

M.J. Harrison's Boulogne-sur-Mer, France Travel Diary, 1854-1857

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M. J. Harrison

A year at Boulogne-sur-Mer

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?

It doth; but actions are our epochs. Byron

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 10th of August 1854, my Brother and I left the London-bridge Hotel to go on board the "Albion" steamer, (Captain Tune) which was leaving London early the following morning for Boulogne. Few passengers had arrived --- I therefore went into the Saloon, and seating myself by the warm stove, occupied my time in perusing the Newspapers----About eleven o'clock several passengers arrived including a young lady who had come from America and was on her way to Paris. A Mrs. Captain --- and her daughter, an interesting child of five years of age --- a pretty looking girl with black eyes and hair of the same hue and who by the bye was excessively shy --- and a Miss Knowles, a young lady of fascinating appearance and equally fascinating in her manners --- whose voice was, as Shakespeare says, "Soft".

Gentle and low; an excellent thing in women. [[King Lear: Act 5, Scene 3, Page 14 Her voice was ever soft, Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.]]

There were also amongst the voyagers a lady and gentleman with their only child-- a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who appeared very delicate --- they were proceeding to the South of France where they proposed spending the Winter --- there was a tall quiet gentlemanly-looking young man --- a German Gentleman who spoke a little English and who endeavored to make himself as agreeable as he possibly could --- and two gentlemen of a certain age, or more correctly speaking, of an uncertain age who we also found very agreeable. About ½ past 12

Note: *Italics* mean not sure; () means indeterminate word

I left the Saloon—upon entering the Cabin, I found several ladies had retired to their Berths. I entered mine but I found it impossible to sleep-- there was so much noise and confusion. --- Miss Knowles was unable to sleep, she therefore came and sat down by the side of my berth and commenced telling me her little history --- She was educated at a school at St. Guier --- and can speak French fluently---

At two o'clock we were startled by the clanking of chains, etc. --- we had long heard the jumping --- the first bell rung---and after a short interval, the second and then we were off --- Miss Knowles and I immediately went on deck just to take a farewell look --- but it was so dark that we could not distinguish anything --- we descended into the Cabin --- Many of the passengers, I believe were on deck all night. — About six o'clock on Friday morning, I went on deck --- Bernard had been there an hour before---The wind was cold and piercing, but I preferred it to the close air of the Cabin. I walked up and down the deck for about an hour, when I descended to my cabin for a short time. The weather however being very fine, and the sea calm, I again went on deck where I found Captain Tune was amusing the ladies. --- my American friend said "Oh! Captain Tune, why don't you have music on board as they have on the Hamburg boats; it would be so nice"; to which the Captain gaily replied --- "my passengers are never dull. "You know they have always a Tune on board". --- About eleven o'clock we all partook of a most substantial breakfast --- I then went on deck where we remained until we arrived in the Port of Boulogne. ---The conversation on deck was very agreeable --- The silent young man was no

longer silent --- Miss Knowles' attractions had apparently captivated him.
--- I was amused & indeed every one was amused except the old bachelors
who seemed to look upon us all with astonishment --- no doubt they thought
it (infra) to smile. --- The passage was delightful --- we could plainly
see the rocky coast of France --- & the city of Boulogne in the distance.
About one o'clock P.M. we entered the port---The view of the house is
very pretty from here --- the houses are principally white with green Verandas.
As soon as we had landed, we entered the Custom Houses where we gave
our names---The Douanes examined my Carpet bag, etc. (the luggage, I
intended to have examined the day following, as I had so much), and desired
me to pass, which of course I immediately did — After bidding an adieu
to Miss Knowles and my pretty friend with black eyes, I passed through
the Custom House, accompanied by my brother, where we found my father
waiting to receive us --- We were all very happy indeed to meet again.

We immediately proceeded to Maquetra, where my father had taken
a house --- it is a short distance from the town, on the route to St.
Guier --- Near here, is the Cemetery and the Convent dedicated to the
Virgin Mary --- The convent is surrounded by very high Walls—in the
court is a gilt statue of the Virgin. --- I do not know the number of
the Nuns — they never go beyond the gardens --- I understand that
Mr. Michael Ellison's daughter is there --- and also a daughter of Captain
de Lyon. --- The French Cemetery is tastefully laid out --- there are some
very handsome monuments --- The graves are covered with shrubs & flowers.

The Laurustinus seems to be a favorite shrub. --- In many instances, you see nothing but a small wooden cross, upon which chaplets of flowers are suspended --- The chaplets are made of "everlasting daisies", & are of various colours. --- I have seen as many as eight chaplets upon one grave --- The graves of the departed are often visited by their friends; they like "to sit

"And hold high converse with the mighty dead." Thomson

I know a gentleman (although he is married a second time) who frequently visits the grave of her, who no doubt he loved best in the world --- his wife buried her first husband many years ago --- but she often pays a visit to his tomb --- They accompany each other to the Cemetery, where they separate --- The English cemetery is very near --- There are however many English people buried in the French cemetery --- The Jewish burial ground contains a few monuments, the inscriptions upon which are in *Gehun*.

Maquetra is a nice neighborhood, but too *retired* for my taste --- Mr. and Mrs. James, with an only daughter, reside near us. --- in the house opposite us was an Irish gentleman of the name *Porter*. His family consisted of his wife, her two sisters, and five daughters and one son --- The two sisters were very peculiar looking --- Sheridan would indeed have said "Oh! To be sure! She has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe." They are indeed very kind, I understand to the poor and frequently distributing *tarts* and Bibles to the soldiers stationed in the town. Mr. Porter, I believe was an agent of a Bible Society --- A Mr. *Satherly* was also a neighbor of ours --- A

fashionable young couple of the name of Lawson were also our neighbors. Mr. Lawson was excessively kind to Mr. Courtney, an elderly gentleman who formerly lived in London --- Mr. Courtney I believe had been a barrister & had squandered a fortune of 70,000 pounds in gambling --- Not content with wasting his own fortune he most recklessly lost his Sister's --- It is strange to see that he should find so many friends --- but many took an interest in him, being I suppose agreeable company --- He was supported for a length of time by a German gentleman, a Baron Von *Heug*, but upon the Baron leaving Boulogne, he found a patron in the person of Mr. Lawson, with whom he resided a year.

August 13th This day, the fair commenced. It continues a fortnight --- there will be another fair in November which will I believe also last a fortnight. The building in which the fair is held is constructed near the High Town walls on the "Place de la Foire" --- The booths are most tastefully arranged with jewellery, china, ribbons, () work in great variety, toys of all kinds, confectionery in abundance --- Here you see the celebrated Arras gingerbread, "les colues d'Arras". --- There is a perfumery & fruit stall kept by a Turk, a venerable looking man with a long grey beard and piercing brown eyes --- --- a tea shop, where you may see a Chinese with his long cue --- making up his packages of "real" Bohea, Souchong, Iwarchay --- stalls containing shoes, caps, and every article of wearing apparel. There are numerous shows, exhibitions of Wax work, etc. --- also several large whirligigs --- The horses of these whirligigs are frequently mounted by the soldiers from the Boulogne camps --- and they looked as they said like "La cavalry Russe".

When the fair was ended, the building was converted into an hospital for sick soldiers.

August 31st This evening the Emperor was expected from Paris, so we went down to the Caprice station, to witness his arrival---From the station to the Hotel Brighton was crowded with spectators---numerous gendarmes (or horse police) were riding about to keep the road clear of vehicles. --- It was quite dusk when the firing of cannon announced his Majesty's arrival---several officers accompanied him --- His Majesty raised his hat very politely as he passed, but it was so dusk that although I was quite close to the carriage, I was unable to distinguish him --- he was followed by the Cent garde --- These are the Emperor's body guard and are on duty at Paris or wherever his Majesty resides. ---The "Old Imperial Guard" also accompanied the Emperor, also the Band of the Guides, which is considered the finest band in France --- The Cent gardes are very fine-looking, very tall---six feet, three or four inches, none under six feet --- Their dress is very handsome, consisting of tunics of sky blue cloth lined & trimmed with crimson, pantaloons of crimson cloth, the epaulettes are crimson and gold--- plated cuirasses-- plated helmets with a crimson plume & a sabre which is attached to the waist by a crimson belt and cord --- The Imperial guard is newly formed --- In the days of the Empire, this regiment existed, but upon the fall of Napoleon, it was disbanded --- It is a fine regiment --- The dress is dark blue with scarlet *facings* and bear skin caps --- The officers in their full dress wear cocked hats. The Band of the Guides wear scarlet jackets, with yellow facings and green pantaloons --- The band consists I believe of sixty musicians.

September 1st "September hath his name , as being the seventh month from March; he is drawn with a merry cheerful countenance, in a purple robe."

I understand that the Emperor visited the camps this morning, accompanied by the young King of Portugal. I have not seen them today.

September 2nd The Emperor went this morning to Calais, to meet the King of the Belgians and his son the Duc de Brabant.

September 3rd Sunday. The King of the Belgians, & the Duc de Brabant left Boulogne this evening at six. At five o'clock the old Imperial guard arrived and were stationed on the port --- shortly before six o'clock, the Band of the Guides, announced the arrival of the Royal Personages --- the Cent gardes immediately made their appearance and then the carriage containing the Emperor and his august visitors. The Emperor looked extremely well. He was attired in a dark green uniform, with cocked hat trimmed with gold lace. --- the King of the Belgians is a very handsome man, and I should think was particularly so in his younger days --- he wore a uniform of dark blue and cocked hat --- the Duc de Brabant is very tall & good looking, but very pale --- he wore a dark blue uniform with a grenadier hat --- my Brother told me that he wore a new pair of Boots, which wanted blacking. The King and his son went on board (I believe the Black Eagle) and the Emperor returned to the Brighton Hotel.

September 5th Prince Albert came today. About eleven o'clock the regiments from the Camps d'Houvault & d'Equichen were drawn up from the port to the Brighton Hotel --- The Imperial garde was stationed

at the landing place --- The port was crowded with people --- the balconies and windows were thronged with spectators --- we were very fortunate in obtaining good places, just being behind a battalion of chasseurs --- The chasseurs are most of them little men, so they did not in the least interfere with us. When the firing of the cannon announced that the "Victoria and Albert" was in sight, the Emperor, accompanied by a large party of Officers, etc. preceded by the Cent guard arrived on the Port. Prince Albert was accompanied by Lord Gardinge, Lord Egmont, and several other noblemen --- His Royal Highness wore a scarlet uniform, cocked hat and white plume --- his attendants were also in uniform --- The Band of the Guides played the National Anthem of England, the Prince entered the carriage of the Emperor, and amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude, drove to the Brighton Hotel. The gentlemen who accompanied the Emperor and the Prince, followed in handsome carriages. The regiments then returned to their camps --- The regiments of the Line wear dark blue tunics, scarlet pantaloons, a hat similar to "Prince Albert's *Own*", but prettier, and gilt epaulettes; The Light Infantry wear a similar dress, but the epaulettes are silver; the Chasseurs wear black tunics, dark blue pantaloons, silver epaulettes, hats similar to the above, with black eagle plumes. --- This evening the city was illuminated and a grand display of fireworks took place.

September 6th We went this afternoon on the Route de Calais, to see the Emperor and the Prince return from the camp d'Houvault

We met with Madame du Bosq, [[and the]] *Colonel* --- his wife and daughter --- we stationed ourselves upon an embankment, but we had not remained long there, when we perceived the Emperor and his Royal visitor on horseback --- they waved to us, most politely taking their hats off --- we all waved in our politest manner, Madame du Bosq making the most charming little courtesy [[curtsey]] I ever saw --- this lady is Swiss and has resided three years in London --- she can speak English very well but not without the foreign accent --- she is very agreeable and fascinating in her manners. Her house is a very nice one --- not far from ours --- Monsieur du Bosq spends most of his time in London, having, I believe, some business.

September 7th. My father and I went on the port this afternoon ---

The Emperor and Prince Albert had just visited the "Victoria & Albert" yacht.

This boat is very elegant, and the interior is very handsome --- the sofas, etc.

are covered with green velvet --- the doors are of maple --- the toilet *services*

are white, with the crown, & initials V.A. in gold. --- her Majesty's

bedroom is very tastefully decorated --- as is also the dressing room of

the Prince. We went into the kitchen where was a huge piece of Beef

roasting, before a very large fire --- We were shown the dinner and dessert

services used by the Queen --- they were extremely pretty and elegant, but

I have seen some which suit my taste better --- The boat was crowded

with people --- I am glad that I had the opportunity of seeing it.

There was a grand Ball this evening at the *Tuililleries* [[Tuileries]] --- We went, &

spent the time very agreeably. --- There were several military bands in the gardens.

September 8th. At an early hour this morning, the Emperor, Prince Albert & suite, left Boulogne for Marguise, a small town, about nine miles distant --- There was a grand review of the regiments stationed near Boulogne and St. Guier consisting I believe of upwards of ninety thousand men. --- Not being able to ascertain the exact time of the review, we, like a many other people, arrived too late --- The review was just ended. The cannon which we had heard for miles, had ceased --- We therefore seated ourselves under a shady hedge near the road side and partook of our refreshments --- having somewhat rested ourselves, we began to think of returning home --- no sooner, however, had we quitted the field than we perceived advancing numerous out-siders, etc. --- then came the Emperor's carriage, containing himself and Prince Albert --- as they passed us, they most politely raised their hats, so of course we waved in return --- following them were several carriages, containing the Royal suite --- a party of English and French officers, in the most brilliant uniforms passed us on horseback --- aide-de-camps in their gay dress and gay plumes --- red, white, yellow, & blue. --- the fine company of the Cent gardes --- the Band of the Guides on their nice white horses; the Emperor's horse, most richly caparisoned was led by a groom --- Prince Albert's horse, also led by a groom --- the Emperor's attendants, etc. followed in carriages and on horseback --- numerous carriages of all descriptions, (there must have been hundreds), concluded this brilliant cortege. I never witnessed such a succession of carriages --- I have been at the Lancaster races, but it fell short of the procession from Marquise to Boulogne. Although we missed the Review, which was no doubt very grand, we returned

home, much pleased with the day's proceedings. Prince Albert left Boulogne this evening about eleven --- My father and sister went down on the port --- the sailors of the Royal yacht commenced singing comic songs for the amusement of the by-standers --- and from what I heard, succeeded in doing so. The port I believe was illuminated & the boat lit up with wax-candles --- The Emperor's arrival was announced by torch bearers on horseback --- The Emperor accompanied the Prince on board --- each of the sailors held blue lights at the edge of the vessel & at the same time, a most splendid display of fireworks took place from the boat. The Emperor returned from the vessel & entered his carriage --- he was immensely cheered. --- The people rushed to the head of the Pier to give a parting cheer to the Prince --- When the yacht had left the port --- another grand pyrotechnic display gave the parting adieu to France.

Sept 9th. After so much excitement and gaiety, we felt very dull today --- The Emperor I believe visited the camps as usual --- He takes great interest in the army & seems to spend much of his time with it.

September 10th The Emperor is still at the Hotel Brighton. --- we met him this morning in the Haute Ville --- he was "en civile" & driving a carriage & pair --- a gentleman also "en bourgeois" was seated beside him --- a footman in green livery was seated behind.

