

Chatham

Rochester.

Our supper was bad. I walk'd away thro' Chatham and to The Barracks; where in Grief, I peep'd at the East Indian Recruits — poor Fellows, torn away from their native climate.

Bedford.

We dined early on excellent pigeon pie. Every morning we hunt about the orchard and kitchen garden in quest of rabbits, where we have taken 3 or 4.

York.

I met two sedan chairs. To the Castle, the pompous receptacle of the felons and debtors of the county. All the instruments that have been used in murder were shewn to me by the surly jayler.



Wanaford.

We drove in a Post Chaise to Peterboro'; where ordering Tea to be prepared, we view'd the Cathedral. Nothing can be worse built than Peterboro', or more melancholy; Not even a Dragoon to walk about the Market Place.

Poncaster.

The Angel, where I expected every thing comfortable, I found to be nasty and insolent. In a sad room, after my long ride, I could not eat what they brought. I longed to be able to kick the landlord, to whom I complain'd in vain.

The Torrington Diaries (Byre & Spottiswoode, 1954). Illustration: The Hon. John Byng, (Viscount Torrington), by Isaac Humphrey

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z
2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 ff ff ll