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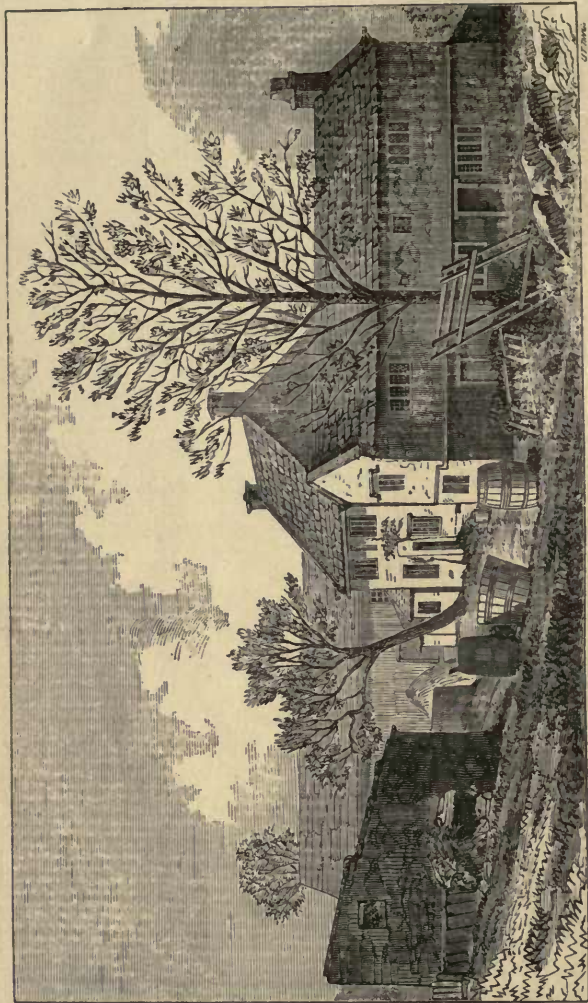
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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
THOMAS WRIGHT.





LOWER BLACUP, as it appeared in November, 1863; the Residence of Thomas Wright, during his first marriage and widowhood.

From a Photograph by Joseph Beldon, of Bradford.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
THOMAS WRIGHT,
OF BIRKENSHAW.

IN THE COUNTY OF YORK.

1736—1797.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON,
THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., Etc.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL
INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.



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LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
SOHO SQUARE.
1864.

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PREFACE.

THE writer of the following Autobiography states that it was designed for the instruction and amusement of his children and descendants; but it has been thought by several friends who have read it, and whose judgment I respect, that it contains much that might be instructive and amusing to other people's children also, and I have, therefore, ventured to give it to the public. Too long a space of time has elapsed to leave any personal feelings or interests to be affected by it, and I myself in printing it look upon it only as a remarkable historical record, which gives us a curious and striking picture—I may, perhaps, add almost unique—of domestic life among a very important class of English society during the latter half of the last century, in what has since become one of the greatest and most active manufacturing districts in our island. Moreover, it presents a very remarkable view of the effects, even on the relations of the domestic homestead, of those violent religious party-feelings and contentions

which raged more in this part of England than anywhere, during the last century, and which, though they gave perhaps not an unhealthy activity to men's minds, were certainly far from improving their tempers, or encouraging among them sentiments of mutual charity.

Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw, was, as will be seen by his own writings, no ordinary man. Endowed with very considerable talents, and with an earnest desire for knowledge and a love of literature, which might have raised him to a distinguished position in fame, he evidently, from his own account, often regretted that he had no guardians of his youth who could appreciate the real bent of his mind, and give him the education which his fortune, though not great, as well as his inclinations claimed. But left an orphan in his earliest infancy, with none but distant relatives, who thought only of securing a share of his property—at first a spoiled child, and subsequently a neglected boy, nothing could swerve his mind from its natural bent, and some of his manuscripts in my possession, as well as the reports of those who knew him, prove that he possessed an extraordinary extent of reading, a large amount of miscellaneous knowledge, with power and judgment in the application of it, which must have made him an object of respect among the society of what was then rather a wild part of Yorkshire. At an early age he went through the usual course of Latin in the old and justly celebrated free Gram-

mar School at Bradford, which was the whole amount of what may be called his liberal education; and the writer of his brief "Life," prefixed to the second edition of his "Familiar Religious Conversation," printed in 1812, states that, "He was accounted very clever while at school; and when he went home, it was with the reputation of being a youth of facetious disposition, and of the most ready wit and invention."

This part of Yorkshire had always been a stronghold of the Nonconformists, and the Established Church was comparatively weak in face of the violent dissenting Calvinism which reigned there; but at this time the far more liberal Arminianism of Wesley and his party was labouring to establish itself, and, as might be expected, met with the most unscrupulous persecution. Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw, had a large share of the chivalrous in his character, and he took up the cause of the new sect quite as much because it was that of the weak oppressed by the strong, as for the conformity of their opinions with his own liberal views. He tells us in the following pages the rather curious way in which he became first acquainted with the Methodists, as the followers of Wesley were already named; his feelings in their favour, already well known, were no doubt strengthened by his marriage into a family who belonged to the leading and most violent Calvinists of this district, and whose hostility disturbed the peace of his own

family and the prospects of at least one of his children; yet he possessed no sectarian spirit, and in spite of the statement in the "Life" just alluded to, appended to his "Modern Religious Conversation," I do not believe that my grandfather was ever what they call a professing Methodist—that is, a member of the Society, unless it were just at the close of his life. He has described his religious feelings very candidly in the following lines of this poem, where he, in his assumed character of "Richard," is accused of being an Arminian, or Wesleyan (I quote from the first edition):—

"I own ingenuously to you,
 I think their doctrines nearly true;
 I am not, Jemmy, of their sect,
 Yet I the people much respect,
 Wish well to what they chiefly teach,
 And often go to hear them preach.
 But bigot am I not so hearty
 To people, principles, or party,
 But that if any one can shew
 My tenets are not just and true,
 I will renounce them gladly then,
 And learn to think with wiser men."

Nevertheless, "Tommy Wright," as he was popularly called in the phraseology of the north country, was the champion of the Wesleyans in this district, contributed largely to their triumph over persecution, and obtained the acquaintance and esteem of the great leaders of the Arminian party, including such men as John Wesley himself and Fletcher of Madeley. An interesting account of

his visit to the latter in Shropshire, in the year 1773, in the course of an excursion for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions towards the expense of building a Wesleyan Chapel at Height, within half a mile of his own house, is given in the following pages. The building of this chapel appears to have given great offence to the Birkheads of Brookhouses, and explains the violent quarrel with his wife described in the following narrative (page 104). He appears to have made the acquaintance of John Wesley during some of the excursions of the latter to preach his doctrines and principles in this part of the country, perhaps nearly about the same date. From this time he entered warmly into the disputes between the Calvinists and Wesleyans, and his alliance was the more valuable as he could handle with considerable power the rather formidable weapons of satire and ridicule; and, as his mind had a strong poetical turn, he usually composed his controversial writings in verse. Among the most violent, and it may be added, the most abusive of the writers of that time against the Arminians, and especially against Fletcher of Madeley, was Richard Hill, Esq., of Hawkestone in Shropshire, ancestor of the present Lord Hill, who succeeded his father as Sir Richard Hill, Bart., in 1783, and was one of the representatives of Shropshire in Parliament during a great part of his life. In his "Modern Familiar Religious Conversation," the author characterizes this champion of the

Calvinists, who was in the habit of presuming rather too much on his aristocratic position, in the following lines :—

“ Though high-born, self-important Hill,
 In height of Calvinistic zeal,
 For want of better weapons, fight
 With scorn, contempt, reproach, and spite ;
 And compass you on every side
 With laughter or disdainful pride ;
 With this and that poor stormy rail,
 Of bathing-tub, or comet-tail.”

In 1775, Richard Hill, in a pamphlet entitled “*Logica Wesleiensis*,” published one of the most scurrilous personal attacks on Wesley he had yet written, under the bantering title of a “*Heroic Poem*” in his praise, in reply to which Thomas Wright wrote a very clever parody, under the title of “*A Heroic Poem in praise of Richard Hill, Esq.*” which is printed in the Appendix to the present volume. It appears that he was prevented from publishing this poem by the opinion of “one of no mean name,” that such an answer to the Calvinistic assailant was only returning “railing for railing”—the person here referred to being, I suspect, John Wesley himself; but he sent a written copy of it to the Calvinistic champion at Hawkestone. Three years after this he published a more general defence of the Arminian party, also composed in verse, and entitled (a parody on the title of Hogarth’s celebrated picture) “*A Modern Familiar Religious Conversation.*” The origin of this book is explained in

the author's address to the reader. "The occasion of the following piece was rather accidental than designed. Having had frequent occasion to take notice of the great variety of differing opinions amongst the professors of Christianity, and to remark their spirit, practice, and manner of teaching each other, which I had done with some degree of accuracy, and having been one day engaged with an acquaintance in a religious dispute, it afterwards proved an occasion of exciting in my mind the following thoughts:—I imagined to myself a person in great suspense with respect to his religious opinion, yet extremely desirous to learn, and sincerely willing to embrace the truth. I next imagined this person, in his search after truth, applying himself to the different sects of Christian professors one after another, for instruction and direction: he would find every successive party he applied to would, in its turn, assure him, in the most positive manner, that theirs was the *only* true system of religion, the *only* system that was agreeable to the Word of God throughout; he would find them very ready also to censure and condemn (with no small degree of acrimony in general) every other party as (more or less) blind, ignorant, out of the way of truth, and involved in error. He would further find that every party would readily allow that the Word of God was uniformly and invariably true; and at the same time he would find every one of them professing to ground their

various, and even directly opposite, opinions upon the *same* Bible, and attempting to prove the truth of their *incompatible* sentiments from the *same* book of God! Under these circumstances, I beheld my imaginary inquirer in the utmost perplexity and confusion; he had penetration enough to discover, and generosity enough to disapprove, all the unfair, unkind, and unchristian practices more or less made use of by most parties, in order to blacken and discredit those who differed from them in their religious sentiments; yet, at the same time, he had sense enough to perceive, and candour enough to own, that, amongst all or most of the professing parties, many persons might be found of great natural abilities, various and deep learning, strict morals, and unblemished characters, both as men and Christians, in every practical respect. Yet all this did but serve to heighten his dilemma and increase his uncertainty: and being resolved to deal fairly and ingenuously with his own soul, and not to espouse any sentiment merely because such a great man, or such a fashionable or creditable party, had espoused it, I saw him fairly forced at last to have recourse to prayer and the Word of God, that by comparing what each party in its turn advanced for truth with that unerring standard, fairly taken together, he might be able to judge for himself. Being in this train of thought, and having something of a poetical turn, I put down (dialogue-wise) some of the first para-

graphs of the following essay, without any farther design, at that time, than to write a short copy of verses for my own amusement; but the subject growing upon me as I proceeded, the consequence was, I have drawn it out to the present length." The further history of this book is told as follows by the Wesleyan writer of the "Life" of the author given with the second and posthumous edition, who informs us that, "possessing an excellent memory, he often entertained his friends by repeating to them a great part of this poem. They generally expressed themselves highly delighted with it. The high seasoning of Hudibrastic composition which the author had imparted to it, excited their risible muscles to a high degree; and they frequently declared it to be a performance which contained much matter in a small compass. After mature consideration, he resolved on publishing it. The demand for it was much beyond his expectations. In a very short time there was not a copy of it to be procured. It operated like an electric shock on the Calvinistic poetasters and pamphleteers of that day. Not one of them found it convenient to give a reply to what they termed 'a worthless production.' It sealed up their mouths in silence, and by the neighbouring rustics it was thought to be unanswerable."

As we may suppose from these latter remarks, the author of this poem did not strictly carry out the design declared in his preface—it is a warm

and a sensible defence of Arminianism against Calvinism. In the principal interlocutor Richard, the defender of Arminianism, the author has represented himself; and the narrative contains several allusions to his own disputes with the Calvinistic party. We learn from one part of it that, sometime previously, on the occasion of one of John Wesley's visits to the north, a rather zealous young Calvinist minister of Stockport in Cheshire, whom he designates as the Rev. T——s B——ke, after visiting the meeting at which he preached, and listening to his sermon, wrote to Wesley a very insulting letter, which the great leader of Wesleyanism did not think worthy of a reply; but this letter having fallen into the hands of "Tommy Wright," he favoured the writer with an answer, which appears to have effectually silenced him. The poem of which I have been speaking was printed at Leeds, by J. Bowling, in the year 1778, under the title of "A Modern Familiar Religious Conversation, among People of Differing Sentiments: a Poetical Essay." It is a book of merit, and from a perusal of it we can well understand how it must have excited the hostility of the author's relatives at Brookhouses. The first edition, published anonymously, is now a book of extreme rarity; in fact, the only copy I ever heard of, is the one I possess myself, and which has descended to me from the author. But in 1812, a second and posthumous edition was

printed, intended, I believe, for the Wesleyans, under the modified title of "A Familiar Religious Conversation in Verse, by Thomas Wright." The editor professes, and no doubt truly, that he printed it from "a copy which was corrected and amended by the author," but unfortunately adds that he had made alterations of his own, and he has given us no clue to enable us to distinguish his own alterations from those of the author. I have heard my father, who probably supplied the copy with the author's alterations, complain rather bitterly of the unwarrantable liberties taken by the editor.

It is but just to remark, that the brief "Life" prefixed to this edition of his book gives a qualified meed of praise to the personal character of its author, which was hardly fair to the memory of the man who had rendered such signal services to the religious party for whom especially this Life was written. We are told that "he was not a man destitute of religion," but "was favoured in his youth with the drawings of the Spirit of God;" that "when he arrived at riper age he felt the same strivings within him," and that, when later in life he became more closely connected with the Wesleyans, he was "not without having grievously to lament his frequent wanderings from God," because "his popularity and his great vivacity were sources of great temptation and danger to him." In truth, "Tommy Wright," of Birkenshaw, possessed

none of that sort of ascetic spirit which the zealous of either party were too apt to consider as the chief proofs of true piety. He possessed, from his schoolboy days, a genial disposition and a readiness of wit, combined with many social qualities, which, aside from the religious animosities, endeared him to all his acquaintances; and I have heard, years ago, aged people who had known him in the latter part of his life, speaking of him with a feeling of affection which can hardly be described. They spoke of him as being well known as the friend of every one who wanted honest advice and assistance; and I have heard one of them describe how, when any individual under such circumstances applied to him, he took him into his kitchen, seated him by the kitchen fire—which was in those days the usual place of intimate conversation—gave him a pipe (for he appears to have been given to smoking), and then inquired into his wants, with a friendliness which nobody could mistake. In his earlier youth—although even then he was a great reader—we find him, in his own narrative, associating largely with the people around him, and he seems to have at times regretted the loss of time which, in an intellectual point of view, might have been more profitably employed. He was a good shot, and loved the pleasures of the chase. He appears even to have mixed not unwillingly in the rustic amusements of the people. Under the character of Richard, in his “Modern

Familiar Religious Conversation," he intimates that one of the charges brought by his over-pious enemies against him was that he had joined in the dance on the village green. When in Richard's absence one of his religious opponents attempts to plead a little in his favour, another, more severe, replies,—

" 'Tis all hypocrisy and pride
 (Mary with zealous warmth replied);
 I've known e'er now when he's been found
 Dancing upon the devil's ground,
 At wakes, and feasts, and fairs, among
 The thickest of the carnal throng."

On which his feeble apologist remarks—

" That may be too (says Will), but what
 Would you, my friend, infer from that?
 A man may rise and fall, 'tis plain,
 And rise, and fall, and rise again.
 Judge as severely as you can,
 'Tis settled habit shows the man.
 Has Dick walk'd always thus contrary?
 Is it his constant practice, Mary?
 Perhaps, when all the truth appears,
 It has been once in twice seven years.
 O Mary! were *you* search'd to th' quick,
 As narrowly as you search'd Dick,
 'Tis like you never would be known
 To cast at Dick another stone." *

Only a few years ago, many stories were current in the locality where he lived, of the ready

* In the second edition, these lines are altered as follows:—

Mary. Yes, that may be; yet he's been found
 Dancing upon the devil's ground,
 At fairs and wakes, nor thought it wrong
 To be the foremost in the throng:

wit, the *sang-froid*, and the ingenuity of "Tommy Wright," of Birkenshaw, which proved his great popularity; and some of them are still remembered among old people. I have heard one of these old people tell how, in one of the lanes through which he had to pass on his way home at night, he was attacked by a highwayman on foot, or (in more technical language) a foot-pad, who, with terrible threats, demanded his money. My grandfather carried with him, concealed, what was then either new, or newly improved, and was almost unknown in that part of the country, a bull's-eye lantern, which, with a threatening roar, he thrust out at arms' length towards the face of his assailant. The latter, who could not in the dark very well distinguish the form of the man he had to deal with, was taken entirely by surprise, and, believing that he had met with some supernatural monster, fell on his knees in absolute terror, and begged to be

This was when he had first begun
 After the Methodists to run.
Will. What follows then? 'tis very plain
 A man may rise and fall again.
 Judge as severely as you can,
 Confirmed habits shew the man.
 Has this Dick's practice always been,
 To dance upon the village green?
 Perhaps, when all the truth appears,
 'Twas only once in fourteen years.
 Were you but searched to the quick,
 As narrowly as you search Dick,
 You never would again be known
 To cast at him another stone.

forgiven for what he said was his first offence of the kind, which he promised never to repeat if he might be allowed to go away unscathed. On another occasion he played a practical joke upon a tailor. It was the custom, when any person wanted new clothes, to furnish his own cloth, and to send for the tailor to his house, who was usually installed upon the kitchen table as his board, and who received so much a day, and remained there till his work was finished. The tailor employed on this occasion, who was probably the only one near at hand, was rather noted for his idleness, and he was especially in the habit of falling asleep in the middle of his work. His employer determined to cure him of this, and he contrived that some heavy weight should be suspended above him in a manner the details of which I have forgotten, but it dropped on the table in the middle of the tailor's sleep with such a frightful noise, that he awoke in so great an alarm, that he leaped from the table, ran away, and could never be persuaded to return to the same place again. Whether it cured him of his idle habits or no, I am not informed. Among many other stories of this kind, of which I have but an imperfect recollection, I remember one, which, when but a mere boy myself, I have heard told by my father, and which always seemed to me an amusing example of cruelly tormenting.

As will be seen in the following narrative, "Tommy Wright" set store on his orchards

at Lower Blacup, and he was very much annoyed when, for several consecutive nights, he found them plundered by depredators. One day the elder "Tommy" told young "Tommy" to prepare his gun (both were good shots, though the latter was but a boy), and to be ready to stay up with him all night. He loaded both guns with small grains of hard rock-salt instead of shot, and, taking his son with him, placed himself in a place of concealment in one of the orchards, and waited the events. In the middle of the night several persons came into the orchard furnished with large sacks, which they began to fill with fruit, but the two watchers stole from their hiding-place, gained a position at a distance from which the shot would penetrate only through the skin, and then, giving the alarm, took aim at the lower and more tender parts of their bodies as they had turned their backs in flight, and fairly salted them alive. The known result was, that the orchards at Lower Blacup were, for a long time afterwards, free from similar intruders.

Another anecdote of the ready wit of the writer of the following Autobiography enjoyed a greater local reputation than all the rest. At the time of his second marriage he had become bald, and was in the habit of wearing a wig. He employed a barber in Bradford, the nearest place it is to be presumed where a barber capable of such a work could then be found, to make him a new wig, and this barber was named Joshua Craven. He

appears to have been a very dilatory workman, and the delivery of the new wig was delayed until the patience of him for whom it was designed became exhausted. One day he called into his house a neighbour who was passing on his way to attend Bradford market, and asked him to wait while he wrote a line to his barber; and in a few minutes he gave him the promised letter, which he duly delivered as directed, and was surprised at the broad laugh which burst from the receiver when he had opened and read it: in fact it contained the following extempore lines:—

“ Mr. Joshua Craven, I wish your pate shaven,
And over your shoulders a twig;
I must have this ado, to send to and fro,
And yet you won't make me my wig.

“ How long, with a vengeance! must I dance attendance
On you, you dilatory prig,
And run in the cold, with my head bare and bald?
And yet you won't make me my wig.

“ Would you send me my bob, to cover my nob,
Why then I might strut and look big;
Now I'm forced to be squat, and keep on my hat,
And all for the want of my wig.

“ Don't you know, bless your life, I've got a young wife?
And did you but hear her sweet voice!
When she sees I am bald, she thinks I'm grown old,
And is fit to repent of her choice.

“ I vow and protest, if you don't do your best,
And send it by Saturday night,
I'll surely resent it, and make you repent it,
As sure as my name's THOMAS WRIGHT.”

It is to be supposed that such an appeal could not fail to have the desired effect.*

The author was celebrated for an extraordinary memory, of which I have heard several anecdotes. It is still remembered in one of the manufactories in which, when the increase of his family called for all his resources, he took employment, that "Tommy Wright" could repeat the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost" whenever called upon, besides the works of other poets; and yet that he could not remember accurately for a few hours a common business commission. This is, perhaps, somewhat exaggerated on the side of the forgetfulness, although he had evidently no taste for business; but only a few years ago I heard directly the following anecdote from an old man, who may be still alive, and who was when young his intimate neighbour. This person, who was an intelligent man, and in easy circumstances, stated that, on the day when the "Leeds Mercury," then a young newspaper, arrived, "Tommy Wright" usually brought it with him to his house,

* These verses were inserted in the local newspapers at the time of the author's death, and it is from a cutting from one of these in my own possession that I give them here complete. Within the last few weeks I have received from two different quarters in that neighbourhood the story, with imperfect copies of the verses taken down from oral recitation, a proof of the popularity of the writer, and at the same time a curious example of the length of time through which in some parts of the country such traditions are preserved.

took his usual seat by his kitchen fire, and, after both had lit their pipes, proceeded to read it through. The "Mercury" was then, of course, comparatively a small paper; but when he had once read it, if called upon immediately afterwards to repeat either the whole or any part of it, even an advertisement, he could do it without hesitation, and so accurately that it was quite unnecessary to refer to the paper itself.

Birkenshaw, with the name of which that of Thomas Wright is more especially connected, is even now a rather wild and straggling village, spread over the top and sides of bleak elevated land; but in the last century it must have been a very dreary place. A house, or rather a cottage, the end one of a row, is still pointed out and known to some of the inhabitants as the one in which he lived, after his removal from Lower Blacup. This latter house remains much in the condition which it presented in his time. The front and larger part of it appears, indeed, from the stone mullions and antiquated glazing of its windows, to be a building of some antiquity, perhaps as old as the earlier half of the seventeenth century. He speaks of having let off part of it as a separate tenement, which exposed him, through the dishonesty of his tenant, to a serious robbery; and it still remains divided into two houses. It is prettily situated on the side of the hills which form the south-western side of a rich and picturesque valley, with a stream immediately

below, and a wood, once spreading eastwardly over the steeper side of the hill above, and must have been, in the last century, before so many factory chimneys had been raised in its immediate neighbourhood, a singularly rural and retired place. As this house was the scene of a rather important and active period of his life, that of his first marriage and widowhood, it has been thought that a view of it would form an appropriate frontispiece to his Autobiography; and it has, therefore, been engraved from a very admirable photograph, made for me by Mr. J. Beldon, of Bradford, a young photographer of great talent, and who promises to attain a high position in his art. Lower Blacup is rather more than three miles nearly south of Birkenshaw, and about half a mile from Cleckheaton, which, though now a considerable place, was then only a good-sized village. Bradford itself, four miles northward from Birkenshaw, was then a small town in comparison with its present extent.

Brookhouses, which holds so important a place in the following narrative, stands also on the slope of the same sweep of hills, but on the opposite side of Cleckheaton, beautifully situated, with the little river Spen winding round the foot of the bank on which it stands; and overlooking Cleckheaton, which occupies the rising ground at a very short distance on the other side of the river. Through Cleckheaton, it would be less than a mile distant from Lower Blacup, and the distance

is not much more than a mile by the more pleasant road along the foot of the hills. The principal part of the house at Brookhouses built by the Birkheads still remains, but part of it has been pulled down, and some rather handsome additions raised on the site. At a very short distance behind the house, the old Balm Mill still remains, the place where my grandfather used to meet Miss Birkhead during his courtship. Between it and the house runs the lane which leads to great Gomersfall, and thence to Birkenshaw and to Birstall. The chapel at Cleckheaton, that of the Independents, which the Birkheads frequented, has been rebuilt since that time; but the tomb of Lydia Wright, with the inscription raised over her by her husband, as described in the following pages, still stands in the burial-ground, and the tablet to her memory inside the chapel; and near that of my grandmother stands the tomb of her brother and parents, which bears the following inscription:—"May this marble perpetuate the memory of William, Son of Mr. William Birkhead, of Brookhouses, who departed this life the 25th of April, 1780, aged 21 years.—Mary Birkhead, Mother of the above, died April 29th, 1796, in the 80th year of her age.—William Birkhead, Father of the above William Birkhead, and Husband of Mary, died March 3rd, 1797, in the 100^{ed} year of his age."

It must not be supposed that in this country Thomas Wright was buried among a population

of mere ignorant rustics. A considerable portion of the people around him were occupied in the cloth manufacture, and were steadily laying the foundation of the present manufacturing wealth of the district, and some of them had already enriched themselves by their industry and intelligence. The very agitation of religious controversy, whatever else it might do, tended to give activity to people's minds. There were, moreover, in the country around, a few men who had raised themselves to intellectual distinction. At Bierley Hall, about two miles to the north-west of Birkenshaw, lived Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., the eminent naturalist, with whom Thomas Wright was intimate in his youth. Field-head, in the parish of Birstall, was the residence of the Priestleys, where they established a celebrated boarding-school for ladies, to which he sent one of his daughters. As the celebrated Dr. Joseph Priestley, who was born at Field-head, was resident at Leeds during several years subsequent to 1767, he must have frequently visited his near relatives at the place of his birth, and it is at least probable that my grandfather was personally acquainted with him. He visited Miss Bosanquet, subsequently the wife of Fletcher of Madeley, at Cross Hall, in the parish of Batley, about three miles to the east of Birkenshaw, and it was there that he heard the remarkable ghost-story related in the following pages (p. 132). He describes as his friend, John Taylor, of Great

Gomerfall, little more than a mile to the south of Birkenshaw, the enterprising and intelligent merchant and manufacturer, whose character is drawn so admirably by Charlotte Brontë under the name of Mr. Yorke, in the novel of "Shirley."

The manuscript of the following Autobiography, in the hand-writing of the author, is in my possession, having descended to me as a sort of heir-loom. He appears to have commenced it in the year 1795, when he was sixty-one years old, and to have intended to bring it down only to that year, which he mentions more than once in the text as the year in which he was writing; but he subsequently continued it to 1797. In the manuscript he has further added notes of events in the three following years, but as they merely relate to private transactions and disputes, among some of the younger branches of the family, and have no interest for the general reader, I have judged it advisable to close it with the year 1797, according to the original design. The title in the manuscript is, "Memoirs of Thomas Wright and his Family, interspersed with Remarks and Moral Reflections on Occurring Circumstances, &c., written by Himself for the Information, Instruction, and Amusement of his Children, 1797." Autobiography seemed to me a better title for it, when printed, than Memoirs.

As I learn from an entry in the manuscript (in the handwriting of my father), Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw, died of an attack of typhus fever,

on Friday, January 30, 1801, at about seven o'clock in the evening, eight days short of sixty-five years of age. He was buried at the White Chapel, in the north of the parish of Birstall, at the lower end of the chapel, by the side of his daughter Hannah, his fourth child by his second marriage, who had died only eleven days before him, at the age of ten years and a half. He retained his office of inspector of woollens (or, cloth-searcher) to the end of his life.

Thomas Wright appears to have been much attached to his children, and he describes the death of a favourite son, named John, in a detailed account which is extremely pathetic. The loss of this child seems to have weighed heavily on his mind for several years, in which he devoted the anniversary of the sorrowful event to the composition of a short poem to his memory. These he has carefully copied, along with one or two controversial pieces in verse, in a volume of MS. accompanying the Autobiography, evidently intending them as an appendix to it, and as such I have printed them at the end of the present volume. The last of these relates to some local controversy, and would require an explanation which I am not able to give, for local tracts of this kind are very rare. Mr. Thomas Taylor was a well-known and distinguished Wesleyan itinerant preacher, who travelled in the Birstall circuit in 1771 and 1772, and was appointed to the Bradford circuit two years later; he had been

a blacksmith. Mr. John Knight, an early Wesleyan convert, who had been a poor collier, and had afterwards turned Calvinist, attacked him in a pamphlet, in which he sought to throw ridicule on his former occupation under the name of Polyphemus the Cyclops. "Tommy Wright" came to the rescue of Taylor in a poem which is full of humour, and contains some powerful writing. I have not thought it necessary to print the rather long criticism in prose on the controversial notes to Knight's poem, which follows in the manuscript.

I have only to add, that it was thought a few explanatory notes, especially on the localities mentioned in the Autobiography, would render it much more interesting to the general reader, and that I owe nearly these illustrations to a very respected friend in Bradford, Mr. Abraham Holroyd, who is remarkably well acquainted with the whole country around that town, and with its history and traditions.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

Sydney Street, Brompton, London.

December, 1863.





AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS
WRIGHT.

HOW exceedingly limited is human knowledge in this transitory and imperfect state of things! Even men of the finest geniuses and deepest researches, men of the greatest parts, learning, and diligence, do but make low attainments in knowledge, comparatively speaking, either with respect to the things of the natural or spiritual world; but with respect to the bulk of mankind, comprehending the middle and lower ranks of people, they appear, with some exceptions, to be sunk in stupid ignorance, and to know very little even of the world they dwell in, or the inhabitants thereof, much less of things of a more abstruse nature, but to content themselves in general with a knowledge of those mechanic arts, or manual employments, that are necessary to obtain riches or a greater or less plentiful subsistence in the present state. Nay, how little is known by the generality of the people even of their own families, very few being able to trace back their

descent beyond their grandfathers ; and, indeed, there appears little desire in general to know either from whom or from whence it is we spring ; notwithstanding the desire of remembering those, and being remembered by those, we most esteem on earth, seems congenial to the human heart :—

“ For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd ?
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

“ On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

If every father of a family who can read and write would take the pains to record the births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, and most remarkable providential occurrences towards himself and the different branches of his family, while under his observation, it would be a circumstance that might prove in many respects both useful and entertaining to his successors.

I could wish to give a more particular account of my ancestors than I am able, they all having died while I was very young ; and I, like most of my neighbours, having received nothing but verbal accounts concerning them. However, I will put down all that has come to my knowledge concerning them, and be more particular when I come to myself and the affairs of my own more immediate family. It may some time, perhaps, prove a leisure hour's useful amusement to some

branch of my family into whose hands it may fall after I am gone.

Thomas Wright, my paternal grandfather, (after whom, I suppose, I was named,) some time kept the Bowling Green Inn, in Bradford, Yorkshire ;* where, after he married my grandmother,

* The Bowling Green Inn, Bradford, still remains, and is one of the best in the town. It is a long old building, fronting on the level open space called from the earliest times the Bowling Green, and is at the west end of Bridge Street on the road from Wakefield. Outside there are the marks of many alterations, such as windows walled up in some places, and broken out in others ; doorways walled up, and fresh ones broken out in other parts. In the inside the rooms are small and low, and large square beams are thrown across the whole to support the flooring of the upper rooms. This massiveness and strength was formerly no doubt meant to support properly the heavy stone flags with which all rooms in this part were flagged. Wooden flooring, which is both warmer and lighter, has now become common in all new erections. Such is the account given me by Mr. Abraham Holroyd of Bradford, who adds, " My earliest recollections of the inn reach to a time when one Joe Ward was landlord ; and there used formerly to be held here meetings on particular subjects, and the speakers addressed the crowds assembled in the open space in front from an old balcony which yet runs the whole length of the hotel. It used formerly to be the best hostelry in Bradford, as the stables in the rear yet testify ; and the mail coaches used to start from and arrive in here with tremendous ado. But this has all passed away, and the inn is now the haunt only of the neighbouring tradesmen and of the country farmers, who put up here on the market-days ; and it is a rendezvous also of that flitting race the commercial travellers. The other oldest hostelries in Bradford are the *Woolpacks*, *Pack Horse*, *King's Arms*, and the *Bull's Head* in Westgate, at which last the farmers and others used to keep a market on both sides of the street. At the Bull's Head in Westgate our earliest merchants and manufac-

he lived and died with credit and esteem amongst his neighbours. I understand by his will (which I have by me) that he was by trade a cloth-dresser; and I have heard that the family came originally from Keighley,* or its neighbourhood, and settled about Wibsey; † and some of the de-

turers used to occupy the best front room upstairs to hold a kind of Chamber of Commerce. During the wars of England with the elder Napoleon the news from our armies was retailed and discussed by these gentlemen when they met on the market-day at the Bull's Head. If the news was against us, they broke up *early*, and all went to their homes in the country in a serious and desponding manner; but if victory had been with our army, they feasted, stayed late, and got jolly well drunk on Mr. Illingworth's strong home-brewed ale, like good fellows and lovers of their country."

* Keighley, then a not very considerable town, about twelve miles to the north of Halifax, was celebrated for its manufactures in cotton, linen, and especially worsted, which were sold chiefly at Halifax and Bradford.

† Wibsey is now a very large village, and is in the township of North Bierley. It is nearly two miles south of Bradford, and has in and near it three churches, and several dissenting chapels. The great iron works of Low Moor are near Wibsey. There is almost everywhere a village which is made the butt of those near it; and the Wibsey people are supposed not to be so sharp as their neighbours, and hence are called by others, "Wibsey Geese," "Hullatt Wallers," and "Moon-rakers." It is reported of them, but whether the story be true or not may perhaps be doubted, that once upon a time, one of the Wibsey villagers saw something in a pond on the "Slack," which he supposed to be a cheese—this was at night, so off he set and collected several of his companions, and they, with a few hay-rakes, started off to the place to recover the cheese, if so it might be. After several fruitless efforts to obtain the cheese by raking for it in the pond, one of the party, possessed of a little more sense than the rest, suggested that it might

scendants remain still in the adjacent country. This is all I know of my grandfather Wright prior to his marriage with my grandmother. If any of my family should be desirous to know more, they may probably find an account of their marriage and deaths in the parish register at Bradford. Martha Wright, my paternal grandmother, (whose maiden name, I have heard, was Hopkinson,) and who came from Batley, had been married before her connection with my grandfather to a Richard Horton, by whom she had issue, a son and daughter, whom I personally knew; namely, Abraham Horton, my half-uncle, a shoemaker in Bradford, who has left several sons that survive; and Martha Horton, my half-aunt, who first married a — Haworth, and was mistress of the old Cock Inn in Halifax,* with

be the shadow of the moon they saw in the water, as that luminary was shining brightly. Hence the name of "Moon-rakers," a term still applied to them. This, a little varied, is, it need hardly be stated, one of the well-known stories of the wise men of Gotham. But the Wibsey people are charged with something worse than this; it is said that they are, and have long been, great eaters of "howpeys" (horses). Forty years ago there was nothing in this part of the country to compare with the Wibsey people for all kinds of wickedness and low brutishness. Gambling and thimble-rigging were common, and rapes and murders were frequent. But cheap periodicals and the labours of the teacher are entirely changing the habits of these miners and iron-workers; and ere many years are past they will be changed entirely.

* The old Cock Inn, Halifax, is still in existence, and stands near the "Corn Market." I am told that it has

great credit and reputation, above thirty years; but after the death of her first husband she married a Nathaniel Longbottom, who proved but a very indifferent husband, deserted her, and went to London, married a second wife during her lifetime, used to send threatening letters to extort money from her, &c. She told me she saw his apparition the night of his death, as she lay awake in bed with a Mrs. Newton, with whom she lived at that time, and who was fast asleep by her side—that she looked earnestly at the ghost for some time, and it looked as earnestly at her; but at last she covered herself with the bedclothes and saw him no more. She told her bed-fellow in the morning that Natty was dead; she had seen him in the night, and expected a letter with an account of his death by the next post, which happened according to her expectation. She told me another instance of the kind, which is as follows:—A Mr. Christopher Laverack, a reputable tradesman (a maltster) at Spen, in the parish of Birstall,* who used to inn there, lying sick at

undergone little alteration, and that it is still a flourishing hostelry.

* Spen, or Spen Bank, lies between Cleckheaton and Birstall. There is a corn mill here, which was rebuilt some few years since. Formerly the mill was managed by a family named Mann. There are about a dozen cottages near the mill; and at a short distance on the hill there is a house, rebuilt also a few years ago, called Spen House. The place is less than a mile from Cleckheaton as you pass towards Gomerfall and Birstall.

home upon his death-bed: she was doing something in the bar one evening about ten o'clock, and happening to lift up her eyes she saw his ghost looking earnestly at her through the railing. She afterwards heard that he died exactly at that time. She always behaved very respectfully to me. She once visited and stayed with us a week at Lower Blacup,* and I usually called to see her when I went to town. She died in Halifax. I and my wife were invited to and attended her funeral. She was buried in Halifax Church, just within the large front door, on the left hand entering in. I do not know whether any of her issue survive.

Thomas Cordingley, my maternal grandfather, lived for many years in the later part of his life at the Mulcture Hall in Halifax, Yorkshire,† which, together with the mills, (namely, the Four Mills, Little Mill, Farrah Mill, and a frizing mill, with the grounds belonging to them,) he farmed

* Lower and Upper Blacup are two farms lying to the south-east of Cleckheaton, and are but a short distance from the latter place, perhaps half a mile. A friend tells me that the farm house at Lower Blacup is still a one-storey building all covered with thatch in its primitive condition. It is on the side of a footpath which leads to Hightown, or *Heetaan*, and to *Hatchett* or Harthead Moor. The italics denote the way in which the people of the neighbourhood pronounce these names. Blacup is *Bleckup*.

† Mulcture Hall is also still in existence; but about twenty years ago it was altered, and converted into model lodging-houses. Before the date of these alterations it was occupied by an old gentleman by the name of Stott, a noted antiquary in his day. It stands by the side of the street called Cripple-gate.

of Lord Irwin of Temple Newsome,* and which he occupied till he died. He had been married before his connection with my grandmother, and had issue, two sons and a daughter, viz. Thomas, who lived and died near Farrah Mill,† without issue. I have since found he had another son, my half-uncle Joshua, who was poisoned in eating a salad, and lies buried by the side of my mother, with this inscription upon his gravestone:—"Here lieth interred the body of Joshua Cordingley, milner, who died 19th July, aged 23 years. 1730;" and Martha, who married first an — Aked, by whom she had several children; and afterwards a Benj. Sutcliffe, a butcher, by whom she left no issue. Not any of them now survive. My grandfather, in his last will, left me a small estate called Oaks Fold, in Bowling,‡ from

* Temple Newsome, about four miles from Leeds, came early in the seventeenth century into the possession of the Ingrams, who were subsequently created viscounts Irvine. The last Viscount Irvine died here in 1807. The estate subsequently passed to the Marquis of Hertford.

† Farrah Mills, I am told, are in the valley between Halifax and Salterhobble.

‡ Oaks Fold is in Birch Lane, in Bowling Lane, Bradford (borough), and is about one mile from the centre of Bradford. The land around Oaks Fold is now divided between three owners; viz., Mr. Ripley, the dyer; the heirs of Mr. Wroe; and the Bowling Iron Works Company. The *Fold* has in it now three farm-houses and four cottages. The largest of the farms is occupied by a family named Benson, and the house they reside in was built in 1617; and, as Mr. Benson termed it, "had the top taan off abaat forty year sin'." The next farm, which is but small, and keeps only two cows, is occupied by Mr. Joseph

whence, I suppose, the family originally came. He lies interred in the family burying-place in Halifax churchyard. Martha Cordingley, my maternal grandmother, was daughter of Matthias Whitehead of Streetside, between Dudley Hill and Westgate Hill, in the lordship of Tong. They were a pretty numerous family. I remember the names of four brothers and two sisters—Samuel, whose only son and child, Matthias Whitehead, inherits the family settlement at Streetside at this time (1793), and has issue at present two sons and three daughters; Benjamin, who left several children of both sexes; Abraham; and Jonathan, of whose family I have no knowledge; Lydia, who married Timothy Ellison of Birkenshaw (of whom more hereafter); Mary, who married a Mr. Richmond, dissenting minister at Cleckheaton, by whom she had a son Robert, who was afterwards drowned; and Han-

Wright. His father was a Thomas Wright, and he was in the service of the Low Moor Company. The father of this Mr. Thomas Wright was a George Wright, a farmer in Bowling, but which farm he held I have not been able to ascertain. The present Joseph Wright has a family of five; and as the farm will not support them, he takes employment from Mr. Ripley, at his dye-works near by. The railway from Leeds to Halifax passes only a few hundred yards from Oaks Fold, after you have passed the Bowling station going towards Halifax. It is a nice spot yet, and must have been a lovely place before the towering mill chimneys began to pour or belch forth their volumes of black soot and smoke; but if there ever were any oaks here there are none now.

nah, who died young, and who was remarkable, while yet a child, for being able to repeat several parts of the Bible by memory. This is mostly what I know of the progenitors or collateral branches of my mother's family. I have since found a son of my uncle Abraham Whitehead's, a Christopher Whitehead, a saddler, in Northgate, Wakefield.

John Wright, my father, was born at the Bowling Green Inn in Bradford; I have heard of a brother and several sisters, but know nothing of any certainty of any of them, except one. Upon inquiry I have found that my father had two other sisters:—Mary, who married a — Harper at Halifax; and Judith. My aunt Betty lived and died at Bradford. She married first a W. Northrop, and afterwards a Thomas Craven, and left issue by both husbands; but I know little of any of them. She died in straitened circumstances, but was liberally behaved to while she lived by Mr. Joseph Hollings of Cottingley, a distant and substantial relation of the family. At a proper age my father was put apprentice to a Jer. Jagger, a cabinet-maker of Halifax, where he became acquainted with and married my mother, Elizabeth Cordingley, daughter and only child of my grandfather with my grandmother Cordingley. After their marriage they dwelt as long as they lived at Mulcture Hall, with my grandfather and grandmother; and as my grandfather was old, and my father young and active, he took

the care of the mills upon himself, which he superintended till his death. My mother bore him four children, namely—Mary, Martha, Thomas (myself), and Elizabeth, of whom she died in childbed. Elizabeth Wright, my mother, was born at the Mulcture Hall in Halifax, the latter end of November, 1711, and died at the same place when she had just entered her twenty-seventh year; and was interred in the family burying-place, a little above the lowest gate near the south front wall in Halifax churchyard, where a stone lies over her grave with the following inscription:—

“HERE lieth the body of Martha, the daughter of John Wright of Halifax, miller, who departed this life the 18th day of August, 1736, aged 2 years, 7 months, and 4 days.

“Also here lieth the body of Elizabeth, daughter of the above John Wright, aged six hours.

“And also Elizabeth, the wife of the above John Wright, who died February the 19th, 1738, aged 26 years and three months.”

I know not where my eldest sister Mary was buried, but I suppose in the same place. My father died about two years afterwards, turned (I suppose) of thirty years of age, and lies interred by the side of my mother. I can just remember my father twice. Once I asked him for a halfpenny as he sat by the fireside in the hall; he gave me one, which I well remember

was a little thick one of George the First, rimmed round the impressions, which drawing my notice, seems to be the circumstance that fixed the occurrence in my memory. Another time, which was on a Sunday, my father went out of the great parlour, as we called it, down the orchard below the hall, my grandmother, or some one else, sent me out after him to call him back. I remember I saw him go down the orchard and climb over the wall at the bottom, as if going to the Mills. I was just then put into breeches. I remember that I had on a white dimity waistcoat, with a double row of buttons down the breast; that I was in my shirt sleeves, not having put on my little coat; that I sometimes called daddy and sometimes father. I had been used to call him daddy, but hearing some of the neighbouring boys call their father, I thought I would call mine so too, which somewhat embarrassing me in my mind at the time, seems to have been the circumstance which fixed the occurrence in my memory. This is all I remember of my father. I cannot remember anything at all of my mother. After the death of my father and mother I was left to the care of my grandfather and my grandmother Cordingley. My grandfather died not long after my father, and lies interred in the same grave. By the death of my father and grandfather, my grandmother was left very forlorn and exposed. She was left with a pretty large stock in her hands, in cash and furniture,

and the articles of their business. The business of the mills was extensive and complicated, and required far more management and attention than she was capable of bestowing upon it; hence, she was obliged to rely on the faithfulness of different persons to transact her business for her, which she did till nearly stripped of all her property. Her loss on this occasion, I have reason to think, did not fall much short of a thousand pounds. I remember a circumstance (child as I was) which, among others, sufficiently indicated her critical situation with regard to the rapid decrease of her property, over which I remember her sorrowing very much. We had a woman in the house she hired as a maid, and chiefly to attend me as a nurse; and as my grandmother was very fond of me, she used to indulge me with any thing to play with I took a fancy to. Among other things she used to let me have twenty-seven and thirty-six shilling pieces of gold coin,* and when I was weary of them locked them up again in her desk. My grandmother used to attend the dissenting meeting-house on Sundays, and frequently left me and the maid at home by ourselves on those days. I can remember the woman having sweethearts attending her in my grand-

* The twenty-seven shilling piece was the moidore; the thirty-six shillings, the double pistole. These coins were properly Portuguese and Spanish, but they were introduced rather extensively into our currency in the reigns of the first Georges.

mother's absence. And when I was troublesome for playthings, and in particular for the gold pieces, to get rid of my importunity she produced a key which opened my grandmother's desk, and gave me the pieces to play with, with a strict charge not to tell my grandmother; and she took care to lock them up again before her return. It was therefore no wonder that her property wasted so fast. Finding things go so much the wrong way, my grandmother at last gave up the mills to one Richard Aked, and removed to one of our own houses at the bottom of the town, taking me and the maid along with her. The house is that which the widow of James Carleton occupies at present (1793). Here my grandmother soon sickened and died; leaving me and my concerns to the care of her sister, my great aunt, Lydia Ellison, of the parish of Birstall—living at that time at the village of Birkenshaw. My grandmother Cordingley was buried in the family burying-place before mentioned. I made a short stay with my aunt Lydia at her youngest son's, John Ellison's, at Birkenshaw; and then, for the convenience of going to Bradford Free School, removed with her to her youngest daughter Hannah's, who had married a Samuel Wood, a mixed clothmaker, residing at a country place called Leister Dyke,* about a

* Laister Dyke is on the east edge of the borough of Bradford, and is now a very populous place. There are

mile from Bradford. At this place I resided for some years, and went from hence to Bradford School, where I went through all the Latin forms under the usher Mr. Thomas Northrop. The upper master at that time, who taught Greek and Hebrew, was the Reverend Mr. Butler. At this school they taught every day in the week, begun every morning at seven o'clock, and loosed every evening at five o'clock, except Wednesdays and Saturdays, the afternoons of which days were devoted to writing, and we lay by at three o'clock. This was the practice summer and winter, so that, living a mile off, I had to go and return morning and evening during every winter season in the dark. When I gave over learning at the Free School I went to learn writing and accounts with a Mrs. Betty Ward, who taught sometimes at her own house on the Broad Stones, and sometimes at the vicarage house opposite the church, the house being at that time empty. I may observe here, that I learned to write a plain legible hand, sufficient for any purpose of common life or common business; but believe I was incapable of ever learning to be what is called a

large mills, and rows of houses and streets there, filled with busy workpeople. The Great Northern Railway to Bradford has a station here. The place is near both the old village of Tong and Birkenshaw. It was perhaps called Laister Dyke from the small "beck," or "dyke," which runs through it, but which is indeed at present very inconsiderable.

fine, or becoming a very quick or ready writer. With respect to accounts, I learned a good way, but never having occasion to make use of the more uncommon rules in the subsequent scenes of my life, I have now in a great measure forgot them; though I suppose if necessity required, the circumstance of having learned them once would make them more easily attainable a second time. The common rules I retain ready enough. With regard to the other branch, or book learning, the bent of my genius lying strongly that way, I made a rapid proficiency above most of my fellows; and here I must regret, if at least we ought to regret any circumstance in life which appears to be more peculiarly permitted or brought about by the order of a wise and good superintending Providence, and in which our *own will* appears to have been little or not at all concerned, I say, I must regret the want of some person or persons attentive enough to my interest to have noticed the bent of my disposition and genius, and find out means (if means might have been found) to have put me out to some of the learned professions. In this case I might perhaps have made a considerable figure in the world, and those talents which some have thought me possessed of might have enabled me to have supported myself and a family genteelly through life, which now stand me in little more stead than to make me perhaps a more pleasing and entertaining companion among my acquaintance.

However, as I observed above, as it appears to be the dispensing of a wise and kind Providence, which appears in several instances to have designedly prevented me from appearing or acting in the more public scenes of life, it becomes me to submit and be resigned, which I find myself the more readily disposed to do, as I am fully persuaded of the wisdom and goodness of Providence in its dispensations towards every individual, and firmly believe that God is—

“ Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies ;
E’en crosses from His gracious hand
Are blessings in disguise.”

I here take notice of the comparatively superior happiness of childhood and youth. Pleased, if in health, with the present, unanxious for the future ; roving at their leisure hours through the fields and groves in search of the little birds’ nests, or engaged in innocent plays or amusements with their school-fellows ; when sometimes, perhaps, the sudden little unmalicious quarrel may excite “ The tear forgot as soon as shed,” which, however, is soon over, and they are busy at their little amusements again. What a contrast this to the scenes that await them.

“ Retired we tread a smooth and open way ;
Through briars and brambles in the *World* we stray.
Stiff opposition, and *perplex’d* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.”

DR. YOUNG.

I never view those scenes of my youthful amusements without feeling a deep regret for the loss of those happy hours, and exclaiming with the poet,—

“ Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields beloved in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from you blow
 A momentary bliss bestow ;
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second Spring.”

GRAY.

The uncommon word *redolent*, made use of here by Mr. Gray, means smelling sweet giving a strong flavour, or reviving a lively, pleasing sensation or idea of joy and youth. I never see children or youth at their playful diversions, but I partake in a degree of their joy ; only regretting for them the short continuance of their felicity.

“ Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly the approach of morn.

“ Alas, regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play !

No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day.
 Yet see how all around them wait,
 The ministers of human fate ;
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey the murd'rous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men !

“ These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind ;
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visag'd, comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

“ Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness, laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

“ Lo, in the vale of years beneath,
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen ;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo, Poverty to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand
 And slow-consuming Age.

“ To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;

The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah, why should they know their fate?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies.
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more; where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise."

Yes, ye little sportive innocents, enjoy your happy ignorance, enjoy your childish amusements, your youthful pleasures, while you may; the cares and anxieties of life are hastening on, and will put a speedy end to your felicity.

As I have been led insensibly into some account of myself, without beginning at my birth, I will now return and endeavour to give a regular and connected account of myself from that period.

I, Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw, in the parish of Birstall, late of Lower Blacup, near Hightown, in the same parish, but originally of Halifax, was born at the Mulcture Hall, in Halifax, on Monday, the 27th day of January, 1736, about ten o'clock in the forenoon. (Feb. 7th, N. S. is now my birthday.) I was baptized at the parish church of St. John's, in Halifax, on Monday, February the 24th, 1736. I lived with my father and mother, and grandmother and grandfather Cordingley, at the said Mulcture Hall, where they all lived together, till they all died. My mother died in child-bed of my sister Elizabeth, when I was somewhat turned of two years old. My father died a year or two afterwards, leaving me and my concerns to the

care of my grandfather and grandmother. My eldest sister Martha, a beautiful little girl, having died sometime before of the small-pox, my grandmother, who was extremely fond of me, as the only remains of her only offspring, and consequently very anxious to preserve my life, was persuaded by a Doctor Nettleton, who was intimate with the family, to inoculate me, as the safest method with that dreadful malady. I well remember the operation, it was on a Saturday; the doctor seated me in a chair in the left wing of the Hall, bared my arms, made an incision with his lance in both my arms above the bend of my elbows, introduced the matter, and then bound up the parts. A young man, an apprentice, I suppose, stood by all the time to observe the operation. The doctor gave me a penny, saying I was a fine boy, and observing that I was the first upon whom he had performed the operation who had not wept. The fever came on the Saturday following. The doctor, his wife, and apprentice, were assiduous in attending me, and very anxious for the consequence, as the practice was new in the neighbourhood, and depended for its credit upon the success of this and a few other instances. I well remember them bringing me syrups and sweetmeats almost every day. However, by an improper treatment, that of keeping me too hot both without and within, which avertimes and more improved knowledge have rectified, the eruption was great, and I was

much hazarded. Several of those inoculated in the neighbourhood at the same time, died, which brought the practice into disrepute at that time.

However, by the blessing of God, I survived, but was pitted a good deal, and a slight injury remained on my right eye, which now, in my more advanced years, I find the effect of, it being much weaker than the other. My grandmother kept a maid-servant, who had been long in the family, her name Mary Moore, a daughter of Anthony Moore, a blacksmith at Smithy-stake.* She kept this woman chiefly for the sake of nursing and waiting on me. She afterwards married a John Wright, who came from Belly-bridge,† but followed his trade of joiner in the town. She was still retained in the family after her marriage till my grandmother's death, and my removal. They afterwards lived in one of my cottages in the Lower Church Steps till she died. She lies buried, at her own desire, in our family burying-ground. She left four children, John, Thomas, Elizabeth, and Maria. John enlisted and went to America, where he died; Tho-

* Smithy Stake is the name of a district in Halifax near Mulcture Hall.

