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John Byrom

*Engraved by J. Pilselwhite, from a miniature in the possession of Miss Atherton.*



REMAINS.  
HISTORICAL & LITERARY  
CONNECTED WITH THE PALATINE COUNTIES OF  
LANCASTER AND CHESTER,

PUBLISHED BY  
THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.

VOL. XXXII.

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M.DCCC.LIV.







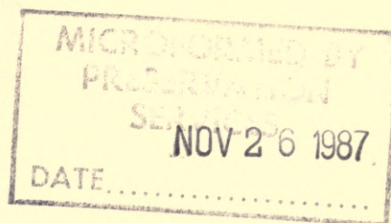
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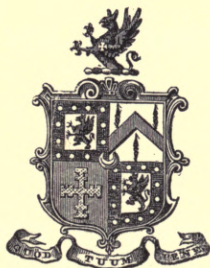
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THE  
PRIVATE JOURNAL  
AND  
LITERARY REMAINS  
OF  
JOHN BYROM.

EDITED BY  
RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D., F.S.A.,  
PRINCIPAL OF SAINT BEES COLLEGE, AND  
CANON OF MANCHESTER.

VOL. I. — PART I.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY.  
M.DCCC.LIV.





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## INTRODUCTION.

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SOME explanation is due to the Members of the CHETHAM SOCIETY as to the reasons which have delayed the issue of this long promised work; a delay which will doubtless be the more satisfactory, as it now appears in a much more complete and extended form than if the original plan had been strictly adhered to.

It is now many years ago since the Editor, honoured by the friendship of the present possessor of Kersall Cell, was liberally permitted to examine at leisure the literary treasures of her ancestor, then scattered in unarranged confusion throughout the ancient and somewhat non-descript rooms of her two family residences of Kersall and Quay Street. Having in very early life imbibed a thorough veneration for the writings and character of her great ancestor, it was with much delight that he found that not only was his collection of books, a curious picture of his mind and character, almost intact, but that among them were copies of some of his poems which he had printed



in his lifetime, and had thereby afforded the best evidence that he did not think them unworthy of public perusal. These had been omitted in the publication of his works by his friend Mr. Houghton, principally, no doubt, because they were chiefly of a local character, and were deemed by him on that account to have lost much of their public interest.

On the commencement of the CHETHAM SOCIETY it struck the Editor that the republication of these Remains, as the production of one who was so great an ornament to the place of its origin, would be exceedingly apposite to its professed object, while their local character would be found a recommendation rather than otherwise to their forming one of such a Society's publications. To this suggestion the present owner kindly acceded, and the issuing of these Remains was accordingly one of the earliest of the Society's announcements. Circumstances, however, soon occurred, which seemed to show that the speedy execution of this promise would be an act of injustice both to the author and the Society. It is surprising to observe how soon an author once so celebrated in the literature of his country, and many of whose writings had made so indelible an impression on the memories of even the present generation, had passed away from recollection, and how entirely his personal history — as it now appears, so curious, and so mixed up with that of the leading literary and political characters of his time — had been forgotten. His own assumed name of "John Shadow" seemed to be prophetic of his fate. Further search, however, gradually revealed him once more to

sight; and his correspondence with others, slowly and at wide intervals coming out to view, proved that this "shadow" had once a very substantial and influential existence. His acquaintance with Bentley and Warburton and Law and Wesley was indeed known, as a matter of fact, to literary men; but his influence with and over them, and the energetic and manly part which he performed towards them in the highest exercise of their literary and intellectual powers, was not even conjectured by the world.

These facts, however, have but gradually developed themselves to our view. Indeed, all *hope* of more can hardly yet be said to have wholly ceased. To explain this, it must be stated, that the two old residences of Kersall and Quay Street are admirably adapted both to *keep* and to *conceal* such treasures. Both these mansions have been happily furnished by their provident builders with a series of *attics*, endless and labyrinthine, and stored with an accumulation of unexplored chests and unfathomable boxes — such furniture as might reasonably be expected in houses so well calculated for its reception, and which have been inhabited by ladies for at least two long generations! The excellent owner of them, excited in the chase both by a love of the object and by the success which occasionally rewarded her labours, has been indefatigable in *unearthing* (if such a term may be applied to these *attic* pursuits) these long concealed treasures; and the result has been — certainly a delay in this publication — but an accumulation of materials for it which has entirely changed its whole character.



Perhaps the most interesting part of the discoveries, to us who were engaged in the pursuit, were the memoranda of his studies, written in books of every possible shape, and in handwritings of every conceivable character — but always shewing a power of manipulation perhaps unrivalled by any other professor of the art of calligraphy. These exhibit the extent, the variety, and the accuracy of his literary studies in a very striking, indeed an amazing point of view. There seems to have been hardly any language, of which the literature was of any value, which he did not thoroughly master; and his writing of Hebrew, Arabic, &c., was such as the graver might vainly attempt to imitate. Nor was there any scientific or other literary question agitated by scholars in his day, into which he did not heartily enter. But *these* journals, from their very nature as well as their extent, it is quite impossible to do justice to by any attempt at publication. They remain as wonderful memorials of “the industry of an idle man.”

Another series of journals, however, gradually developed themselves, of a very different character. These contained the daily jottings of his *doings* from day to day, confining themselves to simple facts, and omitting, almost entirely, any remarks or reflections on these facts, such as are in general found in memoranda of this nature. Here the Editor thought that they had discovered a treasure—a treasure such as our printed literature can hardly parallel. We have, it is true, abundance of private journals in our libraries—the Editor has himself been privileged to issue two such for this Society—both of them full of character and

interest; but, as it seems to him, they, and such as they, differ essentially from this, both in character and value. It is not easy to call to mind a journal, private as it may profess to be, excepting *perhaps* that of Pepys, which has been undeniably written without some view to a possible reader. The writer, though in his dressing-gown and slippers, still seems to feel that some privileged friend may by some possible chance rush in upon his privacy, and so he arranges his undress with some (perhaps unconscious) view to such a casualty. But about the utterly private object of *this* journal of Byrom's there can be no mistake whatever. It is clearly nothing but his memoranda from day to day of what he did daily, omitting all those little self-laudatory, or self-condemning remarks, which no journalist can *help*, who feels that others may hereafter sit in judgment on the naked facts of his life exactly as they occurred. *This*, in the Editor's view, is *real* biography — such as we would give worlds to possess of all those great men that have come down to us in the disguise which their own self-love or the affection of admirers has thrown around their history.

It may easily be supposed that it was not without some feeling of reluctance that a representative of his house and guardian of his fame gave her consent to this public exhibition of one whose character she so justly prizes and would deeply grieve to injure. The Editor, however, has ventured to give his solemn assurance that no such effect can be produced on any sound-judging mind; but that, on the contrary, those who delight in the exhibition of



honesty and truth will feel highly gratified by this simple narrative of the daily doings of an extraordinary man; will see in it a most vivid picture of some peculiar forms of life prevalent in that day, and now passed away for ever; and will not fail to appreciate the great ability, the lively alacrity, and, above all, the high tone of religious and moral feeling which he blended with, and by which he influenced, the various and often curious classes of society among which it was his fortune to live. But it is not necessary, in the present stage of the publication, to enlarge upon a character which is here so artlessly because incidentally developed, and which the reader will find it an interesting mental occupation to trace out for himself. The Editor indeed considers it a high privilege for the CHETHAM SOCIETY that it should have the opportunity of thus reviving the public recollection of one of our most distinguished British classics; one who had no precursor, and has had no successor, in his peculiar line of composition; whose learning was equal to his originality; and whose mental powers and personal character were alike an honour to the English nation.

Another difficulty, however, in the way of publication, still remains to be explained. His daily journal, and indeed many of his other interesting memoranda, were shrouded in the obscurity of his own shorthand. Now Byrom's system, though the most scientific, and in fact the parent of all other sound systems, has been in practice superseded by others which experience has shown to have greater facility of execution to recommend them. It had, consequently, been

well-nigh forgotten. This difficulty, however, has been happily overcome by the aid of MISS BOLGER, who has been long a resident in the household of MISS ATHERTON, who has taught herself the art of deciphering these hitherto unintelligible memoranda, and to whose indefatigable labour and great accuracy the Editor and the Society are alike indebted for the transcription of these journals for the press, and indeed for valuable assistance throughout the whole course of the publication. The Editor, indeed, looks upon himself simply as the discoverer of this literary California; the working of the mine has been chiefly in the hands of his friends. To them, therefore, his sincerest thanks are due: first, to HER who has so kindly opened her family treasures for the use and gratification of this Society; secondly, to MISS BOLGER, for the labour and skill displayed in deciphering and transcribing these voluminous manuscripts; thirdly, to Mr. RAINES, for his great assistance in those genealogical illustrations which he has so willingly poured forth from the depths of the unfathomable, and, it is to be hoped, endless tomes known to the world by the mysterious title of "*Lanc. MSS.*"; and lastly, to the learned PRESIDENT of the Society, — from whom, as from the centre of our system, we lesser stars draw light, — for his unvarying and invaluable assistance.

The last observation which seems necessary is one which, the Editor feels assured, will be received with feelings of heartfelt gratitude by one at least of the members of our Society — the worthy Treasurer. MISS ATHERTON, while she commits the literary reputation of her ancestor to the



care of the CHETHAM SOCIETY, would regret to involve them in any *other* responsibility. The book and its contents are alike *a present* to the Society.

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The Editor cannot conclude without drawing the attention of the Society to the admirable portrait of Byrom, in his undergraduate days, which accompanies and illustrates this volume. It is the only authentic likeness of him which exists, and must displace for ever that wretched caricature of his old age (never meant for other than a caricature) which has been suffered to disfigure the Leeds edition of his Poems. The "purple light" of youth, together with the graceful mixture of natural shrewdness, of elevated sentiment, and devotional fervour which so happily characterized the author of "My time, O ye muses," shine forth in every line of it.

R. P.

SAINT BEES PRIORY,  
MAY 1, 1854.

# R E M A I N S

OF

## JOHN BYROM.

---

[Born February 29th, 1691. Educated at Chester up to this time, when he wrote from Merchant Tailors' School.]

*John Byrom to his Father.*

London, Jan. 10th, 1707.

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir: I cannot but with great thankfulness reflect upon your kindness to me in every particular, and chiefly in that of my education,—so agreeable to that of my inclination. You were pleased to say in one of your late letters, that now I had set you right, and we might either wait for election or think upon some way else, one of which I think should be resolved upon; and if the last it must be soon, for I perceive the disadvantage of being late, and take notice that all that I know of that went from Chester hither, went when they were much younger than myself, which has proved much to their advantage. But it is my misfortune to come so late to M. T. as I think to be put below my dignity, and have little hopes of election; which two things make me not so easy as I would be. I shall go to school on Monday, and use all my diligence to forward myself as much as I can, and if I should want any book for my help you will let me have it.

Your dutiful son, JOHN BYROM.



*John Byrom to his Father.*London, Feb. 170 $\frac{7}{8}$ .

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir: I received yours in answer to mine of the 10th and 27th inst. Our feast was on Tuesday last; the boys went to school, had wine and biscuit, then walked to Bow Church, where one Mr. Dunstan preached on Prov. xix. 8; from thence they walked to Leathersellers' Hall, where the gentlemen had a feast. The boys who were my schoolfellows at Chester came up soon to London, which turned to their advantage. I think it not prudence to go to University too soon, both for Mr. Ashton's opinion, and because I believe that when they come there they are expected to know enough of school learning so as to read authors, compose exercises, &c., with their own help and the instruction of a tutor. I cannot have the opportunity of seeing the Register Book till Doctor's day, which will be about Easter, when I shall take particular notice how I stand as to election; in the meantime strive to improve myself in virtue, knowledge, and learning. We went to Bow Church on Sunday to hear the Archbishop of York.

I am your dutiful son, J. B.

*John Byrom to his Father.*

London, March 25th 1708.

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir: Here is an account of the ages and stations of those boys that are above me, which I had just time to take on Doctor's day, and which, when examined into, affords but small hopes of my coming time enough for election, though I am almost sure not one half of these boys were ever designed for to be elected, or shaped out for scholars.<sup>(1)</sup> However it be, I will strive to forward myself in my studies as much as I can.

I give you many thanks for your kind letter to me upon my birthday, and shall strive to practise the instructions you therein recommend to me, and those which you have always given me and brought me up with, and with the help of which and the assist-

<sup>(1)</sup> See p. 3.

ance of divine grace I hope to run the race that is set before me so as to obtain the prize.

My uncle and cousin W.[illiam] A.[ndrew]<sup>(2)</sup> met my master on Monday night last, and cousin W. has been here since and says that Mr. Parsells gave me a very fine character, &c. My uncle may perhaps write to you of it. Cousin W. lately saw one of his acquaintance of St. John's College, who told him there was no

(<sup>1</sup>) See p. 2.

	NAMES	BORN	AGED	YEARS	TO STAY ELECTION DAYS		
TABLE	Burkit .....	Feb. 1690-1...	Feb. 1707-8...	17	2	1	3
	Peak .....	Augt. 1689. ...	Augt. 1708.....	19	1	2	7
	Parkins.....	Jan. 1689-90..	Jan. 1707-8...	18	1	3	10
	Catcot .....	Dec. 1692.....	Dec. 1708.....	16	4	4	4
	Jackson.....	Mar. 1690.....	Mar. 1708.....	18	1	5	2
	Bonwick.....	Oct. 1691.....	Oct. 1708.....	17	3	6	3
BENCH	Bignal .....	Jul. 1690.....	Jul. 1708.....	18	2		
	Cooper.....	Sept. 1690.....	Sept. 1708.....	18	2		
	Hodsell.....	Nov. 1691.....	Nov. 1708.....	17	3		
	Leonard.....	Sept. 1690.....	Sept. 1708.....	18	2		
	West.....	Jan. 1691-2...	Jan. 1707-8...	16	3		
	Brailford.....	May 1692.....	May 1708.....	16	3		
	Thomas.....	Jun. 24, 1691...	Jun. 1708.....	17	2		
	Biggs.....	Jul. 1692.....	Jul. 1708.....	16	4		
	Beverly.....	Dec. 1691.....	Dec. 1708.....	17	3		
FIRST RANK	Downs.....	Nov. 1691.....	Nov. 1708.....	17	3		
	Jones.....	Augt. 1693.....	Augt. 1708.....	15	5		
	Shirley.....	Dec. 1694. ...	Dec. 1708.....	14	6		
	Brandreth.....	Oct. 1690.....	Oct. 1708.....	18	2		
	Sheldon.....	Sept. 1691.....	Sep. 1708.....	17	3		
	Hughes.....	May 1693.....	May 1708.....	15	4		
	Smith.....	Oct. 1694.....	Oct. 1708.....	14	6		
	Gilbert.....	Oct. 1693.....	Oct. 1708.....	15	5		
	Wats.....	April 1695.....	April 1708.....	13	6		
	Diodate.....	Oct. 1690.....	Oct. 1708.....	18	2		
	Tipping.....	Sept. 1691.....	Sept. 1708.....	17	3		
	Stringer.....	May 1693.....	May 1708.....	15	4		
	Wiltshire.....	Jan. 1691-2...	Jan. 1707-8...	16	3		
29th	Byrom.....	Feb. 1691-2...	Feb. 1707-8...	16	3		

(<sup>2</sup>) William Andrew married Anne Allen of Redivales near Bury, sister to Dorothea Allen, wife of Edward Byrom of Kersall Cell.



vacancy nor did he believe there would be any, and if not, none will be elected from our school.

My master is very kind to me, and never yet spoke a cross word to me, and I think I never gave him occasion, which is an encouragement and satisfaction to me, and I will strive to preserve it.

The P. P. [Prince Pretender?] of Wales's expedition makes a great noise here, and it is said to-day that letters from Edinburgh say that there was on board the Salisbury, when taken, a rich cloak with a star on, a sword of inestimable value, as also a young gentleman unknown, who cries continually; and there is the P. confessor, and there are wagers laid on 'Change that the P.P. himself is on board; which report is very strong, and two lords are gone down to examine the prisoners. We are all very well, and give our duty to you and mother.—Your dutiful son, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward and Anne Byrom.*

Cambridge, Jan. 8th, 1709.

Dear Brother and Sister: I hear you are like to have another great frost, and my rival in poetry has quite outvied me in fixing its duration to Feb. 2d in his 2d paper, unless by my calculation it breaks suddenly the 22d or 3d of Jan. You will do me a great kindness to send me the French Dictionary, pray do.

Your loving brother, J. B.

*John Byrom to Anne Byrom.*

Cambridge, Feb. 1709.

Dear Sister Anne: I received the parcel yesterday by Purver, a horse carrier. I give my brother many thanks for Plutarch, &c. I shall be very careful of the Dictionary. I want sadly to hear from Lancashire. I am very well (D. G.), and better than ordinary when I hear from you. We shall begin geometry lectures on Monday morning.—Your very loving brother, J. B.

*John Byrom to his Father.*

Cambridge, April 16th, 1709.

Hon<sup>d</sup> Sir: Monday fortnight is the day we are to sit for scholarships. We are busy in getting our epistles ready to the masters and seniors. I suppose what Mr. Copley<sup>(1)</sup> means by pre-elections is that a great many had scholarships promised them by their interest in the master, as some of ours have for getting a scholarship at a few sittings; none I think in this college ever sit above twice, though they may often at other colleges, as St. John's here, where I believe they sit twice or three times a year, but their scholarships are not half so good as ours, which are £14, viz. £12 commons and £2 livery money. (I was matriculated to-day at one o'clock.)

Your dutiful son, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward and Anne Byrom.*

Cambridge, May 7th, 1709.

Dear Brother and Sister: My sister [Elizabeth] and John Stansfield came hither yesterday about eleven o'clock. I went with them that afternoon to see the colleges, and my sister was mightily pleased with our library and chapel and King's chapel. They set out for Huntington and that way a little before seven this morning. We have all carried in our epistles to the masters and seniors, and Monday and Tuesday are appointed for days of examination and Thursday of election. The master has told some that there are but ten scholarships, and nineteen of us sit. I have been examined by Dr. Stubbs, the vice-master, already, and he promises fair.

Your loving brother, J. B.

*John Byrom to his Father.*

Cambridge, May 14th, 1709.

Honoured Sir: I had just time on Thursday to tell you of my election that day. Monday and Tuesday were the days of our

(<sup>1</sup>) "Mr. John Copley M.A. was chosen Fellow in the room of Mr. Hinde, Dec. 13, 1703." (Collegiate Church Register.)



examination. We were examined by the master, vice-master, and Dr. Smith one of the seniors, Mr. Bankes<sup>(1)</sup> friend. On Wednesday we made theme for Dr. Bentley, and on Thursday the master and seniors met in the chapel for the election; Dr. Smith had the gout and was not there. They stayed consulting about an hour and a half, and then the master wrote the names of the elect and gave them to the chapel clerk, who showed me mine in the list. Fifteen were chosen and four rejected, two of them pensioners, Mr. Baker's pupils, the other two sizers, one sophister, the other a Lancashire lad of our year.

Friday noon we went to the master's lodge, where we were sworn in in great solemnity, the senior Westminster reading the oath in Latin, all of us kissing the Greek Testament. Then we kneeled down before the master, who took our hands in his and admitted us scholars in the name of the Father, Son, &c. Then we went and wrote our names in the book and came away, and to-day gave in our epistle of thanks to the master. We took our places at the scholars' table last night. To-day the new scholars began to read the lessons in chapel and wait in the hall, which offices will come to me presently.

I am very much obliged to the Warden, Mr. Gibbs, and Mr. Copley, and especially to Mr. Bankes, who is now out of college. I wish I knew who Mr. Copley wrote to. I shall not need to say I am most of all obliged to you for your kind endeavours in this affair. I am, with duty to mother and love to sisters,

Your very dutiful son, J. B.

*Edward Byrom to John Byrom.*

Manchester, 16th Sept. 1709.

Dear son John: I wrote to you by Mr. Brookes, and sent you a piece of gold for a token. Yesterday I received yours of 27th of last month; it hath not come directly, and this is, I suppose, the letter I blamed you for promising and not sending, in mine by

(1) "Mr. Adam Banks was chosen Chaplain Jan. 9, 1727." (Register.)

Mr. Brookes. As for your wig, let us know whether you will have it a natural one, or wherein you would have it differ from such as Mr. Banks wears, or Mr. Edmondson, Mr. Worsley's tutor. I took it as a piece of extravagancy the giving a guinea for altering the last in London, and no doubt but you were cheated, and worse hair for your own put in. So I say write to us when you have noted those gentlemen's wigs wherein you would have yours differ, and we will venture it, and so you may be sure of your sister's good hair and no cheat, as you will certainly be if made at London.

I have not Mr. Locke's book of *Human Understanding*, it is above my capacity; nor was I ever fond of that author, he being (though a very learned man) a Socinian or an atheist, as to which controversy, I desire you not to trouble yourself with it in your younger studies. I look upon it as a snare of the devil, thrown among sharp wits and ingenuous youths to oppose their reason to revelation, and because they cannot apprehend reason, to make them sceptics, and so entice them to read other books than the Bible and the comments upon it. I shall transcribe a short paragraph in an epistle of Dr. G's.<sup>(1)</sup> book, *Cosmologia Sacra*, which I intend to send you by next. He saith thus: "To say no man is an antiscrypturist but for want of wit, is neither good manners nor good sense; but this I say, that if any man will study the grounds of religion with the like application as he doeth anything else he takes to be his business to think of, I will then give him leave to be an antiscrypturist if he can." I leave your mother to write the rest, and am—Your loving father, E. B.

We may have often opportunity to write and send by Mr. Brookes's servants; he hath undertaken to travel in Norfolk, and hath taken a stable of me in Salford. I had thought to have concluded here; but I am alone this evening, and shall observe to you two things I noted in the psalm and lessons for this morning's service. I think the former I have mentioned before, taken out of

(<sup>1</sup>) Dr. Grew.



the 5th verse of the 51st psalm, and out of the 11th of Matthew. I would have you consult Dr. Hammond on that; see him how learnedly he writes upon the verse, which Bishop Patrick calls innate proneness to evil, and those bad inclinations we naturally brought into the world; which book you have; as also Dr. Towerson of the sacrament of Baptism, see his digression in it concerning original sin. If I did write of this before, it is no harm that you peruse them again. Dr. Towerson calls it a corruption of nature that is naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby it becomes averse from everything that is good, and inclinable to everything that is evil. I most earnestly desire you to digest very well in your thoughts what these two great authors say upon this point, viz. Dr. Hammond and Dr. Towerson. This, to make you a Christian scholar, is above all Mr. Locke's works, and I have read with admiration both of them formerly, and thanked God for their instruction therein, and I think next week to read Dr. Towerson again; but Dr. Hammond you have, and I have more of these authors' works for you in due time.

Again, in the second lesson for this morning's service, viz. 11 Matt., I noted to hint to you what Dr. Whitby saith of 19th verse, note K of the Song of Wisdom, which also refers to 1 Cor. iv. 15; see you Dr. Whitby on this text, and if you have Dr. Hammond to come at, look at him, and in both see who are the sons of wisdom, of which number God grant you grace to be; so study profitable knowledge, to direct you and give you understanding in all things, &c. If I, by the few books I have, see such delightful reading, what pleasure may you have in the many authors' works of so learned men your library and learning may peruse, if you apply to them; and the pleasures of the mind much excel those of sense. And I am pleased you have Bishop Patrick's book; I shall conclude this letter with referring you to what he saith upon 23rd of Proverbs, beginning at 19th verse, with particular note upon the 23rd verse; but indeed observe the whole, it is fit for both you and me; so referring you to take that book in your hands, I, with my prayers for you, remain your very loving father.—E. B.

Cousin Dicky and Betty Allen have had the smallpox at Redivales, and cousin Anne at our house, and are all well again; and yesterday your sister Phebe began, and I hope she will do well also. If your mother doth not write, it is because she is busy attending my dear Phebe.

*John Byrom to Edward and Anne Byrom.*

Cambridge, Nov. 24th 1709.

Dear Brother and Sister: Last Tuesday being our thanksgiving day, we had all our chambers illuminated by an order of our loyal master Dr. Bentley, and the speech spoken and Te Deum sung with great solemnity in chapel.—Your very loving brother, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.<sup>(1)</sup>*

Cambridge, December 17th 1709.

Dear John: I received your letter in answer to my proposal, and am glad you like of it so well as to be at the trouble of discouraging with me. Before I pitch on any point, I cannot but take notice of the late votes of our House of Commons concerning Dr. Sacheverell and Mr. Hoadley, the one taken into custody for high crimes and misdemeanors, the other to be preferred for his great services. Had the Doctor only been taken notice of so severely, I should have been very sorry; not that I see as yet any reason to commend his zeal, though I esteem his cause good; but that a man of Mr. Hoadley's principles should gain such an advantage, I had rather have had a drawn battle or a lost one in Flanders. I say I see no cause to commend Dr. Sacheverell's zeal, nor to think he does the Church any good by such hot sermons. The Church indeed had need of stout sticklers for its interest, which is more promoted by reason than railing. They who are not for the Church will never be persuaded by such a sermon, though many who are well affected may possibly think worse of it; and it

(1) John Stansfield was assistant manager in his father's place of business in London. He had evidently intervals of leisure, of which he did not fail to avail himself.



gives occasion to such fellows as *Reviews* and *Observers*, under the name of High Church &c., to rail at the Church, the Church of England. I think the *Rehearsal's* way of proceeding much better than Dr. Sacheverell's. I have not seen much of the Bishop of Exeter and Hoadley's controversy, but I believe the *Rehearsal* has vindicated him better than my Lord has himself. What will his Lordship say, now the parliament has given it against him? It is a sad thing that when learned men's sermons must be made treason almost, such notorious scandalous libels, pamphlets, and papers, which do more harm among the ignorant sort, should be suffered. We had a sermon preached at our St. Mary's on the 5th November by Mr. Edwards of St. John's, which was refused to be licensed, but printed by him at London for one of your booksellers (Baker) and one of ours. I never heard of it before I saw the advertisement last night, but will buy it to see why our University refused to license it. Do you think the Church out of danger, or no? or that people are better or worse than in Queen Elizabeth's days? or what comparison is there between the state of the Church in that reign and this? Is the *British Apollo* put down? or do you take in the *Tatlers*, which are mightily admired here, or know you the author? Take your own time to answer me.

Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to his Father.*

Cambridge, Feb. 20th 1710.

Honoured Sir: It is a long while since I either wrote to you or heard from you, but I should be very sorry to have you impute my silence to any neglect or forgetfulness of you. I have been doubtful every post since I wrote to you last whether I should not receive a letter from you, and in that expectation have put off the design of writing to you till now; but if you think I have not done well, and take it amiss that I have omitted writing so long, if you please to let me know how often and when I shall write to you, I shall punctually observe your orders. Between this time and Christmas we must perform all the exercises which the

University statutes oblige us to do for our degrees in the schools, where as yet we have been only hearers of what others in the year above us have done for theirs.

My tutor is very well, and gives his service to you; he has given me some books to read this last week, viz. Ray's *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, Whear's *Method of Reading Histories*, two volumes of *Tatlers*, and a manuscript of Chronology of his own writing; the first a philosophical book, and for what I see a very good one. I will not forget while I am reading this sort of books to converse with such good books as you have been pleased to give me.

I hear nothing about our Dr. Bentley, but it is generally thought he will leave the college, and have some other preferment given him by the Queen. It was said yesterday that there will be a general visitation in three weeks' time. Give my duty to my mother and love to sisters.—I am your dutiful son, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

[Extract from a letter about Critics and Criticism.]

Cambridge, Feb. 1710.

Dear John.....I thank you for inquiring after Italian and Spanish books for me. If you meet with any Italian poets or historians, buy them, especially if you meet with any of Bentivoglio's history of the war of Flanders, *Historia della Guerra dall' Fiandra*, or anything of his, or Tasso, or Ariosto, Marino, Fulvio, G. Testi, Petrarcha, &c. Father Paolo's history of the Council of Trent, &c. In Spanish, Don Quixote, Quevedo's Visions, &c., or any. If you ever see a book of sonatas (music) by Archangelo Corelli, ask the lowest price. I thank you.—I am yours, J. B.

*Edward Byrom to John Byrom.*

Manchester, 5th April 1710.

Dear son John: It is a long time since I wrote to you, nor have you often to me since your last going. I lately brought home Mr. Melling and Mr. Worsley from evening prayers to drink



a dish of tea in your remembrance; they both gave their service to you. Mr. Melling intends to go into orders at Chester next ordination, and Mr. Worsley I believe will get a good curacy, viz. at Macclesfield. Mr. Melling lent me Mr. Ray's book of the *Wisdom of God in the Creation*, and it is a very good one; and I sent up to London in a box a book I had by me of the Existence of God, which I think not unlike this, as also the book you left. I would have you read these two good books carefully; and, good son, look now before you to consider how precious your time is, and how to improve yourself, to consider the design and end proposed in your education, to fit you for sacred orders, which ought most considerably to be undertaken.

Look in Dr. Hammond and Bishop Patrick upon the psalm for this morning's service, 25th psalm, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses, with all their references, viz. John vii. 17: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God," &c., and the 13th part of the 119th psalm, all which I have before recommended to you, and when you were at home you read Dr. Jeremy Taylor's sermon to the University on John vii. 17. I am satisfied from both cousin Harper<sup>(1)</sup> and Merchant Tailors, and now your tutor, that God hath given you parts, and hitherto you have had nothing wanting in your education, nor, God enabling, shall want any prudent (but provident) maintenance, and I have no reason to suspect your conversation. I do but write by way of admonition and caution, because fine parts, if set upon good subjects and proper means to good ends, will grow and be admired, but set upon unprofitable notions, will be very impertinent. Whence have come all the heresy and heretics in the Church but from men of parts? And the most ingenuous have need of the word and grace of God to instruct and guide them; and whatever books you read, be sure to read Dr. Hammond upon the Psalms and Lessons, with

(1) In an account of Byrom's death, it is said that he "studied classics under the tuition of that once eminent schoolmaster, Mr. Francis Harper of Chester."

Dr. Whitby every day; it is not every young scholar hath them, but you have, and shall want no necessary thing I can buy you. I was reading the other evening the 2nd lesson; Hebrews vi. 7, 8, made a deeper impression on my mind now after receiving the holy sacrament on Good Friday and Easter day than I ever noted in them before, which may be applicable to you. In your case, when the good education bestowed upon youths designed for the ministry bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, it receiveth God's blessing; but if thorns and briars, &c. Reading this I applied it so on you, who I then thought of, but on myself as in my own case, &c. A like text is in 1 Cor. iii. from 10th verse to the end. See Dr. Hammond &c. thereon. It would be too tedious to recite Mr. Burket, as he may be too plain for a Trinity scholar, but if you are curious, may see him at your book-sellers; he was a conformist divine, no canter, though a grave and serious author. Dear John, thou art much in my love and in my care, and I hope God will give me comfort in thee.

My brother Byrom is so lame of the gout, he cannot go to London this year, and only cousin Thomas goeth; it is much upon him so young, but he is a good lad, and will do his best. I am not now so lame but I can walk about, but not much. I thank God your mother and sisters are all very well. Inclosed is a letter to your tutor, which you will carry with my service to him.

