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no.18 [Journal 17]

April 1-June 15, 1808.

Travels.

[1. April. 1808] Penzance

Took a long walk today of above 8 miles, by Penzance, Stretnowan, Newlyn and Mousehole, to some high cliffs beyond Mousehole which command a most lovely view of the ocean -- the day was so clear I saw the Lizard Lightouses quite plain. On my return I found Miss Hichens, & R. Hichens with Jane & Charlotte. After dinner Jane & I went to the Pascoes to a rout. ...

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[3. April. 1808]

Got up soon after 7. Walked. Went to breakfast at Mr. Robyns, with him & Miss Robyns.

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Rode with him to Burien -- beautiful day. We went to church there. He officiated most admirably, but his voice is not good. His reading the prayers is at once impressive, solemn, & musical. He is not too slow like Mr. Legrice, but just hits the proper medium. His sermon on the subject of regulating our conduct by the dictates of religion, both with a view to our future life and to the discharge of our duty in this, was one of the best I ever heard -- its language, precepts, & reasonings were so plain & simple, yet so impressive and affecting: & the delivery of it was animated, yet tempered by propriety & modesty, altogether indeed just what it ought to be -- and independent of my regard for Robyns, if I had never seen him before, I should have equally thought I never had seen the service altogether so well performed. The Church is extremely large -- & was, except the chancel, quite filled by a most decent & respectable & attractive congregation. Mr. Robyns, though he has been Curate (or rather Dean Rural) of Burien for only six months, knows all his parishioners & has increased the

number of those who attend church to nearly double. The Deanery of Buriem is independent of any ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatever, & Mr. Robyns as Dean Rural is absolute in his parish, which is very large -- but he is universally respected in it. The Dean, Mr. Jenkins, who lives in Lincolnshire, has only £600 a year though it is well worth £1000, so the farmers have an easy time: but it is shameful that Mr. Robyns should only have £50 a year for doing the duty of so large a parish.

We walked after church to Penberth Cove -- a curious rocky little narrow vale, with a little neat village just at its mouth & some pretty fields among the ivy covered rocks & some romantic cottages. It is celebrated in the annals of picknickery for various parties from Penzance have conducted their rites here.

We dined at the little Inn very comfortably at 2 -- & then went to evening church. There is no organ, but a violin & violincello & some good voices make very tolerable music. After church we rode home -- beautiful evening. Drank tea at the Robyns & had a great deal of chat.

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[6. April. 1808]

Thick day but fair & very windy. Sea mountains high -- a Prussian vessel, a prize, was wrecked off Portleven & all the crew but 2

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perished. It is singular that three ships should have been wrecked at the same place this winter.

[11. April. 1808]

... Read out Sir Charles Grandison, which has been a great undertaking -- the manners are so different to what one now meets, yet there is so much nature & knowledge of the human heart, & the characters are so admirably distinguished, that though it is occasionally tedious & trifling, there is scarcely anything which does not shew how deeply the writer has studied men & manners. Sir Charles himself is too stiff & conceited & correct -- the ladies are far more attractive -- Mrs. Shirley, Clementina, Harriet, & Lady G. are inimitable characters -- certainly Richardson's forte is the delineation of the female character. The Italian Story is very interesting, but the malady of Clementina is occasionally too minutely detailed & becomes trifling, instead of affecting.

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The conversations, and variety of style in the letters are admirable, but the conclusion is too abrupt for the great length & minuteness of the author, & though we know the destiny of all the principal persons, still one wishes for a more particular account of their settlement in life, after bearing all that leads to it with such minuteness: Sir Charles is, however, the object of the author, & he being left as happy as Man can be, the book very properly concludes -- tho' one wishes to hear more particularly how the Italians &c. are settled. On the whole I like it much -- & more & more as it advances -- it holds a middle rank between Pamela and Clarissa, but is certainly inferior in pathetic interest to the latter, tho' far above the trifling vulgarity and mistaken principle which disgrace the former.