† Bailiffe Bridge is in the parish of Dewsbury, and is about six miles from Halifax. As you pass on the railway from Leeds to Halifax, it lies at less than a mile distance on the left hand, from the Lightcliffe station. It is here spelt "Belly Bridge," but is never named so now. There are two mills in the place, and it is now a considerable place. The road from Wibsey Low Moor to Huddersfield passes through it.

mas (my namesake) died a boy, soon after he had been over at Lower Blacup to see me ; both the daughters survive, have both been married, and reside at present at the bottom of Halifax. The father in his old age was taken to the workhouse, and died there. I have taken this notice of the family out of respect to my old nurse, who though I believe her to have been blameable with respect to her freedoms with my grandmother's property, yet as I have reason to believe she repented of this, and always manifested a parental love and regard for me to the day of her death, common gratitude requires from me this little tribute to her memory. May she rest in peace ! After I recovered from the small-pox, I was sent to school ; first to a petty school, taught by a Natty Binns, a lame man, in one of my own cottages at the bottom of the churchyard ; afterwards to a kind of free school, a little higher in the street than our Hall, on the same side, taught at that time by a Mr. Thomas Simpson. Here I learned till I attained a little writing, and Lilly's grammar in reading. In this interval my grandfather died, leaving my grandmother quite destitute of all assistance, an unhappy circumstance, as I have before observed, both for my grandmother and me, whose property from this time wasted fast. I stop here to notice a few little circumstances. As soon as I became acquainted with letters, that inclination for reading and the acquisition of knowledge, which is one of the strongest propensities of my nature, dis-

covered itself. I was never weary of my book, and by the time I was seven or eight years old, I had read through the Old and New Testaments, and was well acquainted with every remarkable story to be found there, and in the Apocrypha. I well remember our maid, with whom I slept in a close or ceiled bed, when engaged with her sweetheart, used to bring me a candle to bed, and set it on a shelf in the bedside, and a quarto bible I still have in the family. On this I used to read till twelve, one, or two o'clock in the morning, till I fell asleep, a dangerous practice, though my nurse came frequently to see me. I notice also that my grandfather and grandmother dressed me very well; I remember wearing a silver-laced hat, a silver-laced waistcoat, and my shirt ruffled at the neck, breast, and hands; at the same time I had pence for asking for to buy any kind of spice or sweetmeats I pleased, and the old people, though naturally careful, thought nothing too much they could do for me. I mention these things not out of vanity, but as indicative of the plentiful circumstances of my grandparents at that time; a circumstance I have found corroborated since by several elderly people, their contemporaries, I have occasionally met with, particularly the late Doctor Alexander, who was a neighbour to and familiar with the family. He told me that they were always considered as a very creditable and substantial family. I notice the following instance of my childish ideas. A high

hill, or mountain, called the Haynes, rises very abruptly from the bottom of Halifax, to a considerable height. Our Hall stood not far from the foot of this mountain, which I used to contemplate very much from the top of our orchard. I verily thought the sky rested on the top of the hill, and was very curious to go up and examine how it was, and touch the sky. At length the time arrived to satisfy my curiosity; my nurse persuaded my grandmother to let her go upon a visit for three or four days to her husband's father's, who lived at Belly-bridge, and to take me along with her. We set off, accordingly, and I remember my nurse, when we were ascending the old bank (which was the only road at that time), bid me observe my affectionate grandmother, who was anxiously watching us up the hill from the top of the orchard, hardly knowing how to venture me out of her sight for the time. Well, we arrived at Whisk'em Dandies, a cottage so called, situated where the road crosses a lower part of the top of the hill; but alas! the sky, which I thought to have touched, was retired far away. However, this being my first excursion from home, every view and every object was new to me, and I was sufficiently pleased and gratified with my journey. We lodged and chiefly boarded at the public-house at Belly-bridge; we stayed three or four days, and then returned. I notice the following instance of ill-nature. When my grandmother gave up the mills, she

retained the Hall and gardens till a time fixed for her departure. In this interval I had one day climbed a plum-tree in the side of our orchard next the lane leading to the mills; Richard Aked, who had taken the mills, was going down to them, and seeing me in the tree, threw a sharp-edged stone violently at me, which cut a deep wound in my eye-brow, and so frightened me that I leaped from the tree into the orchard, a considerable height, but providentially escaped breaking my bones and having my eye knocked out. My grandmother was very angry, and threatened to prosecute the man. I notice another circumstance. My grandmother was weak enough to admit the company of several designing and interested men, who pretended love to her. Some of these, I have heard, tricked her out of several large sums of money a little before her death. I remember the names of two of them; George Savage, and Abraham Baraclough. This latter was a customer she traded with, and I remember took me with him to his house, somewhere in Shelf, where I stayed a week or more. I know he used to let me ride on a pretty little white galloway he had, and tell me it should be my own. I take notice of two or three of my childish play-fellows who still survive in or about Halifax. Richard Naylor, who lived in a cottage in our back-fold, and whose mother was very fond of me, and used to entertain me with stories, some of which I still remember; he enlisted into the army, where he

remained many years ; he was by trade a mafon, and is at prefent a penfioner. George Wallace, a breeches-maker, and Bobby Alexander, fon of a phyfician of that name in Halifax, where Bobby now refides, and follows the profefion of his father ; and Billy Wood, fon of a huckfter oppofite our houfe, and who follows at prefent the bufinefs of his father. After our removal to our own houfe at the bottom of the town, my dear grandmother foon fickened and died, leaving me and my concerns to the care of her fifter, my great-aunt Lydia Ellifon, of Birkenfshaw, whom fhe made the fole executrix of her will. I remember my nurf took me to the bedfide to take my laft leave of my expiring grandmother. She turned her head on the pillow and looked at me with a look of inexpressible love, affection, and concern, and had juft ftrength to exclaim, " Poor bairn ! " deeply pierced, no doubt, with the forrowful reflection of the forlorn, comfortlefs, and deserted ftate fhe was leaving the little darling of her heart expofed to. She then ftretched herfelf out in the bed and expired. Thus did I lofe the neareft, deareft, and only difinterefted friend I had left in the world. Farewell, my honoured, beloved, and affectionate grandmother ; great was your maternal care, love, and fondnefs for me. I was too young at the time to be duly fenfible of, or make a proper acknowledgement for your love and kindnefs, but I have felt deeply grateful for it fince, and as I hope and truft to meet you in

another and better state, I will thank you for it in heaven.

Divine Providence, ever wise and good, however mysterious in its operation, having thus deprived me of all my nearest and dearest friends, and cast me a forlorn orphan upon the care of a distant relative, my great-aunt Lydia Ellifson, who had come over on the occasion, after the funeral and family concerns were settled, I began my wandering pilgrimage by making my first remove with her, from Halifax, my native place, to Birkenshaw. My old aunt had procured a large basket, or wisket* (as she called it), which she filled with delf and china ware, and carried on her arm, with no small fatigue, to Birkenshaw. We set off together on foot on the afternoon of

* A *Wisket*, Mr. Holroyd tells me, "was a small shallow basket about ten inches in width, made sometimes of wire and sometimes of wicker-work: they were used in the spinning-mills to carry yarn. When hand-loom weaving was common in this part of the north, the worsted weavers had to steep the weft in water before they used it, after it had been wound on the bobbins. To get the water out again, these wiskets or spool baskets were slung in strings, with a ring at the end to hold by, and were then swung swiftly round until the water had left the weft nearly dry again. There was a game when I was a boy common among children, which must have been suggested from the use of the wisket as stated. The children formed a circle by taking hold of hands, and running around one way, and then the other, they repeated—

' A wisket, a wasket,
To buy a penny basket:
You a penny, I a penny,
Turn round cheefes.' "

a winter's day, and by the time we reached Oakenshaw* it was dark. Being weary, I remember I thought the Cliff Hollings Lane a very long one; at last, however, we reached our journey's end, the house of my aunt's younger son, John Ellifon, at Birkenshaw. Having been a much indulged child, and coming all at once to a strange place, and among strange persons, I began to be very heavy-hearted. I slept with my aunt, and

* Oakenshaw is a good-sized village, about four miles south of Bradford, not far from Cleckheaton, near the line of railway from Bradford to the latter place. It is built at a place where four roads meet; viz., those from Bradford, Leeds, Cleckheaton, and Halifax. There is now neither church nor chapel in it, and the nearest will be those at Low Moor, and the White Chapel at Cleckheaton. This latter was erected by the Richardsons of Bierley Hall, and a public house near by is now called the "Richardson's Arms." There used to be a public house here, bearing the sign of the White Bear, and it was kept by a family of the name of Bateman for more than a hundred years. Some years ago, however, a person went and offered more rent than the Batemans paid, to the owner of the house and land. The greedy landlord, after taking off a piece of land, let the new tenant have the place, but the business ceased to pay from that time, and had to be given up, and the whole building turned into cottages. In the centre of the village there stand the remains of an old butter cross, on which there used to flourish a weather-cock; but in a severe storm about seven years ago, it was blown down. The inhabitants are principally colliers, and the rest are farmers, and those who work at the great Low Moor Iron Works. It was, even fifty years ago, a very rustic village. The inhabitants were almost wholly engaged in agriculture, and so rude were their manners that they became a bye-word. It was said of them that their hair was unkempt from Sunday to Sunday, and that an iron comb was chained to the tree which stood in the middle of the village, for the use of all the inhabitants.

refrained myself while I thought her awake ; but as soon as I perceived her to be asleep, I burst out into a violent flood of tears, till I wept myself asleep. This I did many succeeding nights, till my aunt discovered me. She said what she could to comfort me ; but I longed to return to Halifax, but knew not the way. However, there was a man in the village named Joseph Tempest, who walked regularly to Halifax market every Saturday ; him I resolved to follow at a distance, that he might not observe me, but to keep within sight, for fear I should lose my way. However, he discovered me ; but on my promising to return with him, he suffered me to go. I stayed perhaps a week, and then John Wright, my nurse's husband, brought me back again on horseback. John Ellifson was fond of shooting ; I used to attend him in his excursions, till I grew very fond of the diversion myself. As there was no proper school at Birkenshaw, my aunt removed with me to her son-in-law's, Samuel Wood, at Leister Dike, for the convenience of attending Bradford Free School. As I have taken notice of what happened to me in this situation before, I will only notice a few additional circumstances. As I was returning home one winter's night in the dusk of the evening, in company with a schoolfellow who was a neighbour, whose name was Joseph Bower, as we were entering into a field of about four or five acres, situate on a declivity or hill-side, the foot-path lying along the bottom, called the Gravemaker's

Close, because at that time the grave-maker of Bradford Church farmed it, we observed a woman, as we thought, dressed all in white from head to foot, coming over the opposite stile into the same field to meet us. The singularity of her dress attracted our notice. But suddenly we had lost her; but looking about we discovered her about the middle of the field, apparently aiming at the upper cross-corner. The unaccountable quickness of this remove rather alarmed me, and I could not help turning my head to observe her procedure; when suddenly we had lost her again, but on looking about us, found she had got to the stile behind us, which we had just come over; with equally unaccountable speed as before, and as if she had taken that circuit to avoid meeting us. We both began now to be pretty much startled, and when we had reached the stile, turning about to look after her, we saw her coming back after us, in the same field. We were both now sufficiently frightened, took to our heels, and saw her no more. I could never be satisfied what this appearance was, and must therefore leave it undetermined. While I learned writing and accounts with Mrs. Betty Ward, there was a young, beautiful girl learned with her at the same time, called Nancy Denison. With the beauty of this girl I was greatly struck, but was too young and bashful to say anything to her in the way of courtship on my own behalf. However, as is usual in such cases, I was per-

petually talking of her, till the people where I lived suspected the cause, and rallied me sufficiently on the occasion. As the girl boarded with a Mr. Hardcastle, the then minister of the old Dissenting chapel at Bradford, where they attended divine worship, they thought fit to inform the minister of the circumstance; and the parson sent me a jocosè invitation to his house, with an assurance of a cordial welcome, and free admission to the company of his amiable boarder; but I was too bashful to accept the invitation, and removing soon after, the impressiion wore off, and the affair dropped. This was my first love impressiion; a disposition, I may here observe, to which, with respect to the young and handsome part of the fair sex, I was very prone. Being very fond of shooting, and catching game, I used to go often out with a John Jobson, a John Lumby, a Squire Booth, and a James Speight, neighbours, who were fond of the diversion, till I became a tolerable proficient at shooting flying. Besides these persons I used to shoot with, I will just name the persons who composed the family I lived in at the time, some of the neighbours I was most intimate with, and some of my school-fellows. S. Wood, his wife, and children. Jonas Bateman, John Webster, and Humphrey Moore, servants. John Moore, John Webster, and Grace Wilson, apprentices. Joseph Gauk, Timothy Fawbert, Joseph Shaw, John Speight, John Roberts, Richard Broadbent, neighbours.

Schoolfellows on my own form, William Northrop, Richard Shepherd, Thomas Hodgson, Thomas Mason, Joseph Pollard, William Lister; a William and Thomas Seargeantson, and Samuel Disney of Wakefield; William Ambler from Norfolk, William Nichols from Wales, and Mr. Elmfall of Thornhill, afterwards steward to Sir George Saville. Most of those I have here named are at this time (1795) dead, so fleeting is human life!

While I lived here I had a remarkable dream two or three times repeated; it was of the last day and its process. It struck me very much, and made the first considerable religious impression upon my mind. But as I mean to include all my remarks on my religious principles and impressions in one point of view, after I have run through my historical sketch, I forbear saying anything further at present, and hasten to take leave of this scene of part of my youth. In this interval, my cousin John Ellison died of a high fever. Mrs. Wood, his sister, was supposed to have caught the infection at his funeral, as she immediately after sickened and died of the same disorder. This event caused my aunt and me to remove to North Bierley,* to her daughter Mary's,

* North Bierley is a very populous district, a township, and lies about two miles to the south of Bradford. It is celebrated for its extensive coal and iron works, and comprises Bierley Lane, Buttershaw, Carr Lane, Hill Top, Hodgson Moor, Woodhouse Hill, Revoe Hill, Folly Hall,

who had married William Brogden, my aunt bringing Sufannah, S. Wood's youngest child, with her, purposing to bring her up. If my aunt at this time had put me out a regular apprentice to some suitable calling, as she ought to have done, I might possibly have acquired some habit for trade, which might have been of use to me afterwards ; but this was entirely neglected, and I was suffered to pass several years at this place doing nothing but seeking birds' nests in the summer, and going a-shooting in the winter season. This was a loss of a very pre-

Wibsey Slack, Low Moor, and Wibsey. The Low Moor iron-works are very extensive ; and Dr. Whittaker gives it as his opinion, that the manufacture of iron was carried on at North Bierley by the Romans. At these extensive works, cannon balls for the use of hostile nations throughout the world are manufactured, or rather fabricated, as well as steam engines. These works present a very striking view to the stranger ; during the darkness of the night hundreds of flames seem to shoot up into the sky, and throw a liquid light far and wide ; and during the day, the sable appearance of the workmen, the hissing of furnaces, the heavy fall of hammers, the rumbling sounds vibrating in every quarter, and the various shapes the red iron assumes, combine to produce upon his mind sensations of terror and bewilderment.

Bierley Hall, which was formerly the residence of Dr. Richardson, is a very handsome edifice. Bierley Chapel stands near the Hall, and was founded by Dr. Richardson, and licensed as a place of worship so early as 1716, yet it was only consecrated in 1824. It was enlarged in 1831, at the expense of Miss Curren, of Eshton Hall. Trinity Church, Low Moor, was erected in 1604. St. Paul's Church, Buttershaw, was built at the sole expense of John Hardy, Esq., formerly member of parliament for Bradford. The Wesleyans have a chapel at Low Moor, and another at Wibsey. The Independents have also a fine chapel at Wibsey.

cious and critical portion of my time, and had a considerable influence for the worse on the events of my future life, and was in a great measure occasioned by neglect and inattention in those who had the ordering of me and my concerns. I mention this circumstance, that if any of my family should happen hereafter to be in a similar situation, they may profit by my misfortune. The persons I have mentioned before, that I used to go a-shooting with at Sammy Wood's, used to come constantly to North Bierley two or three times a week during the winter, to kill game for Doctor Richardson. I constantly accompanied them, and after rambling through the fields, woods, and groves all the day, we used to retire to the Doctor's at night, where a supper was provided for us, and as much ale as we choose to drink, paying us for the game after the rate of sixpence for a woodcock, fourpence for a partridge, threepence for a snipe, and twopence for a judcock.* By this means I became a pretty good proficient in the art of shooting flying, an amusement I practised with some avidity for some years afterwards.

I notice a second love affair that happened while I remained here, with Nancy Hopkinson, only daughter of John Hopkinson, a tanner of this place. A pretty lass, but like myself, very young, about my own age, but a tall girl of her years. On this occasion, though

* A judcock was a small sort of snipe.

still very bashful, I went a step farther than in my first amour, frequently presuming to give her a kiss; and one night, encouraged by a neighbouring man, a John Halmshaw, who had acquaintance with the maid, I ventured to pay her a visit after the family were gone to bed, and passed part of the night with her, while John wooed the maid. I remember I was terribly embarrassed to keep up the conversation, she not being a very talkative girl, and was so disheartened with the circumstance—with which, by the by, I should not be puzzled now—that for fear of making myself appear ridiculous in that respect, I never durst repeat my visit afterwards, although the girl was coming enough. Soon after this, a young man from a neighbouring village formed a connection with her, got her with child, was hardly persuaded to marry her; behaved unkindly. She was unhappy, bore a child, and died. I saw her interred in the White-chapel, near the pulpit. Farewell, poor Nancy Hopkinson!

I observe that in both these love affairs the passion only played as a gentle lambent flame about my head, without so much affecting my heart as to give me any material uneasiness of mind. The next was more fatal to my peace of mind, as I shall note by and by. I observe that here also there is hardly a person in the village, except old Madam Richardson, who were then in a state of maturity, who now survive; so transitory is human life!

At length I removed with my aunt and her little grand-daughter from this place to Birkenshaw once again. It was now ordered that I should learn the white-cloth-making trade with Richard Ellifon, my aunt's eldest son. I accordingly attended and worked there at the trade, but continued to board with my aunt, and lodged with her and at Richard's alternately. I learned to weave with John Bentley and John Sykes. I stayed here till Richard's death, which happened in the spring of 1754, when I was about eighteen years old. I continued with his widow till she married again, when I purchased the implements of the trade of her, in order to trade a little for myself. About this time I came of age, and of course had my concerns to settle with my aunt as my executor. During my minority my half-uncle, Thomas Cordingley of Farrah Mill,* died: by his death, his sister, my half-aunt, Martha Sutcliffe, became entitled to a legacy of one hundred pounds by my grandfather's will, which I had to pay her out of my Little Bowling †

* The Farrah Mill here meant is an old corn-mill which yet remains, and is situated in a valley between Halifax and a place called Salterhebble, not far from Skircoat Moor. Formerly almost every valley in the West Riding of Yorkshire had its corn-mill, or mills (if there was a stream in it, and a water-course or "goit" could be formed) for the use of the farmers in the neighbourhood. The millers were wont to mulct a certain quantity of the grain brought, as payment for grinding, and it is highly probable that *Mulcture* Hall got its name from this ancient custom, as it is built near some yet very large corn-mills.

† Little Bowling is up Manchester Road, one mile from

estate. She demanded the legacy at my uncle's death, but my executor finding that she could not pay it safe till I came of age, it was deferred till that time: I then paid them the legacy, with about twelve pounds for interest, upon a promise from them, that if (after having taken a lawyer's opinion on the subject, which we agreed to do) it should appear that they had no right to the interest, they should refund it without trouble; which happening to be the case, I recovered, after much ado, about nine guineas from my interested relations, and the attorney agreed to take what he could get of the remainder for his trouble. They manifested a good deal of meanness, and ill-will at this time; and a William Aked, a son of my aunt's by her first husband, was brutishly abusive on my dear deceased grandmother on this occasion, as he supposed she had persuaded my grandfather to leave me the estate,

Bradford. There were two Bowlings, Great and Little, but the latter name has fallen into disuse. The old road from Bradford to Low Moor ran past Little Bowling, which was a cluster of houses at "Red Gin"—a public-house. The "*Gin*" was a machine for raising coals out of the pit, and was worked by a horse. The "Red Gin" is not many hundred yards from Oak Fold to the west of the latter place. The Bowling Old Lane and Oak Folds district used to be called Far Bowling. As to the coal in Bowling, that in the vicinity of Birks Hall was got out without sinking, but the whole of the coal in the township of Bowling is all taken out now. The coal near Birks Hall was taken out by Mr. Charles North, and the ironstone by the Bowling Company, who have some very extensive works close by.

which they wanted themselves. The apostle says, "The love of money is the root of all evil." It often creates evil tempers, evil dispositions, and evil dissensions among nearest relations and dearest friends: it is a pity! I will beg of God it may never be the case among any of my descendants, if they should have any property to quarrel about. I return to my executor.

All the time I had been under the guardianship of my aunt, I had fared very meanly, and been as plainly clothed. A mess of boiled milk, and a little bread and milk, cold, to breakfast; about a print* of butter between two pieces of oat-bread, or sometimes cheese, with a pint bottle of milk, or sometimes beer, for my dinner and drinking; and the same to supper as

* A *print* of butter meant generally a certain quantity, as a pound or a half-pound, which was stamped out, but here it is applied more particularly to a *small* quantity, an ounce or less in weight, and about the size of a half-crown piece. In the country farm-houses they are made for the children, and are intended as allowances by careful mothers, aunts, &c. They are sometimes brought out at country inns, where the inn happens to be a farmhouse also, when there are only one or two persons to breakfast or tea. "I remember," a correspondent writes, "being served some years ago with two of these small prints at Stanbury, which lies on the edge of the moors above Haworth, the lady of the house telling me that she was churning, and supposed, as I was a *town's man*, I might like it fresh in that way. These prints are generally stamped the same as the pounds are, but sometimes the stamping is done with the end of the thumb."

breakfast, with a little pudding and fresh or salt meat on Sundays, was my general bill of fare for most of the time. Sammy Wood broke me off from school frequently to go with cloth to mill for him to the mills on the river Air, beyond Bradford, besides other errands for the family to Bierley, Birkenshaw, &c., which took me much from the school, and all went for nothing to me. However, they took care to charge sufficiently for everything they did for me, and made more than a double charge for my board to what I had cost them; besides, my personal property—that is, the household furniture and wearing apparel that came from Halifax—was severely plundered amongst them under various pretences, so that I came off a considerable loser from what I ought to have done. I perceived their aim was to make end and even, as we say, or to make their charge equal to my income, that so they might have nothing to pay me. By this means I was left destitute of any stock to trade with, or towards paying off the legacy I was charged with. I note that, with regard to the unfair dealing I met with on this occasion, in my opinion the chief blame attached to Sammy Wood, who was a narrow-minded, interested man. My poor old aunt evidently irked with the business, but she had given up the management of all her concerns to him, in whom she placed an implicit confidence. His children by his first wife were likely to obtain a good share

of what the old woman might leave ; he therefore became interested to procure her all he could. I reasoned the case with him, and proposed to refer it to two indifferent persons, but to no purpose : I therefore took my leave of him with a recital of that passage (which seemed to strike him), Exod. xxii. 22, 23, 24, “Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child ; if thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword ; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.” I told him I had rather be the sufferer than the oppressor, for fear of the consequences. I never hardly saw him afterwards, but he mentioned it and endeavoured to palliate his conduct, and to be greatly desirous that I should think more favourably of it ; a circumstance which appeared to me as a striking proof of conscious guilt. He was at this time as careful, sober, and managing a man as any in the neighbourhood ; but after the death of his first wife he became an extravagant, quarrelsome, drunken sot, and so, for aught I know, he lived, and so he died.

Being thus left with little ready cash, in order to pay off the legacy before mentioned, I sold Mr. A—— B—— of Bradford all the coals he could get in the land without putting down a pit within the stakes of any of the out-fences, for one hundred pounds, with which I

paid the legacy, as I have noticed before. I notice the following circumstance on this occasion. When I met Mr. B—— and the attorney (Mr. Jno. Eagle of Bradford, who had made the writing) at the Talbot Inn in Halifax, in order to receive the money and execute the deed, Mr. Eagle gave it me to look over before I signed it; and I found it left Mr. B—— at liberty to come within and break up my land, only paying me for the damages. I told Mr. Eagle this was contrary to bargain, to which Mr. B—— with much confusion was obliged to assent. Mr. Eagle was very angry, and spoke some very sharp words to Mr. B—— on the occasion, and immediately erased the objectionable passage, and interlined words punctually expressive of the bargain; but I was so struck with the meanness and apparent dishonesty of the trick designed to have been put upon me, that I could hardly persuade myself to sign the writing till I had got it examined; but Mr. Eagle assuring me upon his honour it was right, I signed it, but immediately showed it to another attorney when I got home, who assuring me it was safe, I was easy. Mr. B—— had told me that he was very intimate with, and had a great respect for, my father, and on this account professed a great friendship and respect for me; hence, being young and unexperienced in men and manners, I was led to expect a very friendly and generous behaviour from him, when, alas!

the very first opportunity that occurred, he was aiming to trick me out of my property e'er I had well got possessed of it, and that to a considerable amount too, as it would have proved; while I was unexperienced with men, and a novice in the world; a most ungenerous attempt.

So deceitful is the human heart, and so little dependence is to be placed in general on professions of human friendship! While a person can serve a turn by you, or make you or yours in any respect subservient to his interests, you may expect plenty of these professions; the moment you do *not* need their assistance they are ready to do you any kindness; nay, they will even obtrude their friendly favours, as they call, and you may think, them, upon you, because they run no risk, and see a probability, if nothing more, of your returning their friendship in kind, or by some similar or greater favour; but the moment you *do* stand in need of their assistance, and are, perhaps, reduced to a condition not to be able to make any great, if any return at all for their kindness but gratitude, you will soon see their friendship assume a different aspect, and find them very ready to abandon an unprofitable connection. Do you think—taking the world before you—you would be able to find above one person in a million capable of performing an action of *purely disinterested* friendship of any considerable consequence, to save you or your

family from a prison or the workhouse? Nay, in general—

“The kindest but your present wants allay,
To leave you wretched the succeeding day.”

If they have passed for your friends in a state of prosperity, on a change of circumstances with you for the worse, common decency indeed may induce them to show you some small kindness, in order to justify in some measure the character they have borne to the world; as to afford you an occasional treat, or perhaps to spare or bestow a few shillings, or at most a few pounds, for your assistance or in your favour. This, in general, is the most you may expect or will experience. In the mean time you may expect a rapid decrease in their outward civility and respect; nay, if occasion offers, they may probably proceed to opposition, detraction, and abuse, if they do not go farther still, and add injury to outrage, *because* you are *unable*, or at least, *less able* now than you was once either to return a favour or retaliate an insult. Such behaviour indeed indicates a mean, ungenerous heart, and demonstrates the falsity of their pretended friendship. This, however, is what we have to expect from most professors of friendship in the world, although, perhaps, in our better days, we may have laid them or theirs under preceding obligations. Good, therefore, is the advice of the prophet, “Cease ye from man,

whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Well does old Homer, the poet, advise—

“ That sence of fallen mankind so few are just,
Think all are false, nor even the faithful trust.”

Needful, absolutely needful, is an attention, an invariably close attention, to the advice contained in Tim a' Lee's old cautionary proverb, *Trust no mortal!* No, let my children, or any person who may read this manuscript, be advised by me—Whatever profession of friendship any person may make, however highly you may think of their friendly disposition at present, leave yourselves, I advise you, as little at their mercy as you possibly can. If you do not, it is five thousand to one you are deceived, and will find reason to repent severely, when it is too late, of your imprudence. This was one of the first instances I met with of the deceitfulness of pretended friendship, but I have known many of them since, and perhaps not many persons have been more a dupe to them than myself; hence I advise caution in reliances of this nature. He is well helped who, when he can, helps himself. I know there is something extremely disagreeable to an open, generous mind to treat every person we may have to do with as if they were not to be trusted: 'tis true we may and ought indeed to do this as decently as we can, but still, in my opinion, it is for the most part absolutely needful.

When, therefore, you have affairs of any consequence to transact, secure your own interests yourself as far as you decently can, and *trust no mortal!*

I proceed to take notice of the following circumstance, which happened about this time. My aunt Betty, who lived at Bradford, made an attempt when my father died, to wrest me and my property from the care of my grandfather and grandmother Cordingley, but as they knew she did this from interested motives, to get me and what I had into her power, they withstood and cast her; the law, however, was expensive, but as she was cast in costs, she was liable to pay, or go to prison; but as she was poor, and a near relation, they chose rather to pay the costs themselves and let her alone. When I sold the coal, as noted before, she thrust herself officiously into the business, and went, or pretended to go, several times betwixt me and Mr. B—— on the occasion, without being either ordered or desired by me. After this she made a charge of what she had done in the above affair twenty years before, and what she had done now, till she had got it above ten pounds. To this pretended debt she swore, and arrested me; I gave bail to the writ, determined in my first chagrin to stand her out and punish her, as I understood I might certainly have done; but upon second thoughts, considering she had a numerous family, and was very poor and distressed, the certain expense that

would attend the contest, and that putting her or her husband in prison would do me no good, I was persuaded by Mr. Joseph Hollings of Cottingley* to drop the contest: I therefore paid her the money and quit my hands of her. She afterwards sent for me on her death-bed in great distress. I sent her three shillings, and went afterwards to see her: I forgave her, and took a friendly leave of her, but from that time have had no connection with the family. This affair, first and last (for all the expense fell ultimately on me), was, I suppose, not less than fifty pounds out of my pocket.

I began now to acquire a pretty large acquaintance among the fair sex, and to form some particular connections; but as I had made but little show in trade, having, indeed, but little spare money, I found myself much objected to on this

* Cottingley is a small village four miles to the north-west of Bradford. It lies on the north side of what used to be Cottingley Moor, but during the last few years the whole of this waste land has been enclosed and let out in small lots for almost nothing, by the owner Busfield Ferrand, Esq. M.P. for Devonport. The high road from Bradford to Bingley passes near it, and it is about two miles from the latter place. There are two or three old houses in it, and the scenery in its vicinity is of the most beautiful kind. During the latter part of last century a Mr. Wickham, a justice of the peace, resided in an old hall which stands by the south-east end of Cottingley Bridge, and he was the only justice then near Bradford. Hence the saying among people generally, "O'll carry tha over Cottingley Moor if tha dus'nt mind." That is, to the justice.

account, and having by this time entered into a particular attachment to a neighbouring girl, of whom I became extremely enamoured, in order to remove this odium, and show myself to the best advantage, I borrowed 200*l.* on my little estate. Considering that I had always a natural aversion to trade, and had but been very imperfectly initiated in the business I proposed to follow with this money, this, at the time, was a very imprudent action, and the first step that tended to break into and lessen my little property. Had I done a little with what I could have spared out of my annual income, till I had become gradually more perfectly acquainted with the business, and increased my stock when I had known better how to have used it, I had acted far more wisely than I did; but as I hinted before, my eagerness to remove the odium of following little or no trade out of the way of my being accepted as a husband, was my chief motive of action on this occasion. Well, having been chiefly while with Richard Ellison confined to the working part of the business, and seldom or ever been taken to the markets, I was of course unacquainted in a great measure with buying and selling, and being diffident of my own abilities, I entered into a kind of partnership with a neighbour. This also was a weak imprudent measure, by which I suffered loss, and for which I blame myself. We continued to make and sell cloth for some time, till finding

my partner in an unfair practice, and that my stock diminished very fast, I gradually withdrew from the connection.

I proceed now to give some account of the attachment I mentioned before, with the circumstances attending it. The girl was very young, and a very pretty girl; we lived near together, and had very frequent opportunities of enjoying each other's company. My fondness for her kept increasing, till I became very unhappy in her absence. The idea of any other man forming a connection with her gave me exquisite pain of mind; and, in short, I was deeply in love with this girl, and experienced, as occasion offered, all the varieties of that baneful passion. She was sent one summer to a boarding-school at Bolton in Lancashire, where I visited her twice during her stay. These journeys were very expensive, and I was profusely lavish of my money over this girl, buying her anything she desired, or whatever I thought would please her, whatever it cost me. I was likewise very liberal to her mother, and father-in-law, and their family, partly for her sake, and partly from the respect I had entertained for them from being familiar with them from my infancy; and they were at this time in straitened circumstances.

I notice here the extreme folly and imprudence of this conduct in young fellows. The girls love them never a whit the better, but often the worse for such profusion. They consider it as a

bait thrown out for their affections, and contemn, despise, and ridicule the man who aims at obtaining them by such paltry methods.

“ Can gold gain friendship (or love) ? Impudence of hope !
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.”

I therefore advise any young man who may happen to be entangled, more or less, in this foolish passion, to keep his money in his pocket ; or if he does anything in this way, not to go beyond trifles. If he cannot obtain and secure his sweetheart's affections by other means, money, or anything which money can do, either for him or her, will never be able to effect it ; he may take my word for it if he pleases. And in case he should drop the connection, or be supplanted by another man, he will subject himself to the disagreeable alternative of either making himself appear mean, interested, and ungenerous, by retracting or endeavouring to retract his favours, rather than another man should enjoy them ; or of being heartily laughed at for his weakness and folly by his more successful rival. I never reflect upon my own actions in this case without being deeply struck with a painful sensation of shame and regret for the weakness and folly of my own conduct.

I return to my story. After keeping up our acquaintance for several years, she went to reside for some time with an aunt she had (her mother's sister), at two or three miles' distance.

The uncle followed a large business, and had a great many men and boys about him; his niece was a fond* girl, and remarkably weak in her conduct in this respect. This, therefore, was a dangerous situation for her. I apprised her mother of the circumstance, and advised her to order her home; she laughed at me, and observed that I only wanted her home that I might have more of her company myself. This was partly true. However, it soon appeared that to have followed my advice was extremely necessary; reports of a slanderous nature were presently propagated concerning her, with respect to several men, both at home and in the neighbourhood. I questioned her very closely on the subject, but she constantly denied that there was any foundation for such reports. I told her my designs were honourable, and my love disinterested, but that if she preferred any other person before me, if she would let me know it I would give her no further trouble, whatever uneasiness of mind it might subject me to. She denied any other attachment, and seemed very unwilling to drop the connection. As the reports still continued—particularly with regard to one of her uncle's apprentices—I was resolved, if possible, to find her out, and understanding that they usually met in the dyehouse, after the

* *Fond* in the dialect of this district means *filly, in dotage, an idiot*. It is sometimes used as a term of endearment, thus: "He's varry fond on her," that is, he doats or thinks much of her.

servants had laid by their work, I went down one winter's evening and placed myself in a corner of the dyehouse where I could see what passed without being observed. Some of the boys after supper came into the dyehouse, and placed themselves round the low lead fires,* and he came amongst the rest. The fires were low, and cast little or no light upwards; the place was therefore very gloomy. She presently came in, and he immediately joined her, the other boys taking little or no notice of them. He brought her upon a heap of cloth very near me: I soon observed improprieties pass between them, which satisfied me of the truth of the reports that passed. In the midst of their play I stepped suddenly up to them; they were both ashamed and confounded, and separated immediately. She went into the house, and I followed her, acquainted her aunt with the circumstance, told her I should trouble her no more, and wished them a good night. I afterwards sent her my farewell advice in the following stanzas:—

* Formerly the vats in all the dye-houses were made of lead, and as the tops of the vats must of course be on a level with the floor of the workroom, the place for the fires, to be below the vats, must also be below the level of the ground. The way to the firing-up place was down some steps, and led between the vats. These lower regions were always termed "below the leads," or "below the lead fires," and were the favourite resorts of youngsters (where it was permitted) during the long evenings of winter, for the fires were seldom allowed to go out entirely.

TO EMMA.

I.

Dear Emma, will you deign to hear,
 And heedfully attend,
 The counsel which these verses bear,
 The counsel of a friend.

II.

Who with the warmest wishes fraught
 Your happiness to see,
 Feels all at least that friendship ought
 For your felicity.

III.

A friend whose bosom once you knew
 With generous ardour burn,
 Although that ardour met from you
 A most unkind return.

IV.

'Twas faithful love which you suppressed,
 'Twas true, and free from art,
 As e'er possessed a human breast,
 Or warmed a human heart.

V.

Disinterested, genuine, free,
 It knew no selfish aim ;
 But you unkindly damped its fires,
 And quenched the rising flame.

VI.

But may the wrongs I suffered be
 Eternally forgot,
 Nor of them rise the least idea
 To form one future thought.

VII.

Though disappointment stung me fore,
 Though grieved and pained I was,
 Repentment now exists no more,
 But pity takes its place.

VIII.

How oft I've thought, when I've beheld
 Th' imprudence of your ways,

Along the fatal paths impelled
That led to dire disgrace,

IX.

Thoughtless, and wild, and void of care,
To your own errors blind,
What pity that a form so fair
Should want an equal mind.

X.

But won't experience now at last
Unseal your closed eyes?
Will Emma never see her faults?
Will Emma ne'er be wife?

XI.

On every coxcomb will she choose
Her favours to bestow?
Emma, assume a conscious pride,
And scorn to stoop so low.

XII.

Oh, could I learn what counsel giv'n
Might to your good redound,
'T should flow as free as dew from heaven
Upon the thirsty ground.

XIII.

For now the cankered, pois'nous tongue
Of calumny and spite,
In blasting of your character
Enjoys a fell delight.

XIV.

Exulting malice shrugs the head,
And deeply wounds your fame,
And envy and ill-nature join
To vilify your name.

XV.

But if you're free, may you persist
To keep your virtue still,
And disappoint th' ill-natured hope
Of such as wish you ill.

XVI.

Your nature, over-fond, restrain ;
Learn th' happy mean to steer,
Betwixt a conduct light and vain
And one that's too severe.

XVII.

Our sex, remember, little prize
What little trouble gains ;
An easy conquest they despise,
And love what costs them pains.

XVIII.

Let prudence, then, direct your ways,
And reason sway your will ;
And wisely shun the devious paths
That lead to certain ill.

XIX.

Accept this counsel fairly meant,
And honestly design'd,
And may it leave a good impress
Upon your thoughtful mind.

XX.

Think not I've any selfish view,
Or sinister design ;
I know I never can be yours,
You never can be mine.

XXI.

'Tis real friendship prompts my pen
This plain advice to give,
And if your interest it promote,
Then I my wish receive.

XXII.

May Emma's fame, though now obscured,
Shine out more fair and bright,
With friendly warmth and best good-will
So wishes Thomas Wright.

Here ended my connection with this girl, and though it gave me some uneasiness of mind, which gradually wore off with time, considering the nature of her future conduct, it was well for me that it did; I should have been one of the most unhappy mortals under the sun, had I been brought into the situation her future husband happened to be. I had reason therefore to be very thankful to a kind Providence, which would not suffer me to enjoy my eager and baneful desire.

“ Heaven’s choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire.
What the most formidable fate?
To have our *own desire*.”

“ If in your wrath the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill,
Expose him to the thunder’s stroke,
Or that of his *own will*.”

“ What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perished in their *ardent wish*?
Wish ardent, ever wrong.”

DR. YOUNG’S *Resignation*.

As she has now (1795) been dead many years, I will just give some of the outlines of her history from the ceasing of our connection to her death. She soon after proved with child by the aforesaid apprentice; her relations would not suffer her to marry him: She bore the child, and it died. After some time an acquaintance of mine married her; she bore him a son in twenty weeks after their marriage. They lived

together to have six children, who all died : she afterwards proved unfaithful to his bed ; they quarrelled ; he left her and went to London, where report said he married another wife, and had two children by her before his first wife died. She at last fell into a consumptive disorder, and, reflecting on her former life, appeared to be very penitent. I called to see her, and she desired me to write her a penitent letter to her husband, a copy of which I here subjoin.

DEAR B——,

I know not whether you have heard that your wife is in a very bad state of health or no, but she appears to be in a deep consumption, and near approaching the borders of the grave. I have seen her now and then lately, and have been glad to observe a serious and settled concern upon her mind for her future welfare ; she appears to be truly penitent for her past sin and folly, and as a proof of this she has desired me to write you this for her, wherein she requested me to let you know that she is very deeply sensible of the offences she has formerly committed against you, desires to confess them before God and you, and take all deserved shame to herself upon the account, and earnestly begs your pardon. She says it has been for some time one of the greatest burdens upon her mind, and that after having made this free confession and request, she can be so far easy. That she could be glad to see you,

to acknowledge her faults, and be reconciled to you in person before she dies ; but if you cannot show her that favour, she hopes you will write immediately and let her know if you are enabled to forgive her ; and in the meantime she bids you farewell, and recommends you to the protection and favour of God, of whom she trusts to have her sins (though great) forgiven, and with whom she trusts to be reconciled and accepted through the mediation of an infinitely gracious Saviour. And if she must see you here no more—of which she confesses herself unworthy—she hopes to meet you, she says, where all weakness, sin, and sorrow will be done away, in a better and happier world. Your wife appears to be very sincere in her desire of reconciliation with you, very sensible of and repentant for her crimes ; and earnestly desirous of being reconciled to God ; and I think will not be long before she dies. If it suits your convenience and inclination, I could wish you to see her once again to exchange forgiveness and part in peace ; if not, I desire you would not fail to write to her immediately, as it may be a satisfaction to the repentant spirit of one that has been dear to you and that stands in a near connection to you still. I hope this will find you in health, as I and my children are at present. I shall always be glad to hear of your welfare, and remain, dear B—, yours with great sincerity of affection,

T. WRIGHT.

He came not down, but wrote a letter, in which he forgave her. Soon after this I called to see her, just as she was expiring, and stood by her till she died, June 25th, 1779. She was buried near the low gates in Birstall church-yard. Farewell, Emma!

During my love affair with this girl two young women and a widow thought fit to think favourably of *me*, and took care to let me know it. The widow, who was a good deal elder than me, was very importunate, and deeper in the passion, if possible, than myself; but as my affections were pre-engaged, all their attempts to engage my attention were vain.

I stop here to make some reflections on this strange passion, so common, in a greater or less degree, among the youth of both sexes, and sometimes attended with very serious consequences.

“What art thou *Love!* thou strange mysterious ill?”

It has been observed that persons of the most generous, open, and good-natured dispositions are of all others the most subject to this passion; that persons of a sour, ill-natured turn of mind are seldom or ever engaged in it; and that in Africa, where the heat of the climate is supposed to render the inhabitants more savage, the passion is unknown.

“Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th’ ineffable delight

Of sweet humanity : these court the beam
 Of milder climes ; in selfish, fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
 There lost."

THOMSON'S *Summer*.

Whether these authors have sufficient grounds for what they assert of these Africans, I know not. The former part of the observation I believe is a fact : it therefore behoves young persons of this description, of both sexes, to be doubly careful how they suffer their affections to be engaged upon improper objects, or to an improper degree, if they mean to avoid the follies, inconveniences, and vexations of this befooling passion.

Dr. Young, in his "Estimate of Human Life," Third Edition, p. 30, has, I think, given the best account of it I have met with. He observes, that love "implies discontent, that is *pain* ; for he that desires is dissatisfied with his present condition, be it what it will ; and the pain is in proportion to the desire. To say the least to the disadvantage of this passion, it is putting your peace in the power of *another*, which is rarely safe even in your *own*." He observes further, that "Love is *all* the passions in *one* : it is *anger* that it *cannot*, *shame* that it *does not*, *fear* that it *shall not* enjoy its object. It is *envy* of and *hatred* to those that possibly may ; for *envy*, *hatred*, and *suspicion* form love's constant companion, *jealousy* ; which therefore stings deeper than *either* of them, because it is *all*. Now, as

many passions as love has, so many pains. Be it therefore a maxim, he that was never *pained* never *loved*. But though this passion has pains, leads it not to *pleasures*? It *may* fail of them, and then it is *despair*, which is most terrible; if it attains them they may not be lasting, for most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered, die. Love has under its banner *watching*, *sickness*, *abasement*, *adulation*, *perjury*, *jealousy*, and sometimes it lifts anger's most dreadful followers; the only difference is, *there* they are standing troops, *here* casual recruits; there they are *volunteers*, here they are *pressed* occasionally into the service; for they do not *naturally* belong to love." I will conclude these short reflections on this subject with a transcription of Mr. Thomson's beautiful and striking description of and dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

“ And let the aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form, the kindling grace,
 Th' enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid—while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours—

Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang
 Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour still
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But ah! what fantastic woes, aroused,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !
 Neglected fortune flies ; and, sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs.
 'Tis nought but gloom around ; the darken'd sun
 Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
 All nature fades extinct ; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends ;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue
 Th' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away
 On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declined,
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender trance, and, restless, runs
 To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms ;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
 Romantic hangs ; there, through the pensive dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love ; or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his ; or, while the world
 And all the sons of care lie hushed in sleep,

Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortured heart into the page
 Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With riling frenzy fired. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies ;
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
 Exhausted nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or, if retired
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore ; where, succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores,
 But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or, whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy, sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell ! ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night

Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffused and glaring with untender fire;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
 With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours
 Afresh her beauties on his busy thought;
 Her first endearments twining round the soul
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart:
 For e'en the sad assurance of his fears
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care;
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys

The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well merited, consume his nights and days;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel:
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form;
 While those whom love cements in holy faith
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face—
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm—
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss:
 All various Nature pressing on the heart—
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;

When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

I take notice here of a circumstance which should have been mentioned when I related the behaviour of my aunt. As she would have heired part of my little property if I had died intestate, and as I thought she had rendered herself peculiarly unworthy of anything that was mine, in order to prevent this in case of anything sudden happening to me, I made a will, which cost me about half-a-guinea, wherein I left John Ellifon junior (son of the before mentioned John) all I had, I having the greatest respect for him and the family of any relation or friendly acquaintance I then had. I note also that during this interval I bought many books, and read much—divinity, philosophy, history, poetry, voyages, travels, &c., &c.; and having a good memory, by this means I acquired a good deal of various knowledge, which, qualifying me for conversation, I contracted a very large acquaintance with some of the most sensible men and best families in the country round about. I also learned to play a little upon the violin and German flute. During this period also I made several excursions into the surrounding country. I went with Mr. R—— B——, of Cleckheaton, and his sister to Hull: we crossed the Humber

to Barton in Lincolnshire, where we purchased some wool, and returned. We stayed about a week with an aunt of Mr. B——'s, at Hull, and returned home by the way of York. I went also to the Spa at Scarborough several seasons, and I took a journey to London with Mr. Martin Charlesworth, of Little Gomerfal.* We resided at the Talbot Inn, in the Borough, Southwark: we went down to Greenwich and Woolwich to see the men-of-war, &c. I was on board the *Sterling Castle*, of 74 guns. We went to St. James's Chapel, saw the old king, George II., the present king, George III., then Prince of Wales, and most of the Royal Family. I saw also during my stay some of the principal public places and curiosities of the city and its neighbourhood. We stayed about ten days, and then returned. I went also with an acquaintance to Harrogate, and forward to Ripon; and this, I think, is nearly the extent of my travels to this period.

* Little Gomerfall is a part of Great Gomerfall, and is in the same township. It is in the parish of Birstall, but by a singular arrangement, Birstall is in the township of Gomerfall. There is a chapel of ease in it, and a new church was erected about twelve years ago. The Wesleyans have a chapel here, and there is a Moravian chapel which is of a very old date. The trade of the place is the woollen manufacture, particularly that of blanketing. It is about five miles south-east of Bradford. At this place lived the prototype of Mr. Yorke, a character in the late Miss Brontë's novel of "*Shirley*;" the real name was Taylor.

After my affair with the last-mentioned girl, an old Methodist in the town, called Benjamin Boys, observing me look more solid and thoughtful than usual, concluded that I was under some religious impression, and invited me to go with him to hear the Methodists preach: I complied with his request, and hence began my acquaintance and connection with the Methodists, of which more hereafter. I was so deeply disgusted with the vexation and disappointment I had met with in my late love affair, that I was almost ready to forswear all future connections with the sex, and was for some time without any intercourse of the kind; but by and by a circumstance happened which yoked me again. J—— B——, my late sweetheart's father-in-law, became so straitened in his circumstances, that he was obliged to retire to London to avoid the persecution of his creditors and recover himself; his wife and children locked up the house for fear the creditors should break it up, and I took them to me into my house, and accommodated them the best I could till he returned and paid his creditors, which after some time he honestly did. During their stay with me, Mrs. Birkhead of Brook-houses,* near Cleckheaton (a near relation

* Brook-houses. This beautiful place is rather less than half-a-mile up the stream from Spen Bridge, and is but a short distance to the north of Cleckheaton. One of the houses—the Hall—is built of stone, and was erected about thirty years ago when the old one was pulled down.

of Mrs. B——'s), attended by her eldest daughter Lydia, paid her a visit. I was much taken with Miss Birkhead, who was a very beautiful girl, and when they returned home in the evening, bore them company most of the way. As she was at this time but very young—about eleven or twelve years old—I came to a resolution in my own mind to wait about three years, and then, if we both lived, try if I could not obtain her for a wife, and I punctually kept my resolution.

At the end of three years Miss Birkhead and her sister Betty happened to be learning writing and accounts with a Mr. John Whitford, at that time minister of the Red Chapel* at Cleckheaton, who taught a school on the week days,

The other part consists of two cottages built of brick, which stand with the end towards the back of the hall. The buildings are beautifully environed in trees, and the whole neighbourhood as far as Spen Bridge looks like an ancient park. A clear stream runs just below, and all down the valley towards the east there are some splendid bits of woodland and park-like grounds. An old foot-road leads down to Spen Bridge, past a mill-dam, and the walks are very carefully kept. Such is the Brook-houses at the present day.

* Red Chapel, Cleckheaton. The old Independent chapel in Cleckheaton was built of brick, as are many of the houses in that place. I suppose it was called the *Red Chapel* from that circumstance, or it might be to distinguish it from the *White Chapel*, which stood at a short distance from it. The Red Chapel has been replaced some years since by a very handsome new one of stone, and it is, perhaps, the best building in Cleckheaton at present. The White Chapel is built of stone.

and taught his scholars at this time in the chapel. As I was well acquainted and very familiar with this gentleman, I called in one day to see him while teaching his scholars in the chapel, and the Miss Birkheads being there, I went into the seat to them and helped them to finish their sums. After they had shown them to the master and returned, I took Lydia behind the pulpit, where I paid my first address to her in the way of courtship. The minister observing this hastened to loose his scholars, and left us the chapel to ourselves.

I continued to cultivate my acquaintance with this girl for several years, till we had formed a pretty close connection. I observed that she was remarkably backward in admitting my visits at her father's house, though extremely willing to oblige me with every other opportunity: I found this arose from a fear of her parents becoming acquainted with our connection, which she endeavoured to conceal from them as much as she could. I afterwards understood that they not only disapproved of me for a husband to their daughter, but were bitterly prejudiced against me on other occasions. I was so disgusted with the mean pride, contempt, and ill-nature I heard they expressed on this occasion, that it caused me to drop our correspondence for some time. In this interval I accidentally became acquainted with a Miss C—— H——, a very handsome,

genteel, young lady, near Mirfield,* whose father could give her some fortune, had given her a good education, and who was likely to make a very agreeable, managing wife. I kept company with this girl during the whole interruption of my correspondence with Miss Birkhead, and for aught I know, had I been so determined, might have had her for a wife ; but meeting again with Miss B—— at a friend's house, we made up the breach, and I was of course obliged to drop my correspondence with Miss H——. This young lady afterwards married a Mr. M. F——n of Rastrick, went with him to America, bore him two children there (daughters), and died. He himself soon after perished in a voyage upon business to the Dutch island of St. Eustatius. The vessel, it was supposed, foundered at sea, and all on board perished, as she was never heard of after her departure from the American port. One of the girls survives, and has since come over to settle with her relations in this country. I heard the following story concerning her (Miss H——) related as a fact:—That while her husband and she were at sea, on their passage to

* Mirfield, or Mirefield, is a prettily situated village about three miles and a half to the south-west of Dewsbury. It is rather celebrated in the legendary history of this part of the county, and near the church there is a large conical mound, and the remains of an ancient manor-house. In modern times it has been best known as one of the chief seats of the woollen manufacture.

America, her mother saw her apparition one evening pass out of one room into another, with a candle in her hand, looking more than ordinarily thoughtful. If so, I think it seemed to betoken that she was never to see her again in this world.

