

**Transcription of the travel diary of Catherine Eliza Coussmaker, wife of Rt. Rev. Hon. Charles Dalrymple, Bishop of Kildare, most likely from May 1801, given opening date when she travelled with her husband to Dublin.  
RCB Library Ms 1104/2**

On Monday the 11<sup>th</sup> of May 1801 we left Sutterton, Miss Farrell, **Elizabeth** & myself in one carriage and **George<sup>1</sup> & Henry, Nurse & Susan** in the other. We went that day only to Grantham 30 miles. At Sleaford Mr Christopherson had kindly prepared a little collation for us of which however, we did not partake being anxious to proceed on our journey. The evening being fine, we walked Lower Beltonhill, more steep & craggy I think than any we have since passed – the road from Sleaford to Grantham is barren & uninteresting. Lyston the seat of Sir John Thosold is only remarkable from the extent of its plantations of fir, some of the trees of which are larger than I ever before saw, but in my opinion an immense plantation of firs alone impresses one with an idea of the poverty of the soil since were it capable of producing other forest trees, they would assuredly be preferred. Belton, the seat of Lord Brownlow is not worth of remark – the road to Grantham lies through the park. We spent the evening at Grantham with Mrs Purdon and left it early on Tuesday morning.

Having previously ordered horses to meet us at Bingham 14 miles from Grantham by which means the stage, which otherwise would have been a very tedious one, was rendered perfectly easy. The road is not remarkable for beauty, on the contrary the extremely slovenly & bad husbandry strikes one with astonishment as to the means by which the landlords can obtain a reasonable rent for their estates or the people of the country provisions, great attention seemed to be paid to their gardens by all the cottagers & the Blossoms on the apple trees was so luxurious as to promise an abundant harvest of that excellent & useful fruit. Belvoir Castle belonging to the Duke of Rutland forms a very conspicuous & fine feature in that otherwise uninteresting country. It is situated on a hill so steep that the approach to the Castle as a habitation must be extremely inconvenient and the view from it tho extensive so flat & uniform that its possessor must enjoy less of its beauty than a more distant observer.

Within half a mile of Nottingham, the city which is built on a hill begins to present itself to the sight as a beautiful amphitheatre – on a nearer approach it so forms the most grand & beautiful *coup d'oeil* I ever beheld. The old castle which commands it on the right, adds much to its beauty and the City appearing to be of an immense size. The Market place is spacious & apparently very commodious. We crossed the Trent over an ancient & very long bridge before we came to Nottingham. Just out of Nottingham we passed a very fine place belonging to Lord Middleton, of the house we had a very distant view, but the grounds appeared extensive & well laid out – almost immediately adjoining it is a pretty place of Sir John Borlace Warren. We looked at it with a melancholy impression owing to the recent death of his only son, a promising young man who was unfortunately amongst the number of those brave men who fell in the battle that

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<sup>1</sup> Possibly George Hayward Lindsay was born on 10 June 1799.<sup>2</sup> He was the son of Rt. Rev. Hon. Charles Dalrymple Lindsay and Catherine Eliza Coussmaker. He married Lady Mary Catherine Gore, daughter of Colonel Hon. William John Gore and Caroline Hales, on 3 September 1828.<sup>1</sup> He died on 5 January 1886 at age 86. He held the office of Justice of the Peace (J.P.). He held the office of Deputy Lieutenant (D.L.) He lived at Glasnevin, County Dublin, Ireland

followed the landing of our troops in Egypt in which they so gallantly dislodged the French from the heights on which they had strongly entrenched themselves.

On entering the county of Derby, the roads are rough but very good and considering the picturesque beauty of the county from its hills, the traveller is little incommoded by them. The agriculture of the county seems miserable & either from want of skill in the agriculturist or from the poverty of the soil, probably both united, the crops appeared to be wretched. We passed the Derwent before we entered Derby –it is a fine river and winds beautifully through the valley immediately under the wall of the city which is a very ancient one, but not to be compared to Nottingham in point of beauty. There we slept and of course went to the shop of Brown & Son, where the most beautiful specimens of the Derbyshire spar are to be seen. The perfection to which they have brought the manufacture is almost incredible. To ...the different specimens were endless – for those people like myself who have not much money to throw away on Baubles, the balls of white spar enclosing various specimens magnified by means of a little glass, are well worth purchasing and of small expense.

