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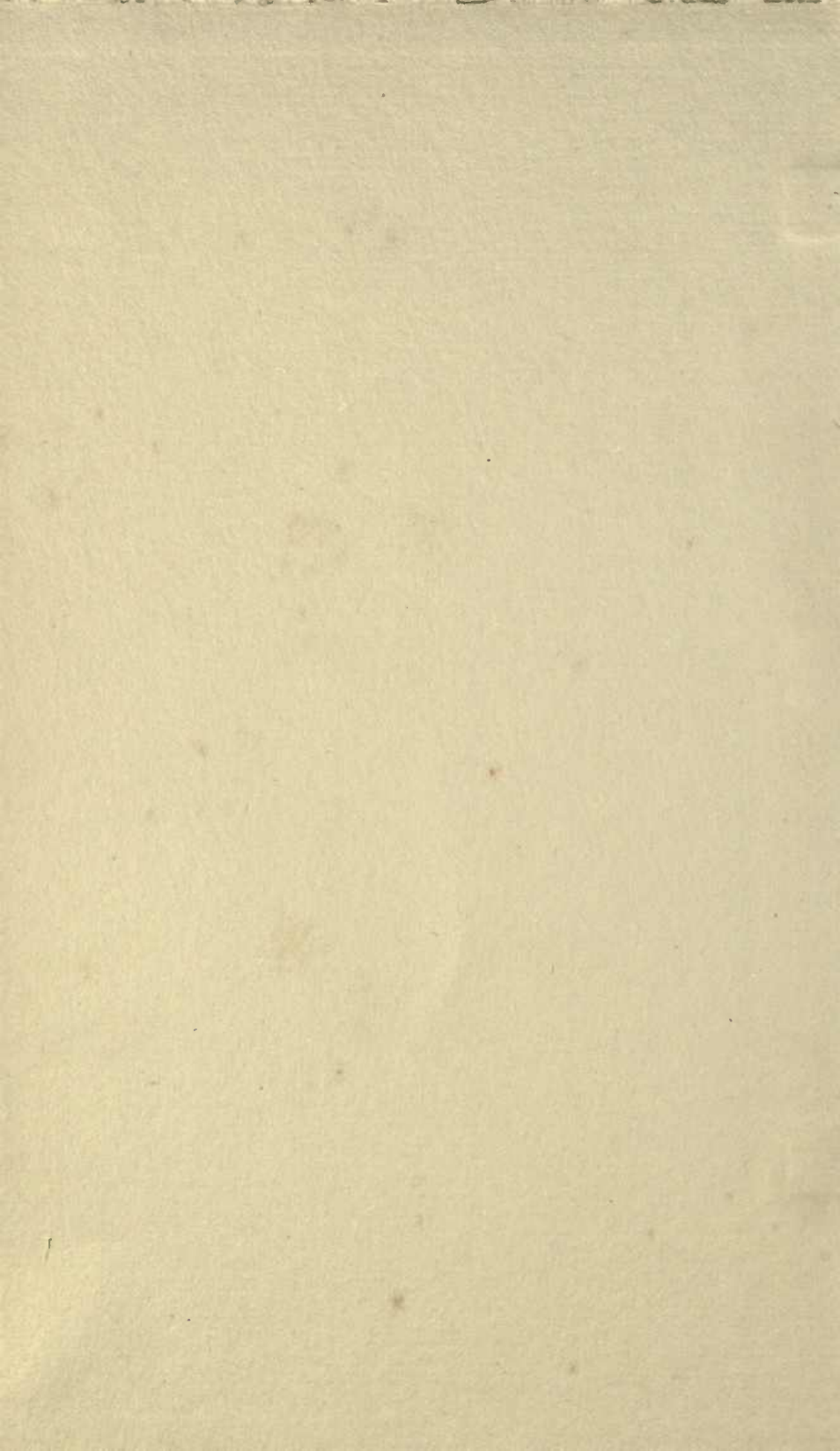
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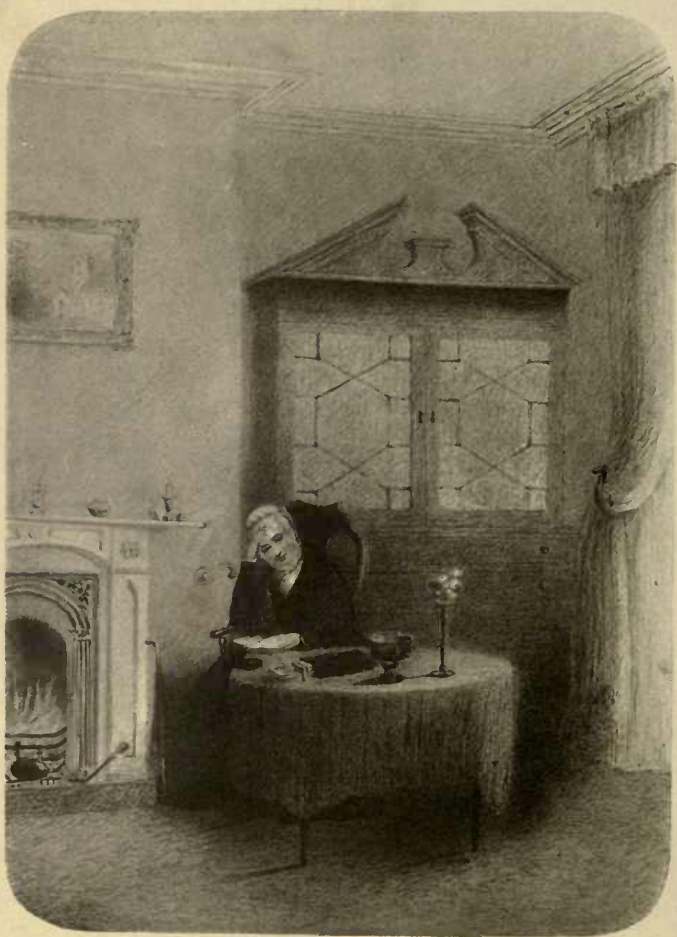


Etthel & Hubert du Vallon
from Queensberg

October 1907.



REYNOLDS-RATHBONE
DIARIES AND LETTERS



HANNAH MARY RATHBONE.

"Le soir de la vie apporte avec soi sa lampe."—"Pensées." J. JOUBERT.

REYNOLDS-RATHBONE
DIARIES AND LETTERS

1753—1839

EDITED BY MRS. EUSTACE GREG

'Individuals die—but the amount of Truth they
have taught, and the sum of good they have
done, dies not with them.'

MAZZINI.

Printed for Private Circulation

1905

PREFATORY NOTE

I SINCERELY thank those relations who have so kindly helped me in making this collection of diaries and letters of a past generation. Also Mr. Norris of Coalbrookdale for valuable information regarding the Shropshire houses and Reynolds family; and Mr. Adolphus Jack for kind interest in the work, and help in the arrangements for its publication.

EMILY GREG.

LONDON, *September* 1905.

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MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

HANNAH MARY REYNOLDS, afterwards married to William Rathbone of Liverpool, was born at Ketley Bank, near Shifnal, in Shropshire, in 1761.

She was the daughter of Richard Reynolds, 'the Philanthropist,' and of his first wife Hannah, daughter of Abraham Darby of Coalbrookdale.

Of Hannah Darby it is written, 'She was possessed of great personal attractions, and her mind was one of no common order. To a most amiable, generous disposition were united a truly humble spirit, and habits of piety and serious reflection.'¹ She was married to Richard Reynolds, 20th May 1757, at Shrewsbury, and on the afternoon of that day he and his bride proceeded to Ketley Bank. At this house his two eldest children, William and Hannah Mary, were born, and here, on the 24th May 1762, died his beloved wife.

Soon after this bereavement Richard Reynolds removed from the Bank to Dale House, Coalbrookdale, and on the 1st December 1763 he married Rebecca Gulson. His sons Richard and Michael were born at the Dale. In 1767 or 1768 he returned to Ketley, where was born his youngest son Joseph, between whom and his half-sister Hannah Mary existed a lifelong friendship and affection. From Ketley Bank Hannah Mary was married to William Rathbone, at the Quaker meeting-house at Shrewsbury, on the morning of the 17th August 1786.

The daughter seems to have inherited the goodness

¹ *Memoir of Richard Reynolds*, by his grand-daughter Hannah Mary Rathbone, author of *Lady Willoughby's Diary*.

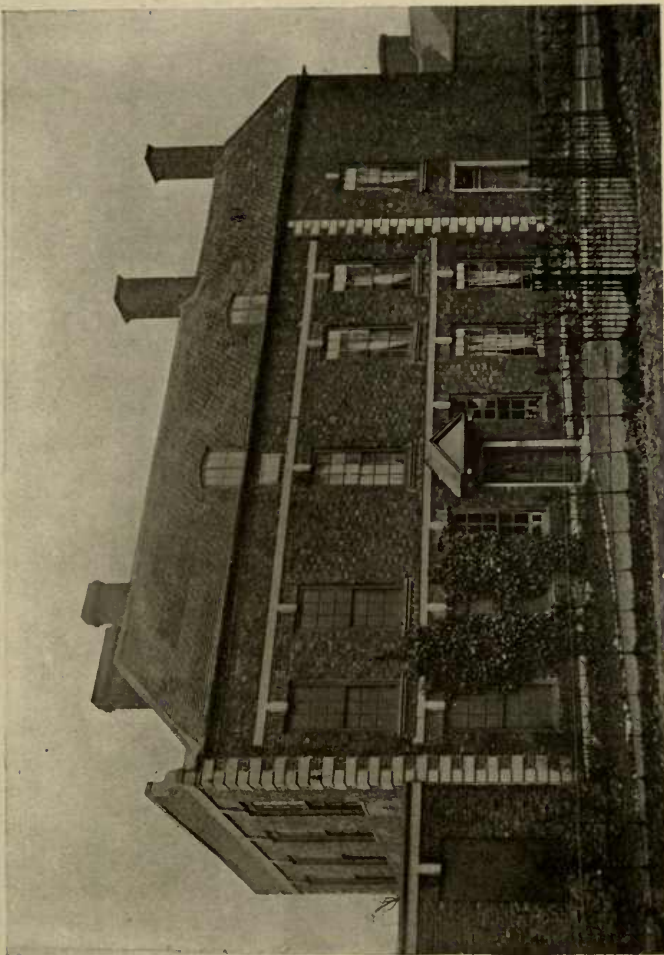
MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

and attractive qualities of her mother, besides being more intellectual and highly cultivated. The friendships formed by her in after life attest to her superior intellect and sympathetic disposition. Her kindness and hospitality were unailing, especially to those in trouble, and shown with the true courtesy of manner that comes from a kind heart; 'a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise.'

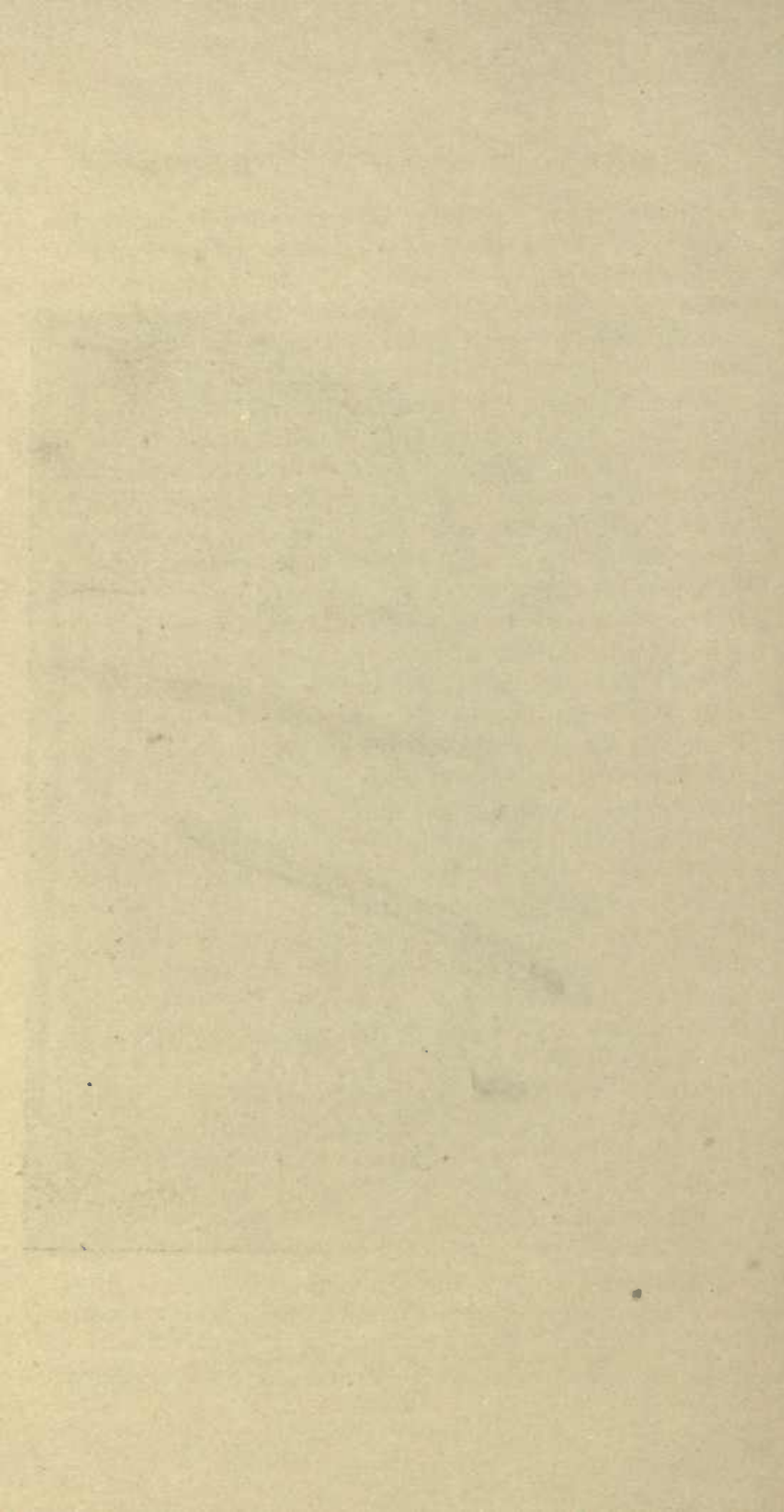
She was almost too humble-minded, too unselfish; but she combined with this great dignity of manner, an unflinching adherence to what she believed to be right. She was adored as well as loved by her children and grandchildren. 'And to her father, by her devoted attachment to him, her superior mental endowments and cultivated mind, constituted the joy of his life.' She was his only daughter, and the friendship between them was very beautiful; unshaken by her marriage, as may be seen by the frequent mention in her Diary, of her letters to, and from, him, and his visits to her, very frequent for a time when travelling was lengthy and difficult. She shared with her father a love of the country and intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature. The views over the beautiful Shropshire country, with the Severn winding through the lovely landscape, the Wrekin rising up abruptly from the plain were to both an unceasing delight.

Her home life up to the time of her marriage must have been very happy. Living in a beautiful country, her father loving her with a wise and unailing affection, and possessed of ample means to gratify all her tastes as a child and when grown up. I have now before me three plates and a dish remaining of a doll's dinner-service he had made for her of Wedgwood ware (he was intimately acquainted with Josiah Wedgwood). There were also some doll's little silver plates and spoons. I once possessed two of these, but fear all are lost.

Her father had built for her a rustic cottage in the woods of Lincoln Hill, the lower part for the occupants



THE BANK HOUSE, KETLEY.



MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

of the cottage; the three upper rooms were for his daughter's special use—and were furnished by her in the simple style of a real cottage. In this quiet retreat she often spent several days together.¹ The cottage, which was beautifully situated, was, I believe, taken down in 1840.

Hannah Mary Reynolds had one brother, William, and three step-brothers, Michael, Richard, and Joseph, children of her father's second wife, Rebecca Gulson; Michael died young, Joseph survived his step-sister many years. His daughter married H. M. R.'s son Richard, hence the various complicated relationships and confusion of names.

It was through her mother, Hannah Darby, that the King Charles the Second tankard came into the possession of the Greenbank family. After the defeat of the King near Worcester in 1651, he was secreted in a barn belonging to a gentleman named Wolf, living in the parish of Madely. He in after years congratulated the King on his accession to the throne. Charles remembered Wolf, and asked him how he could show his gratitude to him for preserving his life—Wolf replied, by permission to add to his arms the crown in the paws of the wolf. On this the King gave him a service of plate with the arms engraved as he desired. But in time the Wolf family fell into reduced circumstances, and were obliged to sell their plate, keeping the tankard to the last. This was bought by Abraham Darby of Madely, and given by him to his son-in-law, Richard Reynolds, on condition that he would give it to the first of his children who married, and with his consent. This was my grandmother, Hannah Mary Reynolds, who was married to William Rathbone in 1786.

The business firm, of which he was the head partner, was Rathbone, Hughes, and Duncan—they imported the first American cotton into England, about the year 1798,

¹ Constant references to the cottage and 'the wood' are made in her Diaries, kept before she was married, 1784-5 and 1786.

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

—‘it came over in eight bales and three barrels.’ It is indeed extraordinary to think of what has come from this small beginning!

After my grandfather’s death, his sons William and Richard continued the business on their own account as ‘Rathbone Bros.,’ and as such it has continued to the present day.

This William Rathbone (fourth of the name in direct descent) had great business capacity, united to a fine intellect and a love of learning, and was a man of great energy and power of will. Considering his education to have been insufficient, he continued his studies in French, Latin, History, studying far into the night, after a hard day’s work at his office; and kept himself awake ‘by wrapping a wet towel round his head and pursuing his studies in a kneeling posture.’ This over-work told on a constitution not naturally strong, and he died in 1809, at the early age of fifty-one, after a long period of failing health. The excellent portrait that was taken of him looks like that of a man of seventy.

Although not thirty when he was married, his hair was quite white, and when travelling with my grandmother, they were frequently taken for father and daughter. When first married they lived at Cornhill, in the town of Liverpool, near the docks and his place of business, as was then the custom. But their eldest son William was delicate, and they were ordered to take him into the country, so my grandfather bought Greenbank, then only a farm-house, surrounded by trees and fields—about three miles from the town, and here their other children were born. Before his death my grandfather had intended to greatly enlarge and alter the house, but did not live even to see the plans completed. After his death, his widow carried out the alterations as she believed her husband would have wished, and was somewhat horrified to find how much had been spent in the gratification of her taste.

Recently some rooms have been added at the back—

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

but the front, with its beautiful entrance porch, and the south side, looking on to the garden, is the same now as when the alterations were made by my grandmother. Along the south side (south with a little west, most charming of all aspects) is a delightful double verandah, given to his daughter by her father Richard Reynolds and which was made at the Coalbrookdale Works. The room over the porch, as seen in the photograph, was my grandmother's dressing-room.

Greenbank was truly a delightful country house possessing a garden that was a joy to the many children that have played in it, as well as to their elders.

The mention of the sundial on the lawn that sloped down to the edge of the pond, the weeping willows hanging over that pond, the 'brook' formed into a miniature waterfall, the alcove near to it, the large blue periwinkles, will recall to many childish hours of enjoyment never to return; and also the lawn on the south-west side, the walk beside the sunk fence looking over the fields, the beehives, the rose garden, and the large horse-chestnut tree at the back of the house.

To the family of her son Richard, then living in town, who every Sunday came out to Greenbank and stayed the night, it must have indeed seemed a Garden of Paradise, and the large 'nursery,' as it was then called (afterwards used as a ball-room), which opened on to the beautiful verandah, must have seemed an enchanted room to the little town children after the dark unloveliness of their house in Duke Street.

Besides this son Richard, there were four other children who grew up, William the eldest son, Theodore, Benson, and one daughter, 'Annie'; three that died very young, Basil, Joseph, and Theophilus. Benson, at the age of thirty-four, lost his life by being thrown from a stage-coach.

My grandmother, therefore, had much sorrow in her life. I have a little paper packet containing some dried leaves, on the outside is written, 'A sprig of myrtle taken from my lovely Basil's breast just before his coffin was closed,

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

and worn in my own the remainder of that awful day, the 2nd Nov. 1804.'

In addition to the loss of her beloved children, she had great anxiety for many years about her husband's health as will be apparent from her Diaries; her own health was often poor; she had also an over-sensitive disposition, and was liable to great depression of spirits.

Her charity of all kinds was unbounded—it was charity in the fullest meaning of the word. Besides relieving the wants of the very poor, she had that great, and more rare, charity towards her equals in birth, but in reduced circumstances, especially when in ill-health and sorrow. As shown in the Diaries there was open house to every one, and especially to young men who had come to learn business in Liverpool and were far away from their homes—to all the same kindly welcome. The following extract seems appropriate and interesting as from one who had known Mrs. Rathbone, and retained this attractive and vivid remembrance of her.¹ Mr. Chorley writes:—

'My uncle, Dr. Rutter (a cousin of Mr. Rathbone's), had been dangerously ill of typhus fever. Mrs. Rathbone, according to her wont, insisted on his being nursed at Greenbank during his convalescence, and that my mother (his sister), who had been his head nurse, should accompany him; and with delicate and considerate kindness would have us children, all four, come to her country house' (Greenbank). 'Hannah Mary Rathbone' (Mr. Chorley continues) 'was a noble and fascinating woman, the most faithful of wives, the most devoted of mothers, the most beneficent of friends. In 1819, when I stayed at Greenbank, she was in the last ripeness of her maturity, looking older than her years, but as beautiful as any picture which can be offered by freshest youth. Though nominally a member of the Society of Friends, she never conformed to its uniform. Her profuse white hair, which had been white from an early age, was cut straight like a man's, to lie simply across her fore-

¹ *Autobiography, Memoir, and Letters of Henry F. Chorley*, compiled by Henry G. Hewlett.

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

head. Above this was her spotless cap of white net, rescued from meagreness by a quilled border of net and a sort of scarf of the same material thrown over it, a head-dress as picturesque without being queer, as if its wearer had studied for years how to arrange it. Her gown always a dark silk, with a quantity of delicate muslin to swathe the throat, and a shawl which covered the stoop of her short figure, a shawl never gay though mostly rich. But the face was simply one of the most beautiful faces (without regularity) that I have ever seen; beautiful in spite of being somewhat underhung, the eyes were so deep, brilliant, and tender, the tint was so fresh, the expression so noble and affectionate; and the voice matched the face, so low it was, so kind, so cordial, so irresistibly intimate, which means appreciating. The welcome of that elderly woman to the awkward, scared, nervous child, is one of the happiest recollections of my life. She had been throughout her life the admired friend and counsellor of many distinguished men, all belonging to the liberal school of ideas and philosophies. One of so fearless a brain, so tenderly religious a heart, and so pure a moral sense as she, I have never known. Her moral courage was indomitable, her manners shy, gentle, and caressing.

‘Since that time I have been in many luxurious houses, but anything like the delicious and elegant comfort of Greenbank during her reign I have never known. Plenty without coarseness; exquisiteness without that super-delicacy which oppresses by its extravagance. It was a house to which the sick went to be nursed, and the benevolent to have their plans carried out. It was anything but a Puritanical house; the library was copious, novels and poems were read aloud in the parlours, and such men as William Roscoe, Robert Owen, Sylvester of Derby, Combe of Edinburgh, came and went. There was a capital garden, a double verandah; never shall I see that verandah equalled; there was a piano, and there was water and a boat. . . .

‘How that great, good, and gentle woman ruled her family, having been left a widow at middle age, how *toned* them to a standard few even try to reach, many know as well as I. Few have influenced so many by their affections, by their reason, by their understanding, so honourably, as that retiring delicate woman, and it is a pleasure to me (not without tears in it), to think that when we are all no more, some one, untarnished by

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

family partiality or tradition, shall have said this much by way of laying a leaf on a modest but a very holy grave.'

Her own and her husband's literary tastes and cultivation attracted the best literary society in Liverpool and from a distance—Roscoe, the author of *Leo the Tenth* and *Lorenzo di Medici*, Dr. Currie, Wedgwood the Potter, Professor Scoresby, Robert Owen, Combe of Edinburgh, Audubon the American naturalist, Professor Dugald Stewart, Dr. Traill, and many others.

Audubon makes frequent mention of Mrs Rathbone of Greenbank, where he passed many happy hours during his stay in Liverpool in 1826. Of the Rathbone family he first visited her son, Mr. Richard Rathbone, and thus writes in his diary, from which I give a few extracts¹:—

'*July 24th, Monday.*—As early as I thought proper I turned my steps to 87 Duke Street, where the polite English gentleman, Mr. Richard Rathbone resides. Mr. Rathbone was not in, but at his counting-house, where I soon found myself . . . My name was taken to the special room of Mr. Rathbone, and in a moment I was met by one who acted towards me as a brother. He did not give his card to poor Audubon, he gave me his hand, and a most cordial invitation to be at his house at two o'clock, which found me there. I was ushered into a handsome dining-room, and Mr. Rathbone almost immediately entered the room with a most hearty greeting. I dined with this hospitable man, his charming wife and children. Mrs. Richard Rathbone is not only an amiable woman, but a most intelligent and highly educated one.

'*July 28th.* . . .—I called on Mrs. Richard Rathbone. . . . She is so truly a delightful companion, that had it been possible I should have made my call long instead of short, . . . but I found a note from Mr. William Rathbone reminding me of my promise to dine with him. . . . At the hour named I found myself in Bedford Street, and in the parlour with two little daughters of my host,² the elder about thirteen, extremely hand-

¹ From *Audubon and his Journals*, by M. R. Audubon and Elliott Cones, published by J. C. Nimmo, 14 King William Street, Strand.

² Afterwards Mrs. John Paget and Mrs. Thom, daughters of Mrs. Rathbone's eldest son, who married the eldest daughter of Mr. Greg of Quarrybank.

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

some; Mrs. Rathbone soon entered and greeted me as if she had known me all my life.

'*August 14th.*—This day I have passed with the delightful Rathbone family at Greenbank. I have been drawing for Mrs. Rathbone, and after dinner we went through the Jardin potager. How charming is Greenbank and the true hospitality of these English friends.

'*Greenbank, September 6th.*—When I reached this place I was told that Lady Isabella Douglas, the sister of Lord Selkirk,¹ was there; she is unable to walk, and moves about in a rolling chair.² At dinner I sat between her and Mrs. Rathbone, and I enjoyed the conversation of Lady Douglas much, her broad Scotch accent is agreeable to me.'

[There was a warm friendship between Lady Isabella Douglas and Mrs. Rathbone, and letters from her to Mrs. Rathbone are given in the Appendix, p. 194.—ED.]

'*September 19th.*—I have been thinking over my stay in Liverpool; surely I can never express, much less hope to repay, my indebtedness to my many friends, especially the Roscoes, the three families of Rathbones, and Dr. Thomas S. Traill.'

[Audubon also mentions with gratitude the hospitality he received from Mr. André Melly and Mr. Greg of Quarry Bank, Manchester, all intimate and admiring friends of Mrs. Rathbone, whom Audubon often designated the "Queen bee" and "Lady" Rathbone of Greenbank.]

Among a few of her good works may be mentioned the organisation of Public Washhouses, an inestimable benefit to the poor, and in conjunction with Mr. Roscoe, the improvement in the state and discipline of the prisons. With some other ladies she tried to ameliorate the condition of the French prisoners of war and to give them employment. I have two large quilts made by these prisoners, one appliqué work of chintz flowers and

¹ Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, who took out a number of Highland emigrants and established them there, and practically founded the province of Manitoba. As almost certainly Liverpool would be the port they would sail from, this probably was the origin of the friendship between his sisters and the Rathbone family.

² I have seen this chair, it is in the possession of her great-niece, Miss Halkett.

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

fruit on a white ground, the other white with a braided pattern.

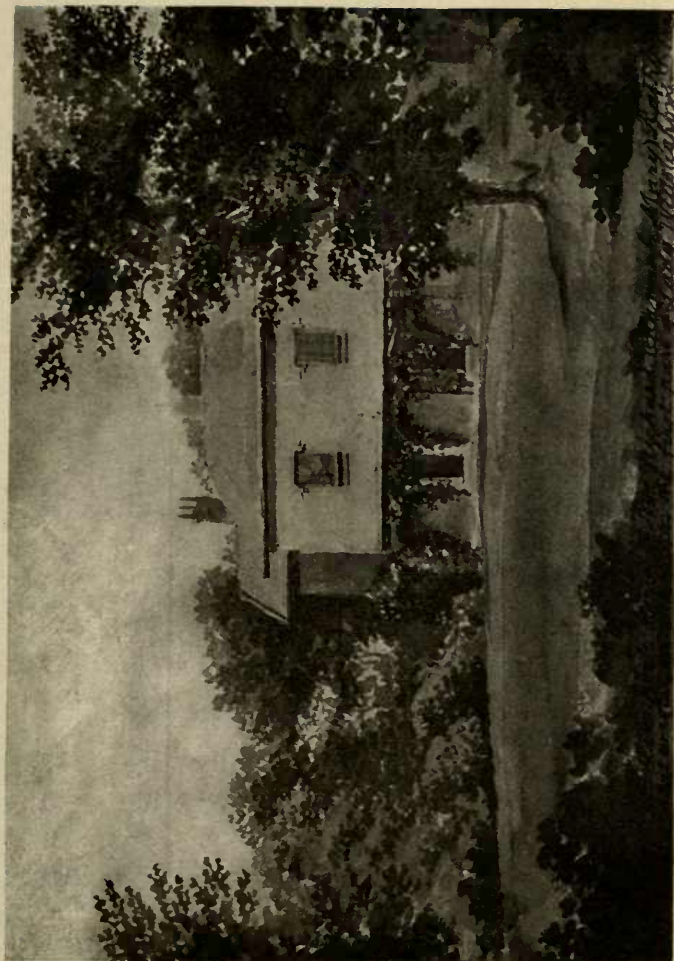
She was a most loving mother. A little tried sometimes by her children's occasionally exaggerated expressions of affection—so to say, hero-worship of her. She was truly a second mother to all her daughters-in-law, by whom she was regarded with loving veneration.

Especially close was the tie (as she was also her niece) between my grandmother and her son Richard's wife. Having lost her mother when a child, the younger Hannah Mary felt to the older one as to her own mother, and always addressed and spoke of her as such.

The confusion caused by this nomenclature of Hannah Mary was very great. My grandmother was called Hannah after her mother Hannah Darby, Mary probably after her mother's half-sister, Mary Darby,¹ and the younger generations were all named after her—at one time there were five Hannah Mary Rathbones living in Liverpool: my grandmother, her daughter 'Annie,' the wife and daughter of her son Richard, and the daughter of her son William (afterwards the wife of the Rev. J. H. Thom). There was also a great niece Hannah Mary Ball, and the daughter of a great friend of my grandmother's (Mrs. Greg of Quarry Bank), who by her marriage with Thomas Reynolds repeated the old name of Hannah Mary Reynolds.

My grandmother remained for many years at Greenbank after her husband's death; during that time her three sons married, and when in 1831 her daughter 'Annie' was married to Dr. Reynolds, it seemed to her right that her eldest son (William) should come to reside at Greenbank, and take up his position as head of the family. Upon this her son Richard had a most comfortable cottage-house built for her on his own estate of Woodcroft. It was built close to the entrance drive, and his mother's sight being then failing, he had the

¹ Or after her father's sister Mary, the 'Aunt Beesley' of the Diary.



WOODCROFT.

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

house built in one story, without a single step anywhere, so that she could walk with ease from one room to another. Here she lived, made happy by the affection of her children and grandchildren till her death in 1839.

There was constant intercourse between 'grandmama' at 'the cottage' and the Woodcroft family; it was a delightful element in their daily lives. In all their letters and diaries frequent references are made to the 'cottage' and 'grandmama,' 'had breakfast with her,' 'she dined with us,' 'came to tea,' 'spent the day at the cottage,' etc. Not a day passed without some communication; and she spent most of her evenings with her son's family. About that time the Waverley Novels were published. There was great mystery as to the authorship of these novels, which were received with the greatest enthusiasm, not only for their own merits, but there being then so few works of fiction suitable for family reading. My father was very fond of reading aloud, and read exceedingly well, and many happy evenings were passed in the Woodcroft 'library,' my father reading, his beloved mother and his family listening with delight to these wonderful romances. He always walked back with his mother to the cottage, where she was well taken care of by her faithful butler Hamer and her two maidservants. She had a little brown and white spaniel called Chance, of whom she was very fond, and had him buried in her son's garden, and a tombstone, with an inscription, at the head of the grave.

But, all too soon, this precious life came to an end. In the spring of 1839 her last illness came on very suddenly, some affection of the brain.

The following memoranda is in a copy I possess of the *Sacra Privata* by Thomas Wilson (Bishop of Sodor and Man), in the handwriting of her much-loved daughter-in-law, her son Richard's wife: 'In this book I had read to my beloved mother every morning previous to her last illness, and it was while reading the Wednesday

MEMOIR OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

Meditation on the 10th April that she was first taken ill.—H. M. R.

She died on the 29th May of the same year, beloved and regretted by all who knew her. To the Woodcroft household her death was an overwhelming sorrow—a dark cloud over their daily life—afterwards a sweet and beautiful memory.



HANNAH MARY RATHBONE.
(NÉE REYNOLDS.)

DIARY OF HANNAH (DARBY), WIFE OF
RICHARD REYNOLDS, AND MOTHER OF
HANNAH MARY RATHBONE OF GREEN-
BANK ¹

1761

Thurs., Jan. 1.—Dickey at the Dale. Myself and Billey at Farmer Clayton's. I went to recon with him about the malt. Stayed supper. Dickey came in the evening.

Fri.—Kniting.

Sat.—Mending stays all day.

Sund.—At the Dale. Sally went with us to the Horse hay [iron foundry].

M. 5th.—Took a Pye down to Ketley to dine on. Stay'd all day.

Tu. 6.—Farmer Clayton and his wife din'd here and stay'd the evening.

W.—Getting Dickey's cloths in order for his journey.

Th.—Dickey set out for Birmingham and Stourbridge—Betty at the Dale.

Sat.—Dickey returned this evening. R. and B. Phillips supt here.

Sun.—Went to the Dale—received a letter from my mother Reynolds.

Mon. 19.—Wash'd Blewing and starching, and Ironed most of the small cloths.

¹ There are some letters of Hannah Darby of an earlier date in the Appendix, p. 178, as they were received too late for insertion in their proper order.

Tu.—Ironing all day.

W.—Ironing.

Th.—At the Dale—my father and mother at Shrewsbury—they went to Sally Abraham's burial.

Fr.—Samuel Neal came last night—went with him to the Dale—at meeting.

Sat.—S. N., Dickey, and myself breakfasted at Ketley—took Billey. S. N. and Dickey went to Shrewsbury after dinner.

Sun.—Billey very bad with a hoorsness last night. . . . Tapt half a hogshead of ale.

M. 26.—Billey bad last night—nursing him all day.

Tu.—Billey took bad with a fevour.

W.—Billey still bad.

Th.—Sent for Dockter Whitfield last night—he lay here and Docter Cook sat up with Billey.

Fr.—Billey is rather better to-day—my mother came to see him yesterday.

Sat.—Billey continues to mend.

Sun., Feb. 1.—Stay'd at home—Billey much better.

.

Tu.—Sally Stapleton here. Kill'd a pig.

W.—Kniting.

Th.—Making Pork Pyes. Dockter Whitefield called. Dickey at the Dale.

Fr.—Cutting out shirts for Dickey. Will brewed for small bere.

Sat.—Began to make Dickey's shirts. Betty's sister came from Margate. Tapt small bere.

Sun.—Billey and Betty went to the Dale.

M. 9.—Mending stockings. Nurse and Betty's sister, etc., dined here.

Tu.—Sewing.

W.—Scoured the Pewter—helping to clean the kitching, etc. Received a letter from coz. Sulley.

Th.—Dickey at the Dale. I could not go for the frost.

Sun. 15.—Could not go to the Dale, my cold con-

tinued so bad. Dickey, Sally Stapleton and the two maids went. Joseph White from America there.

M. 16.—Dickey and Sally went to Shrewsbury.

Tu.—Sewing.

W.—Dickey at the Dale.

Th.—Dickey at Shrewsbury. Me bloded.

Sat.—Andrew Bradely, Farmer Clayton, and J. Hardwick din'd here. Mr. Birchil, myself, and Sally went to Ketley. Peggy lighted of a boy.

Sun.—At meeting—very poorly—kill'd a pig yesterday.

M. 23.—Sewing. Sally Stapleton very bad, sent for her sister. She took James' Powder.

Tu.—Andrew Bradley and M. Birchel dinded here—we made Pork Pies.

Fr.—Tapt a hogshead of ale and small bere. Neighbour Wike here.

Sat.—Brew'd small bere.

Sun.—Went to the Dale in the chase.

M., 2 March.—Down at Netley to see Peggy—look'd out the cloths for the washing.

Tu.—Blewing and starching, and began to Iron.

.

Fr.—Laying by the Cloths. Will brew'd a hogshead of drink.

M. 9.—Peggy Gilpin here. W. Reynold's wife came to Ketley.

Wed. 11.—The men began to hang the new Room.

Th.—Sewing.

Fri.—Had the white-washers at work.

Sat.—Busey cleaning the house.

Sun.—At meeting.

M. 16.—Clean'd the Plate—the windows clean'd and the white-washers at work again.

Tu.—Sewing and cooking.

W.—My father and mother, Sammy, and S. and W. Maud din'd here.

Th.—At the monthly meeting.

Sat.—Cutting out mobs and sewing.

Tu. 24.—Sewing. Molly Reynolds din'd here, and R. Phillips.

W.—Went to Ketley, rode back behind Dickey.

M. 30.—Preparing for the washing.

Tu.—Blewing and starching.

W., April 1.—Ironing. Ben. Phillips set out for Worcester to fetch sister Molly.

Fr.—Laying by the cloths. Sister Molly came.

Sat.—Walked to Ketley and back.

Thur. 9.—Dickey set out for Birmingham.

Fr.—Picking currants for the Cake—afternoon walked down to Ketley and back.

Sat.—Dickey returned with Father Reynolds.

M. 13.—Father Reynolds stayed over to-day.

Fri.—Lawyer Dixon, two of the Briscoes, and W. Hall din'd here.

M. 20.—Barkers Clark din'd here.

Tu.—Sewing all day. My father and S. Maud drank tea here yesterday.

W.—Sent last night for neighbour Wike. Better to-day.

Th.—Sewing and took a walk. Neighbour Wike went home. Returned at night. Dickey at Shrewsbury.

M. 27.—Very poorly this forenoon.

Tu.—Sewing—poorly to-day.

W.—Sewing.

Th.—Dickey at the Dale—me poorly.

Fr., May 1.—Esther Phillips, Peggy and her niece here. Dockter Wike here.

Sat.—Neighbour Talbot here.

Sun.—Looking out Cloths for the washing. Neighbour Wyke here. Very poorly to-day.

M. 4.—Half-past seven lighted of a girl, morning.¹

Sat. 30. Down at Ketley. Company at dinner.

¹ 'Hannah Mary' of Greenbank.

Sun.—At the Dale in the afternoon.

Wed., June 17.—Nurse went away.

Thur., July 25.—Set out for Bristol, with Sister Molly, T. Reynolds, Billey, Molly, Will, and Betty.

Thur., Sept. 10.—Returned from Bristol—at the monthly meeting—at the Dale.

M., Oct. 26.—Ironing. Lawyer Leek dined here.

Tu.—Billey bad with a hoorseness.

Sund., Nov. 1.—My Father Reynolds came with Dickey from the Dale. Dockter Cook here. Billey still very poorly.

Tu. 3.—Dickey and his Father, with Farmer Clayton, went a coarsing. Catch'd two hares.

W.—Father Reynolds at Shrewsbury, Dickey at Wenlock.

Th.—We went to the Dale. Father Reynolds went away.

M., Dec. 7.—My Father, J. Brook and J. Leek, W. Haken, and Samy and Saly Darby, all dined here.

Tu.—Ironing all day.

W.—Ironing all day.

Th.—Dickey at Shrewsbury. Monthly meeting. Finished Ironing.

M. 28.—Dickey set out for Bristol. Peggy Phillips and her child and Maid H. came.

1762

[Taken from the *Pocket Companion* for 1762—a short diary kept by Hannah Darby Reynolds during the last few months of her life. She died 24th May of this year after a few days' illness.]

January, Friday 22nd.—M. Birchill came here with her child.

Saturday 23rd.—M. B. and me at Farmer Clayton's. Father [Abm. Darby] came in the evening.

February, Thursday 18th.—Down at Ketley with the children.

Friday 19th.—Farmer Clayton's wife delivered of a boy, went to see her.

Monday 22nd.—A great storm of snow and wind. Dickey staid all night, could not come home for the snow; came to-day with A. Bradley.

Tuesday 23rd.—Washed. Dickey at the Horse Hay [foundry], stay'd late. Alice came.

Thursday 25th.—Blueing and starching. Dockter Cook here.

March, Friday 5th.—Dickey din'd at home with R. P. Putting by clothes from the wash.

Thursday 25th.—S. Maud here, came in the morning.

Saturday 28th.—At the Dale. R. P. went to Shrewsbury for his wife.

April, Monday 5th.—Down at Ketley. Lawyer Leeh dined with us in the office.

Wednesday 7th.—I got a bad cold.

Thursday 8th.—Washed. Dickey set out for Stourbridge.

Friday 9th.—Blewing and starching.

Monday 12th.—Foulding down clothes and ironing.

Monday 19th.—Making flummery, etc.

Wednesday 21st.—Down at Ketley—rode home and to the Horse Hay in the chase. Walk'd back with Dickey.

Thursday 22nd.—At Ketley in the afternoon. Alice bad.¹

Friday 22nd.—At the Dale. Walked to and from the Horsehay.

May, Friday 14th.—Dr. Wyke's bill, £1. 5s. 4d. Pd. for Turpentine for Dr. Cooke, £1. 3s. 0d.

¹ Might not this be the friend who had the measles, whom she nursed, and took the infection from?

SELECTIONS FROM DIARIES KEPT BY
HANNAH MARY RATHBONE, 1784 TO 1809

TWO great difficulties present themselves in making selections from twenty little pocket-books, of closely-written diary for each year—to decide what should be left out, what retained. I feel I may have failed both ways, keeping in what is tedious, and omitting what might have been of interest. To any one outside the family, I shall no doubt be considered to have greatly erred in the first respect. But much, I should think far more than half of each year's diary, has been omitted.

Another difficulty has been to make such selections as would give a feeling of life and reality; the diaries are somewhat sketchy and bare, being often merely names of the never-ceasing guests so hospitably received by the fourth William Rathbone and his wife, the mention of frequent visits made by themselves, of the letters H. M. R. received and wrote, of the frequent illness in the family, and of the extraordinary treatment and remedies.

The diaries are thus to a certain extent disappointing. Minute details given, yet a mere sketch of the day, little said to give colour or life to the numerous names of persons (often only initials), and of places without clue to the people who lived there. I have therefore sometimes left in accounts of events, very trivial in themselves, but which from some expression, perhaps only a single word, give light and colour to the bare outline of the diary. It is interesting in the rather meagre accounts of the days, to notice the books read by W. and H. M. R., as showing how strong their intellectual tastes must have been, not to have been dwarfed or hidden by, on W. R.'s side, a full and anxious business life, and grievous ill-health; and on hers, by the domestic cares of open

DIARY

house, such as was Greenbank, and frequent illness of herself and children.

She and her husband appear to have had a genuine love of society, apart from their unbounded hospitality; and to have possessed social capabilities very unusual in the Quakers of those days, and with the head of the family occupied in great mercantile ventures and interests, William Rathbone being the founder of the cotton trade between England and America. Two years before his marriage he had imported the first bales of American cotton brought to England, and the Rathbone firm had often as many as twenty or twenty-five ships consigned to them in dock at the same time.

The benevolence and high moral tone of William and Hannah Mary Rathbone have always been so prominently put forward, that the social side of their character, their enjoyment, especially his, of the best pleasures of life, has hardly I think been fully recognised. With regard to my grandfather, it seems to me as if, owing to my grandmother's long survival of him, bringing her nearer to us, as it were, that he unavoidably stands somewhat in the background, and one feels this to be a pity, when trying to realise his character, and looking at the beautiful intellectual, highly refined face of the portrait, taken not long before his death.