The bearer hereof, Mr. Moors, offers very kindly to take or bring anything, and he will make journeys every five or six weeks. I take it kindly from him, he is a brisk man; but you need only receive and deliver, I will take care to pay or treat him, complaisance is enough from you. I have written you here a long letter, to make amends for long silence, for you are much in my esteem.

I am your very loving father, E. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

[Extract.]

Cambridge, November 28-9, 1710.

Dear John :.....“ We dare not admit of an absolute monarchy



amongst us for fear our king should prove a critic and ruin us all; nay, we are almost spent with quarrelling." I may call Dr. B. our king, the fellows are the house of lords, and we the scholars, begging the critic's leave, are the house of commons, and my worship member for Manchester, and we sympathise wonderfully with your great kingdom, and are just in a ferment like you, though the cause is somewhat different; for while you are contending for the absolute sovereignty of your prince, we are opposing the proceedings of ours because we think them too sovereign-like, and we have a councillor Miller for your Dr. Sacheverell. However, I do not stick to call the master of Trinity College a little king, for though it be a limited monarchy, and the king must be governed by laws and statutes, and has no hereditary right, yet is he certainly happier (if no critic) than the greatest prince in Europe.—Yours, J. B.

*Edward Byrom to John Byrom.*

Manchester, 28th Nov. 1710.

Son John Byrom: I received yours of the 23rd, and see what you say of G—ge in it, he is..... I write now to acquaint you of a letter I received from your tutor, dated the 14th instant, and as you know I told you I conceived you of more sense than to be addressed to by circumstance or wile, but with plain fact, so I will transcribe his very words —

"I am very glad to find the freedom I used in speaking my mind to you taken as it was intended, which was not to lessen your good opinion of your son, but to confirm the influence I had a desire to have over him. The use I shall make of this authority you have given me will chiefly only be to oblige him not to suffer such characters much different from his own (and which he nor no scholar can be sensible of so soon as myself) to prevail so far upon his good nature as to let him suffer them to thrust themselves in any degree into his conversation; and that point being sufficiently secured, I am sensible he has of himself virtue and parts sufficient to merit any encouragement we can have for him here."

This, son, is so hopeful to you, I cannot but let you know what your tutor saith, as also what he said in his of the 12th of October, viz. — “That it is not enough for any one to consider what is strictly good or otherwise in itself, but that other circumstances ought to be considered, as time, place, and peculiar age, and dependance of the good word of others,” &c. I will not comment upon these kind sayings of your tutor to me of you, but let you know them, that you keep in with them and improve, that you may receive the favour of your seniors when occasion offers, as I perceive a good character doth much therein; so have a special regard to your company.

As to a spinet for you, I will take a little time to consider on; but if your tutor advise you to go to lecture to algebra, as you mention, be sure you do; be sure to advance in his favour by observing his advice; if so, he hath undertaken to answer for you, so that I double hope from your virtue and his love and respect to you. We are all well; your sister Ellen we think much better for being put into draff and anointed with rum. I pray God keep you, and am—Your loving father, E. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Cambridge, December 21, 1710.

Dear John: I must plead the same excuse as you do for not answering yours this fortnight, viz. that I have been very busy about my declamation, which I spoke last Saturday in chapel, and had the good fortune to please everybody but a few critics, &c. If you see any Spanish books in Moorfields, or Italian, you will buy them for me, for though they won't make me learned, yet .....

J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Cambridge, Dec. 21st, 1711.

Dear John: I am a little tedious in answering your letter, though it pleased me so well that I had resolved upon the receipt to answer it next post, but was too busy in preparing to defend my



questions, though I might have spared my pains; for my first opponent was a sottish and the second a beauish fellow, and neither of them conjurers at disputing; the third lad put me to my defence a little more tightly, but urged nothing that was unanswerable; so I came off very gloriously, though I wish I had had better antagonists, for I think I could have maintained those questions well enough. I most of all mistrusted my want of courage to speak before such a mixed assembly of lads, Bachelors, Masters of Arts, &c., but I was well enough when once up. When I came down I was overjoyed that I had done the last of my school exercises in order to my degree; but I believe it will be a check to my being so overjoyed another time, for I have had two as great misfortunes since as ever I had in my life. The very next day after my exercise I was seized with the toothache so violently that I could scarce eat or sleep or do anything for pain, but was in great misery for a week together. [The second misfortune was that his chamber was robbed.]

These two mishaps have made me reflect how nobly the ancient philosophers used to discourse of and suffer both bodily pain and the turns of fortune; how they said that neither of them was in itself an evil, but only an opinion. As for fortune, they made their wise man wholly out of its power; they thought it would be injustice to the gods to permit that fortune should in its own nature be the cause of happiness or misery to mortals, nay, that a man might always make advantage of the worst fortune by exerting that power of virtue that would render him superior to all events, and make him the more happy the more unfortunate; they thought good fortune more dangerous than bad, and for that reason despised riches, honours, and all such enjoyments as were properly the gifts of fortune, esteeming it the greatest folly to place any part of their happiness in something that they should always be afraid of losing, which very fear was inconsistent with happiness. Are not some, they say, miserable in the midst of the greatest affluence, while others are content and therefore happy in extreme poverty, and that for no other reason than that the vices

of the one sour all his enjoyments, while the virtues of the other sweeten all his misfortunes? And really upon this point they did reason so strongly and prettily, that a man that would read and Christianize their sentiments would never be made unhappy by fortune. As for bodily pain, though they would have made their wise man free from that too, yet the point is a little too stoical, and the mind has too close an union with the body not to be affected with its disorders, though their virtue and temperance were the best preservatives against it. I would fain have nothing hinder the pleasure I take in thinking how soon I shall change this tattered blue gown<sup>(1)</sup> for a black one and a lambskin, and have the honourable title of Bachelor of Arts. BACHELOR OF ARTS! John; how great it sounds! the Great Mogul is nothing to it. "Ay, ay, sir, don't pride yourself upon your fine titles before you have them. Are you sure of your degree? Can you stand the test of a strict examination in all those arts you are to be bachelor of? Has not one of your blue-gowns been stopped this week for insufficiency in that point already, and do you hope to escape better?" Why sir, you say true, but I will hope on, notwithstanding, till I see reason to the contrary.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

New Year's Day, 1712.

Dear John: I promised in my last to write to my sisters, but have been disabled by another disaster that has happened to me. I have had a fall upon the ice, that had near endangered my left eye, if nature had not very wonderfully guarded that useful and tender part from such mischances. It has forced me, however, to keep my chamber, and yesterday was the first time I ventured to open that eye, and to-day it is pretty well. I believe if misfortunes were to come thick upon a man, custom would contribute to make them in a manner easy to us as well as anything else. I thank God my hurt is no worse; I hope I shall come out to-morrow

(1) Blue was and is the colour of the Trinity undergraduate's gown.



or next day. I wish you a happy new year. I would fain see you after I am Bachelor; when you go down into Lancashire, I'll go with you.—J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. Feb. 9th 1712.

Dear John: I just received my brother's letter, of which you gave account in yours. There is nothing at all that should hinder me coming down, and I shall bring books &c. with me. I am at present engaged in reading a little Hebrew, which I would be so far master of as to be able to proceed in it without one before I leave this place. I suppose my sister will not go till about quarter-day, by which time I hope to be ready to go with them; my dear love to them.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. Feb. 21st 1712.

Dear John: Conscience, &c. I am going into Lancashire to-morrow along with Mr. Worsley, who comes hither to-night. I intend to send a box of books and things to this merry duke, to further them into Lancashire in all haste.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

Manchester June 24th 1712.

Dear Brother: I thank you for my new songs; when I have seen them I will tell you how I like them. I cannot tell you anything particular that I would have, because I know not what is come out new, &c.; but only if there be any good rules for a thorough-bass, or any good lessons, &c., that Mr. Wooliston, Greaves, or any Mr. that you are acquainted with tells you of, to send me them. There is a new edition of Corelli's works by Mortier, but they are too dear, except you could get the last volume, which contains the thorough-bass part by itself. The pyramid yew trees are set in the nursery; they are very pretty, and, as you say, will

adorn the court very nicely. — I am your very loving and affectionate brother, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

Manchester, July 9th 1712.

Dear Brother: We were in hopes to have seen you here again before now. I am going to Kersall this morning, and hope I shall find my mother better; if she did but sleep last night, I hope we may have cheerfuller apprehensions about her; we shall let you know how she is next post, and pray God it may be that she is well again. My sisters were very desirous before of your coming down, but, upon mother's account, beg you will not stay for nothing — you know best what to do. I hope you are well. — I am your very affectionate brother and servant, J. B.

P.S. Do you know that the new church is to be consecrated the 17th instant?<sup>(1)</sup> I have received the songs, and thank you for them.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

Manchester, July 28th 1712.

Dear Brother: We all give our dear love and service to you, and shall be very glad to see you and cousin Sleigh. My mother is sometimes better and sometimes worse; she often enquires if there be any letter from Neddy, and when he is coming down; every body that knows you is asking me that question too, and you will save me a great deal of impertinence in questions and answers if you come soon.

If you have not parted with your hautboy, what if you bring it down? It is a brave instrument for the lungs, and one may attempt in the country without disturbing street or college. Dear brother, farewell.—J. B.

(1) This "new church" was St. Ann's, consecrated this year.



[Extract from a Letter written by Mrs. Brearcliffe to  
Mr. Stansfield.]

Manchester, October 4th 1712.

"Brother John is most at Kersall; he goes every night and morning down to the water side, and bawls out one of Tully's orations in Latin, so loud they can hear him a mile off; so that all the neighbourhood think he is mad, and you would think so too if you saw him. Sometimes he thrashes corn with John Rigby's men, and helps them to get potatoes, and works as hard as any of them. He is very good company, and we shall miss him when he is gone, which will not be long to now; Christmas is very near."

*John Byrom to his friends at home.*

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, April 27th 1713.

Honoured mother, dear brother and sisters: How do you all do? I write by Mr. Wilcoxson's man, who brought Mr. Hooper's books and clothes, but nothing for me, you having, I suppose, deferred sending my cargo till his next journey. Dr. Clark's book, which you so deservedly admired, — it is my fortune that I must dispute against it next month in the Bachelors' schools, I being in the combination (that is, a printed paper of the Bachelors' exercise for part of this May term) for an opponency to one of our year, a Fellow of Caius College, who has chosen to defend Dr. Clark, and one Eugenius, who asserts the planets to be inhabited; therefore, if sister Dorothy or any of you can lend me an argument or two to prove either of these philosophers deficient in their hypotheses, I shall be obliged to you for the help you afford me. My antagonist is in orders. There is one Law,<sup>(1)</sup> a M.A. and Fellow of Emmanuel, has this last week been degraded to a Soph, that is, the year below a Bachelor, for a speech that he spoke on a public occasion reflecting, as is reported, on the government, &c. All I could learn of the matter is of some queries that he asked the lads in the middle

(1) This "one Law" was, no doubt the celebrated William Law, the Nonjuror, subsequently Byrom's Magnus Apollo, though this incident is not noticed by his biographers. He took his degree of M.A. in the year 1712.

of his speech, to such effect as these, viz. Whether good and evil be obnoxious to revolution? Whether, when the earth interposes between the sun and the moon, the moon may be said to advocate herself? Whether, when the children of Israel had made the golden calf the object of their worship, they ought to keep to their God *de facto*, or return to their God *de jure*? and such like. He is much blamed by some, and defended by others; has the character of a vain, conceited fellow.

To-day our scholars were chosen; about twenty-eight sat, and fourteen chosen, not one under two years' standing except the Westminsterers; so that Mr. Hooper has at present no prospect of coming in till next Easter but one. I should be glad to hear of any or all of you. If you can spare the spinet, I beg of you to lend it me, and Lesley's Reg. and Pont.<sup>(1)</sup>; and, brother, if you will be so kind as to lend me Price and Sene's Maps, they will be of service to me; but as the greatest favour of all I desire you to write to me, who am your dutiful son, loving brother, and humble servant, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. April 30th 1713.

Dear John ..... Pray will you afford me one short argument, or two, to make that seemingly strange assertion of absolute passive obedience credible? Pray will you lend me the *Rehearsals*, that one may see what Mr. Lesley says to those matters? [In repeating the account of Law, he says, "on account of a speech that he made at the Trypos, a public meeting of the University."]

John, can you help a body? I am to declaim next Saturday upon this subject — "Whether the license for the press shall still be continued or no?" The side left me to speak upon is that it shall not, which is the right side, but the worst to declaim upon as the right side always is. Have you anything to object against the

<sup>(1)</sup> *Case of the Regale and Pontificat. Stated*, (Works, vol. iii. p. 255, edit. Oxf. 1832.)



planets being inhabited, as Eugenius the cosmotheorist says they are? or against Dr. Clark's book of *The Being and Attributes of God?*

I have seen the letter and the declaration; the former was but little regarded, the latter had a little more notice taken of it, being laughed at by most people. Oh, pray wilt lend me the book with the protestation and oaths about the Pretender's birth, I think it is cousin Sleigh's book; if you have any other books of that nature, pray lend them me; this same Cambridge is a sad whiggish place. Adieu.—J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

October 6th, 1713.

Dear John: I received yours, by which I am freed from my wonderment why I had not heard from you before. I am sorry you have not received the little pamphlet, and I marvel how it comes to pass that you have not. I sent it with great care by a lad of our College, one Selby, who said he would deliver it to you himself. He comes to College again on Thursday next of all. If you call on Wednesday noon or night at Mr. Bull's in Angel Court in Aldersgate street, you will know the reason, &c. The *Rehearsals* I think to send to London with the rest of my things which I shall want in the country. I expect to hear on Friday from home, and from you, wherein you'll say so and so. I have ready one from you from *Carolus Lambda*, but I have been informed that some whigs who have been provoked by my freedom with their principles have designed to intercept my letters to the Jesuit, (as they take you to be,) so that I shall convey it to you *more majorum*, that is, in a safer way.—Your humble servt. J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. November 3rd 1713.

Dear John: I shall not say much, only tell you I keep on pretty well, and am almost strong enough to dress and undress myself without help. I shall take your advice of not coming out too

soon, though I begin to be weary of my confinement now I can walk about.—Yours, J. B.

*Edward Byrom to John Byrom.*

Manchester, Jan. 21st 1714.

My dear Brother: We received yours this post, and if it will be no further prejudice to you than the fatigue of a journey, we shall be glad to have you here, because we prefer your health to all things else.

As to your engaging in what you mention about succeeding Mr. Baker, none can advise you so well as your friends there whether it will be any certainty or not; only you may be assured we are very glad the College think you qualified for so great a trust. Mother is pretty well.—I am your affectionate loving brother,

E. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. January 1714.

Dear John: I would willingly be Mr. J. Pharum's customer, but I buy so few books that it will not do him so much kindness. Will you ask him one question for me, whether he knows anything of a little poem going to be printed called "The Barrington"? This is a merry little piece of my composing in relation to a custom in our college. When the new chose Fellows go from our table, they treat us with as many Barringtons (that is a three-quart silver cup) as we can drink for some time before they go. The last time I made an elegy upon the loss of this "Barrington," and a very clever one it was.<sup>(1)</sup> Since I have been told that a lad of St. John's is going to print it, to turn the penny, which I would prevent if I could, because the ignorant readers will suppose the author perhaps a greater friend to the bottle than he is. Is there

(1) This elegy is in the form of a prose epitaph, printed in the second edition of Byrom's Poems. The loss took place on the 24th June, 1713.



not one Hammond Banks a bookseller? He would have printed it, I hear, if he could have got it.—Am not I your humble servant?

J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. March 7th 1714.

Dear John: I have been this week very ill of a sore throat, so could not answer yours; but now, thank God, 'tis well again, and my cold is broke out in my face. I received brother's letter last post, and I wish I was in Lancashire this minute; but I am partly obliged to stay till Easter is over, that being a busy time with us, and I have a declamation on my hands. I do really believe it is best for me to go for a month or so to put myself out of danger of these fevers, agues, &c., and you shall give me your advice which way had best to do. Thursday we buried Dr. Smith, one of our Seniors and Vice-Master, so now we have three Fellowships, and one of my Seniors is going to be made Fellow of another College. But this oath—I am not satisfied so well as to take it, nor am I verily persuaded of its being unlawful; it has always been the custom of nations to set aside those whom it was found not for the good of the public not to reign. Is it not the opinion of present nations? Why do they make kings of Sicily, &c., and order people to change their masters, &c.? And may I not rely on the judgment of thousands, thousands good, pious, learned men, for its being a lawful oath? It is very hard,—everything so orderly settled in regard to posterity, and must all be undone for the sake of a man who has a disputed title to his birth and right too. I saw a book in our library the other day where the Pretender's birth is made very suspicious, and all your affidavits, allegations, &c., made nothing of. I suppose you have seen the book; what say you to it? The Commons, I see, have taken the abjuration oath, &c.; how is it likely this young fellow should ever come amongst us? The Queen and Parliament have settled the succession in a Protestant family, and made what provision they can for our religion and liberties, and why must we not be content? though, for what I hear,

few are otherwise. Our Dr. Bentley has been at London, and he says everybody is for the succession.

My declamation is, that pleasure is more easily resisted than pain. What think you?—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. April 10th, 1714.

Dear John: I have not written to you before, because I have been in so many minds about coming to see you, and hear the trial.<sup>(1)</sup> I had prepared myself once when I knew there was good company in the coach, but when I came to take a place I was too late. Tom Bentley, the Master's nephew of our year, talks of going again, having been there once, and whether I shall come with him or no, I know not; the objection will be that my clothes are too much worn out to appear there. How does your wife do? When must we know whether you have a son or a child, and who must be my deputy, pray? Let me know when you write how affairs stand, both public and private; I hear from London that young Hanover is certainly a coming over, what is there in't? Two of our senior Fellows are gone in the coach to-day to carry on the cause against Dr. Bentley; can't you send one no news about it from cousin Andrew? How do they all in the country?—'tis a sad while afore I shall see 'em. How does Mr. Pharum do? I have got a good pastoral song by me; if he would have it, he may. Farewell all of ye.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

May 29th 1714, Trin. Coll.

Dear John: I received yours, and am very much rejoiced at the contents of it. I congratulate you upon your son's birth, and I wish he may live to be as honest a man as his father. I am very willing to gratify your ambition, as you call it, and to be your son's godfather, provided you take care to get my cousin Sleigh or some

(<sup>1</sup>) Bentley's.



other man of merit among our friends to stand with me. This I presume you will do, and so your son will be bravely holpen up between the lawyer and the divine. .... Well, I wish your son all that you would have him to be. Let us hear how you all do next post.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. June 15th 1714.

Dear John: I was sadly surprised with yours concerning the loss of your little son when I was expecting far other news. You will believe me to be very much grieved without my telling you so. I should be more concerned on your account if I was not well persuaded that you would reason yourself into as great patience as nature might permit. Indeed the certainty of your son's happiness is a thought that must give you consolation, and since you must resign him, the conditions are very fair. He that gave it you has taken it to Himself, and His goodness leaves no doubt but that it is better for you both. Your affliction, though great, has many noble alleviations. Perhaps it may still please God to give you a son to stay with you. I heartily wish it, if He think fit, and shall rejoice in doing for him what his brother is too happy to want.<sup>(1)</sup>

Your loving friend, J. B.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. July 8th 1714.

Dear John: The hurry of our commencement is now pretty well over, and one has time to ask you how you do. We had very good exercise, both serious and comical, in St. Mary's Church, on Monday and Tuesday, and prodigious crowds of people. The Queen's singers have entertained us with their voices, and several of your topping men and women with music. To-night we are to treat all our white-hoods, or Masters of Arts of two

<sup>(1)</sup> What a beautiful and manly letter! It would not be easy to shew more good sense or good feeling in so few words.

or three years' standing or below them, at the Rose. Dr. Sacheverel took his degree here, and has been nobly stared at, but I believe not so well entertained as at Oxford; he went by my window just now; if he had not had too much company with him, one might have asked him to come in. I have received sister Sarah's pocket-book from Thrapston.

What news among you? Don't things go ill for your P.? Let's hear from you how you all do.—Yours, J. Byrom.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. July 13th 1714.

Dear John.....Our sitting for Fellowships is within ten weeks, and my prospect but bad. No more Fellowships dropt of late; one Mr. ffranks, a Lancashire man, has got a living, and must lay down shortly. .... — Yours in haste, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

Trin. Coll. August 26th, 1714.

Dear brother: I hope you are got well to London. I have wrote to Mr. Banks to desire his interest at Fellowships, but must leave it to you to direct it and send it to him. Our Master is going to London with the Cambridge Address to wait the King's coming over, but I suppose that will be before Fellowships, or else he may not be here at that time. We had a strong report that one of our Fellows out of College was dead, but it proves otherwise, and we have no more vacancies than we had four or five months ago. I met with a pamphlet to-day entitled *Donatus Redivivus*, about Mr. Lester and Mr. M-lyn of Manchester rebaptising two young women at the boarding school; is there anything in it? Were you at the Queen's funeral? I wish I had had a black suit instead of this; everybody here almost is in mourning. I shall be glad to hear from you how you all do. — Your loving brother and servant,  
J. B.



*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Cambridge, September 26th, 1714.

Dear John: How do you do? Nay, how do *you* do? you'll say. Why, I'm in a poor condition as to Fellowships. All our competitors are come, so we are really eleven. My Lord Halifax's favourite rid post to take a Fellowship among us yesterday, and that lord will be declared Lord High Treasurer to-night; and who dares disoblige him? His coming has spoiled the little hopes we unsure men had. I am writing my epistles over to present the Master and Seniors to-morrow, Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday we are examined, Friday thrown out—ah, poor us! You may give my duty, love, &c., to all at home, and let 'em know that—it won't do. —Farewell, J. B.<sup>(1)</sup>

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. Oct. 14th, 1714.

Dear John: How do you do? I received yours about the 5th of November. I was desired by the head Lecturer to make the speech, but I excused myself from it, not knowing but they might at home have a mind I should come thither; for my staying here signifies nothing to the Fellowship, which will fall no sooner or later whether I go to Lancashire or no; and I want to be amongst 'em. I am just dead for want of exercise, and it's very chargeable living here in the winter, especially for us new chosen.

I see Mr. Lester has provided an answer to Owen's book against him, but have not read it; I lost your letter on that subject in the hurry of Fellowships, but I thought when I read it you had not taken away all my doubts. It was certainly a hasty thing in Mr. Lester and Mr. M-lyn, and they should have submitted that affair to higher judges and powers. Dr. Bentley went to London yesterday to be at the coronation.—Yours, J. B.

(1) He was, however, elected, notwithstanding the severity of the competition. Those elected with him were Samuel Shenton, Nicolas Wickins, Thomas Bentley, Henry Kelsall, Robert Smith. He was elected Socius minor, and Socius major in 1715. This explains an expression in the succeeding letter.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. Jan. 9th, 1715.

Dear John ..... And now for my journey. If I come to you next week, how shall I go down to Lancashire? for my time is short; I must be up again in about two months' time to be inceptor in order to Master's degree. 'Tis a bad time of the year for an indifferent traveller as I am to ride about two hundred miles, but when 'tis over 'twill do me good. Have you read this new pamphlet, *English Advice to the Freeholders of England?* <sup>(1)</sup> — a rare tory piece; it has been laid at honest folk's doors here in great numbers, the whigs going to ruin Church, Constitution, &c. <sup>(2)</sup>

Yours, J. B.

<sup>(1)</sup> Attributed to Dr. Atterbury, and answered by De Foe.

<sup>(2)</sup> The following letters from Mr. William Shrigley to Mr. Edward Byrom, are inserted here as illustrative of the feelings of the time. The reader will see that they are written in an assumed character. The persons designated by initials are obvious:

“Manchester, July 25, 1715.

Dear Sir: If you have not paid Roper for Edward Davies his news, pray let us know. Potter's is paid; it has cost the poor fellow twenty shillings in postage, besides the shame of duns. Had I thought you would have forgot it, I would have given it in specie, but really I thought 'twas as well —.

We are here very uneasy; we have six troops of dragoons, and a little time will bring forty or fifty poor alehouse keepers with their families on the town. The Major who has made so much to do had order a weeks ago to march, but cares not to stir; 'tis thought his friends the Presbyterians pay for that.

All friends are well. That the great and good God would direct and protect us all, is the daily prayer of yours affectionately,

WM. SHRIGLEY.

Major Wyville, commandant in Manchester. Leonard.”

“Manchester, August 10th, 1715.

Dear Sir: Yours with Potter's receipt I received, and thank you for the trouble, but especially for the news part, which at this time is very obliging. As to Manchester, matters stand thus. The mad Major went the 8th for Halifax, and took along three of the six troops. The commandant at present is Col. Foley, who seems a very modest gentleman. We whigs have gained one point already, and hope he'll be a second Major Wyville. The point gained is, he has begun the round of visits; yesterday morning he drank tea with honest Mr. Butterworth; at night had a bottle of wine with good Mr. Taylor; the company were, obliging Mr. Finch, sincere Mr. Bayley, profound F. Da—t, and some others. We intend to dinner him and supper him round, and by degrees make him our own, if you know what will do it, though



*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Trin. Coll. May 3rd, 1715.

Dear John : I received yours ; indeed I wanted to hear from you. Dr. Bentley, I hear, comes to college again sometime this week, and scholarships, I believe, will be sometime next. I know not why he takes his money out of the Funds, but I believe not through any apprehension of a change ; but, if there should be one, must everybody that has money that way lose it ?

Your Lesley's letter creeps about here, but I think we are

Major Wy—the cost us damnable dear. On Monday when the Major went, some Millgateers were so rude as to shout “Down with the Rump ;” the Colonel has upon that score got a man on the guard these two nights who was seen amongst 'em ; he lives at the Civet Cat in the Deansgate ; so that we yet keep the tories under military execution. The generality of people here are exasperated at our harsh measures, but we'll gratify our passions were we sure to be hang'd. There's a talk that we offered the fiery trial to Tom Sydall to make him confess who set him on ; we named old Trafford, Pigot, Shrigley, and several others, but the rascal was hard ; then we offered £50, but that would not take ; so he's gone to Lancaster, and Ward after him.

We are in great fear of the Pretender, for really to say true, we have carried things to that height since K. G. came here that the tories will be apt to remember us, and God knows, you know, and I know they are twenty to one here, so that we shall all be undone, nay, further, I'm well assured, since these violent proceedings of our legislators, many, I say many, yea verily many, have turned away their hearts from good King G. and his issue. 'Tis whisper'd that several great men more are for going to the Pretender after Ormond, &c. What do they mean ? Can they not stay ? We'll be good masters, and use moderation. I send you not the Major's letter ; 'tis not worth it, though very rascally, for 'twould cost 4d., and I would not give so much for all our fraternity's writings ; for really they are very unmannerly of late, and you know I love, though a whig, to be civil. All the vile tories are hearty, don't run away, and they seem no ways dejected, which occasions various speculations. There are frequent meetings of the tories. I hear that Mr. L—h of L—, Mr. R—e of F—x D—n, and Mr. Eg—n of Hea—n, with Shrigley and five or six more, were merry for three or four days last week at a little village sixteen miles off in Derbyshire. It's thought something was there talked of prejudicial to the good old cause, and 'tis well if 'twere not so ; to-day there's another meeting. It's well if these things produce not some event of damage to the whigs, for they are all their mortal enemies. Perhaps ere this reach you some great news may be stirring ; let's hear it.

Yours, NNNN.”

silenter as to whig and tory, and nothing like a change in the government here. Our Vice-Chancellor has forbid the coffee-houses taking in any other papers but the *Daily Courant*, *Evening Post*, *Gazette*, and *Votes*, so that our written letters, *Postboy*, *Flying Post*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, &c. are all banished, and we must have news without politics. The abjuration oath hath not been put to us yet, nor do I know when it will be; nobody of our year scruples it, and indeed in the sense they say they shall take it, I could; one says he can do it and like the Pretender never the worse; another, that it only means that he won't plot to bring him in, he doesn't trouble his head about him, &c. "I take it thus," says Mr. ———: "It is required of me by the magistrates of the University, whom I am bound to obey; it is not my business to dispute their power. Why do I take my degree here? For I cannot do that lawfully, if you run up the Vice-Chancellor's power to confer it to these businesses of politics. I must be guided by the authority of other people who know the case better than I do. Do not all your lawyers, divines here, doesn't the Church of which we are members, in her prayers and practice, in effect declare it lawful? I believe it because my governors say it, and that's reason enough till you prove 'em liars. I swear to observe these acts of parliament, and yet, say you, never read them; and what then? Did we not swear to the Thirty-nine Articles, Doctrine of the Homilies, &c., and have you read all the Homilies, &c. &c. &c.?" You know my opinion, that I am not clearly convinced that it is lawful, nor that it is unlawful; sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom (in London).*

Trin. Coll. July 14, 1715.

Dear Brother: I thank you for your last, am this minute setting out homewards, and Tom Bentley goes with me to Buxton. I sent a box to London, John's *Rehearsals* in it, so he may open it, but carefully, 'tis creachy; my other things go in a pack by Mr. Wil.<sup>(1)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> Wilcoxon, Carrier.



shortly. I shall be glad to see you in the country. I hope I may meet with opportunities of discharging the obligations I owe to you all in some measure equal to the sense I have of 'em.

The same good Providence that has hitherto, attend us always. I am, with dearest love, your very affectionate brother and servant,

J. B.

Dear John, Shorthand.<sup>(1)</sup> Let me not lose your correspondence. God bless you all.—Farewell.

[Extract from a letter to Mr. Stansfield written by Mrs. Brearcliffe — Sarah Byrom.]

Oxford, April 22nd, 1716.

Mr. Stansfield: We came here safe last night, and are very well, but more tired than ever I was in my life. I have such a trotting horse, I don't know how ever I shall be able to hold out till I get to Manchester. If I thought Charles Low knew that he trotted so, I should be very angry with him for letting me have it; brother's is but bad, but rather better than mine. We have been looking at the colleges and up and down the town; brother says he should have took a great deal of pleasure in being here but that this one thought sticks so close by him; but he is very well, only tired."

[Extracts from a letter to Mr. Stansfield, supposed to be written by Mr. Byrom when on his way to Montpelier.]

[No date.] Deal, Sunday night.

Sir: I just received yours. Your concern for my missing the Bonetta shews your kindness; but let it not afflict you. I question not doing well some way or other. I was informed by a waterman at my coming here that if a man's afterwits were as good as his forewits, one should never do amiss, that it was in vain to repine, &c.; which sage maxims I have endeavoured to build on since. My enquiry in this place has been answered with intel-

(<sup>1</sup>) The first mention of Shorthand.

ligence like that in yours ; so to-morrow morning I shall march to Dover and see what can be done there, whence you shall hear further from me. There is no going to Calais without a pass, but to Ostend I am told one may ; but then, the passage thither is uncertain. Now, uncertain or not uncertain, my present intention is for that place, if passage may be had in any time ; and I may mount eleven miles further and call on my cousin Barton<sup>(1)</sup> at Bruges, who, you said, knew my cousin Kenn. If I get to Bruges and see cousin Barton, I shall let you know from thence ; and who knows but a visit there may make this disappointment more agreeable than it is apt to be on the sudden. I wish you a good journey to your country seat — my dearest remembrance to all there. Sir, you must be all caution and no fear, and you'll find true what our old friend Archimedes said some while ago :

If a man do but keep himself sober and stout,  
The world as he'd have it must needs turn about.