The drive from Derby to Uttoxeter was interspersed with Wood, Hills & water. The Dove a soft flowing river indicative of its appellation forms a lovely feature in the scenery & on entering Uttoxeter there is a pretty place to the left called Doveridge, this town is a miserable one & woe to the traveller who expects to find good accommodation after a tedious journey. We were detained near an house whilst a horse was fetched from the farm at a distance to complete the 2 pair we wanted & when at last we set out, our progress was frequently impeded by the badness of the tackle, so that instead of reaching Nantwich as we had intended, we changed horses at Stone & proceeded to Wore – a small place but where we met with an excellent inn & every possible accommodation. The host a loquacious, good humoured old man entertained us with anecdotes of the Marquis of Granby whom he had known & of the late Duke of Rutland, his son, of whose disposition, he did not seem inclined to speak very favourably. Nantwich 9 miles from Wore is a small place with very old buildings, from hence to Tarporley, the drive was very pretty. There they attempted to make trial of a horse in the children's post chaise but as I always had their carriage in view, on seeing the restiveness with which it was going off, I insisted on their taking it out & having got another we went on propitiously through one of the most beautiful counties I ever beheld. In addition to all the charms of rich herbage, potage & water, the horizon was constantly bounded by the bold & romantic hills of T...which were every moment changing their form & appearance.

We passed a fine place of Sir Henry Boughton's so much indebted for its beauties to nature, that little remained for the exertion of taste, that little however is not very good – at a distance we saw several other places, particularly by the outskirts of an immense park 15 miles in circumference, belonging to Mr Egerton, but indeed they succeed each other so rapidly that the whole road has the appearance of a park – the scene however changes entirely within a mile or two of Chester – all beauty vanishes and the Country becomes tamer & flat - nor is the approach to Chester more pleasing – the entrance is through a ruinous looking suburb the gate by which you enter the city is handsome but the city itself is not a fine one. There is an excellent hotel agreeably equal to a London hotel, we dined there & then proceeded on our journey towards Wales, the Country still flat & uninteresting.

We crossed the Dee out of Chester & soon after entered North Wales. Eye yet that we saw fine bold hills or mountains ranging in endless variety at a distance, the country did not boast of any beauties till we reached the fine scene of the Castle of Hawarden, from that time till we reached Holywell nothing could equal the variety & beauty of the scenery, on one side Mountains softened down into hills of various description, some richly wooded, others bold & craggy, on the other side the country stretching out to an immense extent, with the Dee having the appearance of an arm of the sea, passing through it, the colour of its waters bad but probably it is influenced by the tide which may have been down at the time we saw it. We could at times clearly discern Park Gate, Liverpool was also to be seen, the approach to Holywell is uncommonly pretty but the place itself a mean looking town. It is famous for a well of remarkably fine water said to have arisen in a most miraculous manner, at the still more miraculous restoration to life of St. Winifred, from whom it takes its name. It has been ascertained to produce 100 tons of water every minute in the 24 hours, many wonderful cures are reported to have been performed by the salubrity of these waters that it is pleasant to drink is certain and useful from the number of mills it furnishes with water. It supplies the mills of 3 large cotton manufacturers, one of which we visited, the effect of machinery to me who had never before seen anything of the kind was surprising. Thousands of spindles were put in motion by the means of one large wheel connected with the smaller ones by a large iron tube passing along the roof of the room. Children were employed in watching the threads & removing those that were broken. In another room they were reeling & making it up into hanks. It is when completed sent to Manchester to be woven. There are also copper manufactures here.

We were fortunately present at a market day which takes place only once a week and is very fully attended, chiefly by women who appear to transact all the business. Vast quantities of bread as well as meat, butter, poultry &c were brought to market by Country people, uniformly dressed in long blue flannel cloaks & men's black round hats, the appearance is singular to our English eye but not at all unpleasant, the dress being certainly much better adapted to the occasion than the fine showy dresses of our smart English country people. The young women are in general very pretty and most of the children beautiful. I was much disappointed at the prices of every commodity having always understood that provisions were remarkably cheap in N. Wales. On the contrary it appears to be as high a market as is anywhere to be met with. Mutton & beef at 10d per lb, butter 5s 2d. Bread excessively dear though everywhere else it had fallen considerably.

