome seats and a most beautiful view of the Country. . . . It took its name from the gentleman who had it made. The next

day we arrived at Ramsgate, after a very pleasant ride, and, tho' it was rather cold, the evening was remarkably pleasant, the Moon shone with unusual splendour and induced us to take a walk of about a half a mile to see the first Pier in England, as it is call'd, and a most excellent one it is; but the dashing of the waves against the shore, and the hollow sound of the wind, made me shudder at the reflection of the number of distress'd ships that must in vain seek for shelter in this friendly harbour—happy indeed are those whose wretched bark is saved from destruction by this vast exertion of the benevolent builders. We examined the bathing machines, which are much like our covered waggons with a large sail behind and steps for those who bathe to descend . . . we returned to tea, and I was glad to retire early. The

next day was not fine enough to induce Mrs. Townley or myself to go out, but Mr. Bayard walked all over the town. . . . The next day we took a ride to Margate; it is much the finer town of the two, tho' we durst not say so . . . on our return home we call'd at an acquaintance of Mrs. Townley, a Mrs. —, a compleat Farmer, and one who lived in elegant simplicity; she has all the airs of a fine Lady, while her Husband was confined to his house with that gentlemanly complaint the gout. This week has pass'd very agreeably, but I fear the next will be dull and tedious, as my D^r Mr. Bayard is to leave me. Separated from him, and my Darling Boy, my heart can feel but little pleasure in any place. . . . I shall urge returning on Friday. . . .

Yesterday we drank tea at the clergyman's of the parish, and, for the

first time in my life, I play'd cards by day-light, and never felt more awkward or ashamed of myself ; the first thing here, as in London, on entering a room after tea is the card tables introduced, and really there is very little pleasure in visiting your most intimate friend, on these terms, it is the greatest task I know of; I shall never like Cards.

Thursday. I rejoice that tomorrow is determined on for our return; tho' Mrs. Townley has been very polite and attentive, I cannot be happy separated from my good Husband and Dear Boy. I should be sadly grieved if tomorrow should prove a bad day. . . .

Sunday night we arrived at Clapham, very late. As they expected us, the Child was kept up, and came running to the door with his Papa to meet us; never did my heart experience more lively sentiments of maternal affection and joy than in the moment I

clasped him to my bosom—I could not speak; the dear fellow observing my emotion burst out a-crying, and, with his little arms round my neck, begged me not to cry, now I was with him; I loved him a short time, and then went to see him in bed.

Monday 12. Came to town to our new house, and found it in a very unfurnished state, the smell of the paint very disagreeable. Mrs. Townley came with us and insisted upon our returning to spend a week or two at Clapham, but, as their family was large, we declined. . . . I long to feel that I have a home. . . .

Sunday 18. As much as I am pleased with my new situation I shall be obliged to leave it for a few days through the polite and kind permission of Mrs. Slade, who was here yesterday, and says we may all get our deaths by staying among the paint;

the coach is to call for us this morning and take us to the Asylum, and, after Church, we are to go to the Park for the first time. . . .

Monday 19. We had an excellent discourse yesterday from a Mr. Hodgdon on death. It was a Charity sermon and was deliver'd with great feeling. What a benevolent institution is that, where upwards of a hundred & fifty female Orphans are well taught and enabled to get their living in an honest way; what honour does this institution reflect upon the founder.

After Church we went to Hyde Park, where I was much amused with the sight, tho' I did not approve the custom; there were upwards of a thousand Carriages full, and the object of this meeting is to stare at each other, the Carriages driving just on a walk close by the side of each other, when

sometimes the dust is enough to choke you. Thus do many people spend every Sabbath of the year, when the weather will permit, not only themselves but their servants; for the most of them have three great footmen behind their Carriages. . . . What a waste of time is this, how irrational, and unlike the devotions of my good Uncle Boudinot's family; how much more satisfaction is there in spending time in this way than the idle, ridiculous mode of riding up and down Hyde Park. . . .

Wednesday 22. How charmingly the time passes in this agreeable family [Mrs. Slade's], not an hour hangs heavy, because there is not a moment unoccupied. Their attentions are beyond anything we could expect. I am very much pleased with them. Last Sunday we went to the Magdalen Asylum, another benevolent in-

stitution, where women of abandoned character are concealed from public view & reform'd.

Thursday, April 30, 1795. We returned home, contrary to inclination, this day, in consequence of several engagements to spend the evening; fain would I take advantage of the present fashion and send an apology the day before, but I cannot justify this to myself—it is not doing as I would wish to be done by. We left our friends with great reluctance with the promise of paying them another visit in strawberry season. . . .

Monday, May 20. I have been severely attacked with one of those violent fevers to which I am so subject, and alarmed all my friends so much that they sent for an apothecary, who did not know half as much of my constitution as I did myself . . . he sent me two or three phials

of medicine a day, of which I did not take a drop after the first day; there was nothing did me so much good as camomile tea, and I am now, thank God, quite recovered. . . .

Sunday 10. We heard a most excellent discourse, this morning, on Hope, from our good Mr. Winter; drank tea at home quite alone; we now begin to enjoy the comforts of home, and tho' we are at much more expense, still I think we are in proportion more comfortable. . . .

Wednesday 13. . . . Dined with a very large party at Mrs. Townley's — met Mrs. Townley's Brother, a Clergyman, who plays on the piano inimitably; I fear I shall never excel as we are engaged every day of the week.

Monday, May 25, 1795. As a great treat My D^r Mr. Bayard took a walk with me this morning; we looked at

a great many pretty things; what a variety there is in this place to tempt people. I really find it impossible to go out without spending money; we went to see the gallery of painting at Somerset house, there are to be seen finer than any thing I ever saw of the kind, and we spent three hours there without knowing it; and such a crowd of company, many of whom I am told will spend four hours at a time there, often.

Thursday 28. This morning I witnessed the most pleasing and beautiful sight in the world—six or eight thousand Children were assembled in St. Paul's Church, and arranged in perfect order and neatness, one above the other, on benches erected for the purpose; each school was distinguished by the colour of the Children's clothes, and some little flag—with the name of the Charity to which they

belonged, and the number supported in it . . . some years I am told there are from ten to twelve thousand—what a charming and grateful sight must this be to a reflective mind. We, from going early, had a choice of seats, and were very conveniently situated just under the dome, as it is call'd, which is very near the pulpit, tho' we could not hear a word of the sermon from the vast number of people there were constantly coming in. I never, I think, was brought so near heaven in my life, as on the first burst of singing, their young voices all according in such delightful harmony, the situation of them, their being as it were raised above us in the Clouds, all tended to impress my mind with solemnity and fill my heart with the most grateful emotion.