Honest Landlord : I read yours very readily, tho' you differ from me in some points, and more of it will be welcome whenever it comes. Now try these if you can read mine, which I write according to the rules I gave you, and my own way of pointing.....  
[*four lines of shorthand.*]

Dover, Monday morning. Just come here, and I am told a packet goes either to-night or to-morrow to Ostend ; I am just going to see the captain, and if I go with him, so, if not, I shall tell you. I have had a cold in my noddle which I think will stay behind me.

Sir, I shall go in the packet to Ostend ; and so, sir, I pray God to have you and me and all friends in his good keeping. I shall give you at my return what accounts I meet with of the countries I shall travel thro'. Please to copy out this to my sisters in Yorkshire :

Dear Sisters : I am at Dover, and shall go to Ostend to-night or

(1) Byrom had a cousin *Barrington* living at Bruges.



morrow morning. I intend to see cousin Bar. at Bruges, and thence to make the best of my way to my cousin's. My service to all friends and love to yourselves from your very loving brother,

JOHN EDWARDS.

I am very hearty, cheerful, hopeful, and I do not doubt of a good voyage and return. S. .... .. [more shorthand.]

Mrs. Stansfield: My service to you; pray don't take too much snuff; look to yourself and my landlord.<sup>(1)</sup>

Dear brother, farewell, look to yourself, all will be well.

— to — (2)

Montpelier, March 19th, 1717.

Sir: I have not heard from you since I left England, nor wrote to you since I left Paris. I am arrived at this place in my way to Bordeaux, from whence I shall either cross over to you, or return by way of Paris. I am in very good health, and very well pleased with my travels.—SA. WOOLMER.

*Edward Byrom to John Byrom.*

Manchester, August 17th, 1717.

Dear Brother: Yours of the 8th and 13th inst. are come safe to hand, and have much rejoiced us all; for some of my sisters had almost given you up, because we expected that you had left Montpelier according to your last. That you are well is all we wanted to know; and now you are fixed, let us hear often from you, as you shall from us, and be not in too much haste to come home if you think you can benefit yourself by any studies at Montpelier. I hope you have improved yourself in physic since your being there; I would gladly have you employ yourself that way, and you need not doubt of encouragement here. Not one

(1) Mr. Stansfield is meant. The shorthand characters are like Mr. Byrom's, but they have a different meaning.

(2) There is a mystery about Byrom's movements at this period on which there are no papers to throw any light. There can be little doubt that politics had much to do with his concealment.

person but ourselves knows where you are, but we think now to let our friends know that you are studying physic at Montpelier.

Your bill shall be paid when it comes, and if you want such another, you shall have it rather than come away sooner than you would.

I saw Dr. Ashenhurst<sup>(1)</sup> about a month ago, who hath promised me to get what money he can for you, but Mr. Baker<sup>(2)</sup> hath hitherto refused paying anything without a receipt under your own hand. Dr. Ashenhurst saith there will be £50 due to you.

I believe you have not till now heard of cousin Thomas Byrom's death;<sup>(3)</sup> he died the 18th of January last. Besides this I know of no alteration among our friends worth mentioning.

Mr. Hooper<sup>(4)</sup> is in town and often enquires after you, and says he is to attend a young gentleman, Mr. Wright of Offerton, as companion to make the tour of France.

You may save yourself any trouble of enquiring after Mr. Roberts, for he is in these parts, but thinks himself excepted out of the act of grace, as are all persons who have gone beyond seas, or all who have been with the Pretender.

There is no providing any passage for you at this distance; you must take your chance when you come to Bordeaux, if you come that way. Mother sends you her blessing, and we all our love and services. Fail not to write often, and you shall hear again from

Your loving brother, E. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

Montpelier, January 3rd, 1718.

Dear Brother and Sisters: I have received yours of November 26th this week, as I did some while ago my brother's of October

<sup>(1)</sup> Dr. Ashenhurst was of Trinity College, A.B. 1704, A.M. 1708, M.D. 1715.

<sup>(2)</sup> Dr. John Baker was Byrom's College Tutor, A.B. 1698, A.M. 1702, S.T.P. 1717.

<sup>(3)</sup> Son of Joseph Byrom of Salford.

<sup>(4)</sup> He was afterwards Incumbent of Didsbury, and succeeded Mr. Lesley in the office of Librarian of Chetham's Hospital.



11th, with the agreeable news of his being quit of his Lancaster affair; I was afraid he wouldn't have come off so cleverly. I received yours, dear brother, about the time of the opening of the University, which was done with very handsome ceremonies. Here is a Chancellor and eight Professors, who take it in their turn from morning to night to dictate the several parts of physic to the students. I find by yours that you are not averse to my employing myself that way; therefore I resolved to spend the winter that way, and have engaged myself in a private course of anatomy, which ere it be ended, belike one may know somewhat of the matter. There is a physician and a surgeon to explain and demonstrate to us everything that relates to their different offices from two to four in the afternoon every day, Sundays and all; even Christmas day we were fain to be there. There is a young gentleman of the same standing with me of Queen's College, Cambridge, who, having altered his resolution from divinity to physic, is come on purpose to study here; we have been reading upon to-day's lesson in his chamber; his name is Piper.<sup>(1)</sup> We remember one another there very well, though we were not acquainted there; he is a very clever lad. So you see I am got into physic for this winter, which I shall continue or leave off as you think fit to advise me, though I cannot help being sorry that it has not always been my study. I received for my bill only 288 livres; I thought to have got 300 for it; I was obliged to a Scotch student who lent me money till I received it; I was in debt about 100 livres before it came, and with the rest I have bought myself a good cloth coat, &c., a new periwig, hat, &c., according to the French fashion; so that with these and other dispenses which I am obliged to, I am just as I was before I drew upon you last. I should have bought myself a couple of shirts, but my money would not reach. I think not to draw upon you till I hear from you; if you know the merchant to whom you paid the last, Mr. L'Eglise I think his name is, there may be no occasion for it; you may give him what you

(1) John Piper, B.A. 1710, M.A. 1720.

think fit when you can best spare it, and I presume Monsieur Perrier will pay it me here. I wonder Mr. Baker should refuse to pay you my College dues; I hope you may have or will receive 'em. I am neither dead nor married yet as I know on. It comes into my thoughts just now to ask one favour of you. When I was at A. last winter I had the misfortune to lose the seal of my watch, which dropt off from the chain that held it. In this town here is a man that has a particular art of graving in a sort of stone that he makes himself, that is very pretty. Strangers, especially our people, buy a great many of his graving; so I wish you would send me a description how to order him to grave a seal with your arms. I remember nothing but the hedgehogs; there is the original at Kersall.

Yours from Kersall, dear sisters, came to me in the Christmas holidays with us here; I thank you for the merry one you wish me, and a happy new year, wishing you the same; but to tell you the truth, I have not passed this over merrily here, reflecting on my absence from you at this joyful season, for we English are perpetually talking of our own country amongst ourselves, and chiefly at this time. The French here observe the twelfth day as a great rejoicing day with them; we are to keep it to-morrow in our auberge, or place where we eat. I have [thought] two or three times a writing to you, sister Dorothy, news from the nuns. I had the opportunity the other day of seeing the ceremonies of taking the veil. It was my landlady's niece. Her father is first consul of this town, a man of quality; but not being, I believe, able to give the young lady a fortune suitable, takes the ordinary method here in such case, to give four or five thousand livres to put her into a nunnery. The solemnity was really very touching: I wished a thousand times you had been there to see it. The Duke of Roquelaure, governor of Montpellier, a great many persons of quality, and all the *parents* of the young lady, were invited by printed billets, of which my landlady gave me one, to the chapel of the religious of St. Ursula, the convent where she entered. They began with mass, which was sung to very fine music. The young



lady was at the grate with all the religious sisters in their private quire, all with large white wax candles in their hands. At mass the young lady received the *hostie* or sacrament, which some of the assistants received with her, after which there was a sermon, addressed chiefly to her; the happy lot she had to be freed from the snares of the world, you may guess, was the subject. After this the priest who was to admit her came to her to the grate, the clerk carrying a large silver plate with a black veil, a crown of roses, a ring, and a silver instrument<sup>(1)</sup> to sprinkle holy water; there he asks her some questions proper to the occasion, whether she embraced that condition with her own will and consent, &c., after which he sprinkled her with holy water, then put on her ring, then her veil, and then the crown of roses upon the black veil; then she went to the lady abbess and made the three common vows, of poverty, chastity, and obedience; then the abbess embraced her, gave her her benediction, and she went to all the sisters and kissed them one by one; then she returns to the grate, where the priest represents to her that she is now dedicated to God, and dead to the world, in token of which four of the nuns bring in a large velvet *drap de mort* or coffin cloth, under which she lies down, the sisters holding the cloth over her and singing with all the quire the *De profundis* and such psalms as they sing here when persons are really buried; in short, they perform all the burial office, adding the word, dead, dead to the world, &c. After this the dead rises, joins in a common prayer with the whole assembly, and so she becomes a nun of the order of the Ursulines. I profess I have seldom been more affected with a solemnity than with this; she was a very beautiful person, and behaved so prettily and modestly that every body was in love with her. We had here t'other day a procession where there were eleven or twelve bishops of this province; twenty-three there should have been, but they not being come to the estates or parliament at present assembled here, had only their representatives. A procession is when the blessed

(1) The Aspersorium.

sacrament is carried by the priest under a canopy through the streets upon solemn occasions. The particulars of these and many other of their customs I must reserve for the letter which I still owe you on that subject.

My wife<sup>(1)</sup> writes me word that Mr. Lesley your library keeper, is going to die; that the feoffees ask if I will have the place. I could like it very well, but I suppose it tied to certain engagements which I do not like so well; I suppose the feoffees at liberty to give it to one *in* or *out* of orders, but whether he must take the oaths or no perhaps depends not upon them. If I may be as I am, I shall be glad to visit the skeleton. You all invite me home very kindly, and in spring I think to come to you by way of Paris, if you know of no other by any of the ports. I have nothing should tempt me from your company at present but the occasion of a little insight into physic in this place.

My Cambridge companion intends to pass Dr. here. I hope my tutor has been so reasonable as to pay brother what he owes me, or will do, to help him to pay Perrier's bill. I think to set out towards you as soon as our anatomy is over, for the weather, if one may guess by the warmth of the winter, will soon be favourable enough. I flatter myself I shall find you all well, and renew the happiness I formerly had in your company. There is little news stirring here. Peterborough, you know, was examined and acquitted. We are to have great doings here for the setting up of Louis the Fourteenth's statue, a *feu d'artifice* or fireworks of 2,000 livres.

Pray my duty to mother. I often wish myself walking with her here this fine winter. How does Mr. Malbranche like Kersall? My service to him, and all friends. The Scotch student that lodged in our house is gone to another part of the town. Mr. Piper was immatriculated here yesterday.

I have been too long without writing, but I hope you will not

(1) Sister Phebe.



revenge yourself that way, but write to your ever loving brother and servant,

J. B., Dr. of Physic, January 17th, 1718.

*John Byrom to John Stansfield.*

Montpelier, Jan. 21, 1718.

Dear landlord : how do you do? I hope to have the satisfaction of seeing you all in the spring, which I now begin to long for. There was here a while ago a thesis defended upon the question that voyaging was good against melancholy ; seeing the physical doings here has invited me to turn my thoughts that way during my stay here, and I am come to wish I had always thought of it. If when I come amongst you I meet with opportunities of improving myself therein, I should be glad to go on in that road. Why won't you let's have your advice thereon? Perhaps you would rather I should talk to you of religious affairs, being in a country where they are something differently taught and practised than amongst us. I have wished a hundred times for your company at the ceremonies of the Church here, that I might have your thoughts of their way of managing. Perhaps you would scruple to go to mass, &c., for my part I have been at it several times, and for what external ceremonies there are, I see nothing to fright one from it, nor indeed from any way of communion with 'em, if they would excuse one from believing so and so. For outward pomp and magnificence they far outdo us, tho' perhaps in our way of worship we have retrenched what bears too much upon excess in theirs. There is one reflection obvious enough that one generally makes on seeing the different ways of worship amongst men, that the best and surest way of recommending oneself to the Deity is, to be an honest, just man, to do what all the world is agreed upon ought to be done, and then by the Roman Catholics' leave, I think one need not doubt of a share in His favour. 'Tis an odd sort of winter we have here with us ; in England one should call a fine spring ; but indeed this Montpelier is a happy climate. I intend to send some of my future patients over here for change of air ; and I wish I

could blow you over a cellar full of our wine that we have for three-pence a great bottle. Pray let me know whether you would have me turn doctor. I wait for the pleasure of hearing from you, and am  
 Votre très humble serviteur, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

[No date.] T. C. May 3rd.

Dear Brother: The post is this minute a going out, so I run to the coffee-house to return you an answer in haste to yours, and let you know that I should be very willing to have the Library, and am very much obliged to you for your pains in engaging the feoffees; if you can be sure of it, let me know further; it will be better worth while than staying for a doubtful chance for a Fellowship, whose profit will be slow a coming: besides, 'tis in Manchester, which place I love entirely. Clock strikes.—Yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to Edward Byrom.*

London, July 17, 1718.

Dear Brother: I have not wrote to you this good while, nor heard from you since my last; but am sorry to hear Mr. Stansfield tells me that you seem to take it amiss, as if I questioned the continuance of your care and concern for me. I have had so much experience of it that I cannot, I hope, be supposed to forget it; and if I can judge of your future kindnesses by your past, I have no manner of reason to raise a question so fatal to my own repose and satisfaction. I could not hope to succeed in my own endeavours, nor to escape from my own faults, without such your concern for me, and it is the most violent one that I have of my own to be able to make more suitable returns for it than I have hitherto done; and if I do not write to you often enough, this subject at least never being wanting, indeed it is not that it ever slips out of my mind; I should be very much concerned to have you think it did. I ask your pardon for so long silence at this time, but I had nothing new to acquaint you with save what relates to Mr. Stansfield, who I thought had himself told you that his wife was brought



to bed of a son on Midsummer day, to whom I stood godfather, and called him John. The poor infant has had the same fate with his two brothers of that name, being but eighteen days old when he died of a thrush. I have been amusing myself with the case of this child, (and indeed his two brothers,) how, being in all appearance born healthful, and thriving for some days after its birth, it should be thus carried off; but whatever thoughts I have of the matter I may keep 'em to myself, for how should a young doctor dare to dispute with an old nurse? I supped with cousin W. two nights ago, and his lady gives her service to you all; we drank your health all three in a bowl of punch. I was to have been on Tuesday night at a club of our faculty, but the doctor who was to have introduced me, one of our college, was out of town. I have been inquiring into the Meads and Cades, &c. Child's is the physicians' coffee house; but I have advanced no further than two or three steps in the politics of that place. Cousin Woodward, when I first dined with him, lent me a book called *An Enquiry into the Nature and Obligations of Legal Rights*, &c., desiring me to return it soon, because my U. A. [Uncle Andrew] wanted to read it. I guessed it was thought a good performance, and did not know whether they thought it might settle my settlements; but however, I sent him back my reflections on it under a feigned person, showing, from the man's own way of talking that wrote it, that his defence of the Revolution was very inconsistent, and the whole business no way sustainable. I have stayed to be godfather to Mr. Stansfield's child, and to see if it would live or die. I have had the misfortune to lose this godson as I did the other; and now I think to set out on Monday or Tuesday to Cambridge, where I am glad to hear some of my acquaintance are residing; and if you know of any way to come down to you from thence, you will be so kind as to inform your affectionate, obliged brother and servant, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield.*

Cambridge, Wednesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Stansfield: How do you do? This is to let you

know that we are all very well ; we came hither yesterday at one o'clock ; we supped with Mr. Walker last night, and at Chapel Jug<sup>(1)</sup> invited us to the Lodge ; we went thither, and this morning she has sent to ask us to dine there, as we shall do. She asks me if my wife be not Miss Phebe, and I tell her yes. I wish sadly you both were here, as do my honest lasses, who present their service, &c. to you.—Yours, J. B.

[Extract from a letter to Mr. Stansfield, written by Mrs. Anne,  
daughter of Mr. Joseph Byrom.]

Feb. 18th, 1720–1.

Mr. Stansfield : I received yours last week, and designed answering it by first post, but could not have an opportunity, we having been pretty much engaged this week ; for on Tuesday last sister Elizabeth was married to Dr. Byrom, with the consent of father<sup>(2)</sup> and mother, and the wedding kept here, and we having had a deal of company.

*John Byrom to Mr. Stansfield.*

Monday Morning, April 17th, 1721.

Dear John : I had thought to have written a long letter in answer to your last, but when I had mustered up all the philosophy I was master of, I thought you would perhaps think it was like my praising potatoes over a good rump of beef, as you used to joke formerly ; what I should say to you now you would think to be the unexperienced ramble of a man who, having all the happiness in the world fallen into his lap at once, had no notion of the weight of misfortunes ; and yet if you persist in your uneasiness, I will try, though I lose my pains, if I cannot reason you out o'nt, though 'tis very hard to convince a man that does but *barely exist*

<sup>(1)</sup> Dr. Bentley's daughter.

<sup>(2)</sup> "Her father," says Chalmers, "was extremely averse to the match, and, when it took place without his consent, refused the young couple any means of support—and as a means of supporting himself and his wife, he had recourse to the teaching of shorthand writing."



that 'tis possible to be happy! My friend, I know misfortunes make us dull, lifeless, uneasy, &c.; but I know, too, that they ought not so to do; that we are obliged to use all efforts in nature not to frustrate the intention of wiser and kinder powers to us in our circumstances. All goods are reckoned in value thus—goods of the mind, body, and fortune. Your grievances, are not they of the last sort? Are not your blessings more than your deficiencies?—why should not your gratitude and cheerfulness? But I only design now to ask you how you do, and not to talk with you about these things wherein you are fitter to be my master; yet I shall send you one argument that has been of use to me, and which, that I might familiarise to myself, I put into the following verses:

#### AN ARGUMENT.

If reason does each private person bind  
To seek the public welfare of mankind;  
If this be justice and the sacred law  
That guards the good and keeps the bad in awe;  
If this great law but op'rates to fulfil  
One vast Almighty Being's righteous will;  
If this good Being, as we all maintain,  
Does all things rule, and all events ordain;  
Then reason binds each private man t' assent  
That none but atheists can be discontent.

If you see any fallacy in this climax, as we call it, or ladder of arguing step by step, show it me; if not, what can all the volumes in the Vatican amount to, to show that we must be easy? I mean voluntarily easy, hoc est, cheerful, satisfied, thankful, brisk, and be so constantly, habitually, in all times, conditions, and circumstances, &c. Which that we may all be, &c. My wife's and mine to you and yours.—J. B.

I shall be glad to hear from you; don't believe I shall ever be too busy for your correspondence, I love it too well.

Mr. S., will you be so kind as to enquire out this book for me, *Orbis Fascinatus*, or *The World Bewitched*, or *Bataverde Weereld*,

written originally in Dutch by one Bekker, pastor of Amsterdam, translated into French, 4 vols.<sup>(1)</sup> One vol. was rendered into English; I have that, but would have it all in any language, Dutch or any. If you will enquire and let me know what you hear about it, price of it, which I shall not scruple, &c., you'll oblige yours,

J. B.

Will you be my factor to pick me up physic books or others out of Moorfields, hedgemen, auctions, &c.? You shall have what you will per cent.

[Extract from Journal.]

October 5th, 1722.

Captain Davenport mustered the soldiers in the square. This day we came to Mr. Hunter's house. Sat. 6th: Lawrenson's wife dead. Sister Ellen ill. Sorted my papers all morning. Mr. Hooper came about one to ask me to go to Holme;<sup>(2)</sup> I followed 'em thither, Mr. M. and R. and Mrs. H. Malyn. Dr. Mainwaring there. We bowled, read Haddon's verses<sup>(3)</sup> on the eclipses, &c.

(1) The famous work of Balthasar Bekker, which supplied the materials for Thomasius's thesis *De Crimine Magicæ*. Of this most copious repository for the subjects of magic and the diabolical arts, some account may be found in Chalmers's *Biog. Dict.*, (tit. Bekker). Only one vol. of an English translation was published, 1695, 12mo.

(2) Hulme Hall was the seat of Lady Bland. The Rev. Francis Hooper acted as her Chaplain. He was also the Librarian of Chetham's Library.

(3) This was the Rev. John Haddon, M.A., Rector of Warrington from June, 1723, to January, 1767, and who is commemorated amongst his other friends in a poetical epistle of Mr. Byrom's, dated in August, 1726. Mr. Haddon is thus favourably referred to in an extract from Tim Bobbin's autobiography, given in Waugh's *Village of Milnrow*: "Though Lancashire born," (he says, speaking of himself in the third person,) "all his acquaintance agree, his wife not excepted, that he's an odd fellow. In the reign of Queen Ann he was a boy, and one of the nine children of a poor curate in Lancashire whose stipend never amounted to thirty pounds a year, and consequently the family must feel the iron tooth of penury with a witness. These indeed were sometimes blunted by the charitable disposition of the good rector (the reverend Mr. H—— of W——n) and others. T. B. lived as some other boys did, content with water pottage, buttermilk, and jamnock, till he was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, when providence began to smile on him in his advancement to a pair of Dutch looms, when he met with treacle to his pottage, and sometimes a little to his



Mr. Leycester came, and Mr. Kate. Sunday, 7 : New Church; Mr. Bann<sup>(1)</sup> preached — text, Thou shalt not kill; afternoon, Old Church, Mr. Cattell<sup>(2)</sup> — text, Love is the fulfilling of the law; walked after sermon by the river's side by Strangeways with Mr. Leycester and Dr. Mainwaring. Monday: father Byrom and sister Ann went to Byrom to-day; went to Kersall with Mr. Leycester. Bellman went [round] to-day to offer a great reward to those who should discover them that burned the Camp Field. Tuesday: went to Kersall to-day at four o'clock. Brother Byrom just came to town before I went; brought word that sister Ellen was worse. I took some sack, in which I put a little powder; she said it was very good and comfortable, and was much better, and came down stairs. Wednesday: went to Kersall with Phebe. I carried a blister, renewed her cordial with a few drops of laudanum. Mr. Clarke came to Mr. Cotham's to lodge there to-night. Dr. Malyn junior, Robert M., Mr. Hooper, Mr. Johnson repeating his opera.<sup>(3)</sup> Thursday: sister Ellen had had a very good night, was very well all morning, but at noon all on a sudden changed to worse again. She fancied it was their reading (for they were reading Clarendon's history) that disturbed her. Friday: 12th, dined at Kersall, came away about five. Camb. Club to-night at the coffee-house. Mr. Hooper, Leycester, Clark, Cotham, Malyn Robert, Kate, and Ogilvy there. Saturday: October 13th, sister Ellen worse, desired I would come. I found her better than I expected from the accounts I had had. I walked home. Mountebank Green's stage

butterwilk, or spread on his jannock." Mr. Haddon was the father of the Rev. Peter Haddon, M.A., of whom a favourable notice will be found in the *Loidis et Elmete*, p. 48.

(<sup>1</sup>) The Rev. Nathaniel Banne, M.A., Rector of St. Ann's, Manchester, and Chaplain to Bishop Gastrell. See a letter of his to the Bishop, *Notitia Cestr.* vol. ii. part ii. p. xxi.

(<sup>2</sup>) The Rev. Thomas Cattell, M.A., was elected Chaplain of the Collegiate Church October 20th, 1731, and Fellow May 29th, 1735. (*College Register*.)

(<sup>3</sup>) Samuel Johnson, the author of *Hurlothrumbo*, of whom an account will be found in Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i. p. 402 (edit. 1512). Probably the opera was "*Hurlothrumbo*," though it was not published till 1729.

set up in the square. I paid the king's rents for Salford, &c. £11. 4s. Od.; he had sent his acquittance to Mr. James Bayley. Potter's wife's ear very ill, &c. Sunday: Mr. Sidebotham<sup>(1)</sup> of Middleton preached at New Church, both fore and afternoon. Dined at father Byrom's. Sister Ann said sister Ellen was much [better] by one, that she had left her asleep. I went not to Kersall to-day. Monday: rose eight. Thomas Brierley from Kersall with a note for me to come as soon as possible, sister Ellen being much worse. I went; she got up in the afternoon; I came to town after five. My landlord Hunter being in town at his house, I went to see him; then I went to Mr. Johnson's ball; vast mob to see the girls come; Lady Bland at Buxton all this while. Mr. and Mrs. Vigor<sup>(2)</sup> to visit us this afternoon while I was at Kersall. Tuesday: Mr. C. at breakfast with us, said Mr. Walker the nonjuring parson was taken up on Mr. Chetham's<sup>(3)</sup> warrant. I received a letter from Dr. Jurin in answer to mine by Mr. Walton. Nobody coming from Kersall makes me hope well of sister Ellen. 12 o'clock, Grace came from Kersall for me to come immediately, sister Ellen being worse; then John Rigby came. I took Dr. M. along with me. I sat up with her. Wednesday: Dr. M. came about nine; we came away about one or two. Soldiers marching away to-day. At nine in the evening I went to Kersall, where I found poor sister Ellen in the agonies of death, as I thought; I gave her the bolus, after which she was better and more composed.

Thursday, October 18th, 1722: poor Ellen worse and worse; Dorothy and I sat up with her all night; at six sent for Dr. Malyn<sup>(4)</sup> and Dr. Mainwaring; she languished till near six at night,

<sup>(1)</sup> Samuel Sidebottom of St. John's College, Cambridge, B.A. 1715, M.A. 1718, instituted to the Rectory of Middleton 2nd April, 1714, and died there 22nd May, 1752.

<sup>(2)</sup> See Pedigree.

<sup>(3)</sup> Samuel Chetham of Turton Tower and Castleton Hall Esq., an active magistrate, died in 1744, having no issue by his wife Mary, one of the daughters and coheiresses of James Holte of Castleton Esq.

<sup>(4)</sup> In Ormerod's *Cheshire* is an account of a Dr. Massie Malyn, who lived at Ashton upon Mersey, and who by marriage got the Massie estate there.



and then died, (and her dear soul now rests with God, for she was by nature and grace a good creature; Lord make me as fit to die as she was.) God forgive me if I was wanting in anything to her; I am sure I loved her dearly. Oh, my poor mother! Lord have mercy upon us all, and prepare us for death by living well while we do live.

Proposals printed May 27th, 1723, for printing and publishing a new method of shorthand.<sup>(1)</sup>

Monday, July 1st, Mr. Lever and I came to Cambridge about three o'clock; we were at Mr. Nicoll's<sup>(2)</sup> chambers, and there supped. I sent for Mr. Crownfield to print my proposals, but he will not without the Vice-Chancellor's leave; so I went with Dr. Malyn to him. I gave him two proposals; he said he should consider on it, &c.

At Cambridge Dr. Brookbank received me very civilly. I showed Dr. Smith my method, and he approved of it, and gave me leave to print his approbation of it, which I did at Oxford, where Mr. Lever, Vernon, and I came on Sunday night. Saturday night we lay at from whence I wrote to my wife.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Cambridge, July 2nd, 1723.

My dear love: How do you do? We came hither yesterday about two o'clock, had a very pleasant journey, Ashbourne, Leicester, and Thrapston our night houses. I am come rather too late to have the benefit of the commencement company. We were last night at Mr. Nicoll's chambers; to-day I dined in our Hall; at the table I dined at, had ten subscribers, two or three more since. Last night I just went to ask Dr. Bentley how he did; I am glad to find he has an opinion of the thing, subscribes for his

(1) This and all the following Journals are in shorthand.

(2) Nicholas Nicholls was Fellow of Clare Hall and Tutor there, became Rector of Patrington in the county of York in 1734 on the presentation of his College, and died there in 1772 æt. 71. (Poulson's *Hist. Holderness*, vol. ii. p. 456.)

son. I miss Mr. Hooper prodigiously; but I talk hard myself, and being resolved that the project shall succeed, why, you know, it must. Mr. Lever and I have been seeing sights, acquaintance, &c., but have both come to Mr. Smith's room to salute our friends by way of letter before the post goes out; they both send service where due, &c. I am very well, and will hope that all friends are so. The Catholic sends his service to Dr. Mainwaring, as does Mr. Vernon to him, Mr. Hooper, &c., and to yourself, to whom pray present my protection, honour, love, and cherishment, from, Madam,

Your most humble servant to command, J. B.

My respects and good wishes to the subscribers, that they may increase and abound — in all good things.

July, 1723, Oxford.

Monday, 7th. We went about the town to see the colleges, dined at Brasenose, at night went to the King's Head, where the Proctor came; sent my papers to Lichfield to print Smith's approbation. Tuesday: dined at Brasenose again. I called on the Vice-Chancellor just before dinner; he told me he would subscribe, and further it as much as he could. Tuesday following: came to Windsor with Mr. Haddon; saw the castle. Wednesday: Mr. Lever and I came to town about three o'clock; rode into Hyde Park to see the company.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, July 18th, 1723.

My dear love: How do you do? Mr. Lever and I came hither from Windsor yesterday evening; Mr. Haddon brought us from Oxford as far as that same place. The Vice-C—— subscribed for two books, and three more of Brasenose, and three more promised, in other colleges nobody, but after some while I presume I shall have some of 'em; the thing being so new, and my own worship a stranger amongst 'em, they wisely take time to consider of so serious an affair; the thing is, they don't seem to be over curious at my aunt Oxford's. Mr. Vernon and I went our *ad eundem*



Masters of Arts the day after we came. Dr. Desaguliers,<sup>(1)</sup> a famous man of the Royal Society, passed through Oxford while we were there. Dr. Jurin<sup>(2)</sup> is at Tunbridge. I have yet seen none of my acquaintance. Mr. Chetham<sup>(3)</sup> goes to Manchester to-morrow. Jo. Clowes is not within; I write from Kent's coffee-house, where they expect him, it being his wonted hour. However, I take the opportunity of thinking of the object that always occurs to me when I am alone, thy dear self, and talking with thee as far as I am able. I cannot say that coming to London ever appeared less agreeable to me than it does now; but indeed I never had before those tender engagements which you and Miss Betty have brought on me. How does my little wench do? Be sure, my dear, do not fail to write to me by the next post, for though I am as easy as I can while absent from you, yet I would have the pleasure of knowing how you do as oft as I could. Darcy<sup>(4)</sup> and I have been wandering, wandering about this afternoon. I must see Mr. Chetham before he goes. Poor Mr. Budden is dead about a month ago; I was extremely sorry to hear it, having proposed to myself a great deal of pleasure in seeing my old fellow traveller. I called at Oxford to see Dr. Matthew and his sister, who enquired after your father and mother, and send services; pray give mine to all and singular my acquaintance. Mr. Chetham is this moment come to me, so I'll bid good night and farewell—Thine, thine, thine, J. B.

(<sup>1</sup>) John Theophilus Desaguliers, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Rochelle in France, 1683. He was a distinguished lecturer on experimental philosophy, and an active member of the Royal Society. His works were published in two vols. quarto. He died in 1749.

(<sup>2</sup>) Dr. James Jurin was for many years Secretary to the Royal Society, and became President of the College of Physicians. He died in 1750.

(<sup>3</sup>) Edward Chetham, commonly called "the lawyer," died in 1769, in his eightieth year, and was buried in St. Mary's Chapel within the Collegiate Church.