I return to my own story. My sweetheart and me began now to think of marriage, in spite of the old folk's opposition, and in one of my visits I proposed it to her. She was willing, but did not know how we should accomplish it, she being under age, and her father refusing to give his consent. I told her there was one way still; she said, what was that? I told her to take a trip to Scotland, and asked her if she would go? She declared she would whenever I pleased. We then proceeded to fix a day for our adventure; it was Thursday evening, she observed, that her father and mother would have to attend what they call a church-meeting at Heckmondwike,* that day three weeks; that they would set off by one o'clock past noon, and be detained till the evening; that if I would, in their absence, come down the private lane at the back of her father's house with my mare and a pillion, she would ride off with me to Leeds, where we could take the chaise for Scotland. On this footing we parted

* Heckmondwike. A considerable place, eight miles south of Bradford. Here are extensive blanket and carpet manufactories. It is but a short distance from Liversedge and Cleckheaton, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway from Bradford to Mirfield and Huddersfield.

at this time. I had proposed the measure without much thought or consideration, and when I came to consider it with attention, it gave me no little uneasiness; not but that I loved the girl well enough, but I was afraid of the old people's after behaviour; and indeed, I had much more reason to dread this—as I found to my cost afterwards—than I was at present aware of. However, as I considered myself as equal to them, at least, in family, fortune, education, or moral character, and that if I behaved respectfully they could not retain their resentment long, I determined to make the venture. The Sunday following I rode to Cleckheaton Chapel, and put up my mare at the public-house at Heaton Gate. My sweetheart, amongst other children, was saying her catechism that day to the parson. At noon a friendly acquaintance of mine (Mr. John Broadley, of Rawfolds*) invited me to dine with him, as he usually did. I accordingly went and dined with him, and in returning to chapel after

* Rawfolds is near Liversedge, and has become a famous place since the novel of "Shirley," by Miss Brontë, of Haworth, was published. The mill, or manufactory, here is celebrated for its successful and sanguinary resistance to the Luddite rioters on the 11th of April, 1812, under its proprietor, Mr. Cartwright. It is about a mile from Roe Head, near Heckmondwike, where Miss Charlotte Brontë (Currer Bell) went to school, and she has introduced it prominently in the story of "Shirley." An interesting account of it will be found in the life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs. Gaskell. At present there are cloth-works and dye-works carried on in the mills at Rawfolds, or "Rawfuds."

dinner, I observed Isaac Taylor coming to meet me in a field called Rawfolds Pasture. I immediately suspected that he came with some message from Miss Birkhead, which proved to be the case. This man lived in a little straw-thatched cottage at a place called Goose Hill,* just at the back of Mr. Birkhead's house, in the croft where the Balm-Mill stands. We usually called it the Ivy Hall, from its being much overgrown with ivy at the west-end of it; at this place Miss Birkhead and me usually met during the greatest part of our courtship, hence the family became a kind of confidants in our amour, and did all they could to promote our design. He told me that Miss Birkhead had been over at his house since I saw her, and that she had laid a new and a speedier plan for our being married, which was as follows:—She and her sister Betty were to go over in the morning (Monday) upon a visit for some time to her cousin, Sammy Webster's, at Morley; that I should go over with my mare and pillion, her riding dress, &c., in the evening, put up my mare at the public-house, visit her at her cousin Sammy's as a suitor; that she would stay with me till they were settled in bed; that then I

* Goose Hill. This name is no longer used, but the hamlet now passes as Balm Mill, or in the dialect of the district, *Bome Miln*; it stands about one hundred yards to the west of Brook-houses, and is only divided from the latter place by a narrow green lane, a beautiful clear stream of water, and a croft.

should fetch the mare from the public-house, and she would ride off with me to Leeds, where we might take the chaise for Scotland. I should have noticed first, that he told me she had got her riding dress out to his house, that I was to stay at the public-house till dark; that then he would meet me at Spen Bridge* with her clothes, which I should take home with me, in order to carry them to Morley, to put on for her journey. All this was sudden; entirely of her own contriving, and bound me to put or put up, and from the shortness of the time, stunned me a little. However, as I was fond of the girl, and hoped (as observed before) that the circumstance the most frightful to me, the old people's prejudice, might probably be surmounted, I sent her word that I would comply with her plan, and that she might expect me the next evening at Morley, according to appointment. I accordingly stayed at Abraham Smith's, the public-house at Heaton Gate, till dark; met Isaac, and took her clothes with me to Birkenshaw. I must here notice another circumstance. Mr. Timothy Crowther, a friendly acquaintance of mine in the same village, had been married some time before to a Miss Nancy Brooke, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Brooke,

* Spen Bridge is a fine stone bridge near Spen Mill. On the east side of the bridge there are large factories which have been built by Mr. Atkinson. The owner of Spen Mill is a Mr. Mann, and the lessees of the mill are Messrs. Firth and Blackburn.

of Hall Mill, at the bottom of Mirfield Moor. The girl was of age, and therefore at her own disposal, but her mother was so averse to parting with her, that we had her to get away as we could. I went early one summer's morning with a horse and a pillion, and she met me at the bottom of the common; she leaped on behind me, and a servant met us up the fields with her clothes; we rode to a neighbouring ale-house, where we met her intended spouse and one or two companions; here she dressed, and we walked to the church and had them married. On this occasion Mr. Crowther declared that if ever I stood in need of similar assistance, he would go with me wherever I went. He and his father and brother traded into Scotland; I therefore the rather claimed his promise at this time, as I had been little used to travelling, and he knew the roads and the country, having been there before. After some little hesitation on the shortness of the time, he declared he would bear us company; he therefore spoke to his father and his brother, and they arranged their mercantile concerns for the journey as speedily as they could. I had never asked her father's leave to wait on her, but I determined to do it that day—though I knew I should be denied—that he might not have it to say I had never asked him. I accordingly asked, and was refused, but with more civility than I expected.

I made what speed I could in getting ready

for my journey, as to money, linen, &c., and in the evening rode over to Morley according to my promise, accompanied by Timmy Crowther, Benny Beaumont, and John Barrans. We put up our horses at Morley Hole, where I left them and my companions, and attended my sweetheart. S. Webster was acquainted with her parents' prejudice against me, but, however, behaved very civilly, and invited me to sup with them. We were obliged to acquaint the maid with the affair, whom we obliged to secrecy: she was very willing to oblige us, and observed that she herself had a sweetheart that night, and that when they heard them rustle and whisper, they would imagine it to be us, and they would carry on the deception as long as they could. When it approached eleven o'clock my sweetheart was impatient to be gone. I had ordered one of my companions to attend at the back-door when it grew late, and I would step out and let him know when we were ready, to fetch the mare; I therefore stepped to the back door and told him, and he ran over for my mare and the rest of the company. She got on behind me from the wall near the windmill, and we proceeded to Mr. George Esh's, the Golden Lion Inn, at the bottom of Briggate, Leeds, the place I usually inn'd at when about my business. She here changed her dress (she was in mourning at this time for her uncle Tommy), the chaise was got ready with speed, we put a bottle of wine and

some cake in the box, and mounted. As the dread of her parents' malevolence still hung upon my mind, I looked solid and thoughtful; Miss Birkhead observed this and said jocosely that if anybody said a few words, I should run back of my bargain. At this my companion (a funny fellow) laughed heartily, and bantered me freely on the occasion. Our two companions returned, taking the horses, &c. back with them, and we started on our journey.

We were just passing through Shipscar turnpike as it was chiming twelve o'clock at night at Leeds old church, and we reached Knaresborough early in the morning. Here we changed our carriage and horses and proceeded to Borough-bridge, still in the dark; here we called them out of bed, changed our carriage and horses again, and proceeded to Northallerton. Here we got our breakfast, and then rode on to Darlington; here we dined, and then proceeded to Durham; here we drunk tea, and then proceeded through Chester-le-street to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which we reached about six or seven o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 18th, 1766. The driver took us to the Queen's Head, Pilgrim Street; here we supped and rested awhile. Mr. Crowther was weary and sleepy, and proposed going to bed, but Miss Birkhead and I were afraid if anyone happened to pursue us it might prove disagreeable, and therefore urged our proceeding with all speed, although

she declared if anyone should overtake us, she would not return with them, at which Mr. Crowther laughed heartily again, and declared, No, we would fight blood to the knees before ! I called the driver and gave him a shilling extra ; he told me he would put two as good horses in the carriage as there was in Newcastle, and drive us merrily ; he was as good as his word. We went on the canter almost all the way to Morpeth, where we called them out of bed, changed our chaise, and proceeded to Alnwick. Here we called them out of bed again, got a bottle of wine and some little refreshment, and rode on to a village they call Belford ;* here some of the tackle of the chaise had broken, and the driver had to call up a blacksmith to repair them ; we sat in the chaise the while, and then proceeded to Berwick-upon-Tweed, which we reached soon after daybreak. Here we staid breakfast and dinner, as Mr. Crowther had some customers to transact business with at this place. We then proceeded over the Scotch moors to a large, lone inn's-house called Old Camus. The roads were bad, so that we had to alight several times and walk, the horses having enough to do to draw the empty carriage. The face of the country suddenly changed from a country enclosed and adorned with trees and hedges, to a

* Belford is not a village, but a small market-town, about fourteen miles from Berwick-upon-Tweed.

black, barren, dreary waste, where no fence, and hardly a tree or a bush were to be seen for long together; the cattle also had a very different appearance; the small, black, Scotch heifers and the diminutive sheep on the waste grounds of Scotland, formed a very striking contrast to the large cattle we had just left behind in some of the northern counties of England. We reached Old Camus at last, changed our chaise, and proceeded to a village they call Broxburn.* The inn where we alighted was no other than a straw-thatched cottage with an earthen floor; the waiter, a strong-limbed, brown, Scotch girl, bare-legged and bare-footed, and speaking the broad Scotch dialect. Miss Birkhead was startled with the oddness of the scene. After getting some refreshment at this place, we proceeded to Haddingtoun, the capital, I suppose, of East Lothian, in North Britain; we arrived at this place about six o'clock in the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 19th, 1766. We alighted at the chief, or one of the chief inns in the town (I forget the sign), and immediately sent for a minister; they presently brought one; he required a large fee at first, but I told him as we were but common people, and not marrying from interested motives, he must be content with less; we agreed for two

* Broxburn is the name of a river which runs through Haddingtonshire to the sea, which it enters at Broxmouth. The village of Broxburn stands on the banks of this river.

guineas the minister, and five shillings the clerk, which I gave them, and he married us in a chamber of the inn about seven o'clock in the evening. My wife went to bed immediately, and after chatting awhile with my companion and the parson, I followed her. The parson told us the following story, which he had just been concerned in a little before he married us.

A gentleman of London, of good fortune and character, wooed a lady of the same place of a good fortune likewise. The gentleman was an unexceptionable match, but the lady's father was a singular conceited fellow, and, as his daughter was under age, utterly refused to give his consent to the marriage; the young couple, however, were determined on the measure, and laid their plan accordingly. The gentleman hired a chaise and four in the neighbourhood to be ready at a certain hour, and as he knew that the lady's father was a sharp, active man, that their elopement could not be long concealed from him, and that he would follow them with all speed, he took the precaution to send off a servant, post, with orders to keep a stage before them all the way, and to see a chaise and four ready harnessed at each stage, and a supply of wine and victuals in the box for them to subsist on by the way, that they might step out of one carriage into another, and proceed with the utmost speed without a moment's delay. By this means they presently reached Haddington, and alighted at the

same inn which we did, but as they knew the activity of the old gentleman, they were afraid they would not have time to complete the ceremony before he was at their heels; they therefore requested the mistress of the house to show them a bed-room, and they would undress and get into bed, and if the old gentleman came, to tell him they were married and a-bed. She promised to follow their directions, and by the time she had well left them the old gentleman was rattling in a chaise and four at the door; he immediately inquired for the young couple; she told him they were a-bed. "A-bed!" he exclaimed with astonishment; "what, were they married already?" she told him, yes. After furiously walking backwards and forwards for some time, he desired to be shown to their bed-room; she accordingly introduced him into the room; the young folks apologized and begged his pardon: after swearing and raving furiously for some time his passion at length remitted, and he invited them to rise that they might drink together before he returned. He retired, and they arose, dressed themselves, and joined the old gentleman, where they became tolerable friends over a bottle. The lady's father then got into the chaise, and returned home again. They then sent for the parson (the same who married us and told us the story), got married, went to bed, and the next morning followed the old gentleman to London.

The minister wrote me the following certificate or testimonial of our marriage :—

“ Thomas Wright, of the parish of Birstall, in the county of York, clothier, and Lydia Birkhead, of the same parish, spinster, were married at Haddington, in East Lothian, N. Britain, according to the form of matrimony prescribed and used by the Church of England, on this nineteenth day of November, 1766, by

J. BUCHANAN, Minister,

In the presence of { TIMOTHY CROWTHER.
BARTHOLOMEW BOWER.”

In the morning, while breakfast was preparing, I overheard the mistress of the house remarking to some of the family, that the young lady (my wife) was a very pretty young lady as most she had seen, and looked well ; but that the gentleman (myself) looked but poorly, and she thought the young lady would soon have a new husband to seek. I thought, “ I hope not, mistress, I do not think of dying so soon as you seem to imagine.” My wife had never had the small-pox, was in the bloom of youth and beauty, and at this time looked very well. I myself always looked pale, was at this time much fatigued both in body and mind, and had got little or no rest or sleep for three or four successive days and nights, so that at this time I looked poorer than ordinary. Mr. Crowther and Miss Birkhead slept soundly in the chaise, but I could not. But alas ! how

was our landlady mistaken ! The young blooming beauty, my wife, who was at this time like the picture of health, and whose look seemed to promise many long years of life, health, and vivacity, has now (at the time I am writing this—September, 1795—after living with me in wedlock near eleven years, and bearing me seven children), been dead near eighteen years ; and the poorly-looking gentleman who, in the judgement of the landlady, seemed to be *then* near the borders of the grave, after living with his then wife near eleven years, and having seven children by her, as mentioned above ; after living above four years in a state of widowhood, and after being married a second time to a younger wife than his first, with whom he has lived near fourteen years, and had five children by her, which makes up his whole number twelve, is at present in a comfortable state of health and strength for his time of life. So uncertain is human foresight, and so liable is human judgment to be imposed upon by deceitful appearances.

We now concluded to bear Mr. Crowther company the rest of his journey amongst his customers, and return home again together. After breakfast, therefore, we took the chaise and proceeded to Edinburgh. This is the capital city of Scotland, and here we stayed several days. We took a walk to Leith, the sea-port for Edinburgh, and about a mile distant, and took a view of the harbour, the shipping, &c. We also took

a walk to Holyrood House, where the Scottish kings used formerly to be crowned. The houses in this city (especially High Street) are remarkably high, from four to twelve or sixteen stories, so that a person walking beneath seems buried between the houses, which appear the height of steeples on each side, and gives a person a remarkable idea of his own littleness. The different stories of these lofty buildings are ascended by flights of steps, which they here call winds, and at each story—for the most part—a different family dwells, with an inscription over the door containing the person's name and occupation. My wife and I ascended, I think, seventy-one steps to our bed-room. The inhabitants of this city are not accommodated with necessary houses; each family, therefore, provide themselves with close-stools; at ten in the evening a person goes about the city with a drum, to give notice to the people in the streets to get out of the way; every family then empty their close-stool-pots out of the windows into the streets, and early in the morning persons appointed for the purpose clean the streets and take as much of it away as possible, leaving the rest in vacant places, covered with ashes, to take away afterwards. This practice causes a nasty smell in the streets, which is very disagreeable, especially to strangers; I hardly durst venture out in a morning before I had got my breakfast. I observed that they were almost universally snuff-takers in this place, and

somebody told me that they had adopted this custom as an antidote against the bad smells arising in the streets, occasioned by the aforesaid dirty practice. We resided in one of the principal inns and one of the principal streets in the city, but I forget both the sign of the house and the name of the street. One day while we remained here two of the maid servants quarrelled about their work; they scolded loud and severely in the broad Scotch dialect; they appeared very droll to us, as we hardly knew a word they spoke, although we could see they were very angry.

Mr. Crowther having finished his business at this place, we took the coach one morning and proceeded to the city of Glasgow, which we reached in the evening. We resided during our stay here at the first inn on the right hand entering the city. The name of the person who kept the inn was, I think, at that time Tenant. The landlady of this inn was the biggest, most corpulent, and heaviest woman that ever I saw in my life; she told us her weight, but I have forgot it. She had a little wide carriage, like a cart, in which she rode out to take the air, for she was too heavy and overgrown to walk five yards: she said when she was young she was as small as my wife; however, she would have made half-a-dozen of her now. This city, for its bigness, is one of the prettiest cities I ever saw; it appears to have been laid out on a regular plan, all the streets crossing each other

at right angles. The buildings are lofty, grand, and regular, and the principal streets accommodated with piazzas, which are very agreeable to foot-passengers on a hot or rainy day. I called in one day at one of the booksellers and purchased Gay's "Beggars' Opera," to read for amusement during our stay: the bookseller understanding I came from Yorkshire, asked me if I knew Mr. Edwards, of Halifax? I told him, "Yes, very well;" he said, "If you speak him, he will ken me; my name is Robinson." In returning down the street a poor boy asked me for twa bawbees; I told him he was too greedy, and gave him one (a halfpenny). On Sunday we attended two of their kirks to hear divine service; one of them, a new-erected building and highly finished, where the quality resorted. I observed several women in the streets whose petticoats reached very little below the knees, and one old woman whose petticoat did not reach the knees: this appeared very odd, because, perhaps, unusual, to me. We drunk tea with several of Mr. Crowther's customers, and after staying most of a week in this city, we took the coach and returned to Edinburgh. We had a kind of a ship-captain, a passenger with us in the coach part of the way. The man was drunk, and therefore disagreeable company; he chewed tobacco, and sitting next my companion, flavered and spat upon his coat. At this Mr. Crowther was offended, and spoke rather sharply to the man;

the fellow immediately challenged him out of the coach to fight, but Mr. Crowther treating him with the contempt he deserved, the man soon after fell asleep, and the affair dropped.

One of the servant-girls—a strong-made, hardy-looking, Scotch lass—would gladly have come with us as a servant, from the inn we resided at in Edinburgh; she said if we would accept her service, she could run on foot after the chaise all the way; and observed, that she could milk the cows, tend and clean them or other cattle, look after the dairy, and upon occasion, do any genteeler work; and I do believe if we had ventured to bring her, she would have made an excellent servant. We returned from Edinburgh by a different road from that which we came, till we got to Newcastle. We slept the first night at a place they call Gingle-kirk; in the morning Mr. Crowther had his eyes almost swelled up from being bit by the bugs, but though I thought I felt them run over me in the night, neither I or my wife were bitten by them the whole journey. We proceeded from hence through Wooller to Newcastle, from whence we returned by the route we came, through Chester-le-street, Durham, Darlington, Northallerton, Boroughbridge, and Knaresborough, to Leeds, where we arrived on Tuesday, December 2nd, it being just a fortnight the night before since we left the place. It being market-day, my friendly acquaintance soon flocked round

me and acquainted me with the terrible hubbub our adventure had raised, and the rage and malevolence of my wife's parents. Mr. John Broadley, of Rawfolds, near Littleton* (a generous little fellow), insisted that I and my wife should go home with him, where we should be as welcome as day, till we could accommodate ourselves with a proper settlement—for at this time I was no housekeeper, but boarded out. He said farther, that if I could purchase a soil anywhere nigh, and make it convenient to build, he would give me the stones out of his own quarry to build the house, if I built one as large as Bilton's Hall, † and help me lead the materials into the bargain. Mr. Richard Brooke, of Cleckheaton, declared he would help me also to lead the materials. I should certainly have accepted Mr. Broadley's proposal, but Nathaniel Brooke, of Cleckheaton, my wife's uncle (her mother's youngest brother), observed that it would be more prudent for us to go home with him, as we should be nearer the old folk; that they would be better pleased with our being there, he being so near a relation, and that he would have a better opportunity of promoting a reconciliation. On these considerations we agreed to his proposal, and accompanied him

* Littleton is a part of the township of Liversedge.

† I am told that there was formerly a popular saying in this part of Yorkshire, in the form, "I'll build a house as big as Built-ons Hall," or "Bilton's Hall;" but it appears to be now obsolete.

home that evening, where we had an upper and lower room appropriated partly to our use, and in which we resided till we removed the May-day following to a farm I had taken in the meantime.

The terrible task was now to be undertaken of attempting to propitiate the dreadful wrath of those high and mighty, sorely-offended, deeply-injured, self-important, and eminently religious people; and as much fear and cringing, adulation, self-abasement, and submission was thought requisite on this occasion as if we were approaching the grand Turk, or some equally dreaded, powerful, and offended tyrant! Nathaniel Brooke, my wife's uncle—a sneering, scornful fellow, a characteristic of the family—was our professed mediator on this occasion, and proposed to introduce us to their offended majesties. He represented the absolute necessity of great submission in order to avert their anger, and obtain their favour; and said so much, that, as I was greatly desirous of peace and quietness, he persuaded me to comply with the abject circumstance of asking their pardon, together with my wife, upon my knees, for having married their daughter without their consent, who was no better than myself, and sprung from a family no better, if as good, as my own, a circumstance for which he himself afterwards laughed me to scorn, in consonance, indeed, to his family disposition. To a worthy, generous-minded person I might have happened to affront or disoblige, I should have esteemed it

no dishonour to have made the humblest reasonable acknowledgment and submission; but to stoop so low to stupid, sordid, unfeeling people, who never manifested one generous principle that ever I could perceive during my whole acquaintance and connexion with them, was too unworthy and disgusting an abasement for an open, ingenuous mind ever to reflect upon with patience; and I never recall the circumstance to my memory without feeling a painful sensation of shame and indignation. They received our humble address and request with the stupid, unfeeling indifference and disregard peculiar to their character and disposition, and we returned on pretty much the same terms we came, excepting a baneful admission, obtained by my wife, to visit them occasionally, to hear them contemn, abuse, and vilify her husband, and afford them an opportunity to say and do all that lay in their power to alienate her esteem and affection from her partner, and ruin the peace and comfort of our family. This purpose, wicked as it was, through the weakness and indiscretion of my wife, they at last completely effected. I had fondly imagined that these venerable people, who were grown gray in the profession of religion, and had paid a strict conformity for many years to the *formalities* of their party, and passed among their neighbours for mighty pious folks, who could say with the Pharisee (Luke xviii. 11,) "God, we thank thee, that we are not as other

men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as our comparatively more profane and less formal neighbours: we pray twice in our family every day (it seems *fasting* was not in their formulary), in contributing to the support of the church (as they call it) and its ministers, entertaining the faints, &c. &c.: we pay tithes of all that we possess, we pay a sacred regard to the *sabbath* by attending constantly at the chapel that day; we give a strict attendance on the ordinance (as they emphatically call it), and receive the Sacrament of thy Body and Blood every month, &c. &c.: we must surely, therefore, be far more eminent Christians than those of our neighbours who pay little or no regard to these, or many of these formalities."

I see nothing amiss in all this for those who choose to follow it, but I conceive this is not Christianity. I had fondly hoped, as I said before, amidst all this eclat and parade of *profession* and *formality*, to find some *reality*; to find them in possession of some tolerable measure of the genuine *spirit* and *practice* of Christianity; to find them paying some deference, regard, and attention to some of the most important commands and precepts given by that divine person to his followers, whom they affected to call Master; precepts, the observation whereof was of the last consequence to the peace and comfort both of society at large, to every family, and to every individual; I mean those of mutual love

and forgiveness, to which he required an unqualified obedience. But, alas! I was miserably disappointed in my expectation; they appeared to be utterly unacquainted with the divine commands and injunctions, or, what was worse, to pay an utter disregard to them; their whole *spirit* and *conduct* towards me on this occasion, for near *thirty* years together, being—if I have a single grain of true judgment in the case—diametrically opposite both to the *spirit* and *practice* of Christianity. The gospel commands every man not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly; but these people thought highly of themselves, not only on account of the little wealth they had acquired more than the generality of their neighbours, but also on account of their strict, religious formalities, from whence they concluded themselves righteous; and, with the ancient Pharisees, those religious devils incarnate, despised others—especially myself—whom they affected to treat with the most sovereign contempt, and vilified me in the most vulgar, insulting, and abusive language, as if I had been the vilest character in the country. Jesus Christ says, “If thy brother sin against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again unto thee, saying, I repent, forgive him.” His beloved apostle, John, declares, “If any man say he loves God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, and the truth is not in him.” And lest any

narrow-minded sectary should attempt to restrain the meaning of the word *brother* to those of their own party (as the self-opinionated Jews were strongly inclined to do), Jesus Christ teaches them better in the amiable and affecting parable of the Good Samaritan, wherein he gives his narrow-souled querist in a very forcible manner to understand, that it was his duty to consider any individual of the human race, even though an enemy, that might happen to stand in need of his kindness or assistance, as his neighbour or his brother. But William Birkhead wished his knife in my heart, and declared to a friend of mine (Mr. John Broadley) that he would never forgive me! My friend observing, that then he must never say his prayers, he declared he did not care if he never did; and whatever he may have done since as to saying his prayers, which I think means very little, he seems firmly to have kept his purpose of bearing me a deadly hatred to this day.

I mean by and by to give a few short notices of both these people's families as far as I have been able to trace them out; in the meantime I return to the thread of my story. My wife continued to repeat her visits, while I was kept at a distance, as a dishonour to the family. These visits soon operated for the worse on my wife's mind and behaviour, and I presently found, to my extreme regret, that by attaching myself to this family, I had attached myself to family

disquiet and unhappiness; to grief, vexation, misery, poverty, and ruin.

We were now to make our appearance and receive the visits of our friendly acquaintance according to custom; but my wife's two best gowns—one green, and the other blue silk—were at Brook-houses, and her parents refused to let her have them. I told her not to mind this, that I had seven silk gowns which had been preserved from the wreck of my mother's wardrobe, and some of them better than hers, that as she seemed to be about my mother's size, she should have one of the best of them altered into the present fashion for her to appear in on the present occasion. For this purpose we immediately sent for the mantua-maker, but her mother hearing of the circumstance, her pride, such as it was, induced her to send over the two gowns immediately. We accordingly made our appearance and received our visitors, and had a good number of our common friendly acquaintance to see us. At May-day, or thereabouts, 1767, we removed to Lower Blacup, in the township of Liversedge, on the north side of the hill facing the turnpike-road leading from Cleckheaton to Hartshhead Moor.* The farm I had taken of Mr.

* Hartshhead Moor is a place near the village of Hartshhead, and is about two miles to the south-east of Cleckheaton, the village of Hightown lying between them. The Moor is now all enclosed, and covered with thriving farms. There is an ancient cross where this moor was, in

Richard Brooke, of Hoyland,* for fifteen pounds per annum. It was but mean land, and had a very difficult and inconvenient road to it, but was very quiet and retired—a circumstance which suited my fancy very much—had a number of good fruit trees—plumbs, apples, and cherries in the two gardens or orchards planted by the last tenant, William Cordingley. We had one quiet neighbour under the roof with us, Tere Lee, with whom, upon the whole, we lived very peaceably during our stay together, which was fourteen years. Tere Lee had dwelt long at

a lane near the church. Parts of the church are very ancient, and there is an arch in it which bears a great resemblance to the beautiful arch now to be seen in Addle, or Adel Church. “I have visited Hartshead Church,” Mr. Holroyd writes, “and am of opinion that it was built in the earlier part of the twelfth century. Its situation is splendid, and embraces a view of the whole of the vale of the Calder, except that part above Halifax. Kirklees, and the wood where bold Robin Hood is said to lie buried, lie below, a few miles to the south; and the scene is indeed charming. In the early part of the present century the Rev. Patrick Brontë was the incumbent of Hartshead, and it was to this place he brought his young Cornish wife, the same lady who afterwards became the mother of Charlotte, Emily Jane, and Anne Brontë, of Thornton and Haworth, to which places their father afterwards removed.”

* Hoyland. There are four places bearing this name in the West Riding of Yorkshire, viz. High Hoyland, a parish six miles north of Penistone; Swaine Hoyland, two miles north-east of Penistone; and Upper and Nether Hoyland, five and a half miles south-south-east of Barnsley. Very likely the latter is the Hoyland referred to in the text, having over two thousand inhabitants.

the place, I suppose near forty years. Some household furniture I had, which had been saved from the wreck of my family's furniture, which did something towards furnishing the house; I had also purchased some other pieces of furniture when I occupied a room or two at Birkenshaw; these made out a little further, and after some time we had the following articles from Brookhouses. A new oak desk and drawers—this they had back again when my wife died; a new small mahogany tea-table, price one pound; one old-fashioned oak bedstead, and part of the old bedding, of small value; one little stand table to set a candle upon: these I still retain. An old cradle—this they had back again also; a small, old-fashioned silver table-spoon; this, with many other things belonging to me, they afterwards shamefully, unjustly, and wickedly persuaded my children to purloin from their father's house, and being but children, and not knowing consequences, they were easily imposed upon by the specious pretences that a second wife would shut them, but that they would take care of them for *their* use; but alas! they took care that they were never a farthing better for any or most of them afterwards, so that they were entirely lost both to them and their father; a piece of base injustice, and little, if anything better than if my house had been rifled by a common housebreaker. But I return to my story. I was obliged to purchase what further necessary things I wanted

for the house and the farm. I bought a cloth-tenter as it stood in the tenter-croft, and a little old cart and its furniture, and other old goods and implements for the house and barn, of William Cordingley, the late tenant, for which I paid him twenty pounds; but I afterwards thought this a dear bargain. Our marriage adventure had cost me a good sum of money; we were more than a fortnight absent, and had travelled 500 miles, more or less, in carriages; it will be easily imagined, therefore, that it must have been very expensive: this, with following expenses, by the time we had got settled on the farm, had nearly drained my pocket of ready money. However, they ventured so far at Brook-houses as to send us a pack of wool to begin cloth-making with; we accordingly begun and did a little, as our small stock would allow.

I proceed to relate another circumstance. I had a small estate at Halifax, in cottages, at the bottom of the churchyard; two or three of these, which fronted into the churchyard, were mean and made little rent, and I was advised by some of my acquaintance to pull them down, and build new ones on the foundation. I complied with their advice, and for this purpose borrowed two hundred pounds of Mr. Samuel Webster, of Morley,* and gave him security of the place.

* Morley is in the parish of Batley, eight miles south-east of Bradford, and four miles south-west of Leeds. It

This money, together with most of fifty pounds I had at Brook-houses, was expended on this occasion, and when the affair was completed, the rent which they let for paid about five per cent. for the money, so that I had better have let it alone. I was soft and unacquainted with affairs and bargains of this nature, and the artful workmen imposed upon me much, so that the buildings cost me much more than they might or ought to have done. I remained at Lower Blacup in the whole fourteen years. Soon after we came to this place, my wife's father *lent* me fifty pounds, for which I gave him a note, but not to pay interest. Most of this, as I observed before, I laid out at Halifax. About the year 1773, there being a brisk trade, and having but little stock, my wife's father lent her another fifty pounds, and I made cloth for some time. My family increased apace, and about this time my wife lay badly a long time, in lying in of her fourth child (Sally), which proved a very expensive season, and I found, upon calculation, my family expenses greatly exceeded my income. I acknowledge I was no great adept in trade, however, as I never did but little in this way; if I got nothing I could not be supposed to make myself much worse. Our fifty pounds dwindled very fast,

is a very populous village, and the inhabitants live by the manufacture of clothing. Batley, near by, is the centre of the "shoddy" trade.

owing chiefly to the extraordinary expenses of my family. I afterwards endeavoured to adjust my family expenses to my annual income, that I might be enabled to keep even in the world as long as I could. I did my best to live on friendly terms with my wife's parents, and sometimes we seemed pretty agreeable, but this never lasted long, and as I could not put up with foul looks and disrespectful behaviour, I was finally forced to withdraw myself as much as possible from all intercourse with them. My wife, however, continued, and would continue, her visits in spite of all I could say to persuade her to the contrary; and they continued to blackguard, villify, and abuse me in her presence with all the virulence and malignity that the blackest and most diabolical pride and malice could inspire. This soon had its effect on my wife's mind and temper, and entirely ruined the peace and happiness of our family. Notwithstanding I did all that lay in my power to oblige her, and put up with the insults of her parents with a degree of patience which, considering the natural warmth of my temper, I have often since been astonished at, yet she seldom came from thence but in a bad humour, and would have abused me in the most provoking language for hours together, when I have hardly uttered a word in reply; indeed, I am sorry to say it, but it is a fact, and I record it, not to expose *her* (for I write this only for my family's perusal), but as a *warning* to the

different branches of my family to avoid the same shameful and fatal evil; I say she seldom came sober from Brook-houses, and in such cases always in a bad, abusive humour. I seldom contested with her on such occasions, as I deemed it absurd, but got her to sleep as soon as I could. This practice, I am certain, very much injured her health, and shortened her life: it also affected the life of one, and injured the health of several others of her later children. When the notoriety of her conduct had unavoidably exposed her to the observation of all the neighbourhood, and her parents could no longer deny the fact (though it terribly mortified their religious vanity), they endeavoured to throw the odium upon me by saying, that it was grief and vexation of mind because I did not follow a trade, &c. that induced her to adopt the fatal practice; but this assertion was false as hell—the propensity was natural, strengthened and increased, very probably, by habit, for the old people always kept a dram by them, and any of the children that happened to be so disposed, could easily find access to the bottle.

I did not fail to admonish her when she was properly herself of the pernicious consequences likely to attend so imprudent a conduct, in the most loving, affectionate, and respectful manner I possibly could, but it had no effect; and, indeed, the continual, reiterated contempt and abuse she heard uttered by her parents against me, in her

frequent visits to see them, appeared to have entirely divested her of all proper regard and affection for her husband; and her behaviour in general was what I might have expected from such an unhappy disposition of mind. In vain did I beg of her with the utmost earnestness and good-nature to forbear her visits, as the effects of them were so unfavourable to the peace of our family; in vain did I tell her she should be welcome to share the last penny I had or could honestly procure, and that I would never upbraid her with her want of fortune, if she would stay by me and not join my enemies, but let us do the best we could for ourselves and our family. She told me to my face she would not, but that she would go and see them whenever she pleased, whether I would or no, whatever was the consequence; and that she did not care if I was utterly ruined the next day! I told her I hoped her last words were a slip of the tongue, and that upon second thoughts she would recall them. She protested she would not, and vehemently affirmed that it was the settled disposition of her mind! I told her I was sorry for it, and that it was so much the more pity; and Mary Gomersall, a neighbour-woman (a Quaker) who fetched milk, and happened to be then in the house, cried out, "Nay, mistress, for shame; thou must not say so!" I own this repeated declaration (which she never afterwards retracted) entirely overturned my esteem for her, and it was never in

my power afterwards, to the day of her death, to regard her with that degree of love and affection I always had done before ; and the recollection of it to my mind, even at this distance of time, is highly disgusting still. Hence I advise all my children of both sexes that may happen to enter into the matrimonial connection, to be doubly careful how they make use of such imprudent and disrespectful expressions to their partners ; for though they may be uttered in passion, and perhaps afterwards retracted, yet are they apt to make such unfavourable impressions, and create such averfions in delicate minds, as perhaps they may never afterwards be able to surmount as long as they live—a most unhappy circumstance between a married couple. However, I was enabled to behave respectfully and even tenderly to my partner to her last hour, notwithstanding the ungenerous return I continually met with.

In the spring of the year 1774, my wife one morning proposed to go over to her father's and spend the day with them, as she very frequently did ; to oblige her, I accompanied her within a field of the house, and carried the child for her, and then returned home again to look after our family affairs. I had told her I would meet her in the evening, and help her to bring the child home again. We had ploughers in the field, and they had promised to plough me a headland to plant potatoes upon. Towards evening I locked

the door, and went to see what they were doing. I found they had left the field without performing their promise; I followed them to a blacksmith's at the top of the hill, where I heard they were, and engaged them to come again and plough it for me, and then returned home immediately. When I got within view of our house I saw my wife at the door, and hastened down to open it. Her brother Willy had brought her and the child behind him on her father's gray mare. When I reached the house I found my wife in a furious passion on the supposition that I had been attending the masons who were at that time erecting the Methodist preaching-house on the top of the hill; in this she was mistaken; however, she proceeded to abuse me at a great rate. I said little, but told her that if she could not see her parents and come home peaceably and in good humour, I wished she would stay with them, while she was there. She immediately put on her cloak and marched off, leaving the little child in the cradle. Her younger sister afterwards fetched the child while I was out of the house, and I followed them to Brook-houses, where I received plenty of abuse, and many warm words passed between us. I left her, and she stayed with them about three weeks, when, understanding that she wished to be at home, I went over and fetched her and the child back again. On this occasion more warm words passed between us, and her mother told me, with a

spirit of the most perverse malignity, that she had rather she had married a chimney-sweeper ; nay, that she had rather follow her to her grave, than see her return peaceably home with her husband ! This was an old woman making mighty pretences to religion, but where, I wonder, on this occasion was her Christianity ? No wonder, that being constantly under such baneful influence, my wife—a weak, unreflecting girl—should behave with impropriety towards her husband. I told her, as we returned home, that I was no longer disposed to put up with similar insults to those I had received formerly, and that I insisted upon better behaviour for the future ; otherwise, she might depend upon it, I would take more severe methods with her. This seemed (partly, at least) to have its effect, as she behaved afterwards, though not very respectfully, yet in a less offensive manner towards me to the day of her death.

I have noticed before that my wife lay a long time ill when she bore her fourth child, and I think it may not be amiss to give a more particular account of that circumstance in this place. I shall be excused for the plainness of my narration, as, first, the fact itself was made as notorious as it could be to all the neighbourhood by her own conduct ; and secondly, I write this only for the perusal of my family, to whom it may prove a suitable admonition ; and thirdly, I have forgiven my wife for her misconduct to-

wards me, and, though I know nothing of her present situation, yet, as she is in the hands of a God of infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, I am satisfied that all will be done for her that is necessary, *when* it is necessary and *as* it is necessary, to restore her again to holiness and happiness, to the full perfection of her nature; in which state, through divine goodness, I doubt not, one day, of meeting with her again. I proceed. By the imprudent use of spirits she had much injured her health and constitution, as well as the health and constitution of the child she was pregnant with, and it was with difficulty it was reared afterwards. The child was to bring up by the spoon, and she herself, after the birth, lay confined to her bed for the most part for three months, caused, I am satisfied, principally, if not solely, by a *continuance* of the same baneful practice. I observed this with extreme sorrow and regret, but knew not how I could peaceably prevent it. If I had complained or withheld it from her, her parents would have abused me beyond measure, as being unwilling to allow her what she stood in need of. I hoped her sister or mother, who frequently attended her, would have noticed the circumstance, and have had good sense and respect enough for her, to have interposed; but I expected this in vain.

Mr. James Scott, the minister of the Calvinistic Chapel at Heckmondwike, of which her parents were members, paid her a visit, to pray

with her and administer ghostly comfort and consolation. I *knew* her to be very unsteady in her head at the time, yet she quoted the common-place scriptures she had been wont to read, talked to the parson in the cant strain of the party, and professed great spiritual comfort and consolation. Disgusting circumstances these to a sober, observant bystander. The minister was imposed upon, and departed without ever discovering (that ever I could perceive) anything at all of her real situation. The doctor, however, took notice of this, and asked me how much rum we used in a week? I told him we had used more than a gallon for many weeks together. He held up his hands, and declared we should kill her. I told him I was aware of it, and informed him of my critical situation. He pitied me very much, but declared that if we continued the practice we should infallibly and speedily destroy her. In a day or two after this, old Dame G——d, a discreet, discerning old woman, a distant relation of the family, paid her a visit. She had sagacity enough to discern her *real* situation, and after asking some questions of me as to what we gave her to drink, &c., seemed to be fully aware of the danger of it. She said nothing to me of her intention when she left us, but I was pretty certain from what she said, and what followed, that she immediately acquainted her mother with the circumstance, and the impropriety and danger of the practice; for the

next forenoon she came up in a great chafe, and almost out of breath, and the first word she said after she came into the house was, "Take away that bottle, she shall not have another drop!" I thought, that is well, then my wife will get upon her legs again. The bottle was taken away, she had no more rum, and she *immediately* recovered. It had been well if she had never tasted it more; it might have been some addition to her days; but alas! the propensity was too deeply rooted, and she could not or would not deny herself of the baneful practice, as opportunity offered, till at length it destroyed her health and life together.

In the autumn of the year 1773, I took an excursion into the country, in company with Mr. Joseph Jackson, a currier of Hightown,* to solicit the assistance of the Methodists in different parts in defraying the expense of erecting the new Methodist Meeting-house at Height. We proceeded through Halifax, Rochdale, Manchester, Bolton, and the intermediate towns, to

* Hightown, in the township of Liverfedge, lies between Cleckheaton and Harthead, and is, as its name imports, situated on elevated ground. The Wesleyan Methodist Meeting-house referred to as about to be built at "Height," probably refers to the "*theykd* chapel" at Hightown, which was erected on a piece of high land. This place of worship was pulled down a few years ago, and a more commodious one was erected on, or near, the same spot. Hightown was formerly noted for its blanket and card manufactories.

Liverpool ; we then crossed the river Mersey to Easton Ferry ; we passed thence to Chester, into the edge of Wales, and places adjacent. We then crossed the country to Shrewsbury, the capital of Shropshire. Here we passed the night at one of the principal inns in the town, and in the evening the master of the inn informed us of the situation of a young man in the town prison under condemnation to death for a highway robbery, and who was to suffer the next day. I expressed a desire to see him, and the landlord told us that he had been so uncommonly rude and savage in his behaviour during his confinement, as to intimidate most people from visiting him ; but that if we durst venture, he would accompany us to the prison to see him in the morning. We agreed to his proposal, and the next morning, in company with our host, paid a visit to the prisoner. We found him in a chamber of the prison, sitting beside the fire, heavily ironed ; another prisoner sat on the other side of the fire, with heavy irons upon him likewise, and the keeper of the prison's daughter (as I took her to be), decently dressed in black, sat sewing in a window not far from the prisoner we came to visit. I asked him if he was the person who was to suffer to-day ? He looked earnestly at me and replied, yes. I noticed the awfulness of his case, and expressed my pity for his unhappy situation. He was looking very earnestly in the meantime at Mr. Jackson, who stood at my right

hand (I was betwixt them), and said, "I took that person at first for my prosecutor, and was just looking for the poker to dash out his brains!" This declaration alarmed my partner not a little, who shrunk back with fear, and was so struck with the circumstance, that he did not choose afterwards to visit him a second time. I asked if he thought himself wrongfully prosecuted? he said he was sure of it. I said, be that as it might, it was wrong to bear malice even to an enemy, and peculiarly dangerous to a person in his awful situation. He said, "I know it," and earnestly added, "but what can a man do?" I told him it was true, that of *ourselves* we could do nothing, but that through Christ strengthening us, we could do all things; and earnestly advised him to pay a close and serious attention to the concerns of a future world the little time he had to remain in this, and urged some scripture promises for his encouragement. He told me he knew the scriptures as well as me, and quoted (I think) that passage in the prophet Jeremiah x. 23, "The way of man is not in himself, it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." He said that he had been in battle, and that he had been shot through his hat, his coat, &c. and yet had never received any harm; that he believed everything was *fated* to come to pass as it did come to pass; that every man was *fated* to die when he did die, and that therefore he might as well die like a man, as like a fool. I told him that his

reasonings and conclusions were equally false ; that I was sorry he had got involved in that common error, and advised him not by any means to rely upon his opinion for safety, or expect to get rid of his own evil conduct and its consequences, by vainly attempting to father it upon *fate* or the Divine decree. I assured him if he did he would find himself dreadfully mistaken. I told him we were strangers to each other, that I had no interest in his concerns but what arose from the common love I bore to my species, that misery always attracted my pity, and the greater the misery and the danger attending it, the greater my concern for the sufferer ; that I should feel myself peculiarly happy to see him manifest a proper sense of his present condition, and genuine penitence for his sin and folly, that he might be able to entertain a well-grounded hope of bettering his condition in that future world to which he was hastening, and begged him to cry earnestly for mercy. He heard me with attention, seemed much affected with what I said—his heart appeared to be full, and the tears stood in his eyes. I told him if he was truly penitent I was sure God would accept him through a Mediator, and encouraged him to hope for mercy. The time of his execution drew nigh, and we were obliged to leave him ; I gave him my hand and bid him farewell. He held my hand hard for some time, and seemed to part with it with reluctance. As soon as he could—for, as I observed before, his

heart was full—he very kindly and very respectfully bid me farewell, and we departed.

We were invited to dine at a house in the town where they received the Methodist preachers. We repaired thither, and a gentlewoman of the town named Lady Glynn, a lady of fortune, and a favourer of the Methodists, sent us a number of dishes to dinner; but before we had quite dined she sent up her maid in haste, to inform us that what I had said to the prisoner had affected him to such a degree, that after we left him he burst into a flood of tears and begged them to send for a minister to pray with him, which she looked upon as so extraordinary a circumstance after his former desperate and hardened behaviour, that she wished I would go immediately to the prison, and, if I could gain admittance, to repeat my endeavours to engage his serious attention to his future welfare. To oblige her ladyship, we left our dinner immediately and walked to the prison, but were too late to speak with the prisoner, as they were just bringing him out to execution. We attended him to the gallows—nearly a mile out of the town, amongst a prodigious concourse of people. A young man sat by him in the cart with a book in his hand, who read and spoke to him by turns, but we could not hear what he said. By his demeanour in the cart, he seemed to be either drunk or stupified with the apprehension of his near approaching fate. His behaviour at the

gallows while the minister was praying with him, appeared to me in the same light, and in his address to the people, I was sorry to hear him declare his belief in the same erroneous sentiment of fate he had done to us before, a sentiment in which he seemed to take refuge to the last moment of his life. The cart was then drawn from under him, and he was launched into the unseen world.

This young man was only twenty-four years of age, was sprung from a reputable family, who had given him a liberal education; he turned out wild, enlisted into the horse-guards, deserted from them, taking his horse along with him, and committed the highway-robbery near Shrewsbury for which he suffered.

I wish here to take notice of the dangerous tendency of this erroneous doctrine of *Fate* or *Predestination*; of which, the practical use which this unhappy young fellow made of it, is an undeniable instance. The favourers of this opinion may perhaps say, that people may abuse any opinion. It is true, most opinions, however true or innocent, may be abused by inattentive and disengenuous minds; but this is no abuse of this opinion, for, if it be true, the inference drawn from it by the highwayman is a fair, natural, and necessary consequence of the principle.

In the morning (Sunday) we proceeded from hence to Madeley, to visit the Rev. Mr. Flet-

cher.* In passing through Coal-brook-dale we passed over the broken ground caused by the earthquake which happened the preceding May,† and saw the new track which the river had wrought itself through an adjacent meadow, after being forced by the moving earth out of its ancient course. We attended the forenoon and afternoon service at Madeley Church, and were much edified with the company of this truly learned and pious man, who was at this time writing his "Equal Check," the manuscript of which he

* The life of this remarkable man has employed the pens of more than one writer, the best being that by the Rev. J. Benson. John William Fletcher, whose real name was Jean Guillaume de la Flechere, was a Swiss by birth and family, who settled in England, and became a clergyman of the English Church. His strong feelings against the doctrines of Calvinism had prevented his entering the church in his native land. He was presented to the vicarage of Madeley, in Shropshire, in the year 1760; so that at the date mentioned in the text, he had held the living thirteen years. He died at Madeley in 1785, and was buried in the churchyard of that parish, where his tomb is yet shown. Madeley is fifteen miles to the east of Shrewsbury.

† This refers to an extraordinary movement and breaking up of the ground which occurred on the 27th of May, 1773, at a place called the Birches, about half-way between Buildwas and Iron-bridge, which lay on the way our travellers would take to proceed from Shrewsbury to Madeley. Buildwas is about eleven miles from Shrewsbury, on the river Severn. An account of the circumstances of this extraordinary occurrence is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1773, p. 281. A more detailed account was published by Mr. Fletcher—who visited the spot immediately after it occurred—in a pamphlet entitled, "A Dreadful Phenomenon Described and Improved," printed at Shrewsbury. Fletcher had preached a sermon on the

showed me.* We passed the night with him, and in the morning we proceeded on our journey through Shiffnall, Congleton, Newcastle-under-line, Bostam, and other places, to Macclesfield in Cheshire. We passed from hence over the mountains, through Buxton, Tidswell, &c. to Sheffield. We passed the night at the Methodist preacher's, and after supper, Mr. Jackson being very weary and sleepy, was in haste to get to bed. While he was undressing—having heard much of the bugs at Sheffield—I took a candle and examined the bed-stocks, in a knot-hole of which I discovered a whole swarm of bugs. My partner was surpris'd, and asked me if they were bugs? I told him, yes. He was presently dress'd again, and declared he would not sleep there for five guineas. "Come, Tommy," says he, "we have often spared a night's sleep with our sweethearts; let us sit by the fire till morning rather than hazard the taking any of these vermin home with us." The people of the house would fain have persuad'd us to go to bed, telling us they

occasion, which was printed in this pamphlet. It was looked upon at the time as the effect of an earthquake, and it is stated in the "Gentleman's Magazine," that the convulsion of the earth was felt at Wenlock, and at Bridgenorth, a still greater distance.

* This was Fletcher's well-known work entitled, "An Equal Check to Pharisaism and Antinomianism." The first part was published late in the spring following this visit described in the text. The preface to this first part is dated "Madeley, May 21, 1774."

did not bite all persons, but no arguments could prevail on Mr. Jackson to venture himself amongst such company. We accordingly sat or lay upon the chairs, by the fire, all night, and in the morning proceeded through Barnsley and Wakefield home again, where we arrived that afternoon, after having been about a fortnight absent.

I understood from my neighbours that my wife had been very imprudent in the indulgence of her peculiar weakness in my absence; a circumstance which showed me the inexpediency of leaving home, and made me much regret my journey. As my family now increased apace, and my income began to pinch us, I proposed to my wife to solicit for her fortune; not to trade with, for fear it should be lessened or spent, but to put out on interest to increase our annual income; at the same time I proposed to secure it to her and her children by a jointure on my own estate equal to the sum advanced. Had this plan been adopted, I might have been enabled, with good economy, to maintain my family comfortably at least, if not genteelly, without breaking any farther into my little patrimony. My wife, I suppose, never mentioned the matter, for what reason I know not. The consequence was, I was obliged finally to sell my land—a most unfortunate circumstance both for me and my family, as if I had had it to dispose of at present, from a concurrence of circumstances since that period, I suppose it might have fetched above

2000*l.*: this I owe to the carefulness, prudence, foresight, wisdom, and piety resident at Brook-houses. I wish here to remark, that as I did not make myself, my want of talents or propensity for trade, &c. is no *moral* defect; it is therefore no *crime*, brings no *guilt* upon my mind; nor can any person *justly* blame or despise me on that account. I notice here also that I never engaged in trade but I had a secret misgiving upon my mind that it would not do well. Had I despised the censures of the world, and paid more attention to this silent monitor, it might have been some hundreds better for me at present than it is. But so far for this.

I proceed to take notice, that during my residence at Lower Blacup my wife bore me the following children in the following order:—

ELIZABETH WRIGHT, my first child and first daughter, was born at Lower Blacup, near Hightown, on the north side of the hill facing the turnpike-road leading from Cleckheaton to Harthead Moor, in the township of Liversedge, in the parish of Birstall, within six miles of Halifax, in the county of York, on Saturday, the 30th day of January, 1768, at half-an-hour after two o'clock in the afternoon, one year, ten weeks, and two days after our marriage. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Scott, minister of the Independent Congregation at the Old Chapel in Heckmondwike, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of March, 1768.

MARY WRIGHT, my second child and second daughter, was born at Lower Blacup likewise, on Wednesday, the 22nd day of November, 1769, about seven o'clock in the evening, one year, ten months, two weeks, and two days after the birth of her sister Elizabeth. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Scott of Heckmondwike likewise, on Monday, the 5th day of February, 1770. Mary Wright, my second daughter and second child, died at Lower Blacup on Friday, the 25th day of May, 1770, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the forenoon, and was buried in the Old Red Chapel at Cleckheaton, at the bottom of the alley, at the foot of her great uncle Thomas Birkhead's gravestone, which now lies in the New Chapel yard, near the low wall, and is broken across the middle, but has this year (1796) been taken up to receive the corpse of her grandmother Birkhead. Between the foot of this stone and the low wall, Mary, my second child, and James, as I call him for distinction sake (though never-baptized), my still-born male child, lie side by side. She was interred on Monday, the 28th day of May, 1770, aged twenty-six weeks, one day and a half. She was a remarkably beautiful and good-tempered child, and apparently likelier for life than any child we had; but by some means or other (we never knew how) contracted a cough, which grew more and more violent, till it wasted her away, and despatched her infant soul to Paradise.

THOMAS WRIGHT,* my third child and first son, was born at Lower Blacup also, on Friday, the 8th day of March, 1771, eleven minutes before five o'clock in the afternoon, one year, three months, three weeks, and one day after the birth of his sister Mary. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Dawson, minister of the Independent Congregation, at the Old Red Chapel in Cleckheaton.

SARAH WRIGHT, my fourth child and third daughter, was born at Lower Blacup likewise, on Wednesday, the 5th day of March, 1773, a few minutes after seven o'clock in the evening, one year, twelve months, three weeks, and three days after the birth of her brother Thomas. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Dawson of Cleckheaton likewise. Sally was a very weakly child when born; she had been much injured in her constitution by her mother's imprudence, and it appeared very doubtful whether we could raise her or not. I had designed to name her Lydia, after her mother (whom she very much resembles both in person and disposition), but as her mother and her friends thought it probable she would die, they disapproved of my design, and I therefore gave her the name of Sarah. Her mother lay badly long after her

* The father of the editor of the present volume. It may be remarked that this practice of marking the exact moment of births with so much care, arose out of the old belief in astrological influences.

birth ; we had her therefore to bring up by the spoon, which proved a very troublesome business. However, she survived to attain maturity, and is at present (June 1796) married and has two children.

JAMES WRIGHT, my fifth child and second son, was born at Lower Blacup likewise, on Monday, the 7th day of February, 1774 (the birthday of his father since the alteration of the style), twelve four-week months and two days after the birth of his sister Sarah. I had designed if the child survived and proved a son, to have called his name John, but being born dead, for distinction sake I named him James. This child, who never saw the light of the sun, fell a victim to his mother's imprudence in the womb, and was buried at the bottom of the alley in the Old Red Chapel at Cleckheaton.

“ Happy the infant dead ; but happiest he
 Who ne'er must sail on life's tempestuous sea ;
 Who, with blest freedom, from the general doom
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb ! ”

JOHN WRIGHT, my sixth child and third son, was born at Lower Blacup likewise, on Thursday, the 2nd day of February, 1775, at eight minutes after nine o'clock in the evening, twelve months, three weeks, and two days after the birth of his brother James. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Dawson, of Cleckheaton, on Monday the 27th day of February, 1775.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, my seventh child and fourth son, was born at Brook-houses, in the township of Gomersall, in the parish of Birstall,

aforesaid, twelve weeks and two days before his mother's death, she having been gradually declining of a consumption during most of the time of her pregnancy with him, on Monday, the 28th day of July, 1777, half-an-hour after eight o'clock in the evening, two years, six months, one week, and one day after the birth of his brother John. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Scott, of Heckmondwike, on Monday, August the 18th, 1777. William Wright, my seventh child and fourth son, died at Brookhouses, of the small-pox, on Sunday the 10th day of March, 1782, about seven o'clock in the morning, and was buried on Tuesday, the 12th day of March, in the New Chapel yard, at Cleckheaton, close by the north side of his mother's tomb, and rather under the edge of it, aged four years and seven months. This child also suffered severely in his constitution from the same unhappy cause before mentioned. I put him out to nurse, where he continued till he was almost gone; his grandmother then proposed to take him to herself, to which I agreed, and with much care and attention she recovered him, and he was become a fine lovely boy, remarkably good-natured and intelligent, and that engaged the old people's affection very much, especially his grandfather's, who sorrowed exceedingly for his death. He was a very weakly child when born, and long after being raised with great difficulty, his mother having left him a strong taint of the consumptive disorder of which she died,

and which he never got clear of, always breathing short whenever he was the least hurried, which plainly indicated a defect in the lungs. This was a very unfavourable circumstance for him under the disorder with which he was afflicted, and was probably the greatest natural impediment to his struggling through it with life, as his eldest sister did, who was afflicted with the same malignant kind of pox. However, he was grown a beautiful lovely child, was fresh and fair-looking, and very forward and intelligent for his years as to his mental abilities, and of a most sweet and engaging disposition and temper, which had greatly endeared him to me and to his grandparents, with whom he had lived since he came from the nurse when part of a year old. They had been very tender over him, and taken great care and pains to rear him, but death snatched him from all our hopes, and transported his infant soul to his brother and sister in Paradise. I note, they had a careless girl for a maid, who should have watched with him that night, while the old people were at rest; but fell asleep, and in the morning found the child fallen from a high bedside, cold and dead, or nearly so; a deplorable circumstance and matter of pungent grief to surviving relatives.