The constant use of initials in these diaries, and the names of houses without clue as to who resided in them, makes often confused reading. I have tried to obviate this by supplying names corresponding to these initials in footnotes throughout the book, and by an Appendix (p. 202) giving information regarding the houses; but with no one left now who can remember, this can be but imperfectly done, and greatly is it to be regretted that when there were living those who could have given such interesting explanations and information, advantage of it was not taken—one, amongst many of 'lost opportunities.'

DIARY OF HANNAH MARY
REYNOLDS-RATHBONE

1784

Thursday, April 8th.—Dined with my Father and M. W. upon Lincoln Hill rather uncomfortably. Joe Fawcett came to the Bank.

Thursday, April 15th.—Went to Brosely with M. and poor Joe Fawcett.

Monday, April 26th.—Dined in a drizzling rain under the trees, with my brother, T. H.¹ and M. W., yet very comfortably; returned to the Bank in the evening on foot.

Thursday, April 29th.—Dined with my Father, Brother, and M. W., where the cottage was to be built.

Tuesday, May 18th.—This day the Cottage was begun to be built.

Sunday, May 23rd.—My Father set out for London.

Tuesday, May 25th.—Went to the Dale with M. W. and Mrs. Bayley. Dined in the wood and went to Brosely in the evening.

Thursday, May 27th.—Went to the china works. Came to the Bank in the evening.

Friday, May 28th.—Went on the Canal to Newport; dined at Meretown, met T. H. and Weston Bayley who took Mrs. B. home in the evening.

Thursday, June 3rd.—Dined at Brosely, slept at my Uncle R.'s.²

¹ Theophilus Houlbrooke, a highly esteemed friend of her father's, and afterwards tutor to her sons.

² Joseph Rathbone of Liverpool, who married her mother's half-sister, Mary Darby.

DIARY

[1784

Wednesday, June 9th.—Dined for the first time in the Cottage with my Brother, M. W. and R. Ford.

Saturday, June 12th.—Returned to the Bank with Polly and T. H. My father came from London in the evening.

Thursday, June 17th.—Spent the whole day at the wood.

Specimen page of accounts kept in the diary in the month of June.

| Account of Monies. | Received. | Paid or Lent. |
|--|-----------|---------------|
| Brot Over, | £53 5 6 | £46 1 0 |
| Waggoner, | | 0 2 6 |
| Chaise driver, | | 0 2 0 |
| Bread, | | 0 0 8 |
| Milk, | | 0 0 1 |
| Tea, | | 0 0 9 |
| Cakes, | | 0 0 7 |
| Gave Nanny, | | 0 4 0 |
| Ditto Betty Tunke, | | 0 1 0 |
| Ditto Besy, | | 0 1 0 |
| Ditto for Ale, | | 0 0 2 |
| Gave, | | 0 1 0 |
| B. T. for going to the Bank, | | 0 1 0 |
| Milk 1d., Snuffers 3s., | | 0 3 1 |
| Knives and forks, | | 0 10 6 |
| Cannisters 2s., Sugar 2s., | | 0 4 0 |
| Mat 6d., Glass 10s., | | 0 10 6 |
| Baskets 1d., Banbox 1s., | | 0 1 9 |
| Dimity Gauze, etc., | | 0 16 10 |
| Turnpikes, | | 0 1 6 |
| | £53 5 6 | £49 0 11 |

Wednesday, June 30th.—Went with M. and S. Lloyd to the Dale, dined at the Wood with them, my Father, T. H., M. W., my Brothers, etc. etc. All slept at my Uncle R.'s.

Thursday, July 1st.—Dined again at the Wood with

the same party, also my Uncle Sam,¹ John Story, etc. etc. What a day!

Monday, July 19th.—Set out for Bristol with my Father; got there the 20th to dinner, and drank tea with poor Joe Fawcett.

Tuesday, August 3rd.—My Father, etc., set out for Devonshire.

Friday, August 13th.—My Father returned. Ah why!

Friday, September 3rd.—Settled again at the Wood. My Father and Mr. Harris came to drink tea with us. A sweet moonlight night. At the Temple.

Monday, September 6th.—Very poorly, M. A. stayed with me. Drank tea at J. Horton's.

Tuesday, September 7th.—My Father came to dinner, and for the first time he slept at this little peaceful Cottage.

Wednesday, September 8th.—My Father with us all day.

Friday, September 10th.—Returned home with my father and Polly. T. H. came in the morning after Polly had gone to Brosely.

Thursday, September 23rd.—Set out for Liverpool with my Uncle J. R., got there the 24th at ten o'clock in the morning.

[No further mention is made in the diary of this visit to Liverpool.]

Wednesday, September 29th.—Left Liverpool with my Uncle E. W. R. and W. T. crossed the water with us. Got home the 30th to dinner.

Wednesday, October 6th.—My Father and me stayed all night in the Wood.

Thursday, October 7th.—Dined yesterday and to-day at my Aunt Thompson's. Went to the Bank in the evening.

Thursday, October 21st.—Came to the Wood with my Mother,² who sat an hour with me. My Father and M. W. came in the evening to lodge.

¹ Samuel Darby, her mother's half-brother.

² She always addressed her stepmother as mother, her own having died when she was very young.

Sunday, November 7th.—Dined at Sunnyside. Poor Joe Fawcett left this world of sorrow. Drank tea at my Uncle R.'s. My Father went with me to the Wood in the evening.

Thursday, November 11th.—Attended poor Joe's funeral. Drank tea and suped¹ at my Uncle Rathbone's. My Father went with me to the Wood in the evening.

Sunday, November 14th.—Took a hasty dinner at, and bid a long adieu to, the Cottage. Went to the new dale meeting in the afternoon and from thence to the Bank.

Tuesday, November 30th.—Heard that old John so lately settled at the Cottage, was dead after a very short illness.

Wednesday, December 1st.—John was buried, and his wife and her furniture were brought away from the Wood.

Thursday, December 2nd.—Told Betty to make fires at the Cottage, and promised her a shilling a week for doing it.

¹ This spelling looks peculiar, but is so all through H. M. R.'s diaries.

1785

Monday, January 10th.—Spent the whole day in the Laundry.

Tuesday, January 11th.—In the morning engaged by many little matters upstairs; the afternoon and evening in my father's study, who was very poorly. Will C. came.

Wednesday, January 12th.—Spent the morning, and most of the afternoon, satisfactorily in sewing, conversing with M. W., and persuing our plan of reading.

Saturday, January 15th.—Our reading interrupted by sitting down stairs. Oh, the inequality of my spirits; how thick the gloom which this morning rested on all my prospects. Began a letter to R. Gulson. A letter brought by my brother last evening raised my spirits.

Monday, January 17th.—T. H. went away. Spent the day in reading, sewing, and walking. My Father and Brother at the dale.

Tuesday, January 18th.—Read, sewed and walked, but mostly conversed, our minds being too much unsettled for reading history. Wrote to E. Fox, and finished my letter to R. Gulson.

Thursday, January 20th.—Came to the wood with M. W., walked in the morning, busy in the afternoon; in the evening began a letter to M. Lloyd, and ended the day in conversation both serious and interesting.

Wednesday, January 26th.—Went to meeting; had a most dismal ride and walk with M. W. to the wood, where a chearful fire and the delightful quiet of the place soon restored us to comfort.

Thursday, January 27th.—My Father came in the

morning, we walked with him, and spent a most comfortable day. R. Ford dined and supped with us.

Friday, January 28th.—My Father left us in the morning; his being poorly made me very unhappy. Wrote to S. Lloyd. Had a miserable walk to the Dale, and being wet thro', were obliged to return.

Saturday, February 5th.—Passed a very painful morning. Wrote to E. R. Dined with only my Mother. Read all the evening in Blair's lectures.

Friday, February 18th.—A most comfortless cold day, quietly spent in reading and sewing; we once more began to read Rollin.

Thursday, February 24th.—Went to the Dale with my Father. Spent the day at Sunnyside, most of the family being poorly. Came home with my Father in the evening, and was disappointed in not finding T. H. at the Bank.

Tuesday, March 1st.—Reading. T. H. came in the evening; wrote to my father.

Wednesday, March 2nd.—Walked to meeting. After tea spent two pensive hours alone. Read J. Woolman. At night was more comfortable.

Saturday, March 5th.—My Brother better. Polly and me went to the Dale; she dined at Brosely, and me at Sunnyside; drank tea together at the wood, and suped at my Aunt Thompson's.

Sunday, March 13th.—Did not go to meeting, tho' I had no reason but the wishes of my friends to stay at home, being tolerably well. Spent most of the day in reading and pensive reflection.

Friday, March 18th.—My cold increasing, spent much of the morning in bed, and upon the whole a sad and melancholy day.

Saturday, March 19th.—Did not get up till after dinner, and again regreted that I was such poor company for my friends.

Sunday, March 20th.—A. Summerland, H. Rose and R. Phillips, junr., came to dinner and sat with us after it. In the morning my soul was indeed sick, but became

more calm, and in the evening had an agreeable conversation, and wrote to my Father.

Saturday, March 26th.—Reading and sewing. Young Mr. Ratton came to dinner. Gloomy indeed are the days; they pass, but I do not remember them with comfort.

Monday, March 28th.—Wrote to my Father. Sewing. Doctor Yonge breakfasted and Mrs. Carter drank tea with us; thought I perceived a change, much to my satisfaction.

Friday, April 1st.—My Brothers out all day. Sewing, mending and painting, employed us as usual; rode out with S. Lloyd in the afternoon; could no longer support my feelings, and by an effort produced a really happy change.

Saturday, April 2nd.—The weather still serene as ever, and my heart is lighter; the frost and snow of months chills it not so much as one unkind look. Dr. Sandford dined with us. S. Ll. but poorly.

Sunday, April 3rd.—Rode to meeting thro' a deepish snow; had a large company to dinner, tho' not many of our relations. Sam Darby staid tea. Recd. a letter from M. Ll.

Monday, April 4th.—Went to the Dale all of us on horseback, walked with M. W. and S. Ll. in the works and dined with them at the wood; met my Father on Lincoln Hill; my Brothers and S. Ll. came to us in the wood; met my Mother at my Uncle R's., and all went home in the evening and spent it very cheerfully.

Thursday, April 7th.—Had a most delightfull ride to the Dale with my Father and M. W.; walked through the wood; my Aunt Thompson and Rd. Ford dined with us; walked again, and rode home as before behind my Father.

Wednesday, April 13th.—Busy all day preparing for my most unexpected journey to L—, with a heavy and foreboding heart.

Thursday, April 14th.—My Uncle and Aunt R. came at

eleven, went with them to dinner at Drayton, and lodged at Tarpoly.

Saturday, April 16th.—Set out in a coach with my Uncle and Aunt, P. and Betsy Rathbone; lodged at Lancaster.

Monday, April 18th.—At meeting all the morning. Got to Kendal in the evening.

Wednesday, April 20th.—At both meetings. Dined at Isaac Wilson's; drunk tea at John's and suped at G. Benson's. A most melancholy day, but at night my heart was made lighter.

Thursday, April 28th.—Went to meeting in the morning; took a long and pleasant walk with E.¹ and W. R.¹; drank tea in the country, and shall not soon forget.

Sunday, May 1st.—Attended both meetings. My Uncle, Aunt P.² and M. Rathbone,² etc., drank tea and spent the evening. Sat a short time in the timber yard. This has been a week of serene and tranquil enjoyment.

Monday, May 2nd.—My Uncle informed me of my G. Mother R.'s decease; in the evening lingered with my E. R. beside the canal till after sunset. J. Atkinson, etc., came to supper.

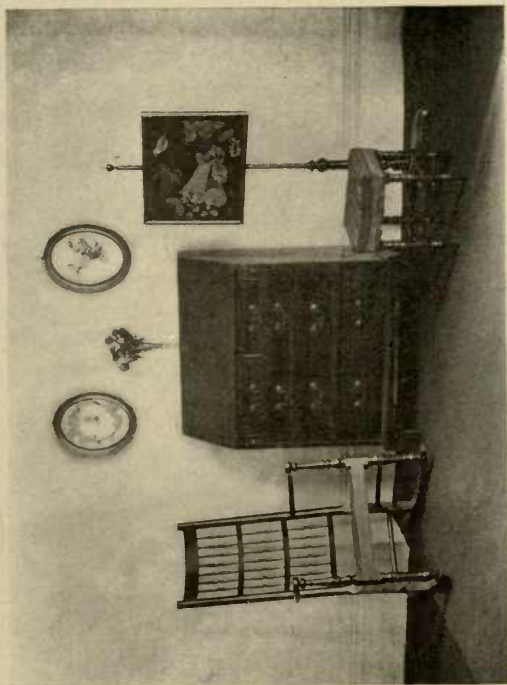
Tuesday, May 3rd.—My cousin Rathbone set out for London. At noon got on horseback with W. and E. R., took a long and pleasant ride into the country, drank tea at the abbey, and got home before it was dark.

Friday, May 6th.—After a short sail with W. and E. R., got to Chester to breakfast; left the Chaise, and spent some hours in a most delightfull ramble; drank tea at Wrexham; walked in Ercall woods. Read, and enjoyed the lovely day—may the remembrance ever be pleasing.

Tuesday, May 17th.—At home again. Read and sewed in the morning; sat with my Mother after dinner; my

¹ William Rathbone, her future husband; Elizabeth, his sister. There was a most romantic friendship between E. R. and H. M. R., dating from 1774, the latter inviting E. R. to start a correspondence, and address her as 'Maria.' They also called themselves cousins, though not then in any way related.

² Penelope and Martha Rathbone, step-aunts to W. R.



ESCRITTOIRE, ROCKING CHAIR, AND MEDALLIONS OF FLOWERS PAINTED
ON SATIN BELONGING TO H. M. KATHBONE, A STOOL WORKED
BY HER, AND SCREEN, THE WORK OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS.

Aunt Darby came to tea, we all sat in the parlour. I left them after supper to write.

Thursday, May 28th.—Wrote in the morning. Drank tea at Ann Summerland's, walked to the end of Lincoln Hill, and returned through the lower walk.

Friday, May 27th.—Went to Sunnyside and staid till evening to see my Aunts from London; went early, but not in high spirits, to bed.

Sunday, June 5th.—It being general meeting, had all our relations from the Dale and a very large company to dinner and tea in the evening.

Thursday, June 9th.—E. R. not quite well. Spent an unsettled day packing up her things, etc. J. B. went away after dinner.

Friday, June 10th.—Set out with E. R. and my brother; stop'd at Ketley forge and Salop; dined at Ellsmere; got to Wrexham to tea. W. R. came soon after, and we spent the evening walking in Mr. Yorke's woods.

Saturday, June 11th.—Parted with my dearest E. R. very early in the morning; got home to dinner; T. H. came soon after. I lay on the bed till tea, and walked after it. Wrote to E. R.

Wednesday, June 22nd.—Went to Clifton with my Father. Dined with a large company; spent the afternoon in the garden, and had a pleasant walk to Bristol in the evening.

Monday, June 27th.—Overcome by excessive heat, read and sauntered most of the day. H. Gayner drank tea. T. H., etc., suped with us.

Saturday, July 2nd.—Set out early with my Father for Bridgewater; breakfasted at Langford; dined at Br., and spent a quiet afternoon.

Sunday, July 17th.—This day we were blessed with some showers of rain which prevented my going to meeting. A. Summerland and H. Ross came to dinner, S. Reynolds soon after, and T. Houlbrooke to tea.

Wednesday, July 20th.—My Father and Mother, Brothers, etc., went to Salop; I staid at home with M. W.

Friday, July 22nd.—My Father at the Dale; wrote to E. R. in the morning; walked in the afternoon and in the evening to Ketley to seek my letter which was lost by the way.

Sunday, July 24th.—Went to meeting. S. Thomas and his daughters came to dinner. My poor letter was brought dirty, and opened.

Wednesday, August 3rd.—Rode out before breakfast with my brother and M. W.; walked to meeting; Gawen Ball¹ came in the evening. A fine day's rain.

Friday, August 5th.—T. H. went away. My Father and Brothers went a-fishing. Walked a little in the garden, etc. The day very gloomy.

Saturday, August 6th.—Rode out with M. W. and G. Ball. Sewing in the morning; in the afternoon went to the well pool with my Father to fish.

Wednesday, August 10th.—Had a curious ride before breakfast with M. W. and my Brother Rd.; went to meeting; T. H. and W. R., junr., came in the evening, also J. Parker to supper. Sat up to write to E. R.

Friday, August 12th.—Polly and me set out with Gawen Ball to go to the Horse hay [iron works], but were tempted to go on to the Dale; dined with him at the Wood, returned with him; found Peggy Phillips at the Bank; my Father came in soon after us.

Thursday, August 18th.—M. Bradley went home with her brother; my Father to the Dale, and my Mother followed him in the evening. Polly and me read; I spent a pleasing hour alone in the garden.

Friday, August 19th.—Rode to the Dale. A very autumnal morning; dined at Sunnyside, and returned in the evening with my Father and Mother; finished reading Blair's lectures.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—Sewing. Peggy Gilpin came to dinner and tea. Went with my Father to fish in the afternoon. T. H. went away; pleased, I hope.

Wednesday, August 31st.—Breakfasted at Hales Owen

¹ Gawen Ball, her first cousin.

with my Father, who left us at the Seaton's, and my brother Joe came to us. Sent for our dinner, and ate it in Virgil's grove. Returned to Ragley and walked in the park till after sunset. A most lovely day.

Sunday, September 4th.—T. H. came. It being G. Meeting, went to the Dale; dined at Sunnyside; returned in the evening and wrote to S. Lloyd.

Tuesday, September 6th.—Went to the china works with M. W.; dined at Mr. Blakeway's and drank tea; came to the wood and walked from the gate along the upper walk.

Thursday, September 8th.—Walked to the end of Lincoln Hill before breakfast. My cousin Fords and Mr. Crozzer called. Thomas by mistake came for us at noon; spent the afternoon with my Father in his study. Some painful feelings at night.

Friday, September 9th.—Went with M. W. to the new bath. Looking over pocket books, etc. etc. in the morning. At three o'clock my uncle R. called, and my Brother set out with him for Scotland. John Young came in the evening.

Friday, September 23rd.—Still hard rain. Went to the Bank in the evening with Jemmy Jowyer. T. H. came to supper.

Sunday, September 25th.—Walked to meeting. T. J. went away. S. Reynolds, R. P., and W. H. came to dinner. Still distressed about going to Birmingham.

Monday, September 26th.—Set out in a hurry; met R. and S. Lloyd at Whappton; Thomas taken ill, which made us late at Farm [the Lloyd's house at Birmingham].

Tuesday, September 27th.—In the house all day chiefly with S. Lloyd. Wrote to M. W.

Tuesday, October 4th.—In the house in the morning; drank tea at Rd. Dearman's. My Brother Joe came to supper.

Monday, October 10th.—I. J. came. Wrote a few lines to my E. R.; dined and drank tea at Charles Lloyd's.

Saturday, October 15th.—Set out early with my Bro.

Joe to Stourbridge, and went from thence with my Father to the Bank.

Friday, October 21st.—Went with my Father to the Dale, walked along the hill, and longed to have staid in the wood; dined at Sunnyside; returned to the Bank in the evening. A gloomy Autumn day—quite congenial.

Saturday, October 22nd.—Sewing in the morning. Began to read Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'

Wednesday, October 26th.—Set out to go to meeting, but returned because of the snow. Received a letter from, and wrote to E. R., and wished in vain to appear cheerfull.

Thursday, October 27th.—My Father at the Dale. Sewing all day still under a deep depression from ill-health or some other cause. J. H. came to supper.

Sunday, October 30th.—Rode to meeting. G. T. at tea; read some of Johnson's Prayers and some Devotional tracts by Papists; was much better this evening, I think well enough, nearly, to wish for health.

Tuesday, November 1st.—Went to the wood with my Father. R. Ford and Betty Story from America dined with us; a rainy dull November day; returned to the Bank in the evening, and was much better. My Father's birthday, 50!

Saturday, November 5th.—Breakfasted at my Uncle Joe's; walked alone to the end of Lincoln Hill, and spent a quiet day.

Sunday, November 20th.—At meeting as usual. A dull and listless day; in the evening went into my father's study and read a short correspondence.

Friday, November 25th.—Received a dear letter from my E. R. and wrote to her. My Uncle Joe, Mr. Walker, etc., etc., dined with us; read for amusement Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.'

Tuesday, November 29th.—Sat most of the day in my Father's study, walked with him in the garden, and read Cook's 'Voyages,' etc. Dicky Holtham came back.

Saturday, December 3rd.—Sewing, etc. Rode out to

Ketley. Walter Prideaux came in the evening. A miserable day.

Sunday, December 4th.—G. Meeting, did not go; had a large company to dinner; sat with my Father, who seemed low, and I believe thought my health worse than it was.

Thursday, December 8th.—Received letters from my E. R. telling me of her sister's illness; wrote to her, and was very low.

Friday, December 16th.—Rode to J. Young's. My Uncle and Aunt Rathbone came and staid till evening; D. Darby, S. Appleby, and I. Sankey staid all night; received a letter from my E. R. and wrote a short one to her.

Thursday, December 22nd.—Spent the morning with my Aunt D.; she left us after dinner. Packing up for our Bristol journey.

Friday, December 23rd.—Rode out, engaged with M. A. R. My Father at the Dale. T. H. came soon after dinner. Received a letter.

Saturday, December 24th.—T. H. went away. Busy sewing, etc., all day. The ground covered with snow.

Monday, December 26th.—Set out with my Father, Uncle, and Aunt R. for Bristol; dined at Kidderminster; got to Worcester to tea. My Uncle Joe very poorly.

Tuesday, December 27th.—My Father and Aunt went to meeting; breakfasted at H. Beesley's; dined at T. B.'s, and got to Tewksbery in the evening.

Wednesday, December 28th.—Breakfasted at Gloucester, dined very cheerfully at Newport, and drank tea with my Aunt Cowley.

Thursday, December 29th.—Going to Shops with my Aunts in the morning. Unpacking, etc., in the afternoon. Wrote to E. R. and M. Lloyd.

1786

2nd January, Monday.—A cold and snowy day. Sewing and in the house all day. J. Player at dinner and tea.

3rd January, Wednesday.—A most stormy day indeed; snow, wind, and very cold. Read in Johnson's 'Tour to the Hebrides.' M. Wright at supper.

9th January, Monday.—Came to Bath with J. Appleton to the same lodgings with my Uncle and Aunt R. Wrote to E. R.

11th January, Wednesday.—At the pump room. Friend Burns and S. Beaufoy at tea.

12th January, Thursday.—My father came in the morning. Priscilla Gurney at tea.

16th January, Monday.—Went to Bristol with my Uncle R. Found my Aunt Ball and Richard there. T. Harford at dinner, and again in the evening. F. Appleton at supper.

18th January, Wednesday.—At Meeting. Had Lady D.'s monkey to amuse us, and sat up very late, how wise! [During this visit to Bath there seems to have been daily visits to the pump room; much visiting between the relations and friends assembled at Bath—apparently for the approaching marriage of her Aunt with T. Beesley. This Aunt was her father's sister Mary and had previously been married to Wm. Cowles.]

30th January, Monday.—Went out on some errands, and was as busy as I could, while my poor Aunt and T. B. went to Meeting [probably to make a declaration of their intention of marriage]. T. Berington at dinner. Walked with M. Beesley. My Uncle and Aunt R. to tea and supper.

31st January, Tuesday.—At Meeting. Went with my

Aunt R. to the 'White Hart,' and dined there with several other friends. Drank tea at J. Heathes, and suped with my Aunt as we had dined.

1st February, Monday.—Set out for Bridgwater with my Uncle and Aunt and H. Ball, where we got to tea.

2nd February, Thursday.—Engaged most of the morning with a sempstress, and with my Aunt. Sewing in the afternoon and evening.

4th February, Saturday.—Came from Bridgwater with Rd. Ball [her cousin], had a very conversible ride, and found my Aunt and T. B. alone, and well. [Most of the days she and her Aunt 'were very busy sewing,' presumably for the trousseau.]

24th February, Friday.—My father and brothers came to breakfast.

27th February, Monday.—My Aunt, etc., at Meeting. J. Beesley and wife, and several others at dinner. T. Rutter and his wife at tea.

28th February, Tuesday.—At Meeting where my Aunt C. gave her hand to T. B. Dined and drank tea at the 'Montague' with a large company. J. Beesley and his wife and other friends came home and suped with us.

1st March, Wednesday.—Breakfasted at T. Rutter's. Helped my Aunt to pack some things. Very cheerful in the evening.

[After a visit at Bridgewater she and her father came to Bristol, where apparently were staying T. Beesley and his wife, before settling in their home at Worcester.]

7th March, Tuesday.—Came to Bristol to dinner with my Uncle Ball and my father. Found everybody busy, and all in confusion.

8th March, Wednesday.—Dined and drank tea at Rowland Williams'. Mrs. Kynaston, etc., at tea.

11th March, Saturday.—My father went away early. My Uncle Gulson at breakfast. Confusion yet reigning.

12th March, Sunday.—Packing in the morning. Dined at T. Rutter's. At Meeting. Drank tea at friend Goldney's called at M. Peters', and suped at H. Green's.

13th March, Monday.—A day of sad confusion till 5 o'clock, when we left Castle Green—my Uncle and Aunt Beesley, H. Ball, John Appleton, and myself in a coach. Lodged at Newport.

14th March, Tuesday.—Breakfasted at Newport, dined at Gloucester, and were received very kindly by M. Beesley, etc., at Worcester.

15th March, Wednesday.—A most dismal wet day, unpacking my Aunt's clothes.

On Friday went over to Wick—a very sociable coachful. Sunday was the first day of any formal visits. A large number came.

20th March, Monday.—A very fine day. Not quite so much company, tho' a good deal. Chatted with J. Thresher most of the time.

23rd March, Thursday.—In the house all day. Sewed, and read the 'Manchester Memories.'

26th March, Sunday.—At Meeting twice. S. Lloyd and his brothers at dinner and tea. A very large company of friends at tea. T. Foster and J. Thresher at supper, and I chatted as before or still more.

[Between this date and 10th April J. Thresher frequently visited at the Beesleys',—partly as attending H. Ball who was ill.]

10th April, Monday.—All the rest went away to Wick except S. Waring and me. Had a little of J. T.'s company as usual.

12th April, Wednesday.—My father and Uncle Ball set out for the Bank. Spent a very listless morning. J. Thresher drank tea with H. B., J. A., and me in the dining-room. Read Mrs. Piozzi. R. L., etc., in the parlour.

13th April, Thursday.—Went to S. Foster—not very well. Drank tea at Betsy Beesley's and felt quite stupefied.

14th April, Friday.—Spent part of the morning with J. T.

15th April, Saturday.—Rode out with H. Ball. A lovely spring day, but I was most unhappy.

16th April, Sunday.—At meeting in the morning. Spoke to [initials partly hidden, but seem to be J. T.] in the evening, and was more easy.

18th April, Tuesday.—S. Waring taken ill in the night. J. T. at dinner and tea. Took a ride to Wick with my Uncle, Aunt, and J. T. Was very poorly in the evening.

19th April, Wednesday.—Rode out with W. B. and J. Thresher to Powick. Again ill in the evening. J. T. sent for and I was bled.

20th April, Thursday.—All of us better, sat together and sewed. J. T. came after tea and staid supper.

24th April, Monday.—Came with my Uncle and Aunt Beesley, Uncle Ball, and Hannah to Wick. A very fine evening.

25th April, Tuesday.—My Uncles went to town. J. Thresher came and staid dinner. H. Ball still poorly. Sat an hour in the evening with no companion but a little picture. My Uncles returned to supper.

26th April, Wednesday.—H. Ball's throat grew worse and worse, till ten o'clock when I sent for J. T. Walked with him. My father came, returned with him to Worcester. Was very unwell. J. T. at supper.

27th April, Thursday.—Rose early and packed up. J. T. at breakfast. Left Worcester with my father, dined at Bridgenorth, and my mother drank tea with us at the Wood. Reached the Bank about seven, and was obliged to go to bed.

28th April, Friday.—Rose early to write. Busy putting my things away. Rode to G. Boxall's in the afternoon.

5th May, Friday.—My father and mother set out for Cardiff. I returned to the Bank to dinner. Wm. Rathbone and Betsy [E. R.] came about four o'clock.

6th May, Saturday.—W. R. went away early. Betsy and me came to the Wood in the evening.

11th May, Thursday.—J. T. and my brother Richard called. E. R. and me had a very pleasant walk. My Uncle Sam Darby and E. Strong called and went with us to the Methodist Meeting.

18th May, Thursday.—Rode out in the afternoon with E. and W. R.—a pretty long ride. [W. R. was probably staying at the Dale.]

20th May, Saturday.—My Mother poorly. Dr. Yonge at breakfast. Rode to Shifnal with E. and W. R. Lay on the bed in the afternoon. Drank tea in my room and read Poetry.

21st May, Sunday.—Walked to Meeting. Went into the field after tea, and had some reason to be unhappy.

22nd May, Monday.—Went to the Hay with my father and E. R. Stopped an hour on Lincoln Hill. Met my Aunt Sally at the Hay, staid tea, and had a pleasant ride to the Bank.

23rd May, Tuesday.—Set out for Hagley with my father and E. R. in a chaise, W. R. and Rd. on horseback. Dined at Hagley. Walked in the Park—the day very dull. Read Edwin and — in the Church Porch, and all were pensive.

27th May, Saturday.—W. R. went home. Lord Dundonald at dinner and tea. Walked in the garden with my father.

30th May, Tuesday.—My father, mother, and S. Darby set out for London. My brother at the Dale. Endeavoured to do right, but the day was rather languid, and the evening painful. Walked in the garden.

1st June, Thursday.—Wrote to my father. Rode to G. Boxall's with E. R. A lovely evening. Enjoyed one half-hour in the garden alone, but regretted it afterwards.

2nd June, Friday.—Amused with the microscope in the morning; sewing and reading 'Don Quixotte' and writing to S. Bontor in the afternoon; busy in the pantry in the evening. H. Williams at supper.

5th June, Monday.—Sat with P. Gilpin and sewed in the morning. Extreme heat continues. Walked to Ketley with E. R. and staid late; walked home with my Brother by moonlight.

6th June, Tuesday.—Sewing; not in high spirits; lay

down on the bed; my Uncle R. and W. R. junior came to tea; walked in the garden till the sun set.

8th June, Thursday.—Ran into the garden with E. R. W. R. read to us in the *Spectator* in the afternoon. Engaged with the microscope. Owen Jones at dinner.

9th June, Friday.—E. and W. R. went away. Wrote to my Father and M. Lloyd. A gentleman at dinner and several in the afternoon and at supper, but I did not see them.

10th June, Monday.—Busy upstairs in the morning, but was nearly fainting all day; better in the evening.

12th June, Monday.—H. Williams at breakfast. Sewing all day. T. Houlbrooke and Mr. Moseley at dinner and tea.

16th June, Friday.—Came to the Dale with my Brother. Dined at Wm. Horton's; sat with my Cousin Ford and drank tea with them. Mr. Horne called while I was there. Walked in the wood, which never appeared more lovely. My Uncle Joe and my Brother supped with me. Began a letter to E. R.

19th June, Monday.—It rained all day, and I was as dull as the weather.

21st June, Wednesday.—My father told me of what I had before believed of my M. N.'s decease. Spent a melancholy day.

22nd June, Thursday.—Wrote to E. R. and H. Ball a few lines. Sat with my Father, who was but poorly. My Brother Joe came to breakfast. Could not forget the thought of my dear departed friend.

25th June, Sunday.—At meeting. G. Titterton at tea. Sat with my Father at the bottom of the garden. Melancholy has been the whole of this week but to-day!

27th June, Tuesday.—Rode behind my Father to the Dale. Went to meeting; dined at Sunnyside; drank tea at the Wood with my Father. Uncle Joe and Sam Darby and E. Story walked on Lincoln Hill.

28th June, Wednesday.—Received two letters at table.

Some friends at dinner. Went to my father, who did not say much. Wrote to E. R.

1st July, Saturday.—Rode out with my Brother Joe, but did not go far. Read a little, and went into the study—shall I ever forget it! Walked in the garden. Recd. very kind letters from S. Forster and my Aunt Beesley, the latter mentioned Joe Thresher's illness.

2nd July, Sunday.—Rode to the Dale behind my father. Went to meeting, tho' very unwell. Dined at my Uncle R.'s. A messenger sent from Worcester to invite J. T.'s friends to his funeral. Was very ill, and lay on the bed all afternoon. R. and H. Horton came to drink tea with us. Spent a strange night.

To-day (Monday) my cold and sorethroat very bad. Tried to read, but could not do anything.

6th July, Thursday.—My time divided between knitting and lying on the bed.

8th July, Saturday.—Better now than I have been for a good while. My father out fishing most of the day. My brothers came home.

9th July, Sunday.—Dr. Y. and Dr. Sanford at breakfast. On the bed most of the day. Recd. a letter in the evening and shewed it my Father

10th July, Monday.—Rode to the Dale behind my Brother Joe. R. Crayshaw, L. Moore, and Dr. Sandford at dinner. W. R. junr. came to tea and brought me letters from his Father and Sisters.

11th July, Tuesday.—Sat in the parlour after tea with my knitting.

13th July, Thursday.—My Father and Brothers at Brosely fishing. My Bro. Rd. poorly; Dr. Carter at breakfast. Rode out with my Mother and W. R.; called at G. Boxall's. May I never have cause to repent this day!

14th July, Friday.—W. R. went away; wrote to E. R. Went to Sunnyside with my Mother; dined and drank tea there; called on H. Rose, and returned to the Bank to supper.

19th July, Wednesday.—Went to Shrewsbury with my

father and mother to the monthly meeting. Met W. and E. R. there; came with them to dinner.

21st July, Friday.—My Father and Mother set out for Ackworth. Went with E. R. to the Wood. W. R. and my Brother dined, drank tea, and suped with us. Walked to the new pool after tea.

22nd July, Saturday.—W. R. came to breakfast and then set out for L. Walked a little way and looked over Betty's clothes, but was very poorly and lay on the bed. Returned to the Bank in the evening, found my Uncle Gulson and Betsy, and Betsy Wheeler.

24th July, Monday.—My Uncle went to Salop. Spent the morning in reading and walking with my cousins; after dinner they all left us. Went to Ketley and met T. H., who came to the Bank.

31st July, Monday.—A very wet day. E. R. very unwell. Read the baron de Tot's [?] first Vol. of memoirs. Heard of the cottage being broke open and nothing stolen.

5th August, Saturday.—Wrote to M. Lloyd. W. R. went away about dinner time. Walked with my Father and E. R. to the Oaken Gates [?].

6th August, Sunday.—General Meeting, kept at home by the wet. Wrote to W. R. A large company at dinner: my Uncle and Aunt R., Aunt Sally, some Worcester friends, etc.

8th August, Tuesday.—Walked to Ketley with my Father and E. R.; very hot. Wrote to my Aunt Ball. Began packing up some boxes for Liverpool. Sat up late with my Brother, etc.

16th August, Wednesday.—M. Meeting. A large company at dinner, chiefly relations. Drank tea at home, etc. Went to Salop with W. and E. R.—Wm. R., my Brother, J. Rutter, and I. Parry met us at the 'Talbot,' and suped with us.

17th August, Thursday [her wedding-day].—Went to Meeting at 9 o'clock, and from thence with W. and E. R. in a chaise, and my Bro. Wm. on horseback. Stopped at

Ellesmere, Wrexham and Chester; crossed the Mersey at the new ferry, and got to Liver Street before 10 o'clock.

18th August, Friday.—Miss Cropper came in the morning and staid dinner and tea. Much engaged with cake, china, etc., till 5 o'clock, when my Father, Mother, Sally Darby, and my Uncle and Aunt Rathbone came; the two latter left us after supper.

19th August, Saturday.—Several of W. R.'s friends called in the morning. Dined at Salthouse Dock, and staid till night.

20th August, Sunday.—Attended both meetings. My Uncle and Aunt R., Sally Benson, her Father and Mother, P. and M. Rathbone, W. Fawcett and Anthony at tea and supper.

21st August, Monday.—Miss C. and J. Rutter came in the morning and sat with us to receive company—perhaps about twenty came. Lizzy Broadbent, my Aunt R., two Captains and Charles at dinner. My Father and my Uncle Joe on the water; returned to supper.

23rd August, Wednesday.—Bessy [E. R.] and me returned all our visits. Called at S. H. Dock, and rode out with my Mother R. Spent the rest of the day with a large party at my Uncle Rathbone's.

27th August, Sunday.—At Meeting. J. Rutter, and W. R.'s clerks at dinner. Drank tea and spent the evening at Salthouse Dock.

30th August, Wednesday.—Rode out with W. R.; called at Mrs. N.'s, Mrs. W., and Mrs. L.'s. Dined with all our relations, etc. etc., at Everton Coffee house, and drank tea with the same large party at Wm. Barns. Called at Mrs. Brandmore; came home to supper; W. Fawcett with us.

3rd September, Sunday.—At meeting. Dined without any company. Drank tea and suped with my Uncle and Aunt R., etc., at S. H. Dock. My Brother Benson sat with us after dinner.

17th September, Sunday.—At meeting. I. and M. Fell

and R. Abbot at dinner; the two Fells also at tea with Dr. Binns, and half a dozen young men; also my Mother and Bessy, who staid to supper.

19th September, Tuesday.—Dr. Currie sat an hour with me in the morning. Dined at Cornhill; rode out with W. R., and returned there to tea, and home to supper. Wrote to my Aunt Ball.

22nd September, Friday.—Walked out with Bessy, called at the foundry. 4 Captains and W. Marriott at dinner. Drank tea at frd. Kennions. W. R. began to read Lock on the reasonableness of Christianity.

23rd September, Saturday.—Harriett Ash came in the morning, went over with her to Cornhill, and staid most of the morning—walked in the Yard with W. R. H. returned to dinner and staid till evening. Bessy and her Mother at tea. W. R. very late at the Counting house.

7th October, Saturday.—Yesterday crossed the Mersey with W. R. junr., Bessy, R. Sheppard, W. Fawcett, and J. Rutter; landed at the Rock house. Went on with W. R. to Chester to dinner. On horseback to Burnhill and Whitchurch, lodged at Fernhill, and arrived in the evening at Ketley Bank.

8th October, Sunday.—At meeting. Wrote again to E. R. Left the Bank with W. R. junr., called on Mrs. Yonge at Shifnall, drank tea at Wolverhampton, and got late to Birmingham to the 'Hen and Chickens' to lodge.

10th October, Tuesday.—Mary Gatty and Nancy Lloyd came with me in a chaise to Bromsgrove—Sam. Lloyd with W. R.; dined there, and parted with them. Drank tea at Droitswich, and got to Worcester by 7 o'clock.

11th October, Wednesday.—Dined at Worcester and came with my Uncle, Aunt, and W. R. to Wick. Spent a chatty evening.

14th October, Saturday.—Left Worcester with my Father and W. R. Dined at Bridgenorth, where my Uncle R. and my Brothers came to us. Did not get to the Bank till late.

15th October, Sunday.—W. R. went home. Went to

meeting in the morning. S. Thomas and his daughters at dinner. Began a letter to E. R.

26th October, Thursday.—Went to the Cottage with my Aunt Beesley and Sally Darby to put the things away, etc. Dined late at my Uncle R.'s and came to the Bank to tea.

6th November, Monday.—Went to my Cousin Ford's in the morning. Lord Dundonald at dinner. Returned to the Bank in the evening.

7th November, Tuesday.—A melancholy morning; sewing, etc. Sat with my Father very comfortably in the evening.

9th November, Thursday.—With my Aunt B. in the morning. Lord Dundonald at dinner and tea. W. R. came in the afternoon, S. Reynolds in the evening.

13th November, Monday.—Began packing up books, etc. Lawyer Parry at dinner and George Boxall.

14th November, Tuesday.—Sat with my Father in the morning; with my Aunt, etc., in the afternoon. Ld. D. at dinner, and John Young in the evening.

16th November, Thursday.—Left the Bank early; my Brothers Rd. and Joe came with us to Newport. Dined at Whitchurch. Lodged at Chester at the 'White Lion.'

17th November, Friday.—Left Chester early; had a rough passage over the new ferry. Father and Bessy called on us before dinner. Putting my things away. Wrote to my Father and Aunt Beesley. Dr. Binns called.

20th November, Monday.—Had a very bad headache. Dined and drank tea with the friends, etc., at my Aunt P. Rathbone's, and spent a melancholy evening.

21st November, Tuesday.—Went early to Hardshaw to the Monthly Meeting, in a Coach with my Uncle and Aunt R., etc. Bessy and my Aunt P. overturned in a 'whiskey.' Came back to tea comfortably.

23rd November, Thursday.—At meeting. My Aunt R. returned and staid an hour with me. Went to Cornhill,

and to my Uncle R.'s to tea. Finished a letter to my Aunt Ball. W. R. read till late.

29th November, Wednesday.—A very wet morning. Went up in Town with W. R. Bessy called in the afternoon. Drank tea and suped at B. A. Haywood's.

6th December, Wednesday.—A. Cropper and her two nieces at breakfast and till near two o'clock. My Father and Mother R., Bro. and Sister B., Bessy, and my Uncle and my Aunt R. at dinner; some staid tea and supper, and some not.

9th December, Saturday.—My dear Bessy called in the morning and I rode out with her. Three Captains at dinner. Drank tea with my sisters, etc., at my Aunt Penelope's.

15th December, Friday.—Was bled in the morning. My Brother R. and Bessy came to me; laid on the bed and read M. T.'s memoirs; Bessy staid till evening. My Father and Uncle R. called.

31st December, Sunday.—Attended meetings. Drank tea at Cornhill. Bessy came to supper and staid all night. Sat up late.

[William Rathbone kept open house on Sundays for all the young men in his office—dinner, tea, and supper, and two or three more intimate frequently staid the night.]

1787

1st January, Monday.—My sister Bessy staid breakfast. We went to Cornhill. Walked with her in the yard. Settling accounts, etc., in the evening. Melancholy is the beginning of this year! who shall say how it will end?

13th, Saturday.—A fine day. Went to Cornhill. Bessy went to market with me and staid dinner. Drank tea in my dressing-room. Nat Heywood at supper.

18th, Thursday.—At Meeting. Lay on the bed in the afternoon. Drank tea and staid till 10 o'clock at Cornhill. My Father R. read 'Paradise Lost' to us.

24th, Wednesday.—Went over to Cornhill. Bessy returned with me, called on my Aunt's and at shops. John and Joe Ash and Bessy at dinner. Finished the marmalade. W. R. packed up the boxes for Shropshire.

27th, Saturday.—Set out for Newton. John and Joe Ash, Bessy and me in a chaise; W. R. on horseback. Breakfasted at Ormskirk, dined at Preston, drank tea at Blackburn, and lodged at Burnley.

28th, Sunday.—Went to Polly Ecroyd's to breakfast, and staid to an early dinner. J. Marriott rode a few miles with us. A dismal day, and terrible roads; drank tea at Bolton (a village), and got to Newton safe at last.

29th, Monday.—Breakfasted at the school. J. Birkett went with us in the chaise to Settle. Lost our way, and were very tired. Had a more comfortable ride to Kirby Lonsdale, where we lodged.

30th, Tuesday.—Lay late. Had a very pleasant ride to Kendal to dinner. Several friends called. D. Braithwait staid tea and Cousin Bensons supper.

2nd February, Friday.—Left Kendal, a pleasant ride by Formby to Lancaster. Called at Wm. Dilworth's, lodged at Garstang; Rachel Benson and me tired enough.

3rd, Saturday.—Dined at Preston, drank tea at Ormskirk, and got to Liverpool about 8 o'clock.

10th, Saturday.—W. R.'s head very bad. Mr. Yates and my Aunt P. called before we had done breakfast. Busy in the kitchen, etc.

11th, Sunday.—At both meetings. My father R. and all W. R.'s young men at dinner. Drank tea at home, and was very poorly.

[JOURNEY TO LONDON.]

28th, Wednesday.—Left home with W. R. about one o'clock. Came to Knutsford to lodge.

1st March, Thursday.—Stopped at Macclesfield, Leek, and Ashburn, drank tea at Derby, and lodged at Nottingham.

2nd, Friday.—Dined at my Uncle's, drank tea at Loughburgh, and lodged at Leicester—'The Three Crows.'

