

**SO MUCH OF THE DIARY OF  
LADY WILLOUGHBY, AS RELATES  
TO HER DOMESTIC HISTORY: AND  
TO THE EVENTFUL PERIOD OF THE  
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST**

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So Much of the Diary of Lady Willoughby, as Relates to Her Domestic History: And to the Eventful Period of the Reign of Charles the First by Hannah Mary Rathbone

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**HANNAH MARY RATHBONE**

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9069 CHARLES THE FIRST.

by

Hannah Mary (Reynolds) Rathbone

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT  
TO THE  
DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

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THE following intimation "To the Reader," appears in the second London edition of this work, of which the following is the first American reprint.

"The style of Printing and general appearance of this Volume have been adopted by the Publishers merely to be in accordance with the design of the Author, who in this Work personates a lady of the seventeenth Century."

This is an unmasking of the character assumed at the first publication, when the reader was left to solve his own doubts as to the authenticity of the work as an ancient Diary. The peculiarity and quaintness of the original edition, in the quarto form, with ribbed paper and antique type, drew attention to the work as a literary curiosity. Part of these characteristics, the Capitals, Italics, and the Old Spelling, have been retained in the present copy. After gratifying the Antiquarians, as a literary curiosity, it was found that the book had too much in it of taste, character, feeling, and genuine popular interest, to be shut up in the cabinets of the virtuosos. A second edition was soon called for, and appeared in a less costly style. Here the work takes its appropriate place in the "Library of Choice Reading," as a Popular Classic. Where natural simple feeling, pure piety, the unaffected womanly thoughts of a daughter, wife, mother, are valued, and the more for being elevated from the sphere of common life by association with

one of the most spirit-stirring scenes of the past, the great English Revolution, this Diary of Lady Willoughby cannot fail to be appreciated.

"This book," says the London Examiner, "has been taken for a truth by not uninstructed readers, and for something much better than a pretence it well deserves to stand. Perhaps it has more of the *vrai* than the *véraisemblable*. It is curious in what a number of small points the writer (evidently a woman) has left herself open to detection. But she had got to the heart of her subject. The real *Lady Willoughby* could not have left a more beautiful, a more affecting, or a more instructive record.

"It is of the simplest possible design; being a picture of the domestic life of a young married woman in the first fourteen years of her marriage. And its pleasures and pains; that blending of welcome and cheerful responsibilities with trembling and tearful enjoyments, which marks the transition from maidenhood to wifehood and motherhood; were never drawn with a hand of more exquisite delicacy.

"When we open the book, we more than suspect the modern authorship; but we close it with the feeling that, be it fact or fiction, we have undergone the discipline of a real experience. A commonplace imitation of a Diary in the days of the Civil Wars, would have smelt of blood, and smoked with the fury of contending factions. It was, on the other hand, better known to this writer—that in the thick of the most frightful convulsions, the current of domestic life flows peacefully; and that, sway the tide of battle which way it will, human existence is held together by its old and only tenure of earnest thoughts and quiet affections."



SOME PASSAGES  
FROM THE  
DIARY OF LADY WILLOUGHBY.

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1685.

Arose at my usual hour, six of the clock, for the first time since the birth of my little *Sonne*; opened the Casement, May 12, and look'd forth upon the Park; a herd of Deer Tuesday. pass'd bye, leaving the traces of their Footsteps in the dewy Grasse. The Birds sang, and the Air was sweet with the Scent of the Wood-binde and the fresh Birch Leaves. Took down my *Bible*; found the Mark at the 108d *Psalm*; read the same, and return'd Thanks to *Almighty God* that he had brought me safely through my late Peril and Extremity, and in his great Bountie had given me a deare little One. Pray'd him to assist me by his Divine Grace in the right Performance of my new and sacred Duties: truly I am a young Mother, and need Help. Sent a Message to my *Lord*, that if it so pleased him, I would take Breakfast with him in the *Blue Parlour*. At noon walked out on the *South Terrace*; the two Greyhounds came leaping towards me: divers household Affaires in the course of the Day; enough wearied when Night came.

Had a disturbed Night, and rose late, not down till after seven; Thoughts wandering at Prayers. The May 19, *Chaplain* detained us after Service to know our Tuesday. Pleasure concerning the Christening; my *Lord*

doth wish nothing omitted that should seem proper to signify his Respect for that religious Ordinance which admits his *Child* into the outward and visible Church of *Christ*, and give honour to his firste born *Sonne*. During Breakfast we gave the Subject much Consideration. My *Husband* doth not desire him to be named after himself, but rather after his *Father*; his brother *William* therefore bearing his name will stand Godfather. All being at last brought to a satisfactory conclusion: he went forth with the *Chaplain* and gave his orders according therewith, I doing the same in my smaller capacity: he for whom was all this care lying unconsciously in his Nurse's arms.

Messenger from *Wimbledon*. My deare and honoured *Mother* writes that she doth at present intend setting forth on Monday: gave orders for the *East Chamber* to be prepared. The day being fine walked down to the Dairy; told *Cicely* to make Cheese as often as will suit, the whey being much approved by my *Mother*. The brindled Cow calved yesterday: Calf to be reared, as *Cicely* tells me the mother is the best milker we have. *Daisy* grows and promises to be a fine Cow: praised *Cicely* for the cleane and orderly state of all under her care; she is a good clever Lasse. As I returned to the house mett my *Lord*, who had come to seeke me; two Strangers with him: thought as he drew near how comely was his countenance: he advanced a pace or two before the others, took my hand, and pressed it to his Lips as he turned and introduced me to Sir *Arthur Hazelrigge* and the Lord *Brooke*: methought the latter very pleasing, of gracefull carriage, and free from any courtly foppery and extravagance in his apparel. They presently renew'd their conversation respecting *New England*. Lord *Brooke* and Lord *Say and Sele* have sent over Mr. *George Fenwicke* to purchase land and commence building: there is talk of Mr. *John Hampden* joining them. Lord *Brooke* discoursed at length on the admirable qualities and excellent attainments of the late Lord, his cousin,

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who did come by a cruell death, being murdered by his servant through a jealousy he entertained that his past services were neglected. Some Members of my *Lords Family* knew him well, and did see much of him when Sir *Fulke Greville*; he was really esteemed by many, but known chiefly as the Friend and Lover of Sir *Philip Sydney*, whose early Death was mourned by all *England*; and whose like may not againe be look'd upon. He left directions their friendship should be recorded on his Tomb, as may be seene in *Warwick Church*: *Fulke GREVILLE Servant to Queen Elizabeth Counsellor to King James and Friend to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.*

Most unhappy in mind this day; temper sorely tried, and feelings of resentment at what did appeare unkind  
 May 25, conduct in another, were too visibly expressed in  
*Monday.* manner and countenance, though I did refraine from words.

Slept last night in very Wearinesse of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopeles-  
 May 26, nesse; and ill at ease myselfe, methought every  
*Tuesday.* Thing around seemed melancholy; Truth and Affection doubted, Shortcomings hardly judged of; this is an unlook'd for triall. The Sun shone brightly through the open Window, but it seem'd not to shine for me: I took my *Bible* to read therein my usuall Portion; and kneel'd down to pray, but could only weep: thoughts of my *Mother's* tender love arose, and the Trust on either side that had been unbroken between us. Remembering an outward Composure must be attain'd unto before I could go down to breakfast, washed my eyes, and let the fresh aire blow upon my face: felt I was a poor dissembler, having had heretofore but little trouble of heart to conceal: mett my *Husband* in the *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*, and well nigh lost my *Selfe-command* when he gave a kindly pressure of my