Saturday 6. We have been engaged but twice, and I have spent my

time very agreeably at home; tho' I know not why, but there is a constant gloom on my spirits, for which I cannot account; tho' I am not superstitious I feel a little uneasy, and the fatigue of last night makes me feel it particularly to day, we spent the morning, for I cannot say the evening with any propriety, at Ranelagh; I was dressed by nine o'clock and got to Mrs. Herman's at ten, where we found our party waiting supper for us. . . . We accordingly sat down to a cold supper, and set off at a quarter past eleven—I was so impatient that I thought we never should get there, for there was a stopping of coaches, near a mile, before we reached it—it was seven miles from Mrs. Herman's, and it was half past twelve when we stopp'd at the door, and, tho' I had heard so much of the room, it surpassed every Idea I had formed both

in size and brilliancy; it was elegantly lighted and well fill'd with company; there were upwards of five thousand people all well dress'd, and most of the nobility. The Music was excellent, but it was not the fashion to attend to it, we walked round and round the room till I was so completely fatigued that I could scarcely stand; the gentlemen at length got a box and we ordered tea, but had it in such confusion and hurry that it was very unpleasant; at two o'clock we went into the gardens to see the fire-works where we were amused about half an hour very agreeably, returned to the room and walked round it three or four times and then found that it was three, and left the room, seeing many come in as we went out. It was then as light as at noon, and just before we got home the sun arose; it was a few minutes after four when I got to my

chamber and, with the assistance of Mrs. Bowen, tore off my clothes and jump'd into bed; never was I more rejoiced to get from any amusement. I think nothing but going to oblige a friend shall ever tempt me again; I felt wretchedly all the next day, and for several days after did not get over it. . . .

Wednesday, June 17. I have this day been to see the Mausoleum; it is the most superb thing I ever saw, and, tho' it is most intolerably muddy, I determined to go, as this was said to be the last day it was to be seen. It is now near a fortnight since we have had a pleasant day, indeed I can hardly promise myself good weather till I see my own dear native Country again. I ought not to regret coming here, tho' the climate at this season is so intolerable, there is such a fund of amusement here for a stranger,

that really it is almost worth risking the dangers of the Ocean. . . . Among all the curiosities I have seen there is not one I admire so much as the Mausoleum, it is elegant beyond description, made entirely of Glass of different colours, elegantly cut. It is said to be intended for the Tomb of an Indian Nabob's Mother. . . . The man who showed it told me that he was obliged to send a person over to put it up. I forget the price of it, but it was enormous, £4,000. Vain mortals! how do we strive to take our riches to the grave with us, and how hard do some part with them, even in the hour of death. . . . How disgusting is any parade attending the dead; the funeral pomps of this place serve often to remind me of the weakness and vanity of human nature. . . . How much better could the many thousands which are laid out in bury-

ing the dead be applied to the poor of this place.

Sunday, June 20. Tho' we have been out several times this week the time seems heavy and long. I suppose the reason is that I have been so constantly expecting letters and so anxious for them; tomorrow will bring something I hope for us, it is indeed now the chief pleasure I have, that of hearing from and writing to my absent friends. . . .

June 21. This day, not according to my inclinations, we were to have spent with Mr. & Mrs. Turner at their villa; but the weather is so bad that we put it off till later in the season; we heard an excellent discourse from Mr. Winter, and, at two o'clock, Mrs. Dancer call'd and insisted upon our going to Kensington Gardens; we accordingly took something cold and jumped into a Coach

and went to the gate; here we were admitted by an old woman, who sits there and sells refreshments of every sort. The gardens are really beautiful, the spacious walks, and the lofty trees with the pretty disposed shrubbery, all showing the richness, and taste of this Country; the Palace is only spacious, nothing elegant or handsome about it. This is generally occupied by those of the nobility who are rather poor in purse, but are fortunate in having friends at Court, to procure them this genteel apartment free from expense. . . . Tho' the Park was this day thronged with people, still the garden was nearly as much so, tho' Mrs. Dancer said they were very thin compared to some other days . . . the gardens are said to be four miles round, besides the Park which adjoins it; and all the gravel walks are kept in the most perfect order imaginable.

Tuesday, June 23. Took a ride to Hempstead, in the afternoon, with our little son, and drank tea at the Castle, a famous house, which is beautifully situated on the top of a very high hill and commands a sweet view of as rich a Country as I ever saw, on one side, and on the other, the City of London. We stayed so late that all the Coaches were gone and we were obliged either to walk to Town or stay there all night. We determined to set off on foot and trust to Providence; a Coach however overtook us & we got home safe.

Thursday 25. We have spent this day charmingly, at home with Mrs. Slade's and Mrs. Herman's family; how much more agreeable are a few friends in this social way than all the visits of ceremony and Cards. The Ladies came early to help me dress Miss Doll, and the morning passed very rapidly. The gentlemen joined us at half past four and changed

the conversation from dress to politics. Mrs. Slade is a charming woman; I am more and more pleased with her every time we meet; I promised to go out on Saturday and accompany her to Vauxhall. . . .

Monday 29. I was highly pleased with Vauxhall. I think it is by far the most agreeable place of amusement in London; the early hours, and the undress in which you can go, renders it much less fatiguing; there were about four or five hundred people that night, which I then thought a large company, but was told the gardens were very dull for want of more. The singing was enchanting, a hunting song by Mrs. Mountain inimitable, and Dapling by Master Welsh extremely fine, I could listen with pleasure all night to such voices. We left the garden at half past ten. . . .

Saturday, July 4. Still gloomy weather. It is now four weeks since we had a whole day clear. I went this morning with some Ladies to see an exhibition of paintings. Many of them are said to belong to the nobility of France . . . they are really very fine, some of them almost exceed nature, a snow-storm in particular, after looking at which for a few moments, you would think that on holding out the hand you might catch the flakes as they fell; the Portraits and Landscapes are excellent, it was a very rainy day and we all returned in a Coach together. I dined quite alone, as Mr. Bayard was engaged to celebrate the day with a large company of Americans, and I suppose he finds it hard to get off. . . . It is now past ten, and he is not yet returned—very unusual for him to be out without me so late. Doctor Romayne

was in just now, and laughing at me says he durst say Mr. Bayard could not see straight enough to get home—but this evil, thank God, I am not uneasy about—his knock at the door obliges me to lay down my pen and bid him welcome. . . .

Monday 6. How often is every sentiment of benevolence and compassion call'd forth in this City, by the Cries of the oppressed and afflicted; this day have I heard such a tale of sorrow as would melt the heart of a stone, to see the aged and infirm who had lived in affluence, now begging on the street, and pleading their grey hairs as an excuse for asking bread for their Children—is more than a less compassionate heart than mine could bear; I wept with her, and could my mite yield any relief to her indigent family how grateful would I be for this opportunity of doing my duty—

but I shall hear where she lives and see her again.

July 7th. This day we intended spending at Mrs. Vaughan's; they have been very polite, and frequently expressed a wish to see us quite in the family, but unfortunately Mr. Bayard was detained so long in the City that it was too late to go, and as we were down by St. Paul's Church we determined to go and see it; but never in my life was I so much fatigued; the size of it is beyond conception, not a tenth, say a twelfth, part of it is appropriated to public service—numbers of families live in it, and get a living from the few pence that are given them by those who go to see it. The floor of the library is curious, joined together entirely without a nail or peg, many old books that were written eleven hundred years ago on parchment, long before paper

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was discovered; the whispering gallery is wonderful—stand in any part of it and whisper against the wall, and it can be heard very plainly the other side, the report is so great on shutting the door that it frightened me as much as a clap of thunder has ever done. From the top of this you have a most beautiful view of London, but there are many hundred steps to ascend before this can be obtained.