(<sup>4</sup>) Darcy Lever of Alkrington, Esq., LL.D., Knighted in 1736-7, Sheriff of Lancashire 1736, died in 1743, having married Dorothy, daughter and coheirress of the Rev. William Assheton, B.D., Rector of Prestwich.

Thursday: bought the works of Mr. Malbranche, 19s. 6d.  
 Friday: breakfasted with Clowes; Mr. Chetham went into the country and left me the key of his chamber; dined at Blue Posts; Mr. Lever and I went to the play, and after with Mr. Kelsall, Tickell, and another gentleman to the Bedford Head. Sunday: dined at aunt Sleigh's; went to hear the Anabaptists; talked with Dr. Byfield at Richard's. Tuesday: I went to Doctors' Commons and sat with cousin Andrews a while; went to the Sun in Paul's church yard to the club, into which Mr. Foulks<sup>(1)</sup> introduced me; there was Mr. Graham, Hawksbee, Brown, Heathcote, Pemberton, Snead. Saturday: Aunt Sleigh told me that aunt Allen was dead. Monday: Mr. Trubshaw, Brace, Bosville, and Orm dined at Mr. Pimlot's; very rainy. Tuesday: a letter from my wife, which I answered; at night I was at the club at the Sun, Mr. Foulks, Crow, Brown, Hawksbee, Graham, Heathcote, Maxwell, Fish, Stephens, D'Anteney, and a lame gentleman. Wednesday: rose seven; at Clowes' chamber, gave him the first lesson in French.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, July 25th, 1723.

My dear love: How dost thou do? Since I wrote to thee last, nothing extraordinary has happened in relation to my plot; but I write, however, for writing's sake. Sunday: Mr. Lever, Jo. Clowes and I dined with aunt Sleigh; at night Jo. and I walking in the park, Dr. Dunster<sup>(2)</sup> (he that has Rochdale) invited us to his house in Marlborough street. Monday: I called to see Parson Ferrand<sup>(3)</sup> at Dr. Plumtree's, and he, his brother, Robin Hopwood,<sup>(4)</sup> and I

<sup>(1)</sup> Martin Folkes, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., President of the Royal Society, died in 1754, having in 1751, in conjunction with Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, obtained a charter of incorporation for the Society of Antiquaries, of which he was the President.

<sup>(2)</sup> For a sketch of Dr. Dunster's Life see *Notitia Cestr.* vol. ii. p. 124, note 3.

<sup>(3)</sup> Probably Thomas Ferrand, M.A. Trin. Coll. Camb., baptized at Bingley in the county of York 1680, afterwards Vicar there, and died in 1740.

<sup>(4)</sup> Robert, son of John Hopwood of Hopwood, Esq., and of his wife Elizabeth,



went that evening to one Mr. Row's in the Strand, an acquaintance of theirs, who plays on the harpsichord very finely. Tuesday: I dined at Mr. Ferrand's the apothecary, who I think to have for one of my receivers in the city; that night I saw some of the Royal Society men at their club in Paul's church yard, but Dr. Jurin not being there, (he is at Tunbridge,) did not mention it to them the first time I came there. Yesterday I came to Mr. Chetham's chamber in Gray's Inn; the day being wet, did not stir out much. To-day Mr. Lever and I dined with Mr. N. Pimlot<sup>(1)</sup> at a tavern, and to-night I have been with Mr. Kelsall<sup>(2)</sup>; he may be of great service, being a favourite of Walpole and acquainted much with the great folk. And this, you see, is how I go on, dull enough for me to be obliged to such an absence, but so it must be. I would give twopence-halfpenny for a moment's talk with thee and my little wench; I am pretty well tired with walking up and down these long streets. Prithee, good girl, write to me as oft as thou canst afford; I have stepped into Richard's coffee-house to write this. I met with my hero Byfield and battled him for about an hour on Sunday evening, to the great diversion of Jo. Clowes and a coffee-house full of company. Mr. Lever goes to Oxford with Mr. Ferrand on Saturday; he is gone to-day with the youngest Ferrand to the Duke of Chandos' house. My dear, it is near ten, and I must go get a mouthful of supper, would it were with thee; farewell, my dear. I received Peter Leicester's and Isaac Watson's letters; if thou seest 'em thank 'em, I will myself soon. Farewell, sweetheart. —Your constant admirer and lover, J. B.

daughter of Thomas Norres of Speke, Esq., born in 1695, of Christ Church, Oxon., B.A. 1716, M.A. 1719, B. and M.D. 1726, ob. 17th July, 1762, and left the estate to his wife Mary, daughter of — Gould, Esq., of Notts, for her life, and afterwards the fee to his friend Edward Gregge of Chamber Hall, Esq., father of the present Robert Gregge Hopwood, Esq.

(1) Probably a connexion of the Bradshaws of Bradshaw. See Ped. of *Barcroft* in Whitaker's *Whalley*.

(2) Henry Kelsall, Esq., was one of the Auditors of the Society for Encouragement of Learning, established in 1736 chiefly through the influence of Mr. Bowyer, but strongly discouraged by Dr. Bentley. (See Nichol's *Liter. Anecd.* vol. ii. p. 90.) He was of Trinity College, A.B. 1711. A.M. 1715.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Tuesday noon, Gray's Inn, July 29, 1723.

My dear love: I am just come from Mr. Pimlot's country house, whither I walked on Sunday evening; I called at Mr. Stansfield's and found thy letter there. I don't know how it happens that you have not had a letter from me of a fortnight; I have missed no opportunity of writing since I left you, and I think I have not missed two posts together since I came to London..... I cannot tell what to say about coming down; I would much rather if it would not prejudice the affair I am entered upon; but I shall have the same to do that I have now whenever I shall come again.

'Tis only an unpleasant absence from yourself that makes me unresolved, for in point of polity I think I ought not yet to desist from seeking out for encouragement or smoothing the way towards it at least; but let it be as it will, unless I find it necessary to stay, it will not be long before I come down; I must see you and your merry little namesake before winter if I stay never so little; I would fain see Mr. Staple, and I cannot yet meet with him; my friend Dr. Jurin too is out of the way. Who do you think we are to have a visit from to-morrow, Jo. Clowes and I? Mr. Cooper, that was with Dr. Clayton. Jo. met him in the park; is his lady here, I wonder? I am going to leave Mr. Chetham's chambers for Mr. Leycester's,<sup>(1)</sup> because they are knocking and thumping all day a-mending some place next to these rooms. I intended at Oxford to have gone and seen your cousin Foxleys in the country, but they came both to college whilst I was there, to vote, I suppose for the Poetry Professor; I was very sorry to see him so ill.

(<sup>1</sup>) Ralph, son and heir of George Leycester of Toft in the county of Chester Esq. and of his wife Jane, daughter of Oswald Mosley of Ancoats Hall Esq. was born in 1699 and ob. in 1777. His widow survived him and died in 1799 æt. 90. There are three poems addressed to him in the edition of Byrom's miscellaneous poems (1773). His sobriquet seems to have been *Sir Peter*, in allusion to his namesake the Cheshire historian. His descendant and representative is Ralph Gerard Leycester of Toft Esq.



*John Byrom to Mr. Swarsbrick.*

[In shorthand.]

August 2nd, 1723.

Dear Sir : My cousin Byrom being about to send you a parcel of goods, I take the liberty of putting up these papers amongst them. The art therein mentioned, which was formerly so much practised in England, is of late come pretty much into request again on account of some new improvements pretended to be made in it; but the best ways of teaching it being very deficient, and a good one much wanted, I have been persuaded by some gentlemen of my acquaintance to take this way of communicating to the public this method of mine, which I had some years since contrived, and amused myself from time to time in perfecting for my own use. As I find a good many here who are desirous to have it come out, so I imagine there may be some of our countrymen abroad to whom it may not be unacceptable; the thing itself is certainly very useful, and this is really the shortest, most easy, regular, and beautiful way of writing it possible; and if there be any gentlemen or ladies that have a curiosity to subscribe, if you will please to take in their subscriptions, I will take care to send the books when they are published. I wish I had other goods to send you than those spun out of my own brain, or any other way of obtaining the satisfaction of hearing often of your welfare; but as I have not, you'll pardon this trouble only as an opportunity snatched of letting you know that I am, with very great respect,

Your affectionate kinsman and humble servant, J. B.

[Extract from Journal.]

Friday, August 2: wrote to Mr. Swarbrick. Sunday: went to the park through the fields about six o'clock; repeated my verses to Clowes; saw none that I knew but Hopwood and Dunster and Colton. Monday: dined at the Commons; uncle Andrew not there, but the Doctor was. Tuesday: called at the Blossoms Inn to see my horse; was at the club at the Sun. Friday: rode to Tunbridge; Dr. Jurin and Mr. Ord met us; I took

a bath; we walked upon the walks; a great deal of company there; we had supper at the Glo'ster Tavern, Wheatear's, &c. I showed Dr. Jurin my proposal, and he subscribed. Saturday: rose at seven, went to Penshurst or Pencester, came back about four, thence to the walks and up the hills. Sunday: we breakfasted at Morley's; Mr. Graham, Brown, D'Anteney and I walked about the mountains; dined at Mr. Sloan's.<sup>(1)</sup> Monday: I showed Dr. Jurin my shorthand, he liked it mightily. Wednesday: we set out for London about six o'clock, dined at Farmbrough, came to town about six o'clock. I called on aunt Sleigh and Mr. Stansfield, had three letters, saw Mr. Ferrand who told me Weston wanted to see me.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, Aug. 15, 1723.

My dear love: I came from Tunbridge last night along with the gentlemen I went with on Friday morning; 'tis a very pleasant place, and a world of company there. I saw Dr. Jurin, shewed him my method, he liked it mightily, and has promised to do me service; my four companions subscribed on his recommendation, and Mr. Ord<sup>(2)</sup> and five or six more promised they would. I have been just now to the King's Library to enquire for Mr. Kenn and Staples, whom I was to meet, but have not heard of them. I have received Dr. Holbrook's<sup>(3)</sup> letter about poor Jenny; I wish he had

<sup>(1)</sup> In the manuscript inventory of Norreys received by Mr. John Lightbowne as administrator of his brother James Lightbowne Esq. of Manchester in 1699, is the following item: "Sep. 12. Rec<sup>d</sup> from Dr Sloan for Bloomsbury House £291. 10s." (*Lanc. MSS.* vol. xxx. p. 101.)

<sup>(2)</sup> Robert, eldest son of John Ord of Newcastle on Tyne, by his second wife, Ann, daughter of Michael Hutchinson of Leeds Esq. He afterwards settled in Edinburgh and became Lord Chief Baron of Scotland, and had issue by his wife Mary, daughter of Sir John Darnell Knt. a son, who ob. v.p. The other brother, afterwards named, was probably Henry, of the King's Remembrancer's office. See Burke's *Landed Gentry*, v. *Ord*.

<sup>(3)</sup> Dr. Holbrook was son of the Rev. Richard Holbrook M.A. Trin. Coll. Cambr. and of his wife Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Richard Heyrick M.A. Warden of Manchester. After 1662 the elder Holbrook practised physic with great success in



been more particular in his account of her, but I suppose she is much in her old way, but worse as I guess; he says she has an aversion to the bark which he would have her to take, but says not whether she has taken any yet or no. If her aversion rises not from any inconvenience she has found from the use of it, I would have her comply with taking it after the manner I intend to propose to Dr. H. next post, for I will think of it till then. I have, too, John Haddon's merry rhymes, and Dr. Peter's, and Phebe's, &c. which I shall thank 'em for presently. I think to come down some day next week, but am not yet determined; take care of Bet and her teeth, no flesh-meat, &c. Well, my dear, I long to see thee; I wish it were possible for thee to think of coming up with me this winter—is it not? Here is a gentleman just come into the coffee-house (Richard's), I ask him pardon to finish this. If thou writest once more I think I shall receive it, for I fancy Thursday will be the day I set out if nothing prevents. My dear, good night, and think on him who often thinks on thee.

Thy loving husband, J. B.

[Extract from Journal.]

Friday [August 16th]: breakfast at Clowes's. Dr. Birch invited us to dinner, and we went there; there were three other gentlemen. Mr. Kenn called at my chambers this morning, and about seven at night I met him and Kelsall and Staples at the King's Head in Chancery Lane. Saturday: dined at Commons, called at aunt Sleight's, had a shorthand letter from Phebe, called at Mr. Stansfield's, had a letter from my wife's sister about Mr. Foxley. I bought the *Memoirs of the Works of the Learned*, at the Poultry bookseller's in the alley by Dr. Eaton's, upon whom I called, but he was not within; called at Mr. Cooper's Escolms; they all went to France this morning. Monday: Mr. Ord his brother that I saw at Cambridge dined with us at the Apple Tree,

Salford, being employed by Nonconformist families, as Dr. Theophilus Howarth was by Churchmen, and he seems to have been succeeded by his more regularly educated son, the younger Holbrook. (*Lanc. Visit.* 1664-5; *Gent. Mag.* 1793, p. 307.)

the older breakfasted with us; we went to Essex House. Thursday, August 22nd: this day Weston in the *Post Boy* advertised about my proposals; I saw it first at Symmond's Inn coffee-house, where I went to enquire after Mr. Staples. I met Mr. Stephens and showed him Weston's advertisement. Friday: saw Mr. Spendelow, went with him to Mr. Stephens again, went to Mr. Massey's, Mr. Bull and Carey there; we went to see the fair proclaimed at Smithfield, which we did at Captain Shackleton's; was in vast concern about my pocket-book, which I thought I had had picked out of my pocket, but Clowes had taken it; I went to Gray's Inn to look for it, and found it in my chamber, where he had laid it. Saturday, 24th: called at Essex House, Mr. Casley not there; bought the *London Journal*, where was Weston's challenge. Sunday: dined with the two Ords at the Appletree, and Pier Williams<sup>(1)</sup> was there; then we went to Mr. Ord's room, where Clowes read a sermon.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Saturday, August 24th, 1723.

My dear love: Last post I was too late with my letter to thee and to Dr. Mainwaring; and to-night I am late, having been to take leave of everybody. I thought to have set out towards Cambridge on Friday, but this challenge of the hero Weston's which I met with made me defer my journey till Monday, though upon the best advice I have concluded to take no notice of what he says. I so long to see thee that I am resolved to come down contrary to the persuasions of all my acquaintance here; let Weston triumph till I come again to chastise him. I have all the reason in the world to expect very good success this winter; the only thing that sticks with me is, that if I must want thy dear company all that while, I shall not like it so well. [*Mr. Byrom writes to his sister Phebe in shorthand in the same letter.*] Dear Phebe, how do you do? I have not time to answer yours or else I should;

(1) Most probably the author of the excellent Chancery Reports, published originally 1740—6, 3 vols. folio.



will you help me to answer this famous challenge?<sup>(1)</sup> I shall be too late for the post, or I should write to you at length. I have sent a parcel of verses to Dr. Mainwaring, which I presume he will show you. I am very busy, and yet very idle; I will be with you as soon as I can; but do not think it is anything but a certain sort of necessity that obliges me to be absent so long from my dear wives whom I love so dearly.—J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, Tuesday morning, Aug. 1723.

My dear love: I have altered my mind about going to Cambridge, and set out to-day to go directly home. I shall meet Mr. Mynshull<sup>(2)</sup> (his son that has Chorlton Hall, &c.) at Barnet about three o'clock, from whence we shall on straight to Manchester. Jo. Clowes and another gentleman will bring me to Barnet, and a few days will, I hope, bring me to thee. I am busy getting myself ready, &c., but was willing to let thee know that I was coming, that you may set the bells a ringing, hang the streets with tapestry, and so forth. [*A shorthand note to Phebe follows.*]

Dear Phebe: How do you do? I thank you for your last shorthand letter, which was very acceptable. You say my little girl talks very prettily; why, can she talk at all?—oh, dear! You see Mr. Weston has quite spoiled my project; I am forced to run away to come and get some of your help. You cannot think how glad I am that I shall see you all again so soon; it will comfort me so much that I think I shall not be afraid of this great giant in shorthand that threatens such victories over me. Alas! alas! I cannot meet with a steel pen no manner of where; I believe I have asked at 375 places; but that which I have is at your service, as the

(1) Weston's.

(2) The Mynshulls were originally from Cheshire, and obtained Chorlton Hall near Manchester by purchase in 1644. They recorded a short pedigree at the Visitation of Lancashire in 1664-5, and the gentleman here named lies buried in the Cathedral, near St. Mary's Chapel, with this inscription and the family arms and crest sculptured on a flag:

"Thomas Mynshull Armiger, Aulæ de Chorlton Objijt 17<sup>mo</sup> Sepbris 1749 ætatis 49."

owner himself always is, witness my hand, John Byrom. [*End of the shorthand*]. Well, my dear wives both, farewell; service to all friends.—Your dearly beloved husband, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Wednesday Night, Derby, Nov. 6th, 1723.

Dear love: How do you do? I found Mr. Leycester at Knutsford on Monday. Tuesday we met Mr. Mainwaring at Gosworth, came that night to Ashbourne, and this day to Derby, while Mr. Leycester went to Rollstone.<sup>(1)</sup> We are disappointed of places in the coach, and propose to set out early in the morning, post, towards Northampton, hoping to find places there. This happens ill, but it cannot be helped; it rained this last night very much, which has made the roads exceeding wet; I was foully splashed with two days' riding. I hope we shall be at London on Saturday night some how or other, from whence I shall write to thee again. Desire Mr. Cotham to take care of my mare and sell her if he can; and do thou, my dear girl, take care of thyself and thy child. Remember me to Phebe and every body, and Kitty Brooks. My dear, I wish thee good night.—Thine, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, Saturday Night, Nov. 9, 1723.

My dear: I have just time to tell thee that we are arrived at Gray's Inn this evening, having rid post from Derby, where, missing the coach, we took post and came to Northampton that night. I thought I should never have been able to ride again. I have been most sadly fatigued; but as I am now at the end of my journey, I find myself very well, only wishing for thy conversation. I had a tumble yesterday that had like to have broke my thigh, but thank God I escaped without a bruise. I have been with Mr. Leycester, Mainwaring, and some others, till just now, that I thought I would send my dear love to thee. Good night, love; good night, Bet; be sure to write to thy ever loving husband, J. B.

(1) The seat of his mother's relatives, in the county of Stafford.



*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, Nov. 10th, 1723.

My dear love: Being in Jo. Clowes's chamber all alone this afternoon, and pretty well tired with my journey, I take his pen and ink to divert myself with writing to thee. I have been reading Dr. Deacon's book,<sup>(1)</sup> which I had left here, it seems. I am glad to have done with this riding post. I thought I must have stayed at Northampton two or three days before I could have got any further, I was so very much fatigued, and such a pain in my side, not so much with the length of the way, for we had but come forty-four miles, but with the awkward little hobbling horses that I met with; my right arm is sore with whipping and haggling them along; but the night time recovered me enough to ride again, and we made two days from Northampton to London, whither we might have got as soon upon our own horses and saved much hurry and expense, but thank God we are got here at last safe and sound. The postboys forgot my bags and left them at St. Albans, and I can't have them till to-morrow.

November 12th, Tuesday. My dear, I begin to fear I have lost my bags, for I can hear nothing of them: I have writ to the postmasters of St. Albans and Dunstable to desire them to make enquiry about 'em. It is very tedious to be thus confined: I want to go out sadly, but can't for want of clothes.

I saw Mr. Johnson just now — not opera Johnson, but the clergyman that lodged at Mrs. White's; he designs to make interest for the next Fellowship amongst you at Manchester.<sup>(2)</sup>

Pray send word what there was in my bags; 'tis a cruel business, yet sure I shall hear on 'em somehow. Was there any

(1) Was this Dr. Deacon's "Doctrine of the Church of Rome on Purgatory," 1718, 12mo, or only a book belonging to Dr. Deacon?

(2) Which he failed in obtaining. This was doubtless the Rev. William Johnson M.A. in early life a Curate in Manchester, and collated in 1738, by his kinsman Archbishop Potter, to the Vicarage of Whalley. He married Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Richard Tatlock of Prescott Esq. and had a son, the Rev. Croxton Johnson LL.B. elected Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester in 1809, and died in 1814.

papers of any kind in 'em? I think there was not. When thou receivest this, I fancy thou wilt perhaps be tired with last night's assembly's work, but do not let your government do your health any injury. I hope in a little while to send thee word of better luck than I enjoy at present. I am weary with writing all this nonsense, which be sure burn when thou hast read it. I am like to have business enough on my hands, and a task hard enough to carry my point; but I will not be discouraged; I know what I have to expect, but I doubt not of bringing matters to bear yet. Well, farewell my Bets both; burn this and write to thy affectionate husband, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, Saturday Night, Nov. 16, 1723.

My dear love: How dost thou? I did not write last post, being willing to let thee know positively whether there was any recovery of my bags or no. I writ hard about 'em to the post folk on the road, &c., and to-night I went to the Castle and Falcon, where I very luckily met with 'em and have just brought 'em home; I don't know what's in 'em, but was afraid of some papers, &c.; and when I received my box, and tumbling over all the things, could not find the purse, I thought you had misunderstood me and put my estate into the bags instead of the box; but when I came to dress me, as I was putting on my coat, thump came the stockings on the floor to my surprise, for I thought I had searched sufficiently my coat and everything. I gave Mr. Rayne his money last night, when I saw my aunt Sleigh and cousin Chaddocks,<sup>(1)</sup> who are all well, but concerned for Jacky's death. Nothing certain in this world, Mrs. Chaddock says, and therein she says true in relation to the accidents of life, for indeed there is nothing of that nature certain to us because we know not how or

(1) The Chaddocks of Chaddock in the county of Lancaster, were an heraldic family of inferior gentry, and recorded a pedigree of four decents at Dugdale's Visitation in 1664-5. They were connected by marriage with the Tongs of Tong, and through that family with the Chethams of Nuthurst.



why things happen; but there is content, and resignation, and cheerfulness, and doing our best, and these things are as certain as they are valuable. When I make my progress into Moorfields, I intend to buy you some history books, &c.; but do you hear — no sitting up to read 'em! no, Mrs. Hannah, that won't do, if you don't take care of my wife, I'll—— Well, my dear, I must wish thee good night; it grows late, and Mr. Leycester has just come to me. Tom Bentley sends his service to thee; he is very hearty; they said at Manchester that he was in a consumption. Dr. Bentley, too, is in town, I was with him t'other night; so many judges are ill that I doubt his business won't come on so soon as was talked on. My love, once more — take care of thyself, and don't forget your old acquaintance, lord, and master, and subject, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, November 21, 1723.

My dear love: I have not much to say, but have a mind just to ask thee how thou dost. The weather is foggy and cold, and I have not stirred out much. I was on Tuesday night with Dr. Jurin and the rest of 'em in Paul's church yard; I have not yet been at Commons. I have a new suit of grave brown clothes a making, and a horse-hair tie wig, &c.; in short, next week I shall make a new figure from top to toe. Moorfields are so far from us here that I have not seen 'em yet, but shall ere long, and pick up what I can for your diversion. Well, I wish your majesty and all your subjects an happy assembly to-night, and shall be very glad to hear from you now and then how you and your little family, as well as your great kingdom, do. Pray give my service to Miss Phebe, and desire her to write and help you to relieve my solitariness a little. Mr. Leycester is here and sends service. My dear wife and bairns, good night.—Yours ever, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Richard's, Saturday Night, Nov. 30, 1723.

I was very glad at the reception of thy last, which gave me the

news I wanted, of thy being better; be sure don't run no hazard of being otherwise this cold-catching weather. Mr. Leycester and I breakfasted with Mr. Wright of Overton this morning; then he went to dine in the city, and I at Commons, where they are pretty well, and send their service, &c., my aunt Andrew especially to my mother. Uncle Andrew said he would subscribe, but the Doctor and he did not seem to have any great expectation about it—hum! haw!—these are not my men; I think I shall meet with them at last, and I don't perceive myself in the least discouraged, but rather filled with a noble indignation against the stupidity of—the age; so that being possessed of this necessary qualification for an adventurer, I must infallibly succeed at last. Do but thou take care of thyself and thy little companions, and doubt not of the valorous achievements of thy constant lover, J. B,

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Sat. Dec. 14, 1723, Gray's Inn, 6 o'clock.

My dear love: Yesterday I received thine by Mr. Chetham, who came here about three; so I am removed to 'Squire Joseph's till he goes back again to Manchester. Mr. Hooper and Jo. Clowes have been to pay Mr. Weston a visit, and we have had good diversion with the account of it. F. Hooper's grave countenance prevented any distrust, and he offered him three guineas to learn, but he would have four. He describes me seven foot high, tolerably dressed in a tie wig, spent my fortune, and a little light-headed, and showed 'em all his challenge, and how he had frightened me from dispersing my proposals publicly, but seemed at the bottom to be plaguily afraid. He says I come to Dick's coffee almost every night, where he intends to come and challenge me before the company; when he does, I shall let you know in what manner he molishes me. Tom Clowes was here yesterday, said he had seen your majesty well at the assembly. I find my thick shoes as useful as you do your pattens. Well, it strikes six, and I must go to Dick's. F. Hooper and Tom Bentley are there, and perhaps—



Weston. Poor Bet, she continues well I hope. Mr. Chetham laughs at my married longings as usual.<sup>(1)</sup> My dear, good night.  
Thine, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Thursday Night, Dec. 26th, 1723.

My dear love: I wish thee a merry Christmas. I have no great news to tell thee of, but write for writing's sake, as I would have thee do, to let me know thou art well. Mr. Hooper and Jo. Clowes have been again with Weston, much to the same purpose as what I writ to thee last; he told them he was going to write to Dr. Smith last Saturday night, but he did not, for I had one from the Doctor to-day, wherein he says he shall answer him with silence, but says not that he has had anything from him. He says I may make use of his name in what manner so ever it will be of use to me. I am just come from Mr. Bryan, and young Jacob Tonson, and Mr. Watts, printer, who have all been telling me how I must manage, and so forth. Poor Bet, that I could but keep her birthday with thee—cruel absence! If I could help it, I would be heartily weary on't; but be sure write to me now and then, and Phebe may write in longhand with safety. My dear girl, I have just called in at Richard's to bid thee good night; it is late, and I must go home, if I can call it home, where I cannot meet my dear wife. Well, good night, however. Remember me to everybody, and keep thyself well, and preserve that health which is the chief wish of thy dearly loving husband, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, Jan. 30th, 1724.

My dear love: How do you do? Is not this your birth-day? Just as I took my pen here to write it comes into my mind that it is. I wish you joy of it and a great many of 'em, and that you may long live to enjoy all the good things I can wish for you.

I told you I was to see the Archbishop of York: I did so on

<sup>(1)</sup> He died a bachelor in 1769. See ante, *Note*, p. 50.

Tuesday morning, and talked with him and his son about our art. They entered into the notion of it very readily, and His Grace promised to recommend it wherever he had an opportunity. New proposals are now printing off, dated Feb. 1st, 1724, that is Saturday, on which day I intend to advertise in the *Daily Post*, *Evening Post*, and *London Journal*. They are the same as the old proposals, only Mr. Leycester's approbation is added to Mr. Smith's. Now the thing receives a formal publication I shall see what I am likely to expect from my friend Mr. Public, and whether he will have a true relish for clever things or no. I have got a small cold a some fashion, which I must fast away if I can. I was yesterday at Westminster with Dr. T. Bentley; he took in Mr. Lloyd, M.P. for Saltash for a subscription. My dear, I think I have great patience to be without seeing thee and thine so long; how does my little girl do? I was to meet Dr. T. Bentley at Richard's at six, which has just now struck. Tom is very zealous in my affair. I have a story about him and the Duke of Wharton too long to tell in long hand, but shall write to Phebe when I send the proposals. How do you like the hedgehog upon my seal?<sup>(1)</sup> is it not a stout one? I intend to seal my receipts with it from Saturday next, as the judicious have advised me, and I think justly enough. Well, my love, good night; good night, Bet. Write to me all of you, and soothe the loneliness which I feel in crowds without you. — Yours, J. B.

[Extract from Journal in shorthand.]

Saturday, Feb. 1st: this day (being Saturday) I did for the first time advertise my shorthand in the *Evening Post*, and the writer of that paper made a mistake of Byron for Byrom, and from this time I design to take notice of any thing that shall happen in relation to it.

(1) Argent a chevron ermine between three hedgehogs sable, with a hedgehog for the crest, were the arms of the Byrom family, and used by Mr. Adam Byrom of Salford, who sealed his will in 1557 with the same, without the crest. — *Lanc. MSS.* vol. xiv. p. 129. Dr. Byrom's poem "On the Author's Coat of Arms" is scarcely inferior to Doddridge's celebrated epigram on the same subject.



*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, Feb. 8, 1724; Sat. Night.

My love: I am just come from Westminster, and have left Mr. Leycester at Mr. Whitworth's, where he will dine I suppose. He is to desire him to visit Langham Booth, who is in a very bad state of health, and by Lord Warrington thought to be past recovery. I saw your second husband to-day in the park, Mr. Walker, and shall see him again on Monday at Dr. Birch's. Thursday night there came an elderly man to enquire for me at Richard's about my proposals; Jo. Clowes happening to be there, told me he was one of Weston's cronies. Old Slyboots said he had learnt Shelton's method, but would say nothing about Weston. Asked if it was short and swift as well as easy. "Pray, cannot one see a specimen?" "Yes." So I showed him a piece of a sermon written in it. "There," said I, "is the beauty of shorthand for ye." I was in two minds whether to let him see I knew who he was and roast him a little or not, but we were going to Coz. Chaddock's, Jo. and I, so we parted. This morning he came to me again and subscribed. I took his money and gave him a receipt. I told him how I had appointed to meet Weston, thinking he had been a modest fellow, 'till he put out his foolish challenges, &c.; and so we parted, Mr. Tho. Overing and I. I expect to meet with chaps of his nature now and then. Weston has not, as I can find, taken any notice of our new proposals; I suspect he sent this warrior for materials. Well, our project shall want no pains of mine; if it wont do, I can't help it. I must be at Richard's immediately. My dearest love, I salute thee and thine, and am ever yours, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, Thursday night, Feb. 20, 1724.

My dear love: I am just parted from Tom Bentley, who came from Cambridge last night, and your second husband, Mr. Walker, to whom I gave your service and duty in form, showing him my authority for it; you may be sure he was overjoyed, and bade me return you the best compliments I could think of. Dr. Smith is

come to town to night. Dr. Bentley and I went to Bishopgate-street to meet him in the coach, but were a few minutes too late. In our way to Bishopgate we got some of Weston's new challenges, which are given away at his stationer's in Cheapside. I just called at Mr. Chaddock's and left three of them to be sent you down, but had not time to write with them. I am not yet inclined to take notice of this furious antagonist, which if I do not he says, as I am told, that he will press me further. I shall be sorry to be forced to give any answer to him, but if other people's not considering the matter justly shall oblige me to it, I must submit to that stupidity. Master Overing I see has helped him out with materials as far as he could. I really believe this fellow's nonsense does harm at present, but I think it will rather be serviceable to our design at last. I saw the Bishop of Man<sup>(1)</sup> to-day; met him in the street; he said he would call on me at Gray's Inn, but never has; perhaps his own matters embarrass him, which I hear are likely to go against, but do not mention that to any body. I cannot determine whether to come down with your sister or no. How should I? I must not trifle about my project; all the burden of it lies upon my shoulders only, and I must bear it. The pleasure of being with you is what I long for sufficiently. I write in Peter Leycester's chambers, and he has come in and bids me give o'er; it is indeed late. Let me hear from thee as oft as you can spare time, for it revives me much. Well, dear, dear wife, your absence kills your affectionate husband, J. B.