EPITAPH.

I.

Infant.

To the dark and silent tomb
 Soon I hasted from the womb;

Scarce the dawn of life began
E'er I measur'd out my span.

II.

I no smiling pleasures knew,
I no gay delights could view;
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

III.

Answer.

Happy infant! early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber, rest;
Early rescu'd from the cares
Which increase with growing years.

IV.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem and gay;
All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain.

V.

Infant.

Are then all your pleasures vain?
Is there none exempt from pain?
Is there no delight or joy
But your fondest hopes will cloy?

VI.

Answer.

Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted e'er they pall;
Lasting only and divine
Is an innocence like thine.

VII.

Infant.

Sickly pleasures all adieu!
Pleasures which I never knew,
I'll enjoy my early rest,
Of my innocence possessed:
Happy, happy, from the womb
That I hasted to the tomb.

I take notice here of the following circumstances, which may serve to display the nature of their spirit and conduct towards me at Brookhouses. The night before my child died, I went over to see him, and found him sorely afflicted indeed. While I was sorrowing over him, he put me from him, and said (if I understood him right, for he could hardly speak plain), "I do not like you." This cut me to the heart. I knew from whence it came: my child was guiltless, not being arrived at an age to distinguish between good and evil; but those people who, by abuse and misrepresentation, had infused the aversion into my infant's mind against his own father, surely were highly culpable. Was this the spirit and conduct of Christians, to lead my child—if he had lived—into the hazard of bringing himself under the weight of that sentence, (Deut. xxvii. 16,) "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father." It will be observed that in order to bring the account of this child altogether to his death, I have anticipated the time; his mother being at this time dead, I having been a widower above four years, and was at this time married to my present wife. I note next, that when my son died, they never sent me any notice of his death any more than if I had been nothing related to him, nor did I hear anything of it till some neighbours brought me word towards noon. Was this the behaviour of Christians? or would it not have done discredit to the

manners and feelings of a heathen? I note next, that when my child was buried they refused to admit my wife to the funeral. She was not fond of going, but the contrary, on their account; but I was grieved to see them exert their malice, ill-nature, and ill-manners on such a sorrowful and improper occasion, rendered more affecting by the loss of a favourite child. One would have imagined that the solemnity and distress of such a circumstance might have softened their malice and ill-nature for the moment, and induced them to behave, if not with kindness, with common decency at least; but this, it seems, was not to be expected from such characters. We met accidentally at O. Brooke's, to buy funeral attire, where many warm words passed between us, and I threatened to take the child home and bury him myself. On this occasion, Willy Birkhead, my late wife's brother, behaved very commendably, and it is with pleasure that I record his affability and good nature. He appeared to be much distressed with the behaviour of his parents, apologised to me for their conduct, said they were old and testy, and begged I would excuse them, and contain my passion, so as not to utter any harsh expression. For his sake I bridled a good deal. He went to his parents, wept bitterly, and persuaded them to agree for my wife to come to the funeral. He returned with his mother, and they told me if I pleased I might bring my wife with me. I told my brother that

I was obliged to him for *his* good will and the propriety of *his* behaviour; but that my wife should not come amongst them, that neither would I nor the children, but that we would meet my child's corpse by the way and accompany it to the grave. At this declaration he burst into a violent flood of tears, and earnestly begged that I would go, and take the children with me, at least; he said, else it would look so badly. I told him I was sensible of that, but could not help it; it was their fault and not mine. Here his mother joined her entreaties, and desired me to go. I told her I did not choose to go where I knew I was not welcome: she said I was welcome. I looked her in the face, and asked her if she could say from her heart, and without hypocrisy, that I was welcome? She said she could (how truly, God knows!). Upon this I promised to go, and accordingly next day I and the children went over and accompanied my dear, and lately beautiful, lovely, and intelligent boy to the grave. There may he rest in peaceful slumber till the archangel's trumpet awake him into a renewed, immortal, more happy and more perfect state of existence.

I return to the thread of my story. In the close of the year 1776, and the beginning of 1777, I was attacked with a severe fit of the rheumatism, which confined me to my bed for several weeks. I recovered about February, when my wife began to feel strong symptoms of

a defect in the lungs, and an approaching decline. She was fresh and corpulent, and looked very well when she began, but the disease altered her very fast. As our house stood on the north side of a steep hill, the doctor advised her to reside some time at her father's house, for the benefit of a better air, as the weather was cold, and it enjoyed a warmer and more southerly exposure. With my consent, therefore, she went over to her father's house, where she resided afterwards for the most part till her death. We were at this time without a maid; I was left alone with the children. I hired a neighbour woman to do our occasional work, but as I was obliged to be often from home, and the children were little ones, I suffered much by her dishonesty. I paid my wife all the attention, and procured her all the assistance, in my power, but found myself in an unpleasing situation from the unkind and disrespectful behaviour of her parents. I therefore insisted on her returning home, and I would procure her all needful attendance and assistance. She wished to stay, observing that she could not be so well pleased with anybody to wait upon her as her sister, and she could not make it convenient to attend her at our house. This was her *declared* motive for desiring to stay, but I very well knew she had another and a stronger motive for wishing to remain at Brook-houses. I threatened to take her home by force as I could not visit her there with satisfaction, but as she begged

with tears and a good deal of respectful submission when she saw me angry, that I would indulge her at least for a while, I consented, and she rode over home once or twice to see us. I was there every day, sometimes twice a day; but, from the influence of her parents, as I had reason to believe, she did not always behave very respectfully. The day before her death—if I remember right—finding her very weak and not likely to live long, after returning home and looking after my family affairs, I went over again about eight o'clock in the evening, and took all the children with me, to take, as I thought, and as it proved, their last leave of each other. When I got there, I found Susy Clough, the neighbouring miller's wife, come in to see her, and standing by the bedside. I told my wife, that finding her so weak, I had brought the children to see her. She replied very angrily, that she wondered I should hurry them over thither, that I was always there, and that it would seem me much better to stay at home and mind my business. I told her that, judging her near her end, I thought she would be pleased to see the children, as it might probably be the last time they might see each other in this world; that I was sorry to find her so unkind and ill-tempered at such a time and in such a situation, and wished her in a better state of mind. Susy Clough held up both her hands in amazement, and I have heard her mention it with astonishment several times since.

We bade her a last farewell, and as I passed through the house I told her mother I could like to be with her when she died: that I would have watched with her all night, but I had nobody to attend the children; but if any change was likely to take place before morning, I would take it kindly if they would let James Walker, at the neighbouring cottage, know, and they would send some of the family to inform me, and I would please them for their trouble. She gave me no answer, nor ever sent me any word. When they waked next morning, about six o'clock, they found my wife dead. They laid her out, but never sent any notice of the event either to me or the children any more than if we had been nothing related to her. Was not this strange behaviour in people making large pretensions to Christianity? and as it evidently arose from a proud, contemptuous, resentful, and malicious spirit, and was exerted at such an improper time, and on such a solemn and distressing occasion, how did it accord with the humble, loving spirit which Christians ought to manifest on all occasions?

LYDIA WRIGHT, my first wife, died at Brookhouses on Wednesday, the 22nd day of October, 1777, about six o'clock in the morning, aged thirty years, nine weeks, and four days. She was nineteen years, thirteen weeks, and five days old when she was married, and the time between her marriage and death was four weeks

short of eleven years. She was buried within the Old Red Chapel at Cleckheaton, close by the wall, under the lower back window; but since it was pulled down and the ground thrown to the New Chapel-yard, I have placed a tomb over her grave, with the following inscription:—

“ Beneath this stone lies interred the body of Lydia, wife of Thomas Wright, late of Lower Blacup, near this place, who died October 22nd, 1777, aged thirty years. Also, three of their children lie adjacent, namely, Mary, who died May 25th, 1770, aged six months; William, who died March 10th, 1782, aged four years and seven months; and a male child, still-born.”

There is also erected within the New Chapel a small, neat, marble monument to the memory of my wife’s younger sister Betty, upon which, after her sister’s epitaph, one is inscribed for her as follows:—“ Likewise, Mrs. Lydia Wright, sister to the above, who died in the full triumph of faith, October 22nd, 1777, aged thirty years. ‘ Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.’ Also two of her children.”

Isaiah xii. 2, the verse from which Mr. Scott preached her funeral sermon at Heckmondwike Old-Chapel.

In the autumn of the year 1780, I happened upon occasion to be one afternoon at Cross-hall, near Brunt-cliffe,* the house of a Miss Bosan-

* The village of Bruntcliffe, in the parish of Batley,

quet,* a maiden lady of considerable property. She was a very religious and charitable lady, and much attached to the Methodists. She had asked me to drink tea with her, and just as we rose from the table a Mr. John Hampson, senior, a Methodist preacher, happened to drop in from Wales, and as I had contracted a little acquaintance with her, she asked me to stay supper, and bear the preacher company; which I accordingly did, and during supper he acquainted us with a circumstance which had come to his knowledge

is built on the junction of four roads; those leading to Bradford, Wakefield, Leeds, and Birstall. It is only a short distance from Adwalton, or Atherton, and Birkenshaw; and is seven miles from Bradford. It is sometimes called Bruntcliff Thorn, and is not far from the Gildersome station, on the Bradford and Wakefield branch of the Great Northern Railway. Cross Hall is a little to the east of Bruntcliffe, built by Miss Bofanquet.

* Miss Bofanquet. This was the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley. Her memory seems to have lasted traditionally in this part of the country. Mr. Holroyd has obtained for me from a very old man from Morley, the following account of Miss Bofanquet of Cross Hall, which I give in the language of the relator, who has confounded a Swifs with a Swede.

“ I knew Miss Bofanquet varry weel when I were a lad. I’ve heerd mi father tell at shoo com thro London, where shoo hed a brother at wer a parliament man; an as luck wod hev it, shoo wer converted under owd Wesley, an then shoo com doon thro London an belt Cross Hall, an browt a weggan load o young wimmin, all orphans, an shoo kept em wol they gate up ta be owd enef ta keep thersevs. Shoo led class-meetings, and preycht tu, an a rare gooid preycher shoo wor. I remember shoo gate wed tul a gentleman o’t name o Fletcher, a Swede, an they went ta live at Gildersome, where I think they both deed.”

a little before he left Wales, and of which he gave us the following relation.*

It had been for some time reported in the neighbourhood that a poor unmarried woman, who was a member of the Methodist Society, and had become serious under their ministry, had seen and conversed with the apparition of a gentleman, who had made a strange discovery to her. Mr. Hampson being desirous to ascertain if there was any truth in the story, sent for the woman, and desired her to give him an exact relation of the whole affair from her own mouth, and as near the truth as she possibly could. She said she was a poor woman who got her living by spinning hemp and line; that it was customary for the farmers and gentlemen of that neighbourhood to grow a little hemp or line in a corner of their fields, for their own home consumption, and as she had a good hand at spinning the materials, she used to go from house to house to enquire for work; that her method was, where they employed her, during her stay to have meat, and drink, and lodging (if she had occasion to sleep with them), for her work, and what they pleased to give her besides. That, among other places, she happened to call in one day at the Welsh Earl Powis's country seat, called Red-

* This curious relation is written at the end of the manuscript of the autobiography, but I have restored it to its place in the narrative. Mr. Hampson was one of the distinguished preachers in the early days of Methodism.

castle,* to inquire for work, as she usually had done before. The quality were at this time in London, and had left the steward and his wife, with other servants, as usual, to take care of their country residence in their absence. The steward's wife set her to work, and in the evening told her that she must stay all night with them, as they had more work for her to do next day. When bedtime arrived, two or three of the servants in company, with each a lighted candle in her hand, conducted her to her lodging. They led her to a ground room, with a boarded floor and two sash windows. The room was grandly furnished and had a genteel bed in one corner of it. They had made her a good fire, and had placed her a chair and a table before it, and a large lighted candle upon the table. They told her that was her bedroom, and she might go to sleep when she pleased: they then wished her a good night, and withdrew altogether, pulling the door quickly after them, so as to hasp the spring-sneck † in the brass lock that was upon it. When they were gone, she gazed awhile at the

* Red Castle. This—in Welsh, *Castel goch*—was the old name of Powis Castle, and is said to have been given to it from the red colour of the stone of which it was built. I have not been able to discover if this very remarkable ghost story is still remembered there, but I have heard that there is a room in the castle still called the haunted chamber.

† Spring-sneck. *Sneck*, in the dialect of Yorkshire, means a door-latch.

fine furniture, under no small astonishment that they should put such a poor person as her in so grand a room and bed, with all the apparatus of fire, chair, table, and candle. She was also surprised at the circumstance of the servants coming so many together, with each of them a candle; however, after gazing about her some little time, she sat down and took a small Welsh Bible out of her pocket, which she always carried about with her, and in which she usually read a chapter—chiefly in the New Testament—before she said her prayers and went to bed. While she was reading she heard the room door open, and, turning her head, saw a gentleman enter in a gold-laced hat and waistcoat, and the rest of his dress corresponding therewith. (I think she was very particular in describing the rest of his dress to Mr. Hampson, and he to me at the time, but I have now forgot the other particulars.) He walked down by the sash-window to the corner of the room, and then returned. When he came at the first window in his return (the bottom of which was nearly breast-high) he rested his elbow on the bottom of the window, and the side of his face upon the palm of his hand, and stood in that leaning posture for some time, with his side partly towards her. She looked at him earnestly to see if she knew him, but though, from her frequent intercourse with them, she had a personal knowledge of all the present family, he appeared a stranger to her. She supposed afterwards, that

he stood in this manner to encourage her to speak ; but as she did not, after some little time he walked off, pulling the door after him as the servants had done before. She began now to be much alarmed, concluding it to be an apparition, and that they had put her there on purpose. This was really the case. The room, it seems, had been disturbed for a long time so that nobody could sleep peaceably in it, and as she passed for a very serious woman, the servants took it in their heads to put the Methodist and spirit together, to see what they would make of it. Startled at this thought, she rose from her chair, and kneeled down by the bedside to say her prayers. While she was praying he came in again, walked round the room, and came close behind her. She had it on her mind to speak, but when she attempted it she was so very much agitated, that she could not utter a word. He walked out of the room again, pulling the door after him as before. She begged that God would strengthen her, and not suffer her to be tried beyond what she was able to bear ; she recovered her spirits, and thought she felt more confidence and resolution, and determined if he came in again she would speak to him if possible. He presently came in again, walked round, and came behind her as before ; she turned her head and said, " Pray sir, who are you, and what do you want ? " He put up his finger, and said, " Take up the candle and follow me, and I will tell you."

She got up, took up the candle, and followed him out of the room. He led her through a long boarded passage, till they came to the door of another room, which he opened and went in; it was a small room, or what might be called a large closet. "As the room was small, and I believed him to be a spirit," said she, "I stopped at the door; he turned and said, 'Walk in; I will not hurt you;' so I walked in. He said, 'Observe what I do;'. I said, 'I will.' He stooped, and tore up one of the boards of the floor, and there appeared under it a box with an iron handle in the lid. He said, 'Do you see that box?'. I said, 'Yes, I do.' He then stepped to one side of the room and showed me a crevice in the wall, where, he said, a key was hid that would open it. He said, 'This box and key must be taken out, and sent to the earl in London' * (naming the earl and his place of residence in the city). He said, 'Will you see it done?'. I said, 'I will do my best to get it done;'. he said, 'Do, and I will trouble the house no more.' He then walked out of the room and left me. (He seems to have been a very civil spirit, and to have been very careful to affright her as little as possible.) I stepped to the room-door, and

* The Earl in London. This was the last of the earls of Powis, of the family of Herbert. He succeeded his father to the title in 1749, and died in 1801, after which it was conferred upon Lord Clive, who had married the earl's sister.

set up a shout. The steward and his wife, with the other servants, came to me immediately; all clung together, with a number of lights in their hands. It seems they had all been waiting to see the issue of the interview betwixt me and the apparition. They asked me what was the matter? I told them the foregoing circumstances, and showed them the box. The steward durst not meddle with it, but his wife had more courage, and, with the help of the other servants, tugged it out, and found the key. She said by their lifting it appeared to be pretty heavy, but that she did not see it opened, and therefore did not know what it contained;—perhaps money, or writings of consequence to the family, or both.” They took it away with them, and she then went to bed and slept peaceably till the morning.

It appeared afterwards that they sent the box to the earl, in London, with an account of the manner of its discovery, and by whom; as the earl sent down orders immediately to his steward to inform the poor woman who had been the occasion of the discovery, that if she would come and reside in his family, she should be comfortably provided for the remainder of her days; or, if she did not choose to reside constantly with them, if she would let them know when she wanted assistance, she should be liberally supplied at his lordship’s expense, as long as she lived. And Mr. Hampson said it was a known fact in the neighbourhood, that she had been so supplied

from his lordship's family from the time the affair was said to have happened, and continued to be so at the time she gave Mr. Hampson this account. She told him that she was so often solicited by curious people to relate the story, that she was weary of repeating it, but to oblige him had once more related the particulars, and wished now to have done with it. Mr. Hampson said she appeared to be a sensible, intelligent person, and that he saw no reason to doubt her veracity. I know many persons in the present day laugh at such stories, and affect very much to doubt their reality, while others totally deny the possibility of their existence. However, scripture, and many well-attested relations, seem to favour the idea, and the present story appeared so singular and so well attested, and I had it so near the fountain-head, that I thought it might perhaps be worth preserving, and I have therefore taken the pains to record it. Admitting it to be true, it should seem that the consequences to the family of what the hidden box contained, was the formal cause of the spirit's disquiet, and of its disturbing the house so much and so long, in order to bring about a discovery; but why a departed spirit should concern itself in the affairs of this world after it has left it, or why they should disquiet it so as to cause it to reappear and make disturbances, in order to discover and have things righted, as in the preceding case, or why this should be done in some cases of appa-

rently less moment, while in other cases much greater family injuries seem to be suffered, and no spirit appears to interest itself in the case, are circumstances for which we can by no means account. The cloud sits deep on futurity, and we are so little acquainted with the laws of the spiritual world, that we are, perhaps, incapable, in our present state, of comprehending its nature, or of giving any satisfactory account of these matters.

I continued in a state of widowhood four years and two weeks, during which interval I suffered much from the dishonesty of people I had occasionally about me. The first servant I had after my wife died was B—— B——, a daughter of one of my late wife's uncles; but this was a very honest girl for aught I ever saw by her, but during her stay with me the following circumstance happened.

I had imprudently let the loom-shop—as I did not use it—to a collier and his family. It adjoined upon the house, opened on the same front, and was very near my own door, so that it was very opportune for a person slipping out of one house into the other. The collier's wife was a woman of an exceeding bad character. I that year served the public office of collector of the land-tax and window money. I had collected, I think, about eighty pounds, which I had put in a small drawer in my desk, which stood in the house, within about three yards of the house-

door. By some means or other I had spoiled the lock of my desk-lid, that I could not lock it, and thought I would remove the money into a box in the chamber where I could lock it up in safety; but believing my maid honest, and never suspecting any other person would have the impudence to come into the house and go in to my desk in the day-time, I had neglected this for several days. At last I went to remove it, and found a great part of it gone; I think near thirty pounds. I had that sum to borrow of a neighbour to make it up. The maid protested her innocence, and I was satisfied of it; she said the collier's wife had observed that I placed great confidence in her (the maid) to leave so much money in the house with her, unlocked. This showed she had noticed the circumstance, and the maid said, she believed she had watched her out of the house when she went to the brook to fetch water, and left the house door unlocked, and had gone in and stole the money out of the desk in her absence; which I doubted not was the case. As they were bad neighbours, I had been endeavouring for some time to get rid of them, but could not; but as I had made a noise about this affair, and threatened, if I could find out the thief, to prosecute severely, the next morning I found they had removed their goods in the night, and were gone! She afterwards bought a profusion of fine clothes at the rag-shop

and elsewhere, which sufficiently pointed out the thief; but as money could not be sworn to, and was an article so easily concealed, I had no chance to recover it, so was obliged to sit down with the loss, which tended much to my further embarrassment.

They kept my daughter Sally and my youngest son Willy at Brook-houses, but took no notice of me, but to hurry all they could from me, and I was weak and soft enough to suffer myself to be terribly plundered by them. For this purpose, soon after my wife's death, her youngest sister came and wheedled me out of every rag of her clothes, under pretence that some of them would be spoiled if they were not washed, &c., and that they would take care of them for the children, and I might have them again when I pleased. However, I never received any of them again, and I understood afterwards, that she appropriated most of them to her own use, and that my children got little or nothing belonging to them afterwards. A piece of conduct this, which evinced such a degree of dishonesty and meanness of spirit, as no person possessed of a single grain of generosity would have been concerned in, as several of the articles were new or nearly so, and lately purchased with my own money. Being willing to give my eldest daughter Betty the best education I could—she being grown a fine girl, and taking learning very readily—I sent

her to the boarding-school at Birstall-field-head, taught by Mrs. Priestley,* at an expense, indeed, beyond my abilities; she stayed here half-a-year, and I believe it was of considerable service to her. I notice here, that her grandmother took no notice of her all the time, never paid her a single visit, or offered me the least assistance, or gave her a single rag or a single shilling from first to last: nay, they had lent her an overworn bed-sheet, of very small value, to serve her for a change during her stay; and they made such a clamour for this being returned, for fear they should lose it—even before the child came home—as if it had been a thing of the greatest importance;—another instance of their inherent meanness of spirit.

About this time I had two successive servants, or housekeepers, who both turned out very bad. One was an incurable drunkard, and proved very expensive to me; the other, the greatest liar and the greatest thief that ever fell under my observation. She turned the house upside down, and plundered it through every time I turned my back, and carried out (when ever I was absent) to her father's and relations, meal, flour, butter, eggs, ribbons, small linen, beer, and

* The celebrated Dr. Priestly was born at Birstall-field-head; so that the person here mentioned was, no doubt, a near relation of his, possibly his mother, but more probably a sister or sister-in-law. Formerly maiden ladies often took the title of Mrs.

bottles of rum ; in short, whatever was portable, and told some of them that I had sent them for presents. At the same time, she had a brother, a boy as bad and thievish as herself, who came miching* daily into our barn, and picked up all the eggs which nine or ten hens produced during the height of their laying, for weeks together. At the same time I summered her father a cow, and her mother and her met every morning and evening at the milking-place ; here they changed the strippings of our cows for the firstings of theirs, and by this means they got almost all the butter, and we got next to none. At last she proceeded to break open the locks on the drawers, and I turned her out of doors. I might have hanged her, but I did not choose the trouble, though I knew nothing of the extent of my loss by her at this time. This girl's name was R-ch-l R-b-rtsh-ed, the daughter of a near neighbour, whom I had laid under repeated pecuniary obligations, by lending him money when he was straitened. He was also an old professing Methodist, and must have known something of his daughter's illicit practices, from the quantity of purloined stuff she carried home, till it fell under the observation of the neighbours, and could not well be supposed, therefore, to escape his observation. My drunken servant was also a professing Methodist ; joined in class,

* *Miching*. Sneaking and prowling about, thieving.

and always very happy at the class-meetings. So difficult is it, very frequently, to reconcile people's professions with their conduct. I had this girl eight weeks, and in that time suffered, I believe, as many pounds by her, at least; but, indeed, I never did, and I believe never must, know my loss by this girl and her family.

I now plainly perceived that I must have a wife, or be ruined; but who would be a suitable wife, or who I was to please—myself or other people—in the choice of one, was a question. Some people advised me to marry an old woman that would have no more children, and talked in such a manner as if they supposed that I might accommodate my fancy and affection to any old creature, with as much ease as I might choose a joint of meat to get my dinner upon. These people seemed to think, that if a person has been married once, and got some children, he must have lost all the finer feelings of the human heart; or, at least, that he could be justified by no other motives to a future marriage, than those mean and sordid ones, interest and convenience. I cry those prudent people's mercy. I am, and must be, of a different opinion; for though I readily allow that it is quite necessary on such occasions to make use of all the care and prudence that the circumstances of the case will admit of, yet I think there are circumstances of greater importance to be considered in this case than even those of wealth and convenience; not but

that I think, as I said before, it is every one's duty and interest to obtain as much wealth and convenience as he fairly and honestly can ; yet I judge the matter of greatest moment is, if the parties love each other for their own sakes, with a love of disinterested esteem and affection. This I look upon to be absolutely necessary, as the foundation of matrimonial happiness, and which, I conceive, cannot possibly subsist without it. Here, perhaps, some wiseacre may ask me, with a sneer, what I have got by indulging my head-strong will in this case ? I will tell him. I have got an agreeable partner, whom I love and esteem, and with whom, so far, I am happy. I have got a house full of fine children, and straitened circumstances ; and I had a thousand times rather choose this situation, than be bound for life to a person I could not love, though in the midst of affluence and worldly prosperity ; for in this case, my mind is so constituted, I should be one of the most unhappy creatures under heaven. However, I do not suppose that the increase of my family (the consequence of my marrying a young woman) is a *principal*, or even any *considerable*, cause of the reduction of my property. No, this had other unhappy causes, with which this had no connexion ; though it is certain, that my having a young and numerous family in my advanced years, under the present reduced state of my original property, and at a time when the price of all the neces-

faries of life are so unreasonably enhanced, tends greatly to increase my present embarrassments ; but as this is the common lot of humanity, and we cannot help it, we must endeavour to be as content as we possibly can.

I return to my story. I found that servants and housekeepers were not to be trusted, I had no old grandmother, no mother, no sister, as many others in my situation have, upon whom I might rely, and who might, in a good measure, supply the place of a wife, in taking care of my children and looking after the concerns of my family. I had it not, therefore, in my choice, in a consistency with my interest, *to marry or not to marry*. No, imperious necessity, arising from the state of my family, required me to get a wife as speedily as possible. During the state of my widowhood, for want of a wife in the house when I was absent, I had already suffered, to my own knowledge, to the amount of forty or fifty pounds at least, by downright thievery ; so that continuing as I was, I had no prospect before me but ruin. I could not fancy an old woman. Does some self-important fellow with a sapient face ask me, why I could not ? I should deem the question absurd, and ask him in my turn, why he chose his wife (if he has got one) in preference to any other woman ? If he says he cannot tell ; that it happened so ; because he liked her best ; I return him the same answer. I therefore chose to take a young woman whom

I could love, and with whom I could be happy, though attended with almost a certainty of being encumbered with more children, rather than take an old woman, to avoid that inconvenience, whom I could not love, and with whom I could not be happy. This is the true state of the case, and I have been so particular upon the subject, that I might present a fair view of the case, that from a just representation of the subject, any impartial person may be able to draw a just conclusion; because I have been so severely censured for my conduct on this occasion by many persons who were "as wise in their own eyes as seven men that can render a reason;" but it is much easier for a half-thinking person to shake the head, and, with a solemn face and magisterial air, pronounce an ill-natured and ill-founded censure upon his neighbour's conduct, than it is to advance one solid reason in support of such a censure. Yet there seems to be as many persons in the present day among Christian professors as there was eighteen hundred years ago, who can see, or *think* they can see, a mote in the eye of their neighbour, while they quite overlook the huge beam that is in their own eye. Peace be to all such persons, and a better spirit.

About this time I saw a young woman I thought I could fancy. She was, indeed, very young, but had got a tolerable education, had very good hands, was very ingenious, solid, and sen-

sible. I therefore formed a connection with her immediately. This soon reached the ears of my bitter enemies at Brook-houses, and awakened all their malice, which flowed in a plentiful stream of abuse and invective against me from their envenomed lips. By specious misrepresentations of the case, they endeavoured to deprive me of my children's affections, debauch them from their duty, and make them believe that I had acted unkindly, unjustly, and wickedly with respect to them in this case; and so far succeeded, that my two eldest children became very saucy and disrespectful, which procured them both a more severe beating than ever I had given them before. However, by appealing to their filial affection and good sense, by showing them the impropriety and bad consequences of their listening to such people, and following their pernicious counsels, I brought them back to their duty, and we soon recovered and maintained the wonted peace and quietness of our family, notwithstanding all the infernal efforts of those spiteful people to destroy it.

I proceed to relate the following unfortunate circumstance, which happened at this time. A neighbouring man, who lived about a quarter of a mile from us, on the opposite side of the hill, over against our little farm, seeing me mowing my own grass in the fields, came frequently to me, and talked of trade and what profit he was certain might be obtained by dealing in such and

fuch articles. He had a small estate on which he lived, but it was very deeply encumbered, and I believe he was at this time in a very difficult situation for want of money to enable him to carry on a trade to maintain his family. He knew I had it in my power to raise some money, and therefore proposed that I should borrow some more money on my land, throw up my farm, go live in a part of his house, and enter into partnership with him, and he doubted not we should perform wonders. I was weak and unwary enough to listen to his proposals, and borrowed an additional two hundred pounds on my land, threw up my farm, went to live in a part of his house, and entered into partnership with him; but as he had little or no money to advance, I was obliged to lend him some of mine, for which he was to pay me common interest; so he joined with me at my own money. We went immediately into trade; bought and sold, and trucked a variety of articles, till at last we got into the liquor business. We went to Manchester and Liverpool to buy goods, sought custom amongst the publicans, and soon had a great many bad debts on hand, which, whether they were ever all paid, or no, I know not to this day. We took out a retail licence, and my partner's wife was intrusted with this business, which required more honesty to do justice to the partnership than falls to everybody's share. The house, however, began to be very well

accustomed, and presented a very promising prospect for trade ; but my money vanished like a mist, payments came on, more money was wanted, my partner could raise no money ; I sold a pitstead in my land for eighty pounds ; this went into the old swallow, and disappeared in an instant as if it had been thrown into a coal-pit. Stupid, and dull, and foolishly confiding as I had been in this case, I now began to see I was in the wrong box ; indeed, my wife (for I was now married), who was a much closer observer than myself, had given me repeated hints of the circumstance before. I was determined to be rid of this ruinous connexion as speedily as possible, if I escaped with the skin of my teeth ; and my partner and his deep-contriving wife seemed very willing to dispense with my company, and quite agreeable to appropriate all the prospect of advantage, obtained at my cost, entirely to themselves. In balancing our accounts I was brought in debtor, though I had raised nearly all the money—and over and beside, my partner was engaged in an expensive chancery law-suit all the time—yet he came off creditor. All was imputed to my extravagance, and two of my old acquaintance, whom I had got to scrutinize the cunning of my opponents, entered into their idea, and supposed me inattentive and extravagant enough to run through all that money in two years' time, and so, instead of doing me any service, they encouraged my opponent, and

did me a great deal of hurt. Extravagant! when I was never drunk all the time, and my partner hardly ever came home sober; when he had a more numerous and expensive family to keep, and had nothing to keep them on but what he got by the trade, and I had a less numerous and expensive family, and an estate of near thirty pounds a year besides the trade to keep them on. Add to this, my partner was engaged in an expensive law-suit, which cost him a good deal of money. Yet he came off on the saving side, and I just quitted the connection in time to escape a gaol. I believe I suffered by this connection, in the course of about two years, little less than three hundred pounds. This was a bad affair for me, and threw me into difficulties immediately, which I have laboured under ever since. I thus became a stepping-stone for my partner, who trod me and my family into the dust to mount himself and his family into affluence and prosperity.

I stop to notice some occurrences in my family during this period. We unfortunately left Lower Blacup, after residing there fourteen years, and removed into Cleckheaton upper-lane, May the 12th, 1781. I was married a second time on Sunday, the 4th day of November, 1781, to Alicia Pinder, eldest daughter of Thomas Pinder, farmer, of Upper Blacup, a few fields from my former abode, after remaining in a state of widowhood four years and two weeks. We were

married at the parish church of Birstall, by the Rev. Mr. Reuben Ogden ; present only besides ourselves, the minister, Jo. Shaw, the clerk, and my wife's father. Alicia Pinder was born on Monday, the 19th day of May, 1766. She was baptized at the White Chapel, in the North, by the Rev. Mr. Jonas Eastwood, on Sunday, June the 15th, 1766, and was fifteen years and a-half old when she was married. Soon after we were married my wife was attacked by a severe rheumatic fever, which reduced her very low. Before she was quite recovered, in the end of the year 1781, and the beginning of the year 1782, my children were attacked by that dreadful distemper the small-pox, which at this time raged in the neighbourhood, and was of a very fatal and malignant kind. Betty was near fourteen years of age, Tommy was near eleven, and John near seven. They had often begged to be inoculated, but as their grandparents were bitterly prejudiced against the practice, to oblige them I had forbore to do it. For this I afterwards blamed myself much, as their prejudice was so inveterate against me, that it appeared impossible for me to conciliate their favour by anything I could do ; and it exposed my children to more than double hazard and suffering. Betty's was of a most malignant kind, and she was rendered one of the most deplorable objects I ever saw, and was literally flayed from head to foot. However, it pleased God to spare her life, contrary to the

expectations of all who saw her, and even of the physician who attended her. I regretted very much the ravage this nauseous disorder had made in her fine countenance, which was so great, that if I had been absent for the time, I should have been unable at first to have recognized my own child. However, I was thankful that her life, her eyes, and limbs were spared. Tommy was more favourably dealt with; his pocks were of a better kind, his countenance little or none altered, and he got through them the easiest of all the three. John was very full; his lovely countenance much altered, yet he got through them with much less trouble and danger than his sister did.

During this troublesome and distressing situation of my family, my wife—though still very weak—assisted me in waiting upon the children with the greatest tenderness and assiduity. I was myself six or seven weeks and never had all my clothes off, was engaged day and night going up and down stairs and from one chamber to another almost without intermission, and my sleep departed from mine eyes; yet a kind Providence so ordered it, that I neither felt much over-fatigued, nor greatly to want my sleep during the whole time, though one might have imagined, from the constant fatigue I underwent, and the depressing sorrow of mind I was under for my suffering children—especially for my eldest daughter, whose death I apprehended every hour

—that it would have been impossible I should have bore up under it. When my three children at home were recovering, my other two at Brook-houses begun, though none of the family had ever come near our house while we had them. Sally got very favourably through them, but they proved fatal to my youngest son Willy, the circumstances of whose death I have previously related.

I stop to notice the following little circumstance. John, who was uncommonly fond of, and, of consequence, equally dear to me, the morning he found himself blind, when in the small-pox, I being in bed with him, said hastily, “Daddy, I am dead!” I said, “No, my dear;” but then he said, “I am dying.” I said, “What for, my love?” he said, “Because I cannot see.” I told him to be content, and not pull his eyes open, and he would see again after a short time. He was satisfied, and very patient, but added, “Daddy, I could not like to die.” I asked him if he was afraid to die; he said, “No; but I could not like to leave *you*,” and earnestly added, “Bless you! everybody says you are a good daddy to your children, and so you are.” (The poor child had heard the family at Brook-houses abuse me and say I was a bad father to my children, and behaved ill to them; he had heard all the neighbours say the contrary, and from the tenderness with which I treated him and all my children, was satisfied of the contrary himself.

This was the cause of my child's remarks on this occasion.) He then fondly embraced, kissed, and blessed me. Such was the endearing prattle and behaviour of my beloved child, whom death, to my heavy affliction, has since suddenly snatched from my embraces. I note here again the wicked perversity of Mr. and Mrs. Birkhead's conduct on this occasion, in thus perpetually endeavouring to inspire my children with a bad idea of their father, and to rob me of their duty and affection; and I appeal to the judgment of every candid and unprejudiced person, if such a conduct was not absolutely inconsistent with their high profession of Christianity. I take notice here also, that a little before we left the Lower Blacup, my eldest daughter Betty lay several weeks dangerously ill of a scarlet fever, of which several had died round about us. My son John was poorly also, and about this time they all three had the measles, which were attended with much fever, and I was in fear I should have lost John, he was so bad. We were without servant; I therefore waited on my sick children myself, and I dare appeal to my neighbours, that they were carefully and properly attended.

On Monday, the 12th day of May, 1783 (old May-day), I removed with my family to Birkenshaw, the place where I had lived before I was married the first time, into the lowest but one of John Ellifon's new-built houses. I stop

here again, to notice the following circumstance, which I had overlooked in its place. Old Mrs. Birkhead, some time before my second marriage; having heard of my intention to marry, came wheedling over to my house, and said, "Tommy, you always said that Betty and Sally should have your mother's clothes between them." I said, "Yes; I mean so." She said, "Will you oblige me in letting me have them to our house to keep? I will take the best care I can of them for the children." I perceived she was afraid of a second wife getting them; but as I always meant my girls to have them, and as the *hypocrite* appeared in high good humour—which it seems she could assume to serve a turn—and as I was greatly desirous of living on peaceable terms with them if possible, I told her, that the clothes had been kept with great care almost from my birth, but that if she thought them safer in her keeping than mine, if she would promise me to take good care of them, and let my daughters have them when they wanted them, I had no great objection to oblige her in this case, for the sake of peace, as neither I nor the person I was aiming to marry, had any desire to deprive my children of them. If, therefore, she would come over to my house some day when I was at leisure, I would look them over, and let her have such as I intended for them. With this promise she departed for the present, and some-time afterwards, instead of coming on a day

when I *was* at home, she contrived—in concert with my daughter Betty, I make no doubt—to come on a day when I *was not* at home, on purpose to have the opportunity of plundering my house uncontrolled. This they did in a shameful manner; so that with what they took now, and what she and her agents had taken before, they almost entirely stripped my house both of bed-linen and wearing apparel, save that which the children and I had in common use, besides a variety of other articles; nay, she had even the meanness and impudence to take my own mother's wedding-ring, which, however I sent for back again, and was almost in mind to have entered a legal process against her for burglary. My daughter Betty, to be sure, was young, and deceived and misled by her grandmother's specious though false representations; and these circumstances may, perhaps, form a tolerable excuse for my daughter's conduct on these occasions; yet she was certainly very blameable, as she was old enough (fourteen) to have known better than to have joined a mean, interested woman in plundering her father's property; but the old woman herself, or any other person of the family, who either took it themselves, or encouraged my children so to do, were no better than thieves and robbers. After they had thus stripped my house of all my wife's clothes and all my own mother's clothes, bed-linen, &c. &c., instead of keeping them sacred

for the children, as they pretended, her aunt B——y carried off one part, and had the extreme meanness and impudence to wear some articles of my own mother's till they were good for nothing; her grandmother seized and distributed another part; and a dishonest servant-girl they had, cut, and spoiled, and stole another part; so that, save some of the larger articles of my mother's, as her gowns, &c. which they could not well take without being observed by everybody, the greatest part of the property thus filched from my house was entirely lost both to me and my children; whereas, had they still continued in my keeping, they might have enjoyed every individual article.

I will bestow a few reflections on these people's conduct towards me on this occasion. I believe if they could have stripped me naked and turned me out upon a common, it would have pleased them to have done it. Their ostensible reason for this manner of proceeding was, "A second wife will get all that is left;" and this plea they seemed to think sufficient to justify *them* in doing all that lay in their power to accomplish *my* ruin. What strange reasoning, and what absurd and inconsistent conduct was this! Mrs. Birkhead's own father married a *second* time, after having married a *first* wife, with whom he had issue. Mrs. Birkhead herself was a fruit of that second marriage. Her father married a third wife, to whom, fame says, he and his family did not

behave over-kindly. Now, if her father's child or children by his first wife, or their relations, had acted upon the same principles with respect to him and his future family which she and her family acted upon with respect to me and mine; if they had endeavoured to prejudice his child or children against him, to debauch them from their duty, and rob him of their affection; if they had rifled, or encouraged his child or children to rifle his property, even to the hazard of his ruin, for fear his second wife and second children—of whom she herself was one—should have anything left to subsist upon afterwards; what would Mrs. Birkhead have thought or said of such a proceeding? What indeed! doubtless, if it had been her *own* case, she would have thought, and said too, that they were a set of wicked, unjust, ungenerous, and unfeeling rascals.

I return to my narration. When we came to Birkenshaw, my wife was in a very weak state of body; she was just recovering from a second attack of her old disorder, the rheumatic fever. She was obliged to wean the child (Patty) when about fifteen weeks old, who was poorly also; but after this they both recovered pretty speedily. About this time I was obliged to sell my land—one of the most unfortunate actions for my worldly welfare that ever I did in my life, as I have hinted before. After paying off the mortgage, I put one hundred pounds of the spare money into the hands of some friendly

acquaintance in the wool trade, on condition that I should have a proportional share of the profits arising therefrom. However, I never received anything but simple interest for my money, and took some of the stock now and some then, till I had taken it all. We tried to keep a shop, but this would do nothing for us; we lost money by roguish customers. We next tried to teach a school, and could get the trouble and inconvenience of scholars, but could get no pay for many of them; we therefore gave this up. I next got in to be book-keeper at the furnace for Messrs. Emmets,* which place I held about a year, and had about two shillings a day. This helped us for the time, and then we parted. My family was increasing all this time, and of course my difficulties. A friendly acquaintance of mine (Mr. John Taylor, merchant, of Great Gomersfall),† having, I suppose, intelligence of this, paid me a visit, and kindly inquired into my situation. He had lately built a

* The father of the present Emmanuel Emmet, Esq. of Birkenshaw, had a foundry and iron-works at Birkenshaw during the last century, and the earlier part of the present. Both the Coles and the Billingsleys, late of the Bowling Iron Works, were in the employ of the Emmets before they came to Bowling.

† This "Mr. John Taylor, merchant, of Great Gomersfall," was the identical person who afterwards figured as Mr. Yorke in Miss Brontë's novel of "Shirley." He was a man of great energy, was quite a character, and became rich by trade. He built a chapel at Gomersfall at his own sole expense, and preached in it himself.

pretty large mill for carding machines, to which he had attached four stocks to mill woollen cloth in. He wanted a cloth searcher, and proposed to me to endeavour to obtain the place, and he would assist me. He observed, it would be good for nothing the first year, being only four pounds for the year; but that the year following it would be advanced to ten pounds, he made no doubt, and eventually to fifteen or sixteen pounds. That it would put me in the line of the business, and give me an opportunity of future advancement to better places. I thanked him, accepted the proposal, and obtained the place. As he observed, I lost by it the first year; the second year it was raised to ten pounds a year, which was the salary affixed to it when I threw up the place; but it was afterwards raised to fifteen or sixteen pounds a year, and, with other emoluments, is worth twenty, or near twenty pounds a year to the present officer. Mr. Taylor at the same time allowed me eight shillings a week for keeping the books and assisting to overlook the servants and work of his carding machinery. Both the places together made me about twelve shillings a week, which, added to my own pitance, enabled me to subsist my family pretty comfortably. When I had been here better than two years, two persons at Birkenshaw—the village where I resided—built a scribbling-mill;* another

* A *scribbling-mill* is a mill where wool is prepared for spinning, previous to being woven into cloth. The labour

had been built about the same time about a mile from the village, and to both these mills two stocks were attached for milling cloth; these required a searcher to attend them, and our supervisor said that I was like to take them, as they could not pretend to appoint an additional searcher to these small places, while I was near them. To this I agreed, rather than quit the connection, though I lost four shillings a week by the circumstance, as I could not possibly attend Mr. Taylor's business and these additional mills too; but I knew Hunsworth* mill was likely soon to be advanced. At this crisis the principal partner at Birkenshaw mill asked me if I was disengaged from Mr. Taylor. I told him yes, as I could not possibly overlook *all* the mills and Mr. Taylor's work too. He then proposed, that, if I would throw up Hunsworth mill, and retain only the two mills at Birkenshaw (for which I had got ten pounds a year allowed), and come and keep their books, and assist in overseeing their work as I had done for Mr. Taylor, they would give me the same wage, namely,

of scribbling is now done by machinery, worked by steam; but formerly this kind of work used to be done by hand-machines, or machines moved by the hand.

* Hunsworth is a village near Oakenshaw, in the parish of Birstall, four and a half miles south of Bradford, and has a population at this time of twelve hundred. The Old Mills still remain. The corn mills are worked by Mr. Thomas Briggs, of Hunsworth; and there are also extensive woollen manufactories and dye works carried on by the Messrs. Taylors, of Hunsworth.

eight shillings a week, which would put me precisely on the same footing I was at Hunsworth; and he observed, that it would save me much walking every morning and evening, that I should be at home, and that I might get warm meals, &c. I told him I was aware of these advantages, but asked him if I might depend upon the *continuance* of the place, because I was sure of the mill, and the salary was likely soon to be advanced to an amount which would be worth as much to me—or nearly so—as the wage of their place, besides the choice of another mill at Heaton if I thought I could serve them all; and these I was pretty sure of for life, except an opportunity offered of getting a better place; but if I threw it up, I lost it entirely, and if I lost their place too, I should be in a shabby situation indeed, with Birkenshaw mills only. He said I might *depend* upon it. I spoke to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Thompson. Mr. Taylor was for me keeping the mill and refusing the place; Mr. Thompson said, if I thought I could confide in my supposed friend, to be sure it would be much easier for me. I verily thought I could, and therefore threw up the mill and accepted the place.

This was another very imprudent action into which I was betrayed by a too great confidence in professed friendship. I put them in a commodious way of keeping the books, which I had practised at Hunsworth. When I had been with

them about two years, one Saturday evening, without a moment's notice, or any other reason assigned, the other partner told me drily, that they thought they could keep the books themselves, and had no further occasion for my service. I was astonished at this, and looked upon it, as it certainly was, as a very mean, as well as a very unfriendly, unfair, and ungenerous action. I had not sought the place; indeed, I had no thoughts about it. I was solicited to come to this place, and to throw up my searching at Hunsworth for this purpose, though I knew it was likely soon to be worth as much, or more, to me as theirs, and which, in all probability, I might retain, if I pleased, for life. The only difference was, their work was near home. I was promised I might *depend* upon the place, and was then presently kicked out of it; so that it looked as if a scheme had been formed by my professing friends to deprive me of the comfortable situation and prospect I had obtained through Mr. Taylor's favour, and turn me adrift in search of new prospects.

“ What then is friendship ? 'tis a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade that follows *wealth* and *fame*,
 But leaves the wretch to weep.”

This event confirmed my conviction of the great sanity of Tim a' Lee's proverb, and the general necessity of acting upon his maxim, Trust no mortal.

This event stripped me of all my before-acquired benefits and prospects, and left me only the ten pounds a year for Birkenshaw mills, at a time when all the necessaries of life were greatly enhanced, and my family increased with several more children. We struggled with the difficulties brought upon us by this event for more than two years, and it was a loss to us of near forty pounds, which was wrung from the backs and bellies of me and my family in a very difficult period. Mr. Thompson and several others of my friendly acquaintance had promised me to do their best the first opportunity that occurred, to obtain me a better situation. In the mean time we troubled nobody with our complaints; we suffered in silence, and endeavoured to make the best of our situation. The inspectorship of Gomerfall district was divided into two rounds, with an annual salary of twenty-seven pounds annexed to each of them. Joshua Dixon, of Birstal, surveyed the one, and Robert Goodalls, of Church lane,* the other. During this period Joshua Dixon died, and the two rounds were thrown into one. Robert Goodall had five pounds added to his former salary, which made it thirty-two pounds per annum, for which he surveyed both the rounds. Robert Goodall died in the month

* Church Lane is probably what is now called Thirk Lane. It is the road leading from Cleckheaton to Birstal by way of Spen Bridge and Spen House. This road leads through the hamlet of Gomerfall Hill Top.

of January, 1796, and I obtained the place January the 27th, 1796, which I still retain at this time, April the 19th, 1797. As I observed before, the salary was thirty-two pounds per annum, besides some other small emoluments arising from stamping blanks for the merchants and clothiers, &c.

I desire here to take notice—to the praise of a kind Providence, which, I am firmly persuaded, presides, governs, and dispenses with infinite wisdom and goodness, towards *every individual*, and towards his *whole* creation—the critical timing of my obtaining this place. It was when I could subsist my family no longer without breaking into my little real or personal property, and thereby greatly injuring my annual income or present convenience, either of which we could ill forego. Blessed be God for his goodness!

I return to take notice of the several events which happened in my family during this period; that is, from my second marriage to the present time, April 20th, 1797. Mrs. Birkhead persuaded my daughter Betty to reside with them, and I gave my consent. This was from no *liberal* motive, but she engaged Betty to do the servant's work, and had only a little meat to find her, for I myself found her clothes, even to the value of a coarse linen brat to wash up the pots in. The family, therefore, which I brought to Birkenshaw consisted of myself, my wife, my eldest son Tommy, my third son John, and my little

daughter Patty, about fifteen weeks old. I sent Tommy to school to my old acquaintance Benny Brooke, at Tong,* and John to East Bierley school (it being much nearer) to Mr. William Kellet.

Nine weeks and five days after my coming to Birkenshaw, I was visited by one of the most severe trials I had ever experienced hitherto, in the sudden death of my darling child, John Wright, my third son and sixth child, who died in my arms on Saturday, July the 19th, 1783, about three o'clock in the afternoon. He was buried on the Monday evening following, being the 21st of the same month, in the New Chapel-yard at Cleckheaton, close by the north side of his brother William's grave and his mother's tomb. There his beloved remains rest in the peaceful grave, in a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life when the Archangel's trumpet shall give the final summons, "for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."† This glorious hope

* Tong, in the parish of Birstall, is a quiet rural village, four miles from Bradford, and the population of the township in 1861 was 3035. This is the Tunic of the Domesday Book, and is generally called the Lordship of Tong. The heirs to these fertile lands from the times of the Saxons have been the families of the Tongs, the Mirfields, and the Tempests; and Colonel Plumbe Tempest is now lord of the manor, and resides in an old hall built of brick which overlooks a beautiful vale, on the other side of which stands the establishment of Fulneck, the seat of the Moravians in Yorkshire.

† 1 Cor. xv. 22.

we owe to Jesus' dying love, who will most assuredly raise to a new, a happy, and an endless life, the dissolved bodies of all those who sleep in Him, as I doubt not *all* those who die in their infancy most certainly do. No stone or tombstone has yet been laid or erected to his memory, the straitness of my circumstances have hitherto prevented me from doing it; but if ever I am able I mean to do it with the first opportunity that may offer; and if I never should be able, I will endeavour, if it be possible, to engage some branch of my family to do it for me sooner or later. Meanwhile I have prepared the following epitaph, which may be shortened, if need be, of the four last lines in the poetry, or some words, perhaps, in the preceding part. For John Wright's tombstone:—

In Memory of

JOHN WRIGHT,

Third son of Thomas Wright, of Birkenshaw,
whose body rests in hope within this tomb, and
who died suddenly, in his afflicted father's arms,
on Saturday, July the 19th, 1783.

Aged 8 years and 6 months.

Here all the flattering hopes of youthful bloom,
Untimely blasted, wither in the tomb:
Sudden death snatch'd him from his guiltless play,
And clos'd his eyes, to wake in endless day.
Grac'd with each merit years like his could boast,
So soon discovered, and so early lost;
Studious by every pleasing art to prove
The endearing tenderness of filial love,

Which, guided still by Nature's gentlest voice,
Prepar'd him for that Heaven he now enjoys.
O let not grief pronounce that doom unjust,
Which lays a parent's fairest hopes in dust.
Lord, I submit to Thee, all good and wise,
And yield the infant victim to the skies.

John Wright was near two years and three quarters old at the time of his mother's death. I always suspected he was hurt by a fright his mamma gave him, by suddenly scolding and shaking him when he cried and was troublesome one night in bed, when he was a little one, which at the time nearly threw him into fits, and I had much ado to recover him from the fright. He was ever after subject to be frighty upon any sudden alarm, and would frequently get out of bed in dreams, and sometimes awoke out of his sleep under an unaccountable fright and tremor; which I always suspected to be caused, or at least increased, by the above-mentioned fright, though I may be mistaken, and it might be purely natural: however, it is needful to be as careful as possible not to give children any sudden fright. As he grew up he was very remarkable for the fondest filial affection, and would frequently be telling me in his childish way how dearly he loved me beyond everything else in the world. If I had at any time been out late, if he had been a-bed and awoke when I came in, he would have leaped out of bed, run to my embraces, and welcomed me home with the tenderest expressions. He was remarkably

solicitous about his prayers, and before he had learned the Lord's Prayer by heart, would have called on me, if I forgot, to teach him them before he would have gone to sleep. A few weeks before his death, being playing with his brother Tommy at Brook-houses, he got something into his ear which frightened him; they put a drop of rum in his ear, which, they said, brought out some kind of a small black insect. One night soon after, I had been from home, and when I came in in the evening, he came weeping down stairs, and said something made a noise in his ears which frightened him, and thought it was something he had got in his ear at the time above mentioned. I took him on my knee and it ceased, and I put him to bed, and he complained no more of it afterwards. Whether this circumstance might be any cause of the strange disorder which afterwards cut him so suddenly off, I cannot tell; God knoweth.

On Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1783, there came on, about ten o'clock in the evening, one of the most dreadful storms of thunder and lightning I had ever beheld. It was extremely awful and alarming indeed. I got my family to bed, where, I think, they would have remained pretty composed, but a neighbour woman coming in with her children, extremely frightened, alarmed my children too, so that they and our maid (a Matty Webster from Tong) ran from their own bed to my wife and the little one,

where, with two of our neighbour's children, there were seven in one bed, at the head and feet. John was between two at the feet. I told him not to be afraid, but to commend himself to the divine protection, which I believe he did. He afterwards called me to him: when I came I found him bathed in sweat, occasioned by lying over-head in bed, to avoid seeing the lightning. He said, "Daddy, I will fall asleep if I can, and then I shall not see the lightning. Will you pray for me? you know, when I am asleep I cannot pray for myself." This request, uttered by my dear child with a steady seriousness, struck me greatly, and I immediately went to my knees to recommend him to the divine mercy and protection. A few days before he died, John Kitson, son of Jonathan Kitson, near whom we had lived before we came to Birkenshaw, came upon an errand to our next door neighbour, and had a little bay galloway with him; at that time, Tommy and John, my two sons, were going to see their grandfather at Brook-houses, and John Kitson told my younger boy, that if he would go the lane way with him, he should ride upon the galloway, of which he was so fond; and importuned me so much to let him go, that I consented, upon John Kitson's promising to let him ride, and to proceed slowly and carefully; but as soon as he was out of my sight he made my boy dismount, and then set off on the full trot down the lane, and my boy ran

after him most of the way to Gomerfall. I was exceeding unhappy after I knew this, as the day was uncommonly hot and sultry, and must almost suffocate the child to run after the horse so far and so fast under a burning sun; and I have often been afraid the overheating himself so much on this occasion, and bathing in cold water while he was yet hot (as I understood he afterwards did), might contribute to the bringing on that disorder which soon after put a period to his life. Whether it was so or not, I cannot tell, but I have often reflected upon it with extreme regret, that ever I suffered him to go with that unlucky, mischievous boy; and if I had known the trick he would have played him, he should not have gone with him upon any consideration.