July 22. As I am quite alone and at leisure, I can recollect with some pleasure the jaunt I took yesterday to Greenwich. We were of a party of about twelve, and went up in two boats to spend the day there, the river is renowned for nothing but the shipping, which is immense; the Hospital makes a very handsome appearance from the river, and is an excellent Charity intended for the support of

wounded and disabled seamen; their apartments are kept in very neat order, and, besides their victuals and clothes, they have an allowance of three shillings per week. The painted Hall is very fine, and the Chapel is more elegantly furnished than any I have yet seen. The altar-piece of Mr. West is inimitable — the old man who showed it said it only cost eleven hundred guineas. The Hospital is said to contain at this time twenty-five hundred seamen. We had an excellent dinner at the “Three Crowns”; the first course was of fish entirely, and well-cooked; but the most beautiful sight there was the West India fleet, which was just coming in, and pass’d the window.

July 23. This day my dear little boy has entered his fifth year. May every returning birth-day of his life be mark’d with the same Innocence

and Virtue as this, and, while he grows in years, may he increase in Knowledge and in the Attainment of every virtuous and honorable Principle; he has been highly pleased by presenting each of the servants with some present, and the promise of his Cousin's company to dinner. The family are all to be with us, and I most sincerely hope this may be the last birth-day in London.

August 2, 1795. As excellent a discourse as I ever heard in my life was this day from our good Mr. Winter; would he was near to us that we might hear him oftener; it was a reasonable fine day, and we determined to take dinner at one of the chop-houses in the City that we might have the pleasure of attending Church in the afternoon; and we were well repaid, tho' our dinner was rather more than was expected; it was sacrament-Sun-

day, and he took his text from these words, "Blessed are they who go to the house of God." I never was more attentive, and I hope I shall be more benefited than I have ever been before; he placed religion in so pleasing a light, that all who heard must indeed have wished to taste its delights.

Thursday, Aug. 6. Induced by the fineness of the day we took a ride out to Mr. Vaughan's—the day was remarkably clear, for England, and the Country looked uncommonly pleasant; they received us with great friendliness, and treated us with as fine fruit as I ever have tasted; for so small a place, I never saw more fruit in my life; they have promised when the nectarines are ripe to send me some; there is nothing more gratifying to me than to meet people of our own opinion. Mr. Vaughan is a strong

American; it delights me to hear him converse, and Mrs. Vaughan is not less so; she is much of the Lady, and improves greatly upon acquaintance. Tomorrow I know of no engagement except in the morning. I have two visits that I must pay, and then I shall pass the rest of the day at home — this becomes more and more agreeable to me every day, as I am more engaged in family affairs; I trust I shall soon become more contented with London.

August 14. Five years have now elaps'd since the most happy event of my life, my connection with my dear Mr. Bayard; the time has been varied by adversity & prosperity, sickness and health, affliction and joy. Seldom does it fall to the share of my sex in particular to be united so entirely to their wishes—generous, kind and affectionate, he is all that I wish him

to be, and what I shall strive to make myself. We have had our friends over the way here, and Mr. & Mrs. Colepoys to dinner. They meet us with much affection, my absent Friends rush'd on my mind and I could scarcely speak; however I retired for a moment and overcame my feelings —endeavouring to console myself with the hopes of spending the next year with them. Heaven knows whether I shall ever be so happy again.

September 8. We have just returned from a most agreeable visit to Dr. Nicholls, and, tho' it was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing either the Dr. or his Lady, in a half an hour after I got there I felt perfectly at home; so friendly and affable is she that she must be loved and admired wherever known. I am exceedingly pleased with them both, and regret that we should so long have visited

without meeting; Mrs. Nicholls is particularly agreeable to me, from the resemblance I see in her manners to Mrs. Bradford; she has all Mrs. Bradford's cheerfulness and ease in her manners, joined to a very handsome face, and as fine an eye as I ever saw; she has two sweet Children, with the means of making them as fine women as herself; they live as genteely as any nobleman, nay I may say they have all the advantages of these, both in elegance, and style without the least form or ceremony, their dinners were as elegant, for the three days that we were there, as many large entertainments I have been at here; four Footmen constantly attended—which by-the-by I thought unnecessary; but this was style. We spent our time most charmingly, and proposed returning on Monday, but they politely insisted on our staying, and, as an

inducement, proposed a jaunt to St. Albans, a small town about 8 or 10 miles from there; we accordingly set out and stopp'd a little this side, at a Church of St. Nichols, where there is a famous statue of Lord Bacon, said to be remarkably well done; the Church is small but ancient—the parsonage is close by it. As they were intimately acquainted with the Dr. we were hospitably invited to a simple repast, which was prepared with much neatness while we were in the Church; the house and the reception, with everything around it, perfectly answered the Idea I had formed of a Country-pastor in England; it was genteel but small, and ornamented in the prettiest style by Mrs. Gap's own hands—the greenhouse was on one side and hot-house on the other, both fill'd with everything that was good or pretty. The

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green-house in particular took my attention; it was full of the choicest flowers, and so perfumed the air that it was a regale to breathe in the atmosphere. After refreshing ourselves here we went to the Abbey at St. Albans, a very ancient building, but very much injured by time; here we descended into a vault and handled the bones of good Duke Humphrey. There was one stone coffin which was found, above thirty years ago, with bones in it, and, at one end, a small cup; the teeth that were found in this coffin are still shown, and Mrs. Bush hearing me say I should like one, kept one in her hand for me till we got to the inn, which the old Man soon missing came after us, and frightened me so that I was glad to give it up. . . . From this we proceeded on to Lord Grimston's Seat. The House is built on a beautiful eminence, with a large lawn

all round it, in which are clumps of trees very prettily disposed of, and several hundred deer grazing beneath them—everything around speaks the immense riches of its possessor. After ascending twenty odd steps, a well dressed porter opens two large folding doors and ushers you into a most superb hall handsomely ornamented with pictures of Kings, Queens, &c., and a gallery above hung in the same manner,—the Hall is sixty feet high, the House is rather in an unfinished state—his Lady's death, which was greatly lamented, dissipated his scheme of felicity, and checked his rising ambition. She died just as it was got in the order it now is, and he has never since had anything done to it—the drawing-room and Parlour were very elegant, but no part of the house struck my fancy so much as the library, which

was extended on both sides of the room which was very large, the doors of the library were wired, with blue silk curtains festooned above. The furniture of the room was plain dimity with chintz border; two sophas, with several tables standing in different parts of the room with pen, ink, paintings &c. ; the drawing-room furniture was striped blue satin, with a sofa at one end and a large Organ at the other . . . the floors were all oak and rubb'd with silver sand. I never was more gratified in my life. . . .