3rd, Saturday.—Stopped at Harb'ough, Northampton, Dunstable, and got to St. Albans before 8 o'clock.

4th, Sunday.—Went to Meeting. Came through Barnet to the 'Castle and Falcon.' Attended Lady Huntingdon's Chapel. J. Ball called after supper.

(Memorandum.) Left Liverpool the 1st March, got to London the 4th, 225 miles: £16, 16s. od.

5th, Monday.—Dr. Rutter¹ came to us at the Inn and went to Bromley with us; got there about 6 o'clock.

12th, Monday.—At Crosses[?]. Went to dinner at S. Moline's. Walked in Westminster Abbey. Did not get to Bromley till late.

17th, Saturday.—Went to London, called at W. Crayshaw's. Lay on the bed in the evening, being tired and poorly all day.

¹ Eminent physician in Liverpool, cousin of W. R.

18th, *Sunday*.—Went to Barking Meeting, returned over the forest.

20th, *Tuesday*.—Left Bromley, called at different places in London, drank tea at Uxbridge, and lodged at Slough.

21st, *Wednesday*.—Walked on the Terrace at Windsor; breakfasted there. Stopped at Henley, Oxford, and Woodstock, lodged at Chapel House.

22nd, *Thursday*.—Left about seven, stopped at Broadway and dined at Worcester, and went to my Uncle Beesley's.

23rd, *Friday*.—Took a ride with my Aunt to Wick. Dined at Worcester, drank tea at Kidderminster, and had a dismal ride to Envill to lodge.

24th, *Saturday*.—Went a long stage to Newport to avoid seeing the Bank [her old Shropshire home], looked at the Wrekin, stopped at Whitchurch, and came early to Barnhill to lodge.

25th, *Sunday*.—Got to Chester. Went to the New Ferry, but it being stormy returned to Chester; stopped at Frodsham and Warrington, and got to Liverpool about 12 o'clock at night.

2nd *April, Monday*.—Employed in the kitchen and garden. N. Lightbody called.

9th, *Monday*.—T. H. came in the morning. Walked out with him and called at Cornhill. Sat in the timber yard with Bessy.

[Frequent entries in the diary all this spring that she 'is very poorly' and has 'to lay on the bed,' yet the constant family visiting and hospitality continues all the same, and 'Meeting' on 1st and 5th days.]

21st *May, Monday*.—Both my fathers set out for London. W. R. and me alone.

1st *June, Friday*.—Went in a chaise with W. R. and Bessy into the country, and spent a sweet day in the fields.

2nd, *Thursday*.—Tired and languid all day.

14th, *Thursday*.—My father R. poorly, went over in a Sedan to see him.

16th, *Saturday*.—Sat in the garden with my father and read, and eat fruit. Sat up till late talking with Bessy.

17th, *Sunday*.—Very poorly. W. R. staid with me. Grew worse in the afternoon. My mother R., my Aunt R., and Bessy came to me, and at a quarter after nine o'clock a little boy, our little William, was born.

20th, *Wednesday*.—A painful afternoon and very ill at night.

26th, *Tuesday*.—Was taken into the dressing-room to drink tea.

2nd *July, Monday*.—My father and mother left.

10th *July, Tuesday*.—Was carried to a coach and rode to the Park Chapel with the little boy, W. R., etc.

14th, *Saturday*.—Dined down in the parlour. Thunder and lightning.

[In September, while staying at her father's at the Bank, Dr. Yonge¹ inoculated the child, who was very ill in consequence. During the remainder of the year the little William was often ailing and 'W. R.' frequently ill. There was much intercourse with her brother-in-law and sister Benson. Herself seriously ill with fever and sore throat, and often suffering from great depression. The 'young men from the office' most Sundays, and many other visitors.]

¹ Doctor to the Reynolds family, and highly esteemed by them as a friend as well as for his professional abilities.

1788

Monday, 21st January.—The child had convulsions in the night. Dr. Rutter called in. Rode out behind W. R. The child several fits in the evening.

Tuesday 22nd.—The child had a fit every hour till 9 o'clock in the morning. The first thing Dr. Rutter ordered for him was Rhubarb and Magnesia, with 4 drops of laudanum, repeated 3 hours after. When in the convulsion he was put in a warm bath, four leaches were applied to his ancles, and the wounds suffered to bleed many hours. He has since taken rhubarb and magnesia every day.

In the first week in April the child had five or six convulsions. [It was his state of health that induced my grandfather to take a house in the country. The first mention I can find of Greenbank is]—

Tuesday, 13th March.—Went to Greenbank to tea and staid late.

Tuesday, 29th April.—Went to Greenbank with W. R. and went over the house.

Monday, 13th June.—Came over to Greenbank.

Tuesday 14th.—Came to Greenbank to tea and pretty well settled before night.

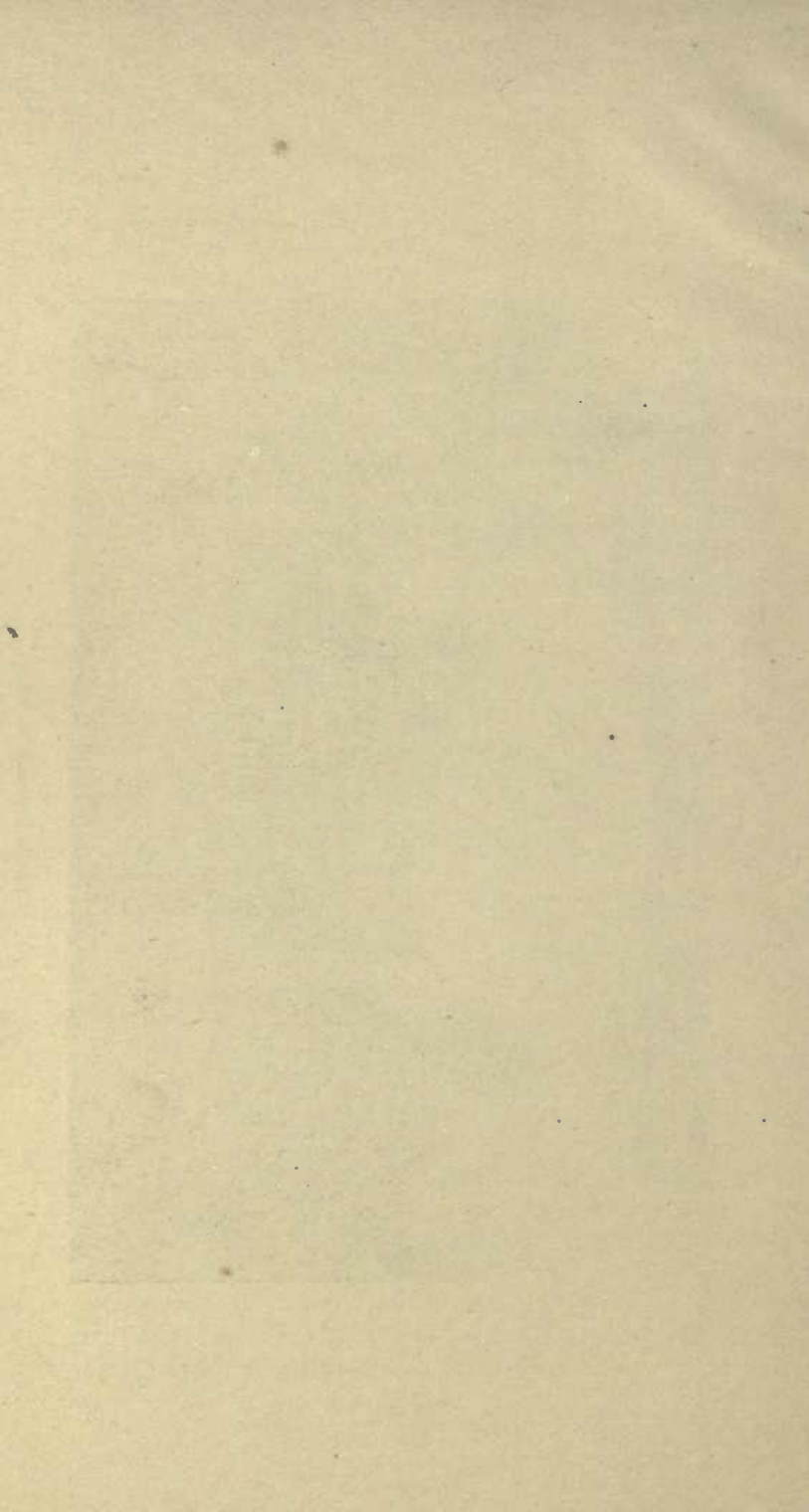
[From this one may conclude they had definitely taken Greenbank as their country-house.]

Thursday, 24th July.—Went to meeting. Bessy returned with us, gathered lavender in the garden.

Monday, 14th August [while staying at her old Shropshire home, the Bank].—Went with my father to Bridgenorth to meet Priscilla Gurney and Wm. Ball—they came to a late dinner. My Aunt met us at Lincoln Hill, and we all drank tea at the Cottage.



GREENBANK BEFORE 1809.



[With what delight must my grandmother have revisited her beloved Cottage in the wood, and other scenes of her happy girlhood. She returned to Liverpool on the 23rd.]

Monday, 6th October.—W. R. left me very low in the morning. Bessy came before dinner and we looked over my baby clothes.

Tuesday, 2nd December.—Wakened about 4 very ill. W. R. went for the doctor, and at half past ten our little Richard was born. I thought I had very much to be thankful for, and passed a comfortable day and night.

Wednesday 10th.—Spoke to Dr. Allanson about inoculation. My sisters came in the morning, my brother B. and W. R. in the afternoon, and all sat with me very comfortably, including little Will.

Wednesday 31st.—My head bad, but better in the evening, and was favoured to finish the year in a calm and thankful frame of mind.

1790

January, Tuesday 5th.—W. R. very poorly. Dr. Rutter called in the morning; came again to tea. W. R. worse and took an emetic. Wrote to S. Foster.

Wednesday 6th.—Mrs. Swanwick called. My mother R., Bessy, and my Bro. and Sister Benson spent the day with us. A painful hour after they went.

Thursday 7th.—Lay late, W. R. being still poorly, and both staid from Meeting. Mrs. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. Yates called. Drank tea at A. Binns'. Wrote to my Aunt Ball.

Sunday 10th.—The young men from the counting house at dinner; went to Meeting in the afternoon.

Saturday 16th.—Kept in the house by my cold. Dr. R. at supper.

Monday 18th.—Wm., George, and Mackworth went away. Captains Whittock, Robertson, Pell, and Travers at dinner.

Tuesday 19th.—Rose early and went to Hardshaw Monthly Meeting in a chaise, with my mother R. and sister Betsy.

Wednesday 20th.—Staid at home and endeavoured to get settled. W. R.'s cold very bad.

Friday 22nd.—In the house in the morning. Called at Cornhill after dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Swanwick at tea.

February, Wednesday 3rd.—Went to Greenbank to breakfast, with W. R. and Will on the cart; left Will there. Drank tea and suped at Dr. Currie's.¹

Saturday 6th.—Packed up and sent things to Greenbank.

¹ Dr. James Currie, biographer of Burns and an intimate friend of W. Rathbone's.

Sunday 7th.—Went to Meeting. Came to Greenbank. Gave Peggy and Saml. a month's warning.

Tuesday 9th.—Yesterday was a melancholy day: Will fretful and R. poorly. W. R. came home late. To-day more comfortable, my dear children in better health and temper.

Tuesday 16th.—Washing yesterday, and had a sleepless night. To-day ironing and my Aunts Penelope and Martha at tea.

Monday 22nd.—Mr. Yates at breakfast. Will was very poorly yesterday, and had calomel. To-day gave him 10 grains jalop and 4 of nitre.

Sunday 28th.—Went to meeting and began to wean poor Richard; gave him 6 drops laudanum and do. anti-monial wine, but had a very bad night.

March, Monday 1st.—Rd. and myself poorly. Went to Liverpool with W. R. and returned to a late dinner. Gave Rd. 7 drops of L. to-night, and he was better but not fully composed.

Friday 5th.—A busy day. Dr. Rutter called. Saml. and Peggy went away, to our great comfort [the two servants who had been dismissed].

Wednesday 17th.—Called at my Uncle Rathbone's; found him very poorly. Poor Richard whipped in the night for violent crying.¹

Thursday 25th.—Got up intending to go to Meeting, but was so ill I had to go to bed again; wrote to my sister B. Allanson and both my sisters came. I got up and came down to supper.

April, Saturday 3rd.—Have been very ill. Sat up to-day in the easy chair, and conversed with my Sister Benson.

Monday 5th.—Had a bad headache, but got up and nurse carried me into my dressing-room. W. R. came home to dinner and read to me in the Psalms.

Wednesday 14th.—Passed a solitary day, being very poorly; looked into the garden but could not walk much.

May, Wednesday 3rd.—Rose to pack up with a heavy

¹ This seems most unlikely, but is so written in the Diary.

heart; left my poor dear little Richard, and crossed the water with my Bro. and Sister, W. R., Will, and Mary. Dined at Newferry, tea at Chester, and got in late and tired to Barnhill.

Thursday 4th.—Lay late in bed, took a cold dinner at Whitchurch, and came on to Holly Grove.

Saturday 6th.—Walked to Buntingsdale [the home of the Tayleurs] in the morning. Came on to the Dale to supper. [Dale House, Coalbrookdale, where her father had come to live.]

Monday 8th.—W. R. left early. Spent the day quietly with my Bro. Richard. W. George at tea.

Thursday 13th.—Went with my sister to the top of Lincoln Hill and walked in the woods.

[The rest of her visit was chiefly spent in walks, often with her father to Lincoln Hill, visits to Sunnyside, her brother Abraham Darby's; and seeing many other old Shropshire friends and relations.]

On the *24th May* she writes:—A wet day. Sat most of it in my father's study. This day eight and twenty years ago my dear mother departed this life.

June, Monday 7th.—Went to Sunnyside and sat at my Aunt Darby's till dinner time. T. H. [T. Houlbrooke] came while we were at dinner; walked with him and my father through the Wood. Found Ed. Pearson on our return.

Sunday 13th.—Went to Meeting at Chester, having left the Bank the day before. My bro. Richard, W. R., Will and Mary and me came to the New Ferry, had a good passage and got home to tea—the children cross and fretful at meeting.

Monday 14th.—Very busy putting things straight. Found Molly Graham, our new cook, had come.

Tuesday 15th.—A. Holland came to fix on borders for the papers. Dr. Rutter called; sat in the garden and sewed, while my Bro. Richd. read 'Sandford and Merton.'

Thursday 24th.—The towns all in a confusion, a contest between Col. Tarlton, Lord Penryhn, and Gascoigne.

July, Thursday 22nd.—Went to meeting. Dined in Castle Street. My cousin Harriet went with us to Greenbank after drinking tea at Cornhill.

Bessy foaled and we found a nice hay colt in the morning.

Friday 23rd.—My Bro. Rd. sat and read Spencer to us in the morning. Was but poorly.

Thursday 29th.—Rode to Meeting behind W. R. and returned behind my Bro. Rd. A. Holland came to cover the sofa and chairs. Went to the hayfield with Will and staid an hour or two. Recd. a letter from my Father.

August, Monday 2nd.—Rachel, Robert and Abigail Benson and Ann Harrison came. After a painful conflicting day passed an evening that made me have cause to say, 'I have none in Heaven but Thee, nor in all earth beside Thee.'

Sunday 22nd.—W. R. very poorly, the doctor came and staid an hour with us.

Saturday 28th.—W. R.: a very poor night on Friday, last night worse; the doctors came and Dr. Rutter staid dinner.

Sunday 29th.—Was informed that my Uncle Joseph Rathbone [her father-in-law's half-brother] had been released in the night; went to the house of mourning and staid till evening.

Tuesday 31st.—My W. R. better. Yesterday, though weak, he came downstairs and sat up till evening, and had the best night he has yet had, but was poorly again after dinner and went early to bed.

September, Thursday 2nd.—Went with my Brothers to attend my Uncle's funeral.

Tuesday 14th.—A very wet day; had the children in the parlour. W. R. read Thomson's 'Seasons.'

[On Sept. 29 W. R. and H. M. R. set out for Coalbrookdale on a visit to her father at Dale House, where she led much the same life as on previous visits, walking in the Wood, visiting relations, etc., and on the 9th W. R. went to London.]

October, Thursday 14th.—A most affecting parting from my father and a silent ride to Fernhill.

Friday 15th.—Went to Chester in a chaise, and while there went to see some wild beasts. Went to Liverpool and got in a boat, but could not get round the rock; got out at the snuff mills and walked home.

Sunday 31st.—Went to the Catholic Chapel at Liverpool—Mr. Berrington preached an excellent sermon.

November, Tuesday 2nd.—T. H. and the Tayleurs went away. Lay on the bed and gave the children emetics. [They all had whooping cough.]

Monday 8th.—My mother Rathbone, my sister Benson, Abigail, Robert, and Margaret came. My mother returned in the afternoon. Gave all the children emetics. They have been poorly and fretful for some days.

Sunday 21st.—At meeting in the morning. Passed a painful afternoon.

Tuesday 23rd.—Went into the garden and renewed my cold. Sally Abbott taken with fits.

December, Wednesday 8th.—Richd. poorly; gave him 2 grs. calomel and 5 of jalop. [The same on 10th and 13th.]

Friday 17th.—A great snow came on in the evening. Packed up for going to town.

Sunday 19th.—Was not very well, and it snowing hard; staid at home, also C. Tayleur—he read to me, and I went to bed directly after dinner.

Tuesday 21st.—Staid by the fire all day, I was very miserable.

Tuesday 28th.—Removed our goods and family to York Street, and were very busy. Jane Glave came to be house maid.

Friday 31st.—Tom was taken ill. Will poorly. W. R. not well, and myself very low and poorly.

1792

January, Tuesday 17th.—Went with my father and mother to the Meeting at Hawkshaw. My sister Betty was Clerk. Dined there and returned to tea.

Monday 23rd.—My Aunts Penelope and Martha, my Bro. Benson and sisters, J. and S. Hadwen, and H. Gayland at dinner. The three latter and my sister Benson staid tea.

Wednesday 25th.—Rode out with my father and the child to the river-side, but the tide too high for us to proceed.

Tuesday 31st.—My beloved father left us early in the morning. Never was parting from him more severely painful to me.

March, Tuesday 6th.—Went to Greenbank with W. R. and Richard in the chair, rode a little way on Black Bess. Dr. Rutter at dinner, drank tea at Mrs. Lightbody's.

Tuesday 20th.—W. R. intended going into Shropshire but was very ill and confined to the house all day.

Wednesday 21st.—W. R. better and set out for Shropshire.

Sunday 25th.—C. Tayleur took me to meeting in the chair; called at my mother's and W. Roscoe's. H. still poorly. The young men as usual.

April, Wednesday 5th.—W. R. returned to tea and told me it was decided in the House that the slave-trade should be abolished.

Thursday 6th.—Very stormy, wet, cold day. Dined and drank tea at Mr. Roscoe's. Returned behind W. R., and had a fine moonlight ride.

Thursday 20th.—W. R. staid all night in Liverpool on account of Lord Daer being there.

Friday 28th.—Set out in a chaise with W. R., nurse and Hannah, and Charles Tayleur, my brother Joe going before. The day very fine. Dined at Preston, crossed at Lancaster.

Saturday 29th.—Crossed the sands. Very cold. Dined at Cartmell. Went from thence in the chaise with W. R. to Bowness. A most delightful ride, but my throat got very sore.

Sunday 30th.—A bad night, very ill. Lay in bed till the chaise came round. Dined at Ambleside. Lay again on the bed. Then went on to Keswick, through, I believe, very fine scenery, but I could not open my eyes, and was in great pain. Sent for a doctor. Went to bed and had on a blister. About ten o'clock T. H., W. Tayleur, and my dear Will arrived.

Monday 31st.—W. R. all morning on the lake. J. Tayleur, T. Pearson, came, and Mr. Roberts and Mr. Salt in the evening. Sat up for an hour or two.

May, Thursday 3rd.—My melancholy birthday. A fair in the town. Rain all day. Such a confinement surrounded by such scenes seems hard to bear.

Friday 4th.—Rode out in the chair along Bassenthwaite water to Ewesbridge, and in the evening, being fine, to Lodore. The finest scene I ever saw, the setting sun, glassy lake, etc.

Sunday 6th.—Went to a rock above Lodore and passed most of the day, which was delightfully fine, very quietly and agreeably.

Monday 7th.—Went in a chaise with T. H. and Will to Crummock water. Crossed in a boat. Went to Scale Force. Joe returned with me in the chaise. A moonlight ride. Got home between ten and eleven.

Wednesday 9th.—Went on the lake, and dined on the grass at Lodore.

Thursday 10th.—Packed and set off for Low-wood. A sweet ride through delightful country, in which the beautiful and grand were often seen, and sometimes united.

Saturday 12th.—Went with W. R. and J. Pearson to Rydal. A sweet place.

Tuesday 15th.—Left Low-wood. Rode beside the beautiful lake of Coniston. The young men broke the chair, which detained us some hours. Dined at a poor little house. Got to Ulverston to tea. The night not soon to be forgotten.

Wednesday 16th.—We crossed the sands at Ulverston, which were frightful, if not even dangerous, and arrived at York Street the following evening.

June, Friday 23rd.—The Society, Mr. and Mrs. Greg, etc., at tea and supper.

[In July and August H. M. R. went to stay at her old home the Bank: frequent mention when there of walks with her father on Lincoln Hill. During the visit her father slipped down and sprained his ankle.]

August, Sunday 12th.—At meeting. Sat in the garden with Willy in the afternoon. Had a short but memorable opportunity with my dear father.

Tuesday 14th.—Attended the funeral of my poor cousin, Rd. Ford, formerly a kind associate in lovely and beloved scenes. My aunt A., etc., at dinner. Walked up with her to Sunnyside, and took leave of all my friends.

Thursday 16th.—Set out with W. R., my father, Bro. and Sister Reynolds. Got to Hawstone to dinner. Staid the night there.

Friday 17th.—In the afternoon parted with my most dear beloved father. Went to Barnhill, but never shall forget the anguish of my heart.

Saturday 18th.—Arrived at Greenbank in the evening. Found our dear children well.

Sunday 17th.—Attended both meetings, taking a dish of coffee in York Street between.

September, Friday 7th.—Spent the day chiefly with the children in the cornfields.

October, Sunday 7th.—At tea the young men, also Robert and Rachel Benson. Mr. Shepperd at supper.

Heard of the French being likely to succeed against the Prussians.

Thursday 25th.—Went to Meeting. Dined and drank tea at Cornhill with my dear Sister B., who was preparing to go to Ireland.

November, Friday 16th.—A good deal in the garden, but the day cold and melancholy.

Saturday 17th.—A most delightful day, passed it chiefly in the garden planting, etc.

Monday 26th.—Will and Richard both began going to Mrs. Swinney's school. [Richard only four years old.]

December, Wednesday 5th.—Willis Earl at dinner, Dr. Currie at tea.

Monday 31st.—Washing day. The house very dirty from the workman making the china pantry. Mrs. Shepperd B. Nicholson at dinner. I have, alas, little to remember or observe, but——

[This sad, and somewhat strange sentence is so written in the diary—no explanation of its meaning and breaking off unfinished.]

1793

January, Tuesday 1st.—I am sorry to say began the year by lying late in bed. With an ardent wish to improve in this particular do I make this remark. Mr. Maris, Captains Clay, Gray, Bell, Whitlock, Coffin, at dinner.

Saturday 5th.—My head so bad I sent for Allanson. He came and bled me.

Monday 21st.—Walked with the children on the Mount.¹

Thursday 24th.—Came to Hunter Street intending to go to meeting, but found my mother very ill. We staid with her, and the boys went to Mr. Roscoe's.

Saturday 26th.—My mother so ill, the Doctors and we all thought she would be soon released. My Aunt Penny, D. Kennion, and B. Saul all came. They made Betsy and me go into our own room, and my poor mother expired about four o'clock in the morning. [Her father Rathbone had died in 1789.]

Sunday 27th.—Sat quietly together. W. R. wrote some letters.

Wednesday 30th.—Attended my mother's funeral in Hacking Hay. Letter from my father which made me very uneasy about his health.

March, Friday 1st.—My brother Benson, Rachel, and my sister set out for Matlock.

Saturday 2nd.—Walked with the children on the Mount and called at Cornhill. W. R.'s head very bad.

¹ A high sort of terrace walk, approached by stone steps, and well planted on each side, looking down one side into St. James's Cemetery, on the other over Liverpool, the Welsh mountains sometimes visible. Favourite walk for the children living in town.

Saturday 16th.—W. R. not well enough to go to town. Sat with him all day.

Monday 18th.—W. R. better, but confined to the house. Packed up for going to the Dale. [Her father had left Ketley Bank and taken up his residence for a time at the Dale, her brother William now living at the Bank.]

Tuesday 19th.—Went to York Street with W. R. and the children. Crossed the water with Joe Ash, Hannah, nurse, and Thomas. Dined at Chester, slept at Wrexham.

Wednesday 20th.—Stopt at Ellesmere. Dined at Salop, where I saw T. H., and came to the Dale in my father's chaise. Wrote to W. R.

Friday 21st.—Walked through the Wood to Sunnyside, drank tea, and at the Meeting there.

Wednesday 27th.—Wrote to my sister Betsy in P. G.'s room [Priscilla Gurney]. Drank tea at Richard Dearman's.

Saturday 30th.—Walked with my father in the new Wood. My sister and her little boy at dinner and tea. Returned with them and Joe Ash to the Bank in the evening.

April, Tuesday 2nd.—A very snowy day yesterday prevented my return to the Dale. The road still dangerous, so I staid at the Bank another day.

Wednesday 3rd.—Came to the Dale with T. H. in the morning. Drank tea at Sunnyside.

Saturday 6th.—A letter from W. R., and it was determined for T. H. and P. G. to go to Liverpool together.

Thursday 11th.—Drank tea at Richd. Dearman's. W. R., T. H., and J. Ash came late and were overturned in coming up the Dale.

Friday 12th.—John Ash and W. R. but poorly in consequence of their bruises, and confined to the house. My Bro. William, Aunt Darby, Wm. Yonge, etc., at dinner and tea.

Tuesday 16th.—Wm. Yonge came yesterday, and W. R. was bled, and to-day he ordered him a blister on his side.

Wednesday 17th.—My father and mother set out for Wales. My Aunt Ball soon after to the Bank. My Bro. Wm. and Mr. Plimley at dinner and tea. W. R. better, and we passed a cheerful evening considering our loss.

Tuesday 23rd.—Left the Dale yesterday, returned by the usual route and arrived at Greenbank to tea; found our dear boys well. Letter from my mother. Thankful to find myself at home.

May, Thursday 2nd.—Went to meeting with W. R. Dined at H. Gaylands, and returned with my sister Betsy in a chaise.

Friday 3rd.—Sat with my sister, who was very poorly, till she went back to Liverpool in the afternoon.

Tuesday 7th.—A fine day; sewing, etc. E. Pearson came to tea to tell me W. R. was staying in town all night.

Thursday 9th.—Breakfasted at Cornhill; dined at W. Roscoe's; drank tea and suped at Cornhill. My sister Benson returned from Ireland to our great joy with two Irish friends.

Sunday 12th.—E. Pearson and J. Ash with us. Drank tea on the grasplat.

Sunday 25th.—W. R. returned to late tea and brought me a letter from Susanna Reynolds, and one to himself from T. H. which affected me a good deal.

Tuesday 27th.—A. Holland came, and staid till evening. Passed the day chiefly with my sister Betsy.

Wednesday 28th.—Had some interesting conversation with my sister. Engaged Allen Athrip to serve in Bartholomew's place till his return from Ireland.

June, Saturday 1st.—My sister Betsy went home and was very poorly. Burnt some more letters.

Sunday 9th.—Charles Pearson and J. Ash as usual. Passed the afternoon in an affecting and interesting intercourse with my dear W. R.

Monday 10th.—My sister Betsy came in the morning. C. Tayleur stays with us to recover his health. Put things in order for an approaching event.

Thursday 13th.—Was so poorly I could not sit up any part of the day. W. R. came home late and unwell.

Saturday 15th.—My sister Betsy very poorly all day. Sat in her chamber till she left us, and was much distressed on her account.

Wednesday 19th.—Began a letter to T. H. Received one from him and P. Gurney. My sister, who has been very poorly, and the children left us in the afternoon, and my heart was very heavy.

Monday 24th.—Unable to sit up much. Received a letter from my father which distressed me much. Attempted to answer. Both my sisters very poorly.

Tuesday 25th.—Went with W. R. in the chaise to Liverpool; called on my sisters; returned the better for my ride.

July, Tuesday 2nd.—Painfully indisposed in the morning and much affected with the thoughts of leaving my poor children, particularly Will, whose temper I fear will give pain to himself and others. My sisters at dinner and tea. Bill and C. Nicholson, Job Scott and others at tea.

Wednesday 3rd.—W. R. breakfasted at Mr. Yates'. The awful prospect before me presses on my mind.

Thursday 4th.—Wakened early in much pain. Came down to dinner. Allanson came about six, and at ten o'clock our little Joseph was born.

Friday 5th.—Passed a peaceful night and felt, I hope, thankfulness for the mercy I enjoyed. W. R. staid several hours with me.

Wednesday 10th.—Waked much better. Little Joe eats strawberries and sleeps. He seems a healthy child.

Saturday 13th.—Having had little sleep my head is weak. My W. R. came home to tea, his account of my beloved sister very affecting to my mind. The heat is almost insupportable.

Monday 15th.—W. R. home late. Had a mantua maker to let out my gowns.

Sunday 21st.—The young men as usual. I went into the garden for a few minutes and was no worse than a good deal fatigued.

Friday 26th.—Dr. Rutter called. My father and mother came to tea.

Monday 29th.—Went to Liverpool with my father and P. Gurney. Walked in the garden with my father and T. H.

Tuesday 30th.—Sat with my father in the morning. Went with him, Nurse Sankey and the child to York Street. Had a most interesting and affecting interview with my beloved sister Betsy. Surely I shall never forget what she then said.¹

August, Thursday 1st.—Lord Daer, Willis Earl, and Peter Fawcett at dinner.

Friday 2nd.—Found my sister very ill. Allanson sent for and I staid some time with her.

Friday 9th.—Sent for the children; they staid dinner, and we took them to see their poor Aunt Betsy at her desire. Drank tea at my Aunt's in Soho Street. Our company has been large and various every day this week.

Tuesday 13th.—My sister Betsy was taken out in a sedan chair and bore it better than we durst hope.

Friday 16th.—Walked with my father to the Parade and saw the Camera Obscura.

Sunday 18th.—Drank tea at Cornhill, and my father saw, perhaps for the last time, our dear E. R.

Monday 19th.—Preparing Joe Ash's clothes for his going to school, and sent him in the afternoon.

Wednesday 28th.—W. R. staid at home all day, which we passed sweetly with our dear children. Dined on the grass plat, and sat by the fish pond most of the day.

September, Tuesday 3rd.—Sewing and attending to the children. Joe Ash and two of his schoolfellows came to tea.

¹ A pathetic interest belongs to 'E. R.' or Betsy, her hopeless attachment to William Reynolds, H. M. R.'s eldest brother.

Friday 13th.—Drank tea with my dear sister and passed a sweet hour with her.

Sunday 15th.—The young men as usual, also W. Faraday.

Tuesday 17th.—W. R. staid to dinner, and I went with him to Liverpool and drank tea with my beloved sister. Had a very wet ride home.

Saturday 21st.—A few lines from T. H. which disappointed me a good deal.

Tuesday 24th.—Found my dear sister altered since I last saw her. A long letter from T. H.

Saturday 28th.—Passed as much of the day as I could at Cornhill. My dear sister very weak, but after my Bro. B. had, at her desire, read the 14th chapter of Revelations, she spoke to us for a long time in a very memorable manner, and lasting will the impression be, I believe.

Monday 30th.—My beloved sister had a painful night, but appeared so finely in the morning I ventured to go to York Street, but was soon sent for again, and about one o'clock saw her peacefully expire.

October, Tuesday 1st.—Sat with my dear afflicted Sister Benson ; most deeply do I share in her suffering.

Thursday 3rd.—Attended the remains of my ever dear Sister to the Silent Grave and passed the remainder of the solemn mournful day at Cornhill. A large company there.

Friday 18th.—W. R. at home most of the day, and thro' indulgence to my fears and distressed state of mind did not go to the Meeting of the Society.

Saturday 26th.—The boys from Mr. Shepherd's school at dinner and tea. Mr. Armstrong came to dinner. T. H. to tea.

November, Wednesday 6th.—A very fine day. Planting trees in the lane.

Monday 18th.—A painful morning. Went to Greenbank with T. H. and packed up some things. Had a violent headache.

Wednesday.—Willy and Rd. rode on Horseback with their father.

Sunday 24th.—Wrote to Mr. Yonge and my new sister Reynolds.¹

Friday 29th.—T. H., W. R., and Willy set out early to go into Shropshire. R. Benson at tea. The depression I could not conquer, increased by hearing of Job Scott's death, etc.

Saturday 30th.—Prevented from going to Cornhill by a disturbance about B. [?]. My Bro. Benson and T. Bigland came and got him released.

December, Monday 2nd.—Took a long walk with my sister Benson to look at a garden.

Saturday 7th.—Was low and poorly, did not get much done. More trouble about B., but he did not wish me to know it.

Thursday 12th.—Took the children, S. Bagnol, and Nurse in a coach to Folly Lane, which took them round by St. Domingo and home. I staid till dusk with Mrs. Roscoe.

Sunday 29th.—Our family as usual at dinner, also Captain Whitlock at tea supper. W. R. poorly, lay on the bed, but got up to read to the family.

Monday 30th.—Dined and drank tea at Mrs. Wallace's with the Bridal party from the Park. Wrote to T. H. Sat up late.

¹ Deborah Dearman, married to Joseph Reynolds on 16th November.

1795

February 21st, Saturday.—Hannah very ill—her fever high, Cough bad, with pain in her side, difficulty of breathing, etc. Sent for Dr. Rutter, who ordered her to be put in warm water, take antimonial wine, etc. She lay in bed all day, and Dr. Rutter came again in the evening. Joe no better.

Feb. 22nd, Sunday.—Hannah better. My Sister Benson staid with me in the morning. Joe Ash decidedly ill with the measles. Dr. called in the morning and in the evening; staid supper. Our usual family of young men. Captain Whitlock, etc.

Feb. 25th, Wednesday.—Hannah something better, but required nursing all day. Joe finely. Dr. Rutter called twice. Mr. Yates at dinner. My Sister Benson called. James Cropper at supper, but I did not go down stairs.

Feb. 26th, Thursday.—Hannah better, tho' still without appetite, and her cough bad. Brought her down stairs and took her out in a Coach to a house in the Park with W. R. and R. Benson.

Feb. 27th, Friday.—Joe Ash came into my room and drank tea with Hannah, etc. Dr. Rutter at dinner, and came again and staid supper; gave Hannah an emetic.

Feb. 28th, Saturday.—Joe Ash came down stairs. Dr. Rutter called in the morning. Hannah much the same. R. Benson went home. Went to G. Bank with W. R. and called at Cornhill. My Sister Benson poorly.

March 1st, Sunday.—Hannah very poorly, and lay on my lap all day.

March 3rd, Tuesday.—Hannah so poorly we could not get her up; I lay with her all day. . . . Gave Hannah an emetic.

March 4th, Wednesday.—Hannah much the same, but wished to be got up and taken down stairs; nursed her all day. Mr. Armstrong and Charles Tayleur called. Dr. R. in the morning, and staid the evening; both of us reading; thought we perceived a little eruption.

March 6th, Friday.—The eruption fully out, and very thick all over her. Her cough bad; kept her in bed all day. My Sister Benson sat the afternoon with me, and my Brother called. Dr. Rutter came twice, and staid all night.

March 7th, Saturday.—Lay in bed most of the day with Hannah, whose fever continues very high. Her cough better. My Sister Benson came to see us. Dr. R. seemed rather alarmed in the evening, and ordered H. to be got up. John Williamson came. She was put in warm water; the eruption nearly, if not quite, disappeared.

March 8th, Sunday.—Hannah no better. Dr. R. ordered leeches; she had three applied to her foot, and a most tedious and painful operation it was. We sent for Dr. Currie, who ordered her to take vinegar of squills every three hours, beginning with ten drops, and a blister on her back. In the evening he came again, and another leech was applied to her foot, and proved equally distressing. Dr. Rutter and my Sister Benson stayed with us at night and most of the day, and never shall I forget their very great kindness.

March 9th, Monday.—Hannah appeared better, and both Drs. thought her so; she was got up and taken into another chamber; but I thought her worse, and my dear W. R. fetched both Drs., who bid us not be alarmed but go on with the medicine, etc. Dr. C. came again in the evening. My Sister Benson went home to lodge, and Mary — came to sit up. My poor child will take nothing but water with a Toast, but wishes for strawberries. Sent to Mr. W. and Mrs. H. to beg some.

March 10th, Tuesday.—Hannah had but a poor night but was thought rather better, and I ventured to take a

ride. . . . Some strawberrys came from Mr. Birches which she liked much. Taken again into another room. In the evening she was evidently worse. Dr. Currie called thrice and ordered her to have warm water poured over her, and have her feet and hands bathed with vinegar, and to take James's powder—one grain every four hours; and came again at 12 o'clock at Night.

March 11th, Wednesday.—W. R. and my Sister B. sat up with my dear Hannah, and she had a better night than we durst hope. Dr. C. called twice, and they said she was at *least* no worse. James' powder continued every three hours. Dr. C. called again in the evening and ordered her to be spunged all over with vinegar.

March 12th, Thursday.—My dear Hannah had a restless night, and in the morning I thought her very ill and was sunk below hope. My Sister Benson came to dinner and staid with me. Hannah had two more leeches applyed to her foot in the morning, and left off the J. powder. Laid her on the little bed while her own was made. In the evening she was better, the fever being a good deal abated.

March 13th, Friday.—My Sister B. sat up most of the night. Hannah had less fever, but her cough was bad and the pain in her side. In the morning the fever came on again. She took Calomel. My Sister went home and Abigail came. Mrs. Roscoe called. In the evening Hannah had a blister on her side. Dr. C. twice.

March 14th, Saturday.—The blister did not rise well, and could not be taken off. The Drs. say Hannah is better. Had her bed made, and as she again begged for Shrimps she was allowed to eat some, and in the evening some cold beef. My Sister Benson at tea. W. R. persuaded me to go down to supper, where I found the two doctors, etc.

March 15th, Sunday.—Hannah had a remarkably good night, and continues better. Dr. C. called only once, and Dr. Rutter left us in the evening. . . . I dined and supped down stairs.

March 16th, Monday.—My dear child continues, I hope, to improve; but she is so weak, tired, and fretful, and still confined to her bed; her cough troublesome. I passed a very melancholy day in attendance on her. Both Drs. called twice.

March 17th, Tuesday.—Lay in bed most of the day with my poor Hannah. Mrs. Wallace sat with me in the morning; my Brother and Sister Benson at Tea. The Drs. called but once.

March 18th, Wednesday.—J. Birch called and brought Hannah some strawberries. M. B. staid with Hannah while I went to Green Bank with W. R. . . . Both Drs. called in the morning, and Dr. Rutter again in the evening, and staid tea and supper, and gave Hannah an emetic: Ipec. wine.

March 19th, Thursday.—Hannah's cough still bad. Dr. C. called in the morning; Dr. R. at dinner. In the afternoon my poor child appeared to me very ill indeed; we could not get her up, and my heart sunk entirely. John Ash at supper, etc.

March 20th, Friday.—Hannah rather better. P. Binns and her sister called, also Dr. Rutter. Some Captains at dinner. Got Hannah up while the bed was made. Dr. R. came again in the evening and staid till after supper. I had a pain in my face.

March 21st, Saturday.—My poor Hannah much the same. Dr. C. called and desired Hannah might take opiates; Dr. R. also called. My pain still bad. . . . Got Hannah up again with some difficulty.

March 22nd, Sunday.—Hannah had much such a night as usual. I was very ill. Took Hannah into the back chamber, which seemed to fatigue her much, but I hope she was no worse for it. Mrs. Roscoe at tea. Dr. R. called twice and staid the evening. A. H. called, etc. Wrote a few lines to Mrs. Yonge; and my complaint proving to be the influenza, I took James' Powder and went to bed.

March 23rd, Monday.—After a night of great suffering

was rather better; but Dr. R. desired I should remain in bed and continue J.'s powder. My dear Hannah took Calomel, and her cough became so bad Dr. R. seemed uneasy in the evening and sent for Dr. C.; they ordered her Laudanum. Mrs. Roscoe came in the morning.

March 24th, Tuesday.—My poor Hannah had but a painful night, and the Drs. in the morning urged us most suddenly to take her into the Country. I rose directly, and my W. R. and me in much terror took her in a coach on pillows to Green Bank. She bore the ride beyond our expectation. Dr. R. followed us, and soon with W. R. left me to pass the night with my own desponding thoughts.

March 25th, Wednesday.—Hannah coughed a good deal, as I omitted to give her laudanum till three o'clock, hoping she would sleep without; yet she appeared better in the day, but without giving me one hope of her recovery. W. R. came over in the morning, and again in the afternoon, to stay. Both Drs. came, and R. staid till evening. Never did I suffer more in one day.

March 26th, Thursday.—Hannah had a better night and eat more, and was carried into the garden for five minutes. W. R. staid at home all day. Both Drs. came, and R. staid dinner and tea. My Sister Benson and Rachel came. Wrote to my Aunt Beesley. My mind agonised by a struggle against hope which again would flatter me. . . .

March 27th, Friday.—Hannah slept till three o'clock, and tho' she still coughs, it is less, and so is her fever ever since we came here. Both Drs. as before; they say she is better, tho' she has eaten less. Wro a few lines to Mrs. Y.

March 28th, Saturday.—My poor Hannah had a bad night; both cough and fever encreased, and very restless. Dr. R. at dinner. Took Hannah into the Low parlour. I think her evidently going, and how can I part with her! dear and lovely child. Wrote to my Sister Joe.

March 29th, Sunday.—Neither W. R. nor my sister

being well they staid at home with me. . . . Dr. R. not well, we did not see him. Dr. C. came in the evening, and said my dear Child was much better and all his hopes confirmed; but she is teased with the ear ache and very deaf.

March 30th, Monday.—Hannah much the same; continues to drink cream and gravy. I was very poorly and low all day. . . . No doctor to-day.

March 31st, Tuesday.—My dear Child had a good night except for the ear ache. Took her into the Low parlour; she let me be out of the room a good deal. Dr. C. came and said she mends very fast. Received a letter from Mrs. Y. to say my new maid was coming. My Brother B. came in the evening.

April 1st, Wednesday.—Dr. R. came and staid most of the day; took Hannah out to Mossley Hill, and she bore it very well. My Sister Benson and Rachel went home with Dr. R. Took Hannah up into the Nursery to sleep.

April 2nd, Thursday.—Hannah finely, but the weather so cold I did not take her down stairs. I was so poorly I was obliged to lie on the bed. . . .

April 3rd, Friday. . . . Took Hannah into the garden. She gets better fast, and slept last night without Laudanum. Settled my accounts for last month.

April 5th, Sunday. . . . Mrs. Hardman's chaise and horses, which were bought for Hannah, brought home.

April 7th, Tuesday. . . . Took Hannah a short drive.

April 8th, Wednesday. . . . My head very bad. Hannah gets better, but her deafness continues.

1798

Monday, January 1st.—Left Greenbank with W. R. Called for my sister Benson, who went with us to Ormskirk, where we found my Bro. Benson, also Joe Ash. We dined together, drank tea at Tarleton Bridge. W. R. rode on horseback to Preston; my Bro. came with us.

Tuesday 2nd.—Went to the meeting. Dined at George Brown's, tea at A. Abbott's, and went to the Inn for supper.

Thursday 4th.—We attended the quarterly meeting yesterday and left Preston this morning, returning the same way we came, and found our family at Greenbank all pretty well.

Friday 5th.—My head so bad I could do little. George Holloway, tho' he behaved very well on the journey, determined to go, and W. R. settled with him after supper.

Monday 8th.—Chimneys swept. We all went to Liverpool except little Theophilus.