On Friday, the 18th of July, 1783, he got a milk breakfast as usual, and was impatient with the maid to get it ready, as he was afraid of his master being angry at his being late to school. When he was going he looked fondly at me, and I asked him if I must go part of the way with him—as I frequently did—and he said, “Yes, if you please, daddy.” I accordingly went with him over the first field, and over the stile into the second, where we stood to part. He turned about, and stroked his hands over his little thighs, and said, “Daddy, I am somehow stiff over here, and it almost makes me lame.” I told him he had, perhaps, been running or

leaping, which had occasioned it, and I hoped it would be better soon. He said yes, he hoped it would. I suppose his running after the horse, above mentioned, so far and so fast, might be the occasion of this stiffness. He then came and kissed me, and blessed me, and bid me farewell, as he almost always did when he parted with me; but having gone a few steps he turned about and said, "Daddy, stay on that pit-hill* (a pit-hill that was just by) while I go up the Kirkgate, and I can turn about and look at you." I said, "Well, my dear," and he proceeded. As I looked after him I thought he looked a very poor look, as if he was not very well, as indeed, he had done for some days; and my heart ached in an uncommon manner at parting with him, as if foreboding the heavy affliction which awaited me. It was much I did not take him back with me, but as it was now about nine o'clock, and he would be down to his dinner, I thought it would not be long ere I saw my child again. I little thought this would be the last interview I should ever have with my dear little boy *out of doors*; yet so it proved, to my unspeak-

* This would very likely be an accumulation of rubbish thrown out of some coal-pit, on the side of the road from Birkenshaw to Bradford, as such heaps are yet very common. There is a lane still called Kirkgate, which leads up to an ancient cross, on the hill. The fact of this cross being on the hill, must have given rise to the name (Kirkgate), as there was not, until a few years ago, any church at Birkenshaw.

able affliction. I stood near the place till he walked up the opposite field, called the Kirkgate, where he turned about, as he had said, to take *from thence* his last look at his daddy. I waited till he was out of sight, and afterwards returned home. He used to come to his dinner towards one o'clock, but falling badly at school, his master sent him home sooner, and it was about twelve o'clock at noon when he came in at the back-door and up the entry, weeping, to me, as I was set in the house rocking the little child in the cradle. I asked him what was the matter, and he said, "Daddy, my head aches." I said, "Does it, my love?" and he said, "Yes, sadly, and I have thrown up my breakfast at school." I told him not to cry, it would make his head worse, and he immediately forbore. I took him upon my knee, and tied my pocket-handkerchief about his head, and being set in a rocking-chair, he lay his head back in my arm, and I rocked him upon my knee. He presently asked for something to drink; the weather being very hot, our beer was turning hard, and I thought it would not be proper for him; I therefore asked him if he would choose some milk? He said, yes. I got him some, of which he drank, then lay in my arm again, and seemed disposed to sleep. I told him if he could sleep, I would carry him, if he would, into our bed, and he would lie easier, and I hoped sleep would cure his head, to which he consented. As I was

carrying him up-stairs, he asked to drink again; and after laying him in bed, and taking off all his clothes but his stockings, I fetched him the milk again, of which he drank a second time, and composed himself to sleep. I went down to the child in the cradle (my wife being out of the house), but he presently called upon me again, and I ran up-stairs. He was reaching to puke; I held my hand on his forehead, and he threw up the milk he had drunk, which came curdled from his stomach. I suppose clear water would have been best to have given him, if I had known it, for he was much worse than I imagined, as I took it to be nothing more than a common fit of the headache, occasioned, perhaps, by the uncommon heat of the day, and from which sleep would effectually relieve him. I went to see him often, and he seemed to sleep kindly, which abated my fears, and I concluded he was doing well. I ordered my wife to get some tea and bread and butter ready against he awoke, as I thought he must be hungry then, as he had parted with his breakfast before, and tea would be more suitable for him than stronger meat. She accordingly got it ready, and set it by the fire to keep warm against he awoke; but alas! my dear poorly child never eat more. In the forenoon Mr. William Johnstone, of Gomerfall-hill-top,* had called upon me as he went to

* Gomerfall Hill Top. A hamlet a little to the south-east of Gomerfall, and not far from Birstall. It lies exactly

Bradford, and engaged me to meet him at Mr. James Wilkinſon's, at five o'clock in the afternoon. I carefully attended, and very frequently went to look at my child, till betwixt five and ſix o'clock in the evening, and though I thought he ſlept *long*, yet I thought he ſlept kindly, and ſtill hoped he would be well when he awoke. I therefore ventured to fulfil my engagement, after leaving a ſtrict charge with my family to obſerve him with the utmoſt care.

I obſerve here, that ſome unfriendly perſons, and particularly one perſon, who profeſſed the greateſt reſpect and friendship for me, and even affected to conſider me as one of her own family, and to whom, and to whoſe family, I had behaved with the greateſt generoſity and good nature, laid hold of this circumſtance to repreſent me as wanting in affection to my child; as being *all* the afternoon from him, and taking little notice of him, which ſlander was as falſe as it was malicious in every circumſtance. They alſo reported that the milk I gave him to drink was ſour; but if it was (for I did not taſte it), it was more than I knew, and when I queſtioned our maid about it ſhe poſitively aſſerted the contrary. Nay, the perſon above referred to, went ſo far as to inſinuate (to Mrs. Birkhead, her near relation, and my greateſt enemy), that we had poiſoned

between Great and Little Gomerſall, and at about equal diſtances from each of theſe places.

the child. I believe this lying slander was aimed chiefly against my wife, though she told her also that I was a furious fellow, and cursed and swore like a common collier, &c. &c. This, indeed, was a notorious falsehood; yet I believe what she said against me caused Mrs. Birkhead to behave in a worse manner than usual to me about this time, and must therefore attach no small guilt to the person's mind, as a common tale-bearer and mischief-maker. What her motive could be for this proceeding, I know not, except it was to curry favour with her relation, with whom she had been but on shy terms for some time past; yet I have heard Mrs. Birkhead repeatedly speak of her and her family with the utmost disrespect and contempt. This was an instance of shameful ingratitude, and an additional proof of the *general* invalidity and insincerity of common professed friendships. I certainly wanted not affection to induce me to do the best I could for my own child, whose life and welfare were, if possible, dearer to me than my own.

I returned from Mr. Wilkinson's a little after eight o'clock, so that I had been somewhat more than two hours away. When I came near home I observed our maid running to meet me, and my spirits immediately sunk, for I feared my child was worse. I asked her what was the matter? and she said John had awoke, and was on a very strange fashion. I ran immediately to him, and found him apparently in convulsions.

The neighbours flocked in, and as he lay upon one of their knees, I thought he was expiring. It is impossible to express the extreme agony of sorrow with which this sudden, severe, and unexpected stroke overwhelmed me. It pierced like a sword through my soul, and almost rendered me distracted. Miss Wilkinson (Sally), who had come in amongst the rest, came to me and desired me to go down stairs, "for," she said, "you distress the child; bad as he is, he follows you with his eye wherever you go, and answers you groan for groan." I went down into the kitchen, and as I thought him expiring, earnestly recommended his soul to God. Presently one came, and said, "Tommy, do not sorrow so exceedingly, your child is coming to himself again." I said, "Is he alive?" They said, "Yes, and seems coming out of a fit." I blessed God there was yet some hope for his life, and immediately despatched a person for the doctor with all speed. He sent him directly, and stayed behind himself to bring the medicines he might order for the child when he returned. The doctor seemed at a loss to know what the child ailed, but finding him very delirious, and to complain much of his breast, expressed a suspicion that he had got something he could not digest, and asked if I had got any spirituous liquors? but this was not the case, nor had he taken anything which anyone knew of, which could possibly do him the least harm. I have since suspected that as the summer had been

uncommonly hot, he might, when heated with play at school, have drank of the standing water in the ditches (as there was no good water near the school), and taken in the spawn of some animal, which might have bred in his stomach, and killed him, but this is only conjecture. The doctor proposed to bleed him and give him a clyster, which he did, and he said—I heard—afterwards, that but for this he would not have survived two hours. When he returned, he sent him a thin mixture, and a bottle of drops. We gave him some little of the mixture two or three times, and one of the drops—in number twenty. I perceived the doctor thought he would die immediately, but in this he was mistaken. Old Matty Birkhead, and a young woman named Betty Fox, and myself, watched all night with him, and a fore, afflicted, agonizing night he passed. I could have been extremely glad if my child had been able to have talked sensibly with me, if it had but been a little; but this could not be obtained; only now and then when his eye caught me, he would call me his bonny daddy, and repeat other fond expressions he had before been wont to make use of; and once he said, “Come daddy, lie down by me, and let us fall asleep together,” and threw his arms eagerly about my neck, and was soon tossing and agonizing again.

I had sent early in the morning by Betty Fox for his sisters from Brook-houses, and they got

up some time before he died. At intervals he knew his eldest sister, and called her once or twice by her name. As he continued so long beyond the doctor's expectations, I began to entertain hopes that he might be spared; but I was mistaken. About three o'clock in the afternoon (Saturday, July the 19th), my family being at dinner, he seemed to recover his reflection, and be pretty composed, and seeing me weeping over him, he suddenly stretched out his little arms, and with a look of inexpressible love and pity, and the fondest concern to comfort me, cried out, "Come daddy, come joy, come joy, come joy!" I said, "I will, my dear," and bent down my head to meet him. He threw his arms about my neck, pressed me to his bosom, and eagerly kissed and blessed me. He held me close some time, but at length slackening his arms, I raised my head; he still followed me with his eyes, and appeared very much concerned to see me in so much sorrow. I asked if he would kiss me again; he quickly and eagerly replied, "Aye, bonny daddy, I will!" and stretched out his arms to embrace me again. He kissed me with great fondness, and said with much earnestness, "Bless you, my daddy! bless you, my bonny daddy!" This was the last affectionate embrace which my beloved John gave his afflicted daddy, and these the last loving words he uttered. Soon after he had spoken them, he turned his head upon the pillow and seemed inclined to puke. His sister

Betty, who was standing by me, said, "Daddy, if he could get something up, it would perhaps ease him." I thought it perhaps might, and therefore took him gently on my knee, lay my hand upon his forehead, and leaned him towards the floor. He threw up about two spoonfuls of the mixture he had taken, and immediately his hands hung down, and I perceived his head would fall too if I took away my hand. I told his sister Betty he was dying, she cried out and alarmed the family, and they alarmed the neighbours, who came running up to us. One of them would have taken him from me, saying I sorrowed so violently; but I said, "No, he shall die in his father's arms, where I am sure he would choose to die if he was capable of choosing." I accordingly kept him in my arms, and, while he was expiring, recommended his precious departing soul into the hands of his gracious Saviour.

Thus did I lose, as to *this* world, my darling child; thus was the desire of my eyes taken from me at a stroke; suddenly snatched from my paternal embraces, painfully torn from my bleeding heart! The killing image is still before me; my imagination recalls the distressing scene! I still hear thy last affectionate words calling upon me to come to thee, and pronouncing blessings upon me with thy expiring breath! I still see thee gasping in my arms, and resigning thy last breath in thy father's bosom! Farewell, my son, my son; my dearly beloved John! very pleasant

haft thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, surpassing the common instances of filial affection. I am distressed, I am exceedingly distressed for thee, my darling child! Thou shalt no more play around thy daddy, and entertain him with thy engaging and affectionate prattle! Thou shalt no more be at a loss for comparisons and numbers to express the greatness of thy love to me! I shall no more hear thy sweet voice eagerly blessing me, and when returning home, thou

“ No more shalt run to kiss thy father's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.”

I shall no more behold thee on this side the grave, but I shall see thee again at that day—the day of the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue even all things unto himself. Till then, farewell, my beloved John! Thou art engraven on the palms of my hands; yea, upon the table of my heart! I shall go mourning to the grave for thee, my son! Farewell, my sweet babe, till we meet again in happier regions, beyond the reach of sin and sorrow, pain and death; farewell, till we meet again to part no more,

“ High in salvation and the climes of bliss,”

and join together—with the rest of our family, I

trust, through the goodness of God in Jesus Christ—to bless, and praise, and adore our gracious Redeemer for his unspeakable goodness and mercy for ever and ever.

The sorrow of mind to which this event subjected me, sunk my spirits so very low, that the doctor began to apprehend very much danger, and I was obliged to exert my utmost resolution to surmount the afflictive impression; yet I suffered considerably in my health on this occasion, and feel, or imagine I feel, the effects of it to this day. Some persons censured me pretty freely, as sorrowing over much; but it is an easy thing to find fault. Different persons have different feelings, and it had pleased my Maker to endow me with very acute ones, especially with respect to my children. I murmured not at the divine dispensation—I knew that God did all things well—but I could not divest myself of the nature which he had given me; and whether my censurers know or know it not,

“ Full well I know the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combined,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be *resigned*.”

I may observe here that I had wrote an elegy on the death of my daughter Mary, consisting of ninety-five verses, with notes. Mr. John Wesley published about one half of these verses in the “*Arminian Magazine*,”* for, I think, February

* My grandfather's memory has been a little at fault in

1778. I wrote also several copies of verses at different times, and in different metres, on the death of my son John. These I mean to transcribe, and put all together, and the reader may probably find them attached to these papers.

In the end of the summer of 1786 I was made a commissioner in a chancery law affair, respecting the estate of my deceased friend, Mr. John Broadley, of Rawfolds. I was called to a meeting on this account at Wakefield, where it was thought necessary that I and the attorney who was employed in the affair—a Mr. L-m-top, Bradford—should proceed immediately to Sir George Robinson's,* in Northamptonshire, to obtain the signature of a young woman who was concerned in the case, and who, at this time, resided in Sir George's family. This journey being unexpected by me, I had provided no money but what I happened to have in my pocket, which amounted to three or four pounds, and knowing that travelling in the chaise would be very expensive, I asked my companion if he was provided with sufficient cash for the journey? He assured me he was, which made me remain

this date. The "Arminian Magazine," edited at first by John Wesley, commenced with the beginning of the year 1778. The poem here alluded to, which is printed complete at the end of the present volume, was inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for February, 1779, vol. ii. p. 96.

* Sir George Robinson, Bart. was elected member for Northampton in 1774. His seat was at Crauford, near Kettering, in Northamptonshire.

easy on that account. We accordingly hired a chaise, and proceeded on our journey, through Barnsley, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Mansfield, Nottingham, Loughborough, Leicester, and soon to the seat of Sir George Robinson in Northamptonshire. We found the family gone from home on a party of pleasure, and the young woman we were in search of was gone along with them, and it appeared they were not expected home again for some weeks or months to come. We of course did not obtain the design of our journey, but were obliged to return home again without our errand.

As Sir George's seat was situated about the midway between what is called the upper and lower roads to London, we concluded to cross the country forwards to the lower road, and return home again that way. We therefore ordered the postilion to drive forwards to the next market-town, which was called Oundle. In this passage my companion told me that he had expended all his cash, and had not as much left as would pay for our present passage. I had suspected something of this nature before, as he had spunged all my cash from me, except five shillings I had reserved which he did not know of. I think I never felt so chagrined and embarrassed in my mind in all my life as I did upon this occasion. At a distance of 140 or 150 miles from home, riding in a chaise and appearing and living like gentlemen, without money in our pockets, and unacquainted with a

single person in the country, was a most mortifying circumstance indeed. I scolded my companion most severely for the absurdity and imprudence of his conduct, especially as I had warned him of the circumstance before we set off from Wakefield. He kept his temper, however, and affected to laugh at my chagrin; said I was a young traveller, that he had been in worse situations than this, and said, "We will find some way to extricate ourselves, I'll warrant you." We arrived at Oundle, and my companion immediately walked off into the town, desiring me to sit down in the inn till he returned. I waited, however, at the inn door all the time, under no small anxiety of mind, for fear he should desert me, and leave me in the lurch. However, he soon returned, and produced cash to pay our fare and expenses at the inn. We then hired the chaise to Wansford, where he paid the fare, and for a genteel dinner also. It seems he had pawned a pair of valuable knee-buckles for a present supply, and supplied their place with a pair of plain steel ones; but his cash again running low, he hired a seat in a stage-coach that was passing by, and I took one on the outside, to Grantham, where we arrived in the evening. Here our finances were quite run out, except the two dormant half-crown pieces in my pocket, which I kept as a last reserve. I was therefore obliged, though very unwillingly, to pawn my watch for one guinea, which had cost me four guineas, and

was a very good one, and a favourite, under a promise, however, from the person who had it, that he would return it again when we sent back the guinea, and one shilling for interest; and my companion promised positively that he both could and would obtain it for me again when we got home. However, I never saw it since, although, I may note here, that I afterwards sent him a guinea and shilling to fulfil his promise, and get my watch again. However, I never heard more of it, and I lost this money too, as he never repaid it me again; but he lent me a pretty good watch of his own, which wanted some little repairs, till he should obtain mine: this I never returned, and mean to retain it still, in lieu of my own.

We hired places on the outside the York stage-coach, to Doncaster the next day, and set off early in the morning. Soon after we set out, a dog brought a hare across the road, and killed her just by us. The coachman alighted, and secured pufs in the coach-box, and then drove on again. As there happened to be no inside passengers, he permitted us to sit within the coach; so that this proved a cheap and an easy stage for us. We reached Doncaster in the afternoon, and inquired for some of the diligences, to obtain a lift to Wakefield, but they were all gone. However, in returning over the bridge, we met with two chaise-boys returning with four empty chaise-horses to Wakefield, two of which had saddles

upon them. We bargained with them for half-a-crown for a ride to Wakefield, which we reached after dark in the evening. My horse was a very uneasy one, and I was much fatigued when I got to Wakefield, but after getting some refreshment, I was determined to walk home on foot that night. My partner was tired, and wished to stay till morning. I told him I thought *he* had better, but that I could walk home well enough. He swore he could walk home better than me, for he was but half as old; and he was determined, if I walked home, he would too. I said it was right, so we set off homewards late in the evening—perhaps nine or ten o'clock. By the time we were turned off Ardsley, he was taken ill of the belly-ache. He groaned and cried out bitterly, walked double-fold, and we could hardly get any forwards at all. It was near midnight, people all a-bed, and nobody stirring, and I did not know what to do with him; but by-and-by a bailiff overtook us, upon a little galloway, with whom he was acquainted. He offered him to ride, and we helped him on; he rode about two or three hundred yards, and then could bear to ride no farther. We helped him to dismount, and the bailiff was obliged to leave him upon my hands. I had a bad job of it, and feared I should have to stay all night in the lanes with him; however, I encouraged and haled him forwards as well as I could, till we

reached the first public-house on this side Tinglemoor turnpike-bar. Here he was so ill, that he would have us try to gain admision and relief; we therefore shouted the landlord out of bed, who came in his shirt and talked with us through the window. We told him our names and where we resided; that the gentleman was taken ill on the road, which had thrown us late; that he wanted something warm to relieve him, for which he would pay, and we would leave the house again immediately. But in spite of all we could say, the fearful landlord would not open the door nor afford us any relief. My companion was chagrined and highly affronted, and almost ready to weep, and threatened the man with prosecution for refusing to relieve a gentleman taken badly on the road. But all would not do, and we were forced to proceed on our journey to Adwalton. We reached this place early in the morning, and by good fortune found the family up, they having been detained late with company the night before. We sat down by a good fire, called for a bowl of rum and milk, which I helped my sick companion to drink a part of, and then resumed my walk for home, which I reached before break of day, with my two half-crowns in my pocket, after the most fatiguing journey, both of body and mind, that I ever experienced. Nine or ten years afterwards I received nine or ten pounds as a compensation for the trouble and expense I was at on this

occasion, which did little, if anything, more than barely reimburse me for the expense I was at out of my own pocket.*

I have mentioned before that my daughter Betty went to reside at Brook-houses some time before we removed to Birkenshaw. About this time the old woman at Brook-houses behaved remarkably ill, and did all she could to prevent my children (for Sally was there also) from coming to see me. I had wished to see and speak with my daughter Betty, and had sent for her repeatedly in vain. I had to go to the balm-mill—which was just by the house—from whence I sent a person to desire my daughter to step over to the mill and speak with me. She sent me word her grandmother would not suffer her to come. Provoked at this, out of all patience, I went over myself in much warmth, determined to take her home with me, and in my way met with the old, religious, wicked woman. We fell out severely, and I followed her to the door-stones and ordered my daughter to gather up her clothes and come away immediately. She said she would as speedily as possible. While she was doing this, the old woman told her, that if she would forsake and disown her father, and never look the way he was, or call him father again, she was welcome to stay there. To this wicked and

* This narrative also is inserted here from the end of the original manuscript of this autobiography.

shameful proposal my girl answered, as it was her duty to do, that she would not. I told the old woman we had heard that she said we had poisoned my lately deceased child. She said, "No, it was my *great friend* at Birkenshaw that said so," meaning the person before alluded to. I took her (Betty) with me to the mill, and her sister Sally followed us, and begged to go home with me too; else, she said, they would never let her see me. I therefore took them both home with me. All the clothes on Sally's back were, perhaps, not worth fifteen pence; I therefore had new clothes to buy her, and I sent her to school with her sister Betty. After some time, my girls had to go to the mantua-maker at Height with some new coats to make, and they asked my leave to call at Brook-houses as they passed by, and ask the old people how they did. I gave them leave, and they called as they returned. The old woman detained Sally, although I had charged them not to stay, but to return home; and when Betty urged my order, and her fear of my being angry, she said she might tell her father that she could not spare Sally yet, and he must let her stay awhile there. I ordered Betty to tell her when she saw her again, that I had no objection to any of my children going to see them, or staying with them awhile, less or more, provided they did not abuse me to my children, nor attempt to alienate their affection from me, nor hinder them from coming to see

me when I or they desired. This last article they complied with pretty well afterwards, because they were otherwise afraid of a disagreeable visit from me again ; but they continued to abuse me to my children behind my back, with as much virulence as ever. They had not liberality enough to send Sally to any genteel place of education ; she was only sent occasionally to the petty schools in the neighbourhood, and even there, for the most part, I had her school-wage to pay myself. She was kept great part of her time immured in a chamber, spinning worsted, secluded from all company but that of a few neighbouring cottagers and themselves, from whom she could never learn one liberal sentiment. Hence, the child was left very deficient in her manners and education, from the sordid avarice of her grandparents. However, she resided with them from this time till her marriage. Betty dwelt with me a considerable time after this, and I sent her to school to learn writing and accounts. At length her grandmother happened to be without a servant again, and, wishing to engage Betty to supply the place of one, at a cheap rate, as she had done before, she therefore encouraged her to go live with them. Betty was persuaded, and obtaining my consent, she went and resided with them from this time till her marriage also. However, she found her situation very disagreeable ; she was obliged to do all their drudgery work, and was subjected to the disagreeable necessity of hearing her father abused

in the most illiberal manner every time he was named; and as she had a tender affection for her father, this circumstance hurt her filial feelings not a little. She was almost reduced to a skeleton, and I was much afraid she was hastening into a decline, and had thought of taking her home again immediately, when she was relieved from her painful situation by marriage.

I sent Tommy to school all the time he was with me at Birkenshaw. I put him apprentice to Messrs. John and George Nicholson (father and son), booksellers, stationers, and printers, at Bradford, in March, 1787, for five years, ending March, 1792. I note, his grandfather advanced twenty pounds for him on this occasion, which was required as a premium by his masters. I take notice next, that my second wife during this period bore me the following additional children, at the following places, and in the following order:—

MARTHA WRIGHT, my fourth daughter and eighth child (the first by my second marriage), was born on Tuesday, the 28th day of January, 1783, a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon, one year, twelve weeks, and one day after our marriage, and five years and a half after the birth of my son William, in Cleckheaton-upper-lane, under the roof with Jonathan Kitson's. She was baptized by the Rev. John Crosse, the *present* (1797) vicar of Bradford Church, at the Old White Chapel, in the north, on the 4th day of

April, 1783. Sponsors, its father, mother, and grandmother Pinder; also Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinfon and the clerk were present.

ANN WRIGHT, my fifth daughter and ninth child (the second by my second marriage), was born at Birkenshaw, on Monday, the 27th day of June, 1785, a quarter past one o'clock in the morning, two years, twenty-one weeks, and three days after the birth of her sister Martha. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Reuben Ogden, at the parish church of Birstall, on Saturday, July the 30th, 1785. Sponsors, its father, mother, and Mary Davison. The clerk was Jo. Shaw.

BENJAMIN WRIGHT, my fifth son and tenth child (the third by my second marriage), was born at Birkenshaw also, on Thursday, the 20th day of September, 1787, half-an-hour after one o'clock in the afternoon, two years, twelve weeks, and one day after the birth of his sister Ann. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Reuben Ogden, at the parish church of Birstall, on Friday, the 23rd day of November, 1787. Sponsors, its father, mother, and grandfather Thomas Pinder. Jo. Shaw, clerk.

HANNAH WRIGHT, my sixth daughter and eleventh child (the fourth by my second marriage), was born at Birkenshaw also, on Friday, the 25th day of June, 1790, twenty-five minutes after four o'clock in the morning, two years, thirty-nine weeks, and four days after the birth of her brother Benjamin. She was baptized by the

Rev. Mr. Reuben Ogden, at the parish church of Birstall, on Thursday, the 22nd day of July, 1790. Sponsors, her mother, her aunt Hannah Pinder, and her uncle William Pinder. Jo. Shaw, clerk.

JOHN WRIGHT, my second son of that name, my sixth son and twelfth child (the fifth by my second marriage), was born at Birkenshaw also, on Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1793, half-an-hour after five o'clock in the morning, three years, three months, and three days after the birth of his sister Hannah. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Rueben Ogden (Jo. Shaw, clerk), at the parish church of Birstall, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of October, 1793. Sponsors, his uncles Thomas Brooke and John Pinder, and his aunt Hannah Pinder. N.B. Ann Pinder, my wife's sister, was married to Thomas Brooke, of Birstall, joiner, the same day.

JOSEPH WRIGHT, my seventh son and thirteenth child (the sixth by my second marriage), was born at Birkenshaw also, on Friday, the 10th day of June, 1796, at half-an-hour after three o'clock in the afternoon, two years, thirty-seven weeks, and four days after the birth of his brother John. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Rueben Ogden (Jo. Shaw, clerk), at the parish church of Birstall, on Tuesday, the 27th day of September, 1796. Sponsors, his father, mother, and John Walker of Toftshaw-moor-side.

It is somewhat singular, that the preceding six

children were born precisely in the same order that my first wife bore her first six children, viz., the two first births girls; the third, a boy; the fourth, a girl; the fifth and sixth, boys; which is one boy short of my first wife's number.

In my account of John I have mentioned a remarkable thunder-storm which happened on Leeds' fair-day, at night, July the 10th, 1783.* I will just notice the circumstances that fell under my observation on that occasion. The summer had been unusually hot and sultry, and the air appeared to be uncommonly charged with sulphureous vapours, and we had received repeated intelligence in the public papers of destructive earthquakes having happened in Italy and the adjacent countries. The storm came on from the north-west, about ten o'clock in the evening. A distant rumbling of the thunder was heard for some time before, but it approached us fast, and we were soon surrounded by the loudest and most tremendous peals and crashes of thunder I ever heard, and involved in almost perpetual flashes of the most vivid lightning I ever saw. The scene

* The month of July in the year 1783 is memorable for the terrible storms which traversed almost every part of our island, doing incalculable mischief. Many people were killed, and there was a great destruction of cattle and of other kinds of property. Accounts of the effects of these storms in many parts of the country, are given in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for this month and the month following, vol. liii. pp. 621, 707. It was the year of the great earthquake in Calabria.

was truly awful and alarming indeed, and accordingly, most of the neighbours were terribly alarmed, especially the women, some of whom were nearly frightened into fits. Indeed, none who were awake could avoid being awed, except a set of drunken fellows in the neighbouring ale-house, who seemed insensible of the tremendous scene, and who were, perhaps, incapable, in their present condition at least, of being alarmed even with a view of hell itself. There was one person there, however (a T——s R——s, a butcher from Gomerfal) whom the storm caught sober, though in the habit of being frequently drunk, in which situation he was remarkable for an overbearing, rude, and profane behaviour. This person appeared the greatliest alarmed I ever saw. He came to me, as I stood before my own door observing the storm, apparently under the greatest agitation of mind, and asked me, weeping and greatly trembling, "Tommy, do you think it is the last day?" I said, "No, it is a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning; are you affrighted?" He said, "Yes; but I am not so much afraid of the thunder as I am afraid of being killed, because I am not fit to die." I told him that was a very sufficient cause for fear, and recommended to him to acknowledge his sin to God, and beg his pardon. He stepped into the public-house, and kneeling down by a table—utterly regardless of the taunts of the drunken company—wept and prayed very heartily. Yet,

(alas! for the weakness of human resolutions,) I soon after saw him in the same house, drunken, and profanely swearing at a great rate. I gently reminded him of his fright in the thunder-storm; he blushed, was ashamed, and acknowledged the impropriety of his conduct. He is long since gone into the unseen world. I watched till about three o'clock in the morning, and observed the progress of the storm as accurately as I could. None of the flashes seemed to come very near us but one, when the flash and report were exactly together. It burst from a low cloud, apparently forty or fifty yards from us, with a horrid crash, and took a direction down the causeway, about a yard and a half above it. It ran in a zigzag form, or that of acute angles, and appeared to me for the moment something like a stream of the most glowing melted metal, issuing from the furnace. John Green, a neighbour, who stood by me at the time, said he saw it burst from the cloud, and that it appeared to him like a globe of glowing fire. He would have it that it hurt one of his eyes, of which he did not see perfectly for some time afterwards. If it was so, it must have proceeded from the strong glare of the lightning from being so near us—perhaps ten or twelve yards distant. The report of the thunder shook the houses to the very foundation. There were three principal storms at the same time: one south-east, over the top of Birstall from us; another towards Cleckheaton, south-west; and

a third, north, towards Bradford and Bingley. These played against each other for several hours, flash for flash, and roar for roar, like batteries of cannon. The intermingled flashes succeeded each other so rapidly, that it was impossible to distinguish to which flash each clap of thunder belonged. The whole hemisphere appeared like a glowing oven, except in the very short intervals of pitchy darkness; and I could see the distant Derbyshire hills through a blue sulphureous medium, constituted by the almost constant glare of the streaming lightning. The storm abated as the morning approached, and by three o'clock it had nearly subsided altogether.

Upon the whole;—the dreadful rattling of the rolling thunder, and the frightful flashes of the darting lightning; the burning glare of the glowing hemisphere, contrasted with the short intervals of black, pitchy, midnight darkness; the shaking of the houses and windows at every repeated clap of thunder; and the furious dashing of the rushing rain; the solemn hour of the night, and the general affright and consternation of the neighbours, contributed, all together, to render it one of the most awful and alarming scenes I had ever beheld.

I transcribe the following description of a thunder-storm from Mr. Thomson's "Summer," v. 1128, &c.

" 'Tis listning fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance

Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
 Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie."

I will next relate another incident that fell under my observation during this period. The case was this. A William Secker, a poor man who lived in a cottage in a valley called Cotterdale,* about a mile below Drighlington,† and who had a wife and a number of small children, was found dead one winter's morning in the fields,

* Cotterdale, now called Cockerdale, is a valley which lies about a mile to the north of Drighlington and Gildersome Chapelry, and is about five miles east of Bradford, in the direction of Tong.

† Drighlington, a straggling village, in the parish of Birstall, is five miles south-east of Bradford. It is chiefly famous as a mining and coal district, and contains 4,274 inhabitants.

laid on his back upon the snow, by the side of a small brook, in a valley that lies between Tong and Drighlington, about fifteen or twenty yards from a footpath that passes between the two villages. No outward wound was found upon him when he was discovered, except that a mouse or some other small vermin appeared to have been upon his face in the night, and to have gnawed the skin of his forehead a little in two or three places. He was conveyed home, and I was called to be upon the jury at the coroner's inquest. The preceding evening to his being found was a remarkably stormy one; it had snowed violently all the afternoon, and continued to do so most part of the night, attended with a very strong easterly wind, and extremely cold, which rendered it very incommodious and uncomfortable to such as were exposed to the inclemency of the weather. It appeared that Secker had called, when it was far in the evening, at a Michael Jilson's, a public-house in Adwalton,* where he got a pint of ale, over which he sat, to warm himself, during the storm, for some time. That, being a clothier by

* Aldwalton is in a flourishing district, on the high-road from Bradford to Wakefield, and is about five miles south-east from Bradford. In 1643 a sanguinary battle was fought here between the royalist army, under the Duke of Newcastle, and the parliamentary forces, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, in which the latter were defeated, in consequence of which Bradford was besieged and taken by the royalists. The place is generally called Atherton in the neighbourhood.

trade, he had a very small fadge of wool with him, in a sheet or poke; that he departed from thence at a late hour, to go directly home, during the fury of the storm, and said to Mr. Jilson, when he set off, "I will now go home and give them a dust," meaning his wife and one Snowden, whom he expected to find together; and that this was the last place where any one would own he was seen alive, being found dead early the next morning. He was distinctly traced through the snow down the footpath to his own door, as near as the intermingled footsteps of the neighbours would admit. He, *or some other person*, was then traced back again over the last stile he had come over in returning home; the person then left the footpath on the left hand, and proceeded at random through the fields and hedges, where there was no path, till he arrived over against a place called Sha-field,* perhaps a mile from Secker's house; he then turned through a bushy place to the right, down the hill-side towards Tong, and had left the aforesaid small parcel of wool hung in one of the hedges. He then proceeded to the place where poor Secker's body was found laid upon its back in the snow, by the side of the brook before mentioned. It appeared that the returning track was sprinkled with blood *all* the

* Shafield, now called Shawfield, is a short distance from Tong, in the direction of Westgate Hill, or Wisket Hill; and is not far from the Bradford and Wakefield highroad.

way from Secker's house to where his body was found. This circumstance we (the jury) attempted to account for from the bleeding of his legs, being found with the stockings down, and the legs appearing much scratched in passing through the hedges. This being admitted, together with the circumstance of *only one* man's footsteps appearing in the track, led me and the rest of the jury, for want of better attention, into what I have always considered since as a mistaken verdict, of accidental death; for afterwards, when I came to think more closely on the circumstances, I was fully convinced that foul play had been shown to the poor man. A neighbour who was on the jury also (Mr. James Wilkinson), to whom I communicated my suspicions, and my reasons for them, thought exactly the same with me, and seemed once almost determined to have the body taken out of the grave for re-examination, but this dropped. The following are my reasons for my said suspicions:—

There was a man who was a widower, named John Snowden, who dwelt in a cottage adjoining to Secker. The neighbours had long and very much suspected that a criminal correspondence was carried on between Secker's wife and this fellow; Secker himself was jealous, and it had already produced several quarrels between the parties. As Secker was unreturned at so late an hour, his wife and her gallant might conclude he would not return that night, especially as the

night was so very stormy ; coming therefore unexpectedly, he might probably surprize them together. It is natural to imagine a furious quarrel would ensue, and the adulterer, by a blow with a stick, a poker, or the like, might kill the husband (whether *designedly*, or by a *casual* blow in his own defence, God knoweth). Secker being dead, the guilty pair would next consult how to dispose of the body, in order to conceal the real cause of his death ; when Snowden, being a strong-built, middle-sized man, might easily take the corpse on his back, with the legs over his shoulders, and the head hanging down behind ; the wife would fasten the little sadge of wool about his neck, and he would proceed on the returning track (leaving the little sadge in one of the hedges by the way, as though Secker had dropped it himself), to the place where the body was found, and after having dropped it, go the few remaining yards down the shallow brook, without stepping in the snow till he reached the footpath which led him back home, and where his footsteps would be mingled with those of other passengers, and almost obliterated before morning by the falling snow. By this disposition of the body and sadge, they might suppose that people would be led to conclude that Secker himself had wandered from his own house in the storm, and perished in the snow ; and for want of accurate attention in the jury, their expectations were but too well verified. I went with

my fellows of the jury to view the body; the other jurors took a slight view of it as it lay upon the floor, and then withdrew. I stayed behind and looked at it more carefully. I observed that the hollow of the right ear stood full of blood, which drained from the cavity of the ear, and had trickled plentifully down into his hair, as the body lay upon its back upon the floor. This circumstance evidently denoted violence, and we ought, by all means, to have procured a surgeon to have examined the head very accurately. Secker's shoe ought also to have been compared with the impression in the snow; but both these circumstances were overlooked. It is well known that a smart blow on the back of the ear will break the jugular vein without breaking the skin, which, by inundating the brain with blood, is known to be instant death. This was probably the case with poor Secker, and accounts for the blood in his ear at this time, as well as for the blood that was sprinkled through the returning track to where his body was found; and it was observed that no blood was seen in Secker's track from Adwalton to his own house. His stockings being down and his legs scratched, is easily accounted for from the man's holding him on his shoulders by the legs, and passing through so many hedges with him in that position; besides, blood was found in the *first* field, *before* any hedge was passed, and could not therefore proceed from the scratching of his legs; and it was utterly

improbable that, after he had gained the comfortable shelter of his own house, on such a dreadful night, and at so late an hour, he should come out again immediately, encumbered, too, with the sledge, without any reason, to wander some miles through the pathless fields and hedges during the fury of the storm, and at last lie him down to die in the snow. All these circumstances put together, strongly corroborate the suspicion that Snowden had killed him, and disposed of the body as aforesaid. We sent for the man to examine him at the public-house where the inquest was held, and though he would confess nothing to criminate himself, yet the strongest marks of guilt and confusion appeared in his countenance. Soon after Secker's death he married the widow, in spite of common decency and the confirming aspect it bore upon his suspected guilt. They removed to Batley,* or its neighbourhood, where, frequently quarrelling, the wife was heard to threaten him with hanging (for some secret fault of his she was acquainted with), if he did not amend his behaviour; a further proof of the reality of his guilt.

Poor Secker's case was truly pitiable. To come home to his rest from toiling abroad for the support of his family; to be knocked on the

* Batley, nine miles to the south-east of Bradford, is a very ancient town. Of late years it has grown faster than any other place in Yorkshire, chiefly on account of its trade in shoddy, and blanketings, and cloth.

head by an adulterous rascal, in his own house, in the presence, and perhaps with the assistance, of his guilty wife, and amidst his innocent sleeping children, was very deplorable indeed. The man is since gone—gone into the unseen world; where (if he did not sincerely repent of his wickedness in this), he will be certain to meet with his deserved punishment.

I have related this affair so circumstantially, to make some amends for my *inattention* at the time, and as it may *possibly* happen to prevent a like oversight on some future similar occasion.

I return to my family. My eldest daughter, Betty, was married to Joseph Greenwood, tobacconist, in Lower-head-row, Leeds, son of Thomas Greenwood, farmer, of Cleckheaton, at St. Peter's Church, in Leeds, by the Rev. Mr. Fawcett, on Sunday, the 25th day of December, 1789, in the twenty-second year of her age.

William Birkhead Greenwood, her first surviving child and eldest son, was born on Wednesday, the 2nd day of September, 1791, four minutes past nine o'clock at night. He was baptized on Tuesday, the 29th day of September, 1791. William Birkhead Greenwood died the 24th day of April, 1793, ten minutes past twelve o'clock at noon, and was buried on the 27th, in St. John's Churchyard, Leeds, 1793, aged one year and a half, three weeks, and one day. His days were few, and full of sorrow, he was greatly afflicted from his birth to his death, and gave

occasion for his mamma to exhibit a very eminent degree of maternal tenderness and affection towards him during his stay. He now rests in peace, and will be found again by his feeling, affectionate parents in that day.

Thomas Greenwood, her second surviving child, and second son, was born on Sunday, the 12th day of May, 1793, eleven minutes before five o'clock in the afternoon. He was baptized on Thursday, the 30th day of the same month.

Lydia Greenwood, her third surviving child and first daughter, was born on Friday, the 9th day of October, 1795, at six o'clock in the morning. She was baptized on Friday, the 30th day of the same month.

Besides these, she has had three miscarriages, and appears at present near the birth of her seventh child. Betty was always a feeling, affectionate child towards her father; and, I doubt not, will make a feeling, affectionate wife to her husband, and mother to her children. They are settled in a pretty way of business, with (I hope) a promising prospect before them. May every needful blessing from their heavenly Father rest upon them and their offspring, to the latest generation.

Sally, my third daughter, and fourth child, was married to Timothy Greenwood, surgeon and apothecary, of Cleckheaton, son of Benjamin Greenwood, clothier, of the same place, on Monday, the 17th day of June, 1793, by the Rev. Mr. Rueben Ogden, at the parish church of

Birstall, in the twenty-first year of her age. Jo. Shaw, clerk.

John Brook Greenwood, her first child and first son, was born at Cleckheaton, on Friday, March the 14th, 1794, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. He was baptized by the Rev. Mr. James Dawson.

Mary Ann Greenwood, her second child and first daughter, was born at Brook-houses, on Monday, the 9th day of May, 1796, about eight o'clock in the evening. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. John Ralph, the minister of the Independent Congregation at Cleckheaton, on Wednesday, the 9th day of June, 1796.

They settled first at Cleckheaton. They afterwards removed to Bradford, and then back again to Brook-houses, where they remain at present. Sally behaves kindly and respectfully to her father, and her husband is possessed of a promising business, and seems to be particularly esteemed in that branch of it which concerns the women. May every necessary blessing from their heavenly Father rest upon them and their offspring to the latest posterity!

Thomas, my third child and first son, was put apprentice to Messrs. Nicholsons of Bradford (as has been observed before), at the age of sixteen, with whom he remained till he attained the twenty-first year of his age. With these people he acquired a pretty good knowledge of his business, but some unfortunate circumstances

attended him in this place, which proved an unhappy occasion of his being afterwards unfairly and cruelly deprived, by the machinations of inconsiderate, interested, malicious, and evil-disposed persons, of nearly the whole of his expected property at Brook-houses. I will endeavour to give a fair and candid account of this matter, without *partiality* to my own child, on one side, or *prejudice* against those whom I consider as his and my enemies, on the other.

Mr. S. Nicholson, my boy's master's youngest son, was possessed of a considerable share of good sense, and had a good hand at his business; but affected to live and appear in a higher style than his means would allow; and this, of course, led him into pecuniary embarrassments; and on this account he was on bad terms with his father, who greatly disapproved of his conduct in this respect. He wished his father to take him in as a partner and allow him a share of the profits of his trade; this the old man utterly refused, for the aforesaid reason; he therefore left him in disgust, and set up a shop for himself in New Street, which he furnished with a very scanty stock, as his straitened circumstances would allow. Being desirous of availing himself of my son's assistance, and having gained an ascendancy over his mind, he encouraged a shyness between his old master and him; and by representing to him that he was much better able to finish his instructions in his business than his father was (which was partly

true), he persuaded him to leave his old master and dwell with him, which he accordingly did during a small part of the conclusion of his apprenticeship. Mr. S. Nicholson, however, finding that his shop would not answer his purpose, and (as it appeared afterwards) having a design to marry and remove elsewhere, took the following measures to supply himself with money through the medium of my son. Being acquainted with Tommy's expectations at Brook-houses, he took occasion to commence an acquaintance with the family, by means of visits made along with my son, &c., and having a genteel appearance, and insinuating address, he soon recommended himself to the notice and good opinion of old Mrs. Birkhead, the chief conductor of the family affairs. He then artfully proposed that Tommy, upon the conclusion of his apprenticeship, should purchase his stock at a valuation, and he would give up his shop and custom to him, which would afford him a fine opportunity of beginning business, with a good prospect of advantage. He had the address to bring the old woman into his scheme, and to engage her consent and promise to raise the *money* necessary for this purpose, and my boy entered eagerly into the project, with all the incautious trust and sanguine expectation incident to youth and inexperience. It is to be observed, that such was the inveterate prejudice which Mrs. Birkhead had entertained against me, that she strictly forbade the parties to inform *me* of,

or consult *me* at all upon, the occasion, as she wished *me* to know nothing of or have any hand in the matter; hence, whatever degree of praise or blame attaches to the transaction, they share it all among themselves, as I had no hand in it. However, my son had acquainted me with the affair, and from the first I apprehended a good deal of danger in the case, and warned him repeatedly to take the utmost care that he was not imposed upon, as I myself had been not long before, in a somewhat similar case to this. However, Tommy's implicit confidence in Mr. Nicholson's integrity,* and the sanguine expectations of youth, rendered my cautions void. The

* Samuel Nicholson was the youngest of John Nicholson's three sons. The eldest son, George, was a very remarkable man, and may be considered as having almost worked a revolution in the publishing trade. After remaining some years at Manchester, he went to Ludlow in Shropshire, and established himself at the beautiful hamlet of Poughnil in 1799, near that town, where he continued for some years to publish books, which were remarkable for their good taste and good printing, and which had a large circulation. My father either accompanied or followed him into Shropshire, which was the cause of the editor of the present volume being a native of that county instead of a Yorkshireman. Mr. Nicholson was his own compiler and editor, and his own traveller; and he performed the latter task almost always on foot. His "Cambrian Traveller's Guide," first published in 1808, but much enlarged and improved in a second edition in 1813, is still the best work we have on Wales. My father had the greatest personal esteem and respect for George Nicholson, and their friendship continued till the death of the latter in 1825. He had left Poughnil before the publication of the second edition of the "Cambrian Traveller's Guide," and established himself at Stourport, on the river Severn, where he died.

bargain was made, the price of the stock settled (at much more than it was worth, as I believe my boy never made one half of the money of it which it cost), the shop was given up, Tommy took possession of the premises, and the old woman paid a part of the purchase-money. In the meantime S. Nicholson got married and removed to Manchester, where, being needy, he sent frequent and pressing letters for the payment of what remained. Mrs. Birkhead wishing, I suppose, to raise the money without the knowledge of the old man, found some difficulty in doing this as speedily as S. Nicholson's needs required; and as he had taken the precaution of taking security for the money, he proceeded at last to send a threatening letter. This dunning so irritated and disgusted her, that she began to view the whole affair in a different light, and, by the last circumstance in particular, Mr. Nicholson entirely forfeited her good opinion. However, the money was at last paid, and that was all Mr. Nicholson either wanted or cared for. My son paid a very high rent for the premises he occupied, and, as he had but a scanty stock, and of course small custom, it was easy to foresee that, except he could increase his stock, it would do nothing for him.

I take notice here, that the money advanced by Mrs. Birkhead for Mr. Nicholson on this occasion (which was 120*l.* or 140*l.*, I know not which), was not *given* to my son, but *lent* in the

first instance, to Joseph Greenwood, of Leeds, who had married his sister, who gave his note for it to William Birkhead, and my son gave Joseph Greenwood his bond for it for his security, till the note was cancelled. I never approved of the scheme my son had adopted, but had much rather he had gone out as a journeyman for some time, gained a more perfect knowledge of his business, and waited the event of the old people's death; a circumstance which was not likely to be long ere it took place. In this state of things old Mrs. Birkhead died suddenly in the month of April, 1796. This event roused every person who had expectations from the old people, and immediately introduced a lawsuit between the parties. I will endeavour to give as just, impartial, and dispassionate an account of this disagreeable, unjust, and unhappy affair, as I am able; but before I proceed, I stop to notice, that the old woman died *suddenly*, as might have been expected from existing circumstances; that she died in her seventy-sixth year, and was buried in the same grave with her husband's younger brother Tommy, in Cleckheaton Chapel-yard, and had afterwards—as is usual with the party—the parade of a funeral sermon preached for her. It was curious to observe upon this occasion, how a person who had ruined the peace of my family, alienated the affections of my wife from me, connived at her vicious weaknesses, and induced her to behave with the utmost disrespect and im-

propriety towards her husband to the last moment of her life ; who had uniformly and invariably to the last, as occasions offered, said and done all that lay in her power, to instill a bad opinion of their father into the minds of my own children, to deprive me of their filial affection, and detach them from their duty ; who had—for anything that appeared to the contrary—carried her implacable malice and resentment against me to the grave ; and who had, with the help of her counsellors and assistants—except she herself was imposed upon by these, of which I have a strong suspicion, the affair is so atrocious and unnatural—disposed of the old man's property contrary to his mind, as evidently appeared from what he himself repeatedly said afterwards, and contrary to her own solemn promise to me in her lifetime ; and who had, by this conduct, done the greatest injury to some of her own offspring, and given occasion for the most implacable animosity to arise between the parties, who were near relations, immediately sprung from her own family, and which malice and animosity will probably be transmitted to future generations ; when an equitable disposal of the property, as justice required, might have preserved and induced a spirit of Christian love and unity amongst the different branches of the family ;—I say it was curious to observe (for me, at least) on this occasion how, by the peculiar address and dexterity of the preacher, such a person as this could be meta-

morphosed into an eminent saint and a mother in Israel! The preacher did not deal fairly with his auditory on this occasion; he only gave them the bright parts of the picture, extremely heightened in the colouring. He ought to have given the shades also, and so presented them with a perfect whole. If he was not prepared for this part of his subject, there were persons present who could easily have supplied him with *genuine* materials. His hearers then might have been able to have formed a just and conclusive judgment upon the subject.

Funeral sermons are, of late years, become so common in this part of the country, amongst the Methodists and some of the different dissenting parties, that they seem to be considered as a necessary appendage to the exit of every saint—so called—in the neighbourhood; and one may as certainly expect one of these funeral harangues upon the death of every member of the different parties, as one may expect to hear *confessions* cried about the streets upon the execution of every felon at Tyburn. Religious pride may, perhaps, be as predominant amongst professors, at present, as it was formerly amongst the ancient Pharisees. I remember, the person whose funeral sermon has given occasion for these reflections, was so terribly chagrined that her youngest brother was consigned to the grave without this badge of religious honour being attached to his memory, that she exclaimed in an agony of disappointed pride,

“Died my brother as a fool dieth!” It was evident from the import of her exclamation, that it was the want of the supposed *honour*, rather than the *usefulness* of the circumstance, which her pride so feelingly regretted. Indeed, these discourses, as they have been generally managed, have been stuffed with so much fulsome panegyric on the deceased, as to render them extremely disgusting to every sensible hearer; and were some of these flattering funeral effusions to be printed, one might well address the author in the language of the poet on a similar occasion—

“Sir, in your funeral talk I’m griev’d,
So very much is said;
One half will never be believ’d,
The other never read.”

Indeed, a preacher may be frequently led into a very unpleasant and disagreeable situation in this respect, if he be not *fully* acquainted with the *whole* character himself which he has to speak to. He generally receives a flattering and exaggerated account from some party-man—friend or relative—of the virtues and piety of the deceased, without one word being said of their failings; hence he is led to give a very *partial*, if not a very *false*, representation of the case, which may tend to hurt his own character as to his *veracity* or *prudence*, in the judgment of those who knew the person better, and may do material mischief to some of his simpler hearers, who may well be

supposed to argue in this manner: "To be sure, if my neighbour can be esteemed so great a saint by these eminent professors (who, to be sure, must be capital judges of the nature of Christianity), notwithstanding *I know* he or she has indulged to the last some evil dispositions and evil practices, very contrary to the *spirit* and *duty* of a Christian, I need not, then, be over anxious to mortify some of my own evil propensities and practices, which stick very close to me, but which, I am sure, are of a less blameable nature than those of my neighbour. It seems I may indulge them to the last with the utmost safety, as well as he or she did, and remain a good Christian still, even in the judgment of these great and pious preachers, and go to heaven at last for all that." So, possibly, nay, very probably, may some of his hearers argue, to the great hazard of unhappy consequences. A preacher ought, therefore, to be *fully* acquainted with the *whole* character and conduct of the person of whom he is speaking *himself*; or, otherwise, be fully and fairly informed of it by some candid person able to give that information, before he ventures to give so high and heavenly a character before a whole congregation of a sinful mortal he knows little or nothing about. He ought also to be entirely uninfluenced by party-prejudice, or any other sinister motive in this case; but, indeed, the whole affair of funeral praise is of so ticklish and delicate a nature, that I think it is much

better let alone altogether ; except, perhaps, in some very exempt cases. This is my private opinion ; however, I blame nobody for thinking otherwise. It is certain, these funeral adulations are nothing to the dead. No ;

“ Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can *honour's* voice provoke the silent dust,
Or *flattery* soothe the dull cold ear of death ? ”

No, it may serve to soothe the pride and vanity of some surviving relative or party-professor, but can answer no valuable purpose that I can conceive. The words with which (I am told) a late respectable minister in this neighbourhood used to address his hearers on these occasions, are, I think, very suitable and very sensible : “ Friends and brethren, whatever you have observed in this person's conduct and conversation agreeable with the *spirit* and *practice* of Christianity, be sure you carefully endeavour to *imitate* ; whatever you have seen of a contrary nature, be sure you carefully endeavour to *avoid*.” This, I think, is enough in conscience to be said for any man, and I am glad to hear that some of the more judicious preachers in the neighbourhood are laying aside the aforesaid practice of funeral panegyric, and, as the relations of the deceased will, for the most part, insist on the usual honour of a funeral sermon for their deceased friend, they give them a good edifying discourse on the occasion, saying nothing, or as little as may be, concerning the

dead. For my part, I should be utterly ashamed to have the *whole* of my conduct exposed before a crowded audience, and so (I suppose) might the *best* and *greatest* faint amongst any of the religious parties in the country; and should any person pick out a few of mine or any other person's best actions, or what may be esteemed such, and exhibit them as forming our character before a great congregation, I should think it a very partial, unfair, and unjust mode of proceeding. I am concerned (though perhaps not so much as I ought to be) to secure the approbation of my Maker. I desire also to behave in such a manner that the good and worthy part of my neighbours and acquaintance may be able to think and speak of me and my conduct with complaisance and general approbation after I am gone. As for the ignorant, the uncandid, the malicious, and the censorious, I am altogether unconcerned at anything they may think or say concerning me. It is enough for me that my allwise, good, and gracious Maker is perfectly acquainted with me, my propensities, my actions, and all my concerns; that he knows how to rectify his own work, when it is got out of order; that his goodness will certainly dispose him to do this; and his wisdom and power will enable him to accomplish it in his own time and in his own manner, and I can, with the most pleasing confidence, "cast my care upon Him, believing that he careth for me," and can say to survivors,

in the language of the poet, with respect to the foregoing subject—

“ No farther seek my *merits* to disclose,
Or draw my *frailties* from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of my Father and my God.”