September 13. The day was remarkably fine, and we determined to make our long intended visit to Richmond, we set off about ten o'clock, and had just got there and were walking on the side of the Thames, when, to our great surprise, the Dr. and Bell were close behind us; this was an agreeable addition to our party; we had

a charming walk and crossed over the river to Twickenham where we went to see Pope's gardens and his Cave—of which I have heard so much. This is a place built underground, supposed to be intended for his study; on one side of the Cave is a large bath, and on the other his study, with one small window, a stand, one Chair, and a kind of Couch, with mattress and pillows round it. It is built of variegated stone so strongly connected together, that it seems like one solid rock. After this we walked through the gardens which are beautiful; at one end, in a retired place, on an eminence, is a monument erected to the memory of his Mother, on which is inscribed, . . .
“Ah! Edellia, best of Mothers and most beloved of Women; farewell.”

October 28. We were received at Mr. Gordon's with every mark of af-

fection and attention; I promise myself much more pleasure on this visit than the one to Miss Dancer; tho' they were very polite, still it appeared to be because they thought themselves obliged to be so in their own house; Miss Dancer is by no means an agreeable woman, is much of an old Maid, affects to be very nervous and delicate—and I really think, if any of our sex is ever honour'd with a sight of his Old Majesty, she may be. The Races diverted me exceedingly; the number that were present is incredible. The life I now lead reminds me so much of my good Uncle Boudinot's family, that I suppose myself there, surrounded by those many and dear friends, who used to join us in this delightful exercise; we now lie down as we rise up, imploring the blessing of divine Providence. I have neglected mentioning our visit

to Lord Exeter's seat near Stanford, this is superb indeed; I do not think it possible we shall see anything superior in England; the showing it is five shillings; and it is well worth this. The Chapel adjoining their house is large enough for two or three hundred people, and the paintings are very fine, but those in the other rooms are superior; there is one of our Saviour with the bread and wine that I thought remarkable, and the Girl told us that her master had refused three thousand pounds for it, and another, which he brought over from Italy, cost fifteen hundred guineas. The two last rooms we were shown represented one Heaven and the other Hell, but one of the greatest curiosities is a bed which Queen Elizabeth used to sleep in, when on her annual visit to this place; it was made of green satin embroidered with gold & sil-

ver, and lin'd with yellow satin. There were several velvet & satin beds, tho' not so old as this; we were shown thirty rooms with the napery, and hall; and, tho' we merely looked at the pictures, were two hours going through them. Tho' I was highly gratified, still I could not help regretting that so much money was thrown away in idle show, the interest of which would have gladdened the hearts of so many poor distress'd creatures; in the dining room were several Gold plates and dishes, and, on the floor, a long cooler weighing three thousand pounds. The entrance to the house is very fine, and you would think you were approaching some town or public building; there is a beautiful made river passing through the grounds, with several handsome bridges, a great many deer and hare, and all together, it surpasses anything we ever saw.

October 7. This day we got safely home and spent the evening at Mr. Vandam's; as we were much fatigued, I left them early and was rejoiced at finding in the parlour several letters from home, among which was one from Mr. A. Bayard; but oh! such a shock as I received on looking over Mr. Bayard's shoulder, as I never experienced before in my life . . . the sudden death of our beloved Mr. Bradford, that life dear to so many . . . and so highly valued by all; how little did I think we gave him a last farewell; but my poor Cousin, said I, what must her heart endure at this trying, this distracted moment, nursed in the arms of affection and tenderness, she has never felt the hand of affliction, but in sympathy for others, grief was a stranger to their dwelling, nought but affection, genuine and sincere, hospitality, with every virtue which renders life an enjoyment, resided

here—but Alas! what are all these possessions, how suddenly does one stroke disappoint our hopes and blast every earthly comfort; honours, talent, wealth and every virtue availeth but little, when the voice of God calls us to the great tribunal—what then is life that we should be so desirous of it; but a few years, and the longest days that are appointed for man are gone. . . . May that God who never afflicts but in mercy, sanctify this heavy stroke to us, may it teach us not to set too high a value on any attainment in this world, but enjoy everything with moderation, and submission to his will; and while we weep at the grave of so beloved a friend, and lament his irreparable loss—may we fix our only hope on that rock which never faileth. I never felt so much in my life, and I know not when I can cease to feel such

a loss. . . . I shall never be happy till I get home to mingle my tears with my dear Susan and strive to soothe her grief by affection and sympathy; I shall go in no company, I cannot enjoy any thing while my friend is in such affliction; may a kind Providence support her.

November 5. This morning Dot Fisher call'd to take his leave; he is just setting off for America; I cannot describe my feelings on seeing him; the Idea of his so soon embracing the friends I love, living so near them and enjoying their conversation, affected me so much that I could scarcely speak; oh! that I could go with you, said I; gladly would I risk the tempestuous ocean at this season, rather than be deprived of the society of those friends so deservedly dear; but it is ordered otherwise, and I must endeavor to be contented. . . .

7. . . . We have spent a charming day with Mrs. Nicholl; she is a sweet woman indeed; she has more ease and less ceremony than any person I have met in England; we have another invitation to spend some time with them this summer, and I am delighted with it, as I know I shall pass my time so agreeably; she has two sweet Children and manages them after my system, which I was so much blamed for at home; but these are a proof that gentleness is by far the best, with reasonable tempers.

November 9, 1795. This day year we took leave of our native Country, that Country which will ever be dear to my heart, as it contains the friends whom I love with so much tenderness; and, tho' I am enjoying every comfort, and am surrounded on every side with the smiles of prosperity,

still my mind dwells with a melancholy satisfaction on those days when the society of my friends made up for the want of that affluence I now have in prospect, and I regret that in the possession of one I am obliged to relinquish the other; but Alas! how checkered are all the enjoyments of this life, how changeable and uncertain; what we possess one moment, we are call'd upon to give up another, and, tho' the society of my friends is taken from me, still I have many, very many mercies to be thankful for; while so many of my friends are mourning the loss of near and dear connections, the tender names of Husband, Child, and Parents are still granted to me; Merciful Father, let me not be ungrateful, let me not so much repine at a separation which thy Providence has ordained, but let my lips and my heart praise thee, that, in

this land of strangers, I have still a God, who is the same all over the world.

This has been a delightful day and we went to see the Lord Mayor parade through the streets in state; the view we had of him from Blackfriars bridge was beautiful; there were several barges that accompanied him, very handsomely ornamented, and the whole river was covered with boats. After seeing this parade we went round to Mr. Townley, that we might see him in his state Coach; the crowd was immense on both sides of them; their Carriages were elegant, and the equipage superb; the tassels on the horse's heads are said to have cost twenty-five guineas; the former Mayor was a great favourite among the people, and, as he pass'd, they stopp'd the horses, and drew his Carriage themselves, as the greatest

mark of their respect and affection — this to a feeling heart, who was confident of deserving it, must be highly gratifying, and must have given rise to emotions which none but good and great men can know. . . .