[Extract from Journal in shorthand.]

Feb. 29th, 1724: this day I am years old thirty-two. Mr. Leycester and I went to get our advertisement printed. I gave 5s. to the *Daily Courant* for an advertisement of my own, something

(1) The apostolic Bishop Wilson, whose appeal to the King in Council against the arbitrary and illegal proceedings of Captain Horne the Governor of the Isle of Man, had been heard on the 18th July 1723, and the Governor's proceedings were afterwards reversed. The promises of the King and Sir Robert Walpole that the costs of the unambitious prelate should be reimbursed were never fulfilled.



different from the former, and have given 7s. 6d. to the *Post Boy* for the answer to Weston, which he also put in the *Daily Post*. From this place I went to Mrs. de Vlieger's in Leicester fields, where I dined; and from thence we went to the opera, where we found Mr. Leycester waiting at the door; we went to the first row in the gallery; I did not much like this diversion. After I had waited on the ladies to the coach, we took coach and came to Wilson's, Mr. L. and I, and thence to bed; Clowes came in very late. Memorandum, for a poem on my birth-day. Sunday, March 1st: rose at ten; thought of the poem, Psalm 139; stayed at home all day. Monday: went with Leycester to the sale of pictures of Mr. Isaacs; dined at the commons, thence to Richard's; saw Walker (Jerry); showed him my verses on the 139th Psalm, which he liked and the measure, and went with him to the Merry Wives of Windsor. Thursday 3: wrote to my wife to-day, and sent her the verses, the 139th Psalm.

[From the *Post Boy* of February 29th, 1724.]

MR. WESTON'S Answers to Mr. BYROM's reflecting Proposals being writ in too great Haste and Passion, the Reader is desired (if there be any of them now left) to correct the following Errata.

*Paragraph 1.* "Whereas Mr. Byrom and his Friends *privately* give away at the Lobby of the House of Commons and other Places Proposals," &c. for privately read *publickly*.

*Par. 2.* "As to Mr. Byrom, his Mouth and Hands were altogether shut up several Months ago," &c. dele this. Mr. B. having with his *Mouth* talk'd of his new Method with several good judges, who have highly approved of it; and with his *Hands* received several Subscriptions.

*Par. 3.* For Mr. Smith, *r.* Dr. Smith.

*Ibid.* "What is Legum Doctor, &c. to Short-Hand?" dele this Query. Mr. Weston thought that *Legum Doctor* had been *Doctor* of *Legs*, and so had nothing to do with any *Hand*; but has since been informed that it is *Doctor* of *Laws*, and there is no law which *forbids* a Man to understand Short-Hand who understands anything else.

*Ibid* "It is strange that this learned Gentleman should give his Opinion in what he knew *nothing* of," *r.* It is *not* strange that this learned gentleman should give his Opinion in what he knew *something* of; having seen Mr. Weston's Method, and several others of the same Stamp.

*Par. 4.* "Mr. Weston cannot help if Mr. Leycester prove ungrateful, partial," &c. For *ungrateful r. grateful*, this Gentleman having given Mr. Weston three Guineas for—nothing; and for *partial r. impartial*, as it was in Mr. Weston's original Challenge.

*Ibid.* "Mr. Leycester only copied of Mr. Weston's Rules, Moods, Tenses, &c in a great Hurry." Instead of *in a great Hurry, r. in a Quarter of a Year*, it being near that time before Mr. Leycester could *hurry* Mr. Weston out of his Method.

*Par. 5.* "For *Mr. Weston's new Method*," *r.* Mr. METCALFE's *old Method*; it being the very same which Mr. Weston has the honour to teach, with some ingenious Arbitrary Additions of his own.

*Par 6.* "But to put an end to the Controversy," dele *Controversy*; *r.* Mr. Byrom not having yet enter'd into any; and for *Controversy, r. Race*; Mr. Weston hoping, that as he runs by himself, he shall certainly win.

Finally; for "the Short-Hand Bubble," *r.* JAMES WESTON.

*NB.* Mr. Weston seeing that Mr. Byrom will not meet him, and compare Methods, and consequently discover his own; designs to send him Fifty Challenges one after another. Observe, this is Number Four; and shortly will be published, Number Five.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

March 3, 1724.

My dear love: I have been prevented from writing to thee these two posts. I was engaged to dine at Mrs. de Vlieger's on Saturday, whence they all went to the opera of Julius Caesar, and I for one. Mr. Leycester sat by me in the front row of the gallery, for



we both were there to get good places betimes ; it was the first entertainment of this nature that ever I saw, and will I hope be the last, for of all the diversions of the town I least of all enter into this. I thank you for your good wishes on my birth-day. I am not yet quite got over the grave humour I have been in of late, but I hope I shall soon, since it begins to vent itself in poetry, as you may see on the other side, where you'll find that beautiful description in the 139th Psalm comes very prettily into our sort of verse. I have had a letter from Mr. Vernon ; he has sent me three names, viz., the Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Hartington, and Captain Stapleton. I was on Friday with a good clever fellow of a type-maker, who seems as if he could make such as might do for printing in our method ; he is now trying, and I am to call on him again. Does Frank Hooper believe that Weston himself wrote to him ? He seems to do so in his letter to Jo. Clowes, wherein he has sent him a copy of it ; it was a joke of ours ; I dictated it, and our subscriber Mr. Hassel wrote it. We expect another challenge shortly. Johnson was with him the other day, and Mr. Legh. Weston told him if we did not answer 'em he would have an action against us in Westminster Hall. "And pray master," says Johnson while he was haranguing him, "dont talk so fast. Can you write Hurlo-thrumbo ?" <sup>(1)</sup> Weston said that was a Dutch word, but he could write it, however, &c. I forgot whether I told thee I had received Phebe's letter from the Dutch lady ; give my love to her, and thank her for it.

Mr. Whitworth is gone to his living in Kent to be inducted in it. I know not what makes Whitworth say I am going to print divine poems ; I talked indeed of printing the Pastoral and one other, but no more. Jo. Clowes, when I told him that Mrs. Richardson was ill of her eyes, said it was just they should suffer for

(1) The extravagant and absurd play of this name, which was acted in London in 1722 thirty nights successively. A quizzing epilogue to the play was written by Byrom, full of quiet satire and biting sarcasm, which Johnson with incredible vanity interpreted as highly complimentary to himself, and had it both spoken on the stage and printed ! Johnson's reply to Weston is quite in character.

the murders they have committed. My dear, I could write thee a great deal of nonsense, but I shall do it too gravely, so I'll e'en leave off. Well, farewell love, and write again soon to thine and Bet's, J. B.

THE OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

PSALM 139.<sup>(1)</sup>

O Lord, Thou hast known me and searched me out,  
Thou seest at all times what I'm thinking about;  
When I rise up to labour, or lie down to rest,  
Thou markest each motion that works in my breast;  
My heart has no secrets but what thou canst tell;  
Not a word in my tongue but thou knowest it well;  
Thou seest my intention before it is wrought, —  
Long before I conceive it Thou knowest my thought.

Thou art always about me, go whither I will;  
All the paths that I take to, I meet with Thee still;  
I walk out abroad, and am under Thy Eye;  
I retire to my closet, and still Thou art by.  
How is it that Thou hast encompassed me so  
That Thy Hand is upon me wherever I go?  
Such knowledge as this is too high to attain,  
'Tis a truth which I feel, but can never explain.

Whither then shall I fly from Thy Spirit, O Lord?  
What shelter can space from Thy Presence afford?  
If I climb up to heaven, 'tis there is Thy throne;  
If I go down to hell, even there Thou art known;  
If for wings I should mount on the morning's swift ray,  
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea,  
Even there, let the distance be never so wide,  
Thy Hand would support me, Thy right Hand would guide.

(<sup>1</sup>) This appears in Byrom's Poems under the title of "A Hymn on the Divine Omnipresence." As there are some variations in this copy, it is now given as originally written.



If I say, "Peradventure the dark may conceal  
 What distance, though boundless, is forced to reveal;"  
 The dark at Thy Presence would vanish away,  
 And my covering, the night, would be turned into day;  
 It is I myself only who could not then see;  
 Yea the darkness, O Lord, is no darkness with Thee;  
 The night and the day are alike in Thy sight,  
 And the darkness to Thee is as clear as the light.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, Thursday, March 4th 1724.

My dear love: How dost thou do? I had Mr. Cattel's letter last week, and thine in it. I shall endeavour to comfort him in the melancholy circumstances he is in on account of his poor flute, as soon as I can inform myself with certainty whether there be any relief for him in any of the parishes here in London. I presume our friend Robin<sup>(1)</sup> is arrived on your coasts, if he has not eloped from his fellow travellers. I had a deal to do to bring him off, but being obliged by my profession to finish an adventure if I once undertake it, I bounc'd through the difficulties that stood in my way, and carried my he damsel away with me, and saw him safe beyond Highgate. I hope he'll take up; if he be come home pray let me know, and where he is. I pity them for the concern they have been in about him, and wish them more joy from his future conduct. I have lost a handkerchief, picked out of my pocket, a white one, this week; I never see the like, there's no tenting<sup>(2)</sup> 'em do what one can; I wish you would send me a silk one or two. Dear love, dear baby, good night, though 'tis hardly night yet. I am going to dress for the Royal Society. Write to me Betty Byroms both. — I am thy solitary spouse, J. B.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, March 5th, 1724.

My dear love: How do you do, love? I have not heard from thee

<sup>(1)</sup> Son of Dr. Malyn of Manchester.

<sup>(2)</sup> A true Lancashire word for watching and guarding.

this good while. I have stayed at home all day here expecting my type maker, who promised to call on me with some that he said he believed would answer my purpose ; I am in great hopes they may. Young Mosley and I went to his house in the Minories on Friday. He was busy in finishing some Arabic types for some gentlemen. I am much set upon contriving our way of writing so as it may bear printing, which would be very neat. We are every day in expectation of another storm from the warlike Weston, to whose last potent answer, by and with the advice of our privy council, we have graciously condescended to give a short answer, after a new invention, whereby he stands corrected without much formality. I'll enclose it in this if I can meet with a *Post Boy*, because I think that paper is left off at your town. It has diverted those readers who took the joke on't very much. There seemed to be a necessity of saying something to check his blustering, and yet to be serious in't was not allowable. I saw your second husband, Mr. Walker, the other night ; he had not seen it, but we called for it, and he laughed heartily and said it was the only way, and he was very glad to see it. He gave me Sir Thomas Lowther, Lyddal Esq., Lord Preston, and the Marquis of Carnarvon, whom he had got to subscribe, and sent his duty to you. Mr. Whitehall called here to-day ; Jo. Clowes, Mr. Leycester, and he are gone to dine together ; I should have been with 'em, but waited for the typographer. I have not been right hearty for some days, have had a sort of cold, but last night I supped on a pint of buttered ale,<sup>(1)</sup> which has half cured me. Mr. Whitworth is returned to town from his living in Kent. How does Bet do yet ? I hope you have no need to give her anything but food ; when she has milk, it may be warm if need be, and a little care I hope will set her right : dost thou guess how I long to hear her prattle ? Mr. Johnson goes down this week ; he brought part of his opera here, and Mr. Leycester read it ; he got his sister to write it for him, but he could not read it himself. Well, my dear, I wish thee

(1) In Shropshire, ale boiled with lump sugar, butter and spice, is called buttered ale. (Halliwell in voce.)



good night and good everything ; I want only to see thee, to be as cheerful as may be. — Dear love, cousin, wife, thy absent, constant lover, J. B.

[In Shorthand.]

*Mr. Eusden*<sup>(1)</sup> *to John Byrom.*

Dear Sir: Relying upon your good nature as well as the old acquaintance of our being bred up in the same College under the same tutor, I have taken the liberty of begging the favour of your assistance in putting off for me, in the town or country, for the subscription to Tasso. As I daily meet with great encouragement from the whole University, and our College in particular, I hope to be happy in yourself amongst the rest for a subscriber. You were known long ago to be so ingenious a gentleman and so excellent a poet yourself, that your recommendation of a work cannot fail of gaining subscriptions among any who are enquiring or have a true taste for the Belles Lettres; and whatever of the twenty receipts you cannot at last dispose of, be so so kind as to give to the flames, and to keep by you the names of those who are pleased to subscribe.

Some friend unknown at London was designing to do me a good office, and published in the *London Journal* some verses of mine from the seventh canto, with the last line only false. This, I find, has given offence to some persons; and one has in opposition to this labour cried up Fairfax to the skies, and another has printed a translation of the same lines from *Tonson's Miscellany*. The malice of the first I despise, though Mr. Fairfax wrote very well for the age he lived in<sup>(2)</sup>; and for the second, I can assure him that

(1) Mr. Eusden succeeded Rowe as Poet Laureat in 1718, and had the honour of a niche in the Dunciad. His *Life of Tasso*, and translation of that poet's works, were never published. He died at his Rectory of Coningsby in Lincolnshire in 1730.

(2) How amusing is this patronising reference to Fairfax. Who can deny Eusden's just claim to his place in the Dunciad?

were the fair authoress of the verses he quotes only alive, she would dissent from him, and not favour her own translation to be a just one—though she was ever happy in writing severely. However I should have been grieved if I had been so insipidly worthless as not to stir up some people's venom and not to deserve to be publicly picqued at by enemies. I shall be glad if you will favour me with a line upon the present desires I have made to you, and am, dear sir, your old acquaintance and fellow collegian,

LAWRENCE EUSDEN.

Cambridge, Bridge Street,  
March 17, 1724.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, March 21, 1724.

My dear love: I have received yours by Mr. Guy and by the post. On Tuesday night I was with Dr. Jurin and them, and on Thursday night supped at cousin Chaddock's. I am glad that Bet is better again. I have been again with my type maker; he is making some which he says will be ready next Thursday, when I shall call again, and then be able to judge whether he can contrive them to my purpose or no. You ask if any body else can't have 'em as well as I. Yes to be sure; but what will they do with them? And if they will bear printing with, I must get a patent or take some way or other to prevent interlopers into the new mystery; but let's see whether these typical eggs will make chickens or no. As for Father Francis,<sup>(1)</sup> don't let him think to escape if we suffer; he was in a plot, and may remember what the hero Weston told him himself, that nobody should plot against him unpunished. To-morrow I dine at cousin Chaddock's, and oh! when with thee? Sir Oswald Mosley is here to ask for Mr. Leycester. Our acquaintance are all well, and thine too, I hope; services to them, and, dearest love, to thyself, from thy poor absent spouse, J. B.

(1) Francis Hooper.



[Extract from Journal in Shorthand.]

Thursday, March 19th: this day I was admitted Fellow of the Royal Society by Sir Hans Sloane, and Mr. Robert Ord at the same time. He and I went there together, gave Mr. Hauksbee two guineas, and signed bond to pay fifty-two shillings a year. Sunday: went to Ely Chapel; the Bishop preached on "one thing needful"; thence to Mr. Chaddock's, thence to Old Jewry Chapel, thence to Mr. C.'s again, then to Richard's, thence with Bentley and Leycester to John's coffeehouse. Tuesday: sister Ann Byrom came to town. Wednesday: dined with Mr. Leycester and Vernon at Clowes's chamber. Brother Edward Byrom came there; Vernon said my verses to him. Went with brother to Lombard street, drank tea with sister, thence to the type maker's; he had not done any, not being able to justify his mould. I took two gravers home with a design to learn, since he told me I might soon learn to engrave shorthand as well as anybody. Thursday: to the type maker's; he had not yet done any type, but would against tomorrow; called on Mr. M——r, another type maker, to whom Culpepper directed me. Friday: Clowes called me up with the news of Mr. Stiles's death, and a new challenge from Weston. Saturday: dined with Smith and Lester at the Mitre, went with Smith to Culpepper's in Moorfields, thence to the type maker's, who told me at last he could not do what I would have him. Tuesday: went with Leycester to breakfast with Vernon, thence to the House of Lords, saw Kenn; thence with Vernon to dinner at his brother's, where we put him and his wife into a great hurry. Vernon's brother would needs have me answer Lord Chesterfield's verses for him.

Wednesday, April 1st: breakfast as usual at Wilson's, 6d.; staid at home till six; to Richard's, where I left a letter for Vernon with some verses for my Lord Chesterfield, twenty-four; went to sister's, home, writ to my wife. Thursday: went to the Royal Society, where Vernon had just been admitted, thence to Richard's, thence home, writ to my wife, and Darcy Lever at Oxford. Good Friday: stayed at home till six; went to Richard's, where the woman

gave a letter directed to me or Leycester, to come and divert him, but ill of a cold; I went and found Martin Foulkes there; we passed the evening with him; came away about ten in M. Foulkes's coach. Saturday: breakfast with Leycester; went with him at four to Jerry Whitworth; thence to see Dr. Smith, who was ill and feverish; Jurin had been with him and prescribed. Monday: to see Dr. Smith; the fever much by one. Tuesday: to see Dr. Smith; was very low spirited. Wednesday: to Richard's, where Leycester was waiting for me; thence we went to Dr. Smith's, who was more cheerful; we talked about the church; he mentioned Dr. Jurin's opinion of publishing my shorthand, that he would not have me delay it without occasion. Friday: rested very ill last night; sister Betty called on me at two, and we took coach to Mrs. de Vlieger's to dine; thence to Dr. Smith's, where were Jurin and Leycester and Dr. Pretymann; thence to Mrs. Anne Mosley's, where sister Ann, her brother, Leycester, and I supped. Monday: called to see Dr. Smith, very sorry to find him so ill, and did not think he would recover. Tuesday: went about one towards Westminster, bought Justus Lipsius, 4s., and ordered it to be bound; heard part of Dr. Eaton's petition; thence to Dr. Smith's, whom I thought much better, his pulse 88, fever therefore less. I called on the Bishop of Man, who was in Mr.— (1) shop as I went by; I desired him to let me have my papers again; he gave me the Belief, which I had written out for him. Thursday: went to the Royal Society, Sir Hans, President. Mr. Foulkes proposed Mr. Leycester in Dr. Smith's name, and Dr. Jurin spoke for him, and I being asked by Foulkes if I did not know him, said I knew him to be worthy; I asked leave for Jemmy Ord to be present. Saturday: breakfast at Pier William's with Leycester; read *The Ancient Way of Duelling*; Beau Byrom called on me again; went to the shop where I had bought Justus Lipsius, found that the volumes were deficient, they cost 3s. books and 3s. binding; Leycester and I agreed to take places in the coach for Tuesday, for Cambridge. Sunday, 19th: breakfast with Clowes and

(1) Illegible in MS.



Leycester at Wilson's: he said he would not take a place in the Cambridge coach.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

April 23rd, 1724.

I sent down a box of books by the wagoner from the Castle and Falcon; let them lie in my study till I come. To-day at the Royal Society Dr. Stukely gave me a subscription from Lord Pembroke, who, he says, is very curious. I saw Dr. Brown, a relation of Madam Bentley's, who was of Trinity College; he has brought a letter to me from Mr. Etough, advising me what to do, &c.; he desires to see me on Monday. Dr. Whitfield and Dr. Thomas Bentley come to the Westminster election next week. Saturday, April 25th: your brother and sister went hence on Friday noon towards Oxford; Mr. Mason of Blossoms Inn went with them to Uxbridge; am glad they have a servant along with them. That night Mr. Shrigley<sup>(1)</sup> came to town, and H. Davenport. I am going to see Mr. Kenn and Nicholson this evening; Mr. Leycester designs to be with us. Dr. Smith is gone to Hampstead for the air there; his sister is come from Cambridge to attend him. Mr. Leycester and I intend to take a walk thither to see him on Monday.

My hedgehog is gone to have his legs shortened, though my graver pretends that in being passant upon the crest he ought to have them of this length; but I have obliged him to comply with the remark of our learned brother Edward, who seems to think his supporters a little too prolix. I remember you asked me once about the motto, and I know not whether I thought on to answer that query; it is "*Frustra per plura*," that is, "*frustra*" in vain, "*per*" by, "*plura*" more. It is a shorthand motto you must know, being a contraction of this sentence: "*Frustra fit per plura quod*

(1) For some account of Mr. Shrigley, see Gastrell's *Not. Cestr.* vol. ii. part. ii. *Introd.* p. xxii. He died 5th March 1739. His son the Rev. William Shrigley M.A. died Chaplain of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, 28th October 1756, æt. 62.

fieri potest per minora;" the meaning of which is that it is in vain to use more means to bring any thing about when fewer will do; or, the less ado the better; or any expression of the like nature. The whole sentence is sufficiently expressed to those who understand Latin by the three words only on my seal, but the English wont bear it quite so well; thus you are made a perfect critic, and may, if you please, puzzle your neighbours very learnedly. My dear, I love to be talking to thee, and so talk Latin as this question of thine comes into my head.

[Extract from Journal.]

Manchester, Sunday, May 10th, 1724: this night about eight o'clock I came here from London by way of Oxford. Mr. Cottam, Edward Byrom, John Lees, met us at Stretford; supped at home; was very well after my journey. Tuesday: Dr. Deacon called here. Mr. Cattel and I went to see the monster, sixpence; we dined to-day at father Byrom's. Wednesday: went to the new Church. Thursday: sister Dorothy dined with us to-day, mother, and brother. Dr. Manwaring called here; went with Dr. M. to Dr. Malyn's, and to the assembly.

[A journal commences Monday, November 1724. Mr. Byrom in Manchester, attends a few poor patients; no events of particular interest. The journal concludes December 30th. It is resumed January 1st, 1725.]

January 1: Father Byrom, mother, sister Ann and Molly, and Josiah, Mrs. Brearcliff and brother Brearcliff here to-night, for Beppy's birthday. Monday, 4th: went at six o'clock to Dr. Deacon's. Tuesday: a letter from Peter Leycester wherein he tells me that Parson Etough had been to see him, and Dr. Tanner of Norwich, the Chancellor, had an opinion of my shorthand; went to the new Church at night. I spoke to Moss the carrier about a horse; he said he had one. Wednesday, Twelfth-day: went to the new Church in the morning with Beppy, and sat in Lady Bland's seat; dined at father Byrom's; called to see the Wild



Irishman in Smithydoor; young Dr. Malyn told me his father had had another letter about Robin, that he was resolved to be a soldier, and he desired me to be at his father's to-night; to the new Church at night, and thence with Kitty Malyn to the Doctor's, supped there; the Doctor said he was resolved not to buy him a commission, said he had done what he could, and would not let others suffer for him; we went after to father Byrom's and were very merry. Thursday: I went to College at three o'clock; Mr. H. was gone to Mobberley; Mr. Townsend<sup>(1)</sup> was in the library; I walked and talked with him a good while, asked him if he knew Dr. Tanner of Norwich<sup>(2)</sup>; he said he was a very ingenious gentleman, had married Dr. More Bishop of Ely's daughter, had writ *Notitia Monastica*. We went into the Square to walk till church was done. Friday: this was father Byrom's wedding day; we all dined there. Saturday: sent for Nathaniel Whitehead to make me a suit of clothes, but he could not make them by Tuesday night, so sent for Neddy Wright, who took measure of me; went to College, Mr. H. there; thence to Tarboe's; would have given him five shillings for his Julius Cæsar, but he would not part with it, said that young Ogden had offered him a guinea for it. Sunday: mother Byrom's birth day, called at the Cross, sister Dorothy there from Kersal; went to the old Church; friends to tea at mother Byrom's, on account of her birthday. Monday: oyster supper at Mr. Cattel's, with Dr. Deacon, Mr. Townsend, H., and Mr. Cottam. Tuesday, 12th: young Tarboe called on me, and we went to Hulme to take the inscription off the stone; I came home with

(1) Probably the same party whose Commonplace Book referring to Byrom and his contemporaries is still in existence, and who is mentioned in *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 179.

(2) Dr. Tanner was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1732, and died in 1735 æt. 61. He was thrice married: 1. to Rose, daughter of Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely, and by her, who died in 1706 æt. 25, he had a daughter who died in her infancy; 2. he married Frances, daughter of Mr. Jacob Preston, citizen of London, who died 1718 æt. 40: 3. the Bishop married in 1733 Miss Elizabeth Scottoe of Thorpe, near Norwich, who died in 1771. The work here mentioned was published in 1695 in 8vo, when the author had not attained his twentieth year.

Lady Bland in the coach, and went with Mr. Cattel to Mr. Bret-targh to dinner. I went to Hulme again with young Tarboc, who had taken down the stone out of the wall this morning; I took the inscription, and he the sides, with a blacklead pencil; <sup>(1)</sup> it was very cold; I gave the gardener a shilling; came home together to Tarboc's house, talked with him about his medal, offered him seven shillings and sixpence, but he would not part with it at any rate, (the poor man's lamb); CAESAR · DICT · PERPETVO · LEUCA. Wednesday: Lady Bland sent to invite me to the dancing to-night; I walked to Hulme in the evening, where I found them dancing; we came home between twelve and one in Lady Bland's coach and father Byrom's chariot, which sister Ann had ordered. Wednesday, 20th: went to William White to enquire about company to London; he told me I might have a good horse on Saturday, and there was company would be going next week. A poor woman fell into fits at the Cross, I took her up, stood by her, gave her sixpence. This morning Mr. Percival at the Cross spoke to me to pay me; gave me two guineas; I told him I would return him half a guinea back, but he understood me half back, and went away with a guinea; I did not call him back, for when a patient dies under one's hands I think perhaps I may have been in fault, and

(<sup>1</sup>) We give below the inscription on this stone, which appears to have been a Roman altar. Whitaker (*History of Manchester*, vol. i. p. 47,) fixes the date of its erection circa A.D. 130. It seems, he says, "to have stood near the eastern extremity of the Castle-field, and perhaps on the edge of the avenue that led up to the eastern gate of the Camp. Thence certainly it had been thrown down the rocky bank of the river into the channel below. Luckily it fell into a soft part of the channel, and was not broken by the fall. And there it lay undisturbed and unknown for many ages, the lettered side lying upon the ground, and an oak spreading out its roots above it. In that situation was it found in the year 1612. The stone is 27½ inches in length, 15½ inches in breadth, and nearly 11 inches in thickness; and, what is a full argument of the haste with which it was originally formed, and remarkably coincides with the supposition concerning its date, it has neither capital nor base, and only a large plane in front bordered on either side by a moulding. It is charged with a common præfericulum on the left edge, and with a common patera on the right."—*Ibid.* p. 49.

FORTVNAE  
CONSERVA  
TRICI.  
L. SENECIA  
NIVS MAR  
TIVS 3 LEG  
VI. VICT.



deserve worse than to be feed. To-night Mr. Band, Sam. and Jo. Clowes, and I, were at Mr. Falconer's the apothecary to supper; we talked about the antiquities of Manchester. Thursday: dined at father Byrom's, cousin Crompton there. Saturday, January 30th: rode to Kersal to take leave with mother; talked with Parson Ashton<sup>(1)</sup> upon the Moor, and wished him joy of his daughter going to be married; Mrs. Byrom's birthday, (she is twenty-five,) God bless her, and send her to live a comfort to me many years. Sunday: new Church, sat with Mr. Mynshull, took leave with Dr. Malyn, Mr. Chetham, and Lady Bland; Mr. Chetham told me he thought he should not come up till March, that I might be in his chamber.

[February 1.] Monday: this day about twelve o'clock I set out for London in company with Mr. Marriott; we called on Mr. Stopford, but he not being ready to go, we went to Holmes Chapel and came there before five o'clock. I was tired with riding, and could eat nothing. Mr. Stopford and his brother came to us about seven. Tuesday: rose at five; we had a pint of wine mulled; reckoning, 8s. 10d., horses 17d. apiece; my mare had a peck and three quarters of oats every day. We set out as soon as it was light, they called at Talk-o'th'-Hill and drank a tankard of ale, but I could drink none; thence to Stone, where we dined; I was much tired, and lay down upon a couch-chair; they had a boiled fowl, I some broth and was much refreshed. Tuesday night we came to Lichfield to the King's Head; very good house, had many good things to supper, but I could not eat scarce. We baited to-day at Ouseley Bridge a quarter of an hour. Wednesday, February 3rd: rose at five, mulled wine to breakfast, reckoning about eight or nine shillings, went as soon as light to Coventry to the White Horse; I was tired, but not quite so much as I used on former journeys; dinner, leg of mutton, the family dinner; two officers dined with us: I ate a little, not much; the landlord a

(1) Rev. William Assheton B.D. Rector of Prestwich, whose second daughter and coheiress Dorothy married May 3rd 1725 Darcy Lever of Alkington Esq. afterwards knighted.

comical fellow; thence about two o'clock set out for Daventry; baited this morning a little bit at Coleshill, and met Mr. Bullock at the bottom of the hill there; Dunchurch lanes very dirty, or else all the way was very good. I could not well follow Mr. Marriott and them through the field way, but I came not into Daventry with them, but about half an hour after; the older Stopford stayed to bring me up, but missed his way, it being dark, and I followed a packhorse, and just at the town's end he came up behind me, and so I brought him in, which made them laugh. To-night at Daventry I began to have a good appetite, and ate heartily; baited at Dunchurch a little. Thursday: we did not set out till seven o'clock, being a large company, for the house was very full; our reckoning very reasonable; I paid 2s. 3d. for my share in the house; the road but bad; they all took the field way for the most part to Towcester, and rode so hard that I could not keep pace with them. At Towcester Mr. Marriott and Stopford stayed for me, but just at the town's end I told them I would go by myself if they rode so hard, so we all light and drank a glass of wine and ate some bread and cheese, and then went on to Stoney Stratford, where we dined at the Swan. Mr. Marriott writ to his wife, and I to mine, that we had a very fine journey and weather and roads; I writ a bit for Phebe to read from Holmes Chapel, and a bit for the Cabala Club; thence we rode to Dunstable without baiting<sup>(1)</sup>; lay at the Windmill—it was the worst house we had met with, and the dearest. Friday: set out about seven to St. Alban's; we baited and stayed two hours, had bread and cheese and cold pork; thence to Barnet at the Green Man; thence to Highgate, a mile short of which I met Fidler and Mr. Wright with him. I swopt horses with him, for he had a horse that proved to be lame, and was going to Manchester, and therefore would exchange with me, and I was glad of the opportunity. I only objected Rob. Malyn's being to ride down on mine, when Fidler said, "Whoo! but it is well if you can light on him;" so we changed without any more ado, and Mr. Stopford (whom Mr.

(<sup>1</sup>) The distance is nineteen miles.