September 23rd This morning the bands of all the regiments were met by the Mayor, consul etc. of Boulogne at the Falaise --- they were conducted to the Tuilleries [[Tuileries]], where a glass of wine was given to each of the performers. At eleven, the grand concert commenced & did not terminate until six

In the evening. They each played in their turn, they afterwards played together "God Save the Queen", & the National air of France composed by Queen Hortense, "Partant pour la Syrie". [[National hymn of the Second Empire 1852-1870; words by A de Laborde and music by Queen Hortense.]] There were many people in the gardens --- we enjoyed ourselves very much.

September 24th We went this afternoon to a concert at The Establishment des Bands --- The Band of the Guides played --- they are certainly first rate musicians --- they play three times a week at The Establishment.

September 25th About five o'clock this afternoon we went down to the Railway Station as the Emperor was expected. --- From the Station to the Brighton Hotel, was lined with troops --- regiments of the Line. A cavalry regiment, the Emperor's body guard, which had previously arrived from Paris, was stationed, as well as the Band of the Guides, at the entrance of the Station. --- The gendarmerie was there in full force --- The Colonels of different regiments were trotting about on their fat horses, giving orders, etc. After doing our best to secure good places, we were surprised to see advancing towards us, a fat Colonel, who desired us to leave our places. --- we immediately did so --- after wandering some time, we found ourselves placed in good situations, & by the side of our party, was a fine looking Scottish Baronet, Sir Wyndham *Austenther* & a party of ladies. --- Sir Wyndham was very cross, having been driven from one place to another without the least ceremony. --- we however congratulated each other for being so fortunate as to obtain the places we did --- no sooner had we done so, than

I heard the words, "Why there's that fellow" pronounced (not in the gentlest tone in the world) by Sir Wyndham, and upon turning my head, saw to my astonishment and dismay the Colonel close behind us --- after running about thither and thither, we decided upon going to the Hotel, or as near as we possibly could. --- We were very fortunate in procuring places immediately behind a regiment of the Line --- some officers were very polite & desired the soldiers to make room for us; *poor* Sir Wyndham, how we laughed, when we saw him coming hurriedly up --- I do not know what because of the ladies, but I think it was quite a chance if they were able to see anything --- At last, the booming of the cannon, announced the arrival of the Royal train --- The Emperor met her Majesty at the Station --- it was not long before she made her appearance, seated in a carriage with a lady beside her---

Long, long may she on earth an Empress reign

Ere she in heaven a glorious angel *stands*.

The Emperor was on horseback, and rode by the side of her Majesty; The Empress is extremely pretty, and waved very gracefully to all around --- she wore a fancy bonnet trimmed with *every* colour & had a white parasol. ---The Princess Mathilde accompanied her Majesty --- she is *not nice* looking but has a profusion of dark hair---

September 26th As we were going by the Place de la Foire, we met the Emperor and Empress in a carriage and four --- they were going to the camp d'Houvault.

The Emperor was in plain dress, her Majesty wore a rich Violet

coloured silk dress, flounced --- each flounce trimmed with white silk fringe [and] a white lace mantle --- lemon coloured drawn bonnet, & a white parasol. --- she looked exceedingly pretty and elegant --- their Majesties waved to us most graciously.

September 27th There was a review and sham fight at Devres [[Desvres]], sixteen miles from Boulogne --- we did not go, nor did we see their Imperial Majesties --- They returned to Boulogne by the route de Paris. My Father and brother went.

September 28th We went to the last concert given by the Band des Guides at the Establishment des Bands --- At these concerts were assembled all the fashion and gaiety that Boulogne contained --- There were the four daughters of an English Colonel, attired in gay silk dresses & white silk boots, laughing and chatting with the officers of the Imperial guard --- two pretty girls with dark wavy hair --- one of them had evidently fascinated a Lieutenant of the Imperial Guard, but no sooner had he quitted Boulogne than she was frequently to be seen with "Jonathan" a Lieutenant belonging to the *Train* --- there was a gay young lady attired in a sky blue silk dress, profusely trimmed with black velvet, fancy mantle, and a bonnet of crepe --- sometimes white, sometimes pink --- for she had such a variety. --- There was a pretty girl in a lemon colored bonnet --- and a host of pretty creatures --- too numerous to mention now but which I shall name some day or another if I have the time.

September 30th We did not see the Grand Review which took place this morning at the Column --- we however wished to see the Royal cortege as it returned.

We stationed ourselves on the Caprice bridge --- presently we saw the Emperor and Empress coming on the port followed by a numerous escort --- Their Majesties' horsemen soon arrived at Caprice. --- The Emperor was attired in dark green and wore a cocked hat --- the Empress wore a very handsome riding dress of dark green, & a black hat with feathers --- They both look extremely well on horseback. Numerous officers both French and English followed also on horseback, the former were attired in very handsome court dress, claret, blue, green, etc. --- and the latter in the usual military uniform. There were the Imperial Garde --- the Cent-gardes, the Emperor's body guard, & the Band of the Guides --- four regiments of the Line concluded the procession --- they were returning to the camp d'Equichen. This afternoon, news arrived from Paris that Sebastopol was taken --- The Major ordered the town to be illuminated as much as it possibly could be in such a short time. The Grande Rue was very nicely illuminated ---The Band of National Guard played on the port. The rumour of Sebastopol being taken was premature --- no such event had happened.

October 1st "October is drawn in a garment of yellow and carnation; upon his head, a garland of oak leaves, in his right hand the sign [of] Scorpio, in his left a basket of servises ". (Peacham) ---

[[In a garment of yellow and carnation, upon his head a garland of oake leaves, with the acornes; in his right hand the sign of Scorpio; in his left a basket of servises, medlers, and chestnuts, and other fruits, that ripen at the later time of the year; his robe is of the colour of the leaves and flowers decaying. This moneth was called *Domitianus* in the time of Domitian by his edict and commandment; but after his death, by the decree of the Senate, it took the name of October, every one hating the name and memory of so detestable a tyrant. ~Henry Peacham (1576–1644), *Gentleman's Exercise*]]

The Imperial gardes left Boulogne for Paris this morning early --- I understand that they would walk nearly the whole of the way. --- The Band of the Guides also took their departure, to the regret of the inhabitants who had been much gratified by their musical performances.

At 12 o'clock, their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, took their departure --- we went to the station --- we had capital places, for no sooner had their Majesties entered the royal carriage, than a railway officer allowed

us to go on to the platform --- we thus found ourselves vis-à-vis to their Majesties who waved very graciously to us all --- They were much cheered as they left the Station. I was very sorry that they were gone, for we were going to be dull. This afternoon the annual procession of Blessing the Sea took place. The legend is, "The people were assembled, at prayer, in a chapel of the Upper Town, which at that period was a wild place covered with brushwood and sea-weeds; --- while the faithful were thus employed in their devotions, the Blessed Virgin, visibly appeared to them, and with that mixture of majesty and sweetness, inseparable from her person, she informed them that a vessel was in the *roads*, bearing her Image, which she wished to see placed, where they were there assembled --- she proceeded to point out to them a spot, where in digging, they would find materials, to build a Church more fit for her worship than the humble Chapel they there attended. --- The people immediately () [[went]] in great surprise to the port. The sea was calm and a brilliant light beamed round the vessel, as it approached the shore. They boarded it with that fervor which such a scene must have inspired, and found in it a wooden Image of the Holy Virgin, three feet and a half high, bearing the infant Jesus on her left arm --- (Tradition states that *four* other relics were found in the miraculous vessel, one of our Saviour, another of the Virgin, with a manuscript Bible; it is even asserted that the Relic case was worked by St. *Sly*, Bishop of *Gogoin*)" This image has met with several adventures, it was carried over to England under Henry 8th but restored to France with the Town of Boulogne --- After that it was thrown into a well at the Chateau

d'Houvault, but was discovered and returned to the town. --- This image is in the church of St. Joseph --- the Virgin is represented in a boat and surrounded with waves and silver fishes, holding in her right hand a gold heart, a Royal offering and the Infant Jesus borne on her left arm also holds one of smaller dimensions. The priests headed the procession which was formed about 2 o'clock --- the head priest walked a little way into the sea, and read the benediction over the waves. Scores of chorister boys followed, chanting --- a regimental Band accompanying them. There were several hundred people on the sands. --- The procession upon their return paid a visit to the Fisherman's cross --- (when a vessel leaves the port, each sailor makes the sign of the cross upon his forehead, and implores the protection of the Virgin; the fisherwomen also frequently visit this cross in the absence of their husbands and brothers, and pray for their safe return.) The fisherman's church, dedicated to St. Peter is near here --- It contains a curious font (for holy water) made entirely of shells --- it is exceedingly pretty. --- from the roof is suspended models of vessels. --- There is also a wax figure representing our Saviour lying dead in the tomb --- a large sheet covers the body; the head which is exposed, rests upon a pillow, covered with fine linen & trimmed with lace --- the whole is contained in a glass case. After the procession had visited the Fisherman's cross, they walked through the principal streets of Boulogne.

October 9th This afternoon we walked as far as the village of Gutreau, a pretty little place, about a mile & a half from Boulogne --- by the road we passed a comfortable house, occupied by *General* Count Schroun, &

his wife. The general, I believe, is a very old gentleman, and served under the great Napoleon. --- he and the Countess, frequently give dinners to their friends after which they amuse themselves with a game of Whist. --- The church at Gutreau is very pretty --- in the churchyard are some nice trees --- it is one of the most *sequestered* churchyards I have ever seen --- Gutreau is famous for its ducasses --- they take place in a small field, at the entrance of the village --- there is a large tent for refreshments. --- On a Sunday, the charge for admission is half, --- a franc for gentlemen and six sous for ladies. --- There is also a ducasse on the Mondays for which 1 franc per ticket is demanded --- Many English attend but they do not dance much --- I once went with my Father to call upon a French gentleman who resided at Gutreau --- he spends much of his time in his garden, which is most tastefully laid out. I was much pleased with my visit.

October 14th I walked with my father to Porbelle, a village on the sea-coast. --- The fisherwomen here are said to be very handsome & very rich --- They wear very large ear-rings, & a profusion of rings upon their fingers. The holiday attire of the fisherwomen is pretty --- they wear petticoats of scarlet cloth --- short, but exceedingly full, white bodices and a small fancy handkerchief over --- white muslin aprons --- white caps, most tastefully made --- a chain to which is suspended a portrait --- (I have seen a chain belonging to a fisherwoman, which had a case, upon one side was her husband's portrait, and upon the other, a portrait of herself) --- ear-rings--- & rings --- The church at Portelle is substantially built,

and there are a few good houses, but generally speaking, the village has a poverty stricken appearance. We returned home by the sea-coast. ---

October 21st We had a walk on the walls of the high town this afternoon.

On the Walls, is the Chateau where the present Emperor was confined, in 18__.

it is now used as Barracks. --- In a house in the rue du Chateau, the author of Gil Blas died. --- There is an inscription over the door. --- In the High Town is the house which the Emperor Napoleon I occupied during his intended attack on England. --- I have also seen the house occupied by Marshal South --- It is now the residence of Mr. Hamilton, the British Consul.

October 28th Went on the sands this afternoon --- when the tide is down you may walk as far as Ambleteuse --- there is a camp here --- In the *sixteenth* century Ambleteuse was a place of considerable importance --- The harbour was protected by a Southern jetty and protected by two forts. --- it had also a custom house. --- There is a small river called the Gauche --- We did not go far on the sands, the tide coming in --- A short distance, from us, we observed a company of Chasseurs practicing at a mark --- *Met* one of the pretty girls with wavy hair & her little brother.

November 1st "November is drawn in a garment of changeable green, and black "upon his head." [[Henry Peacham]] We went today as far as Wimille, a pretty little village on the Calais road. --- In the churchyard is a monument to the unfortunate aeronauts, Rogier and Romaine, who were killed by the bursting of a Balloon at Boulogne, 15th of June 1785. --- On their tomb is an inscription in Latin. On the road side, the particulars of the event are recorded on a marble table.



[[<https://www.bing.com/images/search?q=monument+to+rozier+and+romain&qpv=Monument+to+Rozier+and+Romain&FORM=IGRE>]]

On each side, under a funeral urn, are the following verses:

Ardent ami des arts et de la Verite',
 Au printemps de ses jours, par un noble courage
 Le premier dans les airs il souvrit un passage
 Et perit un chemin de l'immortalite'.

Ces deus mortels, des airs franchissants les barrieres,
 Et planants sur le monde, abaisse' devant eux
 Du throsne le plus glorieux
 Retombants en poussiere
 Montrent de l'homme, au meme [[mesme]] instant
 Et la grandeur et le neant.

[[His text quote varies a little from the actual engraved text which is on website above.]]

St. Wimille is a little café' which is kept by a very agreeable French woman --- from her conversation I thought her superior to the generality of her class. --- In the café were two officers of the Chasseurs, who upon parting, shook hands with the old lady in the most friendly manner --- When they were gone she spoke most highly of them, and said she loved them as if they were her own sons. --- and I really think she did.

November 19th Went to the Museum this afternoon --- there are a few good paintings, several of them were presented by King Louis Philipe [[Philippe]]. There is one of an old man in a storm, with his sheep and dogs ---one painting was presented by Princess Adelaide --- it is the interior of a French cabin --- The present Emperor has also given a painting --- a drove of Pigs upon a common. --- There is "The *Alehyruict*" & etc..

December 1st -----What should we speak of?

When we are old as you? When we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December.

We went today as far as Port de Brique --- we called at Mr. [[Monsieur]] de *Clocheville's*, where Napoleon the grand established his quarters. --- you may see here a cocked hat which his Majesty wore. --- There is a very nice house near here which belongs to a gentleman residing at Boulogne. --- in the summer he returns with his family to Port de Brique. --- Before our return, we met several regiments on their return to the camp d'Equichen --- the soldiers looked very cold --- I could not help noticing the little *canteniers*, [[la cantiniere]] as they trudged along --- they must be strong, healthy women, or they could not walk so briskly.

Dec. 31st. This is the last day of the year 1854. Well!

Adieu to the year! Let it fly.

With the cares that it brought,

With the fears that it wrought,

To the dim mist of ages gone by.

But as memory some trace of its passage must bear,

Let the good that it gave, not the evil, stay here.

I know not how it is, but I always feel sorrowful upon the eve of a new year.

New year's Day. (Le jour de l'an) 1855. "January is clad in white, the colour of the earth at this time, blowing his nails. This month had the name from Janus, painted with two faces, signifying Providence." Peacham.

This day friends congratulate each other --- numerous presents are made. Etrennes is the name for *New year's* gifts. The confectioners' shops are very gaily decorated, particularly one in the Rue Neuve Chaussie where is displayed everything that can please the eye, and gratify the taste --- There are some beautiful things made of chocolate; gooseberries, strawberries, cherries, etc. made in sugar --- eggs with little faces peeping out, tortoises, beetles, flies, etc. also in Sugar. The day being fine, there were many people on the port --- met little *Spectacles* with her little sister and the Captain of the 16th.

January 6th Le jour des Bois. This, I believe is a gay day in Paris. At Boulogne, there was nothing in particular --- The theatre in the Place *Gasain* was *open*.