As we were obliged to loiter somewhere on our road in waiting for the rest of our party, we were fortunate in meeting with so quiet a residence as this House where the accommodation though not remarkably good is tolerably so. Provisions good and the people very civil and obliging. On Tuesday morning May 18<sup>th</sup> we again paused our journey, the weather being most favourable for embellishing the romantic road we had to pass – the mountains we had already seen were nothing either in point of size or ...to those were now to be seen to the left & in front of us, they now arose gradually covered with pasturage for Oxen or sheep, now perpendicularly heaped one on the other hill, they were lost in the distant clouds. On some of them, the sun shone with all its glory, others dreary and bleak were in places only enlightened by the still un-melted snow, on the other side the ground more regularly sloped towards a sea view worthy of being constructed with the above prospect. Our road lay for miles along the coast of the Irish Sea, ever presenting to our sight a most noble expanse of water.

About 8 miles from Holy well, we passed through St. Asaph, the capital of Flintshire, a small but neat place with a very old, but respectable looking church. The Bishops palace appears but prettily situated. We descended a most tremendous hills on our approach to St. Asaph, called Bricks Hill, but as we walked down it, we were so well amused by the variety of the prospect, that we did not find its length tedious – a few miles from St. Asaph we passed Kinnell Park belonging to Mr Hyties, the grounds were possessed of every natural beauty that could constitute a fine place. The house we either did not see or it was very inferior to the Park in which it stood. Mr Abeyele, where we fortunately arrived just as a neat & well-dressed dinner was ready to be served up, we were.... Of all the mountains, invalids often go there for the benefits of the air and goats whey. I cannot say we saw many of those creatures, they are so wild as not to like the hands of men.

At Abergele we were 11 miles from Conway Town & it is of consequence for the traveller to know that at that place excellent horses are to be had for 1s per mile for a pair or 1s 10d for 4 horses, whereas at St. Asaph & Conway they will try to persuade you to take their horses through at 1s 4d per mile we found and the trick at Abergele & proposed to the Post Bloys either to take us on for that money or to take leave of us there. They preferred the former plan. Our drive continue do to be delightful & every moment produced some new beauty, but the prospect that opened itself to our view within ½ a mile of Aberconway beggars all description either of the pen or pencil, the noble river Conway over which we were to ferry flowed majestically through the most beautiful valley bounded by hills covered with the most luxurious hanging woods, contrasted with others bold & barren, on the edge of the opposite shore the noble ruin of Conway Castle added still another beauty to this most lovely scene. The town of Conway too, rises gradually from the Castle. We went to visit its stupendous views & could easily conceive how magnificent it must have been when in all its glory, it was destroyed, as most other unfortified castles in England & Wales in the time of Cromwell, it was built in the reign of Henry the first & from the magnificence of the buildings & uncommon beauty of the situation, must have been equal to anything of its kind. The house at Conway which is a very good one is the property of Lord Berkeley & the people in the house are only servants to him.

We slept at Conway and there a day passed. The most sublimely terrific yet at the same time safe road, that can possibly be conceived. We were absolutely buried amongst Mountains & over Penname Moor, our road being cut through some of the steepest rocks, appeared at a little distance, absolutely suspended in the air, but as we advanced, it lost its terrific appearance & we had only to admire the perseverance & ingenuity of those who planned & executed it. On emerging from the bosom of the mountains we had again a very fine sea view, on one side a point of the Isle of Anglesey with the little island of Priestholme, on the other Great ...Head and in the Horizon, the Isle of Man. I must not omit in mentioned the beautiful & princely domain of Lord Penrhyn near Bangor, beautiful as it is, it seems in a state of improvement & large plantations will if possible in a few years add to its present beauty. Bangor is a neat & prettily situated town. The Bishops Palace we could not discover. The situation of Bangor Ferry about 2 miles from the town is pretty but not to be compared with Conway. Here we dined & spent some hours with my dear **Brother & sister Gore** who like ourselves had been lengthening out their journey and had chosen Bangor Ferry for their resting place as we had Holywell,. The Emoluments of the ferry belong to Lord Uxbridge I think as that of Conway does to Mr

Williams. At Bangor we took leave of our mountains & all beauty of country whatever the extremities of North Wales are alike – flat health as here & there a little ill cultivated land with some fine pastures. We slept at G... & the next morning reached Holyhead where on our entrance we were greeted by the harper as in every inn on the road, who sits in the passage till some passenger either desirous of hearing more or less of his music, rewards him for his labour. We sometimes met with very good performers, though the generality were indifferent & but always very superior to a village fiddler in England. In the churchyard at Holyhead I observed the pretty custom so beautifully described by Mason of decking with various flowers the new made grave – the idea is simple & pleasing.