Wright called cousin Jo.) and I rode after them to Highgate, where Parker, who came along with us from Dunstable, was sworn, but before I came, so I saw not the ceremony. We came to Blossoms Inn, I desired Mr. Mason to take care of my saddle, went to Wilson's coffeehouse. Saturday: rose at eight, breakfast three poached eggs; thence to Gloucester street to enquire after Rob. Malyn; Mr. Clark told me he had not seen him for a good while. To Richard's, where came Tom Bentley, George Lee, Jemmy Ord, Clowes, Leycester; I wrote to Mrs. Byrom an account of R. M. Sunday: rose after eight, at home all day. Monday: went into the city, called at Mr. Stansfield's; to Meadows, paid him 2s. 6d. for the last subscription for Mr. de la Fond's book of music; met with Mr. Bevan, went home with him, Bell, Graham, and Bentley with us to the Bull's Head to supper. Tuesday, February 9th: went to Tom Bentley's to breakfast; thence to the auction, bought Zuingerus Pædoiat.<sup>(1)</sup> 4s.; called on Jemmy Ord to look at his medals, I begged a King Charles farthing of him; thence to dress and then to dine with Mr. Pimlot; at Richard's writ to my wife that I had heard of R. M.; Bob Ord came in while I was writing, and I went with him to the Club in Paul's Church Yard, where were Mr. Brown, Derham, White, Glover, Heathcote, Graham, Foulkes, and another; we talked about the *Religion of Nature delineated*, the character of which book I asked Mr. Brown. Mr. B. asking when my book would come out, that his men were impatient, I told him if anybody was uneasy they might have their half guinea again; he said he did not mean for himself; 1s. 6d. Wednesday: with Jo. Clowes to breakfast, milk porridge three-pence; as we came from Wilson's, Mr. Mason, who came to see me, met us in the court, and he and I went to the Cross Keys Tavern; we had three pints of sherry, and 6d. roasted chestnuts, till it was near three o'clock; I paid 2s. 2d. and he 1s. 6d.; thence to Clowes's, where I found Johnson, and by-and-by Leycester came, and we went to Richard's; thence he and I and Tom Bentley went to John's coffeehouse. Tom Bentley could not

(<sup>1</sup>) See *Byrom Catalogue*, p. 238.

believe that he could ever learn shorthand, which Leycester said Clowes thought he could easily. Thursday: rose after eight, went and called up Jo. Clowes, breakfast at Wilson's; thence we took coach to Westminster, I called at Buckingham House to see Walker; he told me that he was pretty sure of a Fellowship at Manchester when there was a vacancy, and desired me to get notice from thence soon; I told him of my Letter to Fortune, and he said he would send it over to Montfaucon in my name; called at Essex House to give Mr. Casley joy, but he was just gone out; thence to the Royal Society, where Dr.                    showed a piece of amber which he said was taken from a certain sort of whale, and they read about plants, the motion of the sap, and part of a book about tumours that Dr. Deidier sent over. Dr. Jurin spoke to me when the lecture was over, and I wished him joy; he asked me about my book, and said he was dunned about it; I told him, as I told Mr. Brown, that I would give them their half guinea if they were uneasy, and so he said no more. Friday: wrote to Mr. Etough, and went with it to Mr. Pimlot's. Saturday: wrote to my wife about Rob Malyn, cannot meet him; went to the White Swan, where Mr. Stopfords were, and Marriott, according to appointment; we went to a tavern and had tripe and fish. Sunday: stayed in my chamber till evening; went to Richard's, where Mr. Kenn came and found me, and desired me to go with him for half an hour; we went to the King's Head; he told me to come to-morrow to the House about the city bill; from him I went to the King's Arms, where were Mr. Leycester, Mr. Mainwaring, and another; I measured, but he was about two inches shorter than I. Monday: I went on foot to Westminster, asked for Mr. Kenn, who was attending the secret committee about the late chancellor, above stairs; the man told me he was not to be spoke with, but Mr. Staples coming by, got me up stairs, and Kenn came to me, gave me one of the city bills, which I took down in shorthand in a little room there, and while I was doing so Mr. Staples came in and talked about Weston; I went into the House, Mr. Kenn came in soon after and wrote, and so did one Robinson



that sat next to him, who was a shorthand writer and teacher; he and Kenn talked about it; he said he had taught it twenty years, that Weston was the saddest rascal that could be, that he was such a scoundrel that nobody cared to meddle with him, asked Kenn if he knew that Byrom that Weston had abused so? said that he had heard a good character of him, that he was a man of understanding; so Kenn said that he knew me. I shook hands with the man as he went by. The House adjourned at four. I went through the park to Dr. Dunster's, thence to enquire about Rob. Malyn, thence to Richard's along with a man I met accidentally that lived in Fleet street, who knew the way there very well, for it was dark and I should have blundered without him—I gave him a pint of ale by Lincoln's Inn. Tuesday: Peer Williams and Mr. Bendish called while I was dressing; I walked to Westminster, met Leycester in the Court of Requests. Wednesday: went with Clowes to Westminster, enquired for Mr. Staples; he was gone to the House of Commons, where I spoke to him; we went into one of the lobby rooms, and I gave him Weston's book, and Metcalf's, and F. T. after. Leycester and I stayed at Waghorn's coffeehouse to see the King come to the House, which he did about half an hour after two, to pass some bills. We went into the park, Vernon, Leycester, and I, to dine at the Ship at Barnes. Vernon would have given a guinea to learn shorthand; I would not take his guinea, for I told him I would not teach under five guineas, but sooner him for nothing; he advised me not to insist upon more than three guineas. Leycester asked me to go sit with him, where he treated me with wine and chestnuts; I stayed till near twelve; we read in Spenser's *Faery Queen*. Thursday, February 18th: went to the Royal Society; called at Sene's by the way about Frank Hooper's globes, which he said would be ready about midsummer, twenty-eight inches diameter. At the Society Dr. Jurin read Mr. Hales's observations about vegetation; the Duke of Richmond was there; Sir Hans Sloane presided. I went into the city to Blossoms Inn, and Mr. Mason and I went to speak for two barrels of oysters to send to my wife.

I paid 12s. for these and two barrels that I sent before; went to Wilson's, where I wrote to Mrs. Byrom. Saturday: went to Gloucester street to see John Clark; said he had heard nothing of R. Malyn's coming to London. Wrote some verses to Leycester about the opera. Monday: Jo. Clowes and Mr. Stopford called me up; dined with Leycester and Clowes at the Lion in Shear Lane; went thence to Sussex House, saw Mr. Casley, but did not stay; went to Tom Bentley at the Mitre, sat with him and his brother till about eleven, he said Montagu Bacon was to have been there; I appointed to breakfast with them on Wednesday morning. Tuesday: letters 7d., from Mr. Geekie and Dr. Malyn the father about R. M. King George at the Old House to-night, second night of the new entertainment called Apollo and Daphne.<sup>(1)</sup> Went about in search for R. M. Wednesday: to Tom Bentley's, but he was gone to Sussex House with the great Dr. Bentley, who was come to town; I went there, but meeting with Tom and Dr. Whitfield by the way, I did not call there. Lord Cardigan's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields was on fire<sup>(2)</sup> — it was a sad sight, a monstrous flame bringing down the house with great fury in a little time; saw Dr. Birch there, and went with him. I came home at two to stay for R. M.; a porter came to tell me he would come in the evening; I went to him then, and found him in bed; we parted between six and seven — I lent him five shillings. Thursday: Leycester and Clowes called me up to breakfast here on coffee from Wilson's, and took coach to the Old Bailey, to be present at the trial of Jonathan Wild. R. Malyn called on me about one; went with him. To the Royal Society — no business to-day, there being no president nor vice. R. M.'s affair all day. Friday: the same way. Saturday: took R. M. to Highgate.

Monday, March 1st: about nine o'clock Mr. Overing knocked

(1) Or "The Harlequin's Metamorphosis," a pantomime by John Thurmond, acted at Drury Lane, and published in 8vo and 12mo in 1725.

(2) It consumed that fine house, with almost all the furniture, but Alderman Child's house adjoining received no injury.



at my door, and it not being locked, it burst open whilst I was getting up; I met him at my bedchamber door, he was going forward, perhaps to see if he could meet with some shorthand; he said it was now above a twelvemonth since he had subscribed, so I gave him his half guinea and he gave me the receipt; he said he had learnt of that man, what was his name, Weston; I told him he had learnt of him before. He said he would still subscribe if I would promise that it should be out in half a year, but I said I would not promise it should be out in twenty years; so he went away, wished me good success, and all lovers of ingenuity. Dined with Leycester at the Blue Posts, where the Hassels came, and three Ords, and Cotesworth; thence to Sussex House, and sat with Dr. Bentley, and Mr. Morgan was there; thence I went to the Duke of Richmond's to inquire of Mr. Hill; I left my name. Robert Hopwood spoke to me to-night about R. M., and I told him how I had sent him off; he said I had done him a great piece of friendship. Tuesday: went to Tom Bentley, who was paying his landlady in order to go to Cambridge to-morrow; thence to the Duke of Richmond's to see Mr. Hill; thence to Westminster Hall, saw Vernon and Pigot in the Court of Requests; went to the Lebec's Head, where T. Bentley was waiting for Dr. Whitfield; went to Mr. Clarke's; called at a shop to look at medals — they were a shilling apiece; went with Dr. Whitfield to spend the evening at the King's Arms; he talked to me about his sermon about Christian Liberty, and desired my opinion of it; thence to Gray's Inn, eleven o'clock; writ to Mr. Geekie (R. Malyn's tutor) that I had sent R. M. home. Wednesday, 3rd: went with Leycester to Richard's, stayed till he came from astronomy lectures, went with him to the Trumpet to Morgan and Wentworth. Thursday, 4th: went with Clowes to Richard's, where we had last night appointed to meet Morgan and Wentworth, in order to introduce them to the Royal Society; but Wentworth did not come in time, so I introduced Morgan, and Bob Ord, Clowes; they read the rest of Mr. Hale's experiments about vegetables; thence to Richard's, where Mr. Foxley was come to see me; I was obliged to go to Mr. Clarke's with him;

I supped and passed the evening, Mr., Mrs. Stanley, and Mr. West at supper; writ to my wife this morning. Friday, March 5th: rose at 11, having sat up late with Mr. Clarke; very cold day. Johnson called here at three o'clock; I gave him a dish of coffee at Squire's, and had a glass of mum myself, 5d.; Mr. Lightboun came in there and asked me why I did not come to see him; told him Clowes and I designed him a visit; he desired us to come next Sunday at one o'clock to dinner. I went to Richard's to-night after six, saw Nicoll there; thence after eight with Jemmy Ord,<sup>(1)</sup> Cooper, Wentworth, to the King's Arms, and Harry Ord was sent for to us. Saturday: called on Clowes, two dishes of chocolate there, told him of going to Mr. Lightboun's. Sunday [March 7]: Clowes called here at twelve, I drest and called on him at Mr. Leycester's, we went and dined at Mr. Lightboun's, had pease soup, roast beef, fowls, and at last a pudding; I ate heartily of the pease soup, no beef, a wing of fowl, and a little piece of pudding; we sat after dinner till five o'clock, and when we were going away Mr. L. mentioned my shorthand, asking me when my book would come out, which set us a talking about it; he said Mr. Thomson wanted it, I told him I intended to teach it. Thence to Mr. Leycester's, thence to Lincoln's Inn gardens, thence to Richard's, where I saw Mr. Leycester and Mr. Patten, who was going out of town to-morrow; thence I came home about seven; Mr. Leycester called on me, and I went with him to Wilson's, where I drank a dish of chocolate, and we stayed there with Clowes till between eleven and twelve—it struck twelve just after I came home by Gray's Inn clock. Monday: rose near eleven; drest to go to Mr. Hill, but did not; called on Clowes with Johnson, who called at my chamber just as I was going out; thence I went through Lincoln's Inn, where I called on Jemmy Ord, but he was not at home, but Bob Ord was there and asked me to come in, so I did, and drank two or three dishes of chocolate with him, and went to dine with him at the

(1) Robert, James, and Henry Ord were the sons of John Ord of Newcastle upon Tyne Esq. ancestor of William Henry Ord of Whitfield Hall in the county of Northumberland Esq. M.P. and a Lord of the Treasury.



Blue Posts, where were his two brothers, Mr. Gateen, Cotesworth, and young Hassel. Jemmy Ord and I came away to his chamber, to meet Monsieur Courtois, who came after three o'clock there; we drank a bottle of ale, and we talked about our dictionary of English and French words, and about shorthand; and Jemmy Ord asked me if he must learn, and I told him if he would be secret he should; he promised me he would, and would come to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock to my chamber. I had a letter to-day from Dr. Malyn to thank me for sending Robin home. Tuesday, 9th: rose at nine. Jemmy Ord came here by twelve or before, and Mr. Leycester was here and trying his new wig. Mr. Leycester went away, and I gave Jemmy Ord his first lesson about the alphabet, which I demonstrated to him to be the best, and told him of the adjectives, substantives, and adverbs; he said that was a happy thought, and that he was sure he should like it, that he would come again tomorrow at half after three. I stayed at home till six, and then went to Richard's, saw nobody I knew there, so went to the city; called at Culpepper's, but he was not there, desired the woman to desire him to get Mr. Lever's microscope done; bought the *Plain Dealer*,<sup>(1)</sup> No. 100; thence to the Club in Paul's Church Yard, where we had two barrels of oysters, one before and another after supper, Mr. Leycester, Glover, White, Bob Ord, Graham, Foulkes, Sloane, Derham, Heathcote, a talking gentleman I had never seen there before; paid 2s. 6d. a piece. Mr. Brown they said had got the gout. We talked much of something and nothing, about Dr. Vincent's copying of letters, and I told them I was going to establish a Cabala Club that were guessers. Wednesday, 10th: rose at eleven, was very hearty, and had slept well; was just going to Clowes's chamber and Jemmy Ord met me at the door, where he knocked, and, when I let him in, told me he had put the hook upon the staple so that I could not have gotten out; said he knew his letters but could not join some of them, as *wh*, *nl*, so I told him where he was to be told anything,

(1) A periodical paper written by Aaron Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Savage described as the two contending powers of light and darkness.

and gave him the names of the letters by themselves, and we went to Clowes's chamber, where I drank three dishes of chocolate, which was very good, and I read some of Clowes's writing. Mr. Johnson called at my chamber at one o'clock. Mr. Leycester called here and appointed to meet me at Robin's coffeehouse to-morrow, in order to dine at Pontac's. This afternoon, about four, John Bland came to my chamber, and staid here some time talking about shorthand; he had practised Addy's way, said he had never seen Weston's, nor did he know him. At six o'clock I went to Richard's, saw Mr. Clarke and Nicoll, and Jemmy Ord, who showed me three lines that he had written in shorthand, and I began to correct them, but the place being too public we went to his chambers, where I supped on a mutton pie and Cottenham cheese, and showed him how he should have written right; he said he should be master of it, for he was very well pleased with it. I told him, amongst other things, of my travels with Stoutenburg; stayed till twelve, gave his man a shilling. Thursday: rose at eleven; breakfast at Squire's, a dish of chocolate; came home and dressed to go to Mr. Hill, but it struck one o'clock, and I thought I should be too late, so I called at Clowes's, and went thence into the city, called at Blossoms Inn to order a barrel of oysters for Mr. Chetham; saw Mr. Mason, and told him Mrs. Ann Byrom would be in town on Monday, so he said he must go meet her, and said he would lend me a horse if I would go with him. I was going to dine at Pontac's with the Duke of Richmond. I went by Mr. Chadwick's,<sup>(1)</sup> but they being at dinner I did not go in; called at Meadow's, thence to Robin's coffeehouse; Mr. Leycester was just gone to Pontac's, so I went there, and he introduced me to the room, where Lord Foley, Mr. Sloane, Bob Ord, White, and Glover came, and when we were at dinner, the Duke of Richmond and Mr. Foulkes; we had soup, salmon, neck of veal, pigeon pie, chickens, and asparagus. Mr. Leycester treated me, paid 4s., for we drank French wine. The Duke of Richmond was very merry, and good company; Mr.

(1) Query, Chaddock's.



Foulkes just mentioned my having found out shorthand, but nothing more was said on it then. I came to the Society in the coach with the Duke of R., Mr. Foulkes, and Mr. Sloan, and we talked about masonry and shorthand. I asked the Duke if Mr. Hill lived with his Grace; he said yes. Mr. Foulkes was very kind in mentioning the shorthand. At the Society Dr. Jurin read some more of the discourse about suppuration, and a piece of Desaguliers, upon a barometer to take the level of places with, and a letter from a Neapolitan physician about the weather and Mount Vesuvius, wherein he said that their part of Italy was the Ultima Thule of barbarity and ignorance in the way of learning. After lectures Mr. Glover asked me to go with them to a concert of music at his house, so I did with Mr. Ord and Leycester; there were twenty or more gentlemen there, and many ladies. Friday, 12th: rose at nine; somebody knocked at my door, but went away again; I called on Clowes, thence to Wilson's, a dish of chocolate, Clowes came there, he and I walked in the walks, and then Jemmy Ord came to us and I read some of his writing out of a *Spectator*; then I went and dressed and went to the Commons and dined with uncle Andrews, the Dr. was not there; we had pork and pease pudding, of which I ate heartily, and sat till within a quarter of three with them; after dinner I took notice of it as a very strange thing, that my uncle Andrew could not hear the canary bird sing, though he could hear pretty well everything that was spoke to him. Thence called on Bryan, but he was not at home; thence to Mercer's Chapel, where, while I was looking at the pictures, Dr. Eaton, coming by, spoke to me, and we went to the tavern and drank a pint of port, and Jo. Clowes came there from Guildhall coffehouse, where I had appointed to meet him about four o'clock. Dr. Eaton talked to me about specifics, Moore's furnace, &c., and he showed me in a paper twenty doses of something that was but in all a quarter of a grain, I think, or so much for a dose; he promised to give me a sight of the London practice; I paid 6d. and Clowes 8d., and we went to Mr. Chad-dock's; they asked us to stay supper, but Clowes told them Dr.

Birch had engaged us to be with him that night, so we went to Dr. Birch's in Bow Lane about seven o'clock, and stayed the evening there till about eleven; we had wine and Yorkshire ale, and we had a little cold salmon to supper; his lady sat with us before supper, the Dr. being gone to see a patient. Clowes told him once that I intended to set up for physic here in town, upon which Dr. Birch said he would advise me to drop shorthand, but I told him that I liked it so well that I never would; he appointed to meet us at Richard's tomorrow night. Saturday: rose at nine, thought I heard somebody knock at my door; went to Clowes's chamber, and with him to Wilson's, milk porridge 3d.; thence to the walk awhile, it being a charming fine day, and warm; dressed about eleven to go to Mr. Hill, but J. Ord called here while I was dressing, I went with him to his chamber, and thence with him to the park in a coach; there we met Tom Bentley and Dr. Whitfield, with whom we dined at the One Tun tavern in the Strand, 5s. apiece — a good dinner, but very extravagant — however, I could not help it. We came from thence to Richard's, thence to Vaillant's shop with Tom Bentley, where we met Mr. Montagu Bacon,<sup>(1)</sup> and Mr. Collins was there. We had some talk with Tom Bentley about the edition of Tully, and as he and Bacon said, Collins<sup>(2)</sup> talked very ignorantly; thence I and Bacon went to Dr. Aytoft's lodging, where Dr. Whitfield was, and Tom Bentley came there after us. I smoked two or three pipes there, the wine was pretty good, we were very merry, I gave the maid a shilling and came away at eleven (when they all did) with Dr. Whitfield, who desired me to go with him his way, and talked to me about his sermon, which he said I might have at Knapton's. He thanked me for going with him, because, he said, in the streets at night it was

(<sup>1</sup>) Some account of this elegant scholar will be found in Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. iv. p. 242. Five of his Letters to Dr. Z. Gray are also there given, pp. 242 — 4.

(<sup>2</sup>) Probably this was Anthony Collins the deist. Scholarship was not his forte, as Dr. Bentley has very convincingly shown in his famous remarks on the *Discourse of Freethinking*; but Collins was a most ingenious sophist.



something dangerous for a clergyman to walk ; he was to go out of town on Tuesday, so I took leave of him. Jo. Clowes and I were to have met Dr. Birch at Richard's, but he did not come while we were there between six and seven. Mr. Geekie, R. Malyn's tutor, was in the park to-day. Sunday [March 14] : went to Clowes's, Mr. Leycester and J. Ord came here ; I was going from Richard's to Blossoms Inn, according to promise, but Leycester would have me go with him, so I did ; Mr. Leycester and I met Baron Hilton, who went with us to Richard's, Tom Bentley, Dr. Whitfield there. Monday, March 15th : sent Sands to Blossoms Inn to know when Mr. Mason was for going to meet Mrs. Ann Byrom ; he sent word that he thought I had altered my mind, because I did not come last night, that he was busy that morning, but it would be time enough in the afternoon ; rose at eleven, and breakfast at Wilson's, milk porridge 3d. ; went into the city, called at Harris's and gave the boy there Tarvoc's plate to engrave 100 ; thence to Blossoms Inn, where I enquired for Mr. Mason, but could not meet with him, so left word with Mrs. Lee that it was a windy day, and I believed a busy one with him, so I thought best not to go ; thence to Culpepper's, whom I saw and spoke to ; he promised me a microscope in a week or ten days, I told him the time for tadpoles would be past. While I was reading in a pamphlet shop there Harry Hatsel came to me, and after we had walked a very little, left me ; called at Meadow's, stayed reading there a little in Huet *Of the Weakness of Human Reason*<sup>(1)</sup> ; called at John's coffeehouse, George yard, coffee 4d. ; called at Mr. Sidebotham's, he told me they were to be six days upon the road, so by that I thought they would not come till tomorrow ; thence I called on Brian, and sat with him in the parlour a little, for he had company above ; he told me he had had the gout, that he was going tomorrow into Dorsetshire ; I asked him how the Bishop of Chichester did, he said he was very well and that he enquired after me and when my book would come out, I told him I would show him the nature of it if I had an opportunity, he said he wanted it to be out for his use ; thence I went to

(1) In Warburton's opinion a very poor performance of the great scholar.

Richard's, bought a dirty old Greek Testament, 4d.; stayed at Richards some while, saw Mr. Clarke there, who enquired after my book, and if subscriptions came in; I told him I began to be very indifferent about it, that I had some thoughts of teaching it, which he said I might do, that it was not too late yet, but that for him he had so little occasion: thence to Mr. Ord's chambers, and nobody being at home but Mr. Harry, I borrowed *The Religion of Nature Delineated*, and went home, where after I had read a little, Mr. Ord's man came and told me that Mr. Leycester and Bob Ord desired my company at their chamber, so went there soon and found them playing at ombre; we supped, had a jowl of salmon very good, of which I ate heartily, and a little Cottenham cheese and very good wine; we stayed till near twelve, talked about knowing; Bob Ord and Leycester said that since they were children they had thought that nothing certain was to be known. Bob Ord said that Mr. Graham the younger, that was of our College, had asked him at the club whether I believed what I said, or only talked for joke's sake, that he had told him I knew better. We were very merry and good company; Mr. Jemmy did not come in while we were there. Tuesday: rose at first awakening, before eight; breakfast at Wilson's, a mess of milk porridge; I dressed and called on Clowes, and stayed with him a little to read some shorthand that he had writ from Tillotson's sermon, which I read with much ease; went thence to Mr. Leycester's, who was just gone out; thence to Tom Bentley's, who was engaged to dine with Mr. Wentworth, my subscriber; thence I went to the Duke of Richmond's to see Mr. Hill, but was told that he was gone into the country, so made no further enquiry; thence to Westminster, saw Mr. Staples, and asked him if he had seen any of the gentlemen, he said the holidays were coming and then he would talk with me. I met Mr. Baker in the Court of Requests, with whom I had some talk about shorthand; he commended the design I had, not to take first payments, said that he would introduce me to one Mr. Gore, I think a late South Sea director; I had a great deal of talk with him, till, walk-



ing in the Court of Requests, Mr. Lounds, my old fellow traveller in France, surprised me by speaking to me, and I had a deal of talk with him; amongst other things he told me that I was bubbled, that one Mr. Withers was upon the design of shorthand from what he had heard of mine, he belongs to the Bill Office in the Exchequer, that he was supported by some people in his pretensions to shorthand; he said he was a sly coxcomb, that if he went on with his project Lounds said I should let the public know that he was a rascal, that he would tell me some circumstances that would help to make even with him. This was great news to me, and I desired he would enquire further about it, at which he said he would, and write to me at Squire's coffeehouse; that he was at a place near Fulham. He said that none of the decipherers could make anything of his uncle Mr. Lounds's shorthand when Mr. Walpole sent it to them, but owned they were baffled; told me how he had got the money that he sold his place for, though Walpole was against him; and many other things we talked about, as his state of health, my getting acquainted with Dr. Friend, that he was in hopes of getting another place by the interest of some that did not like Walpole. From him I went to Buckingham House to enquire for Walker, but he was not at home; went thence to Button's coffeehouse, where I drank chocolate, 3d. I bought a little coin of Trajan's, 1s.; thence called at a by-bookseller's and bought four books, the *Antiquities of China*, *Human Reason*, *The Right Teaching of Useful Knowledge*, and *Edmund Willis his Shorthand*, which cost in all 1s. 2d.; thence to my chamber; thence to Richard's, where I saw Clarke and Nicoll, 3d. chocolate; thence to Blossoms Inn, where I found sister Ann Byrom did not come till tomorrow or Thursday; thence called at Mr. Pimlot's, but he was not at home; thence I called at Harris's the engraver, but the lad had not done anything; thence home. Wednesday, March 17th: rose at 11; found I had got a very great cold, went to Clowes's, drank one dish of chocolate there; thence to my chamber, where Mr. Leycester came and dined and stayed most part of the afternoon; I went to Richard's about six or seven, and Clowes

called on me; I saw Jemmy Ord there and read some of his writing very well; Dr. Andrew was there, and I spoke to him; Mr. Empson spoke to me to come sometime or other to the Golden Lion to dinner, where there were some gentlemen that had a mind to subscribe. Dr. Hopwood told us how he had been mistaken for Rob. Malyn. Clowes and I went into the city, called at Blossoms Inn, but they were not come from Manchester; at Mr. Chaddock's, where Mrs. de Vliegers was, but Clowes did not go up; we then went to Kent's coffeehouse, first calling at Richard's, where I had forgot to leave word for Leycester, but we found him by good luck at Kent's, where we all supped. Thursday: rose near eleven, went to Clowes's chamber, drank a dish of chocolate there; went at four to the Royal Society, where there was a lecture upon berries; Dr. Bentley there, I just spoke to him; Mr. Foulkes asked me to go to Pierrot, but I could not. I called at Richard's, thence to Blossoms Inn to enquire after my sisters. Dr. Jurin spoke to me at the Society, and asked me when they should have my book. At Blossoms Inn I stayed to drink a pint of wine with Brettargh, and went thence to Heater's, where sister Betty was to lodge, and I supped there on fish. I went after supper to Mr. Sidebotham's to see sister Ann, but she was gone to bed. Friday: Mr. Brettargh called on me about twelve, we went to Clowes's, thence to the Blue Posts to dinner; thence to Squire's coffeehouse, where I received a parcel from Mr. Laurence Eusden, with a letter from him desiring me to put off receipts for his translation of Tasso, and another letter from Johnston, 2s. 6d. for these; thence to the walk; thence Mr. Brettargh and I to Mr. Sidebotham's and stayed with sister Ann till after six; thence in a coach to Richard's, where were many of my acquaintance, Tom Bentley, Jo. Clowes, George Lee, Nicholl, Montagu Bacon, who said, "I'll get out of your way," when I told Tom Bentley that I had had a letter from Eusden to take subscriptions, which made us laugh. Jemmy Ord and I retired to a corner and I read a little of his shorthand and gave him a copperplate of the several shorthands which I had to-day called for at Harris's as Tom Brettargh and I went through Newgate street, and paid 1s. for a



hundred, and gave the boy 6d. Harris was going to die, as he told me, and could engrave no longer, that he had taught Weston to engrave shorthand, who he said cleared £200 a year, sometimes £10 a week. I asked him some questions about his distemper, and he asked me if I studied physic; I said yes. Mr. Brettargh, Jo. Clowes, and I spent the night at Kent's coffeehouse; we stayed till twelve about. Saturday, 20th: rose at eleven; dreamt this last night, that is, about six this morning, that my wife was dead, which threw me into some reflections on the miseries and shortness of human life.<sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Leycester and Clowes called here about two o'clock, and Johnson, who had had four guineas sent him in a letter this morning; they went all to dinner; I dressed and went with Mr. Brettargh, and brother Josiah went home by himself; at Richard's saw Tom Bentley, and Jemmy Ord, to whom I gave a little of my writing, which he took home to read; went with Mr. Brettargh to Mr. Sidebotham's, where we supped; thence to Mr. Heater's, where I stayed a little; sister Betty gave me Mr. Cattel's letter; sister Ann Byrom spoke to me to-night to go with them to the King's Chapel to-morrow, but I excused myself because of my cold; it was a cold windy night, but yet I found it pretty warm in my chamber; when I came there I writ a line to my wife in sister Betty's letter; sat up after I came home till near two o'clock, and finished the verses about the Resurrection, chap. 15 of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, in the blank verse.<sup>(2)</sup> Sunday [March 21]: rose after ten; Jemmy Ord came here about twelve, and read my letter of yesterday to him, and I read his answer very readily; he talked of going out of town on Tuesday, I think, and taking a long journey, said he should be at Manchester. Mr. Brettargh and Mr. Gartside called here to ask me if I would go to Hanover square, but I excused myself. Mr. Leycester called here, and we both dined upon coffee and bread and butter from Wilson's, 6d. apiece; I paid Mrs. Wilson, who brought it; went at night to Richard's, where

(<sup>1</sup>) See his two essays, No. 586 and No. 593 in the *Spectator*, on the Use of Dreams.

(<sup>2</sup>) These verses are not among his published works or unpublished MSS.