I return to the beginning of the family contest before mentioned. Timothy Greenwood and his family, upon the death of the old woman, were left settled at Brook-houses, so that the old man, with the house and farm, came more immediately under his care and management. The old woman had, before her death, dictated to one Thomas Exley, who had taken it down in writing, how she would have such and such parts of the household furniture, bedding, silver-plate, linen, &c., disposed of amongst the grandchildren immediately after her death, though she had no *right* to do this without her husband's consent. With this division of personal property, Timothy Greenwood and his wife were not satisfied, as believing she had not left them their fair share. It was known that the old man had made a will, or rather, that the old woman and her accomplices had made a will for him. It appeared from existing circumstances, that Joseph Greenwood and William Birkby knew in general—if they had not a hand in the will-making—that the will was very much in their favour; hence they became extremely interested to secure its validity, and excessively jealous of Timothy Greenwood, for

fear he should, as they said, persuade the old man to make a new will. However, as the old man was best acquainted and satisfied with my daughter Sally, as she had been brought up with them, Timothy Greenwood and his family were settled at Brook-houses, and it was agreed that he should have eighteen shillings a week allowed for the care and maintenance of the old man, as long as he lived. I was pleased with this circumstance, as hoping it would prevent litigation among the parties, at least, during the old man's life; but I was mistaken. The mutual hatred and jealousy of the parties soon found and gave occasion for fresh disturbances.

There was a field of grass to be sold, belonging to the farm, and as Timothy Greenwood kept a cow and a galloway, he wished to purchase the grass himself, especially as it lay so convenient for him. Joseph Greenwood objected to this, except he bought it in bidding among others at a public auction. Whether Joseph Greenwood was actuated on this occasion by a fear that if Timothy Greenwood bought it he either *could* not or *would* not pay for it—or by a fear that he should get it for *less* than it was worth—or by a principle of mere *ill-will* and *opposition*, is best known to himself. The two parties were *own* brother's children, had married two *own* sisters, and of course were nearly related in blood, and a share of the property of the grass in question belonged to Timothy Greenwood as one of the persons interested in the estate. To raise, there-

fore, a contention for a trifle of two or three guineas at most, which proved the *cause* of introducing contention and mischief between the parties *much sooner* perhaps than it would otherwise have taken place, was very *imprudent*, to say the least of it. Well, a day was appointed, and the grass put up to be sold by auction; and on this occasion Joseph Greenwood himself became a bidder, and bid so high a price for it as Timothy Greenwood thought was much more than it was worth, and was much piqued at the conduct of his kinsman on this occasion, as supposing it proceeded from mere opposition and ill-will to him. However, Joseph was the buyer, but was tied to have it mowed by such a day, or the bargain to be void. The weather proved unfettled, the day came, the grass was uncut, and the bargain forfeited. Timothy Greenwood now got a neighbour to value the grass, bargained for it with the old man, gave him half-a-guinea earnest, and took possession of it immediately. This proceeding irritated Joseph Greenwood and his party, and they talked of applying to the chancellor immediately, to appoint a guardian for the old man, in order to get rid of Timothy Greenwood. The contest being thus commenced, I one day received the following letter:—

“ MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, Birkenshaw.

“ SIR,

“ This is to desire the favour that you will call upon your son-in-law, Mr. Timothy Greenwood,

to-morrow forenoon, and come to my house, and, as it is on a particular occasion, I wish for no other person with you.

I am, Sir, yours to command,

THOMAS EXLEY.

Spenn, Thursday noon."

I immediately conceived that he wanted me on some occasion of the present difference, and as I wished to meddle as little between them as possible, I called upon Thomas Exley the next morning, without taking Timothy Greenwood with me. I told him that I should be pleased to *say* or *do* anything that lay in my power to promote peace and quietness between the families, but that as I stood *nearly* and *equally* related to both parties, I wished not to take, or seem to take, any decisive part with either against the other (except I discovered *unfair* and *unjust* designs in the conduct of either of the parties), that I might, if possible, avoid giving any *just* occasion of offence on either side. That for this reason I had not called upon or brought Timothy Greenwood with me, and wished to be excused from taking any part in the affair. Thomas Exley, however, pleaded that his design was to promote peace on this occasion, and pressed me pretty much to go over to Timothy Greenwood and bring him with me. Accordingly, in my return from my circuit in the evening, I called upon Timothy Greenwood, and he walked with me over to Thomas Exley's.

I note, that before we left Brook-houfes, old William Birkhead faid, “Doctör, how happens it that Thomas Exley does not come down? I want to fee my will, and to hear it read, that I may right what is wrong in it,” or words to that purpofe. Timothy Greenwood replied, “I am juft going over to his houfe, and will tell him what you fay.” The old man faid, “Do.” In our way thither, Timothy Greenwood told me that, perceiving Jofeph Greenwood and his party were doing all they could to rid him from the place, he had, for his own fecurity, prevailed on the old man to make him a leafe of the place, together with a right to receive *all* the old man’s rents and profits to maintain him on during his life, and the obligation to ceafe at the old man’s death; and that he had alfo made him a deed of gift for, I think, part of the houfehold furniture. I told him, I hoped he had done nothing to injure any other perfon concerned in the affair. He affured me he had not. We proceeded to Thomas Exley’s, whom he alfo acquainted with what he had done, at which he feemed pretty much alarmed, and told us in return, that he and his colleagues had determined to apply to the Lord Chancellor to appoint a guardian for the old man. Before we left the houfe, Timothy Greenwood delivered William Birkhead’s meffage, to which Thomas Exley replied, “William Birkhead fhall neither *fee* nor *hear* his will read, nor fhall it go out of my houfe while William Birkhead liveth.” They

came to no agreement in their proposals, and we departed.

About this time, a friendly acquaintance of mine became acquainted (by information from Thomas Exley) with the principal disposals contained in the paper which was called William Birkhead's will. These circumstances he communicated to me, and they were said to be as follows: "The Lower Brook-houses to William Birkby's youngest son William and his heirs for ever, subject to a legacy to be paid out of it to his elder brother, or some of his sisters. A field in Cleckheaton-upper-lane, and some cottages at Heaton-gate to William Birkby's eldest son John and his heirs for ever. A small estate in land and houses at Heckmondwike, of 15*l.* per annum, to my eldest daughter Betty, wife of Joseph Greenwood, and her heirs for ever. The *annuity* for life of another estate in land, at the same place, of 15*l.* per annum also, to my younger daughter Sally, wife of Timothy Greenwood, and at her death, to her children and their heirs for ever. An *annuity* for life of 13*l.* 10*s.* out of the Upper Brook-houses estate, to my eldest son Tommy, and the estate itself was left, at my son's death, to Joseph Greenwood's children." The farm was let at this time for 21*l.* per annum. The trustees were empowered to borrow 150*l.* on a mortgage upon the farm, and the interest to be paid out of the rents arising from the place, and to accumulate for a portion for William Birkby's

youngest daughter ; my son only to receive the remainder of the rent for life, namely, 13*l.* 10*s.* It appeared afterwards, that the will-maker had taken peculiar care to exclude my son from ever coming into *possession* of the estate, in order effectually to debar him from ever making any further advantage of his miserable donation, by felling the wood or coal, or advancing the rent upon the expiration of the lease. But the trustees were to receive the rents, and pay him his pitiful pittance half-yearly, as a pauper receives his monthly allowance at the hands of a parish-officer. As soon as I became acquainted with this disposition of the old man's property, I saw at once into the *real* motives and designs of the several parties concerned in the affair. I knew very well that Joseph Greenwood had from the commencement of his connection with the family, been very assiduous in currying favour with old Mistress Birkhead and her chief confidant and counsellor Thomas Exley. Exley was poor, and full of religious pride and prejudice ; Mrs. Birkhead also had her full quantum of these last qualities, to which she added a most disgusting degree of mean family pride and self-importance, sordid avarice, and the most perverse and unremitting malice, that ever I experienced, or that ever fell under my observation. Joseph Greenwood applied, with a good deal of address, to their particular foibles, and by means of suitable presents and flatteries, well-timed and circumstanced, and

professions and appearances at the time of great management and success in his business, succeeded in obtaining their confidence and good opinion in a very high degree. I did not think amiss of this circumstance at the time, as I conceived it to be Joseph Greenwood's design to counterwork the *undue* influence of William Birkby's family, and prevent them getting *more* than their *fair* share (and one penny *less* I never wished them to have). In this light, therefore, I thought his policy commendable. But, alas! as it proved afterwards, I was quite mistaken in my surmises. It was not, it seemed, to guard against any unfair practices of William Birkby's family that the manœuvres of Joseph Greenwood and his assistants were directed: no, but against my poor, soft, good-natured boy,—the eldest male branch of the family, and the eldest and only surviving brother whom Joseph Greenwood's wife had left alive by the same mother; and who, notwithstanding some blameable indiscretions which he was drawn into almost in his childhood, and under very mitigating circumstances, which rendered him altogether as much an object of pity as blame; and whose after conduct to this day has abundantly proved that they were more the result of these unhappy circumstances, than any natural propensity to the crimes themselves; I say, who, notwithstanding these accidental failings, had always been remarkable for the kindest fraternal affection to his sister, and the warmest

filial love to his father ; whose moral conduct was at this time unblameable, and who had, by mere dint of exertion, carefulness, and industry, obtained a respectable acquaintance, and established himself in a promising little business, with fairer prospects before him if he could have had that property which he had a right to expect, to assist him. I say it was against this brother their ungenerous attempts were directed, to undermine and subvert him in the old people's affection and good opinion, to deprive him of his fair share in their property, to turn him and any family he might have out to poverty and ruin, and obtain what ought to have been his portion, for Joseph Greenwood's and William Birkby's children.

But I return to take notice, that William Birkhead immediately after his wife's death, began to express great uneasiness of mind on account of the paper which was called his will, and which was in Thomas Exley's, the will-maker's, keeping, *because*, he said, *he had not done justice* to Tommy Wright's children. He desired, therefore, earnestly to hear it read, that he might rectify what was amiss ; but this reasonable request was utterly refused him by Thomas Exley. The old man continued to be very uneasy for many days, and to express an eager desire to alter the will, and do right to my children, till at length it engaged the attention of his attendants, relations, and neighbours, and a meeting was

called of several respectable persons in the neighbourhood, to question the old man and judge of his intellects. The persons called in were Messrs. Richard and Thomas Brooke, and the Rev. Mr. John Ralph, of Cleckheaton, Mr. William Williamson, of Snelfons,* and Mr. — Sykes, surgeon, of Gomerfall. It was agreed that Mr. Sykes should question the old man, and he asked him, "Are you not satisfied with your will?" He answered, "No, I am not." He asked again, "How do you desire to alter it?" He answered, "I would leave this lower Brookhouses to Tommy Wright (meaning my son); you know he is my eldest daughter's son, and has the greatest right to it." It was observed that it was sensibly answered, and a good reason given for it. He then asked him, "How would you leave the rest of your estate?" He said, "There is a woman in the chamber (meaning my daughter Betty), and Tommy Exley, who know how I would leave the rest." At this juncture an impertinent fellow (Obadiah Brooke) came into the room, and with matchless impudence, shouted out, "William, do not alter your will; your will is right; it is agreeable both to my sister's mind and yours, and you will make it worse if you alter it," &c. This stunned the old man, and he walked out of the room and

* Snelfons is an estate near Cleckheaton, on the road to Low Moor. The railway to Bradford passes near it.

could not be prevailed upon to come amongst them again. Mr. Richard Brooke stepped up to Obadiah Brooke, and blamed him much for the rudeness and impropriety of his interposition. He told him they were not come there to exert any unfair influence upon the old man's mind, but to learn, if possible, what was his *real* mind and will, uninfluenced and unper-suaded by any person; and that, therefore, he thought his address to William Birkhead very unfair, and very blameable. He churlishly answered, that he would not be hindered from seeing his brother, and saying what he pleased to him. This broke up the meeting, and it was proposed to meet again the following Monday, if required. However, this was never put in execution.

Obadiah Brooke's conduct on this occasion was certainly very wrong and very censurable. In the first place, it was very *impertinent*, as he was not called upon in the affair, neither had he any business or concern in the matter. In the next place, it appeared to be very *malicious* to some of my children, especially to my son; as it was plain, from what he said, that he *knew* the contents of the will, else how should he be able to *say* whether it was *right* or *wrong*? He *must*, therefore, be acquainted with the shameful injustice done to my son in that paper; and my boy may, therefore, justly consider him as one of his greatest enemies on this occasion, as he said and did all that lay in his power to establish the

authenticity of that villainous paper which deprived him of what ought to have been his property, and to prevent William Birkhead from rectifying what he had been persuaded by malicious and interested persons to do amiss, which his *conscience* told him was wrong, and which he repeatedly *declared he had done wrong*, and which he manifested, not only a *willingness*, but the *most anxious desire* to rectify; and which (there are people who believe) he *would* have rectified *at this time*, if it had not been for Obadiah Brooke's wicked interposition. I wish my children therefore to take notice that as Mrs. Birkhead *hated* me, with a *perfect hatred* to the day of her death, so did she also dislike all my children, in so far as they were related or she thought them to bear any similarity *to* their father. I wish them to note also, that most of her nearest relations, by her own family side, are more or less inimical both to me and to every branch of my family, where some particular interest does not intervene, and to beware of them accordingly.

It now began to be rumoured that William Birkhead had made another will, under the influence of Timothy Greenwood. Timothy Greenwood's opponents had industriously reported it through the country, that the deed of gift before mentioned, conveyed *all* the old man's property to him, and deprived all the rest of the grandchildren of their fair shares. This report, though utterly false, was generally believed in the neigh-

bourhood, and operated much to the prejudice of Timothy Greenwood's character; and although the making of another will proved to a demonstration the falsity of this report (because, if he had made *all* he had away by a deed of gift *before*, he could not possibly devise it to any other person *afterwards* by a will), yet they encouraged a similar report on this occasion; namely, that Timothy Greenwood had persuaded the old man to leave *him all* or *most* of what he had, in this will, to the prejudice of the other parties. This report also was generally believed by his already-prejudiced neighbours, to the further detriment of his character, till the *real* contents of this will were afterwards brought to light. Joseph Greenwood and his associates acted with much what the same policy in this case, as Mr. Pope's "Wife of Bath," and might justly have adopted her language on this occasion—

"I, like a dog, could *bite* as well as whine,
And *first* complain'd when'er the fault was mine."

When I heard of this report I asked Timothy Greenwood if it was true? He said it was, but declared that the old man had done it of his own mind, and dictated the whole himself, without any unfair influence. Mr. Lambert, the attorney who wrote the will, declared the same. The other party asserted the contrary, and believed, or affected to believe, it to be Timothy Greenwood's will, and that it was framed by and under

his influence. However, be this as it may, I believe it to be a real fact, that the old man was *as liable to be*, and *actually was*, as unfairly dealt with in framing the first (especially the unjust, mischief-making codicil), as he possibly could be in framing the second will, as it was well known that his memory had failed very much for years before the date of the first will ; and though the second will was much too partial to Timothy Greenwood, yet, upon the whole, it did more justice to *all* the parties concerned than the first will, with the annexed codicil, did. I asked Timothy Greenwood how the old man's property was disposed off in the second will ? and he said it was as follows : "The Lower Brook-houses, free from *all* incumbrances, to Timothy Greenwood and his heirs for ever, besides 100*l.* in cash out of the personal estate. The Upper Brook-houses (or Mortimer's Farm) to my eldest son Tommy and his heirs for ever, free from all incumbrances also. To young W. Birkby and his heirs for ever, the 15*l.* a year estate at Heckmondwike, which Timothy Greenwood had left in the first will, free also, in lieu of the Lower Brook-houses. The other 15*l.* a year estate at the same place, free from incumbrances also, to Joseph Greenwood and his heirs for ever, and 100*l.* in cash, besides, out of the personal estate, in addition to what he had received before. The field above Heaton, and the cottages at Heaton-gate, to John Birkby ; and the remainder of the

money equally amongst William Birkby's daughters." I was not pleased with this disposal, because, in the first place, it did not correspond with the old man's foregoing declaration, namely, that he wished to leave the Lower Brook-houses to my son Tommy; and, in the second place, because, by being so partial to Timothy Greenwood, it afforded too plausible a pretext for other people to surmise that he used unfair influence upon the old man, and would look worse in a court of justice. Had the Lower Brook-houses been left to my son Tommy, chargeable with the legacy of 200*l.* to John Birkby, and the field and cottages in Heaton to John Birkby also; the Upper Brook-houses to William Birkby junior, chargeable with the 150*l.* legacy to his youngest sister; the two estates at Heckmond-wike to my daughters Betty and Sally, free from all ties and incumbrances, and the money they had already received; and the ready cash in the personal estate amongst William Birkby's daughters, it would have been a pretty fair and equal division. However, as William Birkby had received (as the old man constantly and repeatedly asserted) near 1000*l.* from Brook-houses—which was much more than all my family had received put together—though the last will was partial to Sally with respect to my other children, yet, everything fairly considered, William Birkby's family got their full and fair share even by this will; and though it was not as I could have

wished it to be, yet, as it did more justice by far to *all* the parties concerned than the first will did, for this reason I wished it to stand much rather than the other.

Joseph Greenwood and his party now applied to the Chancellor to appoint a guardian for William Birkhead, and in consequence of their application, a jury of eighteen persons were summoned to examine the old man, and judge of his intellects. These met at the farther Black Bull, near Birstall church, where they gave in a verdict of *lunacy* against him. That William Birkhead's *memory* had become very deficient, which it had been for some years back, so that he could not recollect any of his former acquaintance, except those who were constantly conversant about him, was a matter of fact; however, he had a good *general* knowledge of his property, and, as far as his memory would serve him, his understanding appeared to be very good. He was no more lunatic, in the proper sense of the word, than those who brought the verdict against him, nor, I think, could any sensible person who had candidly observed him, have the least doubt but that with a little *honest* assistance to his memory from any unprejudiced person who was willing that equal justice should be done to *all* the parties concerned, the old man was very competent to have made a just and equitable disposal of his property.

It was now expected that a guardian would

be appointed for the old man immediately, by the Court of Chancery; but this was delayed, and the old man died before any such event took place. William Birkhead died on the 3rd day of March, 1797, being about one hundred years old. Upon this occasion the two parties made haste to deliver in the respective wills to the spiritual court at York, in order to their approval. However, the affair hung in suspense in this court till Joseph Greenwood and his party prosecuted the matter at common law, and brought on a trial at the autumn assizes for York, 1797. It appeared that, from some oversight of Joseph Greenwood's attorney, they were likely to be nonsuited; an accommodation was therefore proposed, and the parties agreed to refer it to the sole decision of Samuel Buck, Esq., the recorder of Leeds. This gentleman afterwards made a very unfair decision (in my judgment), establishing the first will, with the unjust codicil, in its full extent. By this decision my son lost nearly the whole of what ought to have been his property. He afterwards sold his trifling annuity of 13*l.* 10*s.* for one hundred and eight guineas. The attorney, D——n, and Joseph Greenwood had assured my son when they persuaded him to sign his name to send up to the chancellor, that it *would not* constitute him a party, or make him liable as such, to pay any part of the expense that might be incurred in the affair. I had told him the contrary, and repeatedly and earnestly

desired him not to join or give his countenance or assistance to a set of fellows whose chief and apparent design was to deprive *himself* of his fortune, and leave him a beggar; as well to avoid the odium of such absurd conduct, as the further pecuniary inconvenience it would probably subject him to in the event. However, such was the ascendancy they had gained over his mind, that they appeared to be able to persuade him to do anything, however contrary to his own interest or disgraceful to his intellects. He accordingly constantly followed their advice, and neglected mine. However, the attorney carefully watched the moment when he had received the purchase-money of his annuity, and immediately sent him a charge of 33*l.* as his share, or part of his share, of the law expenses, as a *party* concerned in a contest that had been commenced and carried on (by the party to whom *he himself* lent all the assistance in his power), from the *sole* motive of obtaining and securing that very estate for another man's children, which in all equity and justice ought to have been his own property, which property he had the *most urgent occasion for* at the present time, and the want of which property was likely to reduce him to the most pinching distress, and subject all the future scenes of his life to difficulties and inconveniences. The attorneys conduct on this occasion gave the lie to his former declaration, namely, that my boy's signing his name to address the

chancellor would not constitute him a party, and that he would never be asked for any part of the law-expenses ; but such conduct as this is not, in general, to be wondered at in men of this profession. One hardly knows which to wonder at most, the ungenerous, unfair, and disingenuous conduct of this party towards an irresolute, yielding, easy-tempered, inexperienced youth, or the great imbecility of mind manifested by my boy on this occasion. However, he was so much chagrined at the unexpected charge, that he declared he would lie in a jail before he would pay a penny of the money ; or otherwise, abandon his country to avoid that inconvenience ; and he had actually made considerable preparations for, and was on the point of putting this last resolve into execution, when he was persuaded by me and some others of his friendly acquaintance to settle himself, and follow his business as usual, at all hazards ; and it appeared afterwards that the attorney had been persuaded by somebody not to urge his claim, at least for the present. Here the affair rests, and if it happen that the attorney can get paid elsewhere, it is likely he may never renew his claim upon my son ; if not, it is probable, it may still subject him to future trouble and inconvenience.

Joseph Greenwood had repeatedly declared in my hearing, that if the disposition of William Birkhead's will—with which he *was*, or *pretended to be*, unacquainted at the time—had left to his

children the estate which ought to have been left to my son, as it was reported it had done, that, in that case, he would make my son all the *amends* in his power. What he might have considered as proper *amends*, or what *kind* or *degree* of *amends* he might have conferred, if the power of compensation had remained in his hands, I am not able to say. I had always thought him in a prosperous way of business; he had taken in a partner the last year, and about this time they became bankrupt. Joseph Greenwood attributed very much blame to his partner on this occasion, and said it was the *unfairness* of his conduct that subjected him to very much loss, and brought on the bankruptcy. However, this affair entirely disabled him (at least, for the present) from making any recompense to my boy for the deprivation of his expected property, in favour of his children, as aforesaid. Joseph Greenwood made a demand upon William Birkhead's trustees for money out of the Brookhouses estate, to pay the law-expenses incurred in the late contest. With this demand I understand they were not very ready to comply; and it is said that the assignees of the bankruptcy declare they will sue the trustees if they still refuse to advance the money; in which case, it is said, the trustees have declared they will give up their trust into the hands of the chancellor; and in this case, it is said a noted counsel in the law has declared, that the whole estate would

be expended. Here the affair hangs for the present, and if the assignees should put their threat in execution, I suppose they could recover no more, at most, than what might be deemed Joseph Greenwood's equal share of the expenses as *one* of the party; and if my son was considered as another of the party, he might still be liable to pay his full share of the expense incurred in this detestable affair, or otherwise take the trouble and expense upon himself—if this may be feasible—of forcing payment from the Brook-houses estate.

Such injurious and unpleasing consequences attend the want of proper attention to paternal admonition. I therefore wish all my family to take notice of the circumstance, that they may profit thereby if ever it should so happen that any of them hereafter should be brought into any similar circumstances.

I have now brought the historical sketch of myself and my family down to the present time. It remains only to take notice, that my daughter Betty, during this interval, bore her fourth living child, a daughter, at Leeds. Mary Ann Greenwood was born in Lower-head-row, Leeds, on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1797.

I will now endeavour to give a short account of the important family at Brook-houses, I mean of the rank and characters of the families they were sprung from.

William Birkhead, grandfather of my first

wife, dwelt, it seems, at Street-side, near Dudley-hill,* and followed the trade of making coarse white cloth. It does not appear that he was possessed of any real estate, but ranked as one of the lower order of tradesmen in the middle ranks of people. As to his religion, he was a Dissenter of the Presbyterian persuasion, and attended divine worship at the old Dissenting Chapel,† Bradford.

* Street-side is an old name in the neighbourhood of Birkenshaw. The high-road from Wakefield to Bradford, after passing Birkenhaw, leads over one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood of Bradford, called West-gate hill. A little farther on towards Bradford, a cluster of houses are named Street-side, from time immemorial. At the distance of about a mile, a thickly inhabited district in the borough of Bradford is called Dudley Hill. Within the memory of many now living, the road from Birkenshaw to Bradford had only a few farm-houses on each side, where now may be seen a population consisting of thousands of the labouring classes.

† This Dissenting Chapel, Bradford, was the old building still standing in Chapel-lane. This Presbyterian place of worship was built about the year 1717, but it is probable that there was a dissenting place of worship in Chapel-lane before that date. The congregation, about the year 1770, adopted the Unitarian creed of opinions, and have so continued to the present day. It was endowed by Jeremy Dixon, of Heaton-royds, near Manningham, Bradford, yeoman, who by will, dated 22nd Feb. 1724, gave a farm in Denholme, called Birchin Lee, being then of the yearly rent of ten pounds, unto the trustees of this chapel, to the use, for ever, of the minister, being a Protestant Dissenter from the Established Church. Three of the ministers of this place have been learned men, viz., Mr. Heineker, Mr. Ryland, and the present minister, Mr. Freckelton. The interior oak fittings were brought from Howley Hall, on its demolition. The stone gateway to the chapel was also brought from the same place.

This was the case at first with his eldest son William, but the Ministers of the Calvinistic sect called Independents afterwards obtaining possession of many of the old Presbyterian chapels and livings, and this being the case in particular at Cleckheaton and Heckmondwike, he and his family became insensibly connected with this party, and entered violently into all their spirit, principles, and prejudices. He had only one brother younger than himself, named Thomas, and three sisters. One of these married a Joseph Wooller, a shoemaker at Bradford, and left issue only one daughter, who married a Mr. Samuel Webster, a maltster at Morley, a man of property and a respectable family and character. She died without issue. Another sister married John Hinchcliffe, near Dudley-hill. They were poor all their life; but their son John becoming a dealer in cattle, acquired considerable property, took a large farm in the neighbourhood, and provided comfortably for the old people while they lived. John died, leaving a son, Joseph Hinchcliffe (his only child), who resides at present at Newel-hall,* in the road to Wibsey, and occupies

* Newel-hall. "On the confines of the township of Bowling, towards North Bierley, lies Newall, or New-hall, anciently one of the seats of the Richardsons of Bierley. From an inscription over the door, within a scrolled tablet, it appears to have been built in 1672, by Richard Richardson, during the life of his second wife, Elizabeth. Though now occupied by cottagers, there are many traces indicative of its formerly having been a fine mansion. It is built of

the farm belonging to it. He has at present a numerous family of seven or eight children, is a man of good character, much business, and considerable property. The other branches of the family are but in low circumstances. A third sister married a Julius Whitehead, of Tong, a mason by trade, an inoffensive, orderly man, who ranked among that class of his neighbours who obtain their bread by their labour.

I return to William and his brother Thomas. These resided at a house and small farm they had taken at Street-side, between Dudley-hill and Westgate-hill, where they joined their stocks, made coarse white cloth, and were, it seems, pretty successful, especially during what was called the Russia Middle Trade, in which favourable opportunity, it is generally supposed, they obtained the greatest part of their property. They lived together in a state of bachelorship, till William was approaching towards fifty years of age; he then married a Mary Brooke, a daughter of a John Brooke, a white cloth maker of Cleckheaton. With her he received a *part* of the Brook-houses estate as a portion, and

large blocks of stone, and consists of two wings and a centre. The porch or entrance, according to the style of that day, projects unsymmetrically from one of the wings. The timber and wainscoting are of black oak, and the massy door, studded with broad-headed nails, strongly contrasts with the light and elegant doors of modern mansions."—Mr. JOHN JAMES, in his "History of Bradford." 1848.

paying her father the remaining value, he thus became possessed of the whole estate, partly by gift and partly by purchase. He immediately erected the present house, outhouses, &c., and as soon as it was ready, removed with his family from Street-side thither, his brother Tommy continuing to reside with the family. Here the family continued till they all died successively, William himself, though much the oldest of the family, being the last surviving branch of it. His brother Tommy died a bachelor, in the year 1766, leaving his whole share of the property to his brother William, except some trifling legacies of five pounds a-piece to each of his sisters, or their descendants; these, being some of them in very straitened circumstances, exclaimed heavily against the unfairness and disproportion of their brother's donation; but all to no purpose, it being in general the way of the world to pour into the full cup on these occasions. I note here that their two eldest children, Lydia (my wife) and her sister Betty, were born at Street-side, and Willy and Mary were born at Brook-houses. The old people being careful and saving money out of their income every year, had, during their residence at this place, first received in mortgage, and afterwards bought out, the two small estates at Heckmondwike, and purchased the field in Cleckheaton Upper-lane, and the cottages at Heaton-gate; besides, he had lent upon bond, to Obadiah Brooke, 300*l.*, which he has had in his

hands perhaps forty years, and as the old man repeatedly asserted, paid little or no interest for it. He had also lent upon note 10*l.* to Gomersal Workhouse (which William Birkby afterwards received), and 10*l.* to Thomas Exley. This was the whole of the property he appeared to be possessed of at his death. He had, during his lifetime, paid to my wife (as I mentioned before) 100*l.*, and about 300*l.* amongst my children, which made in the whole 400*l.* on my family-side; and he often and earnestly declared that William Birkby had received near 1000*l.* out of his house, which, with the *partial* disposals of the will in his family's favour, made a very great, a very unjust, and a very disproportionate division of the shares which William Birkby and his family, on one side, and I and my family on the other side, received out of William Birkhead's property.

There were also several persons who were intimately acquainted with the family and its concerns, who thought they had great reason to believe that some of their *flatterers*, in the later part of the old man's life, had obtained considerable sums of money from him—perhaps 400*l.*, 500*l.*, or 600*l.*, more or less, which were never accounted for, and for which there appeared no security, and which, if it was fact, were of course unjustly alienated from, and totally lost to, his *own* lawful offspring.

John Brooke, the father of Mrs. Birkhead,

appears to have been a man of a fair general character, and considerable landed property, and a branch of a numerous, and, at that time, pretty substantial family in the neighbourhood; and ranked among the better sort of the middling rank of people. He was by religion a rigid Presbyterian. He married *three* wives, by the first of whom he had one child, a son, named Richard. He turned out wild, enlisted for a soldier, caught a consumption, and died. His second wife was from a family at Rooms, near Morley, of the surname of Webster. With her he had four children, namely, Mary (the late Mrs. Birkhead), of whom we have spoken before; Samuel, his eldest son, who, having offended his father by his marriage, was by him, in effect, disinherited, forsaken by the family, and treated ever afterwards as an alien to their blood; a striking instance, even towards one of their own offspring and the eldest hope of the family, of the mean pride and unremitting malice inherent in the family, and of which I myself experienced from his daughter so bitter a taste afterwards. His father gave him two or three small crofts, with a cottage and workshop erected upon them, at a place called Woodside, between Heaton and Hightown. Having a numerous family of eleven children, he was obliged to mortgage his little pittance for as much money as it would fetch, and struggled with distressing circumstances all his days. His surviving children, since his death,

have all or most of them been able to obtain a comfortable subsistence by their own exertions. Obadiah, his second son, had the family residence at Heaton-Green-side settled upon him, which ought to have been given to his elder brother. He remained a bachelor to a pretty advanced age, when he had the good fortune to marry a Betty Wood, a daughter of a John Wood, a hardwareman of Bradford. To her management and commercial talents he is entirely indebted, under providence, for the present favourable state of his family, although, I understand, his estate is very deeply mortgaged. He has buried all his children but two sons, John and Obadiah. John has married a quaker, it is said, with a large fortune, and keeps a hardware shop, &c. at Cleckheaton. Obadiah is a bachelor, and settled at Leeds, where he follows the profession of a surgeon and apothecary. Nathaniel, John Brooke's youngest son, had a small farm called Walstonehouses, left him near Little Gomersal, and a few cottages at Heaton-gate; but having a large family also of eleven children, was obliged to dispose of his little estate in his lifetime, and died in very straitened circumstances. His son Obadiah died before him. Ten of his children survived him, namely, John, his eldest son, who went to the West Indies to avoid the persecution of his father's creditors, and died in Jamaica; Thomas and Joshua, who obtain their subsistence by their labour; Nathaniel and Benoni, who en-

lifted for soldiers, and are, I suppose, still in the service ; Edmund, who had fits, was thrown upon the town, and died ; Hannah, who went as a servant to London, married there, and died ; Mary, who married a blacksmith in Lancashire ; Lydia, his youngest girl, who turned out bad, and followed the soldiers ; and Betty, the eldest girl, who has done much the best of any of the family, having lately married a Benjamin Fearnley, only son and child of a John Fearnley, a man of considerable property in Cleckheaton, who is lately dead, and has left property to his son, it is said, of upwards of 2400*l*.

Thus, I have given as fair and impartial an account of this family on both sides, as I am able ; their predecessors, themselves, their descendants, and the collateral branches of the families on each side ; from whence it will appear, that they were not sprung from princes ; that a few of them were in easy circumstances, but far the greater part in a low situation ; that they themselves, (notwithstanding their accidental good fortune in accumulating a little wealth on some favourable occasions, which made them, in this respect, a *little* better than *some* of their neighbours,) were of mean education and low attainments in knowledge. They bore, indeed, a pretty fair character for honesty in their dealings in common with many of their neighbours, and paid a strict attention to the formalities of their religion ; but had no just ground, I conceive, for

that mighty self-importance which they seemed desirous of assuming over their neighbours ; and I think I may be allowed, without vanity, to say, that either with regard to my family, fortune, education, mental abilities, or moral character, I myself was, at least, as respectable as they or any that belonged to them ; and that therefore the arrogance, abuse, and contempt with which they continued to treat me to the day of their death, evinced their weakness, pride, and vanity, and the badness of their hearts ; was insufferable, wicked, detestable, and blameable in a very high degree.

I come next to their religion, of which I shall endeavour to give as clear and concise an account as I can. I shall next give an exact relation of their behaviour towards me and my children during my connection with them. I shall then contrast that behaviour with their religious profession, and see how they agree together. Among these observations I shall have occasion to make some strictures on the conduct of several other persons, particularly some of their religious fraternity, who appear to me to have been accessors, prompters, or assistants to one or both the old people in their very blameable behaviour towards me and my eldest son in particular, and whose conduct appears, on this occasion, to have been very inconsistent with their duty as professing Christians.

The religious system of the old people was

Calvinism, and they entered into all the bitter prejudices common to the party, against those sectaries who differ from them in opinion, especially the *Arminians*, so called. They were church-members (as they term themselves) of the sect called Independents, meeting together for divine worship at Heckmondwike Old Chapel. They paid a constant attendance twice every Sunday to hear their preachings, were constant partakers every month of *the ordinance* (the cant term of the party for the Lord's Supper), attended the extra lectures and preachments of the party at the neighbouring chapels, had prayers in their family morning and evening every day, and taught their children, &c. the assembly's catechism, had a kind of religious meetings among the brotherhood at each of their houses by turns; till they came round, where they sung and prayed among themselves, and concluded each visit with good cheer and common conversation; they refused to call the first day of the week *Sunday*, but instead thereof, the *Sabbath*, or the *Sabbath-day*. They had a like objection to say *Christmas*, but instead thereof said the *Winter-holidays* or *Play-days*. In short, they came nearer the nice, scrupulous *formality* of the ancient Pharisees than any other party which I have been acquainted with; and I have too much reason to believe that this was *eminently* the case with respect to their *spirit* and *disposition* likewise.

From all this ostentatious parade of religious

formality, I thought I had some reason to expect that, though I had married their daughter without their consent, and thereby given them *some* occasion for displeasure, yet, after their first resentments were over, their good sense and Christianity (if they *really* had any) would induce them to behave with some reasonable degree of respect towards me, if it was but for the sake of the peace and comfort of their own child, especially if, as I intended, I endeavoured to conciliate their affection by behaving as respectfully towards them and their daughter as lay in my power; but in this expectation I was terribly disappointed. They had before our marriage spoke of me with the highest contempt and disapprobation imaginable; and, indeed, in such very depreciating terms, that if I had heard of *all* they had said before our marriage, I believe it would have staggered my resolution for the match. On occasion of our marriage their fury arose well-nigh to madness, and their resentment gave vent to itself in the most bitter, degrading, and indecent language; language so mighty self-important, abusive, and indecent, as—considering the little or no disparity between us in my disfavour in any respect, and their high pretensions to religion—was matter of astonishment to most of our surrounding neighbours and acquaintance. The old man wished his knife in my heart, said he would never forgive me, nor ever give me a penny with his daughter, with much more to the same purpose. The old

woman's malice, if possible, exceeded his, and, indeed, I always believed she had much the worse heart of the two, and that the old man's anger and prejudice would have remitted, if it had not been artfully increased and kept up by her evil influence and misrepresentations, by which she induced him to look upon me as one of the worst of characters, and rivetted his prejudice against me to the day of his death. In short, their whole conduct on this occasion could not have been worse if I had been the vilest miscreant in the British dominions. However, I bore all with stoical patience, and endeavoured to conciliate their respect by the most gentle and submissive behaviour, though, the reader will easily perceive, their repeated insults were peculiarly disagreeable and disgusting. Some short intervals of apparent peace and reconciliation succeeded, but these were always of short duration, as they soon found something, or nothing, as an occasion to assume their black looks and disrespectful behaviour; so that I was finally obliged to drop all intercourse with the family. My wife, however, *would* continue her visits, and being a weak girl, by constant abusive and degrading language, they soon alienated her affection from me, and completely inspired her with their own spirit and prejudices, which soon discovered itself in a want of proper esteem and regard for me, and a total carelessness of my welfare, which entirely overturned all the peace and comfort of our family; and, as I always

gave her all my cash to keep, and received it from her again as our occasions required, without taking any account of it, relying entirely on her faithfulness, without the least suspicion, I have since found much reason to believe that her parents induced her to defraud me of several sums of money secretly, under the specious pretences of getting back again what they had lent us, for fear I should shut it,* and saving it for her and the children; a circumstance which tended much to hasten my embarrassments. Nay, she was so weak and imprudent (as I have been informed since), as to rail on me behind my back, to the vulgar fellows we had working in the fields, though they laughed her to scorn for her pains; and in this spirit they kept her as long as she lived.

When they had thus deprived me of the affections of my wife and the peace of my family, they did all that lay in their power to injure my moral character; and in order to gain credit for their own conduct, and throw all the odium upon me, they spoke of me with the utmost contempt, and slandered me in the most unjust manner, to all their party and acquaintance; and, in the opinion of those who did not know me, and thought well of them and their profession, they doubtless did me much injury; but in the opinion of all who knew me better, it was out of their

* *Shut it*, i. e. spend it. A common Yorkshire word.

power, I believe, to hurt my moral character. Not content with this, they said and did all that lay in their power to deprive me of my children's affections, and endeavoured with all their might, from their infancy to maturer age, to instil into their minds a dislike and aversion to their own father! Considering the anxious attention I always paid to my children, the paternal tenderness with which I had always treated them, and the great affection I always had for them, this part of their conduct hurt me worse than all the rest, and quite overpowered my patience; and on occasion of the old woman's refusing to let my daughter come and speak with me, when I one day sent for her, I differed with her severely (as I have before related), took both my children home with me, and never came at the house again till her death; and I appeal to the heart of every feeling parent, if they can think me greatly blameable, at least, on this account, under such a trying provocation.

During my widowhood they never came at me, only to get what they could from me. Her youngest sister came and wheedled me out of all my wife's clothes, and her mother came and rifled my house in my absence of all my mother's clothes, part of which they suffered to be stolen or destroyed, or wore themselves, and encouraged my children to convey things secretly from my house, under their usual pretences, as I have before related. After my second marriage, they

endeavoured with all their might to persuade my children to behave with insolence and impropriety towards me and my wife, and thus once again destroy the peace of my family; though, by appealing to the good sense and affection of my elder children, with some correction, I was enabled in a good measure, though not altogether, to prevent the bad consequences of their evil influence. In short, for anything that appeared to the contrary, they carried their evil propensity against me to the grave.

After their death a new scene of malice and undermining villany displayed itself, in the manner in which the old woman and her accomplices had disposed of the old man's property. As I have given a history of this business in the preceding pages, I shall only now add some additional circumstances, and give some account of the mean, ungenerous, and unjust practices made use of by the persons who concerned themselves in this affair, in order to induce Mrs. Birkhead to deprive my son of his property in favour of those who had not so great a right to it as he had, as the old man himself justly observed; and attempt to investigate the motives by which they appear to have been each of them actuated.

I have before given a very particular account of the unfortunate affair of my son with Miss Rother.* This circumstance was eagerly laid

* This account has been carefully taken out of the manuscript, and this allusion to it is all that remains.

hold of by those who were not well-wishers either to me or my son, and represented to the old people in the most exaggerated manner, particularly the circumstance of his having promised the girl marriage. I believe this affair might have been settled with a trifle, supposing the girl had ever advanced any claim, which, perhaps, she never would have done; but granting the worst in this case, why should the eldest male branch of the family, who, since his misfortune had given manifest proofs of his rectitude of conduct, be dealt with much worse than the youngest female branch of it, and in a manner disinherited: contrary to the old woman's solemn promise to me in her lifetime; contrary to his uncle Willy's dying request, and the old people's solemn promise to him in his dying moments; contrary to the old man's *mind* (as it evidently appeared from his own words afterwards), and contrary to all natural justice and equity. Or, if any claims from Miss Rother were feared, why should not a *better* annuity than the paltry one of 13*l.* 10*s.* have been settled upon him for life, and the reversion of the estate to his family, as had been done to his younger sister; or, in default of a family, equally between his sisters or their issue, at his death; as equity and natural justice required? This would have secured it from any possible claims of Miss Rother, and have been using him with some justice and mercy; but to deal with him as they did, and leave his family (if he had

one, and as he was likely to have) without a shilling to support them with in case of his death, was so excessively inconsiderate and cruel, that I cannot forbear suspecting (as I have hinted before) that the old woman herself—bad as she was—was imposed upon by the will-maker and her other associates in this affair, who appear to have been actuated on this occasion by a more infernal malice, if possible, against me and my son, than the old woman herself.

Another circumstance which the watchful enemies of my boy laid hold of to prejudice the old people against him, and deprive him of his expectations from them, was as follows. The old people were rigid Calvinists in their religious sentiments (as I have before observed). I myself was of a directly contrary opinion, and espoused the doctrine of Free-agency and Universal Redemption. I scorned to dissemble my sentiments, to flatter their vanity, but defended them freely and boldly to the best of my abilities, though with decency and good manners—as I had a right to do—whenever I was attacked by them or any of their party. This rendered me obnoxious to the whole party, and drew upon me their dislike and disapprobation, and they spoke of me with great contempt, and meanly and unjustly cast invidious reflections upon my moral character behind my back upon many occasions, especially the Calvinistic bigots at Brook-houses.

My son, during his apprenticeship with Mr.

Nicholsons (while yet a child, indeed, and before his judgment was matured to form just conclusions of religious difficulties), had unhappily imbibed from the younger Nicholson some biases to *Deism*; and, after he came to Leeds, was *incautious* enough to speak slightly of the Bible, and utter his crude conceptions too freely in the hearing of Joseph Greenwood and others. This was playing a second time into his enemies' hands, and was once again the very thing they wanted; for, though no person worth his ears would have carried the unwary expressions of an unsuspecting, unexperienced, unreflecting youth to the persons with whom it was likely to do him the greatest injury; yet, by some persons, instigated probably by *malice* against him, or me, or both of us, and by some other persons instigated probably by *self-interest*, the wicked tenets and assertions of my son, with all their aggravations, were presently whispered in Mrs. Birkhead's ears; and one flandering, character-murdering, back-stabbing scoundrel (old O. B. of Cleckheaton), had the impudence to tell his sister in the hearing and presence of my own child (Sally), that my son was—what? not a *Deist*, as one might have expected, but an *Atheist*; and that I myself had taught him Atheism, and that it was a sad thing for a father to teach his child such bad principles. A sad thing, indeed! had the charge not happened to be utterly unfounded. Did he not deserve his tongue nailing to the door of the house, for utter-

ing such a false and injurious slander? This injurious report was bandied amongst them for some time before it reached my son. At length some acquaintance told him, that it was reported in the country that he was an *Atheist*. He treated this intelligence at first with the smile of contempt, as not supposing that anybody would believe it; but at last the old woman herself sent for him, to question him upon the subject. He then began to perceive that it was likely to do him a considerable injury, and that it had been raised and propagated by designing persons, for this very purpose. He then set about finding out the original author, and traced back the report to the late Rev. Mr. James Dawson, the Independent minister at Cleckheaton, to whom he immediately wrote the following letter:—

“ To the Rev. Mr. JAMES DAWSON, Cleckheaton.

“ REV. SIR,

“ Leeds, May 12th, 1795.

“ Some time since I was informed by several persons, that it was reported that I was an *Atheist*. This information, being as new as it was false and absurd, was received by me with the smile of contempt. I did not think that any evil effects could proceed from such a report, for I did not believe it would be credited. Having, however, found that it has operated much to my own disadvantage, and caused uneasiness to my friends, I have, therefore, made careful inquiry to find

out the original author of this calumny; and after tracing it from one person to another, have at last found, that the supposed circumstance was mentioned by you to a certain gentleman of Cleckheaton, who, mentioning it to others, has spread the invidious report. I have therefore taken the liberty of requesting that you will inform me *who* was the person that told you I was an Atheist. This request I think you ought to comply with, as well for my satisfaction as for the sake of your own character; and I am not without hopes that you will, by so doing, supply me with a clue by which I shall have it in my power to discover at last, in the original author of this slanderous report, either the secret machinations of the most abominable villain, or the agency of some silly, intermeddling blockhead.

“I am, with all due respect,

“Your humble servant,

“THOMAS WRIGHT.”

Above a week having elapsed without his having received any answer, he wrote a second letter as follows:—

“To the Rev. Mr. JAMES DAWSON, Cleckheaton.

“REV. SIR,

“Leeds, May 21st, 1795.

“When I lately wrote to desire a small favour from you, I had no doubt but that you would readily comply with a request so reasonable, and

respecting a matter so *important* to *me*, and of so *little* moment to *yourself*; but I have been totally disappointed in your silence. What can be the cause of this, I am ignorant. Perhaps you think that the affair is not of sufficient importance to deserve your notice; but surely common civility required a civil answer. And besides, you had reported the calumny in question to a person of your acquaintance; a calumny for which it is impossible you should have any just foundation. This circumstance made it requisite that you should either give up the author, or apologize for the ungenerous conduct of having propagated so vile a slander, without knowing from whom you had heard it. If you have never propagated any such report (and I shall certainly take your word for it, if you deny it), then I have detected a very respectable gentleman of Cleckheaton in a wilful falsehood. If I have addressed you somewhat in the language of invective, I hope your candour will make an allowance, and consider that the insulted pride of an honest mind may be expected to defend itself with some warmth, against the dark designs of the hidden assassins of its reputation, without respect of persons. Can anyone tamely bear so sensible an injury without resentment against its authors? This calumny, Sir, which has been invented against me, is calculated to produce the most serious effects; to strip me of character, to deprive me of the sympathy and good-will of

my neighbours, and even to wrest from me the means of procuring an honest livelihood. After all, if you should not choose to give the information desired, and if it be not in my power to find the author of this calumnious report, what can I do less than contradict so gross a falsehood, by making a public disavowal of having ever embraced the atheistical system; and point out to the world those ungenerous persons who have been, on this occasion, the visible agents of the most malicious and injurious slander and calumny.

“ I am, Sir, with all due respect,

“ Your humble servant,

“ THOMAS WRIGHT.”

However, before he put this letter in the post, he received from Mr. Dawson the following answer to his former letter :—

“ TO MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, Leeds.

“ SIR,

“ Cleckheaton, 22nd May, 1795.

“ Yours, dated 12th instant, came to hand. I shall not trouble you with any remarks upon it, but shall comply with your request. You ask me, ‘ *Who* was the person that told me that you was an Atheist?’ I have heard Mrs. Birkhead more than either once or twice, say that she was informed that you was an Atheist; and if she will, she can tell you *who* gave her this information.

“ I am, with all due respect, yours,

“ J. DAWSON.”

It is evident from this letter of Mr. Dawson's, that this injurious slander had been passing among them for some time ; and every candid mind will allow, that whoever was the author of such a wicked slander, they must be blameable in a very high degree. My boy was so extremely timid and bashful, that I could never persuade him to speak to the old people in his own behalf, and this timidity was so much increased by the conscious shame he felt upon his mind on account of his unhappy affair with the aforesaid girl, that in spite of all I could say—and I made repeated trials—and the absolute necessity of it for his own welfare, I could never engage him to surmount it. This timid bashfulness and want of spirit was injuriously imprudent in his then circumstances, and operated much to his disadvantage, though it afforded a strong proof of a tender and ingenuous mind. His brother-in-law and sister Greenwood encouraged him in this conduct, and dissuaded him from visiting the old people, contrary to my advice ; for what reason is best known to themselves, though, in my opinion (from circumstances that have since turned up), their conduct on this occasion does not bear a favourable aspect. He accordingly kept himself at a shy distance from the old people, and scarce ever paid them a visit for several years. This weak and impolitic conduct gave his enemies their full scope to raise and fix the old people's prejudices against him, without opposition or disturbance,

and afforded those persons who had designs upon his expected property, the best opportunity they could wish to establish their undermining plans, and put their base designs in execution; and of this opportunity—as he found to his cost afterwards—they did not fail to avail themselves to the full.

Another occasion which his enemies laid hold of to ruin him in the favour and good opinion of the old people, was his premature attempt to begin business, and its unfavourable consequences. I had no hand in this affair, and had rather (and it had been better, much better for him) that he had gone out as a journeyman for some time, till he had been more perfect in his business, and waited the event of the old people's death, which was not likely to be far distant. My boy and Mrs. Birkhead were persuaded into this transaction, and both completely imposed upon in it, by the artful manœuvres of the younger Nicholson, who, wanting money, took this method to supply his pockets, at the expense of this unwary couple, by exchanging his old shop-goods, which were comparatively of little value, for Mrs. Birkhead's ready cash. I believe my boy afterwards never sold them for one half of the money which was paid for them; but this was not the worst. His connexion with this person led him into his fatal connection with Miss Rother, which, plunging his mind in confusion, and adding greatly to his expense, both

goods and money were soon dissipated. This laid the foundation for all his future misfortunes, and supplied his enemies with a plausible reason for persuading the old woman that he would be like his father, and would never be good for anything in trade (though his future sobriety and diligence has since fully confuted this uncandid surmise); that if they left him anything, it would certainly be spent, and that they had better cut him off with a trifling annuity for life. This unrighteous advice Mrs. Birkhead thought fit to follow, and engaged her dishonourable will-writer to frame a codicil which cut him off from the estate which the old man had left him in the will itself, in lieu of the Lower Brook-houses, which she had quirked him out of *before*, in favour of William Birkby's family; and by this codicil she tricked him out of this estate also, and quit him with a trifling annuity for life (without regard to any family he might have), which was worth little or nothing in comparison of what she had left the other branches of the family. This roguish codicil, she and her associates persuaded the poor old doting man to sign, when I believe at the same time they might as easily have persuaded him to have signed his own death-warrant. He afterwards called Tommy into the garden several times, told him repeatedly that he *had* left him the Upper Brook-houses, said it would be a pretty thing for him, and wished him to take care that nobody cheated him out of it, and never

manifested the most distant idea of the codicil ; and I firmly believe, that as far as his recollection would serve him, the old man died in the full persuasion that he *had* left Tommy John Mortimer's farm. However, the die is now cast, they have put their wicked and spiteful designs in execution, and he is now labouring, and is still likely to labour, under the difficulties and inconveniences brought upon him by the malicious or interested efforts of his and my enemies, in the deprivation of his justly expected property.

It does not appear that my son ever questioned Mrs. Birkhead after the writing of the aforesaid letters, as to *who* had informed her that he and his father were Atheists, otherwise he might possibly have been able to have ascertained with greater precision *who* was the *real* author of this execrable slander. However, the persons who appeared to concern themselves most in this nefarious business were, Joseph Greenwood, of Leeds, who appears to have been actuated (perhaps altogether) by motives of *self-interest* ; Thomas Exley, of Spen, and Obadiah Brook, of Cleckheaton, who appear to have been actuated chiefly by what I beg leave to call *religious malice* ; for to the best of my knowledge, I never gave either of them any *just* occasion for ill-will towards me, nor ever any *other* occasion than that of happening to differ from them in my religious principles, and taking the liberty of defending those principles from scripture and reason, to the best of

my abilities, whenever I was attacked by any of their party. But this is enough to make a man pass with many, perhaps with most Calvinists, for a fool, a knave, a Deist, an Atheist, and everything that is weak, wicked, and contemptible; and I believe these two persons were the more willing to do my son a serious injury, because they could thereby gratify their spleen and malice against his father. I do not know that either my son or me ever gave the least shadow of occasion to any person under the sun, to believe or suppose that we were Atheists, or ever manifested the least tendency towards the atheistical system. I can say the same for myself with respect to Deism, which I never believed as a system, or inclined to believe, though I have seen and read some of their capital authors and arguments; but ever since I was able to form a rational judgment, have uniformly believed and received the Christian doctrines, according to the best of my apprehensions; and I have taken no small pains to obtain a just knowledge of the Christian system, and ascertain what was truth, and what was error, among the different systems of professing Christians. This, I conceive, it was my duty to do, and this, I conceive, it is the duty of every other person to do, according to their talents and opportunities. And though I believe that I have a right to say, if I think so, that I believe another person's sentiments to be *erroneous*—giving my *reasons* for such my judgment—yet I do not

believe that either I or anybody else have a right to misrepresent, contemn, slander, vilify, and persecute any other person because his religious sentiments happen to be different from, or contrary to ours, any more than because our countenances happen to be different. I therefore think that such a conduct is highly blameable, and a certain mark, so far, of a bad spirit.