December 25. Alas! what a Christmas have I passed this year; how unlike those when I was surrounded by all I lov'd. This reflection, with the Idea of what my friends must feel at the return of a season when naught but mirth and gladness used to fill every breast, affects my mind with the most gloomy sensations. What a day must this be to them; how must their hearts bleed at the recollection of the season pass'd with him so beloved and so highly valued. Methinks they are ever tracing back those days of former happiness, and regretting they valued or improved them so little; how few of us are there who,

in the possession of any blessing, know how to value it sufficiently, till, by the hand of death, it is snatched from us; what havock has this cruel tyrant made in our family this last year. Alas! the afflicted Widows and Children best can feel; their hearts have been pierced with the deepest wound.

January 14. Day after day passes, and still my mind remains in the same dejected state it was the first week I heard the melancholy news from home. Alas! when will it be otherwise. I am constantly thinking of home. I go into no company, and, even in the society of my most intimate friends, my thoughts wander and my spirits sink; I fear much that it will affect my health, and that I shall never meet my beloved friends on this side the grave.

February 11. This day my heart

is awake to every sentiment of gratitude and affection; it is the day which gave birth to my beloved Husband; and, while many of my friends are weeping over the ashes of their Husbands, I am still enjoying the most tender connections of Parent and Child; merciful Father, make me thankful for these inestimable blessings.

March 25, 1796. As we have passed a very gloomy winter, through the persuasion of Doct. Romaine and Bell Vandam, we have consented to accompany them to Bath, and shall set out tomorrow; I am pleased with the jaunt only that it will oblige me to be so long absent from my little boy; however, I leave him in good hands, and Aunt Kitty has promised to see him every day. I will endeavour not to be too anxious. . . .

Letter to Mrs. Boudinot.

London, April 8. Returned from a most agreeable jaunt to Bath and Bristol, my first moments are devoted to my beloved Aunt and Cousin. Every enjoyment I have here, in this way, is always heighten'd by the Idea of describing it to them; particularly when it is of that nature that I am sure it will amuse their minds and gratify their affection; the latter effect it will have, when I tell them that my health is so improved. From my want of spirits and confining myself so much to the house this winter I lost my appetite and was quite indisposed . . . but the exercise and the waters have been of service to me. I tried the bath, one morning, and found it charming, tho' rather debilitated; believe me, while in it, I thought of my Dr. Aunt's old back,

and wished sincerely that she could enjoy it. We accompanied Dr. Romaine there, and, from traveling in a private Carriage, we had the first attendance on the road. We approached Bath road, by the silver Avon, for several miles. This river, so much celebrated in Poetry, like the Thames, is not wider than the brook in your meadow after a small freshet, but winds with great beauty, through a most delightful and highly cultivated Country. The City is very handsome, tho' not large; we spent three days there, and then had a charming ride to Bristol, through the richest Scenes of nature you can conceive. This City is very inferior, but remarkable for several very fine buildings; among the first of these is the Cathedral; in this we saw several very fine monuments, and one of Sterne's Eliza which was very beautiful, and, as

nearly as I can recollect, was two female figures, in white marble, supporting an Urn; one representing genius, with her right hand on her breast, and in the other the trumpet of fame; the opposite figure represents benevolence, holding in her left hand a nest in which a pelican is nourishing her young with her blood, and the other hand points to this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. E. Drapen in whom Genius & benevolence were united." We spent one day at Bristol, and proceeded on our Tour to Oxford; here we saw what my pen is not equal to describe. I must refer you to Mr. Bayard's journal to Miss Bradford, which he will send as soon as he has leisure . . . he has too much writing for any one person to do with safety. I am afraid it will injure him. You will recollect, my Aunt, that this is intended only for

you and my Cousin's eyes. If it serves to enliven her mind, for a moment, I shall be gratified—my tender and most affectionate love to her; say that I still hope daily to hear from her; my Uncle shares, as a Parent, my gratitude & affection; his last letter almost kill'd us, still we look anxiously for another . . . my good friends R. and H. share in my remembrance, and believe me, my beloved Aunt & Cousin, your very affectionate and ever grateful.—P. B.

I had liked to forgot telling you that the paper on which I am writing is what they call embellished paper, for the nobility and great folks. I shall direct this letter in the tip of the mode for you, as I have seen several lately.¹

¹The large square letter-sheet which was then "the tip of the mode" for ladies, is embossed on the first page with a wide border at the top, in which are two medallioned heads; and along the sides and at the bottom, with a border of geometrical design inclosing Latin mottoes.

We have just returned from our jaunt, and found our dear boy quite well, and rejoiced to meet us again. I really think I shall not, in a great while, leave him so long; it mars all the pleasure of a jaunt—tho' this has been a very agreeable one to us all. We traveled slowly, lived well, but not extravagantly. About half a mile before we got in Bath we rode by the sweet "silver Avon" till we entered the City; we went to the famous White-Heart Inn, and were very well accommodated; our dinners were always served up on silver dishes with covers, and extremely well dressed; after dinner we took a walk on the parade, but saw very little company; the next morning we went to see the assembly room, which is elegant indeed, and Pultney street far surpasses any in London, the Circuits and Crescents are beautiful; in the evening

Miss Wallace was to perform in the Sultana, and we determined to go and see her, & were highly entertained; she is certainly an excellent actress. The next morning I got up and went into the warm bath; the Inn was close by, and I was charmed with it; wished for Papa and Aunt Boudinot; I had been afflicted with a most violent cold for several months, and I really found great relief while in the bath, but was quite exhausted when I came out; as it was very early I went to bed and never slept sounder, for two hours; my health has evidently been better since, and I am greatly indebted to the bath for it; the next day we proceeded to Bristol, but were not so much pleased as with Bath; it is a confined, dirty place, but the Country round it is very fine; the water there I thought had no peculiar taste; we drank a little and were contented.

On our return home we found our dear little boy had been very sick, as well as Mrs. Bowen; this made me determine never to leave him again so long. Good Aunt Kitty had been very kind, as she always is; I really do not know what I should do if it was not for her. . . .

April. The fineness of the day induced us to take a walk this morning, and, as Mr. Dancer had frequently expressed a wish to go with us to the exhibition, we sent for him, and all went together; it is certainly a very elegant place, and we spent two hours there very agreeably, tho' there are many who spend eight hours there.

June, 1796. Never was I more surprised in all my life than this morning on hearing of Bell Vandam's marriage, & to a person who I have scarce ever seen there. It is a little extraordinary, that, tho' I am with her almost every

day, I should never have suspected an attachment. It must be a very sudden affair; the poor Doctor [Romaine] will be astonished and mortified; for I really believe he has the vanity to think he can do anything with her; and I sincerely hope he may be disappointed, which no doubt he will be, when he finds she is another's. . .

We have just returned from a very pleasant jaunt to Windsor, where we had the honour of seeing their Majesties, and walking on the terrace with them. The Parade & show that is made with them is truly ridiculous, and, to an American, particularly so; one would really suppose he was something more than human, to see the crowds that run to see him; they certainly are a fine looking family, and were they all as virtuous and amiable as the King and Queen are in their private characters, their example might

be some advantage to society; but unfortunately all the elder Sons are most abandon'd Men. What has a nation to expect when the present King dies; what can be looked for in a Man in publick life when his private character is so abandon'd to every vice of the lowest nature; how often in passing the Prince of Wales's house, and observing the vast parade and expense that surround him, do I regret that a Man so looked up to, and in so conspicuous a place, should not have one virtue for the gazing world to imitate; how grateful am I that I am not a Prince, on such terms.