[13. April. 1808]

Most beautiful & calm day. Walked before breakfast.

R. Hichens & Miss H. breakfasted with us,

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& after we went to Penzance -- Robyns & Mr. J. Baines accompanied us to the battery of rocks where we embarked on board an excellent boat & rowed to Lemorna Cove. Nothing could be more beautiful. Sea calm & smooth & the sun bright. Penzance, Newlyn, & the woods & fields of Tolcarn; & the hills & bold rocks descending to the sea looked enchanted. Mousehole & St. Clements Island also had a fine effect. Beyond Mousehole, the cliffs are wild & bold, & among them are several caves, from one of which Mousehole takes its name. At length we doubled the eastern point of Lemorna Cove, and had a full view of its beauties -- the rocks & cliffs, the wood, the mill, the ivy covered cottages, & orchards & all its lovely scenes were exposed to our admiration. We walked about for an hour, ate our cold meat, and again embarked. The Cliffs of Tregifion west of Lemorna are very grand. There being a slight breeze, we put up a sail & went across to the Mount, but did not land as it was late. We admired its grand rocks & the imposing Castle above. Its effect, seen from immediately below it on the water, is greater than at any other point of view.

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We rowed back to Penzance, and disembarked at the Quay -- after a most delightful morning.

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[15. April. 1808]

... We rode to Penberth Cove, a neat retired spot with village & green meadows between high rocks. Ascending the high cliff, we proceeded along it -- from the top of it

the view eastward of the rocks of Penberth, Boskenna, & Trevedern was most noble -- a succession of craggy promontories, one projecting before another, formed a grand perspective. We rode westward above the sea & noble rocks to the immense mass of Granite called Treen Castle, which is famous for the Logging Rock: but far more wonderful as a most sublime scene. When I was in Cornwall in 1806, I approached it from the west & thus lost half its beauty, as it is far more imposing and stupendous on the east side. Piles of Granite, covered with white lichen, of the most enormous

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size are huddled together in the most wonderful & sublime confusion. The whole mass of Treen Castle forms a promontory, like the Gurnard's Head at Zennar, but far more sublime -- it is separated from the continent by a wall & gateway, which are thought to be druidical & to indicate that the mass of Rocks, among which is the Logging Rock, were formerly sanctified by the Druids: & used by their priests to impose on the people. We wandered among them a long time. From the Summits, where are stones which seem to have been hollowed by art into the shapes of the names they bear, as the Giant's Arm-chair, &c., one appears to be on every side surrounded by huge rocks & as it were imprisoned. The farthest mass is the highest, and from one of its highest points, the rocks & sea, & the arches of rock through which one sees the rocks nearer the land, form an astonishing scene. The Logging stone is very accessible, & may be moved on its axis, as it were; it lies inclined on another inclined rock, but even at

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a very great distance, as it only touches the rock on which it rests at one small place, its singular position is easily

observable. We saw, a mile off at least, the unusual stone, which looks like a speck at sea, but is a very dangerous rock, & has been the cause of shipwreck to many vessels. ...

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[17. April. 1808]

... Read out Humphry Clinker, which is a truly humorous & admirable book. It is nature itself -- all the characters are inimitable -- but Matthew Bramble, Tabitha, & Win Jenkins are complete portraits. It is several years since I read it, so its oddities have the effect of novelty.

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[19. April. 1808]

... Got a letter from my Father, with a hint about Miss Grey, which I should much like to follow up: & perhaps I may -- if I am well, I will certainly. He says nothing of consequence about Jane & Mr. Hichens, & does not see the propriety of putting a stop to it, if it is not agreed on: on her account. Unluckily Maria is at Sunnyside -- she would have made him understand matters better.

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[21. April. 1808]

... Jane got a long letter from my Mother about R. Hichen's offer. He was here & a long discussion took place, but what she will fix, I know not.