I recite the following circumstances, containing the *reasons* for the *motives* I have ascribed to the *conduct* of the persons above referred to.

William Birkhead frequently altered his wills, or rather, made new ones, in consequence chiefly of the changes made in his family by death. Towards the close of his life, and for some considerable time *before* what was called, during the late law contest, his *first will* was made, it was well known he was become exceeding defective in his memory, and was fallen, in a degree, into what is commonly called dotage. Under this circumstance the whole direction and management of family concerns fell into Mrs. Birkhead's hands, and she could influence the old man to say, or do, or sign anything she pleased, with the same ease she could influence a child. Taking advantage of this state of his mind—contrary to natural justice, and, I believe, his own *uninfluenced* mind—she and her youngest daughter, while she lived, over-persuaded the old man to leave William Birkby's youngest son, the *youngest* male branch of the family, the Lower

Brook-houses, instead of leaving it to my son, the *eldest* male branch of the family, as natural justice required. But to make him some compensation for this unfair partiality, he, at the same time, left him the upper part of the estate, or John Mortimer's Farm. However, after some time, when the old man's mind was still more debilitated by increasing age, urged by her malignity against me, and the advice and influence of her malicious or interested associates, she and they framed that detestable codicil, and persuaded the old man to sign it, when, I believe, he did not know what he was doing; which cut my son off from this estate also, and quit him with the paltry annuity aforesaid.

I was well aware that Joseph Greenwood had taken no little pains to insinuate himself into Mrs. Birkhead's good opinion, and had been equally solicitous to obtain the good graces of her chief counsellor and scribe, Thomas Exley; and by an artful application to their particular foibles, and the *apparent* prosperous circumstances of his trade at that time—which induced Mrs. Birkhead to believe him to be a *great manager*—he succeeded in a great measure in his design, and they entered pretty eagerly into his views. As I myself was out of favour with the old folks, and had never come at them for ten or twelve years, and as my children had no spirit or resolution to speak to the old people for themselves, or make the least attempt to counterwork the *undue*

influence of the other family, I thought this circumstance not amiss at the time, as it might serve to balance accounts with the sinister endeavours of the contrary party, never once imagining that his design was to undermine the interest of my own child—my eldest and only surviving son by this connection, and deprive him of that property he had a right to expect, and procure it to be transferred to his own children. This, however, appeared from following circumstances to be the real fact, for though Joseph Greenwood pretended to be unacquainted with the particulars of the first will, yet his uncommon eagerness to establish the validity of this will, was an undeniable proof that he *knew* it was made very much in his, or his family's favour; and that he *knew* this was done out of what ought to have been given to my son, appears, I think, first, from his advising my son—so contrary to good policy and his apparent interest—not to visit the old people after his misfortune, to apologize for his fault, endeavour to regain their favour, and prevent his enemies from taking the advantage of his misfortune and his absence. It is true his *sister* joined in this advice, but whether she judged so *ill* as to believe the advice to be proper for his interest, or had any sinister view in the case, is a matter that admits of some doubt to me, and causes many a painful reflection in my mind, whenever I think upon it. In the next place, although Joseph Greenwood and his

party made *Doct̄or Greenwood's* designs to cheat the rest of the family, the great bugbear of their proceedings, yet the futility of this pretence was evinced beyond a doubt in the sequel ; for when the contents of the *last will* came to be known, it appeared that Joseph Greenwood had a *better* fortune left by this will than by the first will, excepting that the rascally codicil alienated Tommy's portion, which the old man had left him in the will itself, in favour of William Birkby's girl and Joseph Greenwood's children. Therefore, if Joseph Greenwood had been a fair, and equitable, and a generous man, when he knew this, he would have dropped the contest immediately, and scorned to have advanced another step, or spent another farthing in such a shameful cause ; but as he did not, but persevered in the prosecution of it till he had attained his unrighteous design, it is an incontestible proof that to obtain Tommy's portion for his own children and Birkby's girl (by which he left Tommy in a state next to beggary), was the sole motive of his conduct throughout this whole affair. A further proof of this is, that Thomas Exley was overheard to tell him, that he must support the first will, at all events, as it was made very much in his favour. I have also a violent suspicion that the wicked and execrable slander of *Atheism*, and other injurious reports, *originated* at Leeds ; though they might be *improved* and further propagated by his assistants at

Spennethorpe, Cleckheaton, and probably others of the party we know not of. I suspect this, first because Tommy was wont to express his sentiments the most freely and incautiously at Joseph Greenwood's house—not about *Atheism*, to which I never knew him in the least inclined—but about the validity of the Bible, of which he seemed to have some doubt, and to manifest a disposition to *Deism*; and some *wise* people are hardly able to make a distinction between the systems, though they are as different as light and darkness, and a *disposition* to *Deism* is easily improved by such reporters into a *firm belief* of it, and a firm belief of it into *Atheism*. Again, I have heard Joseph Greenwood make remarks on this subject, and speak on several occasions with the greatest contempt of Tommy's schemes, talents for trade, &c. Again, I have heard both Joseph Greenwood and Betty say, that if the old people left Tommy anything, they had best leave him an *annuity*. To this I should have had no *great* objection, had they left him a genteel annuity, adequate to what they left the other branches of the family, and the reversion of the estate to his family, if he should leave one, at his death; but to leave him such a paltry annuity as they did, and that for life only, deserved dashing back again in their teeth. In the last place and above all, I suspect this, because such a slanderous aspersion on Tommy and his father, was so capitally calculated to promote their base purposes, and

accomplish their interested or malicious designs. I was yet more vexed, if possible, that Joseph Greenwood should induce my son to view the affair in so false a light, and in consequence of this to persuade him to act with such excessive absurdity as disgraced his intellects, by assisting a set of persons with all his might in a cause whose chief, if not sole, object, was to accomplish his own ruin, by depriving him of that property which the old man would fain have left him, and which was his *only* and *last* expectation of pecuniary assistance in this world. Great is the injury which Joseph Greenwood has done to my son as well as to himself and my younger daughter, by his ill-timed, ill-omened, and ill-judged conduct on this occasion. In the first place, I am persuaded it has injured himself by breaking his time, neglecting his business, and expending his money; and by breaking into his stock, has most probably hastened his bankruptcy, which has given occasion for what was fairly and honourable left him at Brook-houses to be immediately alienated from him, and he and his family thrown upon the mercy of his friends and the world. In the next place, it has deprived Tommy of the Lower Brook-houses, which the old man would certainly have left him but for his interference. In the next place, it has deprived him of the Upper Brook-houses, which the old man *had* left him in lieu of it—the vile codicil cutting him off from this also, and leaving him, in com-

parison of the others, next to nothing. In the next place, it has occasioned my younger daughter's husband perhaps as much trouble, inconvenience; and expense as all he has got is worth; and it has thrown perhaps more than two-thirds of the property into the hands of the *other family* at the *expense of mine*, without *their* being obliged to be at any trouble or expense on the occasion; and all this appears to have been done merely to secure the *reversion* of the Upper Brook-houses at Tommy's death (loaded with a legacy of 150*l.* and interest out of it to the other family) to Joseph Greenwood's children. It has occasioned another very great evil. It has sown the seeds of dissension and malice between persons and families who ought to have been the most kindly-affectioned to one another, and which is not likely to be soon or easily extinguished, and which exists at the imminent hazard of the *future* happiness of every person who indulges it.

Such is the injurious and displeasing consequences attending this ill-judged contest. It will be said, perhaps, that Tommy was under great obligations to Joseph Greenwood; that he had been at the trouble and expense of following him to Sheffield to disengage him from Miss Rother; that he afterwards afforded him the shelter and convenience of his house in his distress, and assisted him with small sums of money to begin his business with again, &c. This is true, and both Tommy and his father wished to be grate-

ful, and to make him every reasonable return, if ever it might be in the power of either of them to show him as great, or a greater favour. But this did not entitle him to what ought to have been Tommy's property, or justify or excuse him in unfair and ungenerous attempts to obtain it. Could Tommy have had what he had a right to expect, he both *could* and *would* have made him every return that could reasonably have been expected from an honest, grateful, and generous heart; but being deprived of this, it renders him unable to manifest his gratitude to the extent he could have wished, and he must remain *apparently* under an unreturned obligation still; though Joseph Greenwood has got Tommy's expected property for his own children, and thereby deprived him in a great measure of the means of making a comfortable provision for his own subsistence.

I remark next on the conduct of Thomas Exley. This man had made a long and high profession of religion; and was considered as one of the chief pillars of the religious society with which he was connected: one would therefore have expected from a person of such a profession and character, that he would have spoke and acted with respect to *every man* he might have any concern about, with the equity, candour, love, and kindness of a *christian*; but this did not appear to have been the case to me. There are divers persons who suppose that Thomas

Exley stood so high in the good opinion and estimation of the old people, and that his influence over them was so great, that if he had thought fit, he could easily have persuaded them to have made a more equitable will. However, be this as it may, I blame him for writing so scandalously unfair a paper, as the codicil especially, at all, so I told him. He said, if he had not wrote it, somebody else would. Be it so; then somebody else should; I would have scorned to have had a hand in so dirty a business; and I think I know even some attorneys who, from a principle of honour, would have refused to have wrote, even for pay, such an unjust paper as the codicil. I blame him, in the next place, for *prevarication*, if not for uttering a *wilful falsehood*. I met with him at the public-house where the jury met to decide upon the old man's intellects. I there told him what I had heard reported of the disposals in the old man's will, and complained with some warmth of their great *injustice* to my boy, if the report was true. He advised me to be patient till the will was made public, and *assured* me that things *were not*, or *were not so bad*, as I seemed to fear, or as had been reported; hence I was induced to hope that matters might turn out more favourable for my son, than I had been led to imagine. However, when the will came to be known, it turned out to be *much worse* than had either ever been reported, or than I had ever imagined it to be. Now, it was evident that Thomas Exley

designed, by what he said, to quiet my apprehensions, and make me believe that matters were left better for my son than they really were; and as he was the will-writer, he must be perfectly acquainted with its contents: I ask, therefore, was such double dealing as this consistent with the Christian character? I blame him, in the next place, for indulging a very unchristian spirit towards me. He was conversing one day with a friendly acquaintance of mine on the subject of the old man's will, some time previous to its being made public; he told him that my son was disinherited, and quit with a trifling annuity, and said, with a sarcastic smile, "How Tommy Wright of Birkenshaw would storm if he knew this!" and seemed to enjoy, by anticipation, a malignant pleasure in the chagrin which he supposed the knowledge of this circumstance would excite in my breast. He afterwards, indeed, when I charged him with it, denied that he had made the observation; but as I have no reason to doubt the veracity of my friend, who could not possibly have known the circumstances he related to me, if Thomas Exley had not informed him of them; and as Thomas Exley attempted to deny what I heard him say with my own ears at Birstall, by skulking behind a flimsy salvo, I have reason to believe his motives and conduct much the same on this occasion. But such a *spirit* and such a *conduct* but ill comports with Christianity.

I next remark on the conduct of Obadiah Brook, of Cleckheaton. This person is another religious brother of the same community, and had repeatedly manifested a malevolent disposition towards me; and there is reason to believe that the old man would have rectified his will, and done justice to my son, as well as to the rest of the family, if it had not been for his impertinent and malicious interposition, as I have observed before. These circumstances, together with that of his false and injurious slander to his sister, that my son was an atheist, and that I had taught him atheism, discover such a degree of the most rancorous and infernal malignity towards me and my family, as I think, the most candid person would find no small difficulty to reconcile with the genuine spirit of Christianity. I proceed to compare the conduct of these people with their religious profession.

When I determined to marry William Birkhead's daughter, notwithstanding the unfavourable disposition of her parents towards me at the time, I entertained a pretty confident hope that, when the first paroxysm of their fury was over, and they had given every circumstance a fair consideration, their resentment would subside, and we should soon become reconciled to one another. I founded this expectation, in the first place, upon the circumstance of there being *little* or *no real* occasion between us for their violent disapprobation of the match; and, in the next

place, upon their religious character ; concluding, that if *indeed* they possessed in any tolerable degree the genuine *spirit* of the religion they had made so long and so high a profession of, they both *must* and *would* act accordingly, and that mutual goodwill, peace, and quietness between the families would be the happy and necessary result. In order to obtain this desirable end, I had resolved to behave towards the old people with all the *reasonable* respect and submission that I could. I accordingly condescended to acknowledge the impropriety of my conduct in marrying their daughter *without* their consent, and to ask their pardon in the humblest manner, as I have noticed before. I told them I should be glad to live on friendly terms with them, and to do all that lay in my power to oblige them, and make their daughter happy ; but all would not do, for, except some very short intervals of *apparent* sociableness, during which they were ill able to conceal and suppress their prejudices, their general behaviour towards me to the day of their death, was marked with the keenest aversion and contempt, and the most inveterate malice. When I could no longer see them with any satisfaction, I refrained the house as much as possible. However, I indulged my wife in this respect, as she *would* visit them frequently ; and I often sent the maid (when we had one), or went with her myself, to carry the child, till we were near the house, and then returned, and met her again

when she came back. This was a disagreeable circumstance, and a woman of any spirit, or who had had any regard for the honour of her husband, if *he* could not have seen them in peace, and with good acceptance, would have scorned to have come near them herself. But I soon found the bad effects of this intercourse. It has appeared since, that her parents—especially her mother—during these visits were perpetually vilifying and abusing me to my wife in the most malignant manner, and endeavouring with all their might to instil into her mind a mean and contemptible opinion of her husband, and to deprive me of her regard and affection. This vile purpose they finally effected, and rendered her not only *indifferent*, but even *inimical* to both me and my interests, and, of course, entirely overturned the peace and comfort of our family; and in this displeasing state of mind, with respect to her husband, through the evil influence of her parents, she appeared to remain to her last moment. Death itself did not seem to soften their enmity, or appear in the least to meliorate their minds; even on this awful occasion they continued to manifest their utter contempt and disregard of me in the most striking manner, by refusing to send either me or the children the least notice of my wife's death, though it so nearly concerned us, and I had earnestly desired it of them the night before; nor did we hear anything of the event, till the neighbours, who

came occasionally to our house, brought us word in the morning. They behaved precisely in the same disrespectful and ill-natured manner towards me some years afterwards on occasion of the death of my youngest son. During my widowhood they took Sally, and brought her up from that time, for the most part; but would never send her to any place of genteel education (except a few weeks at Leeds when she was up-grown), and the petty learning she had I paid the school wage chiefly myself; but she never learned one liberal sentiment from them during their lives, and it had been much better for her if she had been brought up elsewhere. They took my youngest son (Willy), with my consent, from the nurse, and took great care of him while he lived. They seemed to have a great affection for this child, especially the old man, who appeared to sorrow more severely for this child's death, than even for that of his own son. This was a proof of a feeling heart, and mended my opinion a good deal of the old man's disposition, though he appeared to retain his antipathy against me to the last. But the poor old man, I believe, was very much imposed upon, and his dislike and ill-opinion of me artfully fomented and kept up by his wife and her associates for malicious or interested purposes, and is therefore entitled to greater allowance in this respect. I believe, had my son Willy survived, he would have stood a fair chance for a good share of the old people's

property. However, they continued to exert all their influence to deprive me of my children's affection, and inspire them with a supreme contempt for their father; and as my son Tommy had always manifested a warm attachment to, and affection for, his father, I have much reason to believe that their unjust and scandalous behaviour towards him at last, arose in a large measure from their hatred to me, for fear (should I afterwards stand in need of his help) he should have it in his power to afford me any assistance. Now, even admitting that I had been a person of a bad moral character and conduct, would it not have been their duty as Christians, and should not common prudence and natural affection to their own child, have induced them to do their best to promote peace, harmony, and happiness between us? It certainly ought to have been the case, but as they could raise no just objection to my moral character, and I did my best to be on good terms with them, were they not, therefore, doubly blameable, and uncommonly perverse, constantly to abuse me to my wife, to alienate her affection from me, and to give some colour to such an ungenerous proceeding, to endeavour to blacken my moral character; to withhold her fortune from her, to the embarrassment and final ruin of my temporal circumstances; to endeavour to deprive me of my childrens' esteem and affection from their infancy to maturer age, by speaking of me to them in the most contemptuous

and degrading manner, and thus, as far as they could, to ruin the peace of my family; and finally, to deal unjustly with my children in the disposal of their property, by nearly disinheriting my eldest son, and turning him and his family out to beggary; and disposing of far the best and greater part of their property to the youngest daughter's offspring, contrary to the solemn promise the old woman had made to me while she lived, contrary to the solemn promise they had both made to their own expiring son, and contrary to every rule of natural justice and equity? Could such a conduct as this be consistent with a single grain of *real* Christianity, I leave it with the reader to determine; but surely, as the poet justly and strikingly says,—

“ Accursed is the wretch,
To social life the most inhuman foe,
Who, in the nice, the tender scenes of life,
Dares rashly meddle and sow,”

or promote, division and disagreement betwixt a man and the wife of his bosom, betwixt a father—a tender and affectionate father—and the offspring of his own bowels. Yet this have they done to me at Brook-houses; this did they continue to do as long as they lived; and in the old man's will (so called) matters were so unfairly ordered in the disposal of their property, as to foment and continue the same infernal spirit of strife and contention, animosity and malice, amongst the different branches of the family

(amongst whom I have the misfortune to number three of my own surviving children by this connection), which has caused some hundreds of it to be squandered amongst the lawyers, has ruined my eldest son, and done very considerable injury to my other two children, and is not unlikely to transmit the same bad spirit of enmity and ill-will to future generations.





APPENDIX.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT

(MARY WRIGHT, MY SECOND DAUGHTER AND
SECOND CHILD).

Wherein some observations are occasionally introduced on that opinion entertained by some religious professors, that all the children of those who are not Christian believers, who die in their infancy, are damned.

“Happy the babe, who privileged by fate,
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Received but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered to-morrow to return to death.”—PRIOR'S *Sol.*

“And they brought young children to him that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was *much displeased*, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”—*Mark x. 13—16.*



As some sweet floweret of the youthful year,
Its tender beauties ventures to display,
And fresh and gay its radiant hues appear,
In life exulting through the vernal day :

At night shrunk up by some unkindly blast,
Its unabiding, shadowy beauties fly,
Its blooming honours to oblivion haste,
And droop, and sicken, fade away, and die.

So thou, sweet babe, just op'd thy infant eyes,
 This sin-disorder'd scene of things to view,
 But blasted by the noxious damps that rise,
 Thy tender soul to happier climes withdrew.

Farewell, my lovely innocent, farewell !
 By thy cherubic guards attended, rise
 High in thy heavenly Father's house to dwell,
 In blissful mansions of the eternal skies.*

Well hast thou scaped the thousand ills that swarm
 In baneful troops o'er earth's infected shore ;
 Safe art thou lodged beyond the reach of harm,
 Where pain and grief can never touch thee more.

Whate'er of sin from thy first fire † derived
 Subjected thee to pain and death below,
 Thy Saviour's blood has of its sting deprived, —
 The little children He receives, we know. ‡

Shall any hard, unfeeling bosom dare
 Suppose that innocence like thine may go
 To suffer dire, infernal torments there
 Where raging fiends inhabit endless woe ?

Accursed thought ! abhorrent must it be,
 Greatly abhorrent to the tender heart ;
 Dire, horrid, shocking to humanity ;
 Enough to make the vilest tyrant start !

Vile thought, most gracious God ! vile thought of thee ;
 Disgraceful to thy goodness must it prove ;
 Dishonourable to the last degree
 To thee, whose nature and whose name is Love.

Ye infant-damners, lend a candid ear,
 While I attempt the tender babes' defence ;
 The little children's advocate appear,
 And plead the cause of infant innocence.

* See Matt. xviii. 10. "For I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

† Adam.

‡ See the motto, and the correspondent places in the other Evangelists, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

“ Of infant-innocence,” methinks I hear
 Some gloomy, stern, austere professor cry,
 “ They all deserve the wrath of Heaven to bear,
 They all deserve for Adam’s sin to die.

“ To die eternally, their lot to have,
 In soul-tormenting, everlasting fire ;
 To howl, and scream, and shriek, and writhe, and rave,
 In vengeful flames that never shall expire.”

Oh, horrid, horrid tale ! enough to make
 The most un pitying bosom thrill with pain ;
 To cause a heart of adamant to ache,
 And freeze the life-blood up in every vein.

Can this be any *parent’s* voice, that deals
 Damnation round in such a lavish strain
 Amongst the helpless infant tribes, nor feels
 One pang of sorrow, grief, remorse, or pain ?

Can any *father* act so dire a part ?
 Or tender *mother* such opinions bear ?
 Where are the yearnings of a *father’s* heart ?
 The founding of a *mother’s* bowels, where ?

Oh, what fond parent’s heart could unopprest
 Behold their offspring sicken and expire,
 Torn from the nursing mother’s tender breast,
 And plunged in oceans of devouring fire ?

But oh, my soul, the dreadful thought forbear,—
 A thought too dreadful far for me, I own :
 In this respect, whatever others are,
 My heart is made of flesh, and not of stone.

But you some salvo have in this respect,
 Whereby more favour will to yours be shown ;
 You a believer are, you are elect,
 And think by this that you secure your own.

Your narrow soul, it seems, without regret,
 Can half a world of other infants see
 (Be yours but safe) thrown headlong to the pit,
 To feed the flames to all eternity.

For loving Christians a sad spirit this,
 And as strange Christian doctrine this indeed ;
 This genuine supererogation is,
 If *your* believing save your infant feed.

But when did God the solemn oath annul,
 Which in His sacred Word we find him make ? *
 Does he at length invert his ancient rule,
 And save or damn them for the parent's sake ?

See that poor heathen ; in her close embrace
 While kindly she her tender babe secures,
 It sweetly smiles in its fond parent's face,
 As free from blame, as innocent, as yours.

Will God, their common maker, think you, deal
 So differently with these, as yours to save,
 And send the heathen infant's soul to hell,
 Whene'er he sends its body to the grave ?

'Cause you have heard the sound, and have receiv'd,
 Believed, and trusted in a Saviour's name,
 In which the unhappy heathen ne'er believ'd,
 Because, alas ! she never heard the same.

Unequal, cruel conduct this indeed,
 With which you charge a gracious God, my friend ;
 Strange gospel ! which I'm sure I never read,
 And which, I think, you never can defend.

'Tis true, God does permit the little ones
 (Though they in *person* ne'er could sin, we know,)
 To cry, complain, and weep ; to utter groans,
 And suffer a variety of woe.

For their existence, by their father's † fault,
 So circumstanced was, that they, 'tis plain,
 Could into personal being not be brought
 Without being subjected to suffer pain.

* See Ezek. xviii. 3 and 20. "As I live, saith the Lord God, the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son."

† Adam's.

Howe'er, the light afflictions they endure,
Which are but for a moment ere they cease,
Are greatly countervail'd, as they ensure
A weight of glory, and eternal blefs.*

So God ordains. When our first father fell,
And in his loins his whole included seed,
God justly might have sent us all to hell,
As making *one* with our corrupted head.

This *must* have been the case, if justice had
Eternally to punish us devised,
So far true equity had been display'd,
The sin and punishment had harmoniz'd.

For as *unconscious* of our father's crime,
We sinn'd *in him* without our own consent,
We then should have been punished *in him*,
Without a *consciousness* of punishment.

But Mercy interposed, and Goodness cried,
(Infinite Goodness!) let the sinner live;
I have a ransom found, my Son has died, †
(Died in effect) I can his sin forgive.

Through this Redeemer, all his future race,
Together with their sire, may be forgiven,
May all obtain, through His redeeming grace,
Repentance, pardon, holiness, and heaven.

And as for those the monster Death shall seize,
And in their infancy of life divest,
'Twill infinitely better be for these
Than if their personal being were suppress'd.

For as through the *offence* of Adam, *all*
(He and his unborn seed) were doomed to die,
Even *so* the *righteousness* of Jesus shall
Retrieve them *all*, and freely justify. ‡

* See 2 Cor. iv. 17. "For our light afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

† Job xxxiii. 24. "Deliver him from going down into the pit, I have found a ransom."

‡ See Rom. v. 18. "Therefore, as by the offence of one (Adam) judgment came upon *all men* to condemnation, even *so* (in the same manner and extent) by

And by my great and glorious name, I swear,*
 No son shall suffer for his father's crime ;
Eternal misery, I mean, howe'er
 They undergo grief, pain, and death in time.

Hence, gentle innocents, ye all are safe,
 Ye ne'er shall occupy the infernal den ;
 God is your friend, you may securely laugh
 At the vain notions of erroneous men.

What strange, unworthy notions must they have,
 Of that † all-loving, good, and gracious mind,
 Who think they honoured him whene'er they gave
 Him sovereign right to damn the infant kind.

What a strange Christian must that mortal be,
 Who can the cruel sentiment maintain,
 Or could with any satisfaction see
 Poor, harmless infants doomed to endless pain !

The Saviour seems of quite a different mind,
 " Forbid ye not the little ones," † says he,
 Welcome to Jesus are the infant kind,
 " Suffer the little babes to come to me."

" Yes, truly, this shall be your certain doom,
 Ye in no wise shall ever be forgiven,
 Except like little children you become ;
 Of such is the society of heaven."

the righteousness of one (Christ) the free gift came upon (the same) *all men*, to justification of life." This passage (I think) fully proves the point, as to the justification of all infants (at least), exhibits Jesus Christ as great a Saviour as Adam was a destroyer, and makes the plaister as wide as the sore; and I am apt to think, that no person of good sense and penetration, who candidly considers the passage, without party-prejudice or views to pre-conceived systems, can possibly think otherwise.

* See Ezek. xviii. 3 and 20. "As I live, saith the Lord God, the son shall not die for the iniquity of his father." This must, I conceive, refer to *uncommon* judgments and *future* sufferings, for by the law of our present degraded state, we suffer many distresses and inconveniences of a *temporal* nature, from the wickedness, folly, or imprudence of our parents; nay, the body is subject to pain, dissolution, and death, because of sin of young and old, good and bad together.

† See Psalm cxlv. 9. "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." See also 1 Tim. ii. 3 and 4. "God our Saviour will have *all men* to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."

‡ Mark x. 4. "Suffer ye little children to come unto me."

Jefus was *much displeafed* with thofe (I read)*
 Who thought fo meanly of his love and grace—
 Whofe yet contracted breaft would have forbid
 The little children from his fond embrace.

Who can but be displeafed, as Jefus was,
 Yea, *much*, yea, very much displeafed with thofe
 Who would exclude poor infants from his grace,
 And doom the little ones to endless woes.

But, hail, ye little lovely creatures, hail !
 Tho' fome ftrange mortals would no pity fhew
 Towards your helpiefs innocence, 'tis well
 Your Saviour has a kinder heart for you.

Whate'er *morofe* would you of heaven deny,
 I am well pleafed to hear the Saviour blefs; †
 Whoever are displeafed to hear it, I
 Rejoice fincerely in your happinefs.

Not in the happinefs of *mine* alone ;
 That were unworthy of a generous breaft
 (Tho' two of my dear babes are thither gone); ‡
 No, I rejoice to think you *all* are bleft.

If e'er thro' boundlefs mercy I obtain
 An humble place upon that happy fhore,
 Where error and miftake, where grief and pain,
 Difafe and death, and parting are no more ;

Methinks, conducted by fome heav'nly guide,
 I then fhall gladly hafte to feaft my fight
 With the fweet heav'n where infant-faints refide,
 And view their happy train with vaft delight.

Methinks, on ftrong imagination's wing
 Transported, I already view the place ;
 Already hear their happy manfions ring
 With thankful fongs for their Redeemer's grace.

* Mark x. 4. "Jefus was much displeafed."

† Mark x. 16. "Jefus took them up in His arms and blefied them."

‡ Before the finishing of thefe ftanzas, a fecond child of the author's died.

See! what a blaze of lucid brightness decks
 And beams delightful o'er the blissful plain;
 What *equal** ray of streaming glory breaks
 From ev'ry faint thro' all the countless train!

Hail, virgin souls! ye little cherubs, hail!
 First objects of your Lord's redeeming care;
 Thro' Him possess'd of joys that ne'er shall fail,
 And all the bliss you possibly can share.

'Tis true your infant-souls cannot contain
 So large a share of happiness as they
 Who fought and conquer'd on the hostile plain,
 And bore the heat and burden of the day.

Howe'er, you share pre-eminence in this;
 For surely you had least to be forgiven,
 Tho' not possess'd of such a height of bliss,
 Tho' not exalted to so high an heaven.

But where (methinks I ask the angel fair,
 And eager question thus my glorious guide)—
 Where is the place, the heav'nly mansion where,
 The happy spot where my sweet babes reside?

Where yonder grove of heavenly palm † aspires,
 And forms beneath its shade sweet shining bowers,
 There tuning their celestial harps ‡ and lyres,
 Abide the happy souls you claim as yours:

Or frequent follow with their fellow train
 The Lamb of God, § combined in grateful strife,

* For as none of them were capable of abusing or improving their inferior talent, they are admitted with it to an *equal* as to *themselves*, though to that of adult faints an *inferior* degree of glory.

† Rev. vii. 9. "And they had palms in their hands."

‡ Rev. v. 8, and xiv. 2. "And having every one harps. And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

§ Rev. xiv. 4. "Which follow the Lamb wheresoever he goeth." *Query.* Whether the 144,000 (a certain number, it seems, put for an uncertain) spoken of in this passage, as not defiled with women, as virgins, as following the Lamb, as redeemed from among men, as first fruits unto God and the Lamb, as without guile, and without *fault* before God,—be not spoken of those who die in their infancy, and therefore could never commit a *personal* fault? I know commentators explain it otherwise, but their interpretation admits, I think, at least of a doubt.

Whene'er He leads them o'er the happy plain,
By living streams among the trees of life.*

Lo, there they stand, surrounded by a throng
Of fellow-saints, who equal raptures prove,
About, it seems, to sing some heav'nly song,
And celebrate their Saviour's matchless love.

Know ye your earthly parent, gentle lambs?
(Suspend awhile your sacred song and shew)
Know ye, my lovely babes, the man who claims
A loving, tender father's part in you?

Yes! they reply, while heav'nly sweetness flows
In blissful smiles from either charming face,
And each its arms around me kindly throws,
And clasps its father in a fond embrace.

Yes, we discern and love our father dear;
Yes, we our kind, our tender parent know;
For *love* and *knowledge* are extended here †
Beyond the reach of thought in worlds below.

But higher motives here our passions move,
More god-like views our pure affections join,
And every earthly motive here above
Is lost in love, superior and divine.

Our fire is welcome to these seats of bliss,
Welcome with us celestial joys to prove,
Thrice welcome to our heav'nly paradise;
Come, join with us to praise the Saviour's love,

They said, and striking their celestial lyres
To correspondent notes from ev'ry tongue;
In lofty praise the pleasing strain aspires,
And heav'n resounded with their sacred song.

* Rev. vii. 17, and xxii. 1, 2. "And he shall lead them to living fountains of waters. And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal. And in the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life."

† See I Cor. xiii. 12. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know, even as also I am known."

Such melting strains, so ravishing an air,
 So sweet, so heav'nly, so divine the lay,
 'T might cheer a soul even in the last despair,
 And charm the agonies of death away.

Their Maker's and their Saviour's praise they sung;
 This the blest subject of their happy theme—
 The Saviour's praises flowed from ev'ry tongue,
 And sacred many a grateful strain to him.

Say, Muse, their song, for thou rememberest well
 The sacred subject of their grateful lay:
 Repeat the heav'nly strain; for thou canst tell,
 Thou heard'st, and canst each circumstance display.

Glory to God (they sung), and endless praise;
 Glory to God who reigns enthron'd above,
 The God of saving universal grace,
 The God of boundless everlasting love!

Glory to Thee, Almighty Father, Thee!
 Great Fountain of Existence, source of bliss;
 Thou awful Father of Eternity!
 God of all grace, and peace, and happiness.

'Twas love amazing! love beyond degree!
 Goodness Divine! which prompted Thee to form
 Each creature, from the highest dignity
 In heaven, down to the meanest mortal worm.

Thy god-like principle of action this,
 To ev'ry creature to communicate
 As large a share of happiness and bliss
 As each was able to participate.

Thanks to Thy Name for Thy creating love;
 All glory, blessing, honour, power, and praise,
 Be rendered Thee by all the hosts above,
 And all below, in earth, or air, or seas.

Glory to Thee, incarnate Son of God,
 Gracious Redeemer of our fallen race!

Glory to Thee, thro' Whose atoning blood
We now exist,* are blest, and sing Thy praise.

Great was the grace, stupendous was the love
Which made Thee not disdain the Virgin's womb,
But gladly leave Thy Father's throne above,
And there like us a little child become.

Great is the mystery of Thy love divine,
Astonishing the first-born sons of light,
Which even archangels never can define,
But earnestly desire to view the sight. †

To Jesus thanks for His redeeming love ;
Blessing and honour to His saving Name ;
Glory to Him who fills the throne above
Be ever given, salvation to the Lamb !

Glory to Thee, eternal Spirit Divine ;
Glory to Thee, benign celestial Dove ;
Eternal glory, power, and thanks be Thine,
And praise unwearied as Thy patient love !

Thanks to Thy Name for Thy *renewing* grace,
Thy sanctifying influence on the soul,
Whereby Thou dost the works of sin efface,
And all the raging powers of hell control.

Glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The mystic Three that bear record in heaven †
(Which yet are One), by all the heav'nly host,
And sons of earth, eternal praise be given !

* That is exist *personally*, for had it not been for the Redeemer, justice and mercy in conjunction *must* have required the *personal* punishment of Adam and his consort *alone*, as they *alone* sinned *personally*, when they had power afforded them by their gracious Maker to do otherwise, in which case not one of Adam's seed had ever enjoyed a *personal* existence, but had suffered *as* they had sinned, without the least *consciousness* of the matter, in a state of *feminal* existence in the loins of Adam.

† 1 Peter i. 12. "Which things the angels desire to look into."

‡ 1 John v. 7. "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

What thanks from us to Love Divine is due
 For our Almighty Father's tender care,
 Who from yon dangerous scene our souls withdrew,
 And placed them in a state of safety here!

What praises to a gracious God we owe,
 Whose kind affection snatch'd us from the womb;
 Who seasonably call'd us from below,
 And timely took us from the ills to come!

Perhaps our gracious heav'nly Father saw
 Some dire temptation forming to betray
 Our minds to vice; some dangerous snare to draw
 Our simple, unexperienc'd souls astray.

He therefore hous'd His pleasant plants in time
 T' avoid the withering blast and scorching flame;
 Remov'd our spirits to a happier clime,
 Before the dread, the fierce temptation came.

What grief and pain, what misery and woe,
 What direful scenes in yonder world abound;
 What soul-distressing cares are known below,
 What bitter groans from all its coasts resound!

There many wallow in the last excess,
 As if in haste with raging fiends to dwell;
 And most, regardless of their future peace,
 By folly antedate the pains of hell.

There ev'n the good man struggling thro' the throng,
 And agonizing in the arduous fray,
 Conflicting with temptations, many and strong,
 Is almost ready to resign the day.

What bitter floods of fierce contempt arise—
 What raging billows of temptation roar,
 To intercept his passage to the skies,
 To bar his progress to the heav'nly shore!

But by wise order of our heav'nly Sire,
 Beneath the load of *actual* sin to groan,
 And be expos'd to fierce temptation's fire,
 Is what our favour'd souls have never known.

Be everlasting glory to our King;
 Unceasing thanks be to our Jesus given;
 Honour and blessing to His Name we'll sing,
 And praise eternal as the days of heaven.

O, could our praises equal our desires,
 Or bear the least proportion to our theme,
 To honour Jesus as His love requires,
 In blessing, praising, and adoring Him.

But vain th' attempt; our efforts here must cease;
 Our loftiest strains the arduous task resign:
 Lost! lost! lost! in th' uncircumscrib'd abyss,
 Th' unfathomable depths of Love Divine.

Here ceas'd their grateful song. Enraptur'd I
 Exclaim, O happy, happy, happy train!
 Worthy is Jesus, fervently reply,
 And to their praises add my loud Amen.

Amen; thanksgiving, honour, glory, praise,
 Wisdom and strength, be to our Jesus given;
 His praise be sung in everlasting lays,
 By all the sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

But from this pleasing visionary scene
 To yonder clod I must descend again.
 Alas! what sin and sorrow lies between,
 E'er I your happy peaceful state attain.

Enjoy, ye favour'd souls, your heav'n enjoy;
 Be ever blest, and still your blifs improve;
 Happy, thrice happy in your sweet employ,
 To praise in thankful strains the God you love.

Farewell, my babes, my happy babes farewell,
 Till at the final summons Death dismiss
 My soul by grace renew'd with yours to dwell,
 "High in salvation, and the climes of blifs."*

* A line from MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, B. 11, l. 708.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN WRIGHT,

THE AUTHOR'S THIRD SON AND SIXTH CHILD, WHO DIED
SUDDENLY, IN HIS AFFLICTED FATHER'S ARMS, ON SATUR-
DAY, JULY THE 19TH, 1797, AGED EIGHT YEARS AND
SIX MONTHS.



O my beloved gone?
And is my darling fled?
In one revolving day cut down,
And numbered with the dead!

Yes, Death in *one* short day
Has seiz'd the blooming prize,
And snatch'd my much-lov'd child away
From my desiring eyes.

Commission'd from above,
The frowning tyrant see!
The gloomy king, my dearest love,
Severely frown'd on thee.

His deathful bow he drew,
And wing'd the deadly dart;
The fatal shaft unpitying flew,
And pierc'd thy tender heart.

Now drooping, pale, and wan,
My infant lies distrest,
Convuls'd with agonizing pain,
With mortal anguish prest.

While tossing to and fro
Upon his dying bed,
He struggles with his latest foe,
And hastens to the dead.

Alas! for thee, my lamb,
 My poor afflicted one,
 What anguish tore thy tender frame,
 My loveliest, dearest son!

Oft did I wish for thee
 (But the fond wish was vain),
 To bear thy mortal agony—
 To suffer all thy pain.

O, could thy father bear
 (How oft did I exclaim)
 Those dire convulsive throes, my dear,
 That shake thy inmost frame!

While o'er his face I hung,
 And mark'd his painful smart,
 How ev'ry pang he suffer'd wrung
 His father's aching heart!

He rais'd a languid look,
 His weeping fire to view;
 And tho' delirious with the stroke,
 His weeping fire he knew.

Struck with his father's grief,
 His little arms he spread;
 T' afford my sorrowing mind relief,
 He rais'd his drooping head;

And with the tenderest love
 And pity in his eyes,
 With eager reach my neck he strove
 To clasp, while thus he cries:

“Come, daddy! come my joy!
 Whom best on earth I love;” *
 As if inviting me to go—
 To fly with him above.

* His words were, “Come daddy, come joy, come joy, come joy!” expressed with a look and accent of the tenderest love and pity for his father, when he saw me weeping over him, at the same time stretching out his little arms and embracing, kissing, and blessing me, with the greatest ardour of filial affection, a few moments before he expired.

Then in a last embrace,
 With filial ardour prest
 His much-afflicted father close
 To his beloved breast.

His last sweet words I heard,
 To give me comfort strove,
 And in his last fond looks appear'd
 Unutterable love.

With dying lips on mine,
 A parting kiss he prest,
 And with his last expiring breath,
 His forrowing father blest.

O Death! relentless king!
 In all his blooming charms,
 How could'st thou kill my child, within
 His weeping father's arms?

But soon th' unequal strife—
 The contest soon was o'er;
 My darling child resign'd his life,
 And sunk to rise no more.

No more on earth to rise,
 Till that great awful Day
 Th' Archangel's trumpet from the skies
 Shall wake his sleeping clay.

Then with new life endued,
 His lovely form shall shine
 In beauty, strength, and youth renew'd,
 Immortal and divine!

This glorious hope we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
 O may we share his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

Till that great Day come on
 (A period none can tell),
 My loving, my beloved son,
 My darling child, farewell!

Or rather, John, farewell
 Till I shall be set free,
 And Death dismiss my soul to dwell
 In Paradise with thee.

Then, if Almighty Grace,
 Descending from above,
 Shall fit me for that heav'nly place,
 And perfect me in love.

Then free from grief and pain,
 Of perfect bliss possesst,
 I then shall meet my child again,
 And clasp him to my breast :

There hand in hand again,
 Recount our former loves,
 While ranging o'er the happy plain,
 Or through the blissful groves :

In praise to Jesus join,
 His love and goodness tell,
 And bless the gracious hand Divine
 That order'd all things well.

For sure Thy filial love
 (A spark from Love Divine),
 Can ne'er in heav'n deficient prove,
 Or suffer a decline ?

And mine to thee, my dear,
 Can ne'er impaired be ;
 Can ne'er become indiff'rent there,
 Or e'er grow cold to thee.

Our love so deep, so kind,
 Was ne'er to perish given ;
 Improv'd, exalted, and refin'd,
 But not annull'd in heaven.

But O, my dearest love,
 Thy mortal conflicts o'er ;
 Thou by a sudden quick remove
 Hast gain'd the peaceful shore.

Thy painful throes below
A final period have,
And ev'ry mortal grief and woe
Is buried in thy grave.

While left behind to mourn,
Thy father wanders here,
With heart-corroding anguish torn,
A prey to grief and care.

By sin and sorrow prest,
I long to follow thee ;
O may the God of Love cut short
His gracious work in me.

And when from sin set free,
Of perfect love possesst,
Call up my soul to dwell with thee,
In everlasting rest.

Till then, in lonely walk,
I mourn thy timeless fall,
And to thy fancied shadow talk,
As though thou heard'st my call.

Thy dear, dear name repeat,
My love to thee declare,
And fondly call thee kind and sweet,
As thou, my John, wast there.

Tell me (I cry), O tell,
Thou soul of him I love,
In what new region dost thou dwell,
With happy souls above ?

Tell me, my dearest love,
Ah ! whither art thou fled ?
To what delightful world above,
Among the happy dead ?

Dost thou e'er hover near
My walk, my charming faint ?
Or does my lov'd one ever hear
His father's fond complaint ?

Dost thou e'er mark my moans,
 Or know my griefs and fears?
 Dost thou e'er hear my sighs and groans,
 Or see my streaming tears?

Or if detain'd above,
 Where living pleasures flow,
 Thy happy soul no longer sees
 What passes here below.

Amongst the spirits divine,
 Who human actions see,
 Has no informing angel told
 Thy father's griefs to thee?

How, while I wander wild,
 Dejected and forlorn,
 I weep for my beloved child,
 And for his absence mourn?

Each field or path I find
 Where he was wont to run,
 Recalls my darling to my mind,
 What he hath said or done.

He here around me play'd,
 On that same spot of ground;
 This little observation made,
 That little wonder found.

In that same flowery vale,
 Beneath that shady tree,
 He told his little childish tale,
 And prattled on my knee.

I there have seen him stand;
 To climb that tree he tried;
 There hung upon his daddy's hand,
 Ran tripping by my side;

While his dear loving chat
 Would all my cares beguile,
 And ev'n while prest with anxious thought,
 Would make me fondly smile.

“ Bless you, my daddy, doy,” *
 Oft has my lov’d one said ;
 “ From heaven ten thousand blessings flow
 Upon my daddy’s head !

“ I love you, daddy, well—
 You may your child believe—
 How well I love, no tongue can tell,
 No human heart conceive.

“ You dearer are to me
 Than all the world would prove ;
 I better than ten thousand worlds
 My dearest daddy love.

“ O if unpitying Death
 Should my lov’d father slay,
 Your poor forsaken, sorrowing child
 Would weep his life away.

“ Nor would I choose to die,
 For this, because I find
 I could not love to leave you here
 In this bad world behind.

“ O, I should greatly mourn,
 And weep from you to part ;
 ’Twould much distress me to be torn
 From your indulgent heart.

“ Your neighbours all conspire,
 Your tenderness t’ approve,
 And all your babes will witness bear
 To your paternal love !”

From my lov’d infant’s lips,
 Such tender prattle flowed,
 And such the warm affection which
 In his lov’d bosom glowed.

* The first seven verses in this page, are the words my departed child has often expressed to me, as near as the verse would admit, which I have put in the same child-like language he was wont to make use of when fondly prattling to his father.

Whene'er we chanc'd to part,
 Some little tale he'd tell,
 Then turn about, his father kifs,
 And bid a kind farewell.

And oft—to see his fire
 My child took fuch delight—
 He oft would ask me there to stand,
 While he remain'd in fight.

And when he reach'd the place
 Of utmost view, would stand,
 Look at me there, with eager gaze,
 And wave his little hand.

How pleas'd, how fond was I
 To mark his guiltless play,
 While full of life he round me ran,
 All active, brisk, and gay.

Pleas'd when his father seem'd
 His little acts t' approve;
 Affection breath'd in ev'ry word,
 And every look was love.

My child! and must it be?
 And must we, must we part?
 My dearest John, the loss of thee
 Will never from my heart!

Thy death to my sad soul
 Such lasting anguish gave,
 As sinks thy mourning father down
 With sorrow to the grave.

O who can e'er express
 The pungent grief and smart,
 The bitter woe, the sore distress,
 That tore my aching heart,

When on that fatal day,
 In all his youthful charms,
 My dear departing infant lay
 Expiring in my arms!

Al! those fond looks, my dear,
 Those last fond looks from thee,
 In fancy's eye still seem to shed
 Their pitying rays on me.

Thy tender accents still
 I fondly think I hear,
 And thy beloved voice yet sounds
 In list'ning fancy's ear.

No time can blot the trace,
 Or bid thy form depart ;
 Successive years can ne'er efface
 Thy image from my heart.

In my distracted mind *
 While mem'ry holds a feat,
 My dying infant, sweet and kind,
 I never can forget.

While life remains, I still
 Shall thy remembrance find ;
 The dear idea for ever will
 Be present to my mind.

In the last mortal pain,
 When death shall set me free,
 If conscious memory then remain,
 I still shall think on thee.

In that dread moment when
 I close my eyes in death,
 O will thy loving spirit then
 Attend my parting breath ?

And while my lifeless clay
 Remains with thine to rest,
 Point out thy father's spirit the way
 To mansions of the blest ?

Hear I, or think I hear
 My happy infant say,

* " While memory holds a feat
 In this diffracted globe."—SHAKESPEARE.

- “ Yes, daddy, I’ll attend you there ;
Will point you out the way.
- “ Yes, if the Will Divine
With my desire comply,
Your child your angel-guard will join,
To waft your soul on high,
- “ To that divine abode,
Those mansions of the blest ;
Those peaceful seats prepar’d by God,
Where sep’rate spirits rest.
- “ Meantime, by Jesus taught,
Resign your darling up,
And sorrow not as those without
The Gospel’s blessed hope.
- “ In mercy, truth, and love,
Th’ afflictive stroke was giv’n,
To fix your thoughts on things above,
And draw your soul to heav’n.
- “ ’Twas Love and Mercy mild
Took me from ills to come ;
’Twas Mercy sent your darling child
To fill an early tomb.
- “ Now placed beyond the reach
Of sin and Satan’s power,
No further misery e’er can vex
Or ever touch me more.
- “ In forrowing fancy’s eye,*
If still your child you see,
Still hear your lov’d one’s dying cry,
‘ Come, daddy ! follow me !’
- “ O may the thought inspire
Your soul with holy zeal,
To mount on wings of heav’nly fire
To yon celestial hill !

* See first two verses in page 307.

“ There free from grief and pain,
 On that eternal shore,
 There you and I shall meet again,
 Shall meet to part no more.”

ON THE ANNIVERSARY RETURN OF THE
 DAY ON WHICH JOHN WRIGHT
 DIED, JULY 19TH, 1783.

“ Unhappy day! be sacred still to grief,
 A grief too obstinate for all relief;
 On thee my face shall never wear a smile,
 No joy on thee shall e'er my heart beguile.
 Why does thy light again my eyes molest?
 Why am I not with thee, dear youth, at rest?
 For thee all thoughts of pleasure I forego;
 For thee my tears shall never cease to flow;
 My bosom all thy image shall retain—
 The full impresson there shall still remain,
 Till I with thee, upon my dusty bed,
 Forget the toils of life, and mingle with the dead.”

MRS. ROWE.

PART I.



H' unwearied flight of Time, once more
 Returns the fatal day
 Which from my heaving bosom tore
 My darling child away.

Deep was the wound, my dearest John,
 And lasting was the smart
 Inflicted by that stroke, upon
 Thy father's aching heart.

Still, still I feel the piercing pain,
 The bitter grief renew,
 While fond remembrance calls again
 Thy image to my view.

Yes, busy thought presents again
 The sad distressful day,
 When rack'd with agonizing pain
 My struggling infant lay.

Ah! still I see thee gasping there,
 Still hear thy plaintive moan,
 And pour afresh the streaming tear,
 And heave the mournful groan.

Beneath the heavy hand of Death
 (Nor could thy father save)
 I saw thee yield thy infant breath,
 And sink into the grave.

Since then, as sad I frequent stray'd,
 Withdrawn from mortal sight,
 Beneath the awful solemn shade
 Of all-concealing night;

What floods of tears my eyes have shed,
 While with deep anguish prest;
 For thee what heart-felt groans have fled
 From my afflicted breast!

Oft have I, sunk in pensive thought,
 Beneath the midnight sky,
 Bedew'd with tears the sacred spot
 Where thy dear relics lie.

And oft along the lonely walk,
 I mourn my infant gone;
 To thy imagin'd shadow talk,
 And cry, My John! my John!

Thou too wast wont, my dearest love,
 (Thus to myself I say),
 With me along these fields to rove,
 And round my footsteps play;

With little active limbs address'd
 Would climb th' aspiring tree;
 Would rifle there the lofty nest,
 And bring the spoils to me.

Then thro' the hazel copse would'ft beat,
 And oft discover there
 The little songster's clofe retreat,
 Then show thy father where :

Would pluck each flower of sweetest ſcent,
 And moſt variety,
 Then form the noſegay, and preſent
 The flow'ry wreath to me ;

And fondly ſmiling, bid me ſee
 If I thy choice approv'd ;
 Then ſit and prattle on my knee,
 And tell how much thou lov'd.

“ By me ”—thus would my prattler ſay,
 While round my neck he clung,
 And ſweetly kiſ'd my cares away,
 And bleſ'd me with his tongue,—

“ By me whate'er beneath the ſkies
 The circling ſun can view,
 Ten thouſand worlds are not ſo priz'd,
 So dearly lov'd as you.

“ Much, much may be th' affection which
 In other children ſhine,
 Yet O their love can never reach—
 Can never equal mine.

“ May heav'n to you all goodneſs ſhew,
 Its choic'eſt influence ſhed ;
 And may ten thouſand bleſſings flow
 Upon my daddy's head ! ”

Such was thy ſoft engaging talk,
 Such thy ſweet chat to me,
 When in the ſolemn evening walk
 I trod theſe ſhades with thee.

Ah ! oft to ſee thee play about,
 And mark thy infant wiles,
 Would ſofter-my ſeverer thought,
 And melt me into ſmiles.

And oft to my remembrance brought
 My infant days, when, free
 From thorny care and anxious thought,
 I pass'd the time like thee.

But now with lonely step I glide
 Along the gloomy vale,
 No little prattler by my side,
 To tell his pleasing tale.

Those smiling eyes that wont to shine,
 Now wither and decay;
 Those little active limbs of thine
 Lie mouldering in the clay.

Cut off amidst thy sprightliest bloom,
 And clos'd thy eyes so bright;
 Remov'd into the silent tomb,
 Out of my longing sight.

But never from my heart remov'd,
 While circling seasons roll,
 My dearest, sweetest, best below'd,
 Thou darling of my soul!

I sooner could myself forget,
 And all the sun can see,
 Than thee forget, my dearest John,
 Than cease to think on thee.

Yes, thy dear mem'ry shall survive,
 In spite of time and death,
 While in this mortal world I live,
 And draw my vital breath.

Where'er thy little feet have trod,
 Or climb'd th' aspiring tree,
 Some fond memorial there I'll make,
 My dearest love, of thee.

Within the bark I'll carve thy name,
 In ev'ry shady grove;
 Memorial of thy little fame,
 And my paternal love.

O name to me for ever sad,
 To me for ever dear;
 Still breath'd in many a heart-felt sigh,
 Still utter'd with a tear.

Long must thy father's aching heart
 With deep-felt anguish moan;
 And long my sorrowing soul deplore
 The loss of thee, my John!

PART II.

BUT may not this affliction giv'n,
 Divine monition be?
 What is the voice of gracious Heav'n
 In this event to me?

For yet that sage remark is just,
 And still a truth is found;
 Affliction springs not from the dust,
 Nor trouble from the ground.

Wast thou withdrawn, my dearest love,
 To urge thy father's rise;
 To draw my heart to things above,
 And call me to the skies.

When tossing on thy dying bed,
 Did I not hear thee say,
 "From earthly cares, and earthly loves,
 Come, daddy, come away?"

"The mortal pleasures we pursue
 In this dark dreary vale,
 Are transient as the morning dew,
 And fleeting as the gale.

"Sin has involv'd these earthly scenes
 In misery and woe;
 In vain the sons of Adam seek
 For happiness below.

- " 'Tis sin that with a fatal stroke
 Now points the deadly dart,
 And tears, with unrelenting hand,
 Your darling from your heart.
- " Then, daddy, if your bowels yearn
 For your beloved John,
 If overwhelm'd with grief, you mourn
 O'er your expiring son ;
- " As e'er you ardently desire
 To meet me in the skies,
 When my dear Saviour shall require
 My sleeping dust to rise ;
- " As e'er you wish to join me there,
 On that eternal shore,
 Where pining grief and anxious care,
 And parting are no more ;
- " From sin, that fatal mischief, cease,
 And you shall be forgiv'n ;
 And in the paths of holiness,
 Come after me to heav'n.
- " O think, and may the affecting thought
 Your noblest passions move,
 Till all your willing mind be brought
 To seek the things above.
- " O think of each endearing scene,
 Each action past review,
 The tender love that pass'd between
 Your darling child and you.
- " When wont around you to rejoice,
 Along the field or grove,
 And bless you with the genuine voice
 Of undiffembled love.
- " Think of the last sad parting scene,
 When, 'midst my youthful charms,
 Unpitying Death his victim seiz'd,
 And tore me from your arms.