We are again fixed in our own little habitation and enjoy all that domestic quiet which the gay world in general are such strangers to; how little indeed do they know of the real pleasures of life, who murder their time in dissipation and folly; the ten-

der relation of Husband, and the indulgence of Maternal affection, are noble and delightful sentiments of which they are robb'd—sentiments which are not only productive of purest joy—but such as will fit us for that world, where we are all to live as brethren of one family. . . .

Returned from a jaunt to Dr. Nicholl's; I feel much enliven'd by the ride, and highly pleased with my visit; they are so polite, and yet so unceremonious, that you cannot help feeling perfectly at home with them. We met there D^r. and Mrs. Snaby; the latter I was much pleased with, but D^r. Snaby's appearance is very much against him; they insist upon our paying them a visit, this day fortnight, and taking our little boy with us; he has enjoy'd this jaunt so much and behaved so well that I think, for his sake, we must go. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. W. Pinkney are at length arrived, and I trust they will soon get to business . . . they are all very good looking people, and do not I think shame their country. Tomorrow we are all to meet at Mr. Bird's; I never feel so much at home as when I am in company with Mrs. King; she is really a sweet, agreeable woman, and seems disposed to be very sociable; we shall I hope pass many evenings together, this winter. As Mr. Pinkney has taken a house near us, I expect much pleasure from their society. I am really delighted with Mrs. Snaby; we have spent four days there most agreeably, and I left her with much regret; they do not live so elegantly as Dr. Nicholl, but there is so much generosity and real goodness of heart in everything she says and does, that, in knowing, you cannot help loving her. They have a

family of five children, who are all kept in better order, without any appearance of authority, than any family I was ever in—in short, were I to live long near Mrs. Snaby, I should love her as a near relative.

August 15, 1796. Never since my connection with my beloved Mr. Bayard have I spent this day with so little satisfaction; it has even reached the most pleasing sensation of affection and gratitude my heart is susceptible of; but Alas! now it serves only to remind me, in contemplating my own happiness, that which my darling Cousin was, this time last year, robb'd of—what must her mind endure at this time, if I feel so much. Never that I know of has my mind been so much depress'd. I was on the bed almost all day; my poor back I fear will cause me much trouble; I shall never get over my fall at Rose-Hill, I

am afraid. Mrs. Marshall came in the afternoon and took tea with me in my chamber, and good Aunt Kitty join'd us; this enlivened me a little, and I trust I shall soon be better.

September 18. I bless God that I have again returned home in better health and spirits than I have been for some time past; I am rejoiced we took the Doctor's advice and went to Ramsgate, I never received more benefit from any jaunt in my life; I now have some hopes of getting through my troubles in safety, and, should the life of my dear little one be spared to me, I can never cease being grateful.

We have spent a very pleasant fortnight indeed at Mrs. Townley's, tho' the family is conducted with so little order that it renders everything less agreeable, than it would otherwise be. While there we had several charming parties, and, among the most agreeable, was that to Dandelion, to the

public breakfast; it was in such a simple rural style, that I was very much pleased with it, and think such an amusement would take very much in America, by having it in the afternoon instead of the morning. It is a very pretty place and the garden in which we ate breakfast was a beautiful square of green; on one side were the tables, and on the other a large floor for dancing, but it seems that it is not the fashion, this year, for genteel people to dance, and there are only the country girls who exhibit; last year a Lord's daughter led the first dance, and it became, from that, so much the *ton* that no person went without dancing; such slaves are the people of this country to fashion and the opinion of the world; I would not all my life be obliged to live here for anything whatever; I pant for the simple enjoyment of dear America.

While at Ramsgate I made a very

pleasant acquaintance with a Mrs. Wolf, who was on a visit to Mrs. Townley; she is a sweet, pretty, agreeable woman, but has all the gaiety and folly of a fashionable woman; she paints constantly, and does not wish to conceal it.

After leaving Ramsgate we had a delightful ride home and found our house in perfect order; Mouton had cleaned it from the top to the bottom. I cannot say but I was glad at getting home, tho' I spent my time so agreeably. I trust the next jaunt I take that way, will be to embark for America; I cannot be perfectly happy till I reach those peaceful shores—how I am transported when I think of meeting my beloved friends again; Heaven protect and keep us all till that happy period; and I think no earthly thing shall ever tempt me to leave them again.

October. I have been much fatigued this day or two, wishing to see all my American friends. I have excited myself almost too much; yesterday, Mrs. King and the Commissioners, with their ladies, dined with us, & we spent a very agreeable day; surrounded by so many Americans I felt myself almost at home. I anticipate much pleasure this winter with them.

March 25, 1797.

When all thy mercies, oh my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Rising from the bed of sickness my heart is fill'd with every emotion of love and gratitude to that kind Providence who has raised me almost from the grave, when all earthly power was thought ineffectual. Blessed be God for the life which was given, and that

which was spared, oh may they both be devoted to thee.

It is now near nine weeks since my fever left me, and I am not able to walk alone—shall I ever again have the use of my limbs?

April 3. Mrs. Pinkney call'd upon me this morning, and took me a short ride; I bore it much better than I expected, felt a little giddy, but am much better since I laid down. I fondly flatter myself that I shall yet live to see my friends; how trifling does everything now appear but the pure and rational enjoyment of friendship and affection.

May 7. Oh that the solemnities of this day may be remembered through the remainder of our lives, and while we thus publicly devote ourselves to our God may we recollect that our whole private conduct must correspond with our more public engage-

ments, and, tho' we may partake still of those amusements which some may call the follies of life, may our great object be to do the will of our heavenly Father, resigning all that we have or wish for in his hands; how truly happy must that person be who can say, in every situation or change in life, "Lord not as I will but thy will be done." . . .

June 15. This day passed very agreeably at Mrs. Bird's, with Mr. & Mrs. Pinkney, & Mr. and Mrs. Lenox; we took a Coach together, and were much gratified in the pleasure of asking many questions about our friends; on our way we went to see the Seat of Lord Finley, the heir of which is but three years old; it is a superb place indeed; the house and fixtures are said to have cost three hundred thousand pounds; the velvet curtain in the drawing room was twenty five

guineas a yard; the room was hung all round with the same, with a broad panel of gold around it; the grounds are said to be very fine, but were too damp to walk much on them.

July 19. We have at length determined to go out of town, and have been very fortunate in getting such good lodgings; our dear little one has taken the whooping cough, I fear. I dread the consequence, but trust in a kind Providence. He grows a sweet babe, & I hope will be spared to me.

August 5. Three weeks have now elapsed since we came here; we have passed our time so agreeably that I am almost induced to stay another week; but I am told it begins to be very sickly. The little Child James has got the dysentery very bad, and I fear mine will get it; yesterday I went to see the Nuns—they are of the order of Benedict, and made their

escape from France with their lives only; they appear to be perfectly happy, and say that they would not change situation with any person in the world; their dress is very curious, but their manners perfectly free and agreeable; they show many pieces of work, which every one who goes to see them makes it a point to purchase—they were delighted with Lewis speaking French.