Wednesday 10th.—Returned to Greenbank with T. H. and the children. The young men from the Counting House, and some others, 13 or 14 in all, at dinner and tea. Wm. Duncan came in the evening.

Friday, May 4th.—Being absent yesterday, the children considered this as my birthday, and as such I felt it. The most serious reflections on the past, and awful considerations respecting the future deeply impressed on my mind. I resolved, however, though the time might be short, to begin again my journal, tho' it is a task, for since I lost my lovely boy I have felt as if I had little to do with this world.¹

¹ Most likely this was her little Joseph, but the diary containing the account of his death is missing.

Saturday 5th.—Passed a quiet day burning letters, etc., and walking in the garden. Letter from my Aunt Beesley.

Sunday 6th.—Dined at my Bro. Benson's, and attended the funeral of Lucy Haddoch, not without thinking how probable it was my own might be one of the next. Allan fetched me home in the chair after tea. Found Charles Tayleur, E. Pearson, and Mr. Penny.

Tuesday 8th.—W. R. staid at home; dined under the chestnut tree. Mrs. Roscoe and Mr. Shepherd at tea.

Friday 18th.—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe and three children came in the morning, and we all went with them to Allerton, returning to G. Bank to dinner. After tea they left us, and my Bro. and Sister Benson, and Abigail, Wm. and Robert Duncan came. W. R. was gone to bed poorly.

Sunday 30th.—Was induced to give up going to Meeting. C. Tayleur and E. Pearson at dinner and tea. Went with T. H. to Gatacre, and engaged Nurse Sankey to come on the 1st August.

Wednesday 23rd.—Wm. Russell at breakfast. Mrs. Lightbody and Mrs. Greg called. Drank tea at Mrs. Lightbody's. Mr. Crosfield and Mr. Green came in the evening. Hannah feverish and ill; gave her an emetic. T. H. and the boys returned late.

Saturday 26th.—Captain Wood came very early. I was very much fatigued attending to the wine cellar. H. gets better slowly, began to take bark.

Monday, 11th June.—The children considered this as their father's birthday and played all day. Sat most of it in the garden with them. C. Tayleur in the evening. Letter from my father.

Wednesday 13th.—W. R. staid at home. We drank tea under the trees. Rod. Wicksteed came.

Wednesday 27th.—W. R. staid at home, passed the morning looking at T. Cassellas' pictures. Sat in the cottage with W. R., but was too languid to enjoy (as I wished) the blessings of life.

Monday, July 9th.—Letter from my Bro. Joe to say

that he had a little daughter¹ born on the 5th. Mrs. Baily and her daughter took an early dinner with me. Two gentlemen at dinner and tea. J. and S. Foster and their daughter Rachel came earlier than we expected.

Monday 16th.—Parted with my dear friend S. Foster. W. R. dined at Dr. Crumpton's. E. Pearson at tea.

Thursday 19th.—My Aunt Beesley and M. Austin came yesterday to stay at Greenbank. Passed most of this day with my Aunt in the garden. My sister Benson and Abigail returned with W. R. from Liverpool in the afternoon.

Wednesday 25th.—W. R. returned to dinner. Sat under the oak tree in the field in the afternoon with W. R., T. H., and the children.

Sunday 29th.—W. R. staid at home with me. Several young men at dinner and tea, and I staid upstairs on that account. R. Benson and J. Wilson in the evening.

[On the 4th August her son Theodore Woolman was born.]

Tuesday, August 7th.—Another bad night and day of headache. The child cried a great deal, gave him a little Dalby's.

Saturday 11th.—My child had a blessed night and we are both in a very comfortable state. A most affectionate letter from my father comforted, but overcame my spirits a good deal, added to an account of my dear brother being ill.

Sunday 12th.—We had a good night, but there being company at dinner, Nancy [the cook] poorly, and nurse very much so, I was anxious and overdone.

Sunday 19th.—W. R. better, but not well enough to go out. My Aunt Beesley also poorly. The boys and M. Anstice went to meeting. I was taken into the garden in the green chair and bore it better than I expected.

Monday 20th.—We all had a good night, yet I felt low and poorly, and being again wheeled round the garden was very much overdone.

¹ Hannah Mary, who was afterwards married to H. M. R.'s son Richard.

Wednesday 22nd.—W. R. staid at home all day. The little boy more quiet and easy than he has been any time before. A stormy night on the 24th, but my dear little boy slept well, as he generally does, which is a great comfort to me, and after a quiet day I felt some return of strength.

Monday 27th.—W. R. went with me, the nurse and child, to Mrs. Fairlough's in a chaise. Sat up late talking about the French having landed in Ireland.

Wednesday 29th.—Good account of my dear Brother. Heard of the death of Lady Mary Douglas.

Monday 17th.—Fixed on a place for the greenhouse, and the foundation began digging for. We all dined and drank tea at my Aunt Beesley's. W. R. staid all night at Cornhill. Mrs. Milner and Mrs. Colquit called.

1800

January, Thursday 1st.—After a stormy and exceedingly cold night the ground and every shrub and tree were covered with ice. W. R., S. G., etc., attempted to walk to town, but found it so dangerous they soon returned.

Sunday 5th.—W. R., who was ill last night, is better. We all staid at home. Wilkinson, Borland, Thornley, D. Hodgson, Ashton Yates, C. Tayleur, and J. Ash at dinner and tea. Mr. Martin came to tea, and staid all night.¹

Monday 6th.—Mr. Roscoe at breakfast, also H. Tuke, I. and E. Hoyland, and M. Smith. They sat an hour with us.

Monday 13th.—Took Theodore and Sally to Liverpool; she went in the Eastham boat. Felt much relieved in mind, having found many things which increased my thankfulness for having parted with Sally.

Monday 27th.—Sarah and Margaret Bevans, Rachel and Abigail Benson came. Had some fireworks in the evening.

February 1st, Saturday.—Went with T. H. and Willy to Allerton, and staid the evening.

Monday 10th.—Chimny-sweepers came to Greenbank, and we all left it after luncheon and came to my Bro. Benson's.

March, Monday 1st.—Prevented by wind and snow from going to Liverpool. Continued sorting letters, etc., with a bad headache. Letter from S. Foster.

Tuesday 2nd.—Went to Liverpool with T. H. and

¹ This was the ordinary routine of Sunday, the visitors sometimes more numerous.



HANNAH MARY RATHBONE AS "HOPE."

From a miniature by Hargreaves.

Hannah to several shops, etc. Dined at my Aunt Beesley's. A thaw, so long wished for, is now come, with much rain.

Wednesday 26th.—Mr. Roscoe came in the morning with Mary Ann and Mrs. Roscoe, his two sons, Dr. Currie, Mr. Smith, Mr. Yates, and my sister Benson to dinner.

April, Tuesday 15th.—W. R.'s head very bad in the night. He took an emetic, but was no better till 3 o'clock. [During this month she, with W. R. and T. H., went to Shropshire, afterwards to Bath. They had lodgings at No. 10 South Parade.]

May, Saturday 3rd [at Bath].—Rode out with W. R., the children, S. Galton, Adelaide and Sir W. Walton. Sadly tired and very low. Most melancholy and serious, yet I trust not wholly unprofitable, were my reflections on this my 39th birthday.

Tuesday 13th.—Went with the boys to the riding-school; Hannah made a poor attempt to take a lesson. W. R. had leeches applied to his temples. While he slept we took a ride to Warley.

Friday 16th.—Sir A. Clayton, Dr. Haygarth, and Lord Lansdowne called, also Miss Greg. Willy and H. dined at S. Galton's.

Sunday 18th.—Went to the Cathedral, and staid dinner at Wells. Looked at Glastonbury Abbey; lodged at Piper's Inn.

Monday 19th.—Went to Ford [in Somersetshire]. Found S. Anstice and her little baby there. I staid with her while the others went out, and we went on to Bridgewater to my Aunt Ball's.

Sunday 25th.—A fine sail across the river [Severn], and a fine ride to Chepstow, but my poor W. R. was too ill to enjoy it. Went out to see the Castle in the afternoon. [From there they went to Ross, by Ledbury, and Malvern Wells.]

Tuesday 27th.—Stopped at Worcester while a wheel was mended; slept at the 'Tumbling Sailors.' The

evening and situation both fine and pleasant, but nothing else so; when I was last there, my lovely Theodore¹ was with me.

Thursday 29th.—Walked over Apley Terrace on our way to the Dale. The woods and views I thought as fine as ever, but —! Got to my Father's to late dinner.

June, Sunday 1st.—Letter from Lady I. Douglas.

Monday 2nd.—W. R. had a very poor night, and with a full and heavy heart I left my dearest father. Dined at Ellesmere, tea at Wrexham, and got in good time to Chester to lodge.

Tuesday 3rd.—Crossed the New Ferry, and went directly to Thurlow Street—and with the children and nurse got once more to Greenbank.

Friday 20th.—Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe, their 9 children, U. Griffiths, at dinner and tea; the 5 eldest boys staid all night, and had some fireworks.

Tuesday 31st.—Lady Isabella and Elizabeth Douglas came in the evening.

Thursday, 2nd July.—Went to Liverpool with the Ladies, W. R., T. H., and Willy to the Blind Asylum, my Bro. Benson's, and to see Paton's pictures.

Sunday 6th.—T. H. went out with Elizabeth in the afternoon. T. Galton at dinner, and staid the evening.

Monday 7th.—Passed one more interesting day and night with our friends. Wm. Hughes and his bride at tea.

Tuesday 8th.—Our dear amiable friends left us in the morning.

Wednesday 9th.—Arranging letters, etc. Sat with the children in the hayfield in the afternoon.

August, Monday 25th.—Was very poorly, but kept myself employed till twelve o'clock. Got down to dinner with difficulty. Sent for Allanson. My sister Benson staid with us. W. R. dined with Mr. Hughes. At 3 the next morning my little Benson was born. Passed a quiet day.

Tuesday, 30th September.—Benson not well. Mr. Trench

¹ Probably meant for Theophilus, who died in infancy.

called; gave him 4 grs. rhubarb, 30 drops of 'Dalby' [a soothing medicine], and one drop of laudanum; after which he had a fine sleep, and good night.

Sunday, 5th October.—Several others and F. Chorley to dinner.

Monday 29th.—Having taken 10 drops of laudanum last night, was as usual much relieved from pain and felt better. W. R. returned after supper.

Saturday 19th.—My father and mother arrived about one o'clock.

Monday, 10th November.—Went with T. H. Hannah and Benson to dine with my father and mother at my Aunt Beesley's. Returned with them to Greenbank to tea. W. R. dined at Allerton. Mrs. Backhouse, Sutton, and Lapel at breakfast. Margt. Benson came.

Wednesday, 11th November.—My father's birthday. Passed by me under a feeling of most exquisite but tender melancholy. He was condescendingly amiable, and sat chiefly in the parlour. The children supped with us, and all *appeared* cheerful.

Saturday 14th.—My dear father and mother left us in the morning. I could not keep up through the day, but was a little better in the evening.

Tuesday 24th.—Mr. Hughes brought his wife to stay with us in the hope of finding benefit to her health.

Wednesday 25th.—A very cold day. Sat with Mrs. H. sewing in the morning. Read 'Rasselas' to her.

Monday, 8th December.—W. R. went early to town and staid all night. It snowed a good deal. Children were quiet and comfortable; read to us, etc.

Wednesday 10th.—Dr. A., Captain Thomson, Tod-Jones, B. A., Heywood, and Dr. Bostock at dinner and tea. Dr. B. staid all night.

Wednesday 31st.—Had some conversation with Wm. Yonge. My Bro. Benson very poorly; a better account in the evening, which relieved me a good deal. Letter from Mrs. Pearson.

1801

January, Thursday 1st.—My Bro. Benson for some time has been unwell, and this day we are informed that he was last night affected by a paralytic stroke: one arm rendered useless, and one side of his face perceptibly altered. Very affecting was this account to us all, and deeply my soul sympathised with my dear afflicted sister.

Friday 2nd.—I passed most of the day in the house of mourning. My dear brother is thought to be rather better.

Wednesday 7th.—Dined with my Bro. Benson, who is better, and now gets into another room.

Friday, 6th February.—Went into the garden with all the children. Ed. Pearson called. W. R. returned to a very late dinner.

Friday, 13th February.—My Bro. and Sister Benson and Rachel at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Greg and Eliza Hodgson at tea and supper, and staid all night. Letter from S. Foster.

Monday, 2nd March.—Captain Wood, John Smith, and Mr. Ferguson at breakfast. Went with the latter, T. H., and the boys to Baitson's garden. Returned to a late dinner.

Thursday 5th.—Went to meeting; left the child and nurse at my Bro. Benson's. Called with my Aunt Beesley at her new house in Queen Street.

Saturday 16th.—A deep snow, and a letter from my father, prevents the boys from setting out, as they intended, to Shropshire. Snowed all day. Cutting out shirts for Wm. and Benson.

Thursday 26th.—Drank tea at my Aunt Penelope's. Letter from Mrs. Greg.

Tuesday, 7th April.—Rachel and Margt. Benson came in the morning. Passed a quiet day, much in the garden, though it was cold. Saml. and Tertius Galton called, and W. R. went with them to dine at Greenbank. Benson cut his first tooth.

Wednesday, 11th May.—Heard from my father of my Bro. Joe having a little girl¹ born.

Wednesday, 20th May.—Wrote part of a letter to E. Douglas. Sat in the field with T. H., while Richd. and Willy were digging. Cold and poorly.

Sunday 24th.—Dr. Currie came to stay at Greenbank for his health. C. Tayleur, T. Galton, J. Ash, etc., at tea and dinner.

Tuesday, June 9th.—Expecting our friends, which prevented me from going out, or doing anything to much purpose at home. [They did not arrive till the 12th.]

Friday 12th.—Had a very bad headache. Heard of my sister Joe Reynolds (Debby) being ill. Went to the canal to meet Hannah and Theodore, and soon after we got home Lady Isabella and Katharine Douglas came.

Saturday 13th.—Too cold to admit of our going out. We sat in the library. Lord Selkirk came with W. R. to dinner.

Sunday 14th.—T. H. and Lord S. went in the morning to Allerton. Mr. Roscoe with several others at dinner and tea.

Tuesday 16th.—Sat up very late with our dear Isabella and her lovely sister.

Wednesday 17th.—Parted most reluctantly from our amiable guests. W. R., Willy, Richd., and Hannah went with them to Ormskirk.

Friday 19th.—Walked with W. R. in the fields, but was tired and poorly.

Thursday 25th.—T. H. had a letter from my Bro. Joe, giving a very affecting account of his wife.

¹ Jane Reynolds, who died unmarried in 1879.

Saturday 27th.—Sat with my Aunt in the garden, fearfully expecting letters. Recd. one from my father, with a rather better account of Debby. Very poorly all day.

Tuesday, 7th July.—Walked in the afternoon with W. R. and T. H. to the top of the lane to see the new house.

Friday 17th.—A very affecting letter from my Bro. Joe made it difficult to me to receive our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan from Scotland, and many others, to dinner and tea.

Monday 20th.—W. R. and the boys went to bathe; T. H. to the Botanical Garden. They returned at different times to late dinner.

Friday 24th.—Better, but still very weak from my bad throat and fever. Letter from Wm. Yonge took away again all hope of poor Debby's recovery.

Monday, 3rd August.—Drank tea in the garden. Letter from Lady K. Douglas. This being Hannah's birthday, and the 4th Theodore's, had fireworks for them each evening.

Monday, 10th August.—Letter from my Bro. Joe giving a very good account of Debby.

Friday, 11th September.—Abraham Story at breakfast. Rode out with W. R. and Hannah. The next day went into the Lane with Hannah and Benson to gather blackberries.

Monday 21st.—Preparing for my father and mother's arrival. They came in the afternoon. The boys went early in the morning to meet their cousin, Robert Benson, returning from school, and brought him and Rachel to spend the day with us.

Tuesday 29th.—Rode out on horseback with my father and W. R. by Mossly Hill, etc., and walked out with him in the garden in the afternoon.

Saturday, 3rd October.—T. Martin came after supper to tell us the preliminaries of peace were signed.

Monday 12th.—T. H. and the boys rode out on horseback. I dined with my father and mother at my Aunt

Penelope's. Aunt Beesley, Robert and Mary Anstice came to G. Bank to tea.

Saturday 24th.—Letter from Jane Chorley.

Wednesday, 18th November.—Went in the evening with T. H., Willy, and H. to hear Mr. Vincent's reading. A fine moonlight ride.

Friday 27th.—The children had a holiday; enjoyed it, with fireworks in the evening.

Wednesday, 2nd December.—Quite domestic. Sitting with my Aunts cutting out sheets. A good deal of snow fell.

Friday 11th.—Settling accts. Letter from Lady E. Douglas, and wrote to her saying I would send Mrs. Kinder to attend her friend, Mrs. Ruthven.

Monday 14th.—John Ash went with us to Liverpool. T. H., Richd., and I crossed the water at the Rock Ferry to meet Lady E. D., and got back with her, after some difficulty, if not danger, landing at the copper works, where James was waiting. Letter from my father.

Wednesday 16th.—Mr. Riddel came before we had finished breakfast. Numerous visitors during the day, and the time seems all given up to others. E. D. and I sat up too late at night.

Thursday 17th.—A miserable, cold, snowy morning, and our dear E. D. and Mrs. Edwards leaving us, prevented our going to meeting. I was useless all day.

Saturday 19th.—T. Galton, Clough, Jeffries, Gordon, Lundy, and Crosbie came in the morning to skait, and staid dinner and tea, as also did Tod Jones.

Monday 21st.—Wm. and Rd. went to Knowsley with Mr. Riddle. Letters from Mrs. Ruthven and Lady Elizth. Dined at Mrs. Hughes; made several calls. Tea at my Bro. Benson's.

Friday 25th.—Being Christmas Day, the servants went to church. Mr. Martin at dinner and tea.

Sunday 27th.—At meeting. A day entirely without company—to me a very serious one.

1802

Friday, January 2nd.—Captain Wood, who has been here some days but poorly ; yet he went to dine in town. Eleven visitors at dinner and tea, and Ashton Yates, who staid all night.

On the 5th letter from my sister Joe.

Friday 8th.—W. R., Captain Wood, and Charles Tayleur went to Liverpool and staid all night.

Wednesday 13th.—Wallace Currie and David Hodgson came to skait.

Thursday 21st.—A most dreadful storm of wind in the night, and continued during the day, confined us to the house. I had a very bad headache, and sat by the fire reading the life of Dr. Robertson. W. R. writing to John Hancock.

Wednesday 27th.—Edward Pearson called while we were at dinner and told us of the birth of his son.

Tuesday, February 16th.—My Aunts [aunts Beesley and Ball] were prevented leaving us by some snow having fallen, and by the appearance of more. It, however, proved a very fine day, and my Aunt Ball went into the hot-house and garden.

Friday 26th.—Walked a little in the garden with my Aunt Ball, and afterwards she read to us.

Saturday 27th.—Dr. Currie and his son called ; sat with the children while he was with W. R. and T. H. Letter of an old date from Jane Glave, and one with some Linnen from Mrs. Greg.

[*3rd April.*—Her son William had measles. He had repeated doses of calomel and James' powders. Apparently no precautions against infection till many days after, when she writes] :—

Saturday, April 11th.—Having changed all my clothes, washed and aired myself, I ventured to take my dear little Benson in my arms.

Tuesday, 27th April.—W. R. very poorly. Passed a melancholy day with Theodore and my knitting.

[This year W. R. seems to have constant sick-headaches, frequent languor and depression; the usual remedies, calomel, leeches, emetics, were employed.]

Monday, 3rd May.—The children rejoiced, it being my birthday, but I was very sad on my dear W. R.'s account.

Thursday 6th.—Dined with T. H. and all the children at my Aunt Beesley's and tea at my Aunt Penny's.

[During this summer they made a journey to Cheltenham to drink the waters.]

Monday, August 30th.—Went to the Parade and saw my dear beloved Wm. set sail with T. H. and Rd. to cross the river on their way to London and Hackney. [The two sons went to a school at Hackney kept by a Mr. Belsham, and Hannah apparently was going to a weekly boarding school at Walton.]

Tuesday 31st.—I went with W. R. to Norris Green after tea.

Wednesday, 29th September.—Cut out shirts and looked over some baby clothes. My brother and sister Joe Reynolds came to tea. [Probably her last and only visit; she died the following summer.]

Thursday 30th.—My sister Joe very poorly.

Sunday, 3rd October.—Went to meeting. After it my Bro. Benson was so ill, having something of a stroke, that my W. R. and I staid at his house. My Bro. and sister Joe went to Greenbank; I returned in the evening. W. R. staid all night.

Monday 4th.—Went to Thurlow Street. My dear brother much the same. My brother and Sister Joe and H. went to some shops; dined at my Aunt Beesley's, she returning with me to Greenbank in the evening.

Thursday, 7th October.—My Bro. and Sister Joe left Greenbank in the morning.

Saturday 9th.—My brother continues the same. The difficulty of moving him very great; he is got out of bed once a day to change his linnen.

Sunday 17th.—My Bro. Benson worse: Dr. Rutter thinks he is going fast. We came to Thurlow Street, where I staid. W. R. and H. returning to G.bank, where we left the Hancocks and T. Martin. A large company expected from the Co. House at dinner and tea.

[For the next fortnight her brother's state varied, for some days he was decidedly better, then worse, and the last few days much troubled by a cough.]

Monday, November 1st.—My dear brother had a restless and painful night. During the day it became evident his release drew nigh. And about eight o'clock our dear and excellent Brother was quietly released from his sufferings. It was the death of the righteous!

Tuesday 2nd.—My dear afflicted sister very poorly, but with her children preserved in great calmness. My W. R. had a violent sick-headache. I sent for Dr. Rutter, who kindly attended him. Wrote to my father. Many friends called and are very kind.

Friday 5th.—A solemn meeting after the interment of my dear Brother's remains. D. Benson, G. Braithwaite, her sons Roger and Robert, R. and W. Benson of Ulverstone, two Dockrays, Joe Ash, etc., came.

Sunday 7th.—Sat with my sister while the family went to meeting. Hannah and Richd. came to dinner and staid tea. A very affecting evening. My dear sister felt it deeply.

Monday 15th.—After a very suffering night I concluded to leave my dear sister, though with great reluctance, and came to Greenbank in the afternoon. Was welcomed by my children in good health.

Sunday 28th.—I had a long conversation with Hannah about going to Walton.

Wednesday, 8th December.—W. R. went to breakfast with Mrs. Greg, and returned to a late dinner with James Cropper, who staid tea. I gave what attention I could to a cooper in the wine cellar, etc.

Tuesday, 14th December.—In the night H. Park was sent for, and about half-past six my little Basil was born.

Friday 17th.—I was rather better [after suffering much day and night], and was got up in the evening, but found myself exceeding weak.

Friday 31st.—A very cold day. The Mems. since the 14th are furnished by Mary Anstice. I have been too ill to write at all. The doctor every day. I have done nothing but endeavour to be patient, and nurse my child.

1803

January.—My little boy, who was born on the 14th of December, and all the family, consisting of our own children, my Aunt Beesley, M. Anstice, and Harriet Ash, with myself in pretty good health. My dear William came home on the 26th, with T. H. and Richard, who also returned from Coalbrookdale on that day. Hannah came from Walton on the 23rd.

Monday 10th.—I began settling accounts, but my crying baby, tho' seemingly in good health, leaves me little time either night or day.

Friday 14th.—Having a poor night and a cold, lay late in bed. Nurse Alston went away. Hannah had a bad headache. The boys skating.

Monday 17th.—W. Hughes, W. Duncan, their wives, and Mr. Gordon, at dinner and tea. My dear William went with them to Liverpool to go in the mail coach to London [to his school at Hackney]. A melancholy parting. W. R. very low and poorly.

Friday 21st.—A letter from my dear William to say he was safe at Hackney.

Sunday 23rd.—Henry Chorley and James Clibborn at dinner and tea.

Sunday 30th.—W. R. sat up late writing, and was very poorly. I passed a most melancholy day. My fears and anxieties divided between my Husband and my Brother [Wm. Reynolds].

Monday 31st.—W. R. seemed better, and walked to Woodside, but afterwards sat writing with John Smith until very late.

Tuesday, 8th February.—Went to meeting on account of the funeral of little S. Hadwin.

Thursday 10th.—W. R. staid at home to finish his writings for Ireland.

Wednesday 16th.—A cold, winterly day, in which nothing particular occurred, but W. R. considered of the practability of converting the laundry into a room for the children.

Tuesday 22nd.—Benson out of doors all day. Basil for a short time; but both seemed poorly at night. Jane Tayleur brought her little boy, and H. Park met her, and inoculated him from Basil's arm.

Saturday, 12th March.—Lord Selkirk at breakfast, and Mrs. Roscoe called.

Saturday 26th.—In the garden with the children, and in the afternoon walked with them to Mrs. Baker's field. A very fine day; W. R. too busy writing to enjoy it.

Wednesday 30th.—The workmen began the alteration of the nursery. Dirt, noise, and confusion. W. R. very busy writing; Mr. Wilson came to help him.

Saturday, 2nd April.—A letter from P. Gurney to say my father and mother were both ill with influenza; made me very uneasy.

Sunday 3rd.—Another letter from P. G. with a good account of my dear Parents.

Tuesday 5th.—My father worse, and desirous of seeing W. R., who set out for the Dale with T. H. No hope of my poor mother's recovery.

Sunday 10th.—A letter from W. R. saying my poor mother was released.

Monday 11th.—My father as well as can be expected. His health, I am told, improves, yet a deep melancholy still presses on my heart, and I long, yet fear, to see him. Willis Earl called.

Saturday 16th.—Busy upstairs, cleaning pictures, etc., and getting fixed in our new apartments.

Saturday 30th.—Packing up for W. R. and the children.

Sunday, 1st May.—After meeting I took leave of W. R. and T. H., Richd., Hannah, my Sister Benson

and her children, who were all going to Harrowgate. Returned to Greenbank, and never was my heart more sad. Charles Tayleur and his wife at tea.

Monday 2nd.—Packing up and preparing to leave home. In the evening left Greenbank with my Aunt and the children ; lodged with her in Queen Street.

Tuesday 3rd.—Went with Jenney and the children, and C. Tayleur and R. Anstice to Cornhill, where we waited a long time for the boat, and at last got into a small one in the Queen's dock, and had a dreadful sail to the Rock house, where I left Charles and Robert, and mournfully went on to Chester, Wrexham, and, after a moonlight ride, reached Ellesmere about ten o'clock, and found my Bro. Joseph there.

Wednesday 4th.—Before we got to Salop, Almond and his horse fell down and were both hurt. My sister Joe and her Rebecca met us, and after dining there went on in my father's chaise to the Dale, and found him better than I expected.

Thursday 5th.—Sat a good deal with my dear Father, and had some affecting conversation with him.

Friday 6th.—Went with Jenney and the child to the Tuckies [the house of Wm. Reynolds], and found my dearest brother very ill. Wm. Yonge and my Bro. Joe came in the morning. Joe staid till after tea.

Sunday 8th.—My dear father ventured out for the first time, and attended both Meetings, and went with me to Sunnyside to take leave of my Aunt Sarah, who is going to Worcester and London.

Tuesday, 10th May.—Passed a memorable day in my beloved brother's chamber, where he supports his sufferings with great fortitude. He endeavoured to amuse me by showing me various letters, etc. Wm. Yonge obtained his consent to send for Dr. Darwin. [On the 13th he met Dr. Darwin at the Tuckies.]

Friday 13th.—My brother and sister Joe [Debby] at tea.

Friday 27th.—My dear Brother very poorly, and deeply interesting as I felt the moments to be, I could

not converse much with him, and with a full and almost breaking heart I left my dear dear brother, never, I fear, to meet again in this world.

Sunday 29th.—At Meeting and spoke to E. Darby and his bride. My Bro. and Sister Joe came to dinner, sat the afternoon with the latter, and in the evening prepared with sadness for my journey home.

[H. M. R. and her father and child set out on Monday 30th, travelled by way of Shrewsbury, Ellesmere, Wrexham, Chester, Frodsham, Warrington, and got to Greenbank on the afternoon of Wednesday the 4th June. Her brother William's health had varied during her visit at the Dale, but apparently there was never any real hope of his recovery; and on Sunday, the 5th June, she writes, 'at my Aunt Beesley's received the dreaded, yet almost wished for, account of my dearest brother's release from his sufferings.']

Wednesday, 8th June.—A day of extreme melancholy. Walked a little way with my father.

Tuesday, 28th June.—After an early dinner my dearest father and husband set out for the Dale, the latter so poorly it was anguish to part. I passed a few sad hours in my chamber, and then sat and read with my poor little affectionate dauter, who did all she could to soothe my sorrows.

Wednesday, 6th July.—My dear William crossed the water on his way into Shropshire. T. H. and Rd. attended the first of Dr. Smith's Botanical lectures. Next day, 7th, letter from my Bro. Joe to say he had another son born on the 5th.¹

Wednesday 13th.—Letter from W. R. with such an account of my poor sister Joe as left me little hope of her recovery, and the next day recd. the affecting though expected news of my dear Sister's death, leaving seven little children.

Tuesday, 9th August.—T. H., M. A. Reynolds, Hannah

¹ Dr. William Reynolds, who married his cousin, the 'Hannah' of these diaries.

and the boys were most of the day in town seeing sights. I dined in the nursery with my little boys.

[Nothing of importance occurred during the remaining five months of this year. The same round of hospitality continues. Sometimes 'fifteen young men from the counting-house, chiefly apprentices, to dinner and tea.' Among the numerous Sunday visitors are the names of H. F. Chorley, F. Martin, J. Ash, and Robert Benson. On other days frequently occur those of Ed. and Lucy Pearson, Miss Wakefield, Sisters Benson and Abigail, B. Heywood, J. Lightbody, Captain Wood (who often staid at Greenbank), and many others. Frequent interchange of visits between the Greenbank family and Mr. Roscoe's of Allerton Hall.

Many letters to and from her father, Aunt Ball, Sister Benson, Mrs. Greg, the Ladies I. E. and K. Douglas; much social visiting, calls, dinners and teas out; walks in the garden, riding and driving; journeys, no easy thing in those days; reading, household work—and, with all this, continued ill health of one or other of the family—W. R. suffering from almost constant sick-headaches; herself often depressed, bad nights with the children and frequent headaches; the children, colds, headaches, fever, and other ailments. The remedies given seem almost worse than the diseases—calomel, laudanum, emetics, on apparently the slightest occasions, with leeches and blisters.

This course of life at Greenbank continues with more or less variation during the remaining six years of the diaries. For fear, therefore, of being tedious I shall limit the selections as much as possible to events out of the ordinary course—most difficult is it in a diary of this kind to determine what to retain, what to leave out.

The year 1803 closes with this entry: 'Reading in a manuscript journal. W. R. went to Liverpool and returned late, after a fall from his horse, which went into an open sough in town, the night being dark.'

1804

Sunday, 1st January.—Wm. and Richd. came home from Hackney on 23rd Decr. Anne Wakefield and Willy Reynolds [her deceased brother's son], with our own family, all pretty well, except William, who is recovering from a bad sore-throat. W. R. was thrown from his horse last night, but says he feels no worse, and this morning, tho' his cough is bad, he went to meeting with us. D. Hodgson, Henry Chorley at dinner and tea; Ed. Crompton and T. Martin at tea, the latter staid supper.

Sunday 8th.—The snow very deep: we all staid at home, and T. H. read to us. Joe Ash came to dinner, and after an early supper returned to Liverpool with my dear Willy and Richd., who went to take coach for Hackney (returning to school), and left their mother with a heavy and anxious heart on their account.

Tuesday 10th.—The morning passed as usual, teaching Theodore to read. T. H. and A. Wakefield went to Liverpool to a concert. I sat with poor Hannah, who would like to go also, but she behaved very well.

[In January her father with Sally Allen, his cousin and companion, came to stay at Greenbank, leaving on the 30th. 'A sad, and to me, awful parting with my dear, dear father, who with S. Allen set out for Warrington early in the morning.']

[On the 9th March her Bro. Joe came to stay at Greenbank, the first time since his wife's death.]

10th March.—Sat up very late conversing with my poor dear Bro. Joe.

Tuesday, 15th March.—Sent Jenney to Allerton with Willy Reynolds, Hannah, Theodore, and Benson, who

dined and drank tea there, it being Henry Roscoe's birthday. W. R. went to the workhouse committee.

Wednesday 16th.—Picking shrimps to send to poor Mrs. Wood. Was a good deal fluttered by R. Kellsell coming when he was intoxicated.

Thursday 17th.—Heard with sorrow of the death of Ed. Pearson's little girl. Went to Norris Green and had tea with poor Lucy. The house uncomfortable with white washers.

Saturday, 19th April.—Paul Starback at breakfast.

Tuesday, 29th May.—Lady Katharine and Miss Halket came to tea, and to stay with us.

Wednesday 30th.—Our visitors, T. H., Margt. Benson, and I went to Liverpool, rode through the town, saw the Blind School, Botanic Gardens, and returned to a late dinner.

Thursday 31st.—Lady K. and Miss H. left early in the morning.

Saturday, 1st May.—Bought some table cloths of a poor man at the door.

Monday, 25th June.—Expecting my boys by the morning coach. On Tuesday rose at three o'clock, and soon after our sons came. Walked with Wm. in the evening.

Wednesday 27th.—In the afternoon my Brother Joe, Rebecca, and Thomas, with Ann Dearman [their mother's sister, who at her death undertook the care of her children], came to stay at Greenbank.

Friday 29th.—Went to the Botanic Gardens with my brother, his children, and A. Dearman, and to the Mount, and we all dined at my Aunt Beesley's. On the 2nd July my Bro. Joe, his children, and A. D. left us.

Wednesday, 11th July.—W. R. took Theodore and Benson to the hayfield at Woodside. W. R., H., and I worked hard in the cottage garden till late in the evening.

Tuesday, 31st July.—Miss Lawrence, Emma, and Caroline Crumpton at tea. I sat up late with Miss Wakefield and William.

Wednesday, 1st August.—Mr. Creery, Mr. Ord, Mr.

Neilson, Mr. Roscoe and William, Willis Earl, Mr. Logan, and Will Smythe at dinner and tea.

Sunday 12th.—W. R., Rd., and I went to Meeting. The rest to Mr. Yates' chapel to hear Mr. Belsham preach.

On the *27th August* she writes: 'We left our dear home with the three eldest children and T. H., and travelled by Wrexham, Ruabon, Welshpool, Montgomery, arriving early to tea at Bishop's Castle. We greatly enjoyed the fine weather and most beautiful country. We sent the horses on, and staid all night at B. C.'

Wednesday 29th.—W. R. very poorly, but very placid. We went through Walcot Park, saw the little cows, etc.; stopped at Ludlow, saw the Castle; dined at Leominster, where we were detained by the races; and all got late into Hereford.

Thursday 30th.—W. R. better. Saw the Cathedral. Wm. and I rode to Monmouth and had a very pleasant journey, without stopping at any house. We dined and staid all night at Monmouth.

Saturday, 1st September.—Left Monmouth about 11 o'clock in a boat, and had a fine sail down the Wye. Dined at Tintern Abbey, drank tea at Chepstow, and went, the night being starlight, to Newport, and got there before eleven o'clock.

Sunday 2nd.—Stopped at Cardiff while the horses baited, being unable to get fresh horses. Sat in the garden with T. H., Richd., and H., and went in our chaise to Cowbridge, where we dined; then to Pyle, where we found Ladies Isabella, Elizabeth, and Katharine Douglas, Miss Weir, and John Hall.

Monday 3rd.—Lady Katharine, W. R., Hannah, and I and the three boys went on an excursion in the morning. I went with Lady Isabella into her own room in the afternoon.

Tuesday 4th.—Sat with Ly. Elizth. in the morning, and took a walk with a larger party. Retired again with Isabella, but we were not long together.

Wednesday 5th.—Left Pyle early in the morning. W. R.

and the boys in the St. Pierre for Bristol, T. H., H., and I in a chaise, breakfasted at Newport, crossed the new passage at low water, and with tired horses to Bristol, most of the way in the dark; found my father pretty well.

[There they met with many friends and relations, including her brother Joe and cousin Gawen Ball.]

Friday 14th.—My brother Joe and A. Dearman came to dinner, and our relations from R. Ball's and R. Anstice's came and spent the day at my Aunt Ball's, Bridgewater, where we had come the day before; a very large company, and my aunt was overdone.

Sunday 16th.—Drank tea at my Cousin Rd. Ball's, G. C. Fox there in addition to all the united families, excepting Aunt Ball. Had a few minutes' conversation with my dear boys [about to return to school].

My father took me to Ford (a small estate he had bought in Somersetshire), where we parted with W. R., T. H., my brother Joe, and my dear sons Wm. and Richd.—a dreadful parting. They went to Bath, on the way to their school at Hackney. I to my Aunt Ball's to dinner. Had S. Anstice come to sleep with me. [Her husband rejoined her at Bristol. On their way home they stopped at Tewkesbury, Gloucester, Birmingham, Bridgenorth, and Madely, arriving at Liverpool on the 30th September, where a great sorrow was soon to be her portion.]

Sunday, 28th October.—All went to meeting. I staid at home with the children. After my dear Basil was in bed, a hoarse cough alarmed me. I sent for Dr. Rutter, who staid all night and gave emetics, warm baths, etc.

Monday 29th.—My child took calomel, and we, alas, thought him better. Dr. Rutter left and came again in the evening, ordered antimonial wine, and he was very sick.

Tuesday 30th.—A very restless night with sickness; his breathing not much better, cough and hoarseness rather worse; two leeches were applied to his throat, the

bleeding could not be stopped, and at about six o'clock my lovely child was released from suffering.

Wednesday 31st.—My husband very poorly in the night. All were very kind, but He who sees meet to inflict these wounds can alone support under the agony of them. My W. R. seemed a little better in the day. I fear my weak mind was increasingly overwhelmed.

Friday, 2nd November.—The very lovely remains of our beloved child were shut from our eyes, and taken by his sad and humbled Parents to the silent grave. My sister Benson and Robert returned with us. W. R. threatened with a violent headache, relieved by 11 drops of black drop and 35 of salvolatile.

Sunday 4th.—We sat quietly at home with our poor children. Cousin Susan Anstice, Henry Chorley, and several others at tea.

Monday 5th.—Mr. Guillimand and Margt. Benson called. [On the 9th Mr. Guillimand came to stay at Greenbank, and left on the 12th November.]

Wednesday, 5th December.—Benson seemed poorly yesterday. He and I had an entirely restless night, and in the morning he was found to have scarlet fever.

[The way of going on seems strange to us—no care apparently about infection. Visitors the same as usual, and on the tenth day from commencement of the fever Benson was taken down into the library, though suffering also from jaundice.]

Monday 17th.—I was taken very ill, pain and dreadful faintings through the night. Park was sent for and staid till morning.

Wednesday 19th.—I was better and went into the next room and saw my Aunt and Lucy Pearson, but as evening came on I shivered and fell ill, and went to bed in a sad shake followed by violent fever.

Friday 21st.—By taking large doses of laudanum I passed a pretty quiet though sleepless night. Nancy attends me night and day most tenderly. My poor Hannah, T. H., and the servants most kind and

affectionate. W. R. not less so, but much engaged in writing.

Saturday 22nd.—Dr. Rutter called and thought me, as I felt myself to be, in a dying state. I was very low, and quiet; food and cordials, though continually taken, of no effect: can I ever forget this day! About ten at night a little better, and, taking a large dose of laudanum, I calmly awaited my dear boys' coming; James went to fetch them, and about five o'clock in the morning I had the blessing of seeing them. After some minutes of great agony I got a little sleep. My poor dear Hannah was forced to give up last night, having a high fever and sore throat.

Wednesday 26th.—I can recollect little of yesterday. If company came or went I know not. Weakness and melancholy are my companions. My dear Richard comforts me, but excites a degree of tender solicitude almost beyond my strength to bear.

Sunday 31st.—Hannah seems poorly. I think she is hurt by confining herself to my room. Wm. and Rd. dined at Allerton.

1805

Tuesday, 1st January.—For the last six weeks I have been too ill to write or do anything. My dear Wm. and Richd. came home on the 23rd. My Aunt Beesley and M. Anstice came the 27th of last month. Hannah, Benson, and the servants have been ill, but are better now. All the family seem now well and comfortable. I rose in the morning, but felt very low and weak. Miss Wakefield and others came; she sat in my room. I lay down and slept in the afternoon. R. Benson here all day; I saw him in the evening.

Wednesday 2nd.—I rose late, but sat up till bed-time. Aunt Beesley left, and the others went out except Hannah, who staid with me all day, and we were very quiet and comfortable. I tried to write in my last year's book, but was so weak and tired I could not do much.

Friday 4th.—Having ceased to take laudanum my nights are very wearisome, yet I do struggle through the day without lying down. Wm. went to look at a horse. A *very* interesting conversation with my dear Richard after supper. W. R. was threatened with a bad headache, but escaped by taking 12 drops of black drop and salvolatile.

Monday 7th.—Richard packing up. Harriet Ash sat with me, and in the evening my beloved, unspeakably dear Richard, left me, to go in the mail to Hackney. His father and the others went with him to Liverpool and staid all night. Theodore slept with me.

Wednesday 9th.—A note from Thurloe Street with a very affecting account of my poor dear Rachel; they had called in Dr. Brandreth.

Friday 11th.—A very cold day; we all sat in the

library. I began settling accts. but did not get much done.

Monday 14th.—My dear Rachel is, alas! likely to leave us.

Saturday 19th.—Went in the morning to my sister Benson's, and sat most of the day in the same room with my dear Rachel, who seemed rather better than yesterday but not able to converse. An awful storm of wind in the afternoon.

Monday 28th.—William went to the Co. house for the first time.

Friday, 1st February.—My poor dear Rachel Benson and Abigail came to dinner and to stay; sat with them the remainder of the day, and on Monday 4th they left us.

Wednesday 6th.—Dined with T. H. and W. R. at my sister Benson's, to bid them farewell before they went to Writington.¹

Sunday 17th.—H. Chorley, H. Kinder, Hodgson, and Holms at dinner and tea.

Tuesday 26th.—George and Hannah Prideaux, Robert Anstice to tea.

Saturday, 2nd March.—Sat with my dear W. R. in the evening; he was very low and poorly with a palpitation of his heart.

Tuesday 5th.—W. R., Hannah, and I set out for Writington, where we arrived about four o'clock. W. R. better on the journey, but poorly after. We found our dear Rachel much weaker.

Friday 8th.—We left Writington; Rachel a little better. George Barclay came to dinner.

Friday 15th.—A very fine day. I went into the garden with the children. We dined early, and W. R. went with H. and me to Allerton to tea.

Sunday 17th.—In the afternoon James Cropper came to bring us the sad news of our beloved Rachel's death—my dear, dear Rachel!

¹ Writington in Lancashire, near Wigan, where they had taken a house for two summers.

Monday 18th.—W. R., H., and I set out early for Writington, and after being a few hours with our dear afflicted friends, and taking a last look at our lovely Rachel, we returned in mournful silence.

Tuesday, 10th April.—Mrs. Roscoe and Edward called. Mr. Wood again writing for W. R. Fine rain all day. Upholsterers upstairs, white washers below, a very uncomfortable house.

Wednesday 17th.—W. R. went to Liverpool, did not return till evening, having dined at Mr. Yates'. Wm. Yonge arrived in the morning.

Friday 19th.—W. R. and W. Y. rode into town after some conversation respecting W. R.'s health. T. H. read Jefferson's speech to me. Walked with W. Y. in the garden.

Monday 22nd.—T. Cranage at breakfast. My sister Benson, Abigail, and Margt. came to dinner.

Thursday, 9th May.—W. R. went with Hannah and me to the riding school, and returned on horseback to a late dinner. Wallace Currie returned with us, and we took up Captain Wood on the road.

Wednesday, 15th May.—W. R. attended the Dock Committee. Mrs. Greg came in the afternoon.

Monday 20th.—A fine day. Went into the garden. Mrs. Pearson and Ed. and C. Tayleur at dinner. T. H., Theodore, Benson, and I walked to Woodside; C. T. and W. R. rode. Miss Lawrence, Crompton, etc., called.

Friday, 7th June.—Went with my sister Benson and her family to look at a house in Lodge Lane, and took them home after.