It is unfortunate that we should now be detained here, the wind & tides being particularly favourable for a passage to Dublin. On Sunday the 24<sup>th</sup> of May at ½ past six the long wished for arrived of Lord Hardwick, Mr Lindsay, &c took place – Our joy at seeing them was great but it was quickly foiled by such confusion as I never before witnessed for it was immediately determined on that we should sail as soon as the tide served which would be at 9 o'clock.

Everybody therefore was instantly put in motion, packages were to be seen making up in every room & every landing place. The children went to bed fed & undressed, bills to pay &c – though we had fortunately taken the precaution to settle our affairs as much as possible in the morning. At length the 1<sup>st</sup> boat went off with Miss Farrell, the children, &c, &c – about nine we followed them & found the dear little boys fast asleep. **George** having very much admired the beauty of his little bed, **Elizabeth** was quite happy & enjoying the bustle about her. We all sat on deck, very brave & vastly well for some time. **Caroline** & I being offered tea, ventured to try in its stead a glass of wine. I soon regretted of my request for my head began to grow dizzy & I was obliged to take to my bed being a complete invalid.

The dear Children still slept notwithstanding the amazing noise in the ship – at length poor little **George** awaked & seeing nothing but strangers, his friend being all laid up, I took him to my cot where he was for some time a fellow sufferer, but sleep was more powerful than his sickness & the night with him wore away insensibly – not so with myself, for I suffered most cruelly – the poor little baby too was sick & left to the mercy of men nurses, who performed their part very kindly indeed tho somewhat awkwardly. **Mrs Gore** kept up much longer than I did, but was at last obliged to retire & was ill, but slightly so compared to many, indeed Lord Hardwick I believe the only person unaffected by the voyage. He sat quietly in his cabin a very commodious one, reading the newspaper till late, when he went to bed – in the morning he visited us frequently & kindly gave **Caroline** & me a token of his remembrance, a pretty little ornament for a belt, saying that as a private gentleman he might still be allowed to offer us a trifle.

We had a remarkably good passage of about 8 hours & beat the packet which sailed at the same time by 3. Happy enough we were to find ourselves at anchor in Dublin Bay – the morning was unfortunately wet & happy, but had it been bright we could not have enjoyed the sight of the entrance into the bay which is said to be equal to that of Naples.

As soon as we could get Carriages to convey us we landed & met near Dublin (3 miles from the Bay).<sup>2</sup> Lord Cornwallis's carriages in great state coming to fetch Lord Hardwick. The streets

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<sup>2</sup> On 25 May 1801

were entirely lined with troops till we reached the castle the whole garrison having turned out. From our apartments we had the pleasure of seeing the whole procession – a levee or rather council was immediately held when Lord Cornwallis swore in the new Lord Lieutenant.

Mr Gore & Mr Dashwood were the only aid de camps in attendance. Lord Cornwallis at six o'clock gave a state dinner to the Lord Lieutenant. They sat together on one side of the table; the other people ranged themselves as chance directed. Lord Cornwallis on hearing that Lord Lindsay<sup>3</sup> & Mr Yorke<sup>4</sup> were related to the Lord Lieutenant begged they might be invited to his table where Mr Gore & Mr Lindsay had been already invited.

After dinner Mr Lindsay transacted business with the Lord Lieutenant & did not return till eleven o'clock. Today there was a very full levee at 4 o'clock & a great dinner given by the Lord Lieutenant at six. These great dinners are, unfortunately, to continue for some time, when I hope we shall again enjoy some repose. After the king's birthday it is proposed for the Lord Lieutenant to leave Dublin & retire to the Phoenix Park where we also I trust shall be able to take refuge, for to spend the summer in Dublin would be very melancholy [...]

*Transcribed by Dr John Knightly*

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<sup>3</sup> Rt. Rev. Hon. Charles Dalrymple Lindsay

<sup>4</sup> Charles Yorke, Hardwicke's younger brother,