Mr. Brettargh said he would come, but did not; saw Brook Rawson there; went with Mr. Leycester to the King's Head Tavern, where were Mr. Vaudrey, George, two Swards, Clowes; had cold beef and mutton steaks. When I got home I could not open my door, the bolt, as I believe, having shot on the other side, so that I was fain to lie with Jo. Clowes and the younger Seward. Monday: Clowes and young Seward got up and went to breakfast with Mr. Leycester, but I lay till eleven, and then got up and made myself two or three dishes of chocolate, which was very good. Clowes came about twelve, and I went with him to Mr. Leycester's, who was gone to Mr. Ord's, where we found him. We went, Clowes, Leycester and I in one coach, and the two Swards and Mr. English in another, to my Lord Sunderland's, where Mr. Harper showed us the library, the Bible printed by Johan Fust 1462; said there was no printing in England, that was in the library, older than 1540, I think he said, or thereabouts. Clowes went to Blossoms Inn, and Leycester and I to the park; we called at Walker's, but he was not at home; thence we went round the park, and so to Thomson's coffeehouse, where Clowes and Puleston were come, so they dined there, and stayed all day and late at night, playing at ombre. I drank a dish of chocolate there, (and then went to Westminster, where I saw nobody that I knew, so came away again, only Mr. Kelsall spoke to a gentleman just by me while I was reading at a bookseller's stall; I called at Will's coffeehouse to enquire for Mr. Pavie, but could not learn where he was; drank a dish of chocolate there, which was better than anywhere else, as I thought, 3d.; then I called at Vaillant's shop, where I stayed looking over the books a good while, particularly the dispute<sup>(1)</sup> in Mabillon about Thomas à Kempis and Gersen); then to Richard's, where I saw Tom Bentley and Jemmy Ord. We were at Jemmy Ord's to-night; we clubbed 6d. apiece to buy Woolston's *Moderator*, and Bob Ord and I agreed to have it between us. (This paragraph belongs to Tues-

(1) The great controversy on which some hundred books have been written, and which may be considered still sub judice, as to the author of the treatise *De Imitatione Christi*.



day,) for from Thomson's I came to Richard's, and thence home to Gray's Inn till six or seven. We met sister Betty Byrom and Tom Brettargh to-day at Serle's gate. Tuesday, 23rd: rose eleven; Clowes called here soon after; I walked with him a little in the court, thence to Squire's, drank a dish of chocolate, 3d., and took coach to St. James's Gate, 1s.; called at Buckingham House for Walker, who just came in from riding out as I was coming away, so I went in with him, drank two dishes of chocolate with him; he had no material business with me; I told him I was teaching my shorthand to some gentlemen at five guineas apiece; he said that was much the better way, said he would speak to Mr. Staples when he saw him about it; said that Pope would get £3,000 or £4,000 by his translation of Homer's *Odyssey*. My Lord Preston and Mr. Bellasis came in while I was there. Thence to Westminster, as in yesterday's account, which belongs to to-day; saw the Duke of Richmond in the Court of Requests, who gave me a bow. At Richard's to-night I met with Mr. Leycester, and he and I went to Paul's Church Yard, where were Foulkes, Sloan, Stephens, Derham, Cumberland, Glover, Heathcote. Wednesday: rose about eleven; Josiah Byrom knocked at my door, and came again with Clowes; Mr. Brettargh and Tong just called here about four o'clock; I writ out the verses about the Burial Service<sup>(1)</sup> to send to the *Plain Dealer*; went to Richard's at night; Mr. William Seward pressed me much to go with them to the tavern, but I could not; I waited there a good while for Mr. Leycester, then went to Mr. Graham's to speak about a watch for ————. I ordered one of £28 price which was his common price; Mr. Leycester called there for me, for I had left a note at Richard's for him, and we went to Mr. Sidebotham's, where we supped on mutton steaks; stayed up to-night till two o'clock. Anthony Clayton's advertisement to-day in the *Daily Post* that he sold Mr. Weston's Book. Thursday: rose near eleven, went into the walks, met Mr. Leycester in the court, went with him to Squire's, chocolate 3d.; Weston took notice of Anthony

(1) Not in his works nor among his MSS.

Clayton's yesterday's advertisement in the *Post Boy*; dressed and went to the bookseller's at Temple Bar; I bought Descartes's six *Meditations*, 1s., looked at Henry's exposition of the 15th of Corinthians; thence to Richard's, thence to Peel's coffeehouse, there I gave the boy my letter for Roberts in Warwick Lane, which he put into the next penny-post house; thence to the Royal Society, where they were begun and reading about suppuration, and a letter from Berlin about an inscription in New England, which put me in mind of mine of that at Hulme, which I showed Mr. Foulkes, and he said I should have showed it them; I gave it him to show them; Sir Hans was rising, but made the secretary to take notice of it, which he did, and took it with him, and Dr. Stukeley took a delineation of it. I brought the *Philosophical Transactions* where Dr. Lyster had taken it, and showed the difference; I thought of writing a little account of it against next meeting, which was to be next Thursday but one, because of the holidays. Mr. Glover asked me to go to the concert, but I excused myself. I went again to Richard's, and wrote Weston's answer to Clayton in my letter to Mrs. Byrom; thence to the city to Mr. Pimlot's, who was not at home, but I went up stairs to ask Mrs. Pimlot how she did; she said Mr. P. was gone into the Strand, I asked if to Brisson's, which made us talk a little about the flutes, and she said Mr. Cattel had writ Mr. Pimlot a long letter in answer to his. Bought three medals of Constantine, 1s. 6d., in Cheapside, and three more of a counterfeit sort for 1s. at another shop; the young fellow, when I had picked them out, said they were the worst of all that were cast. Good Friday; rose near eleven; stayed at home all day, and it was so windy that I was forced to put my fire out; went to Richard's at night, and then with Mr. Brettargh, Pigot, Cooper, Edwards, and George Lee to the Crown; we had pigeons to supper, stayed till about twelve; Pigot told me of Campbell, &c. Saturday: Clowes called here, and I rose near eleven; Tom Brettargh and brother Josiah called here just after, and were going to Mr. Pigot's to breakfast, so I dressed and went after them, found sister Ann Byrom; we had coffee and tea; Mr. Pigot said he had told Campbell that he had a gentleman to intro-



duce to him, that he asked if I was a tory; thence Mrs. Ann went in a coach which waited for her to the Strand. Tom Brettargh and I went to the Herald's office; we gave orders for the pedigree of the name of Lever to be writ out; I looked at the Byroms; there was in Dugdale's Visitation Byrom of Byrom, Byrom of Salford, and Byrom of Manchester, all the same arms, and of the same family;<sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Green, who was then in waiting, told me that these arms were never given, but were so old as to be taken up, that he believed I might meet with the name of Byrom in *Domesday Book*. Thence T. Brettargh went into the city; I called at Child's coffeehouse, the Count de Luc or Lun, above ninety years of age, called there; I went into Inny's shop and read there all afternoon till after six. Easter Sunday [March 28]: rose at ten, stayed at home till evening; Jo. Clowes called here after church in the morning, and Mr. Leycester after church in the afternoon, Clowes and Leycester both here about five o'clock. Clowes and I laid a wager how many tickets there were counting from number 79 to number 84, which we worded thus — A is to give B £100 for lottery tickets from number 79 to number 84: query, how much do A's tickets cost apiece? I say he has five tickets, Clowes four, or three only. We laid a bottle of wine when we were alone, and another when Mr. Leycester was here; I dressed and followed them into the walks, where we disputed the wager, but I could not bring Clowes to see his error; thence we went to Richard's, it was very hot there, Tom Bentley was there; we came home about ten, we walked in the court about an hour. Monday: rose near ten; breakfast with Clowes, he having asked me last night, three dishes of chocolate. Tarboe's son came to-day to my chamber, but just come to town; he brought me a letter from his father, to let me know that he came with his consent; he went hence into the Strand to somebody else that he was recommended to. My letter was not in the *Plain Dealer*, nor any notice taken of it. I called at Symond's Inn, at the coffeehouse there they told me Mr. Staples was out of town; thence I went to Blossoms Inn, where I saw Mr.

(1) The connecting links were not supplied by Dugdale.

Pimlot, with whom I went home ; we supped there on beefsteaks ; he showed us Mr. Cattel's letter, we were pretty merry ; thence to Mr. Heater's ; sister Betty at Mr. Chaddock's, called there and brought her home, and took a link to Wilson's, coffee 3d. ; Mr. Wilson fell off his horse to-day, and was much hurt. Tuesday, March 30th : rose after eight ; Mr. Etough knocked at my door just as I was dressed, he asked me if I had been with Lord Stanhope, I told him no, that I did not care to go without being introduced ; I told him too that I thought of altering my design, and teaching instead of printing ; he asked me what price I had, I told him five guineas ; he said he would enquire if Lord Stanhope was in town, and either call at eight o'clock to-morrow or send me word about it. I breakfasted at Wilson's, milk porridge ; Clowes called here, and he and I walked into the fields, and I went with him to the Vine Tavern while he dined on a beef steak ; thence through Lincoln's Inn fields, bought Castellione's Kempis, 9d, went to enquire after Mr. Staples ; thence to the bookseller's by Temple Bar ; thence to Richard's, coffee 2d. ; thence to Paul's Church Yard, had my handkerchief picked out of my pocket very strangely about Ludgate Hill, for I had my hand in my pocket most part of the way, and was resolved it should not go ; Mr. Foulkes, Graham, Jurin, Sloane, Hauksbee, Brown, White, at the Club ; we had cold ham and veal for nothing, but had the supper besides, which we had bespoke. Dr. Jurin told me that one Mr. Deacon, who belonged to the Custom-House, had spoken to him about shorthand, and that he had showed him his method, which was clever, and he had thoughts of printing it, but asked him after mine ; Jurin told him he was not a competent judge, not having seen his or mine through. I could not tell with what design Jurin told this, but I told him to let Mr. Deacon publish his book by all means ; he said he had all my characters in it ; I told him if it was not the same with mine it was not worth a groat, that I deserved better than Cadmus and his sixteen letters. Mr. Brown said again he had been asked when the book would come out, and I again told him I would return the money to the uneasy ; but he said they did not value the money, but wanted the book ; I



said too that if Mr. Deacon would present the public with as good a method as mine for nothing, (for Dr. Jurin said he did not purpose to get anything by it,) I would return all my subscriptions, for they should not give me more than what they might have it for from others. I enquired about Taylor's engine, which Hauksbee said he thought was not new, but however, it would save nothing by this double motion, because it required double force. I asked after the arithmetical wheel, but they had not heard of it. I asked them about Clowes's wager and mine, from number 79 to number 84, which proved a difficult point to determine. I forgot to ask Graham about Tarboe; I came in White's coach. Wednesday: rose at nine or after, heard nothing of Mr. Etough; was at Clowes's chamber, read some of his shorthand; thence to my chamber, dressed after two, and called at Squire's, but had no letter; thence to Essex House, saw Mr. Casley, enquired after Tom Bentley, and came away again; thence to George's, nobody there that I knew; I was at Richard's first, for I wanted somebody to go with me to Figg's amphitheatre, where I went, but came too late to get in, as did numbers besides; so I went through unknown streets and by-places to look for books and coins. I bought *Jardin de Rac. Græc.* 8d. in my way to Figg's, and coming home Tryon's *Dictates*, 4d., a literal translation of *Thomas à Kempis*, 2s., by Lincoln's Inn fields, a lobster in the Haymarket, 6d.; went to carry my things to Gray's Inn, thence to Richard's, where was a note from Mr. Leycester about a duchess and a squire subscribing, which he told me after was Grafton and her steward, that he had been to see Whitworth; thence with Leycester to Kent's, where we supped. Mr. Edwards, Clowes, Lee, Morgan, and Mr. Vaudrey came to us; we had a great talk and dispute about our wager, and Lee, Morgan, Leycester, and I, laid half a guinea with Vaudrey, Clowes, and Edwards, and besides, I and Clowes laid a book of 5s. price, changing our two bottles for that. Dr. Hopwood and a gentleman with him had given it for me at Richard's; but Vaudrey said in the other room at Kent's, where Dr. Goldsmith was, they were all unanimous on the other side.

Thursday, April 1st: rose after ten; breakfast at Wilson's, two dishes coffee and bread and butter 5d., copied out in shorthand Antony Clayton's answer to Mr. Weston in the *Daily Post*; Tarboe came to me while I was there; thence to my chamber, where Mr. Leycester called; I dressed and went with Mr. Leycester into the city, I called at Mr. Heater's, but sister Betty was not there; at Blossoms Inn, where Tom Brettargh was at dinner; thence to Mr. Sidebottom's; sister went with me to Nanny Mosley's; we passed the afternoon at Mr. Mosley's; Mr. Leycester showed me a picture above stairs of a man, his wife, and three children, which I thought an uncommonly good one; thence he and I went to Whitworth's, met Trig by the way and had some talk with him; I thought Whitworth mightily altered for the worse; we stayed there but a little, but appointed to breakfast with him some morning. Whitworth said the Duchess of Grafton would subscribe for five books, and Mr. Somebody for five more, that she might recommend it; it was because she liked Mr. Byrom's character, he said, not that she had any curiosity for shorthand. Leycester went thence to Miss Whetstone, and I took my rounds, came to Slaughter's coffeehouse, chocolate pretty good, 3d.; thence to Vaillant's, where I read Mabillon's account of the dispute between Thomas à Kempis and Gerson, and by that time I got to Richard's it was near nine o'clock; thence to the city to Mr. Heater's, sister not there; thence to sister Ann's, stayed there a little, and then to Blossoms Inn to enquire for Mr. John Pimlot, who was to come to-night; he was at his brother William Byrom's, where I called and found him and sister Betty there, it was near eleven.

April 2nd, Friday: was rising about ten, when Walker knocked at my door and spoke, but I let him go to Clowes; he called to enquire if Mr. Ashton was dead, whom his accounts said to be given over by his doctors. We walked in the walks a little, but it was so hot that he could not endure it. I promised him to write to Manchester about it to-morrow night. I breakfasted at Squire's, a dish of coffee 2d. Nothing in the *Plain Dealer*, nor notice taken, which made me suspect whether the boy had carried



my letter or no to the penny post. Sister Betty called here about two o'clock and brought me two cravats; while she was there Mr. Pigot came, and we went to dinner at the White Hart; thence we just called at his new lodging, and then to Richard's, where we had two dishes of coffee apiece, for which I paid 8d.; thence I just called at Corbet's shop, and thence to Squire's for a letter, but had none, cider 1½d.; thence to my room. I went to Richard's at seven, thence to the city; called at Mr. Byrom's for Mr. John Pimlot, thence to Blossoms Inn, where I found him and Mr. Micklethwaite,<sup>(1)</sup> who was come post from Leeds; I stayed a little, then was going to sister Ann Byrom's, and Mr. Foxley was in the house and sent for me, so I stayed with him, for it rained; and I had a lobster to my supper, of which he had some; we paid 1s. 6d. apiece, he would have paid all but I would not let him; we went thence to Mr. Sidebotham's, but Mrs. Ann was not there, so we parted; it was half an hour after ten; went thence and called on sister Betty at Mr. Heater's to know if she had had a letter; called again at Blossoms Inn, and came home with Mr. Pimlot as far as Mr. Byrom's; there I took a link to Gray's Inn for 2d., but I gave the boy ½d. more.

Saturday [April 3rd]: rose after ten; Josiah knocked at my door; I went with him to Wilson's, had a mess of milk porridge, 3d., and he chocolate, 3d.; he said Mr. Pimlot and Mrs. would come to go to the Strand, to Bressan's. Jo. Clowes came to Wilson's, and he and I walked a little in the walks. Mr. Leycester and Mr. Clark called here after three, having nothing else to do, soon after which Josiah called for me to Bressan's; sister Ann Byrom, Mr. and Mrs. Pimlot, and Mr. Friend, were in the coach; I went on foot with Josiah; we all went to Mr. Bressan's house by

(1) Richard Micklethwaite, a member of the Common Council of Leeds, born in 1697, died in 1773, having married in 1725 Anna, daughter of Thomas Wilkinson of Leeds merchant. His great grandson is John Micklethwaite of Ardsley House near Leeds Esq. The Ords were connected with Leeds through their mother, and Clowes's kinsman Mr. Lodge was a wealthy merchant there, and his family allied by marriage to the Micklethwaites.

the water side, and he showed us such flutes as went down to C Faut,<sup>1</sup> and we bespoke a lefthanded one of that sort which came to five guineas apiece for Mr. Cattel, intending to send to know if Dr. White would have a lefthanded one too; we heard Mr. Granont play on the German flute, who was the only man for it, he was Dr. W.'s master; he played most sweetly. Mr. Bressan gave me a glass of wine, but I did not drink any; there was some company came in. From thence Mr. Ferrand and I walked to the park, and they all went in the coach there; I called at Buckingham House, but Walker was not within; I desired the woman who came to the door to tell him that I had heard nothing about that affair, but would write to-night about it. We saw the three young princes taking coach at St. James's. From the park we went to Barnes's, where we had wine and biscuits and cheese, and Josiah paid the reckoning; we had a bottle of red and a pint of white. Mrs. Pimlot and sister Ann drank tea below stairs with Mrs. Barnes. Sister Ann said when she came up stairs that they had been talking about Pavie, whom they suppose to be but a sorry sort of a fellow. Thence they went in a coach, and Mr. Ferrand and I afoot; I asked him to drink a dish of coffee at Richard's, which he did, and left me there. I saw nothing from Weston in the *London Journal*; *Daily Journal* I did not see. I writ to Mrs. Byrom from thence, and sat talking with Mr. Gill and Dr. Hopwood, whom the rain detained there likewise, of the London ladies' drinking, of the polypuses in folks's hearts, of the bet about 6, 7, and 8 of diamonds; if a pip appear, it is 3 to 2 or 2 to 1 that it is an 8; if no 3 appear, it is a 6. Mr. Gill and I could not enter into odds, but at last I thought there was something in it too, but Dr. Hopwood could not explain it well. It rained a little as I went home; called at Kent's to see if Mr. Leycester was there, but he was at the opera.

Sunday, April 4th: rose near eleven, stayed at home all day. Mr. Leycester and George Lee called here for a quarter of an hour before church in the afternoon. Went to Richard's to-night, drank a dish of coffee, saw Mr. Ferrand. Went with Mr. Lee and

<sup>1</sup> Sic in MS.



Whetnall to the King's Arms, where I did not eat of the cold beef, but of Welsh rabbit and stewed cheese; talked about appeals, pardon, Dr. Goldsmith's clock, 79 to 84, &c.

Monday, April 5th: rose eight; Hutchins, William, and Jo. Clowes called me up; I had slept well to-night,<sup>(1)</sup> was this morning heartier than ordinary, which I attribute to my not eating flesh; we went to Pier's to breakfast; I went to Mr. Leycester's, to call on him to go to Mr. Whitworth's; I called at Will's coffeehouse by the way, and saw Don Carlos Stevens his advertisement about shorthand. Mr. Leycester showed me a passage in Coke upon Lyttleton where *from* was inclusive.<sup>(2)</sup> We went to Mr. Whitworth's, drank two dishes of coffee apiece with him, stayed about two hours; Mrs. Pansford came in while we were there. We came away, and went thence to Lord Romney's house, to see pictures; thence to George's, talked by the way of learning algebra together; had a pint of cider at George's, for which he paid; saw Mr. Hassel there, talked with him about the smallpox; thence he went to get one of Weston's proposals, who had advertised to-day in the *Daily Post* that he was for printing by subscription, his majesty having granted him sole license; I stayed at a pamphlet shop the while, and Mr. Hassel went with him; he brought me a proposal; I stayed afterwards in the shop; I bought the *Daily Post* where Antony Clayton's advertisement against Weston was, 2d.; thence with Mr. Morgan to take a walk in the King's Bench walks, where we talked about physic; we came to Richard's again, Tom Bentley there; I went with him to Mr. Montagu Bacon's, where we supped, Tom on mutton steaks, and I on cheese, and drank red wine. I showed them Eusden's letter to me, which they much condemned, both for the bad English of it, and "Fairfax for the age he lived in." I showed Mr. Bacon Weston's proposals. Tom Bentley talked of going to France on Friday or next week.

(<sup>1</sup>) A common Lancashire expression for last night.

(<sup>2</sup>) See Thomas's *Cokes 1st Institut.*, vol. ii. p. 408; but, as the editor observes, the distinction there taken has been denied, and it has been held that the word "from" may be taken either inclusive or exclusive, as the reason of the case may require.

Tuesday [April 6th]: rose ten; Clowes called me to go to Wilson's coffeehouse, I followed him to Mr. Leycester's, and we went and dined at the Griffin in Shear Lane, to eat veal and radishes, paid 6d.; thence I went to the bookseller's shop, read some of Toland's *Nazarenus*, thence to George's coffeehouse, thence to Mr. Leycester, who was tuning his spinet at Coatsworth's; we came to Richard's, Jemmy Ord there, was come from his travels. Tom Bentley was there, but would not go with us to Paul's Churchyard, where Mr. Leycester and I went, Mr. Graham, Foulkes, Sloan, Glover, Montagu. I had a scollop shell and Welsh rabbit. Mr. Leycester and I walked home together. There was a lodge of the Freemasons in the room over us, where Mr. Foulkes, who is deputy grand master, was till he came to us. Mr. Sloan was for taking me up stairs if I would go; I said I would, and come back if there was anything I did not like, and then he bid me sit down.

Wednesday [April 7th]: rose after nine; somebody knocking at my door, it proved to be Mr. Anodyne Necklace, for I went to Clowes's chamber, and then to Wilson's, where I found him, and Mr. Anodyne came to me there; he said he had been with Weston, who had shown him a specimen, viz. his own picture and the titlepage; that he would call on me again, hoped I would not take it ill, or think him impertinent for coming, that he had such and such books, as if he had forgot that I had seen them; milk porridge 3d.; Clowes and I walked in the walks a little. Josiah called on me after eleven to tell me that he and his sister were to dine at Mr. Rayne's, so I dressed and went with him, called on Mr. Leycester by the way, and at Richard's for a letter from Tom Bentley, but found none; called at Blossoms Inn, but he was not here. I went to Culpepper's, who promised me Mr. Lever's microscope in three or four days; told me that Mr. Jackson, the town-clerk, was a subscriber, but that the other gentleman who had subscribed had been with him in a passion, that he had given them their money again. This morning Mr. Gascoign M.P. for Wareham sent a little boy for a book of shorthand, (he had subscribed



to Mr. Staples,) and the boy brought the receipt; I bid him give my service to Mr. G. and tell him that the book was not out yet, that when it was I should send him one. Dined at Mr. Rayne's, had fish, salmon and smelts, and lamb and asparagus; I dined on the fish. After dinner Mr. Edwards came in; about four o'clock I went away to the 'change, read in the pamphlet shop, drank a dish of coffee at North's; after having enquired for sister Betty at Mr. Heater's, went to Mr. Worthington's, overtook Mr. John Pimlot by the way, called at Mr. Byrom's with him. Mr. Worthington showed me the inscription of "FORTVNAE," &c., of his father's writing, where the shorthand mark is thus (ə). He says the account there was given by a person then living in 1612; he read a comical story about setting up a rood in Queen Mary's time by the churchwardens of Cockran,<sup>(1)</sup> which being an ugly one, the mayor of Lancaster said they might put a pair of horns to, and it would make an excellent devil. Thence went to Richard's, saw Mr. Brettargh and Tonge there; went thence about eight to Mr. Chaddock's, where I found them all, and we supped there, had lamb in steaks and a leg in the middle, cold salmon, a tart, and a tansy; I ate of the salmon and tansy; we had some milk punch after supper. We talked about our wager, which Mr. Clarke told me (to-night I think) that there was an act of parliament on my side, directly concerning lottery tickets, "if from 10 to 1001, from 1001 to 2001," &c. I gave the maid Betty, that lived with Mrs. Brabin at Manchester, 1s.

Thursday [April 8th]: rose after nine; went to the Duke of Richmond's to ask for Mr. Hill; he was at home and sent for me to come up; I stayed there a good while; Captain Townsend, Mr. Jackson, and another gentleman who went away as he came in, called on him; I sat a good while; when Colonel Snow came in I took my leave, and he said if he could do me any service he would. I thence into the park, where I met Tom Bentley, whom I had met before in the Strand and been with him at Thompson's

(1) Cockerham, a small parish seven miles south of Lancaster. The story is still current in that neighbourhood.

coffeehouse, where he had left his cane last night; David Humphries was there reading the papers. I left Tom in the Mall, and went to Buckingham House to ask for Walker, but he was not there. Thence I went to the Court of Requests, where I saw Wickham, and asked him after Jug,<sup>(1)</sup> and where it stuck that he was not married; he said everywhere, and seemed very cool upon it. I saw Lord Stanhope there, and took an opportunity, as he was going into the House of Lords, to speak to him, and he appointed me to come to him on Saturday morning between ten and eleven. Dr. Hopwood spoke to me to walk in the park, after which we took coach to the Ship, by Temple Bar, where we dined on cold lamb and salad; for coach and dinner paid 2s. 9d. apiece. Dr. Hopwood could not conceive how shorthand could be writ without arbitrary marks. Thence to Richard's; did not stay, but went to the Society, where I found them reading; there was a tooth with four fangs found under ground. Dr. Jurin had my inscription, for which I asked him: he said he would compare it with the other in the *Transactions*, I showed him the other, he did not think the difference material, so I put it in my pocket. Desaguliers showed some experiments above stairs about a bowl of spirits immersed in water. Dr. Stukeley spoke to me to advertise my shorthand, for there were several that would subscribe but did not know where. From the Society I went to Mr. Graham's with Mr. Leycester for Mr. Lever's watch, which I took in my pocket; thence we went to Richard's, where I saw Jemmy Ord, and read a line or two of his writing; Mr. Mildmay sat by him, who it seems was a subscriber to Harry Hatsel. I went thence to the city, met Mr. John Pimlot in Cheapside, went into Mr. Garside's shop with him, where I was told that Mr. Brettargh was at the Rainbow coffeehouse, where I found him and Mr. Tonge and Mr. James Horton, who invited me to come to them to-morrow night. I went thence to Mr. Sidebotham's, where I stayed till past eleven o'clock, supped on cold beef; Mr. Kell and two ladies came in; Mr. Sidebotham would have sister Ann for his second wife, about which we all talked very merrily.

(<sup>1</sup>) Dr. Bentley's daughter.



Friday, April 9th: this morning I saw a mouse jump off the chair where my candle was; rose near eleven; Tom Brettargh did not come according to appointment to go to breakfast with J. Clark. I writ a letter to Mrs. Byrom and Phebe, in which I put Weston's proposals and Antony Clayton's challenge. At one o'clock I went to take leave with sister Betty; called at Freeman's coffeehouse, 2d.; there I took Antony Clayton's advertisement out of the *Daily Post*, where it was. I called at Blossoms Inn, and thence to Mr. Heater's; sister Betty walked to Moregate, and sister Ann and Josiah with her; we met and spoke to Mr. Smithson in King street; Josiah rode out of town with them a little way; we drank some Lucina white wine at a tavern there, I paid, by sister Betty's desire, for a pint, 1s. Dr. Eaton was going to ride out at the same time as we came back. Mr. Mason, Byrom, sister Ann and I went to Sion College library, where I read Herrman Hugo, *De Origine Scribendi*,<sup>(1)</sup> which the librarian fetched me, and another book of Porta's. It seems the books are not chained, but the librarian fetches them as any body wants them; he spoke very civilly. Thence I went to Richard's, coffee 4d.; thence I went to Mr. Sherman's at the Black Bull's Head in Newgate street, where were Mr. Brettargh, Ferrand, Dr. Hopwood, Batteley, &c.; we had cold tongue and two lobsters to supper, and a bowl of punch after; we talked about matrimony, came away when the liquor was out, about twelve. I called at Squire's to-night about eight for a letter, and had one, 4d.; all the folks at Manchester well.

Saturday [April 10th]: rose about nine, getting ready to go to Lord Stanhope. Tom Brettargh came here and brought £33. 10s. to pay for Mr. Lever's watch; Jo. Clowes was here at the same time. I took coach to Park Place, and at Lady Halifax's found Lord Stanhope, who had somebody with him, so I waited about a quarter of an hour, for which he asked pardon. I showed him my alphabet and a sketch of my method, which he seemed to like very well, and said I went the right way to work,

(1) 1617, Ant., 8vo.

told me I had better teach it first and then print it, said he would be my scholar, and desired me to come on Tuesday morning again at ten o'clock; said that Lord Lonsdale had desired him to send me to him; so I went to Lord Lonsdale's, but he was not stirring, as the man told me, but would be in an hour or more; so I called at Stonecutter's Court for Bentley, but he was gone out; I stepped into a book shop, where Montagu Bacon found me, and he and I walked in the park, (it was a cool day); I told him where I had been; he said if I was upon that scheme, he believed he could get me some scholars. I went again to Lord Lonsdale's, and he was just gone out, so I went to the Court of Requests, had a dish of coffee at Bennett's coffeehouse, met Mr. Kenn, who asked me to dine with him; saw Mr. Staples, who just came out of the House after it broke up, and went in again; he bowed to me but said nothing. There was ox cheek and a fried rabbit to dinner at Mr. Kenn's; his lady dined with us. I went thence and called at a coffeehouse by the park entrance, and drank two dishes of coffee and a piece of bread and butter, 5d.; going into the Mall I met Tom Bentley and Mr. Erskine, we took a turn and then went to Thompson's coffeehouse, where we drank a bottle of cider; I paid 2d. Tom Bentley said if I would come there to-night he would treat me with some fresh salmon; so I went to Richard's and found Jemmy Ord there, read some of his writing, and Harry Hatsel and Wickham. Leycester and Wickham and I came to Thompson's, where Tom Bentley came after nine, and Erskine after him; we had a pound and a half of salmon and some crayfish, and very good port wine; we stayed till past one o'clock, talking about Jug and Wickham, and my courtship. Tom Bentley paid 4s. to 2s. apiece, and I 1s., for Tom said he would treat me; 2d. more I gave the drawer, and so Leycester and I walked home. This morning after I had been at Lord Stanhope's I met Mr. Walker, and showed him what Mrs. Byrom said in her letter about Mr. Bolton, were all well, and that she would let me know when anything should happen; I told him where I came from, and he said it would do bravely to get two or three lords in, and I desired him



to get me some of his; he mentioned his duchess, whom he said he had talked to about it, and she had a mind to learn, but thought it would be taken notice of if a woman should learn, but that when he saw her again he would tell her that it would be a secret if she learned.

Sunday [April 11th]: rose near eleven, dressed about one o'clock, and breakfast at Squire's; Mr. Leycester and Lee called on me after two, and we all went to Ormond Chapel to hear Mr. Henley preach; we sat in the front seat, and gave the woman 6d. apiece; his text was, "Sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee." After church we walked into the fields with Dr. Morgan and Mr. Brotherton; they joked upon Morgan's wig all the way we went. Morgan and I went to Richard's, I drank two dishes of coffee, 4d., we stayed till past one o'clock.

Monday, 12th April: Clowes called on me after nine, and he and I breakfasted at Wilson's; I had radishes and bread and butter, and two dishes of coffee, 7½d. Sister Ann Byrom called on me to go to Hampstead with her to see Miss Morts, so I dressed and went with her to the Black Swan in Holborn, and we ate a mutton chop at the Castle Tavern, went in the coach to Hampstead with a Dutch lady and another woman; the Misses Morts were not come from the country, so we took a turn by the wells and came back again after drinking a dish of coffee apiece at the coffeeshouse, where we took coach, the Dutch lady being disposed to come back with us and another old woman, and we took up an old gentleman, a footman; I paid 4s. for the coach there and back again. We went to Mr. Leycester's, where Mrs. Ann stayed to drink tea, the two Hassels were there; I read some of Mr. Leycester's writing out of the *Gentleman Instructed*,<sup>(1)</sup> which was very hard because of the nonsense of the style—"darts like opium." Mr. L. and I came to Gray's Inn in the coach with her, where we enquired for letters but had none; I went thence to

(1) Of this once popular work, to which Dr. Hickes wrote a preface, the twelfth edition was published in 1755. Notwithstanding Byrom's criticism upon its style, the work has considerable merit.

Richard's, and he to his lectures, after we had looked at Osborne's books; saw Mr. Wickham and Dr. Johnson there; Jo. Clowes came there, and, sitting down by me, told me he had heavy news to tell me, that my son was going to die, that Josiah had been to tell me; so I went directly to Mr. Sidebotham's, but she not being there, I went thence to Philpot Lane, thence to Mr. Graham's, paid him for Mr. Lever's watch, but I told him the reason of my coming then was the news I had heard of my little boy; there was a bad moidore amongst the money I paid him, but he gave me a receipt in full, and I told him I would give him the 27s. before I went. Thence to Mr. Sidebotham's again, where sister Ann was come in, and I read the news of my lad; it was a letter of brother Edward to his sister, in these words: "Tell the Doctor that his son Neddy is out of order, and my sister thinks he will have the measles or smallpox, but which she cannot tell yet." I thought of going with to-morrow's post down to Manchester, drank some glasses of wine, and came away about ten o'clock.