January 12th The regiments of the camps d' Houvaul, Wimereux and Equichen walked today --- the band of each regiment played in its turn. It was very cold today so we had only a short walk.

January 14th Mary and I walked to the Column.

Jan. 29th We went this afternoon on the walls of the High Town; the view from the ramparts is very pretty --- on one side you have a view of the Place de la Foire --- The Grande Rue, and the house of the sous-prefect [[justice of the peace]] where the Emperor and Empress stayed upon their first visit to Boulogne, in the garden is a *monster* head of Henry III of France --- this being placed in a very conspicuous part of the grounds, presents a most formidable appearance.

On another side of the Walls, you may see the Route de Paris; les Petites Arbres is a delightful promenade --- near here are the Barracks for the *Train* --- also the French and English Cemeteries. --- There are two rows of trees planted on the ramparts, which makes it pleasant in the summer. There were not many persons on the Walls today --- the weather though fine, was extremely cold.

February ---

You have such a February face

So full of frost, of storm, of cloudiness! Shakespeare

[["Why, what's the matter, That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?" Much Ado About Nothing William Shakespeare]]

Feb. 13th Bernard was introduced by Mr. Alfred Hullah to the Commandant *Epauier* of the Artillery and to Mr. Penier military surgeon at St. Louis.

Feb. 14th Bernard went with Mr. Lambert to the Barracks in the Rue de Caserne, which for the present is converted into a military hospital --- Mr. Penier introduced him to Messieurs les docteurs Pegal, Mercier and Le Croix.

Feb. 20th Shrove Tuesday (Mardi Gras). The Carnival procession was postponed in consequence of the severe weather --- There were numerous masks in the Grande Rue this afternoon. Bernard went to Mr. Mercier's to tea --- there were also M. & Madame Le Croix and family.

Feb. 21st Ash Wednesday *Le jour des lentes* Many persons attend the service at the Cathedrals, where the priest makes the sign of the cross in ashes, upon the forehead of each of his congregation --- This afternoon I saw several people thus marked. Lent is kept more rigidly in France & other Roman Catholic countries than it is with us. --- The French Pancakes (Crepes) are () () than we make them --- being thinner and more crisp.

Feb. 24th We went on the port this afternoon --- met Cupid with two very gay ladies --- Cupid is *Hans-Adam* () --- though I really cannot discover why he should be called after the sly little god. --- Cupid however is a very delicate looking young man with light moustache and beard --- blue eyes --- & a pair of the whitest hands imaginable --- rather too effeminate in my humble opinion --- he is I believe very popular --- Extremely gay.

Loves music, company and play.

We met also this afternoon Mr. Finch and his daughter. Mr. Finch is a very gentlemanly, kind man, tall, with florid complexion --- he has lived at Boulogne many years --- in the Rue Royale --- he formerly was a solicitor in London --- he has only one daughter, who seems an agreeable person.

Feb. 28th We have been this afternoon at the Museum --- One can pass several hours very agreeably here --- There is a fine collection of coins-medals of all the principal events in the reign of the Emperor --- There is a medal which was struck at the time of the intended descent upon England --- After spending a considerable part of the afternoon in the picture gallery, we visited the sculpture gallery, where

Heroes in animated marble frown

And legislators seem to think in stone. (Pope) [[Alexander Pope, Temple of Fame, lines 73-74]]

March 1st Know'st thou Fluellen? Yes.
Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon St. David's Day. (Shakespeare)

[[Henry V, Act 4, Scene 1
PISTOL
Do you know Fluellen?

KING HENRY
Yes.

PISTOL
Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

KING HENRY
Yes.

PISTOL
Tell him I'll take the leek out of his hat on
Saint Davy's Day and slap his head with it.]]

The Emperor came by the five o'clock train from Paris --- he proceeded

to the Imperial Hotel which is kept by Monsieur Bourgeois.

March 3rd Saw Mrs. Bird and Miss Russell driving about today. The former is I believe a rich widow; she frequently gives parties, and seems very gay --- I really think she knows most people who reside in Boulogne --- the latter is Mrs. Henry Russell's (the Vocalist) daughter.

4th I went to the Imperial Hotel, with my brother to see the Emperor. I stood in the Hall, when his Majesty came down stairs; he stopped for a few moments to speak to Madame Bourgeois and her daughter. --- After making a very polite wave, in return to the exceedingly low courtesies of the ladies (who by the bye appeared highly delighted with his Majesty's condescension) --- he entered his carriage amidst the cheers of the assembled multitude & proceeded to the railway station en route to Paris. His Majesty wore his usual uniform --- he was attended by Marshal Vaillant & another aide-de-camp whose name I did not hear. As I was passing through the Salle a Manger [[Dining Room]] --- I saw at the further end of the apartment, about twenty of the Cent gardes, seated at Breakfast. I suppose they would take their departure by the next train.

March 5th Saw "Manchester" today --- he is a curious young man this Mr. Drury --- generally wears a cap & sports a cane with silver handle -- it is said he is not quite right in his mind, but I do not think he is very wrong. --- he resides at an hotel here --- his friends I believe *allow him a sufficiency* --- his mother is I understand in very good circumstances, and resides at Manchester. I think every one in Boulogne knows Manchester

for he is a very singular character. He is exceedingly fond of bright colours --- and has a great penchant for *lemon* kid gloves.

March 6th There was a grand dinner given at the Imperial Hotel to the Officers of the Chasseurs.

March 7th The officers of the regiments of the Line dined at the Hotel.

10th We left Maquetra and came to 44 Grande Rue which is pleasantly situated though on the north side --- We had been dull at Maquetra all Winter, therefore I was not sorry to leave it --- Maquetra however very agreeable in summer --- many pic-nic parties passed our house on their way to the Valley du Denaire ---

11th Saw Mrs. () Castain and her husband --- the lady has a singular appearance and is very partial to a small bonnet ---she often wears a jacket, which makes her, as she fancies, look juvenile --- her little dog generally accompanies her --- he chooses which way he will go & the lady follows him as a matter of course. I was one day at the corner of the Grande Rue, where the lady was standing for a moment with her dog --- she spoke to him, and asked him whether he would go on the Rue Royale, but as he said nothing and turned on the rue de l' *Len* [[and]] she followed him. --- The Captain is a good-natured looking man.

14th Went to *Baker's* with my father --- he is a curious looking man --- not very handsome --- His is a bookseller's shop, much frequented by antiquarians, as he has some singular works --- We often meet Mr. *Clansy*, a () old bachelor, who wears a moustache, and a

irregularly cut beard --- in the pointed style --- in the goat [[goatee?]] style --- he is an agreeable man --- we also frequently see Captain de Lynn, --- his father was beheaded at the time of the Revolution --- Madame de Lynn escaped with her children to England where they resided many years. Captain de Lynn is a kind, gentlemanly man --- he has been present at several engagements & has been wounded three times.

March 15th We left the Grande Rue this evening and went to the Rue d' *Lustupol* until our apartments No. 6 Quai de la Douane were ready. This was the day fixed for the procession of the Carnival --- "What the Church *declares* in one day " "She gives us leave to take out in another; first we fast and then we feast; " "first there is a carnival and then a Lent". "Let us haste to the Carnival."

At an early hour the *forum* presented a very animated appearance; men and children were running about with masks in their hands; all were preparing for the procession. Immediately after Breakfast, my sister and I went on the port; we scarcely knew where to go, we were so afraid of missing any of the gay sights. There were many people congregated on the port; the members of the Societe' de Bienfaisance wearing brilliant blue scarfs, and a white badge on their arm were hurrying from one place to another. --- After staying a short time, we returned to the Grande Rue, and seating ourselves at the window amused ourselves in watching the passers by. About noon, the tones of a military band informed us that the procession had formed. --- it advanced slowly.

Have ye a leisure moment's time

To hear what's coming?

Well! Then! At the head of the procession walked men, carrying banners

conspicuous was the tri-coloured flag of France --- There a military Band, playing the celebrated air composed by Queen Hortense "Partant pour la Syrie"; the musicians were arrayed in fancy dress of all colours. A large party consisting of about thirty men dressed as Turks; their turbans were very gay --- There came a carriage very gaily decorated, drawn by four horses, richly cassauoned* --- the occupants (about twenty) wore masks, representing Birds, fishes, monkeys, cats etc. --- There were a party of horsemen, attired in the most fantastic costumes --- about thirty in number --- some in Spanish, Italian, and Greek dress. *Gue* reminded me of Paul Pry: he wore a yellow tunic made very long, *toss* boots, a very large shirt frill, and enormous ruffles at the hands; under his arm he carried an umbrella of extraordinary size rather the worse for wear; he wore a spy glass as large as a Battledore he used it constantly to the great amusement of those near him; he occasionally pretended to recognize a friend at the same time making him a profound salutation --- He really was very amusing. --- This gentleman so disguised was I believe a Captain in an Artillery Regiment stationed here. There was also a young officer of the 16th Regiment who wore a *frock* dress, which suited him admirably --- he is of the Jewish persuasion.

"His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue

Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue"

Then followed a large party of Arabs; these looked very nice in their white robes and turbans --- A band of music, the musicians fancifully dressed and wearing plumes in their hats, "red, white and blue" --- then

*Horses richly decorated

a carriage similar to the first, containing a party of ladies; then a carriage drawn by Bullocks with their hooves gilded; then followed a company of the *Pen* manufacturers, in blue dress --- their hats decorated with ribbons; the women were in blue and had neat white caps, --- There were also the *Blauchisseres* in their dark cloaks and white caps. The company of the Bakers, then another Band of Music --- There was also an enormous Boat, drawn by four horses --- this contained about forty sailors, all jolly looking men, as sailors generally are --- The *Alehyruict* followed in a grand carriage drawn by a pair of horses --- This person (who was an actor at the theatre) was very gaily dressed --- he wore a crimson velvet tunic embroidered with gold lace; a long black wig hung over his shoulders; he had a handsome lace frill with ruffles to match; his hands which were dazzling white, any lady might be proud of them, were decorated with rings; he appeared in the act of making up his prescriptions which he dispersed amongst the crowd --- beside him was a small table upon which was placed a vase of scented water in which he frequently dipped his fingers. --- There was a party of Huntsmen in their scarlet coats and black velvet caps --- The Grand *Leijeun* was represented by an officer of the 15th Chasseurs --- he was seated a` la Terre upon a crimson velvet cushion, smoking his Hookah, which appeared to be about two yards in length --- he was borne on the shoulders of four men dressed like Turks --- numerous carriages, horsemen, bands of music, etc. followed. The procession was a long one

reaching from the top of the Grand Rue to the bottom. --- it paraded the principal streets until five o'clock. There were thousands of persons each dressed in his holiday costume --- The countrywomen wore their neat black cloaks, and white caps; the fisherwomen their gay and scarlet petticoats, white aprons, white sleeves, fancy coloured handkerchiefs and white caps --- most of them wearing *volumous* ear-rings, chains on their necks to which are attached crosses, portraits, etc. and a profusion of rings upon their fingers; there were the priests in their somber attire, black robe, a three cornered hat, & *lauds*; some of them have black velvet *lauds*, embroidered with white beads; all wear shoes and buckles; there were officers, civil and military. The gay dress of the latter are ever conspicuous; There were numerous members of the "Grey sisterhood" --- These women are dressed in grey flausch --- the hood is also of flausch --- by their side is attached a chatelaine. --- Then there were the Sisters of Charity --- these have black dress very neatly made; large white collars and cuffs of linen --- white hoods of singular form; and the cross around the neck, though I have seen it suspended from their girdle --- I might truly say of the Sister of Charity

"The muttering prayers as holy rites she meant

Through the divided crowd unquestioned went"

I must not omit to state that when the procession was parading the streets there were numerous masks who held large Cornucopias to the windows to receive contributions --- The Cornucopias were so long that they

reached to the highest window --- A large sum of money was realized for the poor of the town and the Crimean fund. --- I do not know what took place this evening, but I believe that with the procession, the gaieties ceased.

March 14th St. Patrick's Day --- We went on the pier this afternoon --- met the two Miss Blands with Count d'Gulius' son --- we also met the four Miss Bathursts --- they are fine handsome looking women, or more properly speaking, have been --- the youngest however is not quite out of date.

19th We came to No. 6 Quai de la Douane --- this house is pleasantly situated.

21st The 8th regiment of chasseurs a` pied passed on the port enroute to Paris --- saw Mr. Hamilton the consul today --- Captain Hamilton, his son, is the vice-consul --- the latter is an exceedingly *stout* gentleman and often rides a white pony. We also met Madame Grandiere and her daughter.

25th The band of the *Train* regiment played for the Colonel this morning, previous to their departure for Paris --- the Colonel and his wife occupy the house next to ours --- They seem agreeable people.

27th Met the Honorable Arthur Chichester --- he was one of the pages for the Queen on her marriage --- and is brother to Lord *Templeuole*--- he is a handsome looking young man, but is evidently suffering from ill health.

31st My sister and I went towards the Railway station this afternoon--- we afterwards went on the sands, where we found it agreeable, though the wind was rather cold. --- I am fond of walking on the sands.

April 1st "April is represented by a young man in green, with a garland "of myrtle and hawthorn buds; in one hand primroses and violets,

in the other the sign Taurus" [[Peacham, On Drawing]] --- My sister and I had a delightful walk on the sands this afternoon.

April 5th It is my mother's birthday today.

April 6th Good Friday. There was High Mass in the Cathedrals of Notre Dame and St. Nicholas --- We saw Madame *Presille* and her daughters today.

7th We visited the Museum today --- It contains many curious articles, amongst them a lock of Napoleon's hair, and a large gold cup which belonged to him --- a piece of *Russian* bread --- An Eagle modeled in clay; a sabre, epaulets and cocked hat also in clay --- This was made by a sergeant belonging to the 13th Regt. of the Line and is really very nicely executed.

8th Easter Sunday. We went on the Falaise --- on our return we met Madame le Cordier and her two daughters --- the youngest is a pretty girl with rather light hair and blue eyes ---

21st. The Emperor and Empress arrived from England --- my sister and I being very unwell were unable to see them --- Cannon was fired and the port was crowded with persons. Their Majesties went to the Imperial [[Hotel]].

April 22nd Their Majesties passed our house this morning at eleven o'clock in a carriage and four en route to Paris.

April 30th We had a very delightful walk to the Column --- we heard the cuckoos --- An old Norfolk ballad says

In April the cuckoo shows his bill

In May he sing[s] night and day,

In June he changes his tune

In July away he fly

In August away he must.

May 1st We had a very short walk today --- the weather was fine.

Mark how the Lark and Lennet sing;

With rival notes,

They strain their warbling throats

To welcome in the Spring. Dryden

[[from An Ode, On the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell by John Dryden]]

4th We have been on the Caprice Pier this afternoon.

10th This afternoon, we walked towards the Column --- I do not know the name of the Lane, but I call it the Green Lane --- This afternoon was delightful.

“Through the verdant image

Of sweet-briar hedges; we pursued our walk.”

12th We were introduced to Captain Geoffrey, a handsome looking man with dark hair and moustache --- Madame Geoffrey is at *Laine*.

20th “Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring” Pope

[[Spring -- the First Pastoral, by Alexander Pope]]

We went this afternoon to the Column [[of the Grand Army]]. The foundation stone was laid by le Marshal South, the Commander in Chief in 1804, and finished in 1824.