“ Think of the last fond words I spoke
 Upon my dying bed,
 Wherein you heard me Heav’n invoke
 For blessings on your head.

“ Remember my last dying call,
 The last fond kiss I gave ;
 That last embrace e’er yet I sunk
 Into the silent grave.

“ And when your mortal life shall cease,
 Then (all your sins forgiv’n),
 Then may you close your eyes in peace,
 And follow me to heav’n.”

Yes, my dear prattler, may I be
 Renew’d by grace divine ;
 Made by my gracious Saviour free,
 And in His image shine !

Then I shall up to heav’n ascend,
 From mortal anguish free,
 In unimagin’d bliss to spend
 An endless year with thee !

ON JOHN WRIGHT FOUR YEARS AFTER
 HIS DEATH.



OUR times round the central sun,
 Journeying through the azure skies,
 Earth its annual course has run,
 Since my darling clos’d his eyes :
 Cropp’d amidst his vernal bloom,
 Sent to fill an early tomb !

Sacred be the spot my dear,
 Where thy lovely limbs repose ;
 Rest thy precious relicts there,
 Till the last dread trumpet blows ;
 Till thy loving Saviour say,
 “ Rise ! my love, and come away ! ”

Oft thy father passing near,
 Wrapt beneath the midnight shade,
 Oft has pour'd the streaming tear,
 Where thy dear remains are laid ;
 Oft exprefs'd the heaving sigh,
 Where thy sleeping ashes lie.

There, while sunk in pensive thought,
 Musing over thee, my John,
 To my mind fond mem'ry brought
 Many an action thou hadst done ;
 Busy fancy call'd anew
 Thy lov'd image to my view.

Sportive o'er the flow'ry mead,
 Lively, active, brisk, and gay,
 Thou with me was wont to tread,
 Round me run in youthful play,
 Or beneath the shady tree
 Sit and prattle on my knee.

Ah ! my lovely fondling boy !
 Rudely from my bosom torn,
 Late thy father's dearest joy,
 Now condemn'd for thee to mourn ;
 From my fond embraces fled,
 Mingled with the silent dead.

Through the well-known flow'ry vale
 Now forlorn and sad I stray ;
 Hear no more thy prattling tale,
 See no more thy active play ;
 Death the fatal summons gave,
 Sunk thee to the gloomy grave.

Ravish'd from my longing eyes,
 Shall I never see thee more ?
 Art thou fall'n no more to rise,
 Held by Death's eternal power ?
 Will not He, the Prince of Day,
 Re-awake thy sleeping clay ?

Yes! the lip of Truth hath said ; *
 Why should sorrow then complain?
 Tho' thy much-lov'd child be dead,
 He shall surely live again ;
 Rescued from the greedy grave,
 He shall prove My power to save !

Haste the happy glorious morn
 When my child again shall rise !
 When from dust and ashes borne,
 I shall meet him in the skies ;
 Join him there our God t' adore,
 Join him there to part no more.

ON JOHN WRIGHT'S DEATH, 1788.



LED, alas ! my child is fled
 From my fond embraces,
 To the regions of the dead,
 Those undiscover'd places !
 Whither is my darling flown ?
 To what blissful regions ?
 From his father's bosom gone,
 To join the angelic legions.

Shall I never see thee more ?
 Shall grim Death dis sever
 Those who lov'd so dear before
 For ever and for ever ?
 Nay, I hear the Saviour say ; †
 " Cease thy grief and mourning ;
 He shall rise again that day—
 The day of my returning !

* John xi. 23, 24, 25. " Jesus saith, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life." &c.

† See John xi. 23, 24, 25.

He shall prove my pow'r to save,
 Over death victorious ;
 Rescu'd from the greedy grave,
 All perfect, bright, and glorious.
 Then with me to heav'n ascend,
 Thro' the bright expansion,
 To the joys that never end,
 In yon celestial mansion !”

Glorious Saviour! strong to save ;
 Jesus, we adore Thee !
 Thou hast triumph'd o'er the grave,
 Death, hell, fall down before Thee.
 Everlasting praise be Thine,
 Great, Almighty Saviour,
 For a blessing so divine,
 For such a god-like favour.

Yet indulge, immortal King,
 A father's fond complaining,
 While in pensive strains I sing
 My dear departed darling.
 Dearest, sweetest, loveliest youth !
 Still for ever thought on ;
 Thy dear filial love and truth
 Shall never be forgotten.

Mournful mem'ry marks the day,
 In yon meadow straying,
 Fresh in life, in beauty gay,
 I saw my lov'd one playing ;
 Down in that same flow'ry vale,
 Near yon tree so shady,
 Oft I heard the tender tale
 Of my dear prattling baby.

There my boy would fondly tell,
 While we stray'd together,
 In kind praise, how much, how well
 He lov'd his dearest father :
 Better, would my darling say,
 While my life remaineth—
 Better than the world itself,
 And all that it containeth.

Dearest prattler! fare-thee-well,
 Till the trumpet sounding,
 Call thee from thy silent cell,
 To heav'nly joys abounding;
 Endless life thence to retain,
 Thro' the great Retriever,
 Then we both shall meet again,
 To part no more for ever!

ON JOHN WRIGHT.

(The four first Stanzas a little altered from Mr. Thomson.)



TELL me, thou soul of him I love,
 Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled?
 To what delightful world above,
 Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
 And sometimes share thy father's woe,
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
 Can now, alas! small comfort know?

Oh! if thou hov'rest round my walk,
 While, under ev'ry well-known tree,
 I to thy fancied shadow talk,
 And ev'ry tear is full of thee.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
 Beside some sympathetic stream,
 In slumber find a short relief,
 O visit thou my soothing dream.

When thro' the silent shady grove,
 With lonely steps I musing stray
 Thro' tracts where thou was wont to rove,
 In pursuit of thy childish play.

Then mem'ry fond recalls the time,
 And marks the path where thou hast stray'd,
 The tree which I have known thee climb,
 The mossy bank where thou hast play'd.

Struck with the sadly-pleasing thought,
 Swells my sad heart with heaving sighs,
 While down my cheeks in streamlets flow
 The briny sorrow from my eyes.

Dear, lovely youth! caught from my hopes,
 How greatly dear to me thou art;
 Far dearer than the vital drops
 That visit my sad drooping heart!

But peace, my weary troubled mind,
 Let peevish grief no more complain;
 I shall not long remain behind;
 I soon shall meet my child again!

Meet him where sin no more can blight,
 Or pain oppress, or sorrow sicken;
 Where fever's rage no more can smite,
 Or cause to hang the drooping head:

Meet him where Death disarm'd of power,
 For ever drops his fatal dart,
 And where the tyrant can no more
 With anguish pierce the feeling heart.

Meet him in yonder blissful skies,
 Basking in life's meridian ray,
 And with my much-lov'd darling wife,
 To triumph in eternal day!

A HEROIC POEM IN PRAISE OF
RICHARD HILL, ESQ.

BEING A COUNTERPART TO MR. HILL'S HEROIC POEM
IN PRAISE OF MR. WESLEY.

"All fools have fill an itching to deride,
And fair would be upon the laughing side."—POPE.

TO RICHARD HILL, ESQ., AT HAWKESTONE, NEAR
WHITCHURCH, IN SHROPSHIRE.*

SIR,

HAVING seen "A Heroic Poem in praise of Mr. John Wesley," in a pamphlet of yours lately published, entitled, "Logica Wesseianis, or The Farrago Double Distilled," I have taken the liberty to send you the following, which please to accept as a counterpart to yours.

THE AUTHOR.



WHETHER, ye *chosen tribes*, repair,
"I've welcome news to tell ;"
Whate'er your *iniquities* are,
"My dose can suit you well."

For let your sins be great or small,†
Of low or high degree,
Resisted or indulged, 'tis all
The very fame to me.

The following poem was sent by the author to Mr. Hill, in a letter by the post.

† See Mr. Hill's "Five Letters to the Vindicator of Mr. Wesley's Minutes," p. 26, 27, 32.

The great *Herculean* task, a man
 Shall find in this respect,
 Is firm believing (if he can)
Himself to be elect.

Such who my *nostrum's* virtue tries,
 Shall find his business done;
Sin flies my pill, as darkness flies
 Before the rising sun.

Sin in the *chosen ones*, I mean,
The sins of the elect,
 In *such* my famous pill is seen
 To work a rare effect.

But hence, ye reprobated brood!
 "Who hearken not to me,"
 But dread to father upon God
 John Calvin's *black decree* :

Who teach the world the Father gave
 His Son to die for *all*,
 And ransom each unhappy slave
 That fell in Adam's fall.

But oh! my brother, babe, or friend,
 These doctrines don't believe;
 For *Calvin's Gospel* still contend,
 And cordially receive.

Perhaps you know not who I am,
 What battles I have won?
 What! have you never heard my fame?
 What wonders I have done?

I'm Dick the giant-killer, I*
 That leading *hero* who
Goliath slew, and forc'd to fly
 The proud *Oxonian* foe!

* Should any person imagine that this line is too vulgar to be applied to a gentleman of Mr. Hill's quality, &c., he must consider that it is altogether as genteel and just, if not more so, as "brave Jack of all trades," applied by Mr. Hill to Mr. Wesley. Mr. Hill wrote a pamphlet upon occasion of the expulsion of the six students from Edmund Hall, which he ironically entitled "Goliath Slain;" and another on the same occasion, entitled, "Pietas Oxoniensis," that is, Oxonian piety, or the piety of Oxford.

Poor Wesley, friends, 'tis true derides,
 And calls me THE CATSPAWE,*
 But what! I've bang'd him back and sides,
 For his presumption though.

And if his crabb'd *associates* would
 But have restrain'd their ire,
 The poor old heretic I could
 Have trod into the mire.

But oh! that sturdy *Swiss*,† he makes
 My bosom beat with fears,
 And with *Helvetic* bluntnefs shakes
 My system by the ears.

Swiss honesty! *Truth's candle!* too, ‡
 I like them not, not I;
 They all my labour'd sophisms show,
 And ev'ry corner spy.

From this rough mountaineer, my friends,
 I've suffer'd many a pang;
 And many a dang'rous shaft he sends,
 And gives me many a bang.

For solid *argument* I long
 Have answer'd him with fun;
 And for his *reasons* clear and strong,
 Return'd a cutting *pun*.

And oft my brave auxiliar troops
 Of *scandal* send supplies,§
 Which in his face I dash, in hopes
 To put out both his eyes.

* See Mr. Hill's "Heroic Poem," eleventh stanza; and Mr. Wesley's "Remarks on Mr. Hill's Review," p. 40.

† The Rev. Mr. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, in Shropshire, who is a native of Switzerland.

‡ See "The Farrago Double Distilled," p. 7. In another publication Mr. Hill and his brother express their dislike of Mr. Fletcher's "Illustrations," which he (Mr. Fletcher) calls the candle of the Lord, or the candle of truth.

§ Alluding to the slanderous stories Mr. Hill and his associates pick up and publish, in order to bring Mr. Wesley into ridicule and contempt.

Though all is ineffectual, yet
 Who knows what may betide? *
 He by and bye may take the pet,
 Perhaps may change his side.

But cheer, my friends, I'll never yield,
 Though I should suffer pain;
 I'll brandish *Calvin's* sword and shield,
 Till ev'ry *giant's* slain;

I'll make them, with sarcastic jokes,
 Like madmen skip and leap;
Reviews, Farragos, Finish'd Strokes, †
 Shall drive them on a heap.

I'll raise John Calvin's ghost to fight,
 All grizzly, stern, and pale;
 And if his *horrid front* ‡ wont fright,
 I'll turn his *filthy tail*! §

What! shall the precious babies lack
 The soul-reviving dose,
 'Cause 'tis abused by a pack
 Of corrupt-minded foes? ||

No; I'll the privilege declare
 So pleasing to old Adam—
 That thing call'd flesh, I mean—whate'er
 It be to Him who made 'em.

* While Mr. Hill attacks Mr. Wesley with all the virulence and animosity of an irreconcilable enmity, not discovering the most distant desire of an accommodation with *him*, he at the same time manifests a willingness to be friends with Mr. Fletcher, whom, though lately honoured with the title of "*Young Ignorance*," he now kindly condescends to call his "*able antagonist*," but intimates that he must purchase his friendship, if not by turning Calvinist, at least by remaining neuter in the present controversy, and so deserting his friend and what he himself esteems to be the cause of truth together. A mighty generous intimation indeed! See his "*Farrago Double Distilled*," towards the conclusion.

† The titles of several of Mr. Hill's pamphlets in the present controversy.

‡ The doctrine of Absolute Reprobation.

§ The impure Nicolaitan doctrines of the Antinomians, which maintain that a man may be a pleasant child of God while he is defiling his neighbour's bed, and embruing his hands in his brother's blood; and which, we think, may be justly considered as the spawn of Calvinism.

|| "*Five Letters*," p. 33, 34, 27, first edition.

Mark then this *scroll*, observe it well,
 'Twill serve a time of need,
 And many a charming tale 'twill tell
 To *Calvin's chosen seed*.

To *Calvin's saints* a pleasing sight,
 And comfort to *all those* ;
 But cause of horrible affright
 And terror to our *foes*.

It says the saints of Calvin's God
 May lie, or swear, or whore ;
 Slander their neighbour, shed his blood,
 Oppress or rob the poor.

But though they into whoredom fall,
 Their neighbour rob or kill,
 Yet in these very acts, they all
 Are *pleasant children* still.*

Their souls though *really black* with sin,
 In Christ are *really fair* ; †
 And though *polluted* all within,
 In Him they're *clean*, O rare ! ‡

Nay, with the help of *Crisp* I trow
 "I've learn'd to conjure too,"
 And prove the work is *finish'd now*, §
 Which yet *remains to do*.

Your sins shall fly, I'll not leave one—
 "*Presto, hey pass!*" I th' name
 O' Doctor Crisp at once they're gone ;
 They're gone before they came !

With sneer and banter long I tried
 To lay old Goodwin's ghost ;
 Abuse and slander next applied,
 But all is labour lost ;

* See Mr. Hill's "Five Letters," and his "Review," where he publicly maintains that David was a pleasant child of God, while wallowing in adultery and murder.

† "Five Letters," p. 27, 28.

‡ O rare! an exclamation Mr. Hill frequently makes use of in his "Farrago Double Distilled."

§ The absurd doctrine of Finished Salvation.

For still each vile *Arminian snake* *
 My system will oppose,
 Will counterwork my plots, and take
 My doctrines by the nose.

There's *Cobler Tom* † and *Mountain Jack*, ‡
 With that fierce fiend *Sellon*, §
 Besides *th' arch heretic*; || good lack!
 I fear we's be out-done.

Help, *Toplady*, thou foul-mouth'd thing,
 With thy auxiliar aids;
 Thy *Billingsgate* artill'ry bring,
 To drub these testy blades;

Like any *Hector* tread the stage,
 Put on thy terrors, man;
 Threat, bully, bluster, vaunt, and rage,
 And fright them if thou can.

Say that I fill an *esquire's* room,
 And tell them for their good,
 That many of our friends are come
 Of *honourable* blood.

With us the *rich* and noble are,
 And *doctors* of degree;
 How should *plain Swifs* and *Cobblers* share
 As much good sense as we?

A noble *magazine* ¶ of arms
 We have, 'tis surely known,
 With cutting scandal stuff'd, and charms
 Peculiarly our own.

* Mr. Hill calls Mr. Fletcher a snake that bites the Calvinism ministers.—
 "Review," p. 70.

† Mr. Thomas Olivers, a lay preacher under Mr. Wesley.

‡ The Rev. Mr. John Fletcher.

§ The Rev. Mr. Walter Sellon.

|| The Rev. Mr. John Wesley.

¶ "The Gospel Magazine," as it is falsely called, says Mr. Sellon; "that
monthly medley of truth and error, sound words, and blasphemy, trumped up as a
 vehicle to convey Calvinism and slander round the nation." M——n and could'st
 thou Gospel add; O name, O sacred name of Gospel thus profaned!

Have at thee,* thou *Arminian knave!*
 Thou *Bell-wether!* thou *Pope!*
 Thou merits *sending for a slave,*
 Or *hanging in a rope.*

Thou *Proteus!* *conjurer!* thou *quack!*
 Thou *whore of Babylon!*
 Thou *lying sophister!* thou *Jack*
 Of *all trades!* good at none.

Religious gambler! *coward!* both,
 In *forgery* employ'd ;
 Thou *Jesuit,* of *justice, truth,*
 And *common honour* void !

Blind leader of a blinded clan,
 Thou teacher of *free-will!*
Apostate, heretic, carman,
Old plagiarist, windmill!

Thou *lurking, sly assassin,* thou
 Beneath the level gone
 Of *chimney-sweep* or *oyster-frow,*
 Thou false, thou *perjur'd* one !

Thou plays a mean, dishonest part,
 As any man may see ;
 A *nuisance* and a *pest* thou art
 To all society !

Come then, my worthy friends, nor lag
 Behind, nor shun the fight ;
 Afford your help, and soon we'll drag
 This monster out to light.

My *principal,*† with loud alarms,
 Denounc'd the found of war ;
 Summon'd three nations up to arms,
 The *glorious toil to share!*

* See Mr. Toplady's "Letter to Mr. Wesley," and Mr. Hill's publications in the present controversy, where the abusive names and *scurrilous* language which compose the six following stanzas may be found, either directly or indirectly, in a positive or comparative sense, applied to Mr. Wesley, besides a great variety of *Billingsgate* language liberally bestowed upon him from time to time by a great number of Calvinistic writers upon other occasions.

† The Rev. Mr. Shir—y. See his "Circular Letter."

Our friends in order to excite
 To help without delay,
 Proclaim'd aloud with all his might,
 Free quarters, if no pay.

Down with the *heretics!* cried he,
 Defend the *good old cause* ;
 We join'd the cry, and *heresy*
 Our word of battle was.

The sound aroused my martial flame ;
 I flew to his relief,
 Resolved to signalize my name,
 Beneath this mighty chief.

But scarce had he perform'd a feat,
 But slyly slunk away,*
 And left his friend to bear the heat
 And burden of the day.

But, O thou brazen-fronted friend,
 Exert thy sounding lungs ;
 Thy voice to all our brethren send,
 Of *parties, people, tongues.*

Should all still prove too weak when come
 To stand *th' Arminian* fire ;
 Why, then, we'll send exprefs to Rome,
 To fetch the *Popish Friar.* †

But if the field, through hostile ire,
 Should e'er become unsafe,
 To *fort contempt* we'll then retire,
 And from the ramparts laugh. ‡

Nor fear t' incur the coward's doom,
 'Tis courage in disguise ;
 For if we can't our foes *o'ercome,*
 We can our foes *despise.*

* Mr. S—y, after publishing his "Narrative," wisely slipped his neck out of the collar and gave up the cudgels to the present Calvinistic champion, Mr. Hill.

† See the "Dialogue with the Benedictine Monk at Paris."

‡ See Mr. Toplady's "Letter to Mr. Wesley," p. 12.

“THUS, Sir,” I have returned your favour, by “giving you a few hobbling rhymes in the exact language of” your own publications, and those of your allies, “from whence I have borrowed” every *shocking* doctrine, all the *Billing-gate* language, and “every *abusive* appellation” which my verses contain; and this I have done with a sincere desire that it may prove a means of shewing you “the great impropriety as well of *your own* and of *your*” *allies*’ “manner of writing,” as of the great shame and disgrace attending your manner of conduct towards two eminent ministers of Christ, which is such as utterly unbecomes you, either as a man, a gentleman, or a Christian, and more especially the last; for as you are one of those who esteem themselves the chosen ones of God, one might justly have expected to have found you more ready to have put in practice the Apostle’s advice, where he exhorts the elect of God, as such, to put on bowels of mercy, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man had a quarrel against another, even as Christ forgave them. And you ought certainly to remember, on such occasions as these, that good advice of his in another place, that the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure may give them repentance to the acknowledging of (Calvinism, if Calvinism be) the truth.

Now, sir, should you be offended at the freedom of my conduct upon this occasion, I shall only apologize for the liberty I have taken in the words of a celebrated poet—

“Example strikes
All human hearts, a *bad* example more.”—YOUNG.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

THOMAS WRIGHT.

POSTSCRIPT.

SHOULD any person object against this performance (as one of no mean name has already done) that it is "railing for railing," I think such objectors ought to consider that there are circumstances wherein it may not only be allowable, but even necessary to take the wise man's advice, and to answer a fool according to his folly, lest he should be wise in his own conceit. I allow this ought *so* to be done as not to render the respondent like the fool he answers; and this, I conceive, is a very nice and difficult point to hit upon. Mr. Hill professes that the sole motive which induced him to write the sarcastic piece upon Mr. Wesley, was *only* to convince him of his error, and to bring him to a detestation of (what it seems he thinks) his opprobrious way of writing. Were this fact, I think it might be a sufficient excuse for Mr. Hill's performance, but I think the contrary appears very evident from the circumstances and manner of its execution. It is allowed by all good judges, that *vice* and *folly* are the *only* proper objects of satire; but if a divine of good natural parts and great learning should think fit to write not only upon divinity, but natural philosophy, physic, politics, &c.; or should he venture to give his advice with respect to the drinking of tea, or a person entering into the marriage state; must the doing of any or all of these *necessarily* imply that the person who has done them must either be a vicious man or a fool? Yet all these are circumstances which Mr. Hill, in his poem, attempts to turn into ridicule. He likewise selects some other circumstances which he represents in a very unfair and unjust manner, whereas satire ought always to be founded in the strictest truth and justice. From all this, it appears to me that Mr. Hill's motive in writing his poem was not (what it seems he would fain have the world believe it to be) a kind, good-natured intention of leading Mr. Wesley out of his error, &c., but rather an ill-natured design to reproach him, and by representing him in as absurd and ridiculous a view as possible, to bring him into the greatest disesteem and contempt. However, I think what Mr. Hill only *pretended* to be his motive in writing was *really* mine. I thought thus retorting upon Mr. Hill might possibly prove an occasion of shewing him the great absurdity, weakness,

and folly of his own conduct and of that of his allies, as well as that of his religious system, by exhibiting a proof if both these lay much more open to just sarcasm and ridicule than either the conduct or religious system of those himself had been so earnestly labouring to bring into contempt. I hope I have not been guilty of the same faults myself which I have been censuring in Mr. Hill. I think I have given a fair representation of the circumstances I mention, and that they justly deserve to be held forth in the ridiculous view in which they appear in my verses; however, I leave this to the judgment of the candid reader.



OBSERVATIONS ON A PAMPHLET LATELY
PUBLISHED,
ENTITLED “POLYPHEMUS, OR A CYCLOPS
COMBATTING TRUTH.”

“All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.”—POPE.

“On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it he’ll confute;
Change sides, you but increase your pain,
For he’ll confute you back again.”—PRIOR.

TO THE READER.

KIND READER,



HAVE no hard names or allusions to heathen fables to explain to thee, like the Calvinist, nor shall I make any apology for what my pamphlet contains; but what follows may serve to explain the Introduction. Some Calvinists returning in a post-chaise from one of their lectures,* where the author of “Polyphemus” had been first vending his ware, and in their way passing by a Methodist preaching-house,† the vehicle stopped; out leaps a Calvinist, runs to

* Heckmondwike.

† The Height preaching-house above Hightown. [The Height Chapel stood on an eminence which is now in the centre of Hightown, over against the Lower Blacup farm. It was pulled down partly some years ago, and altered into cottages, but the gable ends are still to be seen. The old chapel would be less than half a mile from the poet’s home.]

the preaching-house, and attempts to force one of the giant-titled pamphlets under the door—mightily tickled, no doubt, at thinking how the poor Methodists, at their next visit, would be frightened to find so horrid a monster stalking about the place! However, as the sound truth of the Methodist doctrines repell all the vain arguments and malicious attempts the Calvinists make use of in order to overturn or injure them, so the firmness and closeness of the preaching-house doors repelled the vain attempt of this Calvinist to force “Polyphemus” into the place; he therefore runs next to the stable-door, the bottom of which not being quite so close, he thrusts “Polyphemus” half way through into the horse-stand (a place too good for him); but the poor giant, alas! sticking fast by the middle, his friend was obliged to leave him in that condition, with his posteriors exposed to a brisk shower of rain, which happened to fall at that time. This had such an effect in softening the giant’s hinder parts, that when an observer came afterwards to disengage him, he separated in two pieces! The Calvinist returned to his carriage again and drove away, laughing in his sleeve at the arch trick he had played the Methodists.

INTRODUCTION.

Being an account of an adventure of one of the pamphlets in question.



H’ other day as I happen’d to pass on the road,
 I observed a great number of people abroad,
 And asking the meaning, was made understand
 The Calvinists had a great lecture in hand.*
 A lecture, said I; what’s the meaning of that?
 Why, a meeting of people to hear and debate,
 To pray, preach, and sing, and to eat, drink, and chat.
 I thankfully nodded, but question’d no more,
 And journey’d along, as I had done before.

* At Heckmondwike. [Formerly, “on the first Wednesday after the second Sunday in June, an annual religious festival was held here, called the ‘Lecture,’ which was attended by a great number of Calvinistic ministers and people of that persuasion, from the surrounding country, the objects of which were the arrangement of certain matters relating to the ministry, and the promotion of vital religion.”—BAINES’ *Directory of Yorkshire*.]

It happen'd, I having fulfill'd my intent,
At night I returned the way that I went ;
When sudden a rumble, saluting my ear,
Inform'd me some kind of a carriage was near.
A chaise soon appear'd, not far from the place,
And whirling along it approach'd me apace.
Now, reader, you here may observe if you will
A Methodist preaching-house stood on the hill.
The chaise bounc'd along in its wonted career,
But what there was in it did not yet appear ;
However, when just 'gainst the chapel it stopp'd,
The door it flew open, and out of it popp'd
A Predestinarian, I think, by his mien,
Or something as like one as ever was seen.
He stepp'd to the house, cast a proud, scornful eye on't,
Then turn'd from his pocket a fierce new-born giant.
As it happ'd to be rainy, the tender young thing
Would gladly have enter'd, but could not get in ;
It struggled for entrance at bottom o' th' door,
And got in its head, but could get in no more ;
Not one hair's breadth further a way could it find,
Though its friend puff'd and thrust'd hard at it behind.
In this painful posture, and struggling amain,
Its posteriors expos'd to the wind and the rain,
He said something of God, and the house, and its father,
Some prayer, or some sneer on the Methodists rather,
Then strode back the way he had measur'd before,
Leap'd into the carriage, and fasten'd the door ;
Where being compos'd and adjust'd aright,
The steeds quickly whirl'd him out of my sight.
I stepp'd o'er the road to see if I could find
What the poor thing was doing he'd just left behind ;
When, strange to relate—but, betwixt me and you,
I assure you, kind reader, 'tis certainly true—
'Twas transformed to a pamphlet! a pamphlet, indeed,
With an outlandish tail, and a monstrous head.
But the rain having much, sir, bedabbled its tail,
Had rendered it weakly, and tender, and frail ;
And when to have taken it up I design'd,
The tail, sir, came off, but the head stuck behind ;
Howe'er, when I join'd the two pieces anew,
It's terrific title flash'd full in my view.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE TITLE PAGE.*

"POLYPHEMUS! a Cyclops!" † Lord blefs me, thought I,
 The monster I fear will be rude by and by.
 "Combatting," O fie, thought I, that is not well,
 That those should write Latin who English can't spell.
 "Truth!" aye, fir, but this is a general term,
 And yours I fufpect is not sterling and firm.
 The practice is common in thefe days, you fee,
 For professors of every name and degree,
 Howe'er contradictory their fystems you know,
 To lay kindred claim to the goddefs below.
 See Proteftants, Papifts, Turks, Pagans, and Jews,
 How diff'rent foe'er their opinions and views,
 Although twice five hundred ways they divide,
 All, all, fir, alike find fair Truth on their fide,
 Are as pofitive in turn as yourfelf, 'tis well known,
 And their *ipfe dixit's* as good as your own.
 "A Poem!" that's fomething, I fancy, like mine,
 In rhyme and in meafure, neat, pretty, and fine.
 We next have the mottos infcrib'd on its fore-face,
 From Virgil, the author, St. Paul, and old Horace,
 And fomebody elfe too, but who I don't wift,
 "*Veritas non eget defenforibus iſt—*"
 Your readers will here, fir, be loft in a miſt; ‡
 Not one in five hundred, rare ſcholar I ween,
 Ev'n of your own party, can tell what you mean!
 "*Tantane animis caeleſtibus iræ?*"
 For this ſome kind ignorant friend may admire ye;
 Cry out, what a wonderful ſcholar is this!
 He's a man of rare parts, to be ſure that he is:
 You ſee he writes Latin, he is ſo far learned,
 Though by moſt of his readers 'twill not be diſcerned,
 But doubtleſs it gives the *Arminians* a ſmack;
 I dareſay it trims that ſame blackſmith his back;

* The quotations will be all along enclosed in double commas.

† "Polyphemus! a Cyclops!" a ſcornful alluſion to Mr. Taylor's original occupation—a blackſmith. How diſingenuous this in Mr. Knight, who was himſelf originally a collier!

‡ I diſapprove of the practice of making uſe of Latin and Greek terms and quotations, in publications where very few of thoſe who are likely to read them underſtand a word of the language. I think it is unmeaning and abſurd, and only ſerves to ſhew the vanity of the author.

He too talk'd of hammering Latin you know,
But the Collier * has given him his bellyful now.

*If such the fruits of PERFECT LOVE,
'Tis not descended from above.*

But then, kind fir, you ought to prove
Cyclops professes *perfect love* ;
Or otherwise, you know, my lad,
Suppose his book or good or bad,
It can't be th' fruit of that, you know,
Which he makes no pretensions to.
Th' advice you give from Paul, 'tis true,
Is good for him, and good for *you* ;
For *you* particularly, fir,
Whose arrogant assuming air
Declares you (if I err not wide)
Far gone in prejudice and pride,
Right willing, were it in your pow'r,
To bite, asperse, traduce, devour ;
But thanks to favouring Heaven for't,
Th' unlucky heifer's horns are short.
And since the cause of *genuine* Truth,
Embrac'd by the Cyclopean youth,
Among your quondam friends is safe,
Permit us, fir, a friendly laugh,
While you will falsify and rail,
With Horace at your title's tail.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

WHAT next, fir, our attention claims?
A comment on his heathen names.
We likewise find this author tries,
With some concern, t' apologize
For that acute and dreadful smart,
He seems to think his poignant dart,

* I disapprove of the great disingenuity of this author's spirit, in endeavouring to cast contempt upon Philalethes, by a scornful allusion to his original occupation (that of a blacksmith) in his title page, as the Cyclops, it is well known, were fabled by the ancient poets to be gigantic journeymen blacksmiths to Vulcan in forging arms for his heroes, &c. Now, a poor man may be born with a good natural genius, which if he improves and makes use of for the good of society, he is a worthy man, and deserves respect, notwithstanding the lowness of his birth or occupation.

Unerring, acrimonious, dire,
 Will cause the object of his ire.
 Dear *Collier*, be advised by me,
 And let not your good nature be
 Too much alarmed on this occasion ;
 The *Blacksmith*, sir, is on good fashion ;
 So far from having pierc'd within,
 Your weapon never raz'd his skin ;
 He did, when first your book he saw,
 Feel something tickle like a straw,
 But then his limbs and life were safe—
 It only made the *Blacksmith* laugh !

REMARKS ON THE POEM CALLED "POLYPHEMUS." *

Now hark ye, kind reader, a word in your ear ;
 I only shall notice a place here and there,
 Where this writer I find wand'ring widely, poor man !
 And set him as gently to rights as I can.
 " *He greatly admir'd her :*" † he tells you not so,
 But that he much doubted her genuine or no, ‡
 And that afterwards, when he ventured to try,
 He found her a *bastard*, not sprung from the sky ;
 No *goddess*, the offspring of heav'nly plains,
 But the spurious produce of Calvinian brains.
 " *He writes, just escaped :*" he does not, indeed ;
 I wonder you'll trust to your blundering head.
 'Tis " *lately escaped,*" sure, if you will look ;
 But 'tis common with you, sir, to talk without book.
 To " *lately escaped,*" he tells the blind youth,
He ought to have added, "from the arms of Truth."
 But rather it should be, I think, honest friend,
 From the dang'rous errors Calvinians defend.
 " *Said Hephaistos,*" so here your poor readers may seek
 Long enough for the meaning of this heathen Greek ;
 What need for it, pray, but to show on th' occasion
 Your own learned vanity and affectation ?

* The name of a huge cruel Sicilian giant mentioned by Homer in his " *Odyssæy*," with only one large eye in the middle of his forehead.

† Viz., Calvinism, which this author, with a great deal of dogmatical assurance, dignifies with the name of *Truth*.

‡ See the third page of his own pamphlet, in his address to Mr. Wesley.

Omniscience to God we deny not, *you* know,
 His *decrees*, right defined, we likewise allow ;
 And if "*Turks, Pagans, Jews, have in every age*
Asserted your doctrine, both pious and sage,
And Christians in this and in every nation
Have drunk in the tenet of predestination,"
 You still must allow the *Cyclopean* youth,
 That the *age* of a tenet's no *proof* of its *truth* ;
 Nor does it authenticate error, I ween,
 How *num'rous* foe'er its abettors have been.
 "But close not in argument"—Calvinist, fie ;
 Your proud intimation joins close on a lie ;
 Your puffs are unmeaning, your boasting is vain ;
 We fear not the *Calvinist* nor his *whole* train.
 That *Fletcher* you hint at has given you your fill,
 Has drubb'd your bold champions, *Toplady* and *Hill*,
 Has come to close quarters, much *closer* I trow
 Than some of you like, that we very well know ;
 If this writer thinks not, let him try if he can
 (He yet is unanswer'd) to answer the man—
 To bring down this high-soaring *Swift* to the ground,
 His books are in print, and may easily be found.
 "*We establish old chance ;*" sir, we do not indeed,
 'Tis but a mistake of your own muddy head.
 "*And may ye succeed, but 'tis more than I hope :*"
 Here too, sir, we think you are wide of your scope.
 In general it seems, if we trust to old fame,
 The *Calvinians* are playing a fast loosing game.
 "*Untaught to examine, forbid to debate*"—
 Such falsties how can this writer relate ?
 Of your pens or your parts, sir, we stand in no dread ;
 We fear not your ablest productions to read,
 To give them a fair and a candid review,
 And canvass your ablest arguments through.
 However, good sir, that of crowds of your own
 The line is descriptive, is very well known.*
 "*And crafty Ulysses ;*" dear sir, have a care,
 And be not fool-hardy, but cautious, beware !
 Touch lightly on *Fletcher*, your teeth he will spoil ;
 You remember the tale of the viper and file ? †

* The Calvinists, to our knowledge, in many places strictly charging their people not to read Mr. Fletcher.

† See the twenty-third fable of *Æsop*.

The *Calvinist*, sir, may be certain of this,
 He nor is, nor e'er will be, a match for the *Swifts*.
 "Quite darken'd the eye in poor *Polypheme's* front"—
 Now don't write absurdly, good poet, pray don't.
 "When truth he beheld;" how! what, man, do you say?
 Could the *Cyclops* see truth without eyes, sir, I pray,
 When his eye was quite darken'd (you feign he'd but one),
 And poor *Polyphemus* was "blind as a stone?"
 Our poet possesses rare talents indeed,
 An invention-surprising, and accurate head!
 " But the goddesses,* indeed,
 " Had *Veritas* † legibly wrote on her head."
 Don't you think you mistake now? I think, sir, you do;
 The medium is false which you look at her through;
 Or something's the matter, whatever it be,
 For *Truth* on her forehead you never did see.
 You'll say I am positive; excuse me, sir, do,
Example is catching, dear poet, you know.
 It is not long since this Calvinian elf
 I met on my way, sir, and saw her myself;
 Examin'd her closely, and truly can tell
 I remember her person and look very well.
 Since then, I have seen, sir, you must understand,
 Her portraiture drawn by a masterly hand; ‡
 And for your advantage and profit, dear man,
 I'll try to describe her as near as I can.

A FIGURATIVE SKETCH OF CALVINISM.

HER person's genteel, fair-proportion'd, and tall,
 Her countenance comely, but haughty withal;
 Her *genuine* name (for I saw't in her face
 Inscrit'd on her forehead) is *Wanton-free-grace*. §
 Howe'er, th' appellations are diff'rent she claims,
 And she passes herself under various names;
 Sometimes *Orthodoxy*, and sometimes *Free-grace*,
 Curtail'd of the addition inscrib'd on her face; ||
 Sometimes the *Pure Gospel* herself she'll affirm;
 And sometimes *The Doctrines of Grace* are her term;

* Calvinism.

† Viz., Truth.

‡ Mr. Fletcher. See his "Historical Essay," p. 21, preceding the first part of his "Equal Check."

§ Viz., Absolute Election.

|| Viz., Wanton.

Then *The Truth* or *The Gospel*, to these she'll lay claim,
 As if none but herself e'er deserved the name.
 An ugly black boy* you'll be certain to find,
 That bears up the train of her mantle behind;
 Her constant attendant, ne'er seen from her side,
 And by the fraternal relation allied,
 But as conscious, it seems, of his own frightful look,
 Very artfully hides himself under her cloak. †

When first I discerned him, I stepp'd to the place,
 And took up the train that o'ershadow'd his face;
 But (save me kind Heaven, and merciful be!)
 So horrid an aspect I never did see!
 Remorseless ill-nature appear'd in his air,
 And perch'd on his head sat the *Fury* Despair;
 His breath sent around a sulphureous smell,
 From his broad glaring eyes flash'd the lightning of hell;
 For fingers dire sharp crooked talons appear'd;
 His roar the most dreadful that ever was heard;
 His splay cloven feet might be seen as he went,
 And plainly betray'd his infernal descent;
 His name is FREE WRATH, sir, which visibly stood
 Inscribed on his forehead in letters of blood;
 In one single line his character to tell,
 He was fierce as ten furies, and horrid as hell! ‡
 His dire aspect—which still frightened fancy retains—
 E'en caus'd the warm blood to run chill in my veins.
 I started with horror, turn'd back from the view,
 Implor'd Heaven's protection, and hasty withdrew;
 Retir'd to a distance, beneath a fresh shade,
 And sat down to notice the progress they made.
 She walks through the world (her attendant behind);
 And as she proceeds through the crowds of mankind,
 She picks up some fav'rites, a few here and there,
 And fawns over these with peculiar care;
 She hugs them and soothes them, and smiles in their face,
 And tells them they're all the dear offspring of grace;
 That she loves them all dearly, and will do for aye,
 Let them do what they will, or behave as they may;
 Should they murder with David, or curse, swear, and lie
 With Peter, or like him their Saviour deny;

* Absolute Reprobation.

† Alluding to the general backwardness of the Calvinists to speak on the subject of Reprobation.

‡ "Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell," is a line of Milton, B. 2, L. 671.

Or commit what some people adultery call,
 She assures them they never shall finally fall;
 But sooner or later, howe'er they've behaved,
 Shall be *made* to repent, and believe, and be saved.
 But she looks on all else, sir, that ever were born,
 With contempt, indignation, and infinite scorn,
 And tells them expressly she always view'd them
 With wrath everlasting, and hatred supreme.
 She calls them and makes them mock offers of grace;
 If they come, sir, she taunts them and fleers in their face,
 Reproaches them as a vile reprobate brood,
 Appointed for Tophet, and hated of God.
 When they dared to complain, sir, I heard her declare,
 With a haughty, imperious, and insolent air,
 She was sure her proceedings were not to be blam'd,
 That their suff'rings were just, and they ought to be
 damn'd;
 And question'd them sternly how such a vile brood
 Durst presume to complain or reply against God?
 For that six thousand years ago, or thereupon,
 The crime that deserved these pains they had done
 In the garden of Eden, when, at Satan's suit,
 Our old grandfather Adam eat forbidden fruit.
 When they further presum'd, sir, to reason the case,
 And told her they never remember'd the place,
 And said (like the lamb in the fable* forlorn)
 That the time she had named was before they were born,
 That they could not conceive how God justly could send
 Them to torments infernal and pains without end,
 As they themselves never were able to choose,
 Nor e'er had a power to accept or refuse;
 'Twas as hard with a crime to be chargeable made,
 Of which, sir, they never were *conscious* they said—
 For a crime to be hated, rejected, forlorn,
 Another committed before they were born;
 And earnestly begg'd she'd consider their case,
 And try them at least with one grain of true grace,
 That they might (though but small) have some chance for
 salvation,
 Before they were sent to eternal damnation.
 Here the lady put on, in a furious fit,
 A frown, sir, as black as the bottomless pit;
 She huff'd and look'd scornful, and proudly declar'd

* See the second fable of *Æsop*.

Such dull coxcombs as they were beneath her regard ;
 She call'd them perverse, and of reprobate mind,
 And free willing heretics, stupid, and blind ;
 Blaspheming Arminians, that truth they betrayed—
 'Twas horrid and shocking to hear them, she said ;
 That 'twas true they'd no pow'r to accept or deny,
 And declar'd that Free-agency all was a lie ;
 That how strange a matter soe'er it may seem
 To such shallow short-sighted creatures as them,
 With such things as these, she would have them to know,
 Common sense, sir, and reason had nothing to do : *
 She wonder'd, much wonder'd, such wretches as them,
 To censure their Maker's decrees should presume ;
 Though they fell on themselves with a terrible weight,
 They should hold their peace, go to hell, and be quiet ;
 And as heaven's great Sovereign it seems had thought fit
 To doom them to burn in the bottomless pit,
 They ought not to murmur, but humbly submit,
 To yield to the sovereign disposal he claims,
 Nor complain for his pleasure to fry in the flames.

Here she frown'd and look'd wrathful, averted her face,
 And declar'd they should ne'er have a grain of *true* grace ;
 Contemptuous she turn'd, disregarded their cry,
 And finally pass'd the poor reprobates by.

No sooner she turned, but the monster behind,
 Perceiving they now for the flames were design'd,
 First view'd them with infernal pleasure a while,
 And grinn'd o'er them horrid a grim ghastly smile, †
 Then stalk'd through the crowd with his cloven splay feet,
 And tost them by shoals to the bottomless pit !
 But what shock'd beyond measure and harrow'd my mind,
 Was to see the grim fiend seize the poor infant kind !
 For myriads of infants the *Wanton* pass'd by, ‡
 Not regarding their moan or their heart-piercing cry.
 I watch'd the fierce *Fury*, and saw him, sir, stand
 With a tender young infant gripp'd fast in each hand ;
 His talons pierced thro' them, and down from each wound
 The warm blood in streamlets distill'd on the ground.
 To have heard their sad shrieks and their pitiful moan,

* This the author heard a Calvinist assert in express terms not long ago.

† "Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile."—Milton, B. 2, L. 846.

‡ If the Calvinists deny this, I present them with the following note taken from Mr. Fletcher's "Scripture Scales," part second, pp. 281, 282, second edit.:—"When Calvin speaks of the absolute destruction of *so many nations*, which ('una cum

Would have pierced a heart even harder than stone ;
 They writhed in an agony, tortur'd with pain,
 And spread out their poor little arms, sir, in vain !
 I wept o'er the babies, I could not forbear
 (I, sir, am a *father*, excuse the fond tear) ;
 My bowels yearn'd o'er the poor innocent lambs ;
 And when the foul fiend cast them into the flames,
 I stepp'd to the side of the pit and look'd in ;
 But O, my dear Calvinist, what a sad scene !
 Whole myriads of infants of different degrees,
 Some but a span long, some yet smaller than these,
 In furious burnings lay weltering there,
 Though they knew not for why they so miserable were ;
 Convulsed and rack'd with unspeakable pain,
 They feebly scream'd out, but their screams were in vain !
 O horrid and cruel, I cried out, dismayed ;
 It seems the dire couple o'erheard what I said,
 For no sooner the words from my lips, sir, were flown,
 But they both cast upon me an indignant frown.
 I was frightened, as well you'll suppose I might be,
 For fear those dire talons should fasten on me.
 I turned about, in a hurry withdrew,
 And bade them a long and a willing adieu !

END OF THE SKETCH.

*“ I say 'tis chance alone bears rule,
 And who denies this is a fool ;
 The Almighty Ruler of the skies,
 I dare affirm, is not all-wise.
 I say 'tis false that when man fell,
 His cov'nant seed deserved hell.*

liberis eorum infantibus') together with their little children, are involved, WITHOUT REMEDY, in eternal death by the fall, he says that 'God foreknew their end before he made man.' And he accounts for this foreknowledge thus: 'He foreknew it because he had ordained it by His decree'—a decree this which three lines above he calls 'horribly awful.' 'Et ideo præcivit quia decreto suo sic ordinarat.' 'Decretum quidem horribile fateor.' And in the next chapter he observes, that 'Forasmuch as the reprobates do not obey the Word of God, we may well charge their disobedience upon the WICKEDNESS of their hearts, provided we add at the same time that they were devoted to this WICKEDNESS; because by the just and unsearchable judgment of God, they were raised up to illustrate his glory by their DAMNATION.' 'Modo simul adjiciatur, ideo in hanc pravitatem addictos, quia justo et inscrutabili Dei judicio suscitati sunt, ad gloriam ejus sua damnatione illustrandam.'" This Calvinism unmasked may be seen in "Calvin's Institutions," third book, chap. 23, sect. 7; and chap. 24, sect. 14.

'Twould be unjust should God not love
 With like affection all our race,
 And give to all men EQUAL grace!
 We disapprove the Word that says
 'Tis God disposes all men's ways;
 Nor can we own him for a Methodist,
 Who says he can do nothing without Christ.
 We Calvinism WHOLLY disapprove,
 And HATE to them consists with PERFECT love.
 The transver's'd shilling fix'd my faith,*
 Which I'm resolv'd to hold till death."
 I'll tell thee what, Calvinist, 'twixt thee and I,
 'Tis mean, and unmanly, and wicked to lie.
 Of all these assertions thy pen has let fall,
 There is not one grain of sound truth in them all.
 That our open belief of these points we declare,
 Your conscience, I think, will not let you aver;
 That with justice and truth they can fairly be drawn
 From our principles, is what I never have known;
 And 'tis well enough known to this candid good man,
 That our fixed belief is that they never can,
 And therefore to misrepresent as you do,
 Is unfair, and ungen'rous, and cowardly too.
 "That men by works are justified
 We preach." So does Saint James besides.†
 "We make it plain
 That God must FIRST be lov'd by man."
 Write greater untruth they who can.
 "We prove that God may love to-day,
 To-morrow take his love away."
 The same will honest Hosea say; ‡
 The same Ezekiel said before, §
 And John, || and Paul, ¶ and twenty more.
 Calvinians "say God's" still "the same."
 Who, think you, can this author name
 That thinks the sentiment amiss,
 Or says the contrary to this?
 "And whom He loves and makes His friend,
 He loves and saves them to the end."
 The very same the Blacksmith faith,
 If they continue in the Faith,

* Viz., Mr. Wesley's.

† See James ii. 24.

‡ Hosea ix. 15.

§ Ezek. xviii. 24, 26; and xxxiii. 13, 18

|| John xv. 6.

¶ Rom. xi. 22.

Grounded and settled, nor give up
The genuine Gospel's stable hope.

"Some truths there are, we can't deny,
Yet dare by no means preach them." Fie!
Now is not this, dear sir, a lie?

"Somethings we DISBELIEVE, yet they *
Will have them preach'd, and we obey.

. "We hope
Though we do give our conscience up
(Small harm, if good may come from thence),
God with our weakness will dispense."

O fie for shame, Calvinist, fie, fie for shame!
Did not conscience here whisper thou'rt highly to blame?
Where one of those Methodist preachers, I trow,
(Come name them and shame them) where one dost thou
know,

That such a base, vile, wicked maxim receives,
Or preaches contrary to what he believes?
But if thou canst not, then repent as 'tis o'er,
And write such base, vile, wicked slanders no more.

"Profane and ungodly and Methodists join'd,
United in purpose, in heart, and in mind."

I cannot help thinking, dear sir, in this place,
This remark comes from you with a very ill grace.
Thought I, 'twould do well this Calvinian elf
Would take Paul's advice † and consider himself,
Keep his vile intimations upon his own ground,
Where profane and ungodly enough may be found.

"In spite of them all, I the sceptre yet hold."

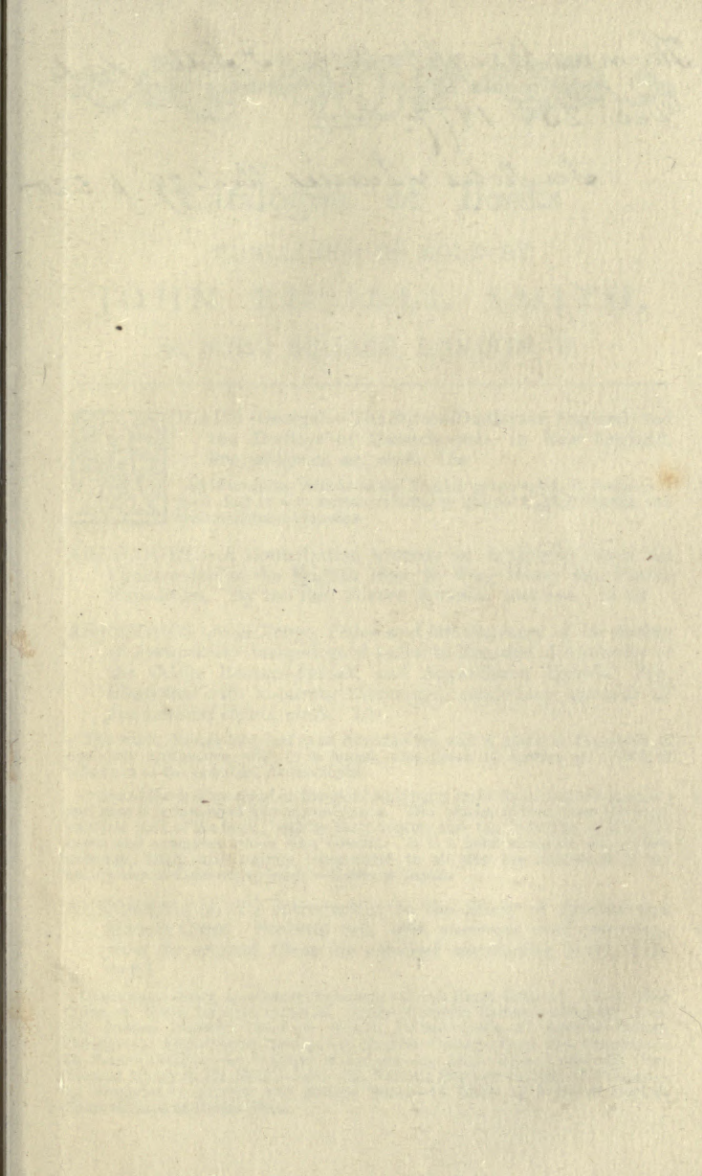
But where, sir, reigns Calvinism so uncontroll'd?
That erroneous scheme you so stoutly aver,
And dishonour the truth by comparing't with her.

"Forbear then, O Cyclops, for triumph I must,
When thou and thy forces are laid in the dust."

A mean, empty, low, and poor paltry vain boast.

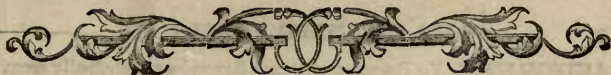
* Viz., the Wesleys.

† See Gal. vi. 1.



Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., died
Dec^r. 23^d. 1877. —

See Notes & Queries, Dec^r. 29. p. 520.



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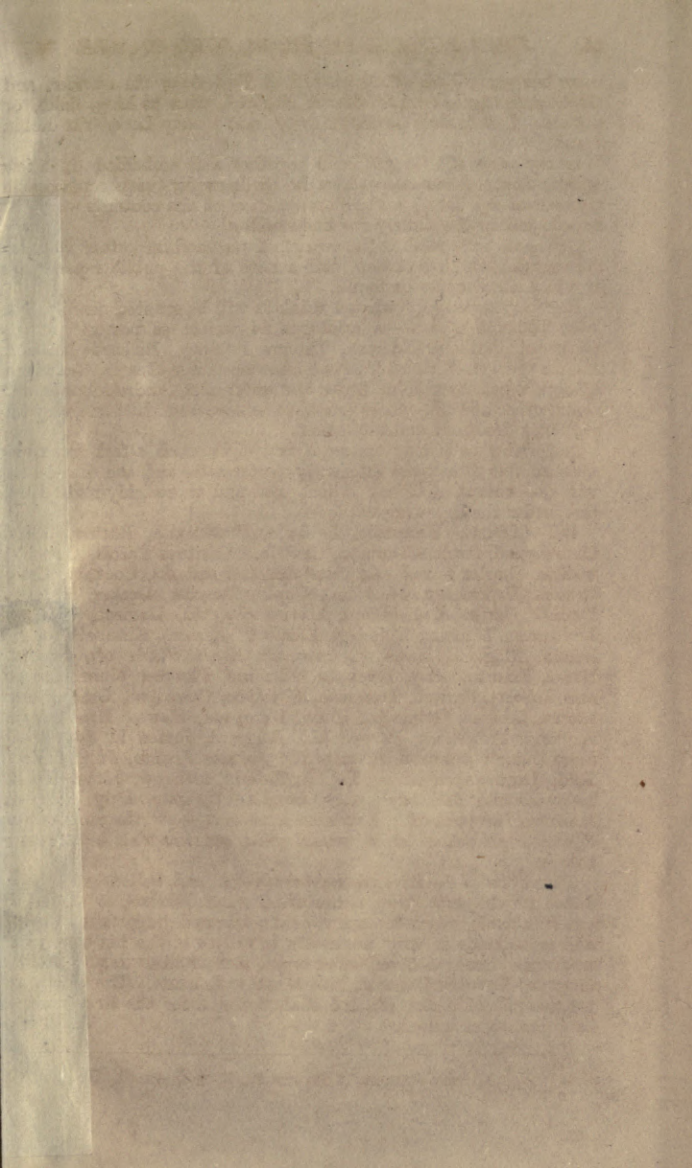
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