August 16. This day we came to Town in hopes the change of air would do our dear little one some good; but I think he has coughed much more last night than ever. I have always dreaded this very much.

Alas! my darling has been very ill; I wish we had stayed out at Hammer-smith. I fear we are doom'd to have an only Child; but I must leave all to a merciful Providence, tho' I cannot help feeling very anxious; he looks so ill.

September 10. Oh cruel recollection! this day my beloved Child would have been nine months old, the age that I fondly flattered myself he would have run alone—but alas! how often does a mysterious Providence cut off our hopes and blast our most favorite plans; he was a promising child as ever lived; but hard as the trial was, last Saturday he was committed to the silent grave; Sunday I thought him quite well, but Monday morning I perceived a change for the worse, and Tuesday evening he rejected all food, and I had no hope. Good little Aunt Kitty was with me all night, and, at four in the morning, the dear little lamb breathed his last. At this agonizing moment, after the first shock was over, I consoled myself with the hope that the spirit of my beloved Mother had received the little innocent, and was hovering round the

cradle at the same moment, that I was hanging o'er the remains of my Darling; it was a most consolatory Idea, and could I have realized it, I think I should have been happy; this is the third child that I trust is enjoying the blessings of a future state with her, and are realizing the dream I had at Elizabeth-Town. . . .

September 20. This evening we reached good Doct. Gordon's, were received with great kindness. After enquiring after my health in general, Mrs. Gordon said God has mingled judgments with mercies my D^r. Mrs. Bayard, and I trust we shall be properly impressed with both; the good old lady said all she could to console, and, after prayers in the evening, I felt more composed than usual. . . .

22. This morning we took leave of Doctor and Mrs. Gordon, and pro-

ceeded on our journey, it was a remarkably fine day, and we had a very pleasant ride. I should have enjoyed it very much, had not my mind been so much depressed; I cannot help regretting that we did not take the journey sooner, perhaps I say it might have been of service to my little darling, but alas! it is too late; he is taken from me, and sheltered from all the ills of life. . . .

We reached Market-Harborough, about seven; took our tea and retired, but had a wretched night, the worst bed in England, at the "Three Crowns." The next morning, another fine day, we reached Leicester, about noon; walked through the markets, found them well fill'd with everything good; but the mutton and lamb remarkably fine; return'd to the inn and order'd lamb chops, but they had not any in the house; we enquired if there were

any curiosities to be seen, and were directed to a Miss Linwood's, where we were more highly gratified than I can express; her work is on canvas with worsted, the size of life, and surpasses any painting I ever saw; she says she has been eleven years making the pieces, and, next winter, means to exhibit them in London, & no doubt will make a fortune. . . .

Saturday night, slept at Loughborough, and went to meeting in the morning; a tolerable discourse, and set out, immediately after service, in hopes of reaching Nottingham in time for the afternoon services, but were disappointed; went in the evening in search of a meeting and got into as ranting a Methodist as I ever heard. The next morning we arose and set out with a Mr. Stathor (whom we had a letter to) to look at the manufactory; the first he showed us was spooling the

silk, at which twelve hundred Children were employ'd — after this, in another place, we saw the weaving, and in every state; the silk, just as it comes from China, is perfectly white, and that from Bengal is a bright yellow; we then looked at the different kinds of stockings and pick'd out what we wanted . . . the patternet work is very curious; the lace is all worked in frames with a needle, and afterwards cut in strips; the patterns for Cloaks are done in the same way. . . .

After this we went up to look at the Castle, which belongs to the Duke of Portland, tho' he has not lived there these seven years; the house commands a very extensive and beautiful prospect, but the inside of it is not worth looking at, after what we have seen before; the Castle stands on a rock, through which is a hole hewn down to the bottom, which is called

Motine hole ; but is generally supposed to have been hewn out of this rock by the ancient Britons, before the landing of the Romans ; after viewing this we returned to Mr. Stathor's and partook of a family dinner, and proceeded on to Derby. I trust we shall sleep better than we did last night, tho' the bed does not look as well as I could wish ; the landlady is very fat and very civil, we have had a good dish of tea, and are now about retiring.

Tuesday. We had a much better night than I expected, and, thanks to a kind Providence, we are all well this morning—after breakfast, we set out for Derby, & were engaged all day in looking about the Town, at the different manufactories ; the Derbyshire spar was the first that drew our attention, we priced many things and found them quite as high as in London ; the person who sold them was

very civil, and took us to see the people at work; there we saw the spar as it is dug first out of the ground, and, in another room, where they were making it up, this was highly gratifying; we bought a few things merely to pay the Man for the trouble, and then went on to the great China manufactory, and saw the whole process of making everything in that way; on our way to that we stopp'd and looked at the silk machinery, which was on a larger scale than I had ever seen; five hundred hands were engaged in attendance, and three hundred Children employed, who earn every day from six to ten pence a day; delightful sight this was to see so many little creatures taught, so early, to earn their bread in an honest & industrious manner. . . . In the afternoon we went on to Matlock, but on the road stopp'd to see Lord

Scarsdale's. We entered it through the lodge, which was very fine; but the house did not appear so grand as many we had seen, but, to our great surprise, it far surpass'd everything—the lower entrance into the servants' hall, which is as large as the whole of any house in America, was fine; but from this we were introduced into the grandest apartment I ever saw, which she call'd the Hall; it was an amazing large room, the whole width of the house, and communicated with each corner; about two or three feet all round, the Hall was supported by twenty grand Pillars of Derbyshire spar, fluted;—the ceiling & walls were ornamented with medallions representing different things, and an elegant sky-light in the middle showed every painting to the best advantage; from this we were led into the music room, at one end of which was an

elegant organ, and at the other a grand piano, and several Italian pictures; but in the next room, which was the drawing-room, the paintings were very elegant, the furniture blue silk damask and the chairs white & Gold, grand sophas, the arms of which were supported by Sphynxes highly gilt;—from this we went into the library which was far inferior to several we had seen, but the saloon surpassed any room for novelty and elegance that can be conceived; it is a large octagon room, with a skylight, the ceiling of which was made with white stucco gilt, in the form of roses; this was elegantly adorned with medallions, the furniture white & gold, with eight sophas,—this appears to have been the centre of the house, as a door opened in almost every octagon; from this we were introduced in my Lady's bed-chamber

& dressing-room; the bed was blue, with gold fringe and the spread of the same, the bedstead was mahogany, the posts highly gilt in flowers, very thick and tapering to the top; there were two dressing-rooms joining, one for the Lady and the other for the gentleman—the ornaments on the toilet were all solid gold; . . . from this we went into the dining-room, where was an elegant side-board of Plate, with several other ornaments; before the fire stood a plate-warmer, in the form of an urn, made of copper, but so highly gilt that it had a superb appearance; she led us through many other apartments too tedious to mention, but, in all the building, she told us there were seventy-four rooms, thirty six in the centre, and forty two in the two pavilions. We paid the old Lady her crown, and came away highly gratified, the house

is about half a mile from the road, the grounds well cultivated, but nothing more, many deer and sheep grazing, and a pretty fall of water in view of the house, from which runs a clear stream through all the grounds. The owner of this place must have forty or fifty thousand per annum to support this style; happy indeed would he be did he know how to lay it out to some better purpose.