It is constructed of Marquis marble. The Capital formed of Acanthus and Palm leaves, is surrounded by a figure of Napoleon le Grand.

We went to the top of the Column; besides our party were two chasseurs, one of whom served as guide, and carried a hawthorn. The view from the top is very extensive; on a fine clear day (unhappily for us, there was a slight mist) the coast of England can be seen very distinctly

particularly the Shakespeare cliff at Dover --- The following is the inscription upon the Column --- Cette Column

Votir par l'armee re'unie a' Boulogne
D'oïn elle *meurcait l'Angleterre*
A e'te commence'e en 1804;
Devenue un Monument de Paix
Par la Restauration du Houe des Bourbons,
Elle a ete achieve'e
Sous le auspices de S. H. Louis XVIII
Et *cousaire'e* au Souvenir, toujours *chen* aux Francais,
De son honeur *restour* dans les Etats en 1814

May 21st We went [[for]] a walk on the banks of the Laine --- We heard the lark sing, and saw her mount up to the skies, until she was lost from our sight --- The fields were covered with Buttercups and daisies --- The afternoon was delightful --- everything --- all nature seemed serene and calm.

27th Whit-Sunday. There was High Mass in the Cathedrals. The day being fine, the port and pier were crowded with persons --- many of whom were very gay, Mrs. Pollard and her daughters particularly so --- saw a lady with four sweet little children --- the three oldest were dressed alike, in blue silk frocks, with blue velvet mantles, & blue cashmere boots --- they wore white bonnets.

June 10th This was the day of the procession of the Fete de Dum --- There

was a temporary chapel erected in front of our house; there were also chapels erected in the Rue Neuve Chaussee and the top of the Grande Rue. --- these chapels were gaily decorated with flowers and evergreens --- in each were altars upon which were candlesticks with long wax candles. --- vases of beautiful flowers, crucifixes, etc. --- The floors of the Temples were covered with carpet --- and chairs covered with crimson velvet were placed on each side of the altar. About ten o'clock we saw the procession coming over the Caprice bridge --- it consisted of all the schools (both public and private) in Boulogne. The priests attired in very gay robes, walked the first, each had a book & repeating some prayers --- two young girls followed --- they wore handsome white dress with dark blue ribbons placed across the shoulder & hanging to the bottom of the dress --- garlands of white roses on their heads, these girls carried a very large blue silk banner --- the banner I suppose of their order --- on each side of them were fifteen or sixteen girls similarly dressed. --- these had handsomely bound books in their hands and were chanting part of the service --- soldiers of the garrison walked on each side --- then came Priests in splendid embroidered robes --- four supported a Canopy, covered with crimson velvet --- under this Canopy, the Bishop of *Arias* walked --- his reverence wore a very handsome robe, with yellow silk train, which was borne by a priest --- there were the choristers with their white surpluses and scarlet petticoats --- bands of music --- schools similar to the one I have described --- the girls dressed in white, different coloured scarfs and wreaths of flowers --- then came

a lady in white, carrying a banner which was supported by two girls
also in white---on each side there

“Walked pretty dimpled girls like Smiling Cupids”.

These little creatures were dressed in white frocks, and light blue sashes,
garlands of flowers upon their heads --- in their hands they carried
baskets, full of rose leaves, mixed with spices --- these they strewed
as they walked --- in my opinion this was the prettiest part of the
procession --- Then came a young female in white, bearing upon
a white cushion the Silver boat --- then other young girls carrying
crucifixes, wands etc. Then the figure of the Virgin was carried by
two girls most elegantly attired in white dresses and lace veils thrown
over them --- I saw in the procession the handsome young priest,
the Lady-killer as he was called. All the ladies admire him.

“Full sweetly herde confession

And pleasant was his absolution

He was an easy man to give penance.” Chaucer

[[The Friar’s Prologue, lines 221-223]]

The fisherwomen in their brilliant scarlet petticoats, carrying Bouquets of
Flowers, were also in the procession which was the longest and gayest, I have ever
seen here. When the Bishop approached the chapel, the procession ended --- he
entered it attended by a few priests --- all knelt except the priests --- The
soldiers on one knee --- When the Host was elevated, cannon was fired
from the heights of Caprice. The guns were also fired from the Vessels in
Port --- The soldiers presented arms. --- When prayers were over, the Bishop

rejoined the procession, which went on the Rue de l'Ein and up the Grande Rue.

In the afternoon, a small procession, consisting of the fishermen and fisherwomen went to the Fishermen's church. --- The front of the houses was covered with white *Calico* during the time of the procession. --- It had a very singular effect.

I am glad I had such a good opportunity of witnessing this procession.

17th The procession of last Sunday passed through the High Town on their way to St. Martin's church --- about a mile from Boulogne.

18th We left No. 6 Quai de la Douane for 56 Rue de Boston, our time having expired. --- This evening was exceedingly wet ---



<https://www.bing.com/images/search?view=detailV2&ccid=nlg9kvwa&id=7AFD403148A64B84AA0D634C6F4369F7D906D515&thid=OIP.nlg9kvwadvhRJHePhAvc4QHaFD&mediaurl=http%3a%2f%2fimg.oldthi ng.net%2f7580%2f21121893%2f0%2fn%2f6358618%2fAK-Boulogne-sur-Mer-la-Rue-de- Boston.jpg&exph=405&expw=593&q=rue+de+boston+boulogne+sur+mer&simid=607997711589574051 &selectedIndex=0>

24th Midsummer day. The Band of the 2nd Lancers, played on the port ---

it being a very superior band, and the afternoon being fine, attracted many persons to the port. The Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers was there; he is a fine handsome looking man of about sixty years of age. --- he has only one arm, having lost the left at the battle of Leipsic [[Leipzig] in 1812. He is staying at the Hotel Brighton --- Little Miss Johnson, and the "conquering hero", a Captain of the 66th regiment were there laughing and chatting together. --- The five "melancholy girls" were there.

27th We walked as far as the Valley de Denacre --- Monsieur *LaHeux* has a very nice house here --- His son and daughter are at school at Boulogne --- on our return, we met the two Misses Jones; their father is a gay clergyman residing here.

28th The Band of the 2nd Lancers played on the port --- Saw the two Misses Smith and their little brother riding on horseback on the sands. They

were accompanied by some officers of the Lancers --- Mrs. Pollard & her three daughters, Miss Pollard, Georgina and Ada were at the Music, as gay as possible --- Madame *Plisien*, and her tall English-looking daughter --- The "green girls with their constant friends --- one a gentleman with one arm; the two pretty Miss Clarks and numerous other people. --- I went this evening to the fisherman's cross --- There is a beautiful view from here.

July 1st "July I would have drawn in a jacket of light yellow, eating cherries, with his face and bosom Sunburnt."

July 2nd A short walk this evening, on the Falaise --- I had a beautiful bouquet of Wildflowers most tastefully arranged --- The prettiest bouquet I have ever seen.

6th We went towards the Column --- met the Misses Bland & Count *d'Herlier*.

8th Met Captain and Madame Geoffrey on the port.

15th St. Swithin's day. We went up on the pier this evening --- it was crowded the weather being so fine --- We however procured seats. There were some musicians of a very inferior kind --- also some Ballad Singers which remind one of Shakespeare's couplet

"I'd rather be a kitten and cry 'mew'

Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

[[Henry IV, Part 1, lines 124-125]]

18th We left the Rue Boston and came to 10 Quai de la Victoire

22nd The Band of the 16th regiment played on the port

26th Went on Caprice Pier this afternoon --- The weather was delightful

29th We walked with my father to the camp d' Equichen --- it is I am

told very cold here in Winter --- walking is placed outside of the Barracks. --- I do not admire the situation of the Camp d'Equichen --- Houvault and Wimereau are in my opinion much prettier. On our return, we met many people going to the ducasse at Gutreau. Walked on Caprice Pier this evening.

30th We went to a ball at the Tuileries. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated with lamps of all colours. --- There were many people --- The Bands of the National Guard and the 83rd regiment were there.

July 31st This was a pleasant evening --- we had a walk up the Caprice Pier.

August 1st "August is named from Augustus Caesar"

3rd A walk up the Pier --- I saw the Marshall and Madame *Flourissant*.

5th Went with my father to the camp Houvault --- There was a dance, but the English did not join, it being Sunday.

11th This was the time of the Summer fair which continues a fortnight; I went this morning to St. Martin's church --- The interior is pretty, the altar and chairs are in old oak the gift of Monsieur Edouard Lakeux.

12th Walked up the pier this evening.

13th The regiments from the camp d'Equichen walked today.

15th The fete of Napoleon le Grande. Cannon was fired at an early hour this morning. --- There was a grand procession. I went to look at the amusements upon the Laine --- they consisted of Boat racing, diving for Ducks, climbing up greasy poles, etc. --- We went in the evening to the Ball at the Tuileries.

18th The Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal came to

Boulogne, presented a very gay and animated appearance --- From the Custom House to the Railway Station was crowded with persons, all anxious to have a view of the Royal family of England --- Troops were drawn up on either side the road from the landing place to the station. The hotels de Folkestone, Albion, Paris, & Mr. Bernard's office were made as gay as flags, flowers and evergreens could make them. Between the landing place and the Station, numerous arches composed of flowers and evergreens --- flags displayed from every window. --- The vessels in harbour manned their yards --- gay flags appeared on every side. I went this morning to look at the royal carriages, which had arrived from Paris --- these were at the Hotel du Nord. --- They were very handsome --- claret-coloured, beautifully decorated --- and lined with rich white Satin --- The harness was very handsome and mounted with silver --- About eleven o'clock we accompanied a friend of ours to the Custom House --- (my father had gone to the Caprice side, thinking he could see better --- my brother went with Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, also to the Caprice Side), who kindly obtained permission from the Superintendent for us to occupy a window in front of the landing place --- we had an excellent view; it was enjoyable to have a better one --- A small tent was erected for her Majesty to receive the presentations --- The floor was covered with a handsome carpet and there were four gilded chairs, covered with crimson velvet, placed in the tent. About a quarter to one o'clock, the Emperor rode to the landing place --- (his Majesty had arrived at Boulogne the evening before) --- he wore his

usual uniform and was accompanied by his aide-de-camps, etc. His Majesty had been occupied all the morning in viewing the preparations that were made for the reception of the royal guests. --- it was by his Majesty's orders that the *roofs* were arrayed on the heights in front of the sea, from the camp of Ambleteuse to the camp d'Equichen --- The effect from the sea must have been grand. --- At length the firing from the *roofs*, the booming of the cannon from the Caprice heights informed us that the royal yacht would soon be in port. About a quarter past one, The "Victoria and Albert" followed by the Fairy, the *Vivid*, the Black Eagle and eight other vessels entered the harbour. The cheering was immense. The Bands of the regiments struck up the National Anthem. Her Majesty, Prince Albert, The Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal were on deck --- I saw them very distinctly --- As soon as the sailors had made the necessary arrangements, the Emperor went on board; he saluted the Queen a la Francais , and handed her Majesty to the landing place. The cheering was very great when her Majesty set foot upon the land of France ---

Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease

Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please" [[Oliver]] Goldsmith

"What shall I say of the Queen, who --- "in education, blood

Holds rank with any princes in the world" (Shakespeare)

but that her Majesty looked extremely well --- she was attired in a light blue silk dress, and mantle of the same, trimmed with white lace --- she wore a white bonnet. Prince Albert wore a scarlet uniform with

cocked hat and white feather --- The Prince of Wales is a nice boy, but appeared delicate looking --- All eyes were turned upon him, for

-----He is the next of blood

And heir apparent to the English crown.

The Princess Royal is stout, and much resembles the Queen; she was plainly dressed and wore a simple sham bounce, trimmed with green.

The royal party entered a carriage drawn by four horses --- several carriages followed --- These contained the Ladies and gentlemen of her Majesty's suite. --- The Emperor rode by the side of the Queen --- Every one spoke in high terms of the Emperor's politeness. As the royal party passed the Custom House (on its way to the Station) they graciously returned the salutations of our party. The Station was splendidly decorated --- any one who has seen the Illustrated News of this week, will be able to form some idea. --- I have got one of the gold Bees which decorated the exterior of the building.

23rd I went this evening to look at the interior of the Station --- The Queen's retiring rooms are very handsomely fitted up I am told, but not to be (?) [[seen]].

25th The Honorable Captain *Deumain* having given a friend of ours, a ticket to admit him and friends to view the "Victoria and Albert", he kindly invited us to accompany him --- Mr. Lambert also went with us. After considerable difficulty we procured a boat --- besides our party, were a lady and young gentleman ---they had no ticket, but they hoped they would be allowed to pass with us. --- After rowing for

nearly half an hour, we arrived at our destination --- The boat is magnificently fitted up. --- In the kitchen there was a huge piece of beef a la Angleterre --- on a side table were some tarts, which looked exceedingly tempting, and I have no doubt if we had been allowed to taste them, we should have pronounced them very good. --- as it was, we were herded like children, we might look but not touch --- Therefore bidding adieu to the beef and the tarts, we ascended the stairs --- After walking a short time on deck (the sailors being particularly anxious for our departure) we got with our boat and returned --- We had a great deal of fun as we came back and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly --- The tide was coming in upon our return, and our boat, being small, we occasionally got a wetting.---

This evening we went to look through the Station --- we were fortunately able to look at the apartments which the Queen had occupied. They are tastefully and elegantly furnished.

27th Her Majesty, Prince Albert, Prince of Wales and Princess Royal, accompanied by the Emperor and the Princess Mathilde, arrived from Paris. They proceeded to the Imperial Hotel --- After luncheon, the Royal party drove on the sands to witness the grand review, consisting I believe of fifty thousand soldiers --- It was a splendid sight --- We had procured good places near the Imperial Hotel --- we saw everything admirably. After the Review, the Royal party drove to Houvault, to look at the camp, and upon their return, to the Hotel [[where]] they had dinner. At night, the town was illuminated --- The vessels in the harbour were

lit with coloured lamps. --- About ten o'clock, the troops were drawn up from the Imperial Hotel to the landing place. About eleven o'clock, the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Royal, left the Hotel, accompanied by his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, and his cousin, Princess Mathilde and proceeded to the harbour.

The Bands played God Save the Queen, and Portant pour la Syrie.

At the moment of the Royal party going on board, a most splendid display of rockets were fired by the Royal yacht [[yacht]], the Fairy, the Vivid, the Black Eagle, & the rest of the vessels in the harbour --- The fleet, which was at anchor, also displayed coloured lights --- We stood at the entrance of the pier, so had a capital view of the whole harbour. --- each vessel was illuminated with coloured lights which had a brilliant effect. As the royal yacht passed the entrance of the harbour, a grand display of rockets greeted her; these were from the la jete'e de Caprice --- We then went to the Imperial Hotel expecting to see the Emperor return, but after waiting a considerable time we were informed that his Majesty and the Princess Mathilde had accompanied the Queen --- we accordingly went home --- The Emperor and his cousin after accompanying the Queen for nearly *nine* miles, returned in his Majesty's ship "Ariel". --- They proceeded to the Imperial Hotel for the night.

28th The Emperor rode early this morning to the camp d'Houvault.

About eleven, his Majesty and the Princess Mathilde left Boulogne for Paris.