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[1. May. 1808]

... This is my birthday, and I have this day completed my 27th year. I enter now into my 28th, the events of which I have a presentiment will be more important than those of the past. On the whole, tho' not unaccompanied by anxieties of various kinds, my last year of life has been most pleasant.

[8. May. 1808]

Helston

... at 4 we set off to Helston -- Postillion: I on the box, Grey behind, & Charlotte, Jane, Miss Treweek & Miss John inside. We did not get there till 7, being a very heavy load. We walked up & down the hills. We had a delightful day & a most pleasant ride, which I enjoyed very much -- the sea & cliffs looked fine. We met a most cordial reception & after tea, Miss John & Charlotte went to Mrs. Pasmore's where they are to sleep. ... Jane is to stay at Mr. & Mrs. T. Grylls with them & Miss Treweek -- there were also 2 young ladies & a young gentleman. They are really very pleasant people. We talked over by anticipation tomorrow's festival of the Furry Day -- & wished for good weather.

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[9. May. 1808]

... This is the Helston Annual Festival to welcome in the Summer & is called the Furry Day -- or Flora Day. The origin of the celebration is of the 8th of May is not known, but it is quite a gay & pastoral scene. Drums, fifes, & voices usher in the day, from after 12 last night -- & they keep a perpetual noise all day. Processions of people go about the streets after having been a *fadé* (an old word for go) into the country & display the garlands, trees, branches, &c. --

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which they have collected -- others go about singing a song about St. George, Robin Hood, Summer & May & collect money. The Cavalry & Infantry volunteers were both out & added to the beauty of the scene -- after they had manoevered on the Downs they came in & were dismissed -- then the Furry Tune struck up with drums & fifes, & all the military danced thro'

every street in town 2 by 2: -- but the most brilliant sight was at 1/2 past 1 -- when all the gentry around & of the town met at Mitchel's shop in the middle of the town -- & the band played -- above 14 couples stood up -- and set off from thence, accompanied by the music, & danced thro' all the town & thro' the principal houses & round the parlours. Having made a circuit they stop where they begin -- the Children next go two & two round the town. Nothing could be a more

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gay & lively scene than the celebration of the day by the dancing on the bowling green & thro' the streets & houses. The figure is merely to dance on in pairs -- & at the change of tune to turn the person behind & then the partner & then on again.

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... dancing continued till near 3 in the morning -- above 7 hours -- I only danced this first arduous Furry Day Dance, & then another to complete the set with Miss Grylls. She is an uncommon frank open fine girl indeed: & very amusing -- & rather good looking. -- Candles were not lighted till after the Furry Dance was over.

[25. May. 1808]

Penzance

Waldie: XVII, 81

... Memories of my Cornish Adventures in 1806 brought me here again, not to relive the past but to supplement that experience of rock, sea, wood, & steadfast friends -- how quickly these days have fled!

... Jane met us at the Robyns. We took leave of Mrs. R. She was much affected at the idea that she should see us no more, but I hope she will. ... Took leave of all the Pascoe's, &c. Melancholy work. We dined at home alone. Packed up, &c.

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We went soon after 6 to drink tea & sing at Sam John's -- 3 of us, S. John, Mrs. Rowland, R. Hichens & Miss Hichens, Robyns & Miss Robyns, Mr. & Mrs. Oxnam, Miss P. John, Mr. & Mrs. Smith & a Mr. Penrose from Bodmin, a stupid man. Boston, tea, & supper. Singing by S. John, Mr. & Mrs. Smith, & me. Most delightful evening. At last we began to grow melancholy & departed in tears.

We saw Miss Robyns, Mr. & Mrs. Oxnam, Miss P. John, Mr. & Mrs. Smith, & Mrs. Rowland for perhaps the last time in our lives, & the recollection of the pleasant hours we have passed with them makes that a most painful idea. I was ready to cry -- & so were we all -- particularly I regretted parting with Miss Robyns, who certainly is as near perfection in point of virtuous conduct & disposition as any one can be -- so generous & regardless of self -- so perfectly occupied in doing

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good to every one: but I won't enlarge on her kindness & goodness, or on the characters of all our friends here. Sad was our parting tonight, but still worse will be that of tomorrow morning.