Monday, 8th July.—I was taken very ill in the night, with faintings, etc. Mr. Park and Mr. Lathom sent for; the latter called twice, and Mr. P. staid some time. Mrs. Roscoe came and staid with me all day. I believe there were several young men at tea, but I was quiet in bed.

Wednesday 10th.—I had a better night, but was poorly after I rose, and obliged to take laudanum and lie on the bed most of the day. Mr. Lathom came in the evening.

Thursday 11th.—Abigail and Harriet Ash went away. T. H. sat with me in the morning. In the afternoon I lay down and read.

Saturday 13th.—I came down into the library. A lovely, fine day. Robert Benson came, my sister and Abigail, Miss Lawrence, Crompton, etc.

Saturday 20th.—A wet day, disappointed the hope of getting the hay carried. W. R. rode to Liverpool and returned to dinner poorly.

Sunday 28th.—On returning from meeting found Benson very poorly, violent headache and fever. At night he took rhubarb and calomel. H. Chorley at tea.

Sunday, 4th August.—Went to meeting with my children. Called on Mrs. Pearson, and she came with her husband to dinner, and Lucy staid tea. William read the sermon—and being Theodore's birthday, he and Benson sat up to supper, and we all went early to bed.

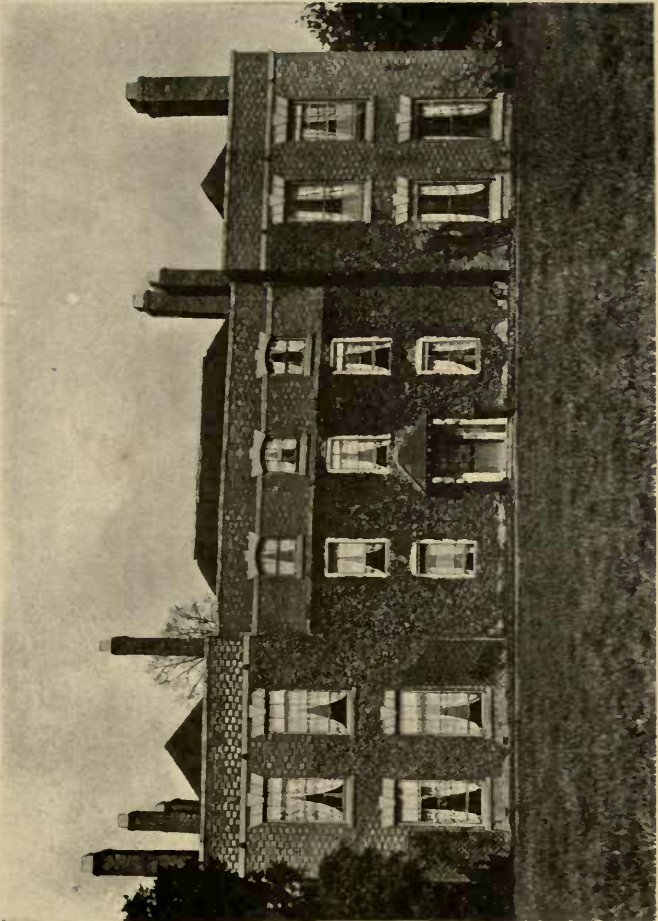
Monday 5th.—Mr. Roscoe and Will called, and we all dined at Cornhill. Hannah and I joined Mrs. Crompton and went across the river and along the canal to Chester—the day cold and windy. We arrived about half-past nine.

Tuesday 6th.—Dined at our Inn; drank tea at Mrs. Nichol's. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson to supper with us at the Inn.

Wednesday 7th.—Left our dear Hannah with Mrs. and Miss Crompton, Miss Lawrence, and Miss Wakefield. Went with W. R. in the chair to Harding and dined; wrote to Hannah—sent Thomas with it and he brought a letter back. We had a very pleasant ride to Holywell.

Thursday 8th.—Saw the Well. Fine ride to St. Asaph; walked in the church-yard. Roads very rough to Denbigh. Tea. W. R. poorly; but a lovely evening, and delightful ride to Ruthin did him good. Walked to the castle. W. R. read. A fine moonlight night.

Friday 9th.—A mountainous ride to Llangollen. W. R. much affected by the drive down a long, steep hill to Valle Crucis. Dinner and long stay at a wretched inn.



KETLEY HILL.

Dreadful walk to the aquaduct. Went through Chirk Park to Oswestry. Sadly tired—tea, supper, bed.

Pleasant ride to Shrewsbury, and got to my brother Joe's to tea.

Thursday 15th.—Went with my Bro. Joe to meet my father and S. Allen at Bridgenorth; after waiting some time they returned with us, but the horses were so tired and the roads so bad, it was ten o'clock before we got home after a most fearful ride.

Saturday 17th.—Rose early, took a melancholy walk in the garden. Dined at Sunnyside, drank tea at Edmund Darby's. On Sunday my sister H. Reynolds taken ill.

Tuesday 20th.—My brother Joe's three youngest children and A. Dearman came home in the evening.

On the 24th W. R. and I left my dearest father; slept at Chester, and had a wet ride and sail from the New Ferry. Found the coach at Cornhill and got home to dinner. Found our children and the little Pearsons well.

Thursday 29th.—Attended our dear Abigail Benson and David Dockray to Meeting; and after they were married, saw them and their friends set out for Manchester. Richard has been told some time since that he was going to Oxford [a school near Oxford kept by a Mr. Rogers].

On the 9th *September* parted with our beloved and interesting child, the pang a little softened by the hope of his being happy with Mr. Rogers.

Tuesday 10th.—Went to Leceister and saw my poor Bro. Richard [what the trouble was connected with him is not explained]. The first time I saw him, walked a little with him in the garden, then sat with him in his own room. We came to Macclesfield the next day, where Will Smythe met us, and went on with us the following day to Quarrybank, where we found Miss Greg, Miss Lisle, Miss Percival, and Mr. Holland, etc.

Mr. Greg had gone to Liverpool. We sailed on the river, and walked in the garden. A fine moonlight.

Saturday 14th.—W. R. had a poor night and was very

unwell ; but we left our kind friends before noon. Dined at Warrington, and found all well at home.

Saturday 21st.—A gloomy day ; sat in the library, but was too idle and dispirited to be usefully employed. In the afternoon went into the hothouse with T. H. and staid there too long for him : he was tired and I was sorry for being so inconsiderate.

Friday 27th.—W. R. went with the young men to Liverpool to hear the 'Messiah,' and returned to a late dinner.

Wednesday, 2nd October.—W. R. went to Liverpool to stay all night. Jane Roscoe at dinner. Walked with Will in the garden by moonlight.

On the 5th had a letter from Tod Jones to tell us of his being liberated.

Monday 14th.—A cold and showery day. W. R. rode out with the children. I read most of the day, being languid, and perhaps idle. Hear frequently from Bessie Greg to tell me about her mother, who has been ill.

Tuesday 22nd.—Sent a line with some flowers to Hannah. Marking linnen, burning letters, etc.

Sunday, 3rd November.—David Barclay, Maria Wood, Miss Kewley, Ed. and Lucy Pearson, their two little boys, E. and J. Roscoe, Mr. Taylor, R. M'Murdo and his brother, J. Haycock, and Mr. Symmons at dinner and tea.

[A specimen this of most of the Greenbank Sundays. H. Chorley, H. Kinder, and R. Benson very frequent guests. One wonders how the cottage-looking house of old Greenbank could accommodate them all.]

Friday 8th.—We came yesterday to David Dockray's at Manchester to tea. Walked about the town with my sister Benson and A. Dockray to warehouses, etc., and after dinner with W. R. to look at a phaeton. An invitation came from Mrs. Greg to Quarrybank, which with regret we felt we must refuse.

Saturday 16th.—Sat with the children, sewing, etc. In the evening W. R. read in 'Leo the Tenth,' Mr. Roscoe the author, to Wm. and me.

Monday 25th.—Mr. Lloyd came to teach the children; and I had a sad contest with poor Benson which lasted some hours, but ended in contrition and joy. W. R. engaged all day in writing to John Dearman.

Friday 29th.—Benson again behaved improperly.

Friday, 6th December.—Francis Darby came to tea, and my brother Joe soon after.

Sunday 29th.—Mary Ann Greg came to stay for two or three days.

Monday 30th.—Richard, who had returned from Oxford, was alarmingly ill; sent early in the morning for Dr. Rutter.

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Wednesday, 1st January.—Richard seemed very low and poorly, but came down into the dining room. Wm. and Rd. Roscoe at breakfast. Dr. Rutter came.

Saturday 4th.—Mr. Lathom [the doctor] at breakfast. Mary Sterry and my Sister Benson came and sat with us a short time in silence, and then left us.

Wednesday 8th.—My sister, H. Reynolds, her three sons, dauter, and H. Thomas came to tea.

Friday 10th.—A very stormy day. Lucy Pearson and her two sons at dinner. Wm. went to Liverpool, and returned early to go back with Richd. to Mr. Corrie's in the evening.

Tuesday 14th.—I went with my sister, little Hannah, and Willy to Mrs. Elwood's shop [a very good old shop in Liverpool for children's and baby clothes]. On the 17th my sister and children left us.

Saturday 18th.—Will kept late at the counting house writing circulars.

Sunday evening 19th.—Staid up late with my dear children.

Saturday 20th.—Sat with my dear Richard whilst he packed up. About three o'clock my Richard left us for Mr. Rogers'. T. H. and his father went with him to Liverpool, and he travelled by the stage-coach to Oxford.

Saturday, 1st February.—T. H. and I breakfasted in the nursery with the children. He read to them, and then to me, a history of Botany Bay. W. R. came home very poorly before dinner.

Tuesday 4th.—Read an account of New South Wales, and heard Wm. read in Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets.'

Tuesday 25th.—Went with my sister and T. H. to some

shops, and found W. R. at my sister's to tell her he had agreed for the house in Lodge Lane.

Thursday 27th.—Joseph Bidwell came. Mrs. Greg, Mary Ann, and Bessy, Mary Hodgson, John Fletcher, Lucy Pearson, and her two little boys at dinner. Will returned late, having bought a pair of horses.

Friday, 7th March.—Passed a melancholy morning in disposing of linnen, etc., which brought my lovely Basil before my eyes.

Saturday 8th.—Rose early to gather flowers to send to Hannah by Jenney.

[On the 12th March W. R. and his wife set out for Shropshire to stay at her brother Joe's, stopping at Chester for their daughter Hannah to visit them at the Inn, from her school. It was a snowy, cold time. Wm. Yonge came frequently to see them. He was a very refined, cultivated man, very superior to the ordinary country practitioner of those days. This is evident from a beautiful portrait of him taken for the Reynolds family, and now in the possession of Mrs. Richard Reynolds-Rathbone. They returned home on the 20th.]

Monday, 14th April.—Mrs. Moss called on me. Dined at my sister Benson's, and went with her to Lodge Lane. She and Margt. came with me to G. Bank. Robert in the evening.

Tuesday 15th.—Walked with my sister to Lodge Lane. The landau breaking as we got in to go to Liverpool, James fetched us another carriage.

Sunday 27th.—A quiet day without company.

Wednesday 30th.—Went to C. Tayleur's in the afternoon. When we returned found my Aunt Beesley and Gawen Ball just come, a day sooner than they were expected.

Tuesday, 15th May.—Sister Benson came on foot before breakfast thro' the rain. I returned with her, and staid dinner at Lodge Lane.

Friday 23rd.—A very painful letter from Exeter prevented my being able to enjoy the company of our

friend Roscoe and his family, who dined and drank tea with us.

Monday 26th.—Busy packing. My aunt left early, and the next day T. H., W. R., Will, Theodore, Benson, and I went to Cornhill, and then crossed the Mersey, and got to Chester at ten o'clock. Hannah came to see us, and slept with me.

Thursday 29th.—Having slept at St. Asaph's the night before, we went through delightful country to Abergele, and after crossing the ferry arrived to a late dinner at Conway. Walked to the Castle, and again with Will by moonlight.

Friday 30th.—Walked to Bewcastle, and spent the morning there. Left Conway after dinner, crossed Penmanmawr, and slept at Aber.

Sunday, 1st June.—W. R. very poorly, and sat in the house. Will and I walked and sat a little by the riverside. I was almost worn out with constant pain in my face. It became fine after tea, and we had a grand ride to Carnarvon.

Wednesday 4th.—Came to Beddgelert, and had a long walk in the morning to the lake—the country very sweet and beautiful after the rain.

The next day to Tan-y-bylch, through Mr. Oakley's woods, and through rain and clouds a very hilly stage of 22 miles to Bala. Poor W. R. better in the evening than I dared hope.

On the 6th slept at Llangollen, and the next morning took a melancholy walk to see the 'Ladies' House' [where Lady Eleanor Butler and the Hon. Mary Ponsonby lived together from about 1765 till 1829].

Sunday 8th.—William went on to the boat with the horses. Hannah came from her school, and we went to the Cathedral—the musick very fine. Parted with poor H., and after a long sail with many passengers arrived at Liverpool and at Greenbank.

Monday 9th.—Drank tea at M. Elwood's. She and my Aunt Beesley returned with me. Found Lucy

Pearson, little Edward and the baby, who staid all night.

Friday 13th.—W. R. bathed and Theodore; Benson would not go in the water.

Monday 30th.—I was obliged to go to bed very ill after tea. Better than I expected next day, having escaped the dreadful faintings I so much dread.

Wednesday, 2nd July.—W. R. very low, and talked of consulting Dr. B. [Brandreth?].

Saturday, 9th August.—Strolled with my dear Hannah in the garden, and after dinner went with her to Liverpool. Will and Rd. went with her in the boat to Chester. I sat at Cornhill during an awful storm of rain and thunder, to which my dear children were exposed. Returned to Greenbank with W. R. Joe Yates to supper and to sleep.

On the 12th *September* we set out for Harrowgate.

Monday 15th.—Went down to the Well with Will and Rd. Then looked out clothes for washing, and went to some shops alone. Mrs. Hughes came, and we took a long and pleasant ride, Mrs. H. with W. R. on the box.

Wednesday 24th.—Walked with W. R. to the Tewet Well. Richd. walked with me to the Firwood, where we sat and read till dinner time.

Thursday 25th.—W. R. had a bad night, but, to my surprise, we started for Hackfall. Got there, after stopping at Ripon, in time to eat an early dinner of the cold meat we had brought with us at the house of the worthy old gardener Jonathan Wood, where we also drank tea and slept. W. R. and Richd. got a bed at an alehouse in the village.

Friday 26th.—After a short walk in the beautiful, delightful woods of Hackfall went to Studely, all parts of which we admired, and were greatly pleased with the fine ruins of Fountain's Abbey. Dined at the inn, and staid there all night, intending to walk out; but winds and clouds prevented us, and we went tired to bed. The next day we returned to Harrowgate. Dr. Pinkard

called, and sat an hour with us, and read to us parts of his book on the West Indies.

Tuesday 30th.—We all drove to the Dropping Well, Fort Montague, etc. Returned to a late dinner, and read in the evening, being tired and sleepy.

On the 10th *October* we left Harrowgate; breakfasted at Hopper Lane; dined at Bolton Bridge after walking to the Abbey; lodged at Gisborne.

Saturday 11th.—I rode on the box with W. R. to Whalley, and got in good time to Tarlton Bridge for tea, where we slept, and arrived on Sunday at Greenbank to dinner. We found Will and Rd. with George Barclay, Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Salwell. Our dear T. H. and little boys were very well. Joe Ash had left in the morning. Robert Benson came in the evening.

Thursday.—George Barclay, after chatting an hour, left us. Richd. went with him to Manchester. I rode on horseback behind Wm. to Allerton.

Thursday 30th.—W. R. very poorly. All our minds anxious about our friends, who are much interested in W. Roscoe's election. Very uneasy about the boys, who were very late. Wm. hoarse and overdone.

Saturday, 1st November.—Another melancholy day. W. R. worse, took laudanum, and lay on the bed till dinner time. Our dear boys came home to tea, and revived their father's heart [election prospects good].

Thursday 6th.—Sat down in the evening with anxious heart and aching head to read. The boys returned very late in high spirits.

On the 7th my brother Joe, Nancy Dearman, and little Hannah arrived: she seemed very ill. Dr. Rutter sent for, little Hannah having the scarlet fever. Followed W. R. to the Bank in Liverpool. We called on Mrs. Roscoe, and returning to the Bank saw Mr. Roscoe at the head of the Poll.

Sunday 9th.—Dr. Rutter called, and says our dear little girl is doing well—no appearance of danger.

Tuesday 11th.—Dr. Rutter found our little girl so well

that she left her bed, and was taken into the nursery. N. Dearman's throat and head bad, but we are relieved from the fear of her having scarlet fever.

[Another visit with W. R. was made to her father at Bristol from 20th November till 19th December. They returned home by the 24th, making a few days' stay on the way with her Bro. Joe, and bringing back his two sons John and Thomas. While at Bristol her father took her to see the Blind Asylum, and there were interchange of visits with Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck, author of the 'Memoirs of Port Royal,' and a visit of several days to her Aunt Ball at Bridgewater. The parting from her father, as usual, was a great trial to her.]

Sunday 26th.—In the afternoon sat in the low parlour with my sister H., Richd., and Hannah. Robert Benson at tea and supper.

Friday 31st.—Joe Ash came and other friends to dinner. W. R. kept late in town, and did not return till after supper.

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Thursday, 1st January.—H. Duncan at breakfast. Miss Lawrence called, and Mr. Roscoe with John Shepherd to bid adieu before he went to London. Sat in the low parlour and chatted with different members of my family.

Saturday 3rd.—Reading some letters T. H. let me see, and my dear boys' journals, etc. Joe Ash returned and said my sister got well to Chester. W. R. came home to dinner. Hannah went to dine and stay all night at Mrs. Bolt's. A very affecting letter from my brother Joe.

Monday 5th.—Richard staid at home on account of the eruption on his chin, and went a shooting. Letters from my Bro. Joe and sister H. R. The account of little Jane no better.

Tuesday 6th.—My sister Benson, Margt., and Harriet Ash came to dinner, Robert in the evening. A better account from my Bro. Joe of his lovely little Jane.

Friday 9th.—Engaged in the morning with S. Bagnall, she left us at dinner time. Will brought a letter from my sister H. R. with a favourable account of little Jane. Will read to us the remainder of the 'Life of Dr. Hutton.'

Saturday 10th.—Finished my long letter to Mrs. Yonge. Rd. went to L'pool and staid all night with Will, being engaged at Dr. Lyons. Chatting with my dear Hannah in the evening. W. R. staid late in Liverpool, and Joe Ash still later.

Tuesday 13th.—My dear Rd. went early to Mr. Maury's counting house and returned in better spirits.

Sunday 18th.—All my beloved children, with John and Tom Reynolds, went with me to meeting. The boys

walked home. Hannah and I took Margt. to Lodge Lane. W. R. and T. H. both better, and we passed a pleasant quiet evening.

Monday 26th.—After some serious conversation with W. R., who was very anxious, Bispham called on him, and then he went to L—l and did not return till late at night, and we were very uneasy about him. T. H. took the little boys to L—l to see a beast.

Tuesday 27th.—W. R. and Hannah went with John and Tom Reynolds to Chester. I called on my sister B. Returned home to dinner, found Tom and R. Roscoe there. Mrs. Roscoe, Mary Ann, Jane, Henry, and 2 Miss Dolbys at tea.

[Often in the evenings there was reading aloud. At this time Blair's 'Lectures on Belles Lettres and Rhetoric' occupied many evenings.]

Sunday, 8th February.—W. R. poorly, and I staid with him. In the afternoon Wm. Hughes and Wm. Duncan called and sat some hours with W. R.

February, Monday 23rd.—Hannah and I went with T. H. to Lodge Lane. She went with Margaret to Liverpool; I followed them, and we all staid dinner and tea. W. R. and the little boys also came in and had dinner after we had done. Joe Ash came in the evening and staid all night.

Tuesday 24th.—Settling accounts. Sat with H. while she took a french lesson from Mr. Sizo. Mr. Webb to dinner. J. Townsend came in the afternoon and staid all night. A change of rooms proposed.

Wednesday 25th.—Being a fast day the boys staid at home, and we concerted the change of bedrooms and passed a social pleasant day.

Wednesday, 4th March.—A. Binns, J. and S. Hadwin came to breakfast, and to sit with us and our elder children. The workmen came for the intended alterations. Will had an affecting letter from London.

Sunday 8th.—W. R. and H. went with me to meeting. Called at Joe Fletcher's and C. Tayleur's. Mrs. Greg

and Bessy¹ came to tea. [They were apparently on a visit to Greenbank.]

Wednesday 11th.—Dr. Crompton and Edward at breakfast. Mrs. Greg and Bessy left us soon after and took Hannah with them to Manchester. W. R. went to Liverpool and staid all night. Letter from Lady J. D.

Wednesday 18th.—Unsettled by the variety of workmen.

Sunday 22nd.—Staid at home and read with the boys till 12 o'clock, when they, appearing better, and the day fine, we all rode to Allerton. James Neville at dinner and tea. Walked with T. H., Theodore, and Benson.

Thursday 26th.—Set out early with my sister Benson, and after resting the horses at Warrington, got to Manchester by 4 o'clock, and found David and Abigail and their little girl very well. Hannah soon came to us, but she had a bad cold.

Friday 27th.—H. and I called on Miss Kennedy and dined with Mrs. Greg. On our return to George Street found John Thorpe, who staid tea.

Saturday 28th.—Hannah and I left our kind friends after breakfast and took a second breakfast at Warrington. At Greenbank we found my dear William very ill. H. Ash, Fanny and Mary Wright were there.

Monday, 13th April.—Wm. better, tho' his cough troublesome. A very busy day moving furniture into our new bedroom.

Wednesday 15th.—We all dined and drank tea at Lodge Lane, and I went to L—l to call on Mrs. Bolt. T. H. heard of the death of Mrs. Dundas, late Margt. Wedderburn. W. R. and T. H. poorly and went early to bed.

Tuesday 28th.—Lucy and little Ed. Pearson at dinner and tea. Mrs. Webb at dinner. Mrs. Taylor, Mary Crompton at tea. Another election is now the general theme. My heart sinks at it.

Friday, 1st May.—Will took Bessy Greg to town.

¹ She was, some years later, married to 'Will,' the fifth William Rathbone.

Jane and Lucy Currie at tea. Went to L—l after. J. Fletcher, J. Lightbody, Bessy Greg, and Lucy Currie returned with us, and W. R. drove us home.

Saturday 2nd.—W. R., Will and Rd., T. H. and the girls, went to L—l to see Mr. Roscoe and his procession enter the town. A most anxious day, but they all returned safe.

Monday 4th.—W. R. took me to Allerton. Mr. Roscoe said he would not stand as a candidate. In the afternoon I took Bessy Greg to J. Fletcher's and we drank tea with Mrs. Greg and a large party. Letters from S. Foster.

Tuesday 5th.—It was determined for our dear Will to go into Shropshire. Went into the garden with Hannah. Was sad and unsettled.

Thursday 7th.—Early yesterday my dear Will left us with my best wishes and many an anxious thought for him. The election begun to-day. W. Roscoe did not appear but was nominated, and Thomas Green stood as his proxy and polled more than a hundred votes.

Friday 8th.—W. R. went to Allerton and then to Liverpool, where he staid with Rd. till after nine at night. We were anxious, but they say Thomas Green and the election are going on quietly.

Sunday 10th.—Rd. took me to Meeting and to call on my sister Benson. Mr. Reid, David Barclay, Hanbury and H. Kinder, C. and J. Tayleur at dinner and tea. James returned with two new horses Will had bought and said W. was safe at Ketley.

Wednesday 13th.—W. R. rode his new horse and we all went to Allerton.

Tuesday 19th.—Sarah Nicholls went to L—l in the chaise. Sent for Mrs. Pearson, Lucy, Ed., and little Ed. They staid dinner and tea. Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe, Mr. and Mrs. Greg, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Kennedy, Miss Nunes [?], Mr. Shepherd at tea. R., H., and I walked to meet S. Nicholls. James Cropper at supper and slept here.

[Such a day of hospitality truly, 'without stinting,' was

of frequent occurrence at Greenbank; Sunday often the same, but was more especially devoted to the 'young men from the counting-house.']

Sunday 24th.—A letter from my sister Hannah Reynolds, with an account of her Willy's illness. [Mention was made some time back in the diary of his going to Scotland, but the reason of his journey there was not given.]

Wednesday 27th.—The accounts of our poor Willy from Dumfries so bad, we set out at two o'clock (W. R., Wm., and myself), and got to Garstang on our way to Dumfrieshire. I began a letter to my father, and W. R. finished it.

Thursday 28th.—Changed horses at Lancaster, Burton, Kendal, Shap, Penrith, and Longtown.

Friday 29th.—Changed horses at Arran and got to Dumfries to find all our fears confirmed. Our poor Willy died there on the 26th, scarcely 17 years old. W. R. and Wm. followed his remains about one o'clock. We staid at J. Duncan's till evening, and returned to the Inn, where I wrote a few lines to my sister.

Saturday 30th.—Visited the grave of our dear W. Called on Mrs. Duncan. W. R. wearied, and lay on the bed. Received calls from Mrs. and Miss Hislup, Mrs. Denham Yonge, Mrs. Burnside.

Sunday 31st.—Went to church morning and afternoon. Were surprised in the evening by the arrival of my poor Sister and Wm. Yonge.

Monday, 1st June.—My sister better than we could expect. Dr. Gilchrist, Mr. Crooles, Dr. Duncan, and Mr. Ramsay at supper.

Tuesday 2nd.—Left our very kind friends. We crossed the Firth and got to Wigton to tea, where we staid all night.

Wednesday 3rd.—A fine day's ride to Keswick. After dinner we went to the Museum, while our W. R. tried to sleep; but he felt poorly and went to bed after tea. Wm. and I took a pensive walk in the evening.

Thursday 4th.—W. R. better and went on horseback with Wm. My sister, Wm. Yonge, and me in the coach to Lodore, the Bowdler stone, etc., and returned along the other side of the Lake. Drank tea, and W. R. went to bed thankful for our narrow escape [?].

Friday 5th.—We all took boat and went to Lodore. We rowed round the Lake. W. Y. attempted to fish, and after landing at two Islands we returned to dinner.

Saturday 6th.—Left Keswick. W. R. seemed to enjoy the ride to Low-wood, and after dinner he lay down and we went in a boat. My sister and Wm. Yonge soon landed. Will and I proceeded and had a pleasant sail to a small Island covered with lilies, and as we could not sail back, and feared being late, we took a chaise from Bowness. Found W. R. poorly.

Sunday 7th.—W. R. had a poor night and lay in bed till afternoon, when he took a short ride on horseback, and was obliged to go to bed again early. Wm. read one of Blair's sermons to my sister and me, and I passed a serious, melancholy day.

Monday 8th.—W. R. seemed a little better. We left Lowood, dined at Newby Bridge, and crossed the Cartmell sands to Lancaster, where we found many letters. One from my dear Richard made me very thoughtful. Called on H. Jackson.

Tuesday 9th.—W. R. much better. Changed horses at Garstang, Preston, and Ormskirk; got home about 8 o'clock. Found our dear family well, and letters from several of our friends, one from S. Foster with a distressing account of her dear sister Mary's illness.

Wednesday 17th.—My sister Benson and I went to L—1 in the morning to some shops, Thurloe Street and Cornhill, and returned to dinner. Joe Ash came. My dear Will's birthday, but it was clouded by a letter he received, and poor Lyon had his leg broke by a horse. Mr. Lathom was sent for and set it.

Friday 19th.—Settled accts. W. R. went to L—1, returning to a late dinner. Ed. and Lucy Pearson, George

Walker at tea. Joe Ash had toothache and went to L—1 to have his tooth drawn. Will staid late in town. The shower bath was brought home.

Saturday 20th.—In the cellar, marking linen, etc. W. R. and Will staid in town all night. Joe Ash came and went on to Walton. I was very sorry for him, he had been arrested.

Thursday 25th.—Hannah went with me to Meeting, and to have her stays tried on. Letter from Bessy Greg. Found Joe Ash on our return to G'bank rather better. George Walker and James Nicholson at tea and supper.

Wednesday, 1st July.—We all, except T. H., went to Jericho strawberry gardens. Met Mrs. and Miss Wallace, Mrs. Currie and her children, W. M'Murdo, and Wm. Earle. Drank tea and staid late.

Saturday 11th.—Mrs. Roscoe called. Jane and Lucy Currie, H. and I walked to Eton. Sat with Jane Currie in the afternoon. G. B. [George Barclay, who was on a visit at Greenbank] dined in town. Walked in the garden, the young folks swinging. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Foster came, and walked with us till late.

Tuesday 14th.—We walked to Lodge Lane. W. R. dined in L—1 and staid late, we walked at night to meet him. Spoke to my H.

Saturday 19th.—We all went to Gatacre to hear T. Houlbrooke preach. Dined at Dr. Crompton's. Joe Ash left early to sail for the Isle of Man.

Tuesday 22nd.—Richd. poorly, but went with G. B. and Wm. to sup at W. Wainwright's, and staid very late.

[The days of a great part of this year seem much alike in point of interest: even more visitors at Greenbank than formerly; and H. M. with her children, W. R., and T. H. making frequent calls, and having tea, often with the same friends; sometimes new names occurring, amongst others Alexander Maxwell of Dumfriesshire, who with his brother Wellwood were intimate friends of Wm. and Richard till late on in their lives, as also was George Barclay; and a great, almost romantic, friendship

grew up between Benson Rathbone and Henry Chorley. He (H. Chorley) and Robert Benson were very frequent visitors at Greenbank this year.]

Thursday, 13th August.—My head very bad, did not go to meeting, sat in the garden. My sister Benson and Margt. at tea. We all walked late in the garden by moonlight.

[On Sunday the 16th, H. M., W. R., and Hannah set out for Shropshire, arriving the next day. W. R. and H. M. R. staid at Sunnyside, where also her father, who had gone to live at Bristol, was staying. Hannah was at Ketley Hill. There was a large company of relatives and friends for the Monthly Meeting. H. M. R. often walked with her father on Lincoln Hill. On one occasion they all, including Wm. Yonge, went up the Wrekin, a favourite excursion of her father's; a most heavy storm of rain came on and they were all wet through.]

23rd.—Thomas Eyton called. P. Gurney came, and we all dined and took tea at the Bank with the Anstices, etc.

[On the 24th they returned to Greenbank, H. M. R.'s father coming with them from Shropshire.]

Wednesday, 2nd September.—My father, W. R., and I breakfasted at Mary Cash's. Walked to some shops, and to Cornhill; returned home to dinner. Packing up Will's clothes, and in the evening he and George Barclay set off by the mail coach for London.

Friday 11th.—Margt. Benson's birthday, she came to Greenbank, and Robert in the evening.

Saturday 12th.—The Bensons left us. W. R. in town all day. Wrote to Lady K. Douglas. Counts D. and Conrad Reventlow and Mrs. Mackie came to tea. The Danish gentlemen rode out.

Monday 28th.—My head very bad, and I lay down on the sofa while H. read to me. W. R. dined at Knowsley and returned in the dark, late and alone.

Sunday, 4th October.—At Meeting. We had no

company and passed a very pleasant evening in social quiet.

Sunday 25th.—All the children went to meeting with me. Mr. Koster called. W. R., H., and T. rode to Allerton. In the evening Will and H. called at Mr. Koster's and saw Mad. Catalani. Robert Benson came to tea and staid the night.

Monday, 3rd November.—Writing notes, accounts, etc. Major Macmurdo and Mrs. Duncan called; we gathered flowers. W. R. came back to a late dinner, Richd. still later, and was very low and his cold bad.

Wednesday 3rd.—Dined early and went with Rd., H., T., and B. to see some wild beasts, ostriches, etc. Called on Mrs. Hughes and got to Lodge Lane to tea, where W. R. met us and Wm. came soon after. Paid M. Elwood's bill.

Friday 5th.—W. R. and H. both poorly and lay on sophas after they came downstairs. Read Blair in the evening. Knitting.

Monday 16th.—Wrote to George Barclay. Mr. and Mrs. Pearson to dinner and tea. C. Tayleur and H. Chorley at tea. The children had some fireworks and we missed our reading.

Wednesday, 2nd December.—My Richard's birthday. Sat with Miss Kennedy till Margt. Benson and H. Dockray came. My sister Benson, M. and Abigail Dockray, her little girl, etc., came in the afternoon. Robert Benson in the evening. The little boys sat up to supper with us.

Saturday 5th.—T. H., Hannah, and I went to Liverpool, made several calls. Dined at James Cropper's with W. R., Will, Rd., and my sister Benson's family. We all returned home to tea. W. R. poorly and went to bed; I was the same. H. read to us in Mason's 'English Garden.'

Sunday 6th.—A very cold morning and I was not allowed to go to Meeting, tho' much better. W. R. was also better. Joe and Richd. Yates at tea.

Thursday 10th.—Expecting a large party to skait. I

1807]

DIARY

did not go to Meeting. Twenty-one dined and drank tea ; chiefly from the Cornhill counting house.

Sunday 27th.—W., Rd., H., and I went to Meeting and called on my Aunt Penelope. Found Mrs. Hughes and her children, Ed. and Lucy Pearson at Greenbank. They staid dinner. W. R. came home soon after us, and in the evening read his annual sermon [for the last Sunday of the year] to his own select family.

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[A sad thought that this was the last time his family ever heard him read that sermon. The last Sunday of 1808 W. R. was very ill and in bed. The sermon was read by Theophilus Houlbrooke to the family in his bed-chamber. He died early in the following year.]

1808

[The latter part of this year is very sad—the beginning, in fact, of the end. W. R.'s health and strength failed rapidly from about June and July, and after several months of great suffering, borne with unfailing patience and courage, he died on the 11th February of 1809.]

Friday, 1st January.—Mr. Wright at breakfast. W. R. having slept two nights at Cornhill, came back with Wm. to dinner. Richard dined at Mr. Maury's. My sister Benson, Margt., and Hannah went to Liverpool after H. taking a french lesson from Mr. Cizo.

Thursday 21st.—Letter from my sister Reynolds and R. Foster. Heard of poor John Dearman's death. Read for a short time in 'Sully's Memoirs.'

Friday 22nd.—Will called at Allerton before he went to Liverpool, and I had some affecting conversation with him in the evening.

Tuesday 26th.—W. R., Will, and Rd. came home to tea. Told us an embargo was laid on American Shipping. We again read in Sully.

Saturday 30th.—T. H. took me in his chair to Allerton. W. R. called at Lodge Lane. Hannah read to me in the afternoon in the 'Life of Burns,' and we had a little of Sully in the evening.

Thursday, 4th February.—Mrs. Willis Earl, Dolly and M. Nicholson called. H. and I took Mrs. Greg to Liverpool. Called at G. Duncan's at Cornhill, and returned to a late dinner. My sister H. Reynolds and her daughter came soon after.

Friday 5th.—My sister, little Susan,¹ and I went to Liverpool.

¹ Afterwards married to the Rev. John Bartlett.

Tuesday 9th.—We all had tea at Lodge Lane, except W. R. and T. H. The former engaged in writing, and sat up very late.

Wednesday 10th.—W. R. appeared in good spirits, in spite of his long and close application to writing. Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Greg, Mrs. Fletcher, and M. Hodgson at dinner and tea.

Friday 12th.—T. H. better, but his hand much swelled with the gout, and he dined upstairs. Mrs. Greg and Mrs. Hodgson came with some difficulty in a chaise and four on account of the snow. There was a heavy fall last evening. W. R. and the little boys rode to Allerton.

Wednesday 17th.—Day appointed for a fast. I sat with Will part of the morning, and with my sister after. H. Chorley at dinner and tea. S. Parkes at tea. B. Hotham came in the morning and stayed all night.

Friday 19th.—Reading the 'Life of Coll. Hutchinson.' Two Mr. Southneys, Dr. Martin, W. Shepherd, T. Martin at dinner and tea.

Saturday 20th.—Sat with the Southneys till Mr. Roscoe called. They and W. R. went to Liverpool. H. and I went into the garden to gather snowdrops. Finished letter to my Aunt Beesley.

Thursday 25th.—Willm. went to Allerton to breakfast. Received another anonymous letter, and answered it. Mr. Roscoe called, and W. R. went to Liverpool with him, and staid all night, and Willm. with him engaged in American business, addressing Parliament, etc. I was buried in the wine cellar with a joiner.

Friday 26th.—Wrote to S. Foster. Will and I staid all night with W. R. in town. He was appointed one of the delegates to take up the petition, and fixed for W. and I to go with him.

Saturday 27th.—Got to Greenbank before twelve o'clock, and began packing, when my Bro. Joe, J. Anstice, and A. Dearman came. Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe called. W. R., Will, and I set out before 5. At Warrington we

found James Cropper and T. Martin. Changed horses at Knutsford.

Monday 29th.—Got to Barnet to breakfast, and Maschel's hotel soon after. J. M'Creevy and his wife called, and Mrs. Mallett. The gentlemen went out. Washed and dressed at 6 o'clock. They came home to dinner, and G. Barclay came. W. R. and I went early to bed.

Tuesday, 1st March.—Mr. Wood, Genl. Gascoigne, and others called, and having no room to go into, I went out in a coach.

Wednesday 2nd.—W. R. went out soon after breakfast. G. Barclay came, and Maria soon after. Two Mrs. and two Miss Kinders, Genl. Gascoigne, etc., called. T. Foster, H. Kinder, and Mr. Wood staid dinner, which was taken in violent haste before they went to the House.

Thursday 3rd.—W. R. ill, and in bed most of the day. Many callers to-day: the G. Barclays and Kinders, Mrs. Aitken, J. Foster, Mr. M'Creevy, and many others. Went late in the afternoon with W. R. to Dolland's, and wrote for him as he lay in bed and dictated. Will, with others, went to the House of C.

Friday 4th.—The gentlemen returned with Mr. Wood about 1 o'clock. W. R. and I got up to hear their report of the speeches, and rejection of the Petition. On getting up in the morning W. R. was better than could be expected, and was out most of the morning. The gentlemen went again to the House, returned to late supper—Will, G. Barclay, and I laughed with sad hearts.

Saturday 5th.—Mr. [afterwards Lord] Brougham at breakfast. W. R., etc., went out with him. Mr. Wood and H. Kinder joined the party through the day, and they were all very busy.

Sunday 6th.—Called on Bessy Greg at Russell Square, and followed her to Mr. Wane's. Will went with me to Bromley, where we staid all day with my dear Sarah Foster. Found W. R. finely on our return, though he and the others had been working hard all day.

Monday 7th.—Lady E. Montgomery came and sat two hours with me. W. R. out, and engaged as usual. Our usual party and engagements took up the evening.

Tuesday 8th.—Began to write letters, but R. Barclay, the Bernardo, Mrs. Opie, etc., calling, I could not write. Will, G. B., Mr. Wood dined with me and went to the House of Lords.

Wednesday 9th.—Mr. and Mrs. Guillemand, Dr. Aitken, etc., called. I called on Lady E. M., and went with her and Sir James Montgomery to the Farm.

Thursday 10th.—Mr. Barclay, Frederick B., and Mr. Belsham called. I fetched Bessy Greg. The gentlemen took a hurried dinner and went to the House. Took Bessy home at ten o'clock. W. R., etc., did not return till four.

Friday 11th.—Lay late in bed. S. Foster and Rachel came, and we went to a shop, and they staid dinner and tea with me. Will and J. Cropper staid in the House of C. till after 5 o'clock.

Saturday 12th.—Mr. Hanbury called, then Mrs. Opie. Went out to buy Hannah's desk. Mr. Brougham, Kinder, Wood, and others all busy writing. W. R. sat up late and rose early.

Sunday 13th.—Mr. Brougham, Baring, and many others called.

Wednesday 16th.—After a hasty dinner the gentlemen went to the House of Lords, and staid late. H. Kinder and J. M'Creevy sat with me till 10 o'clock.

Thursday 17th.—Mr. Avison brought the address to the King. They went to the House. G. Barclay staid to help me in copying for the newspapers. W. R. soon came back and went to bed, but got up again when the rest, with Mr. —, came from the House at 12 o'clock.

Friday 18th.—A delightful letter from Hannah with some flowers. The gentlemen went to the House of Commons. I read and wrote till some returned at 12, the rest at one o'clock.

[H. M. R. went on Saturday to Bromley and staid the

night with the Fosters, William fetching her back the next day, and they arrived at the Adelphi (hotel) at ten o'clock.]

Wednesday 23rd.—Went to see Lady E. Montgomery. After the gentlemen went to the House I settled to accounts and wrote letters. G. B. came to tell me when W. R. had left the bar, the rest soon followed.

[W. R. had been giving evidence in the House of Lords, which he did with the utmost clearness so as greatly to impress the House, though unable to gain consent to the Petition against the Orders passed in Council, referring to trade betwixt Great Britain and other countries, especially with America, too complicated to be explained here.]

Saturday 26th.—We all lay late. Many gentlemen called, and W. R., tho' not well, went to a meeting of merchants. Lady E. Montgomery and Miss Halkett called and sat an hour.

Monday 28th.—Many letters from America recd. and read by the gentlemen. All went to the House of Lords.

Wednesday 30th.—Sent for Bessy Greg and took her to an oratorio. G. and F. Barclay met us there and went home with us to supper after taking Bessy Greg to Russell Square.

Friday, 1st April.—R. Wickstead, Wm. Yonge, and R. Mackworth at breakfast. Mrs. Young went and came again several times. Mrs. Barclay, Mrs. Martineau, Mrs. John Dearman, Mrs. Vizard, Lord and Lady Selkirk called. Sir James Hall left his card. W. R. better, and went to the Commons to hear B. [Brougham] sum up.

Monday 4th.—Stopped last night at S. Foster's, went with her to see Rebecca Molines. Returned to the Adelphi. Will went to fetch his father from the House of Lords—did not return till one o'clock.

Thursday 7th.—J. M'Creevy at breakfast. Dined and drank tea at Robert Kinder's with Mrs. Barbauld, Dr. and Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. and Miss Kinder, and Mrs. Reece. Suped at Mrs. M'Murdo's with Mrs. and Miss Belsham and Bessy Wakefield.

[W. and H. M. R., in what time they had to spare, returned some of the very numerous calls they received during their stay in London, and H. M. R. kept up a large correspondence with her family and others, including several letters between herself and Mrs. Prideaux.]

Monday, 11th April.—Packed up some things to be sent to Liverpool, and we prepared to leave London on a visit to George Barclay at Mickleham.

Tuesday 12th.—Mr. Brougham, the M'Creevys, and R. Kinder were with W. R. while I was packing up, paying our bill, etc., till one o'clock, when W. R. and I left London. We sat half an hour with the Tayleurs at the Farm. Fred Barclay met us about three miles from Burford, where we arrived at dark, and found Will there. Walked round the premises by moonlight with George.

Wednesday 13th.—Took a walk before breakfast with G., and afterwards we all walked to Mr. Hope's to see some very fine paintings. Then got into Mr. B.'s carriage, walked up Boxhill, rode down again, and home. Mr. Wall and Mr. Bayley at dinner, and staid the evening, which I passed thinking of dear absent friends, my poor suffering Aunt in particular, in spite of musick, wit, and every elegance.

Thursday 14th.—Left our very kind and hospitable friends at 6 o'clock, Mr. B. and his sons being up before us.

[Two days are missed in the diary, but apparently W. R., H. M. R., and Wm. go on a visit to her Aunt Beesley, who must then have been living at Plymouth, as her death took place there on the 30th of July. As will be seen by the diaries, there was a great and intimate attachment between her and her niece H. M. R.]

Saturday 16th.—Received several letters, and wrote to my father. Sat out with my Aunt in her little garden in the morning. Philip Prideaux and his wife called. W., M., and Rachel P. [Prideaux?] at dinner, and staid till bedtime. W. R. and Will walked with M. P. My W. R. better.

Sunday 17th.—I sat with my dear Aunt while the rest went to meeting. Joe Kingston and the Prideaux at dinner, tea, and supper. Rode about three miles with my Aunt and Wm. Prideaux, and she bore it better than I ever expected.

Monday 18th.—Breakfasted with the Prideaux. I took a walk on the Hoe. Returned to my Aunt and sat with her. W. P. and I again went with my Aunt in the chaise, but she did not bear it as well as yesterday.