We went one day during this month, to the Camp Wimereux --- Captain Quenet of the 13th regt. shewed us his Baraque, which seems very comfortable. He shewed us the portraits of his wife and mother, the former he said was in Africa with her friends. --- He was exceedingly attentive to us and shewed us the kitchens etc. of the camp --- and upon parting gave us some pansies of his own cultivating.

September 1st. Walked as far as the Column.

6th The Band of the 2nd Lancers played on the port this afternoon. --- Miss Johnson and the Captain of the 66th were there --- The Bachelor was there --- “Yes! I’m a Bachelor --- that’s to say, they are fools that marry” Shakespeare he is a droll looking personage this bachelor --- very officious, very chatty, and I dare say, agreeable --- he wears a white hat trimmed with black crape --- dark coat & black and white check pantaloons, very short--- his shoes are patent leather and tied with black ribbon --- he speaks French --- he knows all the ladies, and most of the gentlemen; and believes himself (I have no doubt) “The delight of nine Ladies in ten; “and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.” (Swift)

12th There were some fireworks this evening in the Grande Rue, to celebrate the taking of the Malhoss. The Band of the National guard played & the street was crowded with well dressed persons.

13th The Band of the 2nd Lancers played this morning in front of our house --- The regiment left for Tours.

16th Sunday. We went with my Father this morning to hear mass, at

the camp d'Houvault. The regiments were drawn up in a circular form, in front of the chapel. The generals with their aide-de-camps stand in the centre facing the priest. The priests lead prayers, the soldiers chant and the music is played at intervals. The ceremony which is very imposing and solemn lasts about an hour --- after which the troops march past the chapel, each band playing in its turn --- they then return to their respective camps. Mass is performed at the camps Wimereau, Ambleteuse and Equichen --- Hundreds of people go to see mass, which commences about nine o'clock in the morning, and is performed only in the Summer months. The chapels are very tastefully built, ornamented principally with shells and pebbles.

19th This afternoon I had a walk on the walls of the Haute Ville --- The day was very fine, and there were numerous people on the walls.

Sept. 26th The 13th regiment walked today.

27th Went up the Caprice Pier this evening.

29th I had a nice little dog given me --- Little Folliker.

October 1st. We went this evening to a ball at the Tuilleries --- The gardens were prettily illuminated --- This was at the Belse Tuilleries.

7th Sunday afternoon --- we went to the Museum

8th The 13th regiment left Boulogne for Paris.

18th The Band of the 83rd regt. played on the port --- the weather is cold --- The music still continues to play three times a week.

November --- dark and dreary. ---

November 3rd The band of the 66th regt. played this afternoon.

9th Exhibition of poultry, *corn* and plants at the Museum.

11th The lottery at the Museum. I obtained a prize of a Cactus. ---

The winter fair has commenced in the Haute Ville.

20th Lost poor Folliker --- He was a nice little dog.

25th My father and sister went by the "Panther" to London at 12 at night.

29th This afternoon went up the Caprice Pier, up the Grande Rue, looked for a moment into the St. Nicholas' cathedral & called to say good bye to Mr. and Mrs. Lambert at 9 Jeu de Paume. At ten o'clock at night, my Mother, brother and myself went on board the "Seine" for London and thus bade adieu to Boulogne, where I had spent many happy hours.

Hand drawn picture of an adult woman, young man and small child dressed in heavy clothes.

November 30th (St. Andrew's Day) My Mother, brother and myself arrived in London at half past 2 o'clock, by the "Seine" from Boulogne, having had a remarkably fine passage.

We found my father and sister tolerably well and very glad to see us. ---

December 2nd I accompanied my father this morning to St. Peter's church --- *wide and low*.

--- it is a new church and with a substantial style --- There were three clergymen and all took a part of the service. The church was very well attended. Poor Mr. Lambert died.

3rd. Went to the Custom House today, to claim our luggage.

16th. I went to St. Mary's --- Whitechapel --- It is a nice church, well pewed --- it has a powerful, loud organ, and a very handsome stained glass window. The church was built in 1764.

There was a full congregation. The Rev. Canon *Champreys* M. A., the rector, preached.

23rd. This evening we went to St. Jude's, Whitechapel --- It is a new church, and the interior exceedingly plain --- there is a good organ.

28th. I went today to the Vernon Gallery Marbro' [[Marlborough]] House. --- The ceiling of the entrance Hall

is decorated with the paintings which Gentileschen painted for Charles I. --- In the Hall

are several busts, among them, one of Mr. Vernon --- There are also full length

portraits of Mrs. Siddons [[July 5, 1755- June 8, 1831]] and her Brother, John Kemble. --- Hogarth's marriage a la

mode and a likeness of Hogarth by himself --- Wilkie's [[The]] Blind Fiddler, --- the

portrait of West --- also the "Raising of the Sick" by West --- The Market Cart, by

Gainsborough, several paintings of Turner's --- also of Landseer's --- Two dogs of

King Charles are beautifully done. --- The beauty meal by *Hersey* --- "() and

the gazelle" --- "The beautiful gazelle *meandered there* one by one across my hand --- it

would not alter the dimensions" --- "My uncle Toby and the Widow" is beautifully

done. --- "The country cousins" also pleases me. The Museum is very

interesting and is well worth visiting. It contains some curious specimens of carved ivory, stained glass, and some elegant porcelain. --- I saw also today the funeral car of his grace the Duke of Wellington. --- We called at Mr. *Prideuse*. 30th. Went this morning to St. Dunstan's Stepney. This church has a handsome stained glass window --- here is a very curious font --- here is also a stone which once formed a part of the walls of Carthage. --- Mr. Smith is the rector.

Jan. 2nd, 1856. I saw today some sweet violets and primroses --- a poor man was selling them near St. Paul's Cathedral.

4th. Called this morning at Mssr. _____ in Gosford Street. --- on our return home, we visited St. Paul's Cathedral.

11th. Went to the Museum at the East India House. --- Here is a splendid collection of oriental manuscripts, in all languages. I saw *Tippoo Lail's* [[Tipu, 18th Cent. Sultan of Mysore]] copy of the Koran ---

also his Dream Book with the interpretation of them in his own handwriting --- *Tippoo Lail's* footstool, carpet and some of his armour --- The musical Tiger, which belonged to Tippoo --- the State chain of *Rupert Leigh* --- The Joo Gee or granter of wishes, the complimentary present of the *pandas* of China to their Visitors & a curious *Pune* stick.

13th. Went to Christ Church Spitalfields. This is a very handsome church --- It has a good organ, and contains a monument to Sir Robert Ladbroke.

Rev. ? Stone is the Vicar --- he preached an excellent sermon, but I am sorry to say there were few persons to hear it.

14th. Went to Christie and Mansouri's to look at the paintings --- did not observe any particularly good --- Called at Bonds in Piccadilly --- saw Leonardo da

Vinci's celebrated painting of "Leda and the Swan". The price asked is six thousand guineas; --- "Rebecca at the Well" by Murillo is a good painting --- I do not know the price asked for this.

15th The Duke of Cambridge distributed the Crimean medals in Paris to the F. soldiers.

17th Went to King St. St. James'; --- saw two paintings by Jan Steen --- very good. also a pretty painting by Furrier of the dead Robin --- a little boy is represented digging a grave for his dead pet, in a corner of the pantry --- his little sister is stood by his side weeping. --- upon our return we took a peep into the National Gallery --- saw a statue of Sir David Wilkie --- upon the pedestal is the following

"A life too short for Friendship, not for Fame."

In the hall, is also a statue of Shakespeare.

18th Saw in Cheapside a painting by E. M. Ward --- The poet Goldsmith playing the flute to the French peasants --- it was nicely executed.

20th I went with my father to hear the Rev. Mr. Stone, at Christ Church, Spitalfields, this morning; Mary and my father went this evening to St. Catherine Cree --- Leadenhall St.

23rd. Went to the British Museum today with my father --- called in Hanover Square.

27th. My sister accompanied my father this morning to St. Helen's, Bishopgate --- The Rev. R. Cox is the rector --- in the evening, my father and I went to St. Mary Axe, or St. Andrew Undershaft as it is called from a may-pole, or shaft, which formerly stood on the spot. It is a very handsome church, and has a large stained glass window representing Edward IV, Queen Elizabeth, James I, Charles I and Charles II. There are some handsome and curious monuments --- one to John Thorn, the historian who died in 1605. Motteux, the translator of Don Quixote is buried here.

28th. Mr. Peideaux called this morning; he's a kind gentlemanly man.

31st. Today is the opening of Parliament.

Feb. 3rd. I went to St. Stephen Walbrook with my father. The Rev. ? () ()
preached a beautiful sermon from the 13th chap. of Corinthians and the 9th verse.
This church is exceedingly elegant, and is considered the *chief* d'oeuvre of the
architect Sir. C. Wren. There is a beautiful painting by West --- The Martyrdom
of St. Stephen. Over the altar is a stained glass window --- The organ is a
fine loud one. Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect and dramatist is buried here.
My father and sister went this evening St. Michael, Cornhill, which I
understand is a handsome church ---

4th My father and sister went to the British Museum.

6th I went with my Father to Mr. Dowdeswell's --- then to Cox's Hotel, *Younger* St.
--- we afterwards called at 44 Eaton Square to see Mr. Thornhill, but he was in Derbyshire.

7th Mr. George Ashinight died at the Albany, Piccadilly.

10th My father and sister went this morning to Fenchurch, or more correctly
speaking, St. Benet's, Gracechurch St. The Rev. ___ Mackenzie is the rector.
We went in the evening to St. Peter's, Cornhill --- This is a plain church, and
said to be the first church built in London. --- On the spire is the Key.
The organ is good --- and the congregation also good. --- There was only one clergyman
who preached from the 2 chap. of the Colossians, and the 17th verse.

15th I went today to the British Museum.

17th Went to St. Mary Overies --- This church was founded before the Conquest
but rebuilt in the 13th century. Gower the poet is buried --- and William

of Wykeham. Abraham Newland, the celebrated cashier of the Bank is also buried here --- The dramatists Fletcher and Massinger are interred in the church yard in one grave. From the tower, Hallon drew his views of London, before and after the great fire. --- The bells (there are 12 in number) are some of the finest in England. The pillars and arches of this church, are similar to those of Westminster Abbey --- It is a beautiful specimen of architecture. --- There is no service in this church --- service is performed in St. Lazarus which adjoins --- This is plain --- the columns which support the arches, I remarked, as particularly small in diameter --- The organ is good and there was a full congregation --- The Rev. ? Benson preached from the 25th chap. of St. Matthew and the 40th verse.

We went this evening to St. Botolph's, Houndsditch. The interior is particularly heavy looking --- not at all to my taste or the clergyman either. --- The congregation was a very good one, and paid particular attention to the service.

24th. My father and sister went this morning to St. Mary le Bow, Cheapside and in the evening I accompanied my father to St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard St. --- This church was created by Hawksmoor, a pupil of Wren's. --- it is very handsome --- is nearly square in the model of a Roman atrium.

The altar-piece and pulpit are of oak --- richly carved. The organ is very powerful --- it was built by Schmidt in 1681. The Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper, was rector of this church 28 years. The following inscription written by himself is upon the tablet created to his memory,

"John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, *rescued*, restored and pardoned, and

“appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy”. --- The Rev. ? Deer preached a beautiful sermon from the 3rd chap. of the second epistle to Timothy & the 4th verse.

March 2nd. I went with my father to the St. Giles’ Cripplegate --- I admire this church exceedingly --- it is one of the few that escaped the great Fire. There are 13 bells, a larger peal than in any other church in London. Here are some splendid old monuments --- Fox the Martyr, *Speed* the historian and the immortal Milton are buried here --- Oliver Cromwell was married here to Elizabeth Bouchier on the 20th of Aug. 1620. --- his signature is to be seen in the Register of Marriages. The Pulpit is of carved oak worn nearly Black --- over the Altar is a pretty circular window of lemon coloured glass. --- The organ is a good one --- Archdeacon Hale preached from the 13th chap. of Mark & 37th verse --- he made an excellent discourse. My sister accompanied my father this evening to St. Edward’s, Lombard St.

5th. Covent garden theatre was totally destroyed by fire at five o’clock this morning --- it was at the conclusion of Professor Anderson’s grand Bal Masque.

8th. I have been in the city today to look at the ruins of the Theatre --- it is I am sorry to say completely in ruins.

9th. My father and sister went this morning to St. Andrew’s Holton Hill. --- Chesterton the poet was buried here. I accompanied my father this evening to St. Mayard’s & St. Gabriel’s, Rood Lane, Fenchurch St. The Rev. – Galt preached. This is a handsomely pewed church and the Desk is equally handsome. The organ is nothing in particular.

16th. I and my father went this evening to St. Lawrence, Jewry, a magnificent

church built by Sir Christopher Wren. The Pulpit and desk are exquisitely carved ---
The organ is of a superior tone --- The case is richly carved and decorated with
cornucopias, violins, etc. in carved wood. --- Under the gallery is a Mausoleum
which is divided from the church by a splendidly carved wainscoting, or
screen. The doorway is handsomely carved. There is a beautiful painting over
the Altar of St. Lawrence representing his martyrdom --- angels surround him.
There are several stained glass windows of elegant design. The pews are very good.
It appears from a tablet, that the foundation stone of the this church was laid by
the family of the *Rostrons*, and Robert Baxter the Churchwarden, in 1671.
There are several handsome monuments, one to Archbishop Tillotson and
one to Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester the great mathematician who died in 1672.
--- the former is *supported* on either side by two little angels. On the
summit of the steeple is a Vane, in the form of a gridiron, illustrative of
St. Lawrence's martyrdom. This church cost 11,000 [[pounds sterling]]. The service
was performed by a very *surprising* old gentleman, Rev. *Alastair* Burgh, M.A.
(the rector) who completed his 86th birthday in Dec. (1855). He seemed to
enjoy excellent health --- his voice was firm and he read without spectacles ---
but poor old gentleman, he was bowed nearly to the ground --- I was
very much pleased with him; one could not help feeling as if he belonged
to another world. His text was, "A sower went out to sow his seed".
There was a fine cat in the church which followed the *pew* opener from
pew to pew. I once saw a cat in the church at Shire oaks near
Worksop which I understand was a regular visitor.

Wm. George Lees called this afternoon. The Empress Eugenie was confined of a Prince, at half past three this morning. The Prince is to be called Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, roi d'Algerie. [[King of Algeria]]

20th. The Princess Royal was confirmed at Windsor Castle today. I went this afternoon to look at the Tower. The Scots Fusiliers were on drill.

Good Friday 21st. My father and sister went this morning to St. Sepulchre's, *Thames St.*

23rd. Easter Sunday. I went with my father to St. Martins Ludgate Street; it is one of Wren's churches --- it is really square --- The Pulpit is handsome, but the church is not much ornamented. The organ is a tolerable one --- I do not know the name of the clergyman, who was a superior gentlemanly looking man of fifty years of age & very good looking --- His sermon somewhat disappointed me.

My father and sister went this evening to St. Magnus', London Bridge.

30th. My father and sister went this morning to St. Mary le Strand, and in the evening to St. Botolph's, Bishopgate. --- Peace was proclaimed in Paris.