[26. May. 1808]

At 1/2 past 8 we breakfasted. Sam John, Miss Hichens, & Robyns came to see us off, & breakfasted with us. They were with us at 8, and staid till we got off at 10. Most mournful two hours -- all ready to cry. Hichens did not come till past nine. Most affecting separation. Charlotte & Miss Hichens were in agonies, & Robyns quite tremulous & hysterical. I was almost suffocated. I am to write to Sam John who will write to me. Miss Robyns also will write to me -- & Miss H. & Charlotte -- & Robyns & Hichens. It is a most melancholy idea to think that perhaps we may never meet again -- but I hope we shall -- if I live, I will return & stay some time with

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Hichens, Robyns, & Sam John. We tore ourselves away at length and went in deep distress to Helston -- 13 miles. Not a word was uttered till we came there. Most melancholy stage. We stopped at Marazion and shook hands with Mrs. Maryham & Miss Connel, but did not get out. I never suffered more in parting -- such friends few can boast of, as we can, here -- to leave them, & all the beauties of Mounts Bay, the scenes of so many pleasant hours, was truly wretched, -- & to go such a distance makes one feel it still more keenly. --

I have left myself here a large blank space to expatiate on the favorite subject of Penzance and it neighbourhood, & its society -- as well as on Cornwall in general -- but much as I feel interested about it, & truly as I feel

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attached to, & obliged by many of its inhabitants, I do not think I can express those feelings so as to them justice, or

give any character of the society I have here mixed in, that it can deserve, for I am very sensible that like all others, the individuals who compose it have their faults, & some of them, a tolerable stock of various sorts, which might well be spared, but I am sure that as a whole, no society in which I ever mixed, have shewn so much kindness, and such a wish to oblige & make every thing pleasant to us as strangers, and as acquaintance & friends, of both of which we have had, & I in particular, a most numerous stock, I do not know that any where I ever met with so many.

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The kindness of the Hichens, I ought never to forget -- though disturbed by domestic distress, they have been [to] us more like the same family than strangers. Mrs. H. though high, is truly amiable, genteel, good tempered, & quite the friend of her children. She has borne her late loss with great fortitude, tho' her feelings are very strong -- the want of proper economy & prudence in small matters has no doubt been a disadvantage to their affairs, but in this respect, Mr. Hichens is more to blame than she. He is a most amiable easy good man, & one whom every body speaks well of, but he is not bright, tho' always cheerful. Richard H. is quite a man of the world in his manners & has seen the best company & is at times most entertaining. He is good humored, but likes his own way & is quite

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the director of the whole family; he is too opinionated & fond of laying down the law, & also of talking of his own prospects in a style which is absurd -- but it arises merely

from thoughtlessness & want of prudence, of which failings he has a great share, or he would not be at daggers' drawing with the Penzance people -- who have merely diverted themselves by laughing at, & making stories about him. He is certainly much attached to Jane, & she by habit is the same to him -- they are both fond of poetry & get on admirably together -- but I doubt whether they will be happy, indeed I am almost sure they will not -- tho' he is so much older than her & has so much real sense that I dare say he will humor her little foibles of temper -- if not, they must be wretched, if they marry, which I hope as yet is very uncertain. -- George H. is a young Man perfectly happy, easy, & good humoured, & quite a sailor, but without much

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manner except that natural ease & politeness & elegance which all the family have -- for he went so young to sea, he has had no education. Mrs. G. H. is a pretty, quiet, good sort of woman, but educated not in the first circles of Penzance, she has not the air of Anne. Anne Huchins is the most sweet, unaffected girl -- of the most amiable disposition, happy temper, & elegant manners I ever met. Her mind is soft, but strong -- & she is capable of any thing; she has the strongest feelings, & yet the utmost propriety at all times. Charlotte & she are certainly congenial souls -- but tho' Charlotte has as stronger & more cultivated understanding, & a greater share of information & knowledge, Miss Hichens far excels her in temper, manners, & appearance, & in that constant self possession which in a young woman is so graceful -- but which does not prevent her being the most frank girl I almost ever met.