Tuesday 19th.—A good deal of snow fell, and my dear Aunt was very unwilling to part with us. Left my ever-beloved Aunt about two o'clock. I got out of the chaise when we changed horses, and at Ivy Bridge, and at Chudleigh. Arrived at Exeter. W. R. very ill and went to bed.

Wednesday 20th.—My sister, Will, Michael, Joe Bidwell, and I walked early to the Cathedral, and called at Mr. Bidwell's, who returned with us to breakfast. We left our kind friends, posted to Taunton, where we dined, and arrived at my Aunt Ball's at Bridgewater to tea. Rd. Ball and his daughter at supper. W. R. better.

Thursday 21st.—Left my Aunt about 12, and got to Bristol to tea; found my dear father well. G. (Gawen) Ball at supper. Wrote to my Aunt Beesley, as I did also from Exeter.

[They left Bristol on the 25th, and went to Ketley. While there went to the Dale, Sunnyside, and H. M. R. took several walks over her much-loved Lincoln Hill.]

Friday 29th.—Left Ketley.

Saturday 30th.—W. R. very low and ill on the journey. Hannah, Rd., and Rt. Benson met us at the Ferry, and we arrived at Greenbank to tea. Found our dear boys well. T. H. lame in one hand.

Tuesday, 17th May.—Mr. Yates, T. and R. Roscoe, two Miss Bates called. W. R. took me behind him on T. H.'s horse to Lodge Lane, and after dinner T. H. took me in his chair to the Botanic Gardens. On our return to late tea I found W. R., Will, and Rd. engaged in conversa-

tion. Wallace Currie had drank tea with them and was gone.

Friday 20th.—Marking linen for H., knitting, etc. The bees swarmed. Maria Yates, her brothers James and Richard, T. Cropper, Rt. Benson, Mr. Powis, and T. Jeffries at tea and supper. Maria staid with us.

Saturday 21st.—Sat with W. R., read his health journal, etc. Marked the children's clothes. Went into the garden. Rt. Benson at tea; he rode out with Richd.; Wm., with his sister and Maria Yates, in the evening.

Monday 30th.—My Aunt Wilkinson, Jane Chorley and her three children came and staid dinner and tea. Dr. Rutter and John Tucket and his two sons at dinner, Hannah and Richd. went to drink tea and spend the evening at Dr. Crompton's. W. R. very poorly. Poor Will talked with me a little about himself, and what he had that day said to —

Friday, 3rd June.—We went to the Blind school, but were too late to hear them sing. In the evening W. R. concluded to write to Mr. Rogers, and I went to bed with a sorrowful heart.

Sunday 5th.—Will staid at home to go on with his writing. We went to meeting, and W. R. rode to Walton with Theodore and Benson. On their return poor Theodore's horse ran away, and he was thrown off, and taken senseless in Mr. Leyland's carriage to Mr. Lathom's, who bled him, and came with him home and attended him again in the evening, when he took $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains of calomel, and passed a suffering night with sickness and pain in his head. H. and I lay in his room.

Monday 6th.—Theodore continued hot and in great pain till Mr. Lathom came and bled him again, which relieved him much, and gave him rhubarb, and rhubarb again in the evening, and calomel. He took a little beef-tea and chocolate in the day, but could not eat or sit up. Will writing till evening, when he went with his sister to the Botanic Gardens. Letter from Lady E. M.

Tuesday 7th.—Theodore better. Will still at home

writing. I could not leave T., but supped with poor Will at night.

Friday 10th.—Ed. Pearson and Lucy at dinner. My sister, David and Abigail Dockray came to tea, and all staid supper, it being W. R.'s birthday.

[Did he, or they, think it was the last birthday he would be with them?—]

Saturday 11th.—My head very bad; I lay down on my own bed, Theodore being on his little bed beside me. H. read to us. Will came home to dinner, and I got his clothes, etc., ready for his journey.

Monday 13th.—My dearest Will left us for Oxford with Richd. and Robert Benson. I walked in the garden with H., and then lay on the bed. Captain Wood came in the morning. W. R. went to Lodge Lane. Wm. Yonge and my Bro. Joe came in the afternoon, bringing a letter from Mrs. Prideaux.

Tuesday 14th.—W. R. writing his own case with Wm. Yonge.

Saturday 18th.—W. R. had a line from Will. My sister Benson came to see us; she was very poorly, and much distressed. I walked part of the way back with her.

Sunday 19th.—W. R. a little better. Began taking asses' milk, and some powders. T. H. preached in Paradise Street.

Monday 20th.—Poor Robert Benson came and staid tea. Had some affecting conversation with him, and wrote a note to my sister Benson. Mrs. Wallace came and staid till 9 o'clock, when Miss Koster and Miss Carrol called, and walked with us in the garden.

Thursday 23rd.—Richd. finished reading 'Marmion' to us, and his little brothers sat up to supper.

Saturday 25th.—I went into the garden after tea, W. R. and Richard came, and we sat on the raised seat.

Monday 27th.—W. R.'s head was worse in the night till he took laudanum and sal-volatile, which relieved him. He was better in the morning, and rode with H. to Eton.

Tuesday 28th.—Mrs. Loder, Joseph and Michael Reynolds [from the Bank] came in the evening.

Saturday, 2nd July.—Sat on the Sundial while T. H., R. Roscoe, and the little boys were fishing.

Tuesday 5th.—The doctors called and changed W. R.'s medicines; ordered a still stricter regimen. We went to the Blind Asylum and heard the pupils sing.

Monday 11th.—Settled accts., etc. W. R. walked with me to the Hayfield, next but one to the garden, but was so weak it was with difficulty he got home.

Saturday 16th.—A most tremendous thunder and lightning in the night. W. R. appeared full as well as usual. Mr. Roscoe came and sat an hour or two reading to us.

Saturday 23rd.—W. R. went to see Ed. Mason, and bore his ride better than I expected. Mrs. Currie, Harriet and I sat watching the children in the boat.

Saturday 30th.—W. R. took the little boys in T. H.'s chair to Liverpool, to order boots for Theodore, and to call on my Aunt Penelope. Walked with T. H. and the children to the Marl Pit in the afternoon.

Monday, 1st August.—Richard went very early to Ormskirk on Joe Ash's business, and did not return till late. W. R. walked with the children to the Marl pit, where they bathed. I was reading 'Sully's Memoirs' most of the day.

Tuesday 2nd.—In the evening I heard that my dear, dear Aunt Beesley was released from suffering. I rejoice for her sake, but feel it is another strong and tender tie dissolved.

Wednesday 3rd.—Letter from my dear William. I passed a melancholy day, my Hannah's birthday. I shall see my Aunt no more in this world. How much do I owe her!

Thursday 4th.—W. R. very poorly. Theodore's birthday. T. H. took him to the Botanic Garden. I read to W. R. and went with him to the Marl Pit. Rd. Roscoe came in the morning, and his mother to tea.

Wednesday 10th.—C. Tayleur at breakfast. Wrote to answer M. Prideaux's interesting letter. In the afternoon

walked with Hannah in the garden, but in spite of all my efforts, every object seemed to make me feel more deeply the loss I have experienced. Shall I ever be worthy to see again my beloved Aunt in a better world!

Wednesday 17th.—Hannah, T. B. and I rose early to look for mushrooms. After breakfast I went with my sister to call on N. Waterhouse and my Aunt Penelope.

August 29th.—W. R. better in the morning, but low and languid in the evening. Mr. Roscoe, Mr. Cromach called, and came again to dinner. W. R. took me on T. Houlbrooke's horse to Lodge Lane, where we found my sister better. R. Roscoe came in the evening to stay with us. Gave W. R. 15 drops of laudanum.

Thursday, 1st September.—W. R. appeared better. Mr. Pooley called to look at the low parlour grate. I sat reading a silly book, and then regretted the loss of time. How blameable in one who have so little left, so much to do!

Monday 5th.—Sewing, reading, etc. Mrs. Greg, Bessy and Mary Ann came in the afternoon. Mrs. Greg had a very bad cold and we all went early to bed.

Thursday 8th.—Mrs. Walker, George and Mrs. Needham at dinner and tea. W. R. very poorly all day, and Mrs. Greg rather worse in the afternoon.

Sunday 11th.—John Fletcher at breakfast. After meeting I called for the Gregs.¹ Found Mr. and Mrs. Duncan, Mr. Rickaby at Greenbank, also S. Percival, G. Wane, Mr. Roscoe, W. Corrie at dinner and tea. John Fletcher, Rt. Benson at tea and supper. Mr. Reid called. Mr. Lathom also at supper, having come to see W. R., who was rather better. Letter from Jane Glave.

Monday 12th.—I thought W. R. worse, and was much depressed. Mr. and Mrs. Greg, the girls, T. H. and I drank tea at Allerton.

Saturday 17th.—I went with Rd. in the chair to Liverpool. Poppet ran away with us, and hurt himself sadly.

¹ They had all gone into Liverpool, and probably the Gregs went to the Unitarian chapel.

Wednesday 21st.—W. R. low and poorly, rode out a little way in the morning. The new grate put up. Vidonia wine bottled, etc. Will Smythe called. T. H. and I weeding in the afternoon. Richd. read Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence' to us.

Monday 26th.—Mr. Allen came to W. R., who appeared better, and sat to him for his portrait.

Saturday, 1st October.—Mr. Allen came, and tho' W. R. was in great pain, and in bed, he got up and sat to him.

Tuesday 4th.—W. R. languid, great pain in the stomach. Took laudanum, and then dictated a long letter to Joe Ash.

Sunday 9th.—A sad and sleepless night, after a very painful day. W. R. seemed a little easier in the evening. The Maxwells and others, Robert and Margt. Benson at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes at tea, but I did not go downstairs.

[A week of almost sleepless nights, and in addition to other suffering, a most trying eruption on his face.]

Sunday 16th.—W. R. appeared much better. I told him Will was expected, and he was overcome with joy. In the afternoon my dearest Will came home, and his father was delighted beyond his strength, was feverish and fatigued. R. Benson at tea.

[Another week of bad nights, and suffering in the day. Moved sometimes into the 'double-bedded room.']

Sunday 30th.—W. R. had no sleep, but as soon as he was dressed went downstairs and walked in the fields an hour before dinner, slept after in his chair, wakened very poorly, but did some writing and accounts.

Monday 31st.—W. R. passed an almost sleepless night, and after some conversation, which I think will surely influence my father's conduct, he rose and went directly to business in the library. Robt. Benson came in the evening.

Tuesday, 1st November.—W. R. slept all night, but waked very ill, and my poor little Benson had the croup. Sent for Mr. Lathom. Drs. B. and R. came. Mr. Lathom

bled Benson. W. R. very weak, but rode out in the carriage with Richd. Mr. L. came in the evening and laid a large blister on Benson's throat.

Wednesday 2nd.—I sat up with my little Benson: he had a very painful night with his blister, but was much better in the morning.

Friday 4th.—My dear W. R. passed a sleepless night, and the doctors seemed much distressed at his state. He came down and dined with us, but left the table for his bed.

Saturday 5th.—My W. R. had a quieter night than we durst hope, but felt extremely weak. Dr. Rutter found him in bed where he lay very still, dozing till 7 o'clock. Rt. Benson came in the evening of this awful affecting day.

Monday 7th.—My beloved passed an easier night than for some time past. He was raised up in bed and transacted business with sweet composure. Dr. Rutter came and bathed his legs and feet, being too weak for the bath.

Wednesday 9th.—After no sleep the previous night, my dearest had a blessed night, and the doctors were much pleased with his condition. He worked very hard at writing till 3 o'clock, then sank to sleep, and waked up very weak and ill. Was got up while the bed was made, but suffered unspeakably from weakness.

Sunday 20th.—W. R. had very little sleep. Sat up a short time. Saw Mr. Fawcett and H. Ash. He waked up in the evening about 7 in great pain, but getting a little better, we all sat round his bed while T. H. read to us. R. Benson at dinner and tea.

Tuesday 29th.—My W. R. had a poor night, but I thought him in better health than the night before. Almost the whole day passed in sleep. The doctors and Mr. Lathom came and had a long conversation with Wm. Yonge. At eleven o'clock at night he waked, and we all sat with him in the dressing-room till two in the morning.

Thursday, 1st December.—A comfortable night. He rose at ten and passed a day free from pain in the dressing-



WILLIAM RATHBONE.

room. Saw Mr. Duncan, Joe Ash and Katherine [his wife], and wrote several letters. Yesterday he saw Mr. Roscoe and T. Earle.

Friday 2nd.—A quiet night, but dreadful day. He suffered intense pain in the back, which came on violently after the doctors had left.

Saturday 3rd.—A sad and sleepless night. The day more terrible than ever.

Sunday 4th.—No sleep, but a tolerably easy night; but in the morning the pain returned with excessive violence. My sister Benson and Robt. came and staid with us. Our dear sufferer got into the dressing-room, and was supported with pillows in the easy chair; staid till late at night. A memorable awful day, a sweet though very affecting evening.

[So these sad days go on, nights mostly sleepless, frequent great pain, faintness, and difficulty of breathing, yet through it all having business interviews, writing letters, or dictating. He had some long conversations with the carpenter (possibly about the alterations he had planned, and which his wife by his desire carried out after his death). Robert Benson came most evenings to take his turn of sitting up with his uncle.]

Saturday 24th.—A sleepless night, and after it a day of great exertion in writing, calculating, etc.; to us most distressing, as injurious to the dear invalid. He was persuaded not to attempt getting up in the evening.

Sunday 25th.—My poor W. R. had towards morning only, some good sleep, yet the same unnatural energy seemed to continue. He wrote again to T. Foster. Dr. Rutter came and again urged the necessity of quietness. He saw W. Hughes and Duncan [partners in the business], and had Hodgson with him, while T. H. read a sermon to the family.

[The remaining days of the year he attended to business usually in the morning; sometimes after a bad night sleeping late into the day, and often troubled by oppression in his breathing and a cough.]

1809

Most melancholy is the beginning of this awful year. My dear Husband, after appearing better for several days, again very ill. T. H. confined to his bed by the gout. Dr. Rutter called, and Hughes, Duncans, Roscoes, and many of our friends—Will Corrie, etc. Philip Nicklin, who had been at Liverpool, returned.

The journal I keep for the doctors; it best marks my suffering days and nights, which are now all passed in desiring to help and comfort our beloved sufferer, but I fear, alas! that I do him little good.

Monday, 2nd January.—My dearest no better, breathed with difficulty and spoke little. My sister Benson and Margt. and Abigail and little Willie Dockray came. T. Houlbrooke got up and sat an hour in the dressing-room.

Wednesday 4th.—W. R. seemed much better, but exerted himself too much. Mr. Lathom called; a dreadful day. In the afternoon my W. R. was carried out of his cold and smokey room into one more comfortable. Mr. Lace and Jane Laurence at dinner and tea. He saw Mr. Lace upon business about Greenbank.

Monday 9th.—Dr. Rutter found W. R. better. He saw Mr. Potter and D. and A. Benson before he rose, and was sitting in his chair by two o'clock; then did business with J. Rogers till four, and went to bed again at six. I. Haseldine writing as usual. My poor Will very low indeed.

Thursday 12th.—My W. R. slept late, and was hurried by Hodson, the hairdresser, and others coming. He saw Mr. Yates. Was very poorly in the evening.

Monday 16th.—My W. R. had a tolerable night; lay late in the morning, appeared low and poorly, and was

hurried by J. Rogers and W. Pearson being with him on business. Robert Benson at dinner and going to London.

Tuesday 17th.—Drs. Brandreth and Rutter and Mr. Lathom think him better, but I fear the swelling of his leg increases. P. Nicklin went to Liverpool. Began a letter to my father, but being very stupid allowed myself to read in the evening.

Saturday 21st.—My W. R. appeared better, but did not rise till two o'clock. Ed. and Lucy Pearson called, and sat with him. Dr. Rutter came and thought W. R. doing well after seeing him eat his dinner. Theodore and Benson came into his room in the evening, and their dear father seemed pleased to have them near him.

Sunday 22nd.—After a sleepless and suffering night my W. R. slept most of the day. Was got up at 11 at night, and went to bed again between one and two in the morning. Charles Tayleur at dinner.

Tuesday 24th.—After an almost sleepless night my poor W. R. slept all the morning. He saw his new labourer, Henry M'Cullen. He rose at night and put his feet in warm water, and seemed comfortable and cheerful.

Wednesday 25th.—A sleepless night, and great irritation induced my poor W. R. to go into the warm bath. Dr. B. came and I thought appeared discouraged, and I was sunk in deep distress; but our dear patient was cheerful and full of hope, expecting a good night.

Thursday 26th.—My dearest had an easy night, and was scarcely awake, though he had no sound sleep. He made no complaint, but his breathing seemed to be much oppressed. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, W. Duncan called. P. Nicklin at dinner.

Friday 27th.—Little or no sleep, but appeared more comfortable, and tho' his breathing sounded more than ever distressing, he slept most of the day.

Saturday 28th.—A distressing night and day, though my beloved slept a good deal; but his breathing was

distressingly painful. He saw Evans, and sat up for an hour late in the evening. Letter from Mr. Yonge with an account of Mrs. Eyton's death.

[The diary ceases here until February 20th. Her beloved husband died on the 11th February.

The diary, after the close of W. R.'s life, is chiefly a record of the numerous visitors at Greenbank; the going to and return from the office of the two eldest sons, young to undertake so large and important a business; of visits paid by the family, and of my grandmother's correspondence.

After reading of the months of sleepless nights and suffering days, so patiently endured, and of the death of the beloved husband and father, it comes almost as a shock to find how quickly the family resumed their ordinary life and occupations.

Hannah Mary Rathbone must have had a genuine love of social intercourse, and been exceedingly hospitable by nature, as well as feeling from a strong sense of duty that her children's lives should not be overshadowed by her own great loss. She must have possessed an elastic temperament, to enable her after such long months of sad and anxious watching, so soon to take up the thread of active family life, and resume the old social and hospitable ways of Greenbank.

And my grandmother seems to have had a capacity, although her heart was heavy with the sorrow of her recent bereavement, for taking enjoyment out of passing events, and from whatever was cheerful in her surroundings.

This is more possible to those advanced in years, who have gone through much trouble, than to the young, who are often too overwhelmed with grief to be able to see any side-lights.

The children appear to have inherited the hospitable and social disposition of their father and mother, though in later life a dread of going into society came over

Richard and Hannah; his, partly owing to the total deafness of one ear caused by scarlet fever.

The names that occur in the earlier diaries are somewhat changed—some remain, others cease to be mentioned, and some are new, notably that of the Colquit family, who a year or two previously settled in a house on the opposite side of the 'Lane' which led to Greenbank. It was a large old-fashioned house of the Georgian period, a two-story bow window on either side the entrance, one to the left containing a charming old-world upstairs drawing-room. In the grounds there was a large pond, almost a lake, the delight in the winter of all skaters who could obtain permission to skate there.

Though differing in politics, the effect of which it is difficult now to realise, yet between the Colquit and Rathbone families a great and intimate friendship was formed, and in the diary scarcely a day passes without mention of calls, walks in the garden, and various interchanges of hospitality.

There were several sisters in this family, of tall and distinguished appearance—one of them, afterwards Mrs. Ellis Ashton, was remarkable for her absolutely classical features.

It is difficult to make selections from the remainder of this year—the days are most of them so equal in interest sometimes wanting in it—when only consisting of a list of names and of letters written and received. I have tried to select what would best give an idea of the family life; like in many ways to that of former years, but 'with a difference'; and to take any indications given of my grandmother's special tastes—love of reading, delight in the garden, enjoyment of intimate talk, and also of good conversation.

As the names of some of the persons mentioned in the diaries may be interesting to their descendants, I have sometimes selected days where they occur, although not in any way eventful, or of any other interest.]

Monday, 20th February.—Wm. Yonge and my sister Reynolds left us.

Wednesday 22nd.—Wm. and M. A. Duncan came and staid an hour or two, conversing on business. My father, Sister Benson, and S. Allen went to Warrington.

Sunday 26th.—Went to meeting and returned with W. and R. I was very ill and lay on the bed. My father, S. Allen, my sister Benson, Margt., Robert, and my Hannah, after dining with my Aunt Penelope, came home to tea.

Tuesday 28th.—My father's cold no better. T. H. confined to bed. Robert Benson staid all day with us. Richard went to James Maury again as formerly, and was put to act as deputy consul.

Wednesday, 1st March.—My sister Benson and Margt. came to spend the day with us. James Cropper came to meet W. H. and W. D.—a painful meeting [probably with reference to the future arrangements with the two sons, partners in their father's business].

Sunday 5th.—My father and I staid at home, the rest went to meeting. T. H. read to us. The children all returned to dinner. My sister B., Robt., Margt., and S. Allen at tea. W. Fawcett at dinner and tea.

Wednesday 8th.—Mr. Hughes came for the purpose of explaining. We had a long satisfactory conversation. My poor Will was in town in the morning. In the afternoon I walked with him in the garden.

Friday 10th.—Received my father's picture. Sat with S. Allen in the afternoon. Mr. Lathom at tea.

Saturday 11th.—James Cropper and John Muir at dinner. Will Corrie at tea and supper. G. Barclay late at Liverpool.

Monday 13th.—My father, W., and H., took the little boys to town and returned to dinner. I was knitting for my father, and had a little conversation with him in the evening, which I hope to remember. James Cropper came late and staid all night.

Tuesday 14th.—My dear father and S. Allen left us early. George Barclay came home at night.

Sunday 26th.—The weather being very wet, left the little boys at home. W., R. and H. went with me to meeting. After dinner G. Barclay and Will went to L—l, having had news from America. Returned to tea.

Wednesday 29th.—G. B. read our sermon to H. and me. My brother Joe came about noon. The young men returned to dinner, though very late.

Tuesday, 4th April.—My brother Joe sat with me till 12 o'clock. Will Roscoe called, and my brother left us. P. Nicklin came and dined with the children. Hannah read a sermon. G. Barclay returned to dinner. Will, Richard and Robert Benson to supper.

Sunday 9th.—Went to meeting with H., T., and B. Will went on before to call at Cornhill. G. Barclay returned to dinner. T. H. passed the day at Allerton. George Warre came to dinner, R. Benson to tea.

Thursday 13th.—G. B. read a sermon to me, and then went to town. Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe called and gave Hannah a pair of doves.

Saturday 15th.—Mrs. Greg, Mary Ann and Agnes called. I walked with Hannah to the top of the Lane, but my head ached so very bad I had to lay down most of the day.

Sunday 16th.—Will went to Cornhill before breakfast [so urgent then was their business, the American trade with Liverpool, first started by their father].

Monday 17th.—Harriet Ash left us soon after breakfast. I sat with the children and looked over their clothes. P. Nicklin at tea.

Wednesday 19th.—I was engaged all day sorting drawers, etc. My Bro. Joe came to late dinner. [He often came to stay with his half-sister, and was deeply attached to her. He was of a reserved nature, and probably more intimate, and would talk more freely with her than to any one since the loss of his wife.]

Monday, April 24th.—James Cropper and his daughter and Robert Benson at breakfast. Mr. Roscoe came soon

after. T. H. went to Liverpool. Mrs. Earle called. H. and I dined with the children, and walked with them to the river.

Tuesday 25th.—Isaac Hadwin called early. Mrs. Hughes called, and I spoke freely and openly to her. [My grandmother held very decided opinions as to the treatment of the two young partners, her sons, in their business by Messrs. Duncan and Hughes.]

Thursday 30th.—G. Barclay and all my dear children went to meeting with my Bro. Joe and me, and Wm. and Richd. called on our neighbours [the Colquitts]. My Bro. Joe and Willm. walked to Hay Green after dinner. G. B., Rd., Hannah, T. B., and I to Otterspool.

Tuesday, 9th May.—Mr. Martin and Mrs. Duncan called. H. and I dined with the children under the trees. Wm. and Martha and Peggy Brinks at tea. G. B. and Richard came home to tea; they and H. swinging in the evening.

Wednesday 10th.—Mr. Yates at breakfast. G. B., H., and I walked to Lodge Lane, where we staid till 4 o'clock. Richd. came home to tea, and we all went to Speke [Speke Hall, a very old and most picturesque house about eight miles out of Liverpool], G. B., Rd., and Hannah on horseback; T. H., Benson, Theodore, and I in the chaise.

Sunday 14th.—Went to meeting. The Miss Colquits called to see the bees swarm. Rd. and H. returned with them, and walked with me in the fields after tea.

Monday 22nd.—H. read to me in the low parlour. Miss Colquit and her sisters came in. She sat with me. H. was with them again after dinner. Sat up late expecting Richd., who staid in town all night.

Tuesday 23rd.—A bad headache and great depression prevented me from benefitting by my Hannah's reading. Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe called and staid till one o'clock. Richd. came home before nine and we walked into the Lane, and Theodore and I went into the field.

Sunday 28th.—My dear children went with me to

meeting. C. Tayleur and H. Chorley at dinner and tea, and Robert Benson.

Sunday, 11th June.—Richd. went to Lodge Lane to breakfast, and afterwards with Robert Benson to see the ships come in from America. My brother Joe, who arrived yesterday, Will and I went to meeting. J. P. Yates called, and the Colquits. They came into the garden and staid at the swing till past our time for reading. Robt., Margt., Benson, and W. Maxwell at supper.

Tuesday 20th.—Hannah went with me and Theodore and Benson to Bootle; we returned to a late dinner. E. Pearson and Captain Houlbrooke at dinner. The 'Bachus' arrived, and Richard went at a late hour to Wm. Duncan's house in the Square. I was anxious for my dear William and Richard, who have indeed a trying path.

Monday, 3rd July.—R. Benson left us soon after breakfast, and I began, as necessary, as it is affecting, sorting letters, etc.

Tuesday 4th.—I called on Mrs. Colquit. Miss Colquits, Miss Lucas, Lucy Pearson, and 3 children at tea. Dr. Bostock and Mr. Arthur Aikin at supper. J. Laurence and A. Aikin staid all night.

Tuesday 25th.—The children bathed as yesterday. Walked in the garden with H. Ash and Hannah. F. Colquit took her home in the evening. Ed. and Lucy Pearson at tea. Mr. Mansfield came home with Will; they walked with Mr. Colquit and his daughters to the river by moonlight.

Wednesday 26th.—My dear Richd. let me read a most interesting manuscript, and I passed the morning with him in his room. The children went to bathe, and Hannah with the Colquits, but she did not go in the water.

Sunday 30th.—Called early to enquire for Scroop Colquit, who was ill. Mr. Lathom called to say he had passed a quieter night.

Thursday, 11th August.—I read to Hannah and went with her into the garden. Sat on the steps and read, while she walked to meet F. Colquit, and then we all walked to meet my sister Benson, and returned to tea. Rd. Roscoe at dinner. Whitlaw, R. Benson, W. and R. came to supper.

Tuesday 15th.—Hannah read, and I went with her into the garden and kitchen. Sorted medicine bottles, etc., upstairs. H. and the little boys went to look for mushrooms. Wm. and R. late at home.

Sunday 27th.—Went to meeting. Willm. read in J. Woolman's journal to Rd., H., and me on the raised seat in the garden. W. Fawcett at tea. T. H. read the sermon to us.

Tuesday 29th.—Fanny Colquit and Hannah went to Allerton, and from there to Cornhill; they went over a ship. W. and R. home very late.

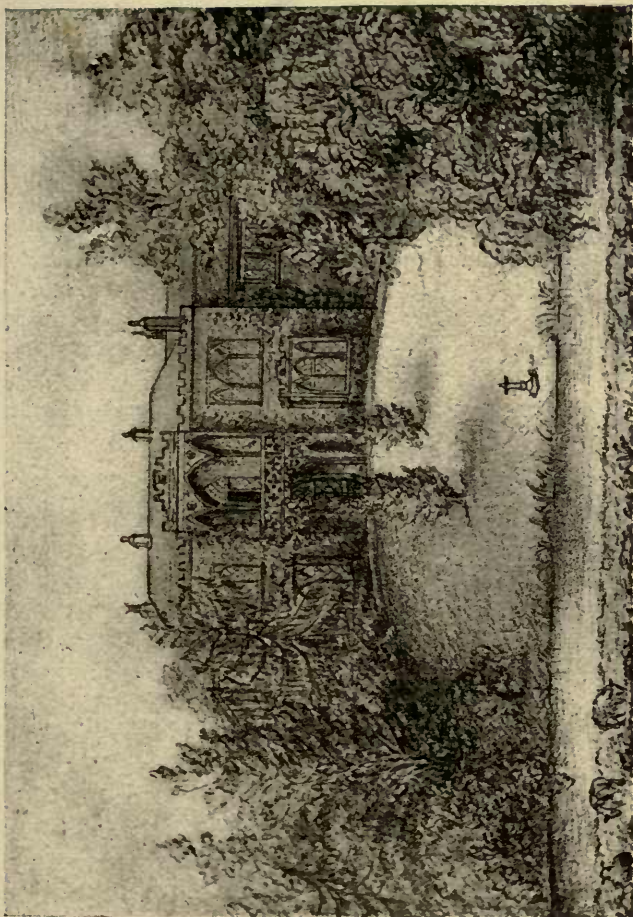
Wednesday 30th.—T. H., Theodore, and Benson set out for Quarrybank. F. Colquit came in the afternoon, and staid the evening. W. and R. again very late.

Saturday, 2nd Sept.—Letter from Mrs. Rogers to Wm. which I sent to Mrs. Greg [at that time she thought of sending her son to his school]. T. H. and the little boys returned about 8. Rd. staid in Liverpool. Will returned in hard rain at 11 o'clock.

Saturday 25th.—Hard rain, and to me a day of even more than usual melancholy. Letter from T. H. and finished mine to him. W. and R. did not come home till after midnight.

Wednesday 27th.—While we were at work the time-piece was brought by a warehouseman. I wrote to Mrs. D., and read a copy of a letter to my sister. [There seems to have been a correspondence with Mrs. Duncan, probably about some difficulties in the partnership arrangements.] In the afternoon an attack of ophthalmia and headache, and lay on the bed.

Thursday 28th.—Copied and sent my letter to D. and H. H. and T. went to Mrs. C. for a lesson from —



GREENBANK, FROM A SKETCH TAKEN BY H. M. RATHBONE IN 1816.

Friday 29th.—May I remember this day, unmarked by any outward distinction, but I hope excessive affliction has been quietly endured.

Sunday, 1st October.—Hannah staid with Benson, who was not very well. W., R., and T. went with me to meeting. I walked in the garden, the C——s joined us, and Alexander Maxwell, who staid all night. W. read for us in the evening.

Tuesday 3rd.—Went to the monthly meeting, and from there to Cornhill. My sons had company, and I waited till my brother Joe had dined with them, and saw Abm. Storey. My brother returned with me to Greenbank.

Wednesday 4th.—My brother walked with me in the garden and fields. He talked of making some alterations. Wm., Richd., and Hannah dined at the Colquits, and staid till twelve at night. Wm. and Rd. received a letter from Mrs. Greg, and I wrote to her.

Thursday 5th.—Mr. and Mrs. and Bessy Greg came in the evening.

Saturday 7th.—Mrs. Greg read a sermon to me. Adam Hodgson at breakfast. Several friends called. Miss Colquits at tea. W. and R. brought Mr. Duer from America home with them. Theodore hurt his foot.

Sunday 8th.—Mr. Perry called and drew teeth for Theodore and Benson. Mr. and Mrs. Colquit, Mrs. and Miss Crompton, Sarah Lawrence, John Lightbody, Mrs. Willis Earl and Sophia called. Adam Hodgson and others at tea.

Tuesday 10th.—Looking at plans for altering the house, etc.

Friday 13th.—Mr. Roscoe called and walked with me in the garden and fields and talked about the alterations. Mr. Cane came in the afternoon, and Mrs. Roscoe brought Henry and her daughters; they staid tea. W. and R. late at home.

Monday 16th.—Mr. Roscoe and Robt. called and brought some plans. Sat with the children in the morning, and was with them in the afternoon in the garden.

Tuesday 17th.—My sister Benson and Margt., Eliza and Charlotte and Pim Nevins, Mary Waterhouse, Betsy Thompson, and T. Haseldine at dinner and tea. Richd. came home to dinner. My sister, M. and T. Haseldine staid all night.

Wednesday 18th.—Wm., Mr. Duer, and Will Corrie returned from Manchester and breakfasted at Greenbank. I went with the children to the Marl pit in the afternoon. Eliza Colquit at tea and supper.

Wednesday 25th.—Robt. and Margt. Benson came in the morning. We dined early with Wm. and Richard, and all went to James Cropper's to see the procession; returned to tea, and in the evening went with Mrs. Colquit's family to see an exhibition of fireworks in Moss Lane fields; walked home after eleven o'clock.

Friday 27th.—Letter from Bessy Greg. Dr. Brandreth came to see Rd., who is very poorly. Several of the Roscoes to dinner. I., H., T., and B. returned with them to Allerton to see some fireworks and staid supper. Joe Ash, his wife and child came to Cornhill, and Harriet Ash to meet them.

Sunday 29th.—Robert Benson at tea to bid us farewell before going to Ireland.

Friday, 3rd November.—Bessy and Mary Ann Greg came to dinner; Mr. Greg in the evening to tea. Letter from Mrs. Greg.

Saturday 4th.—The Gregs left us and took my Hannah with them. Settling accts. in the evening.

Monday 6th.—Wm. came home early, and he, Rd., T., and B. went to Mr. Colquit's, it being Scroop's birthday.

Wednesday 8th.—Richard took me to the Park, and I sat with Mrs. N. [Nicklin] and her daughters till he called for me on his return from Cornhill. In the afternoon Margt. Benson and I planted some violets in the field.

Tuesday 21st.—I walked with T. and B. to the Park. Hannah began reading Pliny's letters in the evening. Joe Ash came. W. and R. returned home by ten o'clock.

Tuesday 28th.—Margt. read a sermon to me. Will

went to Ormskirk on Joe Ash's business. Domestic matters and sad afflicting feelings engaged the day. Fanny Colquit at tea.

Friday, 1st December.—Fanny Colquit staid to sew with H. and Margt. My brother Joe, his son John, and sister H. R. came to dinner.

Saturday 9th.—Sewing, etc. My Bro. went to Liverpool and did not return till late, having been overturned with James Cropper. Sent for Mr. Lathom, who bled James Dean [the coachman?]. My brother said he was not hurt.

Friday 15th.—Wm. and Richd. came home to tea, and we passed a cheerful domestic evening.

Tuesday 26th.—Sat mending. The schoolroom chimney had the soot brought down.

Wednesday 27th.—T H. took the little boys to town to see some wild beasts.

Friday 29th.—Sewing, reading, talking to K. Ash, etc. Mr. Cizo gave Hannah a lesson. She and I read Pliny in the evening.

Saturday 30th.—Paying wages, etc. H. and I finished Pliny's letters.

Sunday 31st.—We all went to meeting. W., R. and I walked home. H. and the little boys went to fetch Fanny and Mary Wright from Walton. William read in the evening.

[I have been unable to find any more diaries, or to tell whether H. M. R. gave up keeping them, or whether they have been destroyed.]

LAST ILLNESS OF
HANNAH MARY RATHBONE ¹

‘To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

No—in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.’—CAMPBELL, *Hallowed Ground*.

Richard and I and the baby came to stay at ‘the Cottage’ while our own house was being painted.

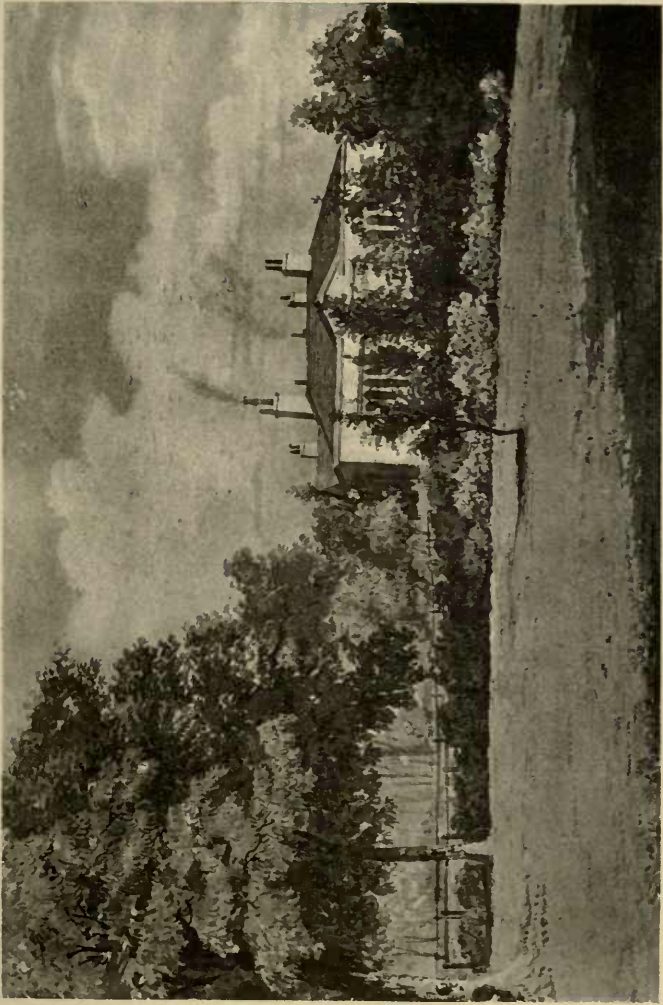
Our coming had been delayed for a day, and on being told of this, my mother said, ‘Oh! I hope nothing will prevent your coming to-morrow, I feel as if I should go mad if you do not come.’

2nd April 1839.—We moved down to the Cottage. Several days passed very comfortably, and we enjoyed ourselves very much, but I was greatly struck with my mother’s increased feebleness.

April 10th.—While dressing, my mother said, ‘I have a sharp pain in my head, but it is going off.’ I tried to help her to dress, and she said I *could* help her if I could only tell her what she wanted.

After breakfast I was reading to her in Bishop Wilson’s *Sacra Privata*, the Wednesday morning meditations. Observing that she pressed her hands against her head, I asked if I should leave off; she made no reply, and I took her hand and begged her to lie down. She said ‘Yes,’ but did not attempt to move, and seemed unable to collect her thoughts, repeating the word ‘Yes.’ She seemed much distressed and kept feeling with her hands, saying, ‘Who, who?’

¹ Some recollections and notes of the last illness and death of my Grandmother Rathbone, chiefly written by her daughter-in-law, the conclusion by her son Richard. These recollections have been somewhat abbreviated and condensed, but as little alteration as possible has been made in the phraseology.



THE COTTAGE, WOODCROFT.

LAST ILLNESS OF H. M. R.

I rang the bell and sent for the doctor. Presently her son Richard came in and went up to her. Suddenly a change came over her countenance, and she sank back in his arms strongly convulsed; this was quickly succeeded by another and a third convulsion. The doctor came and bled her in the arm, which had the desired effect, but she remained for a long time unconscious. After being put to bed she talked incoherently and incessantly for a long time.

By Saturday she had nearly recovered, and spoke of my father, her half-brother's approaching visit. He arrived on Friday the 19th, she saw him several times while he was here. He left on the Tuesday following, and she exerted herself very much to speak to him, taking leave of him as for the last time.

For the next few days she was better, sometimes walking out in the garden, and up and down the broad straight passage of the house, made, on account of her blindness, without any steps.

Then alternated times of excitement, great confusion and depression, often little sleep, and she suffered much from the fear of lying down and then having distressing dreams. One night, when in great dread of this, she said, 'Almighty God, have mercy on me a sinner.' There were some clear intervals—in one of these, when talking of poetry, she repeated the whole of Mason's epitaph on his wife.

Love and affection for her family seemed to fill her whole heart and mind.

Once, when I thought she wished me to leave the room, she turned to me and said, 'Thee, I never wish thee to leave the room,' and putting her face close to mine, whispered, 'I wish thee always to be in the room.'

On her own daughter Hannah entering the bedroom, 'Is this Hannah, *my* Hannah? oh that is a comfort.' Again, on hearing the voice of her son Richard, 'Is not that my dear Dicky's voice? bless him, bless him, bless him'; adding slowly and distinctly, 'Thy will be done as

LAST ILLNESS OF

it is in Heaven.' Another time to me, 'Hannah Mary, oh my dear child, how didst thou get here? do get me some pocket handkerchiefs, I have been so in want of them.'

To her son, 'Richard, *dear* Richard,' and as he stooped down to her she kissed him very affectionately, and putting his hand to her lips kissed it several times.

She expressed great thankfulness for all the kindness of her children, saying, 'All has been done that can be done; but there is no comparison between this world and the next, there *can* be none between Earth and Heaven. I can only think now of the future, but I must have you with me in all my thoughts. I have more hope now than I had ever before. What are a few years?—if we should live they will give us time for preparation. Do not be afraid of suffering, bow to it. I know you will be loving.'

She said to her daughter Hannah, 'Hannah, let me give you a kiss,' and kissed her with great affection, adding, 'I should like to say farewell to Dr. Reynolds' (her son-in-law), 'he has been *very* kind.'

Once sitting up in bed leaning against her son Theodore, Hannah at her feet, she slowly but clearly said, 'My dear children, whatever you think it right to do, do not put it off, oh, my dear children, don't procrastinate. That seems all I have left to say—I am weak as a child, I wish I were as innocent.'

She often spoke of the dread she had of going to sleep, because of confusion of head and distressing dreams. 'You do not know the terrors I have in sleep, my head feels as if over a precipice. Do not leave me; one at a time, not to be burdensome or troublesome to you.'

Once, as she lay down, she said in a low voice, 'My Heavenly Father, I do trust, I have always, what a blessing.'

14th.—When her son Richard came in she asked if it was her son William, and on being told he was in the next room, said, 'I shall be *very* glad to see him,' and

HANNAH MARY RATHBONE

asked him to read out of 'John Woolman's Life,' which seemed to interest her.

17th.—She was restless during the night, asking to get up. Dr. Reynolds told her that it was night. 'Night, is it? I have forgotten, some one must remind me, there is nothing that makes night to *me*.'

One night, after a season of deep distress, she wept much, and I said, 'Wouldst thou like me to repeat the Lord's Prayer?' 'Oh yes, my dear, I have so often tried to recollect the words, and I cannot.' It seemed to comfort her.

One morning, a few days before the end, lying quietly in bed, she said, 'I have always believed in the goodness of God, I have never doubted it. Speak to my servants for me, they have all been very kind, they have done a great deal for me. Thank them in my name for what I know they wished to do for me. Kiss me once more, my dear children,' and she kissed each as their name was mentioned. Her son William read the 103rd and 51st Psalms.—The 103rd was her great favourite, she often repeated parts of it.

The last Friday and Saturday she took no notice. The power of speech was nearly gone. Late on Saturday night with great difficulty she articulated a few words which sounded like 'blessed affection.'

That night she was in great pain; as she could not speak we could do nothing. She then lay almost insensible till the end on Wednesday 29th, sometimes taking a spoonful of liquid, and once, when her daughter said 'Mamma,' she replied, 'I hear': this was the last notice she took.

The change during Tuesday night was very striking—we all sat round the bed in silence, watching the awful change. Two minutes before twelve at noon the breathing changed—longer intervals and more feeble inspirations—it became still fainter, and as the clock struck twelve there was a short sigh—no more—*She* was in Heaven.

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS, WIFE
OF JOSEPH REYNOLDS OF KETLEY
HILL

THERE seems no record or mention of my Grandmother Reynolds except these letters, written during a visit to her mother and other relations, and a touching account of her last illness and death, written by her sister. There is also a similar account written by her husband.

From the letters she seems to have been of a most affectionate disposition, with a *naïveté* and demonstrativeness unlike the reserve and silence of most of the Quakers of those days; in these respects a great contrast to her husband, to whom her early death was a calamity alike to himself and for his children. He was devotedly attached to his young wife, as she to him, and her death seems to have closed up all expression of affection between him and his children and intensified his natural reserve, so that he never spoke to them of their mother; only once, when the question of the marriage of his daughter Hannah Mary with Richard Rathbone arose, did he mention her mother to her, saying, 'I never felt the need of thy mother so much as I do now.' The effect of the loss of his wife on his character was an incalculable misfortune. Most kind of fathers, and anxious for their welfare, his children to the very last were never quite at their ease; respect, even fear, predominated in their intercourse with him, truly attached to him as they all were.