31st. Peace was proclaimed in front of the Exchange by the Lord Mayor (Salomons).

April 5th. Eclipse of the sun today --- invisible at Greenwich.

6th. We went this morning to St. Olave's, Hart St. Crutched Friars. This is one of the churches which escaped the Great Fire & is of incredible antiquity.

Pepys attended here --- and here, his brother *James*, his wife and himself are buried.

There is a monument to the wife of Samuel Pepys --- and a tablet to Turner author of the first English Herbal --- There is a splendid stained glass window with figures of the Apostles --- The altar is plain, --- but there are some handsome old monuments on either side. The organ is a very good one.

--- The pews are of oak and lined with Blue Moreau --- The Pulpit and desk are decorated with blue velvet to match. The Rev. ? John Letts M.A. the rector preached an excellent sermon from the 11th chap. of the 1st Corinthians and the 1st verse.

My father and sister went this evening to St. Vedast's, Foster Lane.

8th I went with my father into the city this afternoon. Mr. *Evans, M.A.* died this day. He was a good man and very charitable to the poor.

9th Mr. Alleard died in London aged 77 years --- older than I thought.

13th My father and sister went to St. Bartholomews, Smithfield --- this church was built by Rahere, the minstrel to Henry 1st. I should much like to see it, and perhaps I may have an opportunity of doing so some day or another.

I went this evening to All-Hallows, Bread St. It is a very plain church.

John Howe, the nonconformist divine was buried here in 1705. Milton, the poet was baptized in the old church --- The register () the entry of his baptism. On a tablet outside of the church is the following inscription

“Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in Majesty --- in both the last.
The force of Nature could no farther go
To make a third, she joined the former two.

“John Milton was born in Bread Street on Friday, the 9th day of Dec. 1608, and was baptized in the parish church of All-Hallows, Bread St. on Tuesday, the 20th day of Dec. 1608.”

He was interred at St. Giles, Cripplegate in 1674

16th I went to look at the houses of Parliament --- I am [[in]] search of the members --- D'Israeli, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Hon. C. P. *Clinton*, Mr. J. Peel, young Ian O' Connel, the Lord Advocate for Scotland, Lord John *Mauriser*, Mr. Brown, Mr. P () Lancashire, etc. I hope to visit the House of Lords --- it is closed this day.

17th Assassination of Carlo *Rouelli* & two others by Foschini in Rupert Street.

18th The Queen & Prince Albert reviewed the troops at Aldershot.

20th I went with my father this morning to St. Brides, Fleet Street. This church is exceedingly handsome and was built by Wren. There is a fine stained glass window in the east end representing the "descent from the cross". There are three galleries in this church including the organ gallery --- the organ is very powerful --- There are a few handsome monuments and tablets. Wynkyn de Worde, the famous printer, whose residence was in Fleet Street, and Richardson the *printer* in Salisbury Square, author of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Pamela" are buried there. The curate, a very effeminate looking man, wearing his hair parted in the middle of the forehead, read the prayers in a very lady-like manner. The rector, the Rev. Charles Marshall M.A. prelend of St. Paul's preached a beautiful sermon from the 63rd Psalm, 13th verse. My sister accompanied my father this evening to St. Mary Somerset, Thames St. --- here they heard a very extraordinary man, the Rev. Dr. Cole.

21st. The Princess Royal and Princess Alice visited St. Paul's today --- My father and sister were just passing the Cathedral at the time; they had a very good view of them.

23rd. The Naval Review at Spithead. As we were in King St. Cheapside,

we met about ten men with cleavers and bones in their hands, which they were striking together like Bells --- upon inquiring the cause, we were informed that it was a butcher's wedding and that they were going to his house & would play him a tune in front --- after which the butcher would give them ale etc. This is a custom at all Butcher's weddings ---

Called in Bishopgate to enquire for Mr. *Learth* ---

27th. We went this morning to St. Ethelberga's, Bishopgate St.. This is a very small old church --- the gallery has the appearance of being very ancient. The altar was decorated in the manner of the Norwich churches --- the cross, wax tapers, etc. were placed upon it. The service was *intoned* throughout.

--- upon each side the Altar were ten choristers, of course in white surplices.

29th I did not go out today --- my father and sister went into the city where they met the Peace Procession headed by Sir. Charles Young, *Pastor King* at Arms --- They also went to look at the Queen's Drawing-Room.

May 1st. Met the May procession, or Jack in the Green as it is called in Parliament Street --- This procession consisted of about a dozen gaily dressed men & women dancing and singing around a personage who was completely enveloped in evergreens and flowers --- This *case* is made in the form of an extinguisher [[metal fire extinguisher]] --- The "Great Nuhuoren" as he is called, dances round and round --- There are many such processions in the city today it being an old custom. I like old customs and should be sorry if they were done away with.

[[A **Jack in the Green** is a participant in traditional English May Day parades and other May celebrations, who wears a large, foliage-covered, garland-like framework, usually pyramidal or conical in shape, which covers his body from head to foot. The name is also applied to the garland itself.]]

2nd. Visited Westminster Abbey today.

4th. My father and sister went this evening to St. Faith & St. Augustine's Watling St.

We (my father and I) went this evening to St. Antholius (Watling St.) & St. John the Baptist.

The Rev. W. Foote, M.A., F. A. is the Rector --- This church is one of Wren's, but is plainly but neatly built. The Pulpit and desk are of oak --- also the Altar, over which is a circular window of stained glass --- round it is the motto "Worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness".

6th. Called in Watling Street to see Mr. Bently. Met a French officer belonging to a cavalry regiment which much inspired me --- he wore a cloak & the little red cap, which I had so often seen at Boulogne --- We went today to the National Gallery to see the new picture by Paolo Veronese --- There are more beautifully executed paintings here --- "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" by Claude [[Lorrain]], "Peace drawing away the Honors of War" by Rubens, "Spanish Peasant boy" by Murillo --- "The Market Cart" by Gainsborough --- "The Blind Fiddler" (Wilkie) "Lesbia weighing jewels against her Sparrow" by *Schalken* --- The Idle Servant by Maes --- There are several old Dutch paintings which I admire --- they are by Meister von Weiden --- "The sun rising through the mist" by Turner is an exquisite painting --- but none suit my taste, more than the "Infant St. John with a Lamb in his arms" --- it is by Murillo.

9th. The Queen and Prince Albert went to Sydenham Palace --- the Crimean flag was displayed --- there were eleven thousand people in the gardens today.

10th. I went to Leadenhall Market this *morning* --- there were some fine Spanish fowls --- I saw also a very pretty little dog, which I should have liked. Went as far as Pye Corner, where the great Fire ceased, after raging eight days and nights. Went to St. Bartholomew's, but it was closed.

11th. My father and I went this morning to Christ church, Newgate St. This is a very handsome edifice. On each side, are galleries, which are filled by the *boys* from Christ's Hospital --- there were I believe about one thousand there --- The pulpit is handsomely carved --- the altar is of oak carved and gilded --- There are three stained glass windows of a very elegant design. The ceiling is very much ornamented. The font is of white marble adorned with *alto-echelons*. This church was built by Wren, on the site of a church of Franciscans, where no less than from six to seven hundred persons of distinction were interred. Baxter the non-conformist was buried here. Rev'd Michael Gibbs, M.A. a very superior preacher is the Rector and Vicar. He preached from the 8th chap. Of Romans, & part of the 9th verse.

My father and sister went this evening to St. Ann & St. Agnes church, St. Ann's lane, near the general Post office. We went to the Victoria Park this afternoon --- there were more one hundred thousand persons there.

12th. Whit Sunday. I saw today the "Lodge of the Ancient Britons" today. --- it was a long procession, headed by a band of Music. They had two very large flags upon which were figures of the Ancient Britons.

13th. I have not been out today. My father and sister went out to look at the East India Docks.

14th. My father and I went to the British Museum --- There is here some magnificent Italian Majolica Ware. I saw also some *stones*, from the roof of the Parthenon, when it was a Greek church, before it was

taken by the Turks; I also saw a very curious Wig (a woman's) which was found at the small Temple of Isis, at Thebes. Here is a splendid collection of minerals --- The Oxides of Trow are magnificent --- My father went to St. Martin's Hall, to hear Mr. Robert Owen, the great Reformer --- he is a very old gentleman --- Palmer's trial commenced today at the Old Bailey.

15th. I have not been out today. My father and sister called on Mr. Chambers. They saw "The Seine" which had just arrived from Boulogne.

17th. We went this afternoon on the *Born* road, as far as Trinity Church Stephany --- the college is in connection with King's College. I saw a very elegant mantel-piece in a shop --- it was cast, & painted to represent marble. We passed a public house called the "Honest Lawyer" --- in the ()-board is the figure of a man, but without a head. His head he holds under his left arm --- it is a curious idea. I saw a Laburnum Tree [[Golden Chain tree]] which I admire exceedingly --- The flowers are so fine and beautiful.

18th. My father and I went this morning to St. Dionis Backchurch. This is an old church. The Altar is of carved oak --- the Pulpit is of oak & very handsomely carved. The organ has a good tone, & I believe was played by a female --- There were [[ink spot]] clergymen --- The curate reminded me very much of Mr. Alfred Barnes --- The rector preached -- but I did not think anything of his sermon. --- his daughter (), *fine* looking young people, in deep mourning, sat very near us.

This evening we went to St. Swithuns church, Cannon Street. This

is one of Sir C. Wren's edifices --- it is square and has an octagon roof --- handsome pillars of oak support the galleries. The pulpit & reading desk are very beautifully carved --- The sounding-board is exceedingly handsome --- The organ was a *nice* toned one --- and the singing good. There were two clergymen --- The Rev'd ? Phillips preached extempore --- and a beautiful discourse he made --- his text was from the 3rd chap. of John & the third verse.

This church contains the stone which Wat Tyler laid his hand upon, when he exclaimed he was then Master of all London. It has a carved stone & railing around it to preserve it.

19th. Went into the city today. Saw in *Sarl's* shop in Cornhill a Cupid wheeling a barrow in which were a large quantity of Wedding rings --- by the side is a stone with the words "Anything in any way" --- Cupid, Barrow etc. are in silver. The rings of course are of gold. Saw an engraving in Leadenhall called " May and December" a young lady is represented seated -- at her feet and kneeling is an old man who is raising her hand to his lips --- the girl has one finger on her lips & from the expression of her countenance seems to say ----- No, I won't say what she seems to say --- you must guess it.

20th. I saw a white Butterfly this morning --- the first I have seen since I came to London --- We walked this afternoon as far as the Cemetery Mile end --- It is very prettily laid out --- There are some beautiful Laburnum and Lilac trees --- In the grounds are a pretty little church & a chapel for the *Dissenters*. Palmer's trial finished.

21st. It is two years' time today since the bombardment of Odessa: I walked today to

the West India docks --- These docks were laid by Pitt, to whom there is a statue.
I saw some very handsome vessels, among them the "*Faun*" and "Earl of Windsor".

23rd. Poor little Blanche Matilde Lambert died at Boulogne --- Also Mr.
Lucas of Boulogne died this day at (), Basse Pyranees --- aged 51 years --- he was
a kind, gentlemanly man, & I am sure would be much regretted.

25th. We went this morning to St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. This church is
exceedingly handsome, and is an Octagon form --- it has eight stained glass
windows in the roof --- a magnificent window, containing several figures
also of stained glass, is placed over the Altar --- The pews are very handsome.
The Pulpit & reading desk are *separate* and elegantly carved. --- They are
of oak. This is a new church --- In the clock of the old church, two figures
armed with clubs struck the hour. Cowper alludes to it in his "Table Talk":

When labour and when dullness, club in hand
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand
Beating alternatively, in measur'd time
The clockwork tintinnabulum of rhyme,
Exact and regular the sounds will be
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.

Romaine the celebrated lecturer was connected to this church ---
The curate preached --- He is a young man and good looking, of which
he seemed perfectly aware --- It was the first sermon he had preached since
his ordination, he having been ordained only the Sunday previously.
Went to the Temple gardens & visited the Temple church --- this is

one of the oldest churches in London having been built by the Knights Templar in 1185. --- In the () are several recumbent figures of the knights --- The pillars are of Black Purbeck marble --- and Leceus marble --- Oliver Goldsmith is interred here. --- It is certainly a very handsome church and well worth visiting. My father and sister went this evening to St. Mary's, Whitechapel.

27th. Palmer's trial finished today.

28th. Epsom races today --- I went into the West end to look at the preparations for the illuminations --- they will be very splendid.

29th. I saw the illuminations & the fireworks in Victoria & the green parks --- they were beautiful, but I cannot give any description of them.

June 1st. Cattle show at *Paris*. My father and sister went this morning to St. Mildred Poultry --- I accompanied my father this evening to St. Michael's, Wood Street, Cheapside. This is a small church & built in a rather plain style for a city church. There are some *most unusual* monuments --- The Rev'd Charles *Gulene*, A. B. is the rector --- he preaches extempore & gave us a good discourse --- I was sorry that there were so few to hear it.

3rd. Called this morning in Hanover Square & afterwards went to the Pantheon Bazaar in Oxford Street. I saw a droll picture in a shop window --- it was the Devil and the Soul, playing at chess --- I should like to see it again.

8th. My father and I went to St. *Clare's*, *Jersey* Street. This church appeared very gloomy --- it is a rather plain one --- The organ is a very good one --- There is a large window over the Altar, partly of stained glass upon which is represented the Descent of the Holy Ghost --- There are some nice *memorial* tablets.

There were two clergymen --- The rector, the Rev'd Henry *Roxby Roxby* L.L.B. & who is rector of St. Martin's Pomary, preached a beautiful sermon --- the text was the 9th verse of the 2nd chap. of the first book of Samuel. --- The rector is a very fine looking man of about 55 years of age.

My father and sister went this evening to St. James Garlickhythe.

10th. Ascot races today --- Went with my father to the Victoria Park.

12th. I have not been out today --- this morning a policeman's funeral passed here --- it consisted of a hearse and pair of horses --- on each side walked four policemen, wearing black crepe hatbands --- immediately after the hearse, were six police also wearing crepe hatbands --- these were followed by nearly one hundred policemen walking two and two --- they were in their ordinary dress and wore white gloves.

14th The Prince Imperial of France was christened today at Notre Dame, Paris. --- [[Dr.]] *Wm. Palmer* hung at Stafford today. Mr. *Jenney* was buried at *Stafford* today --- the funeral procession extended half a mile.

15th My father and sister went this morning to Trinity Church Stepney --- in the evening we went to St. Mary's church, Bow. It is a charming little village church & suits my sister. --- There is a picturesque looking tower, & the roof is of tiles (red) which has a curious effect. The interior of the roof is of oak, black with age --- made in the form of ribs. The ceiling of the church is of oak formed into small compartments painted in scarlet & blue & gilded. The altar is old --- the table is of oak & inlaid --- The sounding-board is also beautifully inlaid.

The window over the Altar is exceedingly handsome --- having figures of Moses and Aaron on either side --- & the twelve Apostles (in a small size) above. On one side is the I.H.S. & upon the other the Holy Spirit.

There is by the side of the altar, a curiously carved font. The organ is good. There are a few old monuments --- one to an old lady --- Mrs. Prisca Colborne & another to her daughter, who died the day as she was to have been married.