Robyns is the most easy, amiable, well informed, happy tempered, benevolent, good young man I ever knew. He is apt to be in a fidget about trifles & is easily discomposed though never out of temper -- he is truly animated in manners & conversation & his intellectual powers are great -- but as well as his corporeal ones are sometimes kept out of view by indolence, which is his greatest failing. He is indeed "in wit a man, simplicity a child," for there is in his manners the strongest & most unaffected simplicity or bonhommie I ever saw. I hope he & Miss H. will one day be happy in each other. Their attachment is real love. Oh! that I had a living to give away. He should have it -- for his fortune is now too small to allow of marriage. -- Miss Robyns is the best creature in the world -- so original & amusing -- & such a fund of odd ideas: & such perfect indifference about self -- & such a sensible solicitude for the good of all her firends & her own family in particular -- her Mother & brother are to her all the world. She tinkes of nothing but how to make them happy.

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She is a perfect model of benevolence and good nature. -- Mrs. Robyns is a good woman, has been handsome & is a most elegant woman in manners tho' now in declining health. She has not been very prudent as to pecuniary matters, & her young days were marked by extravagance & profusion which was very wrong with so large a family as she has had. Her husband was a good sort of man who let her do as she liked. She is of an excellent disposition, but sometimes unequal in her temper.

S. John is the most affectionate, goodhumoured, happy dispositioned young man I ever knew -- always ready to oblige,

and always with a fund of amusing conversation -- there is an openness & frankness about him, which soon makes one his friend as it shews him to advantage. He is very clever in business but has not had the education to enable him to inform

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his mind very deeply or acquire an enlarged & liberal style of thinking -- and tho' his manners are naturally most pleasing, he has not had many opportunities of seeing a very high class of society. He is however truly amiable & as well as Robyns is liked by every one & every where spoken well of. -- Mr.

John is a well informed man with most gentlemanly manners & a great deal of amusing conversation but I believe his temper at home is not pleasant. Mrs. John is a very elegant pleasing woman -- but quiet & reserved. She has been very handsome. Miss Eliza is a clever girl & has a well informed mind, but she is not elegant, & her temper is warm. -- Miss Wilmot is quite a child in manners & always will be so. Miss Phillis is quite an original John -- perfectly goodhumoured except at cards, where she scolds most dismally, & as fond of dress as if she was 16 -- there is something irresistibly ludicrous about her, yet she is very goodhearted & tho' fond of scandal never says things that convey ill natured insinuations.

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Mrs. Rowland is a clever sensible woman -- pleasing in her manners but not a model of temper -- tho' truly friendly & goodhearted. Miss Treweek is a genteel girl; quite a lady in manners & very amusing in conversation -- but rather too fond of talking at people -- the Smiths are good people -- Mr. Oxnam is a most excellent man, benevolent, happy dispositioned,

& gay -- active & busy -- & the friend of every one. Mrs. O. has sense enough to give up to him & is a very good dispositioned woman, tho' fond of tittle tattle -- & an excellent player of Boston. ... John Baines, tho' too opinionated, is truly amicable in disposition,

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well-informed & clever. I hope to see him in London & renew our intimacy.

I might go through the characters of others in abundance, but it is not necessary -- they are like others I have met, & as acquaintances are very well -- but such as Miss Hichens, Robyns, Miss Robyns, Sam John, & John Baines are such as one can seldom any where meet & Mr. Oxnam is a man of 10,000.