We reached Matlock about five o'clock in the afternoon, where the Ladies were all assembled in a long room, where they generally drink tea. I felt a little awkward at first, going in after traveling all day and seeing above twenty Ladies very smartly dress'd, and no person to receive me in particular; however I took a seat and soon got into conversation; in about an hour tea was call'd for—and I soon found each party had their own

table; I then turned to the lady who sat next me and asked her if she would allow us to join her party, which she very politely assented to, and we were very sociable the rest of the evening; after tea the gentlemen and Ladies all went to Cards; they were polite enough to ask me, but I declined; they play'd about two hours, and at nine were call'd to supper; and a very neat, genteel supper it was, a variety of everything that was good, and this all with attendance and music for a shilling—they pay every meal; after supper they proposed dancing, and danced, I am told, till near one, as I left them before they began. . . .

The next morning we came down about nine, and found them eating breakfast, in the same small parties ~~that~~ they drank tea; I call'd for coffee for three, and we made a comfortable

meal; after this we walked out, and found it one of the most romantic places we had seen in England; we call'd at several shops of the spar and priced it. I bought several little things, and took a ride; returned to dinner, and then set out on our way to Sheffield. We reached Bakewell about seven; here we had a very bad night, but excellent fare in the morning; we went to look at Mr. Watson's collections of natural curiosities; we had a very tedious ride to Sheffield, over high hills and bad roads, but we got there in time for a good dinner. After dinner we went over to Rotherham, to see Mr. Walker's famous iron works, which are carried on to a great extent. This gentleman was good enough to go over all the works with us, and said himself that he employ'd six hundred men constantly. After going through all the great works, he

show'd us into the place where they were tinning the large sheets of iron which we had seen them roll, and I was much surprised, on enquiring, that the block tin, that I thought was always solid, was only put in the tin a few times more than the common tin, which makes it stronger. We had a pretty good night at Rotherham, and returned to Sheffield to dinner. Here we went to look over all the manufactories of Scissan's Plate &c, and found the people very civil; ordered many things from each place; spent one night pretty comfortably at the Angel Inn, and got to Castleton the next night. Sunday morning, finding that there was no worship in the Church, we went with a Guide to see the famous Peak's-Hole; and such a place I never was in before, and I never shall venture in such another; I am very much afraid that we shall

all take cold from seeing this great curiosity. Perfectly satisfied with Peak's-Hole, we determin'd to go on without seeing Paul's, and accordingly reached Bustleton at three o'clock. Just as they were all seated at dinner we joined them, and were pleased to find the company more sociable than at Matlock—indeed it is on a much better plan than Matlock altogether; the Crescent is a fine range of buildings, appropriated strictly for the accommodation of strangers, built by the Duke of Devonshire, and is said to have cost him one hundred thousand pounds; the stables are as fine as a gentleman's seat. . . .

Manchester we reached late in the evening, and could not go out till the morning. We were much gratified in seeing them weave tape, binding, &c; but, above all, I was surprised to see the velvets pass the red hot iron,

and the Man who was doing it told me that it was obliged to go through that operation fifty times before it was finished, and that all fine muslin and prints passed over it also; the cutting of the velvet is very curious also; it is done by women with a very sharp steel, like a lancet fixed on a long stick, and cut single.

The day after we got to Manchester it cleared and was very fine, which enabled us to walk about; having seen everything that was worth notice, we set out on our way to Birmingham, in the afternoon; reach'd Congleton that night, had an indifferent bed, and was much disturbed by the officers; the next night slept at Penkridge, had a very good night's rest, and reached Birmingham the next evening; let Miss Kirtland know we were in town; she call'd on us the next morning, and we drank tea with

her in the afternoon. Here I was not gratified by anything, except Mr. Boulton's machine for stamping coin; the day after we reach'd Birmingham, we went about twelve miles from there, to see Hagley, Lord Littleton's place, and Shenston's. They were both beautiful, but Shenston's much finer than the other; on our return to Birmingham, I was very much fatigued, and went to bed early; just as I got undress'd, Mr. Bayard came up stairs and told me Mr. & Mrs. King, Mr. & Mrs. Pinkney and Mr. & Mrs. Gore were all in the same inn with us; we went down and sat an hour with them, and Mrs. King insisted upon our staying the next day and dining together, which we agreed to, and spent a very pleasant day, and yesterday separated, and got to Warwick last night. Were much pleas'd at seeing Warwick Castle, and Guy Earl of Warwick's

porridge-pot, his armour, &c., &c.; and this evening we reach'd Banbury; but I forgot to mention that, on our way, this morning, we stopp'd at the chapel to see Shakspeare's tomb; and we saw a large place, with a quantity of bones over which the old man used to pray, on All-Saints' day, also got some little presents.

The next morning, our horses being quite unable to go any further, we determined to take post-horses and proceed on our journey. Very fortunately, by this means, we met our party at Buckingham, and went, in company with them, to see Stow the most famous seat in England, and found it the most elegant and most superb we had ever seen; there are several hundred acres of ground, and all laid out with taste and expense; the house is nine hundred feet long, and is furnished with utmost taste and

elegance; the room I most admired was furnished with salmon-colour'd silk, and hung with the same. We returned and dined at the inn, and again met our friends at the Gorge inn, joined parties and supp'd & ate breakfast with them. In the morning, having taken fresh horses, we left them on the road, and got home about three o'clock; but, oh my heart! how did the sight of all around me pain my soul—everything but served to remind me of a loss which it will take a long time to make me forget—alas! how uncertain is every enjoyment, and how fraught with care is every comfort; I pray for resignation, merciful father, to thy will. . . .

November 1, 1797. I should be very lonesome now were it not for the kind attentions of good little Aunt Kitty; she endeavours to divert my mind and to draw me into company

again; but alas! how little relish have I for any enjoyment. Were it not for the hope of soon returning home, I fear I should sink under this affliction. . . .

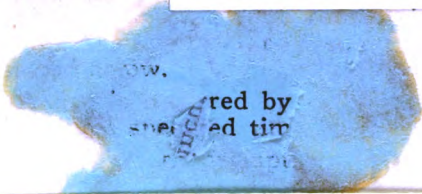
December 2. This day last year, ah! what a happy day was it to again be the mother of another Son,¹ who I fondly flattered myself would have lived to cheer the days of our exile and render them less tedious, but alas! before he had reached his ninth month, that period which I had anticipated with the most heartfelt pleasure—he was taken from me by the hand of death, and shelter'd from all the evils of life. . . .

¹ This little child was buried in Bunhill Fields, near the grave of Dr. Isaac Watts.

In 1798 Mrs. Bayard returned to her native land.



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