The Rev'd A. C. Duffield M.A. is the rector --- the Rev.d *H. Christmas* M.A. preached an extempore sermon --- he is a very superior man, but unfortunately does not possess a very good voice.

18th The fountains of the Crystal Palace were opened by the Queen today.

20th Went this afternoon to look at Her Majesty's Drawing room at St. James Palace --- Met a very agreeable old lady in St. James Park, who chatted away famously.

22nd My father and I went this morning St. Clement Danes in the Strand.

This is a very handsome church, one of the handsomest I have seen. The altar is of oak & handsomely carved* --- There are three stained glass windows --- very elegant in design --- In the center window is a figure of Christ, on each side are figures of Faith and of Hope --- under these figures are the words "Fides" and "Spes" --- under our Saviour is "Salvatore _____" The smaller windows have the Dove in the centre. --- There are two very handsome monuments on each side the altar, but I was not sufficiently near to see who they were to. The Pulpit is of Black oak, very richly carved. The ceiling is exquisitely moulded particularly the domed part over the altar. The organ is a superior one

[[*much superb oak carving is by Grinling Gibbons in St. Clement's]]

There is a fine peel of bells, which chime to the tune of Hanover. --- Bishop Berkeley, celebrated by Pope as having "every virtue under Heaven", was interred here --- also Otway, the poet & Dr. *Ritchener*. ___ The Rev'd J. C. Mason M.A. is the Rector --- he seems a superior man and gave a good discourse --- his text was the 25th verse of the 16th chap. of St. Luke --- There was a very good congregation this morning.

My father and sister went this evening to St. Botolph's, Aldersgate St.

25th We went this evening to the Victoria Park expecting to hear the Band of the Tower Hamlet Militia --- but it did not play as usual, one of the musicians having been killed a few evenings previously.

29th We went this morning to St. Ann's, Limehouse. This is a new church and very handsome --- The entrance is very elegant --- The ceiling is beautifully decorated; in the center is a circle decorated with a large rose, surrounded with twelve cherubs --- The galleries are very good, & the organ possesses a good tone. Over the Altar is a splendid stained glass window representing the Crucifixion --- on each side of our Saviour are the two thieves --- This is one of the handsomest windows I have seen.

The church is in an unfinished state --- the pews, reading desk etc. [[are]] merely temporary. There were two clergymen --- The Rev'd *Dr. Jones*, the rector, preached.

The church was crowded --- The congregation exceedingly gay.

This evening we went to St. Paul's Shadwell --- a dismal looking little church with a dismal congregation --- The Altar is pretty & there is a nice stained glass window, but the rest of the church, unremarkably plain.

The Rev'd ? A. B. Sanger M. A. is the Vicar --- his curate, a fine looking young man officiated this evening.

30th Went into the city this morning. Saw a funny painting called the "Prisoners at the Bar". There were three dogs of the terrier breed black, gray & *mouse* colored with chains around their necks & fastened to a railing --- upon the Wall of the *room* appeared a notice to the effect that a leg of mutton had been stolen. --- I suppose the criminals each pleaded "not guilty" --- but the *mouse* one had a particularly sly look in his eye, but they all looked very suspicious. --- This painting pleased me & is one I should choose to have in my collection if ever I had one --- but this is not at all likely now.

July 3rd Went to the National Gallery, my father having to go to Notting Hill. --- amused myself with looking at the visitors --- did not examine the paintings much, feeling too much fatigued. --- Saw a many widow ladies ---

July 4th Fairlop fair commenced today. --- it is a celebrated village a few miles from Town.

6th My father and sister went this morning to All Hallows church Barking --- in the evening I accompanied my father to All Hallows, Staining --- --- this is a very old church & was the favourite place of worship of Queen Elizabeth --- the bells of this church, having rung a merry peal upon her Majesty's liberation from the Tower. --- There are a many monuments --- In one of the windows is the arms of the *Grocer's* company, this *having been* in their gift --- also the arms of Dame Margaret *Stainy*, who contributed greatly to this church --- There is no organ; there is a large square

pew which I should suppose was the one occupied by the Queen.

The Rev'd *Dr.* Stainforth is the rector. Near this church is the King's head Tavern where her Majesty used to retire to dine on her favourite dish of Pork and green peas. --- her Majesty's dish and cover are to be seen there --- There is an actual dinner at this tavern of Pork and Peas.

9th. I have been today into the city to welcome the return of the Guards --- we obtained good places in Parliament Street --- I afterwards went to Hyde Park to see the *Greniers* [[Grenadiers]]. There were thousands of people in the Park. --- I saw the Queen & the royal party --- Before our return home we passed by Buckingham Palace --- the Queen, and Prince with the Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, & the five younger children were at the window --- I had an excellent view of them. --- her Majesty wore a light blue silk dress. Prince Albert wore a fawn colored figured satin waistcoat, grey pantaloons, blue coat, & black stock --- the Princess Royal wore a light muslin dress, & the younger princesses had on dresses of light pink gauze --- the Prince of Wales & his two brothers were dressed in the Highland costume. --- must not forget to say that I thought the Guards looked exceedingly well, generally speaking --- all of them very much bronzed by the Eastern climate --- I could not help *remarking* the immense *long hair* & moustaches of the tappers and *Greniers* [[Grenadiers]] --- they really put me in mind of the ancient Britons --- The soldiers appeared very glad indeed to see their friends once more --- The King of the Belgians, the Count of Flanders,

the Princess Charlotte --- Prince Gsear of Sweden etc. accompanied the Queen ---
Prince Albert & the Duke of Cambridge rode on horseback.

This evening there was a grand dinner at the Mansion House in honour
of Sir W. Williams of Kars. Mr. Smithers of *Buxton*, died yesterday.

13th My father and Sister went this day to two very handsome churches --- St.
Dunston in the East, and to St. Mary at Giles, Tower Street.

15th I saw this *morning*, a very large *pie-wie* party pass here --- they had
a band of Music with them which played " In the days when we went Gipsying".

17th This evening we were much alarmed at a serious fire which took
place near us. --- The *inmates* were fortunately saved.

20th July St. Margaret's day, in the *Norwich* Calendar. I went with my
father this morning to St. George's Botolph Lane --- a plain church, but
one of Wren's. The organ was good and the Royal Arms in front were
beautifully carved. The seats or pews are in a pretty style, as well as
the pulpit and reading desk. The Rev'd *Dr.* Russell is the Rector.

From a tablet, I observed that the Honorable Mr. Beckford attended this
church for many years. My father and sister went this evening
to St. Benet's church, Paul's Wharf.

27th My father and sister went this morning to the St. Olave's church, Tooley Street.

--- this evening I went with my father to St. Michael Bassishaw, Basinghall St..

This is a pretty church & is one of Wren's. The pulpit is mahogany
& inlaid. The altar is plain, but over [[it]] is a large painting representing
our Saviour walking on the sea --- over the altar the cloven tongues are

represented --- There is only one gallery, for the organ, which has a good tone.

--- The pews are simple but nicely *pitched* up. There are a many memorial tablets ---

one to an eminent solicitor, Thomas Logan, Esq. --- and another to *Dr. Pache* (M A).

The rector is the Rev'd A. J. H. Beckwith A. M. The evening *intern* preached.

--- his name is South.

August 3rd. My father and I went this morning to the church of All-hallows the

Great, Upper Thames Street --- This is one of Sir C. Wren's & very handsome ---

Dividing the chancel from the body of the church is a splendidly carved Screen ---

--- in the centre are the Royal Arms underneath which are two Eagles,

one facing the Altar & the other facing the Organ --- The Arms and Eagles are

really exquisitely done --- The screen is composed of arches --- the columns are

twisted --- The pulpit is exceedingly handsome --- in the centre is a small

eagle --- flowers are the principal ornaments. Upon each side the

Altar are figures of Moses and Aaron --- the former has a rod in his

hand & is pointing to the ten commandments --- the latter holds in

his hand the incense *vase*. On each side of the altar are monuments,

one to Sir John Task Knight & the other is to Thomas Task, Esq.. The font

is of white marble & antique in appearance --- the rails in the front of the

font are handsome. The organ is a good one. The pews are comfortable &

the doors are prettily carved. The rector is the Rev. ___ Mansfield --- he

preach an [[preached a]] extempore sermon --- his text was the 5th chap., 2nd Book of Kings and

part of the 8th verse. There were about sixty persons in the church

exclusive of the children. My father and sister went this evening to Haggerston.

August 10th My father and I went this morning to St. John's church, South Hackney
[[Church of St. John-at-Hackney]]. This church is new and very handsome. --- The spire is elegant
& the entrance very handsome --- over the door our Saviour is represented as
walking on the Sea --- the words "Be not afraid, it is I"--- are carved also in stone.
The interior suits my taste ---The roof is of oak, as well as the pews, reading
desk etc. There are some pretty stained glass windows. The church is
lighted up by a large stained glass window --- The walls on each side
the communion are painted a la Peifur & are rather too gaudy for my taste.
--- The organ is a good one --- the singing was tolerable --- This church
I should fancy would accommodate one thousand persons --- it was very
well attended --- indeed better than any one I have attended (Limehouse
excepted) [[St. Ann's Limehouse]]. My father and sister went this evening to St. John's
Bethnel green, which I believe is well attended.

August 18th My father and sister went this morning to St. Peter's Gisle-end.
This evening my father and I went to St. Michael's, Cornhill, a very handsome
church built by Wren. Over the Altar is a carved eagle and on each
side the figures of Moses and Aaron. The pulpit is handsome, being
inlaid & the pews are very well fitted up. The organ is a good one
--- There are professional singers --- They sang a beautiful anthem.
The Vicar is the Rev'd *M. Wrench* M. A.

24th I went this morning to St. Mary's, Abchurch Lane. This is a very
handsome church --- The ceiling is painted by Sir James Thornhill --- The
church is square with a dome. The Altar piece is elaborately carved

fruit & flowers beautifully executed. --- Above the Altar is a small shield with the words "Dieu et mon droit" --- This shield is supported by two cherubs, in carved oak. --- beneath this shield is an Eagle, gilded --- The entrance doors are beautifully carved --- over one is the royal arms --- gilded --- over the other is a Swan with her young ones --- The organ gallery is nicely carved. The font is of white marble. The pulpit & reading-desk are very handsome --- They reminded me of those in All-hallows the Great, Thames Street. There are some handsome old monuments, one to a Lord Mayor of London in 16__ I was not sufficiently near to read the name. Some of the pews are beautifully carved. The rector is the Rev'd W. G. Bellamy B. D.

My father and sister went this evening to Christ church, Newgate Street.

25th A dinner was given to the guards at the Surrey Gardens.

28th The Queen of Oude [[The Netherlands]] & suite came to Harley House () () once of the residence of the Duke of Brunswick.

31st My father and sister went to St. John's Clerkenwell, this morning --- This evening I accompanied my father to Poplar [[Baptist]] church but to our great disappointment, the doors were closed. --- We therefore returned and went to St. Anne's Limehouse.

Sept. 1 I went today to look at the new monument in St. Paul's --- It is to the memory of eight officers of the Coldstream guards who were killed at Inkermann November 5th 1854. The monument consists of an entablature on which the names are inscribed, and above it is a small representation of

the *Torah*, with its simple tablet, which covers the bodies on Cathcart's hill in the Crimea. On each side of these is the effigy of a soldier of the regiment leaning mournfully over them; above are the words "And the victory that day was turned into mourning". Under those words is the motto of the regiment "Nulli Secundus" [[Second to none]]--- "Brothers in arms in glory and in death. They are buried in one grave." The whole is surmounted by the colours of the regiment, presented by the surviving officers.

Sept. 7th Went this morning to St. Margaret's Lothbury, celebrated for its white marble font --- The church is one of Sir C. Wren's, but one of his plainer productions. The Rev'd Wm. South, an evening *lecturer* officiated. This evening my father and sister went to St. Mary [[Maria]] Wohioth --- This church is said by some to resemble St. Sulpice at Paris --- it certainly is very handsome.

11th I have been today to the National Gallery, to see the new painting by Perufinor --- it is a singular one representing the Virgin worshipping the infant Jesus. --- The archangels Michael and Raphael with Tobias are also in the Picture. I saw some beautiful French coloured engravings of the Creation and the last Judgment, in a shop in Fleet St.

14th My father and Sister went to St. Martin's le grand this morning. --- This evening we went to St. Margaret Palkeus St. Jakiel's, Good Lane --- This church has been newly painted and decorated --- it is a pretty church --- the pulpit and reading desk of oak highly varnished --- The rector is the Rev.d James Newbury, but his curate the Rev'd *Mr.* Knox officiated.

15th I went to Piccadilly this morning --- in Pall Mall we saw the Chartist procession to celebrate the return of John Frost*. The procession was headed by three heralds on horseback --- These persons wore coloured scarfs and ribbons --- then followed a carriage drawn by four white horses, containing the chartist Leader with his friends Ernest [[William]] Jones and others --- hundreds of very shabbily dressed men followed --- some carrying banners with Chartist *devices* --- The procession went to Primrose Hill where Frost harangued the multitude --- Frost wore a black coat & buff coloured waistcoat --- he is an old man.

21st My father and I went this morning to St. Mary the Virgin's at Aldermanbury. It is one of Sir Christopher Wren's, but one of his plainer style --- There are no galleries (with the exception of the one for the organ) --- but on each side, the church is supported by four columns. The communion is very plain --- over the Altar is a painting representing the Last Supper. The reading desk and pulpit are also very simple & are placed on each side of the Altar. There are many mural tablets, one to John Fryer who died in 1796 --- "A *general* Friend and Benefactor". --- There are tablets to the memory of a Mr. *Willow* (formerly of Chesterfield) and his family. The Organ is a good one --- & the singing was superior. The rector is a Mr. Charles Collins, but a stranger officiated this morning. The entrance to the church is through a small church-yard --- over the door is a small figure of the Virgin & Child.

* [[1784-1877, prominent Welsh leader of the British Chartist movement sentenced for high treason at age 93.

My father and sister went this evening to [[line left blank]]

24th I have been today to the British Museum.

28th My father and Sister have been today to All-hallows, London Wall ---
and to St. Peter's church *Nottinghill*

October 5th My father and I have been this morning to St. Catherine
Coleman, Freechurch Street. This church is small and built in a
very plain style. It is not one of Wren's. The organ is a good one.
--- The pulpit, reading desk etc. in a substantial style --- Over the Altar
is a painting representing the descent of the Holy Ghost. The rector
is the Rev'd W. H. Dickinson who preached an excellent sermon from
the 6th & following verses of the 30th Psalm. Mary went with
my father to St. Botolph's, Houndsditch.

October 13th Eclipse of the moon this evening at half-past nine.

October 19th This afternoon my sister and I walked to the pretty
little church of St. Mary, at Bow.

25th I went to St. Paul's churchyard to look at the shop windows.

November 5th The second anniversary of the Battle of Inkermann.
Guy Fawkes day. There were but *few* figures paraded through the
streets --- amongst them were two dressed in Eastern costume ---

9th I went this afternoon to Stepney church --- This is a very
handsome old church --- a beautiful oak roof --- & handsome
stained glass windows --- At the entrance of the porch door, is a
stone which was brought from the ruins of Carthage ---.