Penzance is a delightful place -- the rides & walks numerous & delightful -- the country healthy, happy, & almost undistrubed by manufactures, & the scenery charming. All the necessaries & many of the superfluties of life are very cheap, & altogether I know no place I should so much like for a residence, as it is quite a little world of itself -- lively & gay, yet too distant from the metropolis to be much affected

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by it. Cornwall is altogether a most delightful country -- rich, happy, & fertile -- at least its coasts are so, and the happy spot of Mounts Bay in particular.

I cannot think of it without regret, & shall enjoy most truly if I live & have health the pleasure of next year revisiting (which I certainly shall do if no great event should alter my destiny in the meantime) all my friends & acquaintances in that happy corner of the island.

[2. June. 1808]

...Got a letter from William -- to say he can't meet us at Chepstow: as my father thinks it wrong for him to leave London till he has secured himself a situation. I think he is right not to leave town. Wrote to Bath to have any letters sent there forwarded to Chepstow to meet us, as I am not sure about going to London -- as I think Jane & Mr. H. are so ridiculous, I had better not leave them, till they are separated.

[4. June.. 1808]

Swansea

... Walked round & through the woods of the Warren Hill, a fine circular green hill, almost entirely covered with wood, which rises in front of Lord Vernon's house between that & the sea, and projects into the sea on the east side of the Mouth of Neath river & the woody mountain Cerig Vawr. The views of Swansea Bay, the Mumbles, &c., are lovely -- and the views up Neath Vale, long vistas & lovely fields, cottages in front, terminated by Brecknock Mountains, are rich & various -- but the finest is the view to the north from its summit: In front Lord Vernon's house backed by an amphitheatre of woods quite near -- on one side Cerig Vawr & Brecknock Mountains & on the other wooded hills near Swansea with Neath river & ships & part of Earlswood -- while only turning the head round to the south, a beautiful view of the Bay & Mumbles is seen thro' thick trees. The trees of this hill,

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chiefly oaks & sycamores, reach down to the water's edge on the south & east sides. I never saw such a luxuriant thickness of foliage as here -- under numbers of the large single trees, it is quite dark & gloomy, even at noon.

Nothing amuses me so much as to hear the common people jabbering welch -- it sounds so odd, & so like being abroad; & their figures, drest in whittles, the Manufacture of a people, who were formerly a colony from Holland & Phoenicia as tradition says, & who speak a sort of Patois -- they live on the coast in the west of this county -- about Rosilly, Worms Head, & Gorra -- the women wearing Men's hats & being very coarse & going without shoes & stockings, has a most grotesque look -- but it is no wonder they are all healthy, sleek, & fair & fat, for they are always out, in a mild climate, very active & bustling, & live

on milk, eggs, excellent bacon & mild ale. The romantic descriptions one reads of welch cottages are here completely realized.

[6. June. 1808]

Cardiff

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... I wrote a letter to my Father to say that as William can't meet us here I think it better to go home with my sisters than leave them with Mr. H. alone, & as I hate London in summer I have, & for many other reasons, deferred my plan of going there till spring.

[7. June. 1808]

Tintern Abbey

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... At the neat little village of St. Arvans we turned off from the Monmouth road, after first passing the great Gates of Piercefield one mile from Chepstow, & went by a narrow rugged umbrageous road up the hill, which is the back part of the towering and grand Wine Cliff. At length reaching the top, we could view through trees towards Chepstow & to the rocks & rivers beyond. We descended quickly by a narrow & long hill into a deep vale, or dell, clothed with

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the richest woods, which I well remembered & again admired. It is a most romantic scene. As our carriage is heavy and the lower part of the hill almost perpendicular, we left it, at a mile above the Abbey, and walked down the hill. Getting deeper in the woods, & opposite to us a fine woody steep presenting itself, we caught a noble view of the upper part of the Abbey, the lower concealed in trees. We arrived at the village of Tintern, and soon found the Landlord of the Beaufort Arms, a neat little Inn, where Griffith, Sorsbie, & I dined two years ago, & who is the Conductor. The exterior part we had a very fine view of from the place, & near it, where the