The only relics of this sweet, sunny-dispositioned Quaker wife that I can find or hear of, are a large gold-rimmed locket with a plait of soft brown hair on one side, and a few of her last words engraved on the other,



MRS. RICHARD RATHBONE.

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

and a screen done by her of quaint appliqué work, now over a hundred years old (in my possession), and these letters to her husband. They are written on large, old-fashioned paper, carefully folded up, and on each in his handwriting the date, and 'from my D. R.'

'DARLINGTON, *July 7th.*

'I fear, my dear love, thou wilt think me long in writing to thee, but thought I had better defer it till I got to D. We left York on First day after meeting, and got here about half-past eight in the evening, which I think was very capital management. We had a pleasant Journey, and met with no hindrance. The dear children are quite well, as well as myself, and found my dear mother and sisters the same, tho' poor A. D. is much out of spirits and in a very uncomfortable state of suspense from Edmund's not writing; she therefore does not know whether he means to renew the affair or to break it off: he has not returned her profile nor requested his own, which he said he should. From this circumstance she still indulges some hope that he has not given it up, indeed I think he is acting wrong not to write to her and either conclude or renew it at once; for it certainly would not be right to break it off in this manner, and she says she should be much more comfortable even if he should give her up than she is at present in this state of uncertainty. If thou should happen to see Edmund soon perhaps thou would learn something of his sentiments, for I am really sorry for her, she seems to feel so much from it. We set off for Seaton next (fourth) day, so I think it would be best for thy letters to be directed for me at the Post Office at Stockton, and I can send Thomas over for them. I long for to-morrow morning, when I hope to hear from thee, and if thou couldst find time to write every other day, if it was only two lines to say you are well, I should be contented, but I need not have said this, for I know thou

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

wilt write as often as thou canst. Do give my dear love to my sister when thee sees her, and tell her I intend writing soon. Would it not be desirable to have the painting done while we are out? There is such a talking going forward that I hardly know what I write, so may as well conclude with dear love from all and more than I can express from thy ever affectionate
D. R.

‘Do, when thou hast time, be particular in thy accounts of the dear children. Don’t forget to let me know when thou has seen Edmund.’

‘SEATON, *July 11th*, 1800.

‘I intended writing to thee as soon as we got to this place, but thought I had better put it off till I could give a more comfortable account of my Mother, who was taken very unwell indeed the first night we came, with a severe bilious attack, attended with severe pain in her stomach and sickness. We were up all night with her, and were obliged to send Thos. off at 3 o’clock to Stockton for an apothecary, and forward to Darlington for her own. It made me very uneasy, as it was on my account she was here, and it is such a poor place that we could get nothing she wanted. However, she is now much better, and I rather expect if she is well enough she will return home to-morrow with E. D., and as we are here we may perhaps stop a week longer. The weather has been very fine, but my mother being so unwell it has taken away the pleasure we should have had. We have a very comfortable house, and I am quite well, as are the children. They have not bathed yet, but if we do not return with my mother I intend to give them a ducking if the weather should be warm and pleasant for it. Thos. is useful here, but, as thou says, short of contrivance. However, I believe he does his best. I was delighted to hear a good account of thee and the dear children. How I long to see thee. Thy

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

first letter directed to York I never got, which I regret, as it contained, I suppose, an account of thy journey and getting home. Has thou any idea what time thou shalt be at liberty to meet me on my return? I should like to know if thou canst give a guess, as after my return to D. shall only need to stay a week there and another at Sunderland (if they give us an invitation), and should then be ready to turn my face homewards, though I do not wish it sooner than is convenient to thee. I quite forgot thy being at Birm^m. at 2nd day, so suppose thou would not get my letter till seventh day night, and to my sorrow I shall not, I fear, hear from thee till then. It will seem a very long time to me. I wish I had desired Betty to write while thou was away. I hope they will all keep well. We have had two pleasant walks on the sands and among the rocks, and have a nice view of the sea from our house. We shall have a great loss if Betsy goes with my Mother, as she is our housekeeper and great contriver. However, we must manage as well as we can, but indeed I hardly know whether to stop or not, and it seems a pity, as we are here and the house taken for a fortnight from last first day, that we should not take the advantage of it. We pay 2 guineas a week for it, and have it entirely to ourselves, which is very pleasant, and my mother's maid is here—her and Thos. came down in a tax cart. Bro. T. D. has agreed on terms of partnership with the house in London, and is now at Skipton to settle everything there, and will then, I expect, come to D. for his Wife. I think she is an agreeable, sensible young woman. Thomas, our man, is going to Stockton to-day to get us some fruit if he can, and enquire for letters, tho' I do not expect any myself. We have some difficulty in getting a horse as there is none kept for hire, and as to a gig, I expect it would be quite out of the question, and Bro. S. P. has sold his horse and chair. Beck and John send their love to all. Kiss the dear children for me, and believe me as ever thine affectionately,

D. R.'

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

'SEATON, *July 13th*, 1800.

'My last letter was such an uncomfortable one that I feel anxious to write again to remove any anxiety thou might feel on our account, and am glad I have it in my power to say that my mother is so much recovered that she has concluded to stop here till the latter end of the week, when we shall all return together, which will make it much pleasanter; tho' I shall not feel quite easy for fear of her having a relapse, and Seaton is an unpleasant place to be ill at, tho' very agreeable when everybody is well and in spirits. We have had some very pleasant walks on the Sea shore, where we find plenty of sea weed but few shells. The children are delighted with standing on a little rock and seeing the water surround them; it has been almost as smooth as a river ever since we came, tho' the wind has been high. Reb^a. has taken some cold, which has occasioned a swelling of the Glands of her throat, which makes me fearful of her being much out, or of bathing her: but indeed the weather has hardly been warm enough for the latter. Beck has had a bad sty in her eye too, which has made her look very deplorable. Last night I got thy letter that thou wrote to York, and also one since; but thou art not half particular enough about the children. Thou only just said they were well; I wish thou had said they were quite well, if thou could have done it with truth, but I suppose thou wrote in haste, so shall hope for more particulars in thy next. I am vexed I did not desire Betty to write while thou was out; it makes it so long before I can hear. And do not forget to say how thou art thyself; thou mentioned being a good deal fatigued after thy journey, and 2nd Day coming just after I am sure would add to it. How much I wish thou was here; we are really badly off not having one beau among us. There is no kind of a carriage to lett at Seaton, but I intend having a chaise one day from Hartlepool that we

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

may go to see the Rocks at that place, and some that they say are much better worth seeing about 2 miles beyond. I fear this Seaton expedition will be more expensive than I expected, and I cannot tell now how to avoid it—tho' I know and am very sensible of thy kindness in not wishing me to consider expense, but I should not therefore wish to be extravagant.

'I have not time to make a better drawing of a dresser, but perhaps this will give thee some idea of such a one as I think would be convenient. It is not drawn to a scale, but I suppose it will be nearly 9 feet in length. If this should not be sufficient, perhaps in my next I may have time to do it better. Mother and sisters all unite in dear love with thy ever aff.

D. R.'

'DARLINGTON, *July 20th.*

'I fear thou wilt think I have been a long time in writing to thee, but thought I might as well put it off till our return from Seaton that I might give thee some account of our movements. We got to D. yesterday to Tea and found my mother pretty well again. She left Seaton on 2nd day as she did not seem at all comfortable in being there. A. D. returned with her. We had delightful weather while there, which made it very pleasant. Our landlord had a double horse which I rode once on the sands, but it was such a rough trotter that I preferred walking; and indeed we all enjoyed it very much. The children have got a great collection of shells—no great variety, and only common ones, but they please them very much. I have got a little seaweed, but do not know whether I shall have time to spread it. Reb^a. bathed 4 times, and was very good, tho' she did not like it. John was pretty good the first time, only he said they knocked his nose against a rock, which made him cry; but I believe that was a mistake. However the second time he was so frightened and cryed so that I

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

thought it was not worth while teasing him any more. I only bathed twice myself, for I am not violently fond of it, but the weather was so hot it quite tempted me. I was rejoiced to find a letter here from thee with so good an account of you all. I suppose thou art very busy indeed now at Ketley. Do not forget to tell me when thou hast any idea of the time thou art likely to meet me, as my movements will be in some measure regulated by it. Uncle Richard has written a letter to Reb^a. in which he says they shall be glad to see us, but unless we hear something more from them think we shall hardly go. Beck was much delighted with her letter. Do say in thy next how corn sells, and whether the folks continue quiet. I shall like to know the result of thy letter to Edmund; I cannot think what he means to do. I am disappointed that Joe does not improve more in his walking. Dear little creature, how I long to see him and all of them. It is almost three weeks now since I left them; it seems a long time. I do not think there is any probability of sister Jane's returning with me into Shropshire, as they intend, after she returns home, going to Scarborough and Thornton; and I suppose at the latter end of the year it will not be quite so *proper* her travelling. I am quite disappointed about it; sister A. D. too is in the family way; I rejoice in my freedom. The partnership that Bro. T. D. was likely to be connected in is quite at an end. They have proved to be very unprincipled people, so it was very fortunate the connection did not take place, tho' it is an awkward uncomfortable circumstance his being so long out of business. He is now very busy at Shipton taking stock; there is some young man who has agreed to take it. T. D. intends being here the latter end of this week, if he has finished by that time. Do write soon and fully; I fear thou wilt be overdone with business. Beck and John desire their love, as do my Mother and sisters. Thou need not fear my taking care of myself. Is Mr. Yonge in London, and has there been any accounts of

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

Marianne? I wrote a few lines to my sister from Seaton ; I should be glad to hear they are all well. I think the Globes, tho' not quite suitable for Will, would please his parents. Farewell, believe me ever affectionately thine,
D. R.

'I have not room to enlarge on thine received this morning, but feel much obliged to thee for it. I think what thou has said to E. D. is quite right, but I would not urge it any further, for I should think it would be better now to leave it entirely to his own feelings. A. D. is quite in spirits about it. I suppose he will go to Bath as his Aunt is there. Farewell, and do not overdo thyself with business.'

'DARLINGTON, *July 23rd.*

'Tho' I have not anything very particular to write about, yet as I know it will give thee pleasure to hear from me, do not like to defer it. Sister A. D. is anxiously waiting for a letter from Edmund. I should think he would certainly write before he left home ; I think there seems little doubt of its being renewed. However, thou has done thy part towards it. I do not know yet when we go to Sunderland, as we have heard nothing further from Uncle R. I hope the weather will be cooler before we go, for it is now uncomfortably hot—it makes me feel rather weak ; but am going to take a little Bark. I believe it is only owing to the heat of the weather—the children are very well and as brown as little gipsies with being at the seaside ; my mother, too, continues pretty well. We expect brother T. D. this afternoon ; how long he will stay I cannot tell. It is an unfortunate thing his being entirely out of business. I hope it will not be long before he hears of something. They intend being in lodgings in London till he hears of some connection.

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

Is my Aunt Sargeant come to Uncle D.'s yet? Do let me know how thou goes on in thy forlorn situation, and whether the servants seem to conduct themselves properly. I shall be rejoiced when thou canst fix the time for my return, for, pleasant as it is among my friends here, yet home is still dearer, and I seem to have been a long time away, tho' it still wants a fortnight to the time I talked of being out. Do let me know when thou hears any news of Marianne Carter, and say if thou thinks W. R. more comfortable in his mind than he was. I hope to hear from my sister soon, tho' the few lines I wrote in haste from Seaton hardly merit a reply. I do not know whether I told thee in my last that there was no likelihood of James returning with me. I suppose E. Darby is not materially unwell; did Uncle D. approve of his conduct? This letter seems nothing but questions, but hope thou wilt not think them cross questions nor give me crooked answers. I shall anxiously watch Chas. Emerson to-morrow morning in hopes of a letter; thou cannot conceive the pleasure I receive from them. We have not paid any visits since we came here, but begin this afternoon with going to M. Backhouse's. We are all pretty well and unite in dear love to thee. The children desire their love to thee, Tom, Hannah, and Joe, and all the folks in the kitchen. Farewell and write often to thy ever affectionate
D. R.'

'DARLINGTON, *July 25th*, 1800.

'It is very comfortable to me to hear by thy letter this morning that the dear children all continue so well, and hope I may conclude thou are the same, tho' thou says nothing about thyself. I did not think it had been so long since I had wrote, however, I am making up for it; I believe this is the third letter I have written to thee this week. We go to Sunderland next second day, that is my Mother, T. D. and his wife, the children and my-

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

self. I expect we shall stay till seventh day, so thou wilt direct thy next letters there. A. D. has not heard from Edmund yet, I suppose he will write from Bath. She has been sadly troubled with the earache and pain in her face, but it is rather better. Thou desires I will give thee a particular account of myself; I hardly know what to say. I feel very weak, but believe it is owing to the heat of the weather, and I daresay when it is cooler I shall regain my strength. I have begun to take Bark, and hope I shall find benefit from it. I desire thou wilt not be at all anxious about me, as there is no occasion. Has thou no idea when it is likely thou canst meet me. I could do very well as far as Sheffield as I have Thos. with me, if thou could meet me there; if not, I should not mind coming all the way, for I should be sorry for thee to come at an inconvenient time. I had almost forgot to tell thee the best part of the story, that I eat well and sleep pretty well, and do not think I am any thinner, so thou sees there is little cause for complaint. Corn has fallen considerably in this market owing, I suppose, to the great quantity imported at Newcastle. They have not got all their hay in about here yet. We have not been any excursions since we came from Seaton, and indeed we almost made a vow we never would again without a man, for we were sadly off in going to see the black rocks beyond Hartlepool, for they sent us a pair of horses that had never been in harness before that summer, and a boy who had never drove before, that we had to walk almost half way because he could not get the horses on; but now we have got my Bro. Thos., so I hope we shall get to B. Auckland when we return from Sunderland. I have nothing more particular to write about, but shall write again as soon as I get to S. if I do not before. In the meantime believe me, affectionately thine,

D. R.'

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

'DARLINGTON, *July 26th*, 1800.

Thou will be surprised to hear from me again so soon, but I write on two accounts : one is to say that our visit to Sunderland is put off, so will direct thy letters as usual till thou hears again ; my other reason for writing is that I have been afraid thou should be at all uneasy from what I said in my last, and I could not be easy without aprising thee that there is not any occasion for thee to be anxious on my account, for everybody almost complains of weakness this hot weather, and I already feel stronger than I did when I last wrote, so that I do not intend to take much more Bark. Sister A. D. is still very unwell with the complaint in her face. It comes on every night so bad as to prevent her sleeping, which makes her feel very languid in the day time ; the rest of us are all well. I had like to have forgot the reason of our visit to Sunderland being put off, which was no less than the birth of a son and heir to Cousin T. Richardson, and I suppose they will not be able to think or attend to anything else for some time, so I do not know when we shall get there. We hear there is some likelihood of Uncle R. D. being at the general meeting at Ackworth, which is next week. I hope, if he is there, he will get as far as Darlington, and it would be a nice opportunity for the children and me to travel with him, and it would save thee a journey, which I suppose thou would not be very sorry for. It is just supper time, so thou wilt excuse my saying more than that I am ever thine, D. R.

'My dear love to my Bro. and Sister when thou sees them. I was in hopes I should have heard from my sister before this. Jane returns home on second day ; Stephen sends one of his young men for her. I am quite angry at him for wanting her back so soon.'

LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

'DARLINGTON, *July 30th.*

'I fully expected a letter from thee this morning but am disappointed. I must live in hopes that to-morrow will bring me that pleasure. We have not heard yet when we are to go to Sunderland, there is such a rout about this child of Cousin Thomas's, that they seem to think of nothing else. Thou wilt be glad to hear that I am pretty well, everybody says I look better than when I first came; the children too are quite well, John not always so good as he should be, but not to find fault with on the whole. From what thou said in thy last, hope I shall see thee in a fortnight's time at the farthest, how delightful is the thought. I wrote on second day to my Father, as I thought he would hardly take it kind if I did not. I hope Ellen is busy preserving, and that she will do plenty of each kind. T. D. goes to Pomfret next Thursday to be at the sale of his Estate—I wish he may get what he expects for it—and pretty immediately after that I believe they mean to go up to London. Mother and sisters are all well and unite in dear love with thine affectionately tho' in haste,

D. R.'

'DARLINGTON, *Aug. 6th, 1800.*

'I have just received thine and am glad thou approves of my plan and can meet us at Doncaster. We shall lodge at the Inn, as there would be too many of us to be at my Aunt Smith's, Bro. T. D. being with us. Uncle R. has not fixed any time yet for our going to Sunderland, which I think is rather rude, so that if we go at all we can only make a very short visit. Mother and A. D. we shall leave there, as it would be very dull for them when we had all left him at D.; tho' sister E. is not quite sure of going, a letter from T. D. to-morrow will determine her. A. D. has got pretty well again; she has written to E. D., tho' she has not heard from him, which I think

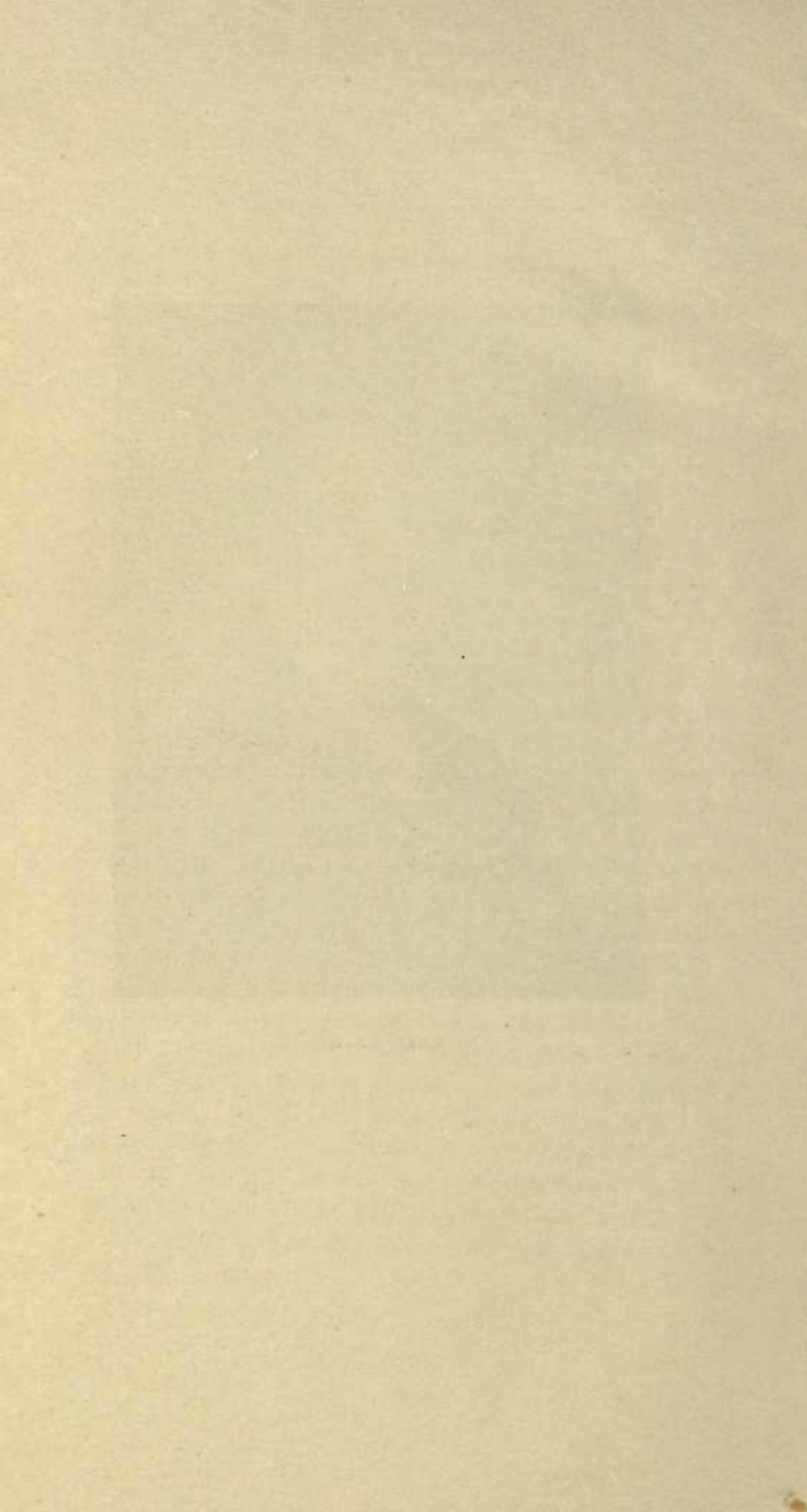
LETTERS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

there is really a great impropriety in, as it is making advances on her side that ought to come from him, and I should think would not heighten her in his opinion. Since I wrote last we have been at Bp. Auckland, which I think is a pretty little place, tho' not equal to my expectations. The children are quite well and very good, they talk much of Tom and the sweet little Joe, as they always call him ; I shall be quite at a loss what to get for them and the Bankites when I am at York. I have always forgot to ask about thy new horse. I am in hopes it is one that I can ride single from the character thou gives of it. Has thou parted with Black Bess? T. D. is gone to the sale of his Estate: I wish it may sell well. He returns on seventh day and will join us at Sunderland if we get there. One would think there never was such a thing had happened before ; there is such a rout about the child. Thou need not mind about the painting being done against we come home, for it will make no difference at all to me. I have not received any letter from my sister H. R. yet, which I am surprised at, as thou told me she had wrote. Pray is Mr. Yonge returned from London, and what news is there of Marianne? she must certainly be confined before this time. Do tell me in thy next. I think I shall not want any more money, as I have 30 Gs. left yet. I shall pay S. Priestman's bill when I am there, and had I not better pay for the coats sent to my Father. How does my sister like hers? When is my Father expected home? I have not heard from him, indeed I hardly suppose I shall. Is my sister got pretty well again? This is a queer kind of letter, for I have been talking all the time, and it is now wanted to put in the post. Mother seems rather disappointed at thy not coming to Darlington, but that cannot be helped. They all desire dear love to thee. Farewell and believe me ever thine,

D. R.'



RICHARD RATHBONE.



LAST ILLNESS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

‘Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.’

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnets*.

‘SOME EXPRESSIONS OF OUR BELOVED SISTER D. REYNOLDS IN HER LAST ILLNESS—7th Mo. 12th, 1803 [after the birth on the 5th July of her youngest son].

‘After I wrote my Letter to you on second day our dear Sister continued at times in agonizing pain till about the middle of the day; then, we suppose, the mortification began as she grew easier, and then all pain entirely left her. Her Sister H. Reynolds came to see her, which we were afraid would agitate her very much, but all feelings of that nature seemed to be over, and a calm serenity took possession of her mind. About 7 o’clock she went into a peaceful slumber which continued for an hour, but when she awoke she was for a short time delirious. She asked why we were all sitting round her—had she been ill? Presently after she said, “I know what is the matter with me, I have lost my senses.” Turning to W. Yonge,¹ who was kneeling beside her, she asked him if he thought she would ever recover them. She then said: “I have had a Brain fever and I shall not live.” Seeing me walk past the Bed, and observing I was crying, she asked what was the matter with her sister, and said, “I have not been ill.”

‘After that she lay quiet and composed, when she seemed to revive and was perfectly sensible. She recollected that it only wanted a day of it being a week since her Lying-in. She did not seem to recollect her inter-

¹ The doctor who had always attended the Reynolds family, and for whom they had a great regard.

LAST ILLNESS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

mediate sufferings, but asked him if it was possible for her to recover. Upon his giving her an evasive answer, she pressed him no further and continued a short time silent, as if to collect her thoughts; when in a clear and composed manner she said, "I shall soon be released. I have many kind Friends and have been affectionately attended during my illness." When turning to her husband she said, "I should like each of the Servants to have ten guineas a piece given them, with my love, for their attention to me. To remember me particularly to Betty Stevenson, who has been a faithful servant to the children, and I hope will continue with them." She then said, "Give my very dear love to my dear Mother, who has been a kind affectionate Mother to me. Give my dear love to my dear Sisters Betsy and Nancy, and I hope they will watch over my dear children. Give them £300 each." She desired her dear love might be given to her Brother John and Sophia, Thomas and Phebe and Stephen; and to her dear afflicted sister at the Tuckies, and her Boys. And said, "How short a time it is since she was left a Widow," (then turning to her Husband), "Thou will soon be a widower." She desired her love to her Father and Brother, and Sister Rathbone and their children, and all her Relations whose names she might not have mentioned.

'Turning to S. Appleby she said, "I have always loved thee, and have been pleased to see thee, and I hope thou will accept 50 guineas as a small token of my remembrance; and William Yonge I hope will accept the same, and I thank him for his great kindness and attention to me now and at other times; and if it would not be too great a sacrifice I should like him to attend my Funeral. Forms and Ceremonies are of no consequence in the sight of Him who judges of the heart. I am not afraid to die, for I feel an unshaken hope that I shall enter into Bliss. I have not led a bad life, but I might have lived a better. But no more will be required than there is ability to

LAST ILLNESS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

perform. And according to my ability I have endeavoured to discharge my duty as a wife and mother." Then addressing her Husband she said: "Thou hast been a fond, affectionate, kind, good Husband, and I hope I have not been a bad wife. I leave thee a sweet little Flock who, I hope, will be cared for—they have all been equally the objects of my tenderest care. They will require all thy care and attention, but I hope they will prove a comfort to thee. I should have liked to have been spared a little longer for the sake of my dear children. But I do not doubt all is right and for the best." She then desired we all would pray for her, that she might have an easy release, and took what appeared a final leave, and soon after fainted, as we thought for ever, but recovered, and in the morning bid a solemn but firm adieu to her children.¹ After that her mind seemed quite relieved, and she continued dozing the remainder of the night, frequently asking for water, as her mouth was parched. She continued to doze. Frequently, in the morning, opening her eyes in search of my Brother, on whom she continued looking till heaviness again came over her. About 11 o'clock her Father came into the Room—she knew him instantly—and after he had kissed her, and sat down by the Bed-side, she said, "Pray for me, my dear Father, that I may be preserved in patience and quietness." After that her speech was so much affected that she could not utter sufficiently clear for all to be understood. She said, "Let my dear children strew me with flowers, and as many of them as can walk to attend my Funeral"—the rest was not heard. "I wish, dear Mother"—what she meant I could not understand, she looked earnestly at my Brother and said something about his being prepared, and how sad it was for those who had not an hour's warning. She often said she wished she might be released, and asked W. Y. if he thought her sufferings could continue long. At

¹ Her last words to them were: 'Be good children, do as father tells thee, and do not play with fire.'

LAST ILLNESS OF DEBORAH REYNOLDS

8 o'clock she inquired what hour it was, and said she hoped soon all would be over. She said she hoped she had not been guilty of any rashness in her illness. About half-past 9 she seemed insensible to all suffering, and had slight convulsions. A little before all was over my Brother kissed her; she fixed her dying eyes upon him, and a sweet smile seemed on her countenance, as tho' she was perfectly sensible that it was her belov'd Husband. She laid quite free from all pain till sickness came on, and after breathing a few times more, her Prayer was fully answered, for her final close was indeed Peaceful and serene.

'A more pure Spirit was certainly never received into the Mansions of Bliss, which she seemed to have a full assurance would be her blessed experience.'

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS¹

Richd. Reynolds, Son of Richd. Reynolds and Jane, his Wife, was born in Corn Street, in the City of Bristol, the 1st of November (O.S.), in the year 1735.

1741 to 1750. Was taken as a Boarder to the School of Thos. Bennet at Pickwick, in the County of Wilts, the 11th of 2d Month, 1741, being 5 years, 5 months, and 10 days old, and continued there till the 7th Month, 1750.

Bound an Apprentice to Wm. Fry, Grocer in Castle Street, Bristol, the 18th of the 8th Month, 1750.

1757. Took up my freedom of the City of Bristol, the 14th of 5th Month, 1757, as being the son of a Freeman.

20. 5 mo. Married to Hannah, the daughter of Abrm. Darby of Coalbrook Dale, in the County of Salop, with whom I became acquainted in the 8th Month, 1756, and resided at Ketley Bank, in the parish of Wellington, having $\frac{1}{3}$ d portion the Iron Works and Coalworks there, etc., in partnership with A. Darby and Tho. Goldney.

1758. 14. 4 mo. My Son William born.

1761. 4. 5 mo. My Dauter Hannah Mary born.

¹ Written in the *Pocket Companion* for 1762.

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS

1762. 4. 1 mo. Became a partner at Horshay Iron-works by purchase from Abrm. Darby and Thos. Goldney.
24. 5 mo. My Wife died of the Measles, being but four days ill.
1763. 31. 3 mo. My father-in-law, Abrm. Darby of Coalbrook Dale, died.
6. 6 mo. Engaged to take the oversight of the Dale Works during the minority of the late A. D.'s eldest son.
24. 8 mo. Went to reside at the Dale.
1. 12 mo. Married to Rebecca Gulson, Dauter of Wm. Gulson of Coventry.
1765. 6. 3 mo. My son Richard born.
1766. 8. 3 mo. My son Michael born.
4. 9 mo. Geo. Harrison came as Tutor to my Son William at £30 p. Ann.
1768. 31. 7 mo. My son Joseph born.
5. 6 mo. Returned to Ketley, having resigned the superintendance of the Dale-works.
28. 12 mo. Thos. Goldney of Clifton died.
1769. 4. 3 mo. Geo. Harrison left my Son, and went to David Barclay in London.
8. 12 mo. My Father died at Bath.
1770. 14. 2 mo. My Son Michael died of the smallpox, aged nearly four years.
1775. 25. 3 mo. Bought Sutton Manor of Ben. Allen for £20,800.
5. 12 mo. Wm. Gulson, my Wife's Father, died.
1. 9 mo. Bought Gabl. and Ann Goldney's shares in Ketley and Horshay Iron Works.
8. A shock of an Earthquake, between ten and eleven o'clock at night.
1778. Wm. Cowles of Bristol, who married my Sister Mary, died.
1779. 11. 3 mo. Paid Benr. Allen, Esq., for Ford Farm —£7376, 12s., by S. W. & G.



RICHARD SOAK AND SOLOMON AARON, WITH THEIR WIVES AND TWENTY-TWO CHILDREN,
IMPRISONED FOR DEBT IN KING'S BENCH; RELEASED BY RICHARD REYNOLDS IN 1796.

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS

1780. 30. 10 mo. Bought the Manor of Madely for
£30,673.
£5000 to R. Darby for Shares.
1783. Acquaintance with Theo. Houlbrooke
commenced.
1785. 5. 3 mo. Went to Bath the first time for my
health. Drank the waters and
staid there about a month.
1785. 27. 5 mo. My Mother died, aged .
1786. 28. 3 mo. My Sister, Mary Cowles, married to
Thos. Beesley of Worcester.
17. 8 mo. My Dauter married at Shrewsbury to
Wm. Rathbone of Liverpool.
1787. 17. 6 mo. My Grandson, Wm. Rathbone, born.
27. 9 mo. Bot. Wat Meadow of Abm. Darby for
£500.
1788. 8. 4 mo. Bot. the Farm of J. P. Stanley for
£6750.
21. Bot. Sheepwash Meadow of A. Darby,
£800.
25. 10 mo. Went the second time to Bath for my
health, and staid till 23d. 12 mo.,
at which time my Friendship with
P. H. Gurney commenced.
2. 12 mo. My Grandson, Richd. Rathbone, born.
1789. 15. 1 mo. My Son Richard placed at Dr.
Arnold's.
5. 2 mo. Resigned my Shares in Ketley and
Horshay Iron and Coalworks to
my Sons William and Joseph.
20. 3 mo. My brother-in-law, Abm. Darby, died.
19. 2 mo. Removed from Ketley to Coalbrook
Dale.
2. 6 mo. My brother-in-law, Edwd. Gulson, died.
11. 8 mo. My brother-in-law, Willm. Rathbone,
died.
3. 11 mo. My Son William married to his Cousin
Hannah Ball.

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS

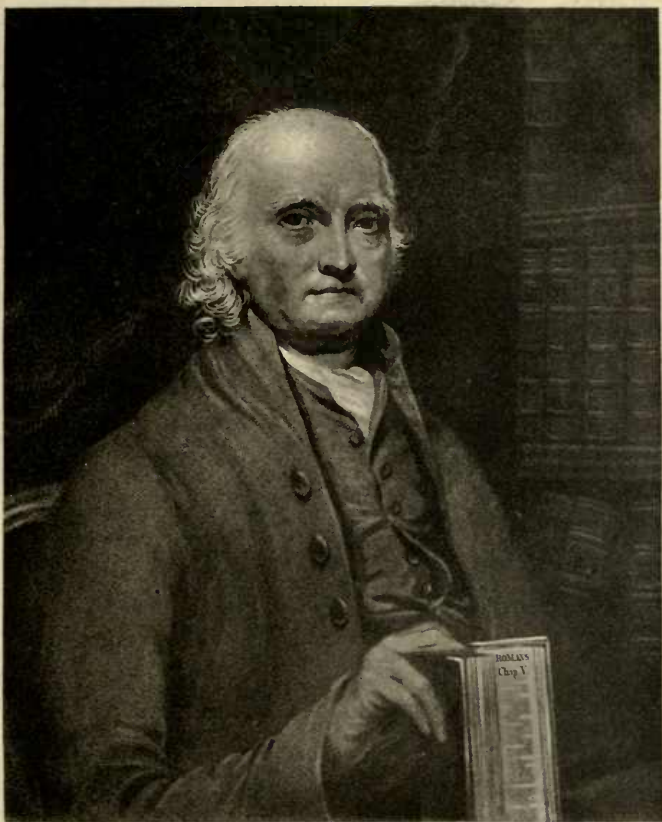
1789. 5 12 mo. Accompanied Saml. Smith of Philadelphia thro' north and South to
29. Wales so far as Caermarthen, and returned thro' Bristol, etc.
1790. 18. 8 mo. My Grandson, Wm. Reynolds, born.
28. My brother-in-law, Jos. Rathbone, died.
19. 3 mo. My brother-in-law, Jos. Ball, died.
1791. 3. 8 mo. My Grand Datr., Hannah Mary Rathbone, born.
1792. 12. 5 mo. After attending the yearly Meeting at
to 21. 6 mo. London, accompanied my Sister D. Darby and Reba. Young on a religious visit to Friends at Dunkirk, chiefly from Nantucket; returned thro' Calis.
1793. 1. 6 mo. My Grandson, Jos. Reynolds, Son of my Son William, born.
4. 7 mo. My Grandson, Jos. Rathbone, born.
30. 9 mo. Eliza Rathbone died.
16. 10 mo. My Son Josep. married to Deborah Dearman, Dauter of Jno. Dearman of Darlington.
1794. 12. 6 mo. My Grandson, Michl. Reynolds, born.
19. Abiah Darby died, at Coalbrook Dale.
1. 9 mo. My Granddaughter Rebecca (Joseph's) born.
1795. 1. 9 mo. Set out to attend upon Sarah Harrison of Philadelphia, accompanied by Sarah Birkbeck, to the Isle of Man and Whitehaven, from whence I returned with P. H. Gurney thro' Liverpool, etc., the 21st of the 10th Month.
- John Reynolds born 1795.
1796. 10. 7 mo. My Grandauter, Hannah Reynolds (Son William's), born. She died, 22d. 8 mo.

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS

1797. 12. 1 mo. My Wife's Sister, Mary Wheeler, died.
26. My brother-in-law, Thos. Beesley, died.
16. 3 mo. My Grandson, Thos. Reynolds (Joseph's), born.
1798. 4. 8 mo. My Grandson, Theodore Woolman Rathbone, born.
1798. 5. 7 mo. My Grandauter, Hannah Mary Reynolds (Joseph's), born. (Mrs. R. Rathbone.)
1799. 7 mo. My Grandson, Joseph Gulson Reynolds (Joseph's), born.
12. My Grandauter, Susanna Hannah Reynolds (William's), born. (Mrs. John Bartlett.)
1800. 26. 8 mo. My Grandson, Benson Rathbone, born.
1801. 12. 5 mo. My Grandauter Jane (Joseph's) born.
2. 8 mo. Went to Lyme, accompanied by S. A., bathed in warm seawater.
1802. 14. Dec. My Grandson, Basil Rathbone, born.
1803. 26. 3 mo. Taken ill with the Influenza.
30. My Wife taken ill of the same disorder, and died the 8th of the 4th Month—while I was confined to my Bed—and did not recover till some time in the next month.
3. 6 mo. My Son William died. Aged 45 years.
- 5? 7 mo. My Grandson William (Joseph's) born.
12. My Daughter Deborah, Joseph's Wife, died.
29. 9 mo. Paid Exrs. of my Son for land in Madely, £3086, 11s.
1804. 28. 2 mo. Left Shropshire, where I had resided since the 20th of 5th Month, 1757, very near 47 years.
1. 3 mo. Came to my House in James' Square, Bristol, accompanied by my Cousin, Sarah Allen.

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS

1804. 3. 8 mo. Went to Bridgwater in my way to Sidmouth, where I met S. Allen, and returned from thence with her to Bristol, the 25th.
7. 10 mo. Richd. Dearman of C. Dale died suddenly in the night.
30. My Grandson, Basil Rathbone, died.
1805. 27. 8 mo. Granted a Lease of the Dale Works, etc., to hold from the 1st of 7 mo. 1807, for 21 yrs. @ £720 pr. Ann., expires 1. of 7 mo., 1828.
31. 12 mo. Granted a Lease of Madely Wood Works from 1st of 7 mo., 1807, for 21 yrs. @ £620 p. Ann., etc., expires 1 of 7 mo., 1828.
1807. 17. 4 mo. Mary Rathbone died.
26. 5 mo. My Grandson, Wm. Reynolds, died, aged nr. 17.
22. 7 mo. Rudd Wheeler, my late wife's Sister's husband, died at Hitchen, in Hertford Shire.
- 12 mo. Samaritan Society instituted.
1808. 3. 2 mo. Saml. Darby, Son of S. and Deborah, died.
30. 7 mo. My Sister, Mary Beesley, died at Plymouth.
1809. 11. 2 mo. My Son-in-law, Wm. Rathbone, died at Liverpool.
25. 9 mo. R. Ball's Dauter Rebecca died.
9. 10 mo. John Birtill died.
1810. 14. 2 mo. Sister Deborah Darby died at Coalbrook Dale.
29. 3 mo. Her Son, Edmd. Darby, died at Melksham, on his way to attend the marriage of
- Began to make a collection for increasing the weekly pay to the poor in certain Almshouses in Bristol.



Rich^d. Reynolds

FATHER OF HANNAH MARY RATHBONE.

MEMORANDUM BY RICHARD REYNOLDS

1810. 30. 5 mo. Commenced a collection for augmenting the weekly pay to the Inhabitants of certain Almshouses.
- From 7. 8 mo. } At Budleigh Salterton with S. Allen,
 to 9. 9 mo. } etc.
11. 11 mo. Sarah Fox died.
1812. 13. 2 mo. Mattw. Wright died.
9. 3 mo. Ruth Smith, my late Wife's Sister, died.
1813. 3. 2 mo. My Sister, Susa Ball, died. Aged 76 years.
15. 9 mo. My Grandson, Thos. Reynolds, came to Blakmore, Reynolds & Co.'s Counting house in Redclift Street, and to board at Jno. Ailes' Corn Street.

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Letter from HANNAH DARBY, 1753.

‘COALBROOK DALE,
‘*January 19th, 1753.*

‘DEAR AUNT,—Since I wrote to thee last all nature wears a different aspect—Winter with all its Gloomy train of Wind and rain, and all the rest of the disagreeables that attends it, is now our chief prospect; but I please my self with thinking that tho’ ’tis now Winter, and perhaps it may be a long one too, yet Spring will return decorated with all its beauties to cheer the drooping minds that lives to see it. We live in hopes of one day haveing the pleasure of your agreeable Company at Sunnyside. Methinks how delightful it would be to walk with thee into fields and woods, then to go into the Dale to view the works: the stupendious Bellows whose alternate roars, like the foaming Billows, is awfull to hear; the mighty Cylinders, the wheels that carry on so many different Branches of the work, is curious to observe; the many other things which I cannot enumerate; but if thou wilt but come, I am sure thou would like it. It’s really pleasant about our hous, and so many comers and goers that we forget it’s the Country till we look out at the windows and see the woodland prospect. The beauties of a moon light night is beyond expression; but do come and see and bring my little Cousins with thee: my little Brother would be vastly glad of their Company, for he wants play fellows very much.

‘I keep that part of thy letter in my mind while I write where thou says, Do not be afraid to write to me: I am no critick that thou need be under any restraint; therefore write freely. I wish thou may not have cause to repent to use this piece of encourigment which thou hast given me, for less then that is enough to make me tyer a person for whome I have so great esteem, with my scribes. It was not because I thought thou

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was a critick that I was afraid to write (for I look upon criticks at best to be but illnated wits, which character I am sure my Aunt Thompson does not bear), but because I know there is a respect and awe which ought to be upon my mind when I write to one so much my superior in years and understanding, which there is, but I know too well I don't shew it much, neither in my writing nor conversation. It is a fault I often blame my self for, but know some of my friends is so good as to overlook it, and I belive non more so than the kind friend I am now writing to. I wish I may be so happy as to retain thy love, the enjoymnt of which is vastly more than my most ambitious thought would have given me to belive, if I had not been assured of it from thy own mouth: it is what I am very undeserving of, but I will strive all in my power to be as much more deserving as I can.

'I am very much oblig'd to my friends at Newcastle for remembering me. Please to give my best respects to them all as if nam'd. I often think of you all, and wish it had been our lot to have had such an agreeable neighbourhood.

'My Father and Mother are both pritty well, and joine me in Dear love to self and famely.—I remain thy very Sencere oblig'd niece,
HANNAH DARBY.

'Cousin jenny Desires her love, and begs excuse for not writing, but will write soon.'

Letter from HANNAH DARBY, 1753.

'COALBROOK DALE,

'June 24th (N.S.), 1753.