--- Today is the birthday of the Prince of Wales.

10th I have been today to look at the procession of the Lord Mayor (late Mr. Alderman Finnis) --- I was rather disappointed --- The sheriffs' carriages with their gay liveries (Mr. Mechi's being green velvet embroidered with gold & Mr. Keats' light blue embroidered with silver) pleased me. I had a good view of Mr. Alderman Salomons, the late Lord Mayor --- he is a good-looking man with dark hair & whiskers --- & has, I believe made himself very popular during his year of office --- The state carriage which was drawn by six gray horses is very handsome --- highly gilded and *bronzed* --- this carriage contained the Lord Mayor & his friends --- In the procession were several *huge* machines from *Tiptree* Hall farm & a car containing farming implements & decorated most tastefully with sheaves of corn, vegetables, & flowers in abundance --- the scarlet poppy and blue cornflower were very conspicuous & had a pretty effect. ---

16th I went this morning to Trinity church, Stepney --- this is a new & very elegant church --- The incumbent is the Rev'd Mr. Lee, a very superior man & very handsome ---

26th We have had snow today for the first time this season.

30th St. Andrew's day. It is a year today since we left Boulogne --- It seems a long time to me, --- and yet the days have passed quickly --- alas! Too quickly!!!

Dec. 20th Louis Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor of the French on this day in 1848.

21st. I have been this morning to St. Dunstan's church, Stepney. --- The Rev'd Mr. Smith, the Rector, gave us an excellent discourse from Isiah.

24th Christmas Eve. I have been in the city today.

25th Christmas day. Mary and I went this afternoon to Stepney ch.

28th I have been this morning to St. Peter's Mile-end. The rector is the Rev'd Mr. *Kowsell*, M.A. who is the chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Sutherland. The day was so dark and dreary, that the church was lighted with gas.

31st. Mary and I have been into the city today. We went to look at the new monument to the Duke of Wellington in Guildhall.

The monument is not quite finished. It consists of a figure of the duke --- on either side are figures representing Peace & War.

It will be handsome when completed, but the monument I

prefer in the Guildhall is the one to William Pitt, the great

Earl of Chatham. Nelson's monument is I think very

handsome. On our return home, we took a peep at the geese &

turkies [[turkeys]] etc. in Leadenhall market.

Today is the last day of the year 1856. I trust that the new year will be one of much happiness to all.

1857

New years' day. One generally hopes and expects to be happy on New year's day but I have not been so --- I have been dull and disappointed ---.

January 3rd. The Archbishop of Paris was assassinated at 5 o'clock today in the church of St. Etienne du Mont, by a priest of the name of Verger.

4th My father continues very weak --- he makes very slow progress --- today he has been very poorly.

8th The count de Morny is married today to a daughter of the Princess Trubetskoy at St. Petersburg. The lady is young and very beautiful.

11th I have not been at church today --- my father continues very unwell.

15th Termination of the trial of Pierce, Burgess & Tester for the gold robbery on the South Eastern Railway.

16th Redpath sentenced to be transported for life for his frauds on the Great Northern Railway --- Kent is discharged. Banquet given by the East India company to the Princes of Oude [[Netherlands]]

18th I have been this morning to St. Peter's church Mile-end --- There I heard an excellent sermon by the Rev'd ___ *Kowsell*, M.A. the rector.

When this Life is o'er

1st verse

When this life is o'er --- when this life is o'er,
And care and misfortune can reach us no more
When pain sheaths his sword, and death breaks his dart,
And sleep sheds her balm o'er the poor wounded heart,
Then old friends will meet, with smiles as of yore,
Oh thus it will be, when this life is o'er.

2nd verse

When the eye waxes dim, and the last sigh is o'er
And the warm hand of Friendship can cheer us no more,
Will Hope follow still, with tears pass away,
Will Love's beaming torch then still shed its ray,
And the fond hearts that mourn us, then mourn us no more,
Oh, say will it be thus when this life is o'er.

3rd verse

When this life is o'er, when this life is o'er,
And the future hath opened, it's mysterious door,
Will old ties remain, will old feelings last,
Will mem'ry still haunt us, and point to the past,
Or say will oblivion, as it once hath of yore,
Enshroud us again, when this life is o'er.

4th verse

The Rose sinks to sleep when summer is o'er,
But Spring time restores, and it blossoms once more,
Oh, I'm sure He that thus guards the poor simple flower,
Will watch over me in the last dreary hour,
For a voice from within, whispers weep, weep no more
You'll be happier far when this life is o'er.

Love on

“Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of earth”

Mrs. Norton

Love on, love on the soul must have a shrine,
The rudest breast must find some hallow'd spot;
The God who form'd us left no spark divine,
In him who dwells on earth, yet loveth not.
Devotion's links compose a sacred chain
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty, but not touch its strength.

Love on, love on, ---ay even though the heart
We fondly build on proveth like the sand,
Though one by one Faith's corner-stones depart,
And even Hope's last pillar fails to stand,
Though we may dread the lips we once believed,
And know their falsehood shadows all our days,
Who would not rather trust and be deceived,
Than own the mean, cold spirit that betrays?

Love on, love on, though we may live to see
 The dear face whiter than its circling shroud,
Though dark and dense the gloom of death may be,
 Affection's glory yet shall pierce the cloud,
The truest spell that Heaven can give to lure,
 The sweetest prospect that Mercy can bestow,
Is the blest thought that bids the soul be sure,
 'Twill meet above the things it loved below.

Love on, love on, Creation breathes the words,
 Their mystic music ever dwells around;
The strain is echo'd by unnumber'd chords,
 And gentlest bosoms yield the fullest sound.
As flowers keep springing, though their dazzling bloom
 Is oft put forth for worms to feed upon;
So hearts, though wrung by traitors and the tomb,
 Shall still be precious and shall still love on.

Eliza Cook

.....So it falls out, [[“For it so falls out]]
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; --- then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours.” [[Shakespeare, Much Ado About Nothing]]

Retrospection [[Many a Time, and Oft]]

Words by Amelia B. Edwards

[[Music by...]] J. F. Duggan

When the house is still, and the day is done,
 And the stars are out aloft,
I sit by the failing fire alone,
And dream of the days that are past and gone,
 Many a time, many a time, and oft!
I dream of that village beside the sea,
I dream of that seat by the trysting tree ---
And of one who will never come back to me,
 Ah! Many a time, many a time, and oft!

Then the city is hush'd and the chimes are still,
 And the voice of the crowd is soft;
And my thoughts wander on at their own wild will,
And my tears fall fast, and my heart is chill,
 Many a time, and oft!
I dream of the hopes that are faded and fled,
Of the vow that is broken, the shaft that is sped,
And of one to whom I forever am dead,
 Ah, many a time, and oft!

'Tis better not to Know.

By Samuel Lover

[[song from Ladies Companion Magazine, 1855]]

You say you love me --- can I trust

That she, by many woo'd,

By me, at length, has had her heart

To constancy subdued!

Perchance some other love is there ---

But do not tell me so ---

Since knowledge would but bring me grief,

'Tis better not to know.

Perchance that eye has beamed with love

In days I knew not thee,

That ruby lip has bent in smiles

For others than for me;

But let that lip, still, silence keep,

I'll trust its love-like show: ---

Since knowledge would but bring me grief,

'Tis better not to know.

Oh! what a simple fondness mine ---

Whose wishes make its creed;

But let me think you love me still,

And I'll be blest indeed!

'Tis better that the eye n'er see,

Than that its tears should flow: ---

When knowledge would but bring us grief,

'Tis better not to know.

The Intellectual Feast

First Course

The *Divine* part of a man

Sauce of little creatures

Initiative Soup

A lean Wife

Sauce of *hen's* ()

Second course

The Grand Seigneur's ()

Sauce of the *Heft* of Life

A young simpleton

Sauce of *soft* grease

The ornamental part

of the head.

[[The following captions arranged counter clockwise around the text:]]

[[descending left margin]] A foreign country

An unruly member

A well powdered head

A root of Israel

A thing of no consequence

Upstarts

[[ascending right margin]]

A sign of the Zodiac

Some small blast of Sir

Some Sweet Warblers

A *Sailor's* delight

Useful Birds

A female Employment and a constant follower of *hare*

Dessert

Food of the gods with an outside ()

An interesting *game* and food for Squirrels

To grieve and the origin of grief

The material part of a house and what grows in the hedges

The sixteenth letter added to each

Wines and Spirits

A high hill

A neighboring state

A cell

The produce of an animal with a merry *Andrew*

A low tree

[[The following captions arranged counter clockwise around the text:]]

[[descending left margin]] The first () of ()

A () Dutch prince

A stalk of wheat with the autumnal beauty of the Woods

A province in France

A sailor's welcome prospect

The capital of a foreign country.

[[ascending right margin]]

A Portuguese Island

A soldier's habitation

Counterfeit agony

Musical Instruments

A *stop* in Music and wild birds' delight

A foolish Bird with what grows in the hedges

Answer.

First Course

Soles

Shrimp Sauce

Mock Turtle

Spare *rib*

Apple sauce

Second course

Turkey

Bread Sauce

Goose

Melted butter

Hare

[[The following captions arranged counter clockwise around the text:]]

[[descending left margin]] Savoy

Tongue

Cauliflower

Jerusalem Artichokes

Trifle

Stewed Mushrooms

[[ascending right margin]]

Crab

Puffs

Larks

Cabbage

Fowls

Spinach

Dessert

Nectarines

Chestnuts

Pine Apples

Walnuts

Peach

Wine and Spirits

Mountain

Hollands

Heritage

Milk Punch

Shrub

[[descending left margin]]

Apples

Oranges

Strawberries

Burgundy

Port

Lisbon

[[ascending right margin]]

Madeira

()

Champagne

Hautboys

Barberries

Gooseberries

An Enigmatical Garden

In one small corner is to be found the most valuable possession of Man; near it stands a philosopher and a large public building; There also grows that herb of which the crown was made for the man who saved the life of a fellow citizen; and not far from this is the great consolation for a wounded friend. If you truly repent, there also is to be found an emblem of your repentance! Not far from these stand two celebrated women, --- one adorned with a rose, the other with gold. The Garden has various parterres and (), each division having its own flower in its natural season, (): ---

Formal roses

Quadruped's months		Quadruped's tongues.
Success	A	Universal panacea.
Cerulean ladies	string of	Birds feathers.
The delight of	Holy Beads	An agreeable man.
the Wayfarer.		A spring month.

A Carmelite's cowl

Cures for wounds.	Holy messenger.
The wisest man's signet.	Fireworks.
The pastor's money-bag	Consolation from the Holy Land.

Magician's evening shadow.

A country in Africa.

A hundred years.

Harlequin's wife.

A wild *Hart*.

Affection unemployed.

Affection in a fog.

Sea-snail.

The mirror of the Queen of beauty.

A gilded instrument of punishment.

A woman's cloak.

A chest.

The wonder of the west of South America.

Stars from the Celestial Empire.

A mattress.

A little bird.

A blossoming cinder.

The housemaid's weapon.

The old school-master's weapon.

The relief of wounded feelings.

French thoughts.

A city's ostentation.

A contradiction.

A theological virtue.

An untidy bird.

Noblemen and their wives.

A heathen Deity.

A fragrant field.

A Roman Emperor.

Public funds.

A beautiful youth.

A () youth.

An octogenarian.

The star in the east.

Sincere affection.

Perfection.

The suffering flower.

Women's shoes.

French sighs.

Sad from the mount of Wisdom.

The King's son's plumes.

Pastor's barometer.

Sunset flower.

The fire-worshipper.

The power of the dawn.

A mural ornament.

Bees' food.

A cinder hill.

In a remote corner of the garden, apart from
the intrusion of children, there were found
"Darkness visible" * and a beautiful Italian lady.

Answer.

Thyme; Sage; Mint; Parsley; Balen; Rue!

Rose-mary and Mary-gold.

Primroses.

Cowslips

Hound's tongues

Speedwell

Rosery

All-heal.

Blue bells

Larkspurs

Travelers' Joy

Sweet William

Monk's head.

Hay.

Bakaun

Archangel.

Solomon's seal.

Rockets.

Shepherd's Purse.

Balm of Gilead.

Enchanter's Night-shade.

London Pride.

*[["We should also bear in mind, that a necessary effect of the coming of new light on the path of man, must be not only to diminish the nearer darkness, but to make the more distant darkness visible. With us, the known everywhere loses itself in the unknown. Our light always dies away into its opposite. All things have their root in mystery, so that the more things we know the more of mystery we know. This

test to humility, and to the spirit of obedience, is inseparable to the condition of all creatures. In the experience of the highest of such existences, to believe in God is to bow in the presence of an infinite mystery. So it must be forever. What we need is to be saved from sin not to be more beset with mystery. To this end, our great want is faith in God --- faith in Him, grounded on what we know of Him, and warranting us to have faith in Him, when, from His thoughts being higher than our thoughts, His ways differ from our ways." P. 218, *The Doctrine of Inspiration*, The British Quarterly Review, January and April, 1857 volume XXV]] Note: this seems to be the reference for "Darkness visible" in the text.....

Barberry	Bitter sweet.
Centauray	Charity.
Columbine	Ragged Robin
Everlasting	Forget-me-not.
Heath.	Lords and Ladies.
Love-in Idleness [[pansy]]	Meadow-sweet.
Periwinkle	Valerian
Venus' looking glass	Stocks.
Golden-rod.	Adonis.
Lady's Mantle.	Narcissus.
Box.	Old man
Marvel of Peru.	Star of Bethlehem
China-asters.	Crane's bill.
Love lies bleeding.	True love.
Bed- ()	All good.
Canary	Passion flower
Flowering Ash.	Ladies' slippers
	Broom-Birch, Heart's-ease. [[viola]]
Pansies	()
	Grass of Parnassus.
	Prince's Feathers.
Shepherd's weather-glass.	Six o'clock flower

Sun-flower

Morning glory.

Wall-flower.

Honey-suckle

Mountain Ash.

Night-shade Bella-donna [[Naked Lady plant]]

The Blue Fairy in disposing of her gifts to the Ladies of Europe,
gave to the Spanish lady, Black hair, enough to make a mantilla.
to the Italian, fine eyes --- to the Russian, the dignity of a Queen ---
to the English, an Aurora Borealis complexion on her cheeks, shoulders
and lips --- to the German, beautiful teeth, and a heart ready
to fall in love --- to the Irish, wit --- to the Swiss, sensibility ---
to the Turkish, a figure as round as the moon --- and to
the French, a share in all these gifts.

A cure for Love.

Take one ounce of Sense, half a grain of Prudence, one drachma
of Understanding, one ounce of Patience, one pound of Resolution
and one handful of Dislike. Mix them all together. Fold them
up in the () of your Brains for twenty four hours --- then
place them on the () fire of Hatred --- afterwards strain them clear
from the Dregs of Melancholy --- Sweeten them with Forgetfulness.
Put them in the Bottle of your Heart, stopping them down with

the cork of Sound Judgement and then let them stand 14 days
in the Water of Cold Affection. This recipe lightly made and
properly applied is the most effectual remedy in the ()
and was never known to fail. You may have the ingredients
by applying at the House of Understanding in Constant Street
by going up the Hill of Self Denial, in the town of
Forgetfulness in the County of Love.