Ferry is. Its ivy covered arches & ruined walls -- its beautiful & perfect west windows laced with ivy, and its pinnacle were most striking. Adjoining it also are several cells and other small remains of the Monastery, with old ivy covered walls in all directions. As a perfect ruin it is not equal to Fountains Abbey, because its remains are not so extensive -- but then its situation is much more romantic & grand --

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close upon the Wye, and topped all round by the most romantic & picturesque rocky summits clothed with woods. ... tho' its situation is highly beautiful, it is certainly sequestered & confined: and what is most striking, & by its consummate beauty, sublimity, and grandeur compensates for all, is the first view of the Abbey on entering at the Western gate. The ruin, which is so admirable & perfect, is of the church alone, which remains entire except the tower, tho' the arches which supported it remain whole: & also the row of arches & pillars, which separated the the centre aisle from the north aisle of the body, or west part of the church, is removed & only the bases remain. With these two exceptions, the church is entire, and the east window, of which the middle pillar light as an iron rod, remains, & also some tracery is very fine -- the 4 immense arches which formerly supported the tower -- the north aisle & south aisle are both entire -- and the ivy which covers the south side from one end to the other, & also the south aisle and a great part of the north wall, add much to the beauty of the scene -- it casts over the whole a gloomy shade and chastens the effect. It is a truly enchanting, solemn, & quiet scene. Such enormous trunks of ivy I never saw, and the whole church has a floor of verdant turf, covering the ground where Cistercian Monks once worshipped.

[8. June. 1808]

Ross

Waldie: XVII, 195

... Ross is a large old town of very curious old houses, with an old fashioned market place. We walked about the town, and looked at the house in which lived formerly the Man of Ross, Mr. John Kyrle, who well merited the title by the benevolence of his life, & the great good he did to the town by various improvements in it. ...

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Before entering Ross, we saw a number of Morrice Dancers, most gaily drest, parading about. At holiday times like the present (Whitsun Week), they still keep up, in this part of England, the custom of going about & merrymaking with what is given them, performing the morrice dance which is, I believe, merely a slight change of figure like the Helston Furry Dance, &, I believe, the tune also. These buffoons or strollers or Drolls were, I believe, the origin of the British stage.

At Ross we walked up to the church, which is on the highest ground at one end of the town & of which the steeple & spire were built by the Man of Ross, & some immense large elms planted in the churchyard, which was also handsomely enclosed with a low stone wall, & walks made round it, & adjoining also he enclosed & made walks in a small field, on the brow of a hill which commands a most enchanting view of the river Wye, the town, the bridge, Wilton Castle, Goodrich Castle, woody banks & distant hills. We went into the church which is old, large, & handsome, with spacious galleries -- it has within a few years been new seated with oak, and the Pews are very handsome. The Chancel was unluckily repairing, so we only looked into it -- it is divided by a neat screen from the body of the Church. In it are several good monuments, of which the most interesting is that to the Man of Ross. It is placed above

the spot in which he lies, & on it is merely -- "Here lies John Kyrle, commonly called the Man of Ross." He died in 1724, and this monument was erected in 1767. As if Nature was determined the memory of the Man of Ross should never die, the root of a tree which he planted & which was cut down close by the church, has found its way under the wall of the church & grows beatifully in twin trunks in one of the pews.