'DEAR AUNT,—Altho' I have not been favour'd with a line from thee since I wrote, yet as I apprehend an account of my late welsh journey will not be disagreeable to thee, I take the freedom to give thee the trouble of a second letter, and I do it with the greater pleasure as hoping it will put into thy remembrance there is still in beeing such a one as poor I, for I fear thou has quite forgot me, or surely in all this time thou would have given me the happiness of hearing from thee: for so ready a Scribe it could not be much trouble. There is nothing but the hopes of this reward can induce me to expose my own weakness so much; therefore I must beg of thee not to disapoint me

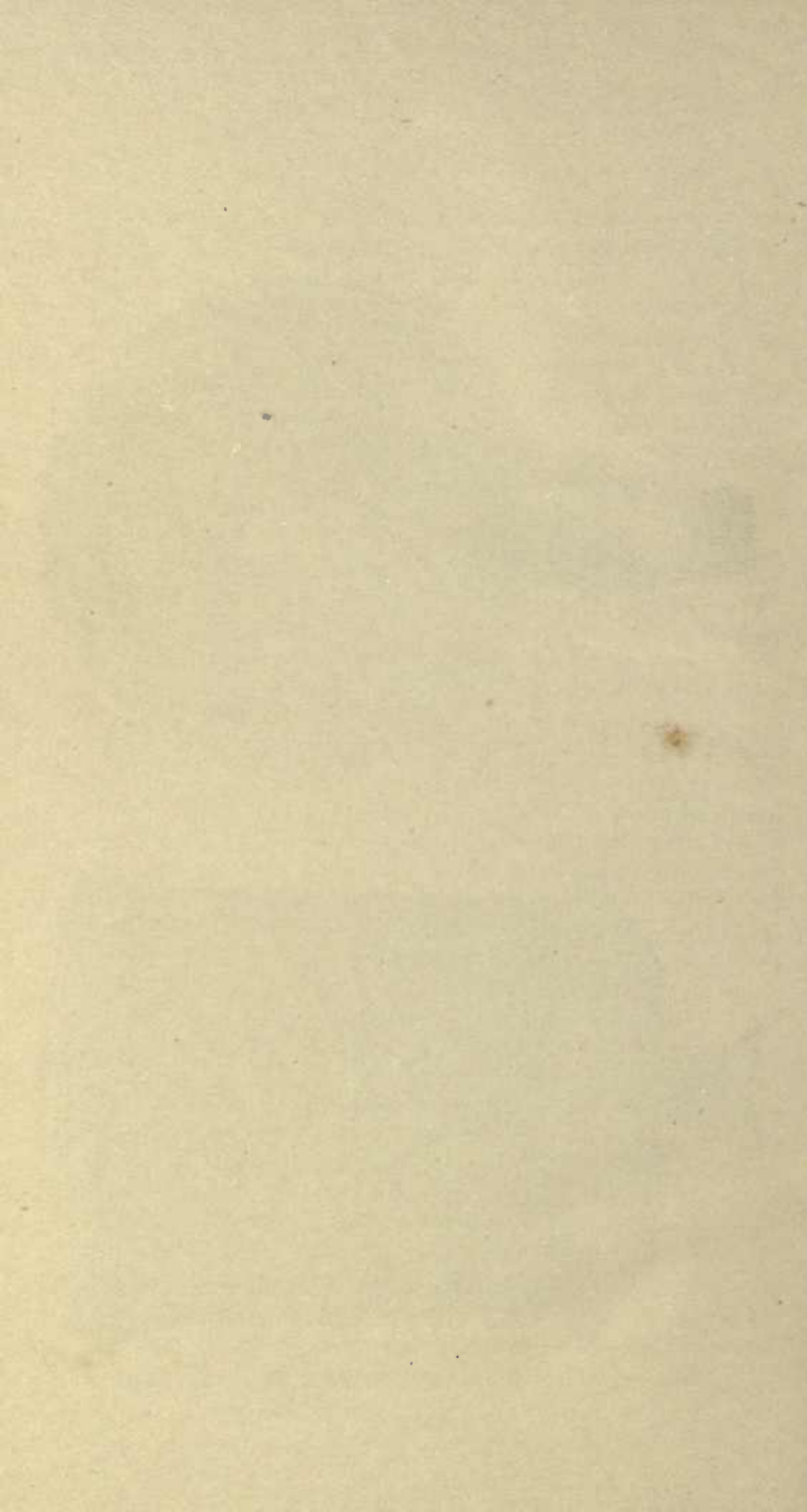
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in my expectation. But to my history. It is impossible for thee to conceive what dismal places we road along, haveing to cross over a great number of high mountains, some of them thirteen computed miles in length, which I dare say would measure thirty, and the most barren places imagination can form. Perhaps in half a day's ride we saw neither house, tree, hege, nor any liveing creature but our selves and horses and sheep (of which there is great plenty). Yet all this is but a trifle in comparison of the dismalness of the precipices and bogs, which were realy enough to frighten one out of one's witts. Sometimes we rid along places not a yard wide for the horses to tread, and perhaps a high Rock above us inaccesable, and a precipice below us a hundred yards deep, so that if the horses had given the least slip we must inevitably have been kil'd. At other times we had to ride through brooks that came rushing down the mountains with such rapidity that I was often afraid it would have carried the horses off their feet down the adjacent precipice: indeed, if it had not been for the waters comeing with such force, it would have been still dangerous, for there was some very nigh up to the horse's belly, and such large stones at the botom it was a wonder how they could get over them. Then, for the bogs, every step the horse took I expected it would sink with me. These was chiefly in the vallies, tho' now and then there was some upon the tops of the mountains, which I thought very surprising. Sometimes it was impossible for us to sit our horses, for the bogs was so close one to another, and so deep, they were oblig'd to leap over them, and the ground would be quite hollow all around us, so that when they gave a jump we could feel it shake twenty yards from them. Then amongst these desert mountains the accommodations was not much better then the roads, tho' I could much better put up with it: nay, really, I should have been quite pleas'd with it (as a novelty) had it not been for my friends haveing too great a concern how to entertain me as they say'd they could wish; and as to that I should have done well enough if they had not known who I was; for when first we went into their houses they generally look'd chearful, and seem'd pleas'd with our company, haveing been accostom'd to have publice friends viset them; and I fancy till I had taken off my rideing dress they might take me for one; but by then I had done that, and they had had a pritty



S. C. C. E.
 Given by King Charles II.
 at the Restoration
 to - Wolfe of Madely
 (with the rest)
 a debt well supporting a crown
 to oppose him, he had been secretly
 offer the defeat of Marlborough

TANKARD GIVEN BY CHARLES II TO WOLFE OF MADELY.



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good stare at me, I suppose they thought I look'd too young for that, and would immediately begin to ask who I was, where I came from, etc. etc., all which, when my friend had answer'd, I could see an alteration in their countenances: for as they all of them had either seen or heard tell of my Father, they thought to be sure if I was his Daughter I could never take up with their fare; and I was used to have work enough to persuade them I could, tho' my actions might have convinced them if I had say'd nothing, for riding and keen air together got me such a Stomach I had not much need of sauce to my meat: indeed I never saw any sort of fresh flesh meat all the time I was in that part of Wales, except once a loine of veal which look'd exceeding ordinary, and did not suit me half so well as their eggs and milk and water porige with such like diet, which was the chief of what I lived on, and thought it quite good living; and as water is my drink, I got as good there as at home; but we had something worse to combat with than this, for we was often in danger of having damp beds and linen, tho' we took what care we could to avoid it. It was a rarity to meet with a seal'd room, so that sometimes there was scarce any need of a window to let in light, there came so much in at the top, and it not only let in light, but rain: my head was one night as wet as if I had put it into water; but this I could bear very well, for I have hitherto been blest with as good a constitution as most, and I was much more concern'd for my friend than my self; for youth and health were two antidotes against these things that enabled me to go through a many inconveniences, which she, not having, could not without receiving harm. We lodg'd two nights in a pantry, or milk house, or I believe I may venture to call it both, for there was not only their milk but their provision of all sorts (or at least all the sorts they had). Then as for a floor, there was nothing but bare earth, and that so very uneven I was often through carelessness ready to tumble down. Indeed, there was one good matter belonging to the bed: we could not well catch cold when in it from the dampness of the ground, for it was so high we was oblig'd to get in and out with the assistance of a chaire. There was a Room up above us; yet as there was nothing but a ladder to go up to it, we was not willing to venture. Notwithstanding all this (Dear Aunt, can thou believe it), here was no less a person than an haire lived at this very house, one

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who I was inform'd all the young men in those parts had paid their adresses to. I could scarce tell what could be their motive. I was told by a gentleman who happen'd to be talking about her that he supposed she must have some hiden accomplishments there was but some few could see: for his part he could see none; for my part I was of a different opinion, for I thought all the accomplishments she had her fortune would make conspicuous, for there is certainly a great many charms often lyes hid which the virtue of Gold in plenty would render quite brilliant and easy to be discerned. But this is impertinence, a digresion I hope thou'll pardon. To return, I forgot to tell thee when I was amongst the bogs my horse had the misfortune to get into one very deep when I was on its back, which oblig'd me to throw my self off into the mire, and had not the guide who was with us been as quick as thought, I must have been smother'd in the bog, for the horse had no way to get out but by trampleing me under him, but the guide held his head while another that was with us help'd me out, without any hurt. There was a many more dangers we pass'd through too tedious to mention. I fancy thou art sufficiently tired with reading this long account of the disagreeable part of my journey. The first town we came to (after we got off these mountainous places) is call'd Carmarthan. It's a Sea port, an exceeding pleasant, well built town as most I have seen either in England or Wales. There is but very few friends lives there. The friend's house we were at lived a Clark with my Father two or three years ago, and knowing what I had come through he was surpris'd to see me; he scarce knew how to speake; and as for his wife, tho' she had seen me but a little while before, she say'd she thought me very like H. D., but she could not think it was her. Indeed their surprise is not at all to be wonder'd at, for I now am ready to shuder at the Idea of what I went through, and can scarce give credit to my own thoughts. The next stage we went was to Swansea. This is allso a Sea port town, and situated as much like Sunderland as any thing can be. It commands the same prospect of the Sea, and the river runs down one side of the town the same as at Sunderland; but the town it self is not at all like it. It is much larger and better houses: they are built mostly of free stone or els ruffcast, which makes it look very clean and white. There is a good many friends lives in this

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town: they are most of them very Grand and toping, but as kind as possible both to strangers and one amongst another. We stay'd there almost a week, for our friends was so over and above kind we did not know how to get away, and they wanted to perswade my friend to leave me behind her; but we was neither of us willing to part before necessity oblig'd us to do so. While I was there I went several times to pick shells upon the Sea Shore: they have some very good ones. But to conclude with the place, nothing gave me more pain in my whole journey than my friends' too great officiousness to oblige me, and striving which should outdo each other in heaping favours upon me: people that are every way so much my superiours in every thing this world can give that I often wonder they should think me worth their notice: their kindness joined to my want of merit makes me look quite silly; but this is a truth I need not tell thee nor any one that knows me. I must therefore impute my friends' kindness to me to be on the account of my parents, who (if I may be allow'd to say it without being counted vain) merit the esteem of their friends as much as most. So perhaps I, tho' unworthy my self, may receive some because they deserve it. I went through many more towns, but dare say thou begins to be as tired with reading as I am with writing. I did not think I should have wrote so much by far when I begun, for have used my pen so seldom of late it was become almost a difficulty to me to think of takeing it up. Thou will think, now I have, it is not much to me to use it; but thou once bid me write long letters, and I am willing thou should see I can obey. My Father is yet at London; mother, Brother, and Sisters are pritty well. Coz Jenny hath wean'd her son, and wants to come to Sunderland this Summer. It's well if she is not breeding again. She and Coz Fords are now exceeding kind; I wish it hold. The Dale's vastly pleasant; every prospect charms the eye; and for the ear, it is greatly entertain'd by the feather'd Choir. I wish thou would come and pertake with us of this delightful place.— I am, with all due Regard, Thy affectionate Niece,

H. DARBY.

'O, Dear Heart, what a long letter this is: I am so tired I can scarce hold up my head; but I must not forget to tell thee my mother joins me in kind love to uncle, self, and cousins,

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and all friends. She desires thee'll write soon. My pen is as bad tired as my self. Pray excuse faults. Adieu.'

TO RACHEL THOMPSON in Newcastle-upon-Tyne,
Manchester, from HANNAH DARBY.

No date.

'MY DEAR AUNT,—Being apprehensive that you may hear of the tumult which hath happen'd here, we are willing to inform you of the particulars, as such things generally gains much by carriage. The affair was this. This day week, the 8 Inst., we were somewhat alarm'd in the morning with an account that the Colliers at Broseley were rose, and our consternation was greatly increas'd soon by freesh accounts that the Madely Wood as well as our own Colliers had joyn'd them, and we plainly cou'd hear the dismal sound of blowing of horns, which is their signal. Their pretended reason for rising was to lower the price of corn, so accordingly they went in a body to Wenlock market, and there gave the farmers two hours to consider whether they wou'd sell their weat at 5s. pr. Bushel or have it took from them. Some of them refus'd the first proposition, so they took it, but did not comit any great outrage that day. The next morning they went to Shifnal market, and in their way call'd at one old justice Jourdens and oblig'd him to ride in the midst of them to the market, where they committed great outrages. They broke open houses, barns, etc., and took any thing they cou'd meet with in this day's expedition. Some of our Dale Work men was with them. The next day was Broseley market, where they were if possible worse than ever. They got into the Bakers' shops; some took bread and some threw it away. Here the gentlemen read the Proclamation. When they had done the mob gave a loud huzza, and told them they neither valu'd them nor it. And to-day they begun to visit us, both in going and coming. They behav'd pretty civil, only ask for meat and drink, which we were glad to give them to keep them quiet. They threaten'd that they would distroy the Dale works if our men wou'd not join them the next day to go to Wellington market—to prevent which my Father gave one of our Clarks 20 guinies to have given to the ringleaders had

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they offer'd such a thing, but they did not. He also deputed some of our men to stand with money in their hands to give them at our lower gate, to prevent their coming up to the house for fear of frightening my Mother. Where they were to have drink this did with a few, but the numbers increas'd so fast that they all came runing up like wild things. We imploy'd several men in carrying them pailfuls of drink. This was as they went to Wellington, where they became quite Plunderers. They not only took from them that sold any thing, but went into private people's houses and took away money, Pewter, Silver plate, or any thing they cou'd meet with. They also Plunder'd farm-houses or any out-houses they met with. They came back in droves loaded with booty, and I believe moste of them call'd at our house, but did not offer any violence. Several hundreds had meat and drink this time. We bak'd bread three days together, and sent several miles for it besides, for there was not a bit of bread nor Corn nor flour to be had for money, for some miles about, so that the Country was in the greatest destress. The mob gave themselves the title of levelers, and so they were indeed. This night the gentlemen muster'd up several hundred men to suppress them. They were all arm'd, and marched up our rail way. They made a formedable appearance. They met the mob at Ketley, and they stood three fires before they fled. That morning they had agreed to Plunder all our houses. They intended to have begun with our house, and so have gon quite through, but thro' Divine favour were prevented. They have took a many of them prisoners, and we hope it's all over, tho' we have had several alarms since. I intend to write again soon, for can't say more now. We are pretty well. All join me in love to you. Post waits.

H. DARBY.'

From JANE REYNOLDS to RICHARD REYNOLDS at
Colebrook Dale, near Bridgenorth, Shropshire.

' BATH, *March 14th*, 1765.

'DEAR SON,—It was with great pleasure we heard of thy Wife's safe delivery, and wish to hear of her increase of Health.

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As to little Son, we think it's much if he lives as he's come so untimely.

'Billey was so rejoyc'd to hear of him, his eyes, and the flush in his cheeks discover'd great pleasure. Moley caper'd and frisk'd about, and say'd she would have a Bro. from under the rosemary tree. Shee wona goe to see him till I goe with her. When I came to this place they slept in the chase, which oblig'd me to shut the windows, and lest they should take cold I had chairs—Moley and my self in one, Billey and a basket of apples in another. They were so pleas'd with this way of traveling that nothing less than a chair of their own will serve, and bille earnestly desires some of his asses' money that he may purchase one, and two Lads, when he and S. comes home, shall carry them. M. has frequently rode with me; the men say she ads much to the weight. The walk I allow them is to the pump-room and no farther, and on the parades. They was at meeting first Day, and with the help of her muf Mary behav'd well. I must use her to goe to Meeting, for I cannot with eas of mind leave her at home. The widow Bird and Daughter and R. Hetlyn came soon to pay their Complements to the Lad and Lass. Thay all see a very great likeness between thy self and him when thee was of his age. For my part, the resemblance there appears betwixt you causes me frequently to call him Dickie, and sure for bashfulness and modesty and a weak constitution there cannot be a greater likeness. His skin is Dry, wch I observe proceeds from a feverishness, and Mary is oft an hungred; she feeds and sleeps much better than him. Thay sleeps in a bed just by mine, wch gives me a pleasing knowledge how it is with them. As soon as I am rise thay generaly goe into bed to their G. . . father, unless Hana does not choose it, then Bille will not leave her. If bille was to goe to a boarding School, I don't know but I could wean Hanna from him. If I ask her to goe to the Dale, she says she wonna goe unless I goe with her. . . . I am now again desir'd to request thee to send some asses' money, and Mary desires she may have two of her Golders. I had almost forgot that whilst I was in a shop to buy some paper I had, when I came out, lost them (M. C., the maid, was with them). I bethought my self of looking in the Toy shops. In one I found them. They told the woaman they wanted a bath-chair. She was showing them some. On

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enquiry I found the price beyond their pockets. And I seems now to think I have given this relation in my last; if I have, thee may'st pray excuse it, being from a G mother to one that knows what it is to be a fond father, or I am greatly mistaken. However, this may be said, thy fondness has not hurt them; they have been kept under a very good decorum, and I hope I shall not much deviate from it. They are in all respects very desirable Children. Billey reads exceeding well. They are much admir'd—the Lad by the Ladys, and the Lass by the G. men. One of them made her a very low bow and kiss'd her hand, but Mary, unskild in those ceremonies, made no return, but jump'd and caperd away. I think it's time to end this subject with this good account, they are both mending in Health more than I could expect. . . . The Love and enquiry after Dogs and Cats must be left at this time. Dear Duty to all Relations as if nam'd, and if father and mother would live here they would never goe to the Dale.

'I have missd an opportunity of writing to Shulke this week which I intended, either by Bro. Donne or Richd. Merchant, who was appointed to attend Glastonbury Meeting. Bro. was hindered by the badness of the weather. R. M. was to attend last second Day the funeral of his Bro. Crosby, who married the Widdow Harford.

'Son Cows and Wife was here a few Days since. They left home with expectation of great pleasure with the Dear Children, but was greatly disapointed by Moley's having like a Rhumatick pain in her face. They were obliged to return, she not being able to bare any noise. My Husband is at Bristol. I shall think the time long till I hear how it is with thy Dear wife, to whom I am with thy self thy affte. Mother, J. R.'

From JANE REYNOLDS to her daughter-in-law
HANNA DARBY.

'Dec. 26th, 1777.

'DEAR HANNA,—As I understand thy father is from home I answer thy affte. Letter. Notwithstanding thy company is much desir'd, and would be particularly serviceable to me at this time, I cannot but willingly postpone that satisfaction to

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future time, hoping to have the hearing of thy father's better health, which will add great pleasure to the enjoyment of each other's company when we are together, and I greatly rejoyce to understand not only thy willingness but thy endeavor to be helpful to him in such a troublesom trying time, and am certain you will not goe without the reward of good servants, and when time shall be no more, may it be said, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. . . .

'I din'd this day at M. Cowles with son Ball. Thay sets out in a diligence for B. water to-morrow morning. I have given him an order for grocery; he has been at a shugar houses, but thay would spare him little, but as thay believ'd he never went to any shugar house they so far favour'd him, but don't care to sell any from a prospect of a great rise. J. B. is unexpectedly this hour come, and now thay sets out to-morrow. I expect the post man to call every moment, so must conclude. Intend writing soon. Farewell.'

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To her FATHER at Ketley, Shropshire, from HANNAH MARY, daughter of Joseph Reynolds, afterwards Mrs. Richard Rathbone, written when fourteen years old, while at an excellent school at Leicester kept by a Mrs. Herrick.

' December 6th, 1812.

' MY DEAR FATHER,—I just add a postscript to say I have received thy letter, and am much, much obliged to thee for it. I am very sorry to hear old Rover is dead; if dogs went to Heaven I think he would, for he was very good. Rebecca continues better. We are reading Wilberforce, and then, when Governess has abridged it a little, we all go and write out in a book what we can remember. It is very hard, though it is a very good plan to make us attentive. I am afraid thou wilt think I am not minding what thou said in thy letter to me—never to write bad, and I have really no excuse for it. Rebeca desires me to say that she was in a hurry when she wrote her letter, and besides that it is first day. Please give our dear love to all at home, and with very dear love to thyself.—I am thy affectionate Daughter,

HANNAH.

'Another *P.S.*—Governess desire to be respectfully remembered to Thee. Jumps and I are very well.'

From HANNAH MARY REYNOLDS to her sister JANE at School, on the eve of her marriage to Richard Rathbone.

' KETLEY, 7th April 1817.

'I must bid thee farewell, my very dear sister—much do I wish thou couldst have been here, but there were many reasons why my father thought thou hadst better not be sent for.

'I send thee some barley sugar representative of kisses, as I

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cannot give them thee in any other way. We used to hope we should have spent some years together at our own home, but we cannot have all—we cannot enjoy every blessing—and we shall still meet often if we live. God bless thee, my dearest child. I think of thee very often with the warmest affection.

‘Thou wilt think of us to-morrow. I trust it will be fine.¹ Give my dear love to Governess and my kindest sincerest wishes. I have still to pack up, and many little things to do. I need not ask thee to write] to me. Thou wilt, I know. Give my kind love to Katharine,² and remember me to my friends at Leceister—and the Blind woman, to whom please give the enclosed one pound note.

‘Farewell, and I pray the Eternal God to bless thee.

‘Thy ever most affectionate sister,

H. M. REYNOLDS.’

From ANN DEARMAN, who since her sister’s death had lived with Joseph Reynolds to take care of his children, written on the last page of the preceding letter to her niece Jane, the day after the wedding.

‘KETLEY, 4th day evening.

‘I must just write a few lines to tell thee that the important event took place at Shrewsbury yesterday, but instead of avoiding all noise as we expected, the Meeting Houses were both crowded, but the people behaved very quietly. Richard performed his part very well; one word I believe was all that could be heard from Hannah. R. and H. drove off in a carriage and four from the Meeting House. The Dale friends, with William, Theodore, Benson, and Hannah Rathbone, went with us to the Lion Inn, where we got some refreshments. The Rathbone men set out for Liverpool, and the rest of the friends returned with us to Ketley to dinner, and we had a very satisfactory day. The Bridecake is very different to what we ordered and expected, but such as it is you must have it, we only wish it was better.

¹ Snow fell on the wedding-day.

² Katharine Pares, afterwards wife of Robert Bickersteth, an eminent surgeon in Liverpool.

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'Rebecca means to write to thee very soon. All here send their dear love with thy affectionate Aunt, A. D.

'Tell us in thy next how much thou weighs, for Joe has quite frightened us about thy enormous increase since last summer.'

From MRS. RICHARD RATHBONE, written to her HUSBAND, when on a visit with her children at Greenbank, the house of her mother-in-law.

'GREENBANK,
'*Thursday Evening, July 1823.*

'MY DEAR LOVE,—I did not write for this evening's post, as I did not know of any way of my letter going to Town to-night. This will, I hope, find you safe at St. Michael's on Sunday Morning. I shall be most impatient to hear of you. The wind seemed very high last night, and the rain pouring down in such torrents, it was quite tremendous the noise on the skylight. We left Duke Street about 10 minutes after you, and found the Holt party consisting of four, and who at first seemed almost twice the number, for I had flattered myself they would have left. I went into the Garden about nine o'clock, and walked up and down by the Beehouse, enjoying the luxury of thinking of you, with no one near me. I fancied you standing on Deck, perhaps just losing sight of Bootle Bay. You never saw any living creature so happy as Margaret to get here. I went up into the nursery to comfort poor Dicky, who had slept all the way out, and wakened very fretful; and after having undressed him, I stripped her, and she ran padling about with her little fat round feet, and bringing her wet hands for me to kiss; laughing at the many falls she met with by losing her balance in turning round quickly, to run away again to the water. Even Dicky revived at the sight of so much glee. He had one or two fits of coughing in the night, and felt so cold I took him into my bed, which contributed much to my comfort; for my feet were so aching with cold, notwithstanding that I had wrapped them in flannel when I first lay down, that it was sometime past twelve before I could sleep; and even when he wakened me and I took him in they were not warm. To-night Dorothy will

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bring up a bottle of hot water. Theodore came home last night and brought me a letter from Willy. He is very anxious indeed that my Father should lose no time in going to London; and he wishes that every one would come to Liverpool in September, that he may not be obliged to divide his time between here and Bristol. Please to mention this to the People. The Holts, etc., went this morning, and Mama and I to meeting; after which we went to divers places. We found Mrs. Austin very unwell; she had been seized with great pain in her side last night, and had not had any sleep. When we were there she said she was able to breathe without much pain. But we thought somebody should see her, and indeed she wished it herself, so we returned to Duke St., and I wrote to Mr. B. to tell him to call as soon as he could. Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith left her this morning—very unwillingly; but they had taken their places when she was so well as to intend setting off to-morrow to join her husband, and she would not let them stay. I told Mary to go up that she might be there when Mr. Bickersteth called. We thought he might bleed her, and as she never has been bled, and the servt. so young, Mary would be more useful. Mama and Annie, after an early tea, went in the pony gig to Mr. Roscoe's. Mrs. R. has had a fall on the Kitchen floor, and Mrs. Moss gave such a poor account of her that Mama wished very much to go. They are not returned. The children are all in bed. H. M. desired I would send her love and tell you to come back. Dick said he had no message, but a minute or two after took his thumb out of his mouth and said, "but he *is* to come back." Pray try to get as much rest for your mind and body as you possibly can—much I fear you cannot, and my Father gets you into such long discussions at night; though, as he is confined to the house, I think he may contrive better now. My dear love to him and all of them; my kind remembrance and best wishes to Basil Montague. Tell him I have been thinking of his agreement—an offer, in exchange for an Infant Samuel, and ask him whether Mr. Baddams paints Holy Families. Do you remember a Virgin and Child, that was Mr. Roscoe's, by Andrea del Sarto, sold somewhere in London? We saw it together in a small room at the Institution—very, very beautiful—or a painting like that which Mr. Hargreaves has: an Angel, of Guido—that I was so enraptured with. He will, I am sure,

APPENDIX II

think me very conceited to rate my poor performance at so high a valuation, but he made the offer himself.

‘They are come back, and found Mrs. Roscoe down stairs, and Mama thought her better than usual. I went into the Shower Bath this morning. I must send my letter by Benson in the morning, so cannot keep it till we know whether there are any letters. I forgot to tell you I saw Anna Hodgson on Monday, who desired love, etc., to her Sisters when you saw them. They gave a good acct. of Mary Benson, though Abigail said she had never seen her so weak. I am trying to wait as patiently as I can, but the time will seem to be very long before I can hear. Do not forget Mrs. Pearson, if you go to Bath. God bless you and preserve you, my very dear Husband, and best Friend.—Yours ever,
H. M. R.

‘Friday M.—All well; Richd. is better now.’

Copy Letter from MESSRS. LONGMAN to MRS. RICHARD RATHBONE of Woodcroft (by whom the previous letter was written), daughter-in-law of Mrs. Rathbone of Greenbank, on presenting her with a copy of her book, *The Diary of Lady Willoughby*, of which they were the publishers—printed on vellum, and bound in crimson velvet with silver clasps.

‘LONDON, April 21st, 1845.

‘DEAR MADAM,—We beg your acceptance of a copy of the second edition of your delightful Diary, printed on vellum.

‘We hope you will regard it as a small token of our respect for your talents, and as a memento of the gratification we have derived from having been the publishers of your work.

‘We are, dear Madam, very faithfully yours,
(signed) LONGMAN & Co.’

‘To Mrs. Richard Rathbone,
‘Woodcroft, Liverpool.’

APPENDIX III

Letter to MRS. RATHBONE of Greenbank from
LADY ISABELLA DOUGLAS.

BARNES, *May 26th*, 1827.

‘MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was delighted with the sight of your last letter to Mrs. Houlbrooke. It took me completely to Woodcroft, and I think I see it now almost as perfectly as if I were again on the spot. I am so happy to hear of its continued good effects on the health and spirits of its dear Inmates. I had not a doubt of the improvement that would appear immediately on planting up the old gate. I hope the hedge that was moved at the new one is healthy and thriving. In the course of another season I am sure the place will appear as secluded as can be wished, and will rapidly advance in beauty every year.

‘I may now remind Mrs. Richd. of her kind promise of sending me a companion for Greenbank. I hope she will not allow this summer to pass without taking it, and it may be an amusement to herself to see how different a drawing she will have to make a few years hence. I shall be able, I hope, to contrive some way of its reaching me before the Autumn is over, tho’ at present I know of no certain opportunity. Since I came home I have never told you of anything going on here. I found *my annoyance*, the road, formed and nearly completed quite up to the corner of my garden wall—and the Bridge in such forwardness that ’tis reported it is to be opened in July. But the Bridge Company is such an ill assorted mixture that it has had almost as many minds as proprietors, and do nothing but squabble, till the designing ones take advantage of that, to get things their own way, entirely losing sight of the only probable benefit to the public—so instead of carrying the road in a direct line from the Bridge, across the Common to join the other great roads, they have altered this first plan, at greater expense, till they have bent it to touch the corner of my garden wall, where it stops—and now they are on the plan of getting another set to enable them to turn it sharp round by the front of my house and

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along our private lane up to the village—planning the encroachment on a great deal of private property which will cost them an immense sum. Among others they propose to round the corner off my garden just opposite to the drawing-room windows, to make their turn easier, and to give me there the amusement of the noise and dust of all the stage coaches and market carts that pass, and modestly asked my concurrence, as an improvement to the property! I told them I should oppose it with the weight of all my friends to the utmost of my power. 'Tis bad enough to be compelled to suffer that noise along one side of the garden—even if they should still have to carry it only by the Common.

'In the midst of this, however, I find it is not unlikely that I may get a small bit of field—of an acre or two at most—but this would do to give a walk to a cow or horse—and the possibility of obtaining this has again turned my thoughts towards your very kind tho' neglected offer. May I ask the fate of the young Alderney you so kindly offered me? Has she gone to any other friend, or have you made any arrangement to keep her for yourself? It will probably be towards Michaelmas before I could hope to have the ground properly fenced, even if I get the promise earlier, of which I am not yet quite certain. I think you talked of a Calf a year younger than that one—which would probably now suit you better to part with, by delaying till another season. I only hope you will answer me honestly (if that is possible for you to do, where kindness to a friend is in question), whether there would be any degree of inconvenience to you in parting with either the one or the other, and which you would prefer, if any. If I could have privately enquired this in any other way I would have done it, but your whole household I am sorry to say has that same failing, a very unusual one, that of thinking of their friends' interest before their own.

'Is there no hope of tempting you up for a few weeks to this quarter, to indulge the friends who love you so dearly? When could you ever do it so easily? You and Hannah both well and disengaged, all your family well in their various dwellings—and Greenbank not at present desirably habitable. If you deliberate for weeks, you will every day find some new objection; but what in reality is there to hinder you from determining at once, and packing up and setting off in twenty-four hours? You may be back again by the time you would deliberately resolve

APPENDIX III

not to go—and have given your friends a happiness they have often longed for in vain. I am speaking for Mrs. Houlbrooke as well as myself from knowing her feelings—for 'tis long since she has given up saying anything on the subject, tho' so near her heart. She is now so greatly better that she could have real enjoyment of your society, and between the one house and the other (trusting that you would consider both as equally your home) I hope you might pass a few weeks not unpleasantly—and have time to give a few days occasionally to other friends who might claim a sight of you. I hope my dear Hannah will not be the one to object to this little trip.

'I must try to inlist dear Richard on my side. After your kind attention to him in his widowed state, he so well knows the delight of your society, that when he gets his Hannah Mary back again he should be generous, and try to bestow the same pleasure on his true friends. Tell him so from me.

'I forgot to add to Mrs. R. that when she does the little drawing for me (there is an errand for you, to bring me that!) she must give me little Basil and his wheelbarrow in the corner, as I saw him so busy one day.

'Now shall I say adieu—lest I should tire you with a long letter and so little worth in it—one thing, however, I trust you will believe the sincerety with which I wish you could possibly be prevailed on to think of this little jaunt up to your truly affectionate

I. DOUGLAS.'

Letter from LADY ISABELLA DOUGLAS to MRS. RATHBONE of Greenbank.

'BARNES, *July 12th*, 1828.

'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had the pleasure of seeing your son yesterday for a few minutes. I don't know when I have seen him looking so well and cheerful. He gave me an excellent acct. of you all. The only thing to regret was the possibility that you might have been of the party—but you seem determined never to come near us. Your last year's jaunt answered so well that it might have tempted you to take a shorter and easier trip under his protecting care. How happy I should have been to see you and Hannah under this roof, tho' it had only been for a day or two. Often and often I think of dear

APPENDIX III

Greenbank, and I have many times this season wished myself there, tho' various circumstances have united to prevent my moving from home this season, as I once thought I might have done for a short time.

'I have caught at an inducement to begin a letter to-day, for really, my dear friend, I have gone so far beyond the possibility of any excuse for my delay in acknowledging your last letter and beautiful present, that I have not known how to begin, and so have made bad worse. When Mrs. Nr. brought them in, I said it would not be in my power to write the next day, as she was going to do, but that I would in a very few days—feeling it deserved a very different acknowledgt. from a mere message. I *was* unavoidably prevented that week, but *how* I omitted to make it the first letter I wrote I really cannot say; and I afterwards was too much ashamed of my negligence to know what to say. Indeed, there was an addl. cessation occasioned by my usual procrastination; for when dear Hannah first told me of the beginning work, I intended to write immediately to ask leave to be a subscriber—and this I put off till the sight of your kind remembrance reproached my delay. They are indeed very beautiful, and executed with great spirit, and I am sure the working of them must have been a great amusement to her. How I rejoice that her health and spirits have been so much improved by their country residence. I promise myself much pleasure in seeing its improved state whenever that happy day comes, however distant it may be. Does dear H. M. remember a promise she made me, or will she now think me deserving of it—a little pencil sketch of Woodcroft as a companion to dear Greenbank? This is the time for it, while the trees are in leaf and all gay; and I wish I could see the little happy group on the lawn in it. I have little Basil with his wheelbarrow before me now, as he was two years ago; now he will be very different.

'I am sure dearest Hannah has felt for her friend Maria Stewart in her sudden bereavement—for severe and protracted illness, instead of preparing, often removes fear to a greater distance. I have heard very favourable accts. both of her and her mother, thro' mutual friends, but I hope soon to have something from herself, and I shall write to Hannah as soon as I can say anything more particular about them.

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‘Adieu now, my dear friend, Ever most truly yours, however
idle in telling you so, I. DOUGLAS.’

Part of a letter from MR. ROSCOE of Allerton Hall
to MRS. RATHBONE of Greenbank.

November 5th, 1828.

‘MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I return you Mr. Audubon’s entertaining letter with many thanks for the perusal. When you and all your families have inspected Redouté’s drawings of Flocum, which Mr. Audubon promises to send, I shall be glad to be favoured with a sight of them.

‘Herewith I send you a specimen of the pods of the great Louisiana Bean, the seed of which was brought by Mr. Audubon, one of which I gave to the gardener at Knowsley, where it has produced its fruit, which is now about half grown.

‘Another I sent to the Botanic Gardens at Calcutta, (also vegetables), but notwithstanding the warmth of the climate, it did not produce its fruit.

‘I have heard from Dr. Wallich, who is safely arrived with Mrs. Wallich and his family at his house at Turnham Green, near London. He particularly desires to be respectfully remembered to you, although he does not know how to spell your name.

‘I shall not attempt to describe my feelings on Monday when I found you had called, and I had been prevented seeing you. I consider this as the completion of my misfortunes, and having survived it, begin to think I have some chance of recovery.’

(The remainder is lost.)

From ‘HANNAH’ RATHBONE to BESSY GREG.

GREENBANK, January 1st, 1809.

‘I am sure, my dear Bessy, you have no idea how my time is taken up, or would not expect long or many letters from me. Perhaps you do not know how ill my father has been, and still continues; but when I tell you that since the 6th November he has never left his room, and the little room adjoining, until last Wednesday, when he was carried into the room where you slept

APPENDIX III

in, it will give you some idea of the weak state he must be in. . . . I am never sure for five minutes of sitting down to anything; and this is not all. My father has often been so alarmingly ill as to deprive me of all power or will to write, even to you, and we have, notwithstanding, had company most of the time in the house. . . .

'9th.—I get on very slowly. My father is better, but I dare say to-day will throw himself back with over exertion, this beyond anything I ever felt is hard to bear (for though a child I cannot but call it so), after suffering so deeply as we all have done, to see that by imprudence he keeps himself back, and worse than that. . . .

'Have you seen Campbell's new poems?

'I have to-day sent for Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady." I could read her "Letters from the Mountains" over and over again. There are so many books I wish to read, that when I have finished one, I don't know which to begin next. Have not you a course of reading that Mr. Smyth wrote for you? I wish you would sometime let me see it. I think if I had nothing else to do I could sit and read from ten o'clock in the morning till ten at night. . . .

'We have seen nothing of your brothers, and I begin to fear they will not come to Liverpool these holidays, which I shall be vexed at, for I have set my heart on seeing Thomas, whom I am sure I shall like from all I have heard. . . .

'As it is now fixed, I believe, for Mary Anne (Greg) not to go to Russell Square, I hope you will come home at the time first fixed, for I long to see you again. When shall we spend as much time together as we did last Autumn? But I look back with regret, as I have always reason to do, because I think I did not enjoy my pleasure as I might have done. . . .

'If it won't alarm you to receive a letter from a young gentleman, I am going to leave the other end for your cotton-broker, that he may give you some information about your cotton spec. We are all very much grieved that it is, at present at least, so unfavourable. Though I must confess I should pray for the embargo to be taken off with all convenient speed, the distress about Manchester is, we are told, very great. . . .

'With part of my cotton spec. I wish to get a Printing press. . . . I think Richard will not go to London this spring, he has

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been kept so much from the office by my father's illness; he will not like to ask. . . . The boys, and my brothers, all desire their best love to you. . . .

'Now believe me, ever your affecte. friend, H. R.'

From RICHARD RATHBONE.

'I ought to address you as a *merchant*. I *wish* to do it as a *friend*—if you would not think the latter too great a liberty. I shall write to Mrs. Greg to-morrow. I have been very uncomfortable about your cotton spec., but hope from the news just received it may yet turn out well. I should not have forgiven myself if you had lost through my ill-judged zeal for your interest. I am almost afraid you will think me impertinent for this freedom, but I have known you so long, and felt so much regard for all your family, I could not resist the temptation of Annie's permission to fill one end. How dear you are to all of us you will perhaps never know. If I have presumed, it is because you have not a warmer friend in the world than your obliged and *most* grateful, RICHD. RATHBONE.'

Addressed to—

Miss Greg,
Jas. Warre, Esqre.,
Hendon Place, London.

APPENDIX IV

SHORT NOTICE OF DR. RUTTER

DR. RUTTER, who died in October 1838, was a first cousin of William Rathbone's, and always welcomed at Greenbank as a friend as well as professionally. He was a man of such great worth, such distinguished abilities, so devoted in his professional attendance to W. R., not only during his last illness, but for many years previously, it seems only right to quote the following tribute to his memory from the pen of his relative, H. F. Chorley, (to whom Greenbank was as a second home).

Chorley writes :¹ 'God never created a more noble-hearted, generous man. Few have been more zealous in their calling. . . . A dread of the shame of debts, an excellent liberality in his profession, a curious mixture of personal modesty and sagacious decisions in his medical practice, possibly, too, his handsome person, established him in his birthplace, after years of probation, as first physician. . . . Born, and remaining till his decease, a member of the Society of Friends, he had nothing in common with their habits and requirements. He read what he pleased, dressed as he pleased, and for relaxation became a keen whist player. At my father's death he came forward to stand betwixt my mother (his half-sister), with her four children, and penury.'

¹ *Memoir of H. F. Chorley*, by G. H. Hewlett.

APPENDIX V

SHROPSHIRE AND LIVERPOOL HOUSES

DALE HOUSE, Coalbrookdale, usually called the Dale, was the home of Hannah Darby before her marriage. After the death of her father Abraham Darby in 1763, Richard Reynolds, who was then living at Ketley Bank, known as the Bank, or Bank House, came to reside at the Dale, returning in 1768 to Ketley Bank, and in 1789 came again to the Dale.

At Sunnyside, about half a mile from the Dale, lived Abraham Darby's son Abraham, (by his second wife).

In 1789 Richard Reynolds's son William, on his marriage to his cousin Hannah Darby, went to live at the Bank. About 1796 he removed from there to the 'Tuckie's House' in the Parish of Broseley, where he died in 1803—his widow and children returned to the Bank. At Ketley Hill, known as Ketley, Joseph Reynolds lived, and here H. M. R., his half-sister, used to stay after her father had left Shropshire, and gone to live at Bristol. Ketley Bank and Ketley Hill were about three-quarters of a mile apart, the grounds contiguous, and at a distance of five miles from the Dale. Lincoln Hill was high ground on the Coalbrookdale Estate, well wooded and with a beautiful view of the Wrekin and surrounding country.

As to the Liverpool Houses it is difficult to make out from the diaries where the different families lived—possibly some clearer information may come to light—but I cannot find out anything more at present. Cornhill, so often mentioned, was close to the docks. When W. and H. M. R. were first married they lived at Liver Street. His father was at Cornhill, and seems afterwards to have removed to Pitt Street. W. R. probably then went to Cornhill, which he kept as a town house, Greenbank being his country residence. Robert and Sarah Benson lived at one time in York Street. After her husband's death she and her children moved to a house in Lodge Lane.

APPENDIX IV

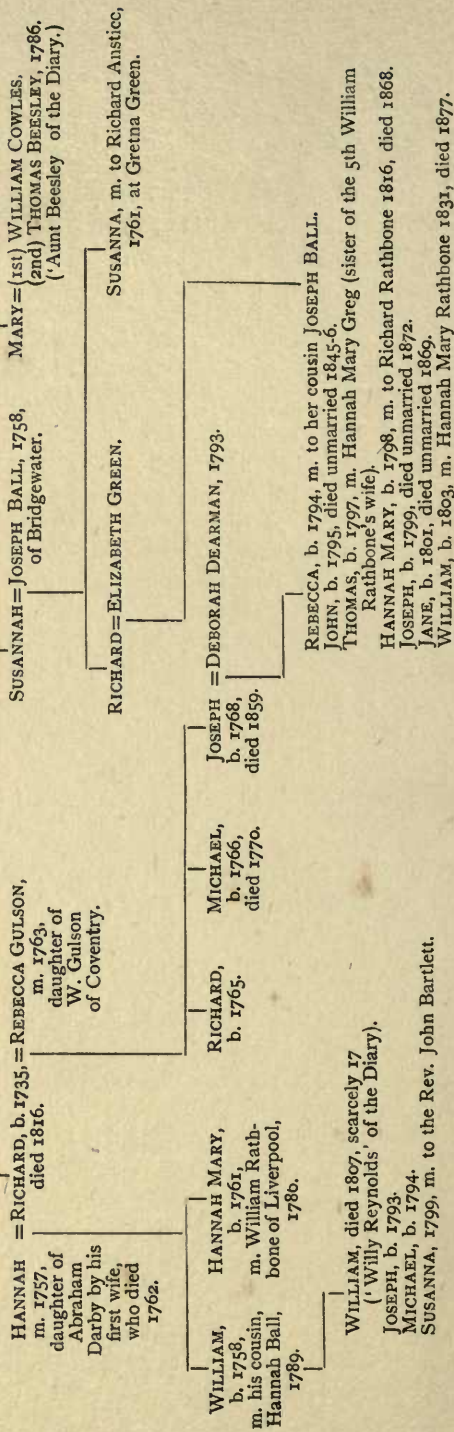
Thurloe Street was another family house, perhaps Joseph Rathbone's? And where did Penelope and Martha Rathbone live (W. R.'s step-aunts)? I much regret not being able to give more definite information as to all these houses, and the families who lived in each.

APPENDIX VI

REYNOLDS-RATHBONE FAMILIES AND MARRIAGES

REYNOLDS

RICHARD REYNOLDS = JANE DONNE, 1734.



APPENDIX VII

REYNOLDS-RATHBONE FAMILIES AND MARRIAGES

RATHBONE

Step-sisters to W. R.

RACHEL RUTTER = WILLIAM = MARGARET FLETCHER,
1st wife, died 1761; b. 1726, 2nd wife, 1761.
her brother's son died 1789.
was 'Dr. Rutter'
of the Diary.

MARTHA, PENELOPE, ELIZABETH = to PETER FAWCETT,
died 1799, died 1814, and to — SWINTON.
aged 63. aged 71.

His Step-brother
JOSEPH = MARY DARBY,
daughter of Abraham
Darby by his second wife,
step-sister to Hannah
Darby Reynolds
(' Uncle and Aunt Rath-
bone ' of the Diary),
died 1790.

WILLIAM = HANNAH MARY REYNOLDS, 17th August 1786.
b. 1757, b. 1761,
died 1809. died 1839.

SARAH RATHBONE,
married in 1781 to Robert Benson.
(' Brother and Sister Benson '
of the Diary.)

ELIZABETH,
died 1793.
(' E. R., Bessy, Betsy '
of the Diary.)

WILLIAM, b. 1787, died 1868, m. Elizabeth Greg 1812 (' Bessy Greg ' of the Diary), daughter of Samuel Greg of Quarrybank.
RICHARD, b. 1788, died 1860, m. Hannah Mary Reynolds 1816, daughter of Joseph Reynolds of Ketley.
JOSEPH and THEOPHILUS died in infancy.

HANNAH MARY, b. 1791, died 1865 (' Hannah ' of the Diary, and afterwards ' Annie '), m. to William Reynolds in 1831, son of Joseph Reynolds.
THEODORE WOOLMAN, b. 1798, died 1863, m. Lucy Pearson 1826, daughter of ' Edward and Lucy Pearson ' of the Diary.
BENSON, b. 1800, died from a coach accident in 1834, at Geldestone, Norfolk.
BASIL, b. 1802, died 1804.

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