[16. June. 1808]

Liverpool

... We all 4 went to the Pit at the Theatre at 7. Audience thin -- shameful that it should be so, when such a capital set -- besides continual succession of stars from London. The Theatre is beautiful indeed, much on the plan of Drury Lane, but smaller of course. It is quite as deep, & wider at the stage part than Covent Garden, but I need not say more, as I believe it is fully noticed in my former visit here. The play was False Alarms, & the farce the Blind Boy, both of which I may say are new -- for tho' I once witnessed an attempt to perform the former piece at Newcastle, it was impossible at all to comprehend it, not one person having any idea of acting who played in it. Both pieces here were most admirably got up & still more capitally acted. They would not have disgraced

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the London Boards, and indeed some of the parts were better than they could have been played in town. Sir Damon Gayland, Mr. Grant. He is an excellent performer, & was once a chief, whith S. Kemble at N. C. His jealousy & stifled rage were capital, & he is quite a gentleman. Edgar, Mr. Smith. The best singer I have heard for ages, certainly the best I ever heard out of town -- strong voice of real natural tenor & easy upper voice well-connected -- great distinctness, expression, & closeness -- a charming singer. Tom Surfeit, Mr. Tayleure -- a most capital actor; very young & highly superior to Bannister -- such ease, true humor, & fun -- such a happy vacancy of face & swaggering dash & silly lisp -- nothing could exceed it; & his manner of giving the 2 comic songs was inimitable -- encored of course. He will be an excellent successor to Bannister. Grinvelt, Mr. Jones -- a very good foreigner -- he was with

Macready last winter, but did not do much or stay long, & his awkwardness is not so observable in such a part as old Grimvelt, as in a young lover. Plod, Mr. Gibbon -- very good -- a good deal of dry humour like Downton. Lieut. Maclary, Mr. Turpin -- a very good Irishman indeed, but not a Johnstone. Lady Gayland, Mrs. Smith. She sung only tolerably & ought to have sung well, but otherwise well enough, only too fat. Emily, Miss Larkman -- sung very well indeed, but is a poor looking girl. Susan, Mrs. Turpin -- very pretty & lively indeed -- uncommonly pretty face. She sings correctly in tune & takes a part very well -- but the voice is but indifferent. Miss Umbrage, Mrs. Tayleure -- short part, very tolerably done: -- last & best Caroline Sedley, Miss Grant. Most delightful -- far better than Miss Duncan -- her voice is very clear & sweet -- & her face

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pleasing -- countenance charming -- & figure very good -- in breeches capital. Her singing is easy & natural & clear & sweet, in elegant tune & with very great execution. She sings the duos & trios charmingly -- and indeed both the music & acting of the whole piece, which is very amusing & of a well contrived bustling plot & very good dialogue, went off uncommon well; tho' it all hinges on Caroline Sedley, who is quite the life of the piece, & Miss Grant really made it so -- such grace, fun, ease, gaiety, & unaffected spirits I never saw -- blended with most elegant action & real feeling. She sings admirably & introduced a very charming & difficult bravura of Hook's. This was the first night of its acting -- & it was really got up & acted with great spirit.

The Blind Boy was acted for the 4th time -- but 1st time for me. A vast number of characters & most beautiful scenery -- quite a London spectacle, & very interesting; the story very well put together, but badly written. The characters all well done except Prince Rodolph by Jones, who was awkward. Oberto, by Knight -- the greatest feeling and passion -- most capital acting -- his powers are very versatile -- his agitation on receiving the letter was inimitable. Kalig, by Rae. He is the tragedian here -- capital in gesture -- elegant young man -- fine face & action -- strong feelings -- great energy -- he will be a great actor. It all depends on Oberto, Kalig, & Edmund, the Blind Boy, by Miss Grant. Nothing could be more interesting or graceful or played with more feeling. She is truly talented. It was very affecting. Molino, by Mr. Turpin -- comic silly part, but well done. Elvina, Mrs. Parker -- sweet

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interesting woman, with much feeling & pleasing face -- but none can be so interesting, or so charming as Miss Grant. She is really an actress & is, I doubt not, to make a very great figure. I remember her at N. C. as a child very promising.

After a most delicious evening we got home at 1/2 past 11 -- to be at 12. And here ends this day, which has been highly pleasant. For the history of to-morrow, which will contain our rambles through Liverpool, I must refer my own curiosity to the next volume of this amusing history of our travels from Penzance to Hendersyde Park.