Tuesday [April 13th]: rose at seven, went to Osborne's shop to buy Sir Peter Leycester's *Antiquities of Cheshire*, for Mr. Leycester, but it was gone at 12s., for which I was sorry; I bought Mr. Ousting, 1s. 6d., and Hick's *Kempis*, second volume, at 2s. Thence to Lord Stanhope's; the family was at prayers; I stayed with him about half an hour or more, and our talk was about the alphabet, and he took notice that I made the *f* and *v* the same mark, though there was no occasion for it, and made some other objections, which I solved, and he seemed very well pleased, and desired me to come again in three or four mornings. I told him that I had heard that my little boy was ill, and I did not know but it might oblige me to go into the country, then he desired me to call when I came back; he said he would send Lord Lonsdale, who desired to see me, so I called there again, but he was not stirring then neither; so I went to Walker's, who dressed and came with me into the park, I drank a dish of chocolate with him; the duchess was come from the country yesterday, had been very ill, thought she must have died, and had writ a



letter to Mr. Walker about what he must do after her death, had had a pleurisy; Walker said he would tell Lord Lonsdale that I had been with him, for I did not go there again. As I was going out of the park I met Mr. Montagu Bacon, who told me he had been last night with Dr. Jurin at Mr. Ord's chamber, where they had some talk about my shorthand, but he did not say what. I met Mr. Foulkes by Osborne's shop, who asked me to dinner. I went to Wilson's to see if Josiah was there; he came, and sister Ann, in a coach, and I went with her to Mr. Clark the writing master in Warwick Lane, but he was not within; Josiah was to learn of him. I called and paid Mr. Graham his 27s. by the way. I supped at Mr. Sidebotham's about nine; called at Will's coffeehouse and wrote a letter to Mrs. Byrom all about Ned, which I carried to the post house; thence I went to the club, where I found them just done supper almost; there were fourteen of us, the old ones and the talking fellow, Brown, Glover, D'Anteney, Sloan, Graham, Heathcote, Leycester, Durham, Bob Ord, Hauksbee.

Wednesday, April 14th: rose after nine; Clowes knocked at my door and bid me get up, for he wanted to speak to me; when I let him in he told me he was going to Westminster, and would call on me to go to Figg's amphitheatre; I thought he had something else to have told me of, about my son or something, I told him I could not go, upon which he flung away in a passion, and said only, "What an odd fellow you are, I never saw such a man in my life." I went to Mr. Sidebotham's about eleven o'clock for letters, but the mail, they said, was not come in, so I went to John's coffeehouse, 2d., to Meadow's shop, paid 2s. 6d. for Mr. Leycester's second subscription to La Fond's book of music; went again to Mr. S., thence to the post house, where I got my letter from the office when they were sorting, gave the man that got it for me 6d. Mrs. Byrom tells me in it that she hopes Ned would not have either smallpox or measles, but only some teeth; that he was rather better on Sunday night, but he was hot and breathed short, that she wished I was there; by her account I thought he must be better. I

called on sister Ann at Mr. Sprag's, then Scot's, where she was at dinner, and she sent for her letters while I was there ; Mrs. Byrom wrote to her, "Ned is ill," and that was all ; I went with her to Blossoms Inn, where we saw Tom Brettargh, Mr. Patterson, who told me Mr. Clarke's book was at Mr. Charles White's. Mr. B. and I walked to George's coffeehouse, where Mr. Leycester was ; thence we took coach to Figg's amphitheatre, where Mr. Leycester paid 2s. 6d. for me. Figg and Sutton fought ; Figg had a wound, and bled pretty much ; Sutton had a blow with a quarterstaff just upon his knee, which made him lame, so then they gave over ;<sup>(1)</sup> there came other fellows in, but Tom Brettargh being uneasy, I came away with him, and we coached it to the Widow's coffeehouse ; there was a gentleman fainted away ; Tom B. I believe would have done so too, if he had stayed. We drank two dishes of coffee apiece at the Widow's, and ate some bread and butter ; thence we came to Richard's, it was rainy weather ; from Richard's I went with Jemmy Ord to the Fleece, where we had mutton chops, a salad, and a pint of white wine ; I ate two eggs boiled

(1) As Byrom has immortalised Figg's amphitheatre by his admirable lines on the fight between Figg and Sutton, the following advertisement, which is extracted from the *St. James's Evening Post* of April 12th, 1726, may not be uninteresting :

"At Mr. Figg's new Amphitheatre joining to his house, the sign of the City of Oxford in Oxford Road, Marybone Fields, tomorrow, being the 13th April 1726, will be performed a Trial of Skill by the following Masters.

"Whereas I John Wells, from Bury St. Edmunds, master of the noble Science of Defence, do once more invite the reputed, famous Mr. Sutton to meet me and exercise the usual weapons fought on the Stage ; when as skill consists in the judgment of the sword, I only desire that he will not, as before, lurk, but exert himself to the utmost, that the spectators may have an opportunity of seeing all he is master of, as also whose judgment and skill is superior, which that this battle may fully determine to the satisfaction of all encouragers and lovers of the science, shall, as has always been, be the utmost care of their humble servant, John Wells.

"I Edward Sutton, from Gravesend, Master of the said Science, will not fail to meet Mr. Wells as above, and I am resolved to answer him in every article of his request, and being amazed by what he means by lurking, I shall dispute in another manner not so liable to deception.

"Note, they fight in white drawers, white stockings, shirts, and pumps. N.B. the doors will be opened at three, and the Masters mount at five exactly."



hard; we talked about shorthand a great deal; he said he had told Mr. Foulkes and Montagu Bacon at their room the other night that he could write it, and that it was a very pretty thing.

Thursday [April 15th]: rose at ten, had slept very well, had dreamt that my child was dead; said prayers out of the Common Prayer Book. I went at four to St. Dunstan's Church, where Dr. Lupton was preaching; but I thought he did not speak so slow as was represented to me, and not very loud neither. Thence I called at Richard's, 2d.; went with Harry Hatsel to his chamber, who was for going with me to the Royal Society, but I told him he had better come some other time, and so he stayed for Harper. I went to the Society; there was a council, and they stayed so long in the council chamber that lectures did not begin till near six o'clock; Sir Isaac was there, but did not sit president, but went away after the council was over; we balloted for nine new members. Dr. Jurin read something from Dr. Nettleton,<sup>(1)</sup> being observations about the barometer, the quantity of rain fallen, a letter of astronomical matters from Portugal I think. Dr. Stukeley spoke to me for some "proposals," and I gave him two or three, which he read, and showed them to others, and he asked me for the "Altar to Fortune," which I told him I would give him another time. I went after to Richard's, saw Jemmy Ord, gave him something to read; thence to Mr. Sidebotham's; called on Mr. Clarke by the way in Warwick Lane; we talked about Josiah—it seems sister Ann had been with him that afternoon; we talked, too, about Weston, whom he had met with once at Sam's coffeehouse. Thence to Mr. S.; George their man, who came from Manchester on Monday morning, could add nothing new about my little Ned; supped there, wrote to Mrs. Byrom, I walked home, a fine moonlight night.

(1) The amiable and skilful physician of Halifax, author of the excellent "Thoughts concerning Virtue and Happiness," 1729, 8vo, and who was the first physician who introduced inoculation extensively in the North of England. He died at Halifax January 9th, 1742, and was buried at Dewsbury.

Friday, April 16th: rose at ten very hearty, but not so alert as yesterday; breakfast at Wilson's; went to Squire's for a letter, but had none, which I thought strange; met Mr. Leycester on the stairs as I was going; thence we walked into the city, met Tom Bentley in Cheapside, who should have gone to-day towards Paris, but had been to take places as he said for another day. I had no letter at Mr. S's., but sister Ann had a letter and a note within; she said she had had a letter from H. White that said Ned was out of order, but she hoped was better. Thence Mr. Leycester and I went to see Mr. Brian, who was ill of the gout; there were two gentlemen with him, and another came in to drink tea, but I did not, not having drunk any this long while. Mr. Brian's child Penelope fell into a fit while we were there, and the mother was in great disorder; she said she had just given it some mint water. Mr. Brian asked me what they must do with the child? I said I knew nothing for children but taking great care what they fed them with. Thence we went to Inny's shop, Mr. Leycester bought a book; thence he went to lectures, I to Richard's, 3d. for mum at Squire's; from Richard's Dr. Morgan, Wickham and I came to King's Head and had two lobsters, a great one 2s., and a little one 6d.; Tom Bentley came to us, but neither Leycester nor Ord, whom we expected. We talked about Tom's journey; he said to me that I loved ridicule more than I used to do, because I said I hoped he would make fine observations and communicate them to his friends, but he would not tell me the reason why he said so; about popes, witches, Petrarch, and Plutarch. Mr. Leycester and I called at the Herald's Office as we went to Mrs. Ann Byrom's, and paid £1. 5s. for Mr. Lever's pedigree, 20s. for fee and 5s. for writing.

Saturday [April 17th]: I had a very good night, rose near eleven, being rather sleepy at eight or nine; and I observe that I am best when I have my sleep fairly out, but I should begin sooner at night and rise sooner in the morning. Clowes called here about one o'clock and wrote a letter to his mother, then went to dine in the Hall, then called again, and again at six



o'clock, when I dressed and went with him to Richard's; saw Jemmy Ord. Dr. Morgan, Clowes, and I passed the evening at the King's Head tavern; we talked about swearing, the law, Harper's refusing to be Fellow; came away about eleven; did not write home to-night.

Sunday [April 18th]: rose after nine; George knocked at my door a great many times, and I did not rise; but he continuing to knock, I rose and dressed, but did not let him in till he knocked so loud that I asked who was there, and it proved to be he, with a note from sister Ann to come and dine at Mr. Sidebotham's without fail. I took a little walk in the walks. I went, and Clowes with me, to Mr. S's. to dinner; we found them at dinner, near done; Mr. S's. sister was there, and a person with whom I had some talk about the *Religion of Nature*; we came away after two o'clock, went to the Anabaptists' meeting, and the Quakers', saw Frank Strettal there; thence to Gray's Inn, it began to rain, and we called in at Abingdon's, 2d., Dr. Morgan came in there; thence we went into the Inn, and meeting with Pier Williams, we went up to his chamber, where we stayed about an hour or more while it rained, talking about Tillotson, the Trinity, and about my hands trembling; he said tea and coffee were very bad for them, and the cold bath would cure me.

Monday [April 19th]: rose after nine, breakfast at Squire's; went into the city in the afternoon; Clowes and Leycester called here, and Mr. Clark; Leycester said he had been at Whitworth's, and Charles Whitworth had said he would give £20 if I could teach him shorthand, appointed to meet me at Richard's to talk about it. Tarvoc called here; I went with him to Mr. Graham's, who said he would try him to-morrow; thence to Mr. Sidebotham's, had a letter from my wife that Ned was better — thank God for it! I met Mr. Brian in Cheapside, who told me he was to be at the Salutation tavern to-night, and Tom Bentley to be there; I said I would come. I met Dr. Birch in Fetter Lane, and called on him after I had been at Mr. S's., he would be a subscriber; I stayed a little with him, told him

that I was teaching Lord Stanhope; he said it was a good piece of fortune, that it would be £300 a year in my way. I went thence to Richard's, left word for Mr. Leycester, and went to the Salutation, where were Mr. Wheatley, Shullard, Nourse, Berriman; I ate a potted pigeon; stayed with Tom Bentley till two o'clock very near; he said he would write to me from the other side of the water.

Tuesday, April 20th: rose at twelve, breakfast at Wilson's, two hard eggs and bread and butter, 3d.; thence home; thence to the city to take leave of sister Ann, came too late, she was just gone at three o'clock; saw Mr. Foxley at Blossoms Inn; writ a line or two to sister Ann to go by Mr. Cottam, with a little letter enclosed for Beppy; came with Mr. Foxley to Temple Bar; Parry that lived at the Three Tuns spoke to me about R. Malyn, said that he owed him 27s., that he would arrest him; I told him I would write to R. M. provided that he would not arrest him. Thence to the pamphlet shop, bought the Sessions paper, 3d.; thence to Richard's, writ to Mrs. Byrom, with a line to R. M.; saw Jemmy Ord, read some of his writing; thence to Paul's Church Yard, where were Foulkes, Graham, Brown, White, Cumberland, Heathcote, and another gentleman of that name, a new member; we talked about Figg, freemasons who were over our head, numbers, shorthand; I showed them the way of seeing how numbers were divisible by 3, 4, 9; paid 2s., came in the coach with Mr. White and Foulkes to the end of Chancery Lane; it was a very rainy stormy night. Jemmy Ord told me to-night of putting quills into the fire to make them better for pens, which they said at the Club was what they called Dutch quills.

Wednesday, April 21st: rose late, called at Osborne's for Gregory's *Astronomy* for White, but it was not in his catalogue. Mr. Leycester, Clowes, Pier Williams here at my chamber this afternoon joking. I writ out my verses about Figg and Sutton in shorthand for Jemmy Ord, and gave him them at Richard's to-night; I went with him to his chamber, where was Major Holmes from Cambridge; we supped there upon a shoulder of



hot lamb and some cold salmon from Newcastle, and I drank ale and French wine; we stayed till twelve. I had a letter to-day from Mrs. Byrom that Ned was perfectly recovered, and a line from Mr. Hooper in it.

Thursday [April 22nd]: rose at seven; called up Clowes, went to George's coffeehouse; Harry Hatsel coming by in a coach, I went with him as far as the Horse Guards, where I went to Walker's, and stayed with him till near ten; he showed me Burnet's book in Latin, that was printed but not dispersed;<sup>(1)</sup> thence I came to Lord Stanhope's, who was not stirring at ten; went again at eleven; Lord S. said he had been busy and forgot his object, if I would come on Tuesday he would consider of the alphabet. Thence I went to Whitworth's; he said his brother Frank had a mind to learn it if he could, and promised to send me word to Richard's when I should go to him; that the Duchess of Grafton had my Tunbridge verses and my Psalm, and liked them very well; that Mr. Pope was a subscriber to me. Thence came to Richard's, thence with Jemmy Ord, Holmes, Leycester, Cooper, to the Mitre, where I supped heartily. I went this afternoon to St. Dunstan's Church, and took down as much of Dr. Lupton's sermon as I could in shorthand. Thence to the Royal Society; Sir Isaac there. Dr. Jurin read several things of Cotton Mather's. Dr. Stukeley spoke to me to print my book, said that my Lord Harcourt and everybody would buy it. Dr. Pierce at the Society, and afterwards at Richard's, where I spoke to him, and we had some talk about shorthand, and he asked me to come to see him; we were exceeding merry at the Mitre, and I was myself in very good humour.

Friday [April 23rd]: rose about eight, breakfast at Will's coffeehouse; thence I went to Gray's Inn, dressed and came to Westminster with Pier Williams; met Mr. John Bland in Westminster

(<sup>1</sup>) Dr. Thomas Burnet's very curious treatise *De Statu Mortuorum*, of which he caused to be struck off a few copies only, for himself and some private friends, an edition now rare. It was afterwards published by Mr. Wilkinson his friend, from a copy corrected by Burnet, in 1727.

Hall, gave him his half guinea back again, not that he asked for it, but because he said he should be in Ireland; went to Richard's at six o'clock, met Clowes and Baron Hilton by the way; went from Richard's to George's, where I drank a pint of cider, being very thirsty after my dinner, and came to Richard's again and had three dishes of coffee, which was very agreeable to me and did me a great deal of good, being much better for it; came home and set to shorthand. Memorandum to buy one of Deard's pen and ink. Sat up till one o'clock and made some verses about the promise of a Saviour from the beginning of the world.

Saturday [April 24th]: Mr. Leycester called here after dinner; went to Richard's; while I was there Mr. John Clarke came to enquire for me, and said it was about Mr. West, who was resolved to learn shorthand, and if I would not teach him, would learn of Weston; I told him I should be glad to teach Mr. West if he would keep it a secret, and I gave him to understand that my price was five guineas; we talked about religion, upon which I found him very free;<sup>(1)</sup> he showed me some Latin verses that he had made upon his aunt Stanley's performance, but he did not tell me they were his, but desired me to criticise upon them; I told him of some false accents; at last he said they were his own.

Sunday [April 25th]: rose after eleven, milk porridge to dinner; Mr. Wilson asked me to dine there, but I excused myself. Mr. Leycester called here after his dinner; we went to Richard's, called at Jo. Clowes's first; R. Hopwood spoke to me for a copy of the verses about Figg and Sutton, I promised him one; Leycester, Morgan and I supped at Kent's. The boy at Kent's died on Friday morning last.

Monday, April 26th: rose after eight; went to Ord's chamber, stayed all morning till one o'clock, teaching him and his brother

(1) Gilbert West Esq. D.C.L., at this period of his life "listened," says his biographer, "to the blandishments of Infidelity;" but his "Observations on the Resurrection," and his other works, have long ranked him amongst the best writers on the evidences of Christianity. He died in 1756.



Harry shorthand; took Woolston's book in my pocket; went to Richard's at seven o'clock, had a letter from sister Ann Byrom from Coventry; from Richard's I was going to see Dr. Malyn, who came to town in the coach last Saturday, but met with Sam Shenton in Fleet street; thence I went to Blossoms Inn, sat a little with Mr. Mason, thence home.

Tuesday [April 27th]: rose about nine; called at Mr. White's for Mr. Clarke's Rapin, in which he had written his own name, left it at Richard's; thence to Lord Stanhope's. Dr. Anodyne Necklace spoke to me in the Strand, and gave me a catalogue of his shorthand books, and Weston's method printed by Antony Clayton. I was with Lord Stanhope but half an hour; he made some few, very few objections, which I solved; he was resolved to perfect himself in it this summer in the country; sent me to Lord Walgrave, who was not within, his time is eight o'clock in the morning. Thence to the Westminster election; saw Dr. Town, who showed me some verses about Ay and No. "Jump over a straw for a king." "To be made a dog in a string," another copy. Dr. Bentley gave me a ticket in the school, and I dined in the Hall; I ate some hashed calf's head, pigeon pie, lobster, they were none of them good, nor the wine; went to a coffeehouse after dinner with Ord and Gordon, two dishes, 4d.; about five went to the school again, I sat within the bar and heard all the declamations, pretty good verses; gave my verses about St. George and the Dragon to a lad, that is, Davis did; the subject was, *Ne sit pro teste vetustas*; they took, and the lad had some money given him. Came with Jemmy Ord to Richard's in a coach, 6d.; saw Leycester there, and Bob Ord, and Judge Hale, and another gentleman a fellow commoner of our College when I was there, a Westonian; wrote to F. Hooper, sent him the programme of St. George, writ a line to Mrs. Byrom at the bottom of it; sat up till past one.

Wednesday [April 28th]: rose after ten, had a very good night; breakfast at Wilson's, milk porridge; stayed at home writing shorthand the afternoon; after six met Mr. Nichols as I was going through Lincoln's Inn, went with him to his chamber,

had some talk with him about shorthand, Shakspeare; went with Leycester into the city, we went to Mrs. Mosley, called at Culpepper's about Mr. Lever's microscope, which was done, they said; thence to Mr. Stansfield's, where I supped upon the cheese that Mrs. Byrom sent them some time ago, we talked about religion; thence I called on Dr. Malyn at Westminster about nine o'clock and stayed with him till eleven; had three letters this afternoon, from Mrs. Byrom, Mr. Chetham, and R. M.

Thursday [April 29th]: rose after seven o'clock; took coach to Lord Walgrave's, where I was told that his lordship was taken very ill last night; thence to Walker's at Buckingham House, had talk with him about shorthand, religion; he said he would speak to Mr. Law about learning; thence to Lord Stanhope's, who desired I would call on Monday; thence to Lord Lonsdale's, who was not up; I stayed at Giles's coffeehouse till past twelve, and he was not up then, so I went to Mr. Whitworth's, where I drank chocolate; Mr. W. told me to go to his brother, in Clifford street, Burlington Gardens, any morning between nine and ten, to teach him. I gave Jerry six receipts, stayed with him about an hour and a half; went into St. Dunstan's Church, Dr. Lupton was preaching, but it being past four, I went to the Society; a council there; we balloted for Mr. White's brother, who was chosen; Desaguliers showed the experiment about two leaden balls, which Dr. Askew talked on; Mr. Sloan and White mentioned my verses to me; I showed them Antony Clayton's book, which Dr. Steigertal looked at; thence to Mr. Leycester's for the *Religion of Nature*, which I carried home with me, writ the first chapter or introduction in shorthand; Mr. Leycester and I went to Kent's coffeehouse, Mr. Vaudrey there; we took either of us a ticket for Griffith's benefit next Wednesday at the new house, the "Recruiting Officer;" I could not tell how to refuse Vaudrey, or else —. I called at the White Bear and looked over R. M's. account.

Friday [April 30th]: Mr. Clarke's man came with his verses, and to desire me to come and dine with him; he came before seven o'clock; I went at one o'clock and dined there; we talked



over his verses; I drank coffee and came away after four, forgot my sword; thence to my chamber; J. Ord called, and I went with him to Richard's; went with Morgan into the King's Bench walks; Mr. Leycester came to us there, went with him into the park; Mr. Etough there; talked with him about shorthand; he said Lord Isla was a man for my purpose; came in a coach with Mr. L., Ord, and Mr. Holmes, to the King's Arms, where we stayed till just eleven o'clock.

Saturday, May day: rose after eight; called at Mr. Clarke's, then took coach to Frank Whitworth's, who was not come down stairs; I called at a tavern thereabouts, and had a half pint of mountain, 6d.; went to his house and stayed with him till two, teaching him my alphabet; Mrs. Pansford came in there; thence we went to the park, where we took a turn, and thence to dinner with him, fish, soup, veal, salad, and champagne; I stayed till about seven, thence went to the park, where I met with J. Clowes; we walked home. Fr. Whitworth had a letter from his brother at Cambray while I was there, with the news that the Spanish and Imperialists had made a separate peace, without the mediation of France and England.

Sunday [May 2nd]: rose after eight; Mr. Paxton's (solicitor against the late Lord Chancellor) man came to me to desire to know when his master might see me; I thought he was mistaken, but he came again and said his master desired I would call when I was dressed, so I did, and it seems he wanted somebody that could attend the Lord Chancellor's trial<sup>(1)</sup> and take down what was said; Mr. Shalur had told him of me; I told him I could not do it, because I had not been used to practise; I told him of Robinson, said that Weston might perhaps do it; so I parted from him, but after I had been at Wilson's, where I had breakfast, 2d., I went again to him and told him if he could tell me what was likely to occur I would do him what service I could for nothing; I drank a dish of chocolate with him, he said he

(1) Thomas Earl of Macclesfield, whose trial for high crimes and misdemeanours in his office, came on May 6th, 1725.

would search after Robinson and see me again perhaps, but he was afraid he could not get places enow. I went to Clowes's, Mr. Leycester was there; they went to court, I went to my chamber and wrote some out of Woolston. Tarboe came here this afternoon to see me; he said he lived with Mr. Graham, and was very well pleased. I went to Richard's at seven, where I found a note from Mr. Leycester to come immediately to Thompson's coffee-house, about something that would be of advantage to us both in particular and shorthand in general; when I came there the business was, they wanted to know what the secret was that I had mentioned to Clowes would fall the stocks, which I was particularly loth to tell them, and thought much about it; at last I hinted to them that the congress at Cambray would break up upon the separate agreement between Spain and Germany; but they were not satisfied with my answers, nor I with their questions, so I came away, drank coffee at Richard's going and coming, went to bed at twelve.

Monday [May 3rd]: Mr. Clarke's man came and called me up to desire me to come to breakfast to his master's; so I dressed and went and breakfasted with him, and he showed me his verses again, which he had altered as little as he could; he said he would learn shorthand. Thence I walked to my Lord Stanhope's, and was with him about an hour; he had writ false, and said "Now, Mr. Byrom, I have a world of difficulties;" so I writ it as it should be, and left some writing for him of mine; he had not joined his words together. He desired I would come again on Thursday; he said Lord Walgrave was not at home when I called there first, but would be glad to see me again; I called there, the man said he was got well again, but gone out. Thence I called at Lord Lansdowne's, who was not up at twelve o'clock; I desired the man to bring me word at the Cocoa Tree when he was stirring, so a man came for me there about a half an hour after, and I went up to him; there was another gentleman with him that had writ shorthand all his life long almost, who examined into my alphabet, which I demonstrated to him, and he spoke very handsomely of it



upon the whole; Lord Lansdowne desires me to come again on Wednesday morning half an hour after nine. Thence I went through the park to the Court of Requests, where I met Mr. Whitworth and Mr. Staples, Mr. Fr. Whitworth, walked together a little; he desired I would not let the shorthand hinder my long-hand, that he had shown my verses about Figg and Sutton to Mr. Young, Jacob, that Jacobs was there, and said the thing was as it was described; none of my pieces, he said, but what had been liked; Young, he said, had a mind to be dabbling in shorthand. Dr. Bentley spoke to me; I asked him if there was anything in the professorship, he said he believed there was. Casley was there too, and Wickham. Thence I walked to George's, called at Vaillant's by the way; saw Mr. ——— he that was with us with Tom Bentley when he went to Paris, said that he had not heard from him.

Tuesday [May 4th]: dined with the Ords and Mr. Leycester and Holmes, at the Red Lion in Gray's Inn Lane; from Gray's Inn walks to the Club in Paul's Church yard, in a coach, with Mr. Leycester and Bob Ord, who read my verses about Figg there; ate cold lamb heartily, which was rather wrong after so good a dinner; the Gormogon there; could get no coach, so we walked through Fleet street and met a coach in Chancery Lane.

Wednesday [May 5th]: Jemmy Ord called here, and Dr. Anodyne Necklace, who talked away, said he had turned over the English, French, and Latin dictionaries nineteen times; he would fain have had my alphabet. J. Ord was in his riding habit, but having stayed here, did not ride. I took coach to Lord Lonsdale's, who was gone out, and had left word for me to come to-morrow; I took Gordon as far as Charing Cross. From Lord L's. I went to Lord Walgrave's, who was not within, but they said he would dine at home, and desired me to call at three; so I went to Westminster, where I met Mr. Peploe,<sup>(1)</sup> who gave me the whole account of his affair; he went to dine with Mr.

(<sup>1</sup>) For some account of Mr. Peploe and "his affair," see *Notitia Cestriensis*, vol. ii. part 2, introduction, p. xiii. et seq.

Whitworth. I called at Lord Walgrave's at three, but he had sent word that he dined at Lord Scarborough's, which his lady told me herself, and that he had said that he wanted to see me. Dined to-day at Barnes's, at the Ship, met Mr. Hill as I was going there, who said he would learn, and desired me to call on him. From Lord Walgrave's I went to Mr. Whitworth's, where I found Mr. Peplo, Mrs. Pansford, an officer; Mr. W. was very ill, he had been out on Monday and thrown himself into a fever, and was really ill; they were all going to the play; I went to Richard's, where I waited for Mr. Leycester, having forgot that I promised him to call on him; I went to his lodgings, and he and I went to the new house to see the "Recruiting Officer," for which we had taken tickets of Mr. Vaudrey; we sat behind the scenes, there was a very full house. Mr. Leycester said he was not very well, we both came away before the play was done, and went to Kent's coffeehouse, where George Lee came to us, and told me he had been hunting for me all day, for my Lord Macclesfield's nephew, Mr. Parker of the Temple, to take down his trial in shorthand;<sup>(1)</sup> when I came home found two notes from George Lee about the above mentioned affair.

Thursday, May 6th: rose at nine, did not call on Mr. Parker, as George Lee would have had me, because I could not venture to promise him much; took coach to Mr. F. Whitworth's, I found him at shorthand, and stayed with him showing him how to manage a good while; he said he would go on with it, and took a note how to write to me at Richard's; I took a coach thence and called at Lord Walgrave's, who was not within, and at Lord Stanhope's, who was not within, and at Lord Lonsdale's, who was within but was going out of the house; I went up stairs and had a little talk with him, he desired me to call again to-morrow; so I drove to Westminster, met Mr. Clarke, and we came in a coach to the Temple; I went to St. Dunstan's, and thence to the Society. Desaguliers had brought an engine to show Askew's experiments with the leaden

(1) Being found guilty, he was removed from his high office and fined £30,000, which fine he paid. He died in 1732 in his 66th year.



balls more perfectly to bear 50lbs. while we were there. Mr. Leycester and I went to Richard's, thence to Mr. Hassel's chamber, thence with B. Ord to the King's Arms; the two Hassels came to us, we had beef collops, we talked much about Rosicrucian.

Friday [May 7th]: rose after eight, dressed and took coach to Lord Lonsdale's; called in at Abingdon's, saw Mr. Smith there; Lord L. was not stirring, so I stayed at the Cocoa Tree till the man came for me, and I gave his lordship my alphabet and explained; he said he would go on with it, and desired me to come again on Monday; I told him I had been at two or three thousand expenses about it already. Walked into the city, met Mr. Chaddock at Temple Bar, invited me to dinner, so I called at Mr. Culpepper's for Mr. Lever's microscope, went by Mr. Stansfield's, whom I just spoke to, to dine with Mr. Chaddock; went to enquire for Dr. Malyn, who was at Mr. Reynolds's, at the Anchor Inn, Friday street; he told me the case of Mr. Clive was to come on to-morrow at Guildhall; thence to my chamber, where Mr. Leycester came soon after, who read some of the *Religion of Nature*, which I had writ out; thence to Richard's; from thence I went home with J. Ord and supped there; stayed till near eleven. As Mr. Leycester and I came through Lincoln's Inn we saw Mr. Walker in the Duchess of Buckingham's coach, going to Dr. Mead; I spoke to him.

Saturday [May 8th]: rose at nine; Dr. Anodyne Necklace called as I was dressing for his book of Antony Clayton's; went to Mr. Clarke's in Gloucester street, dined with him, stayed till past three o'clock, lent him seven guineas, which he promised to return in a week.

Sunday, May 9th: rose half after nine, stayed at home all day; Mr. Leycester called here about five o'clock, we took a turn in Gray's Inn walks, thence to Richard's, thence to Mr. Ord's, Harry only at home; Mr. Leycester left my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini in shorthand for Jemmy Ord; thence we went to Meyer's coffeehouse, Mr. Lucas there, Dr. Jurin, Mr. Foulkes, and a whole room full of people; we heard them talk about my Lord

Macclesfield; Mr. Foulkes invited Mr. Ord, Leycester, and me to sup with him, so we went home with him, Captain Fish and Mr. Heylin there; supper, three chickens and a little salmon, and roast beef, very good French wine; we stayed till past twelve; I gave the man 1s., and lent Mr. Leycester one for the same use; we talked about Stonehenge, about Dr. Stukely. It rained as I came home afoot; they all got into a coach; I trotted home very briskly.

Monday [May 10th]: rose after nine, a very rainy morning; went to Abingdon's, 3d; took coach to Lord Lonsdale's, who they said was just getting up; stayed at the Cocoa Tree; my Lord's man came and told me his lordship was obliged to be at the House, and so could do nothing to-day; I asked if he had left no other orders? no; so I was a little chagrined, and began to find that the lords would require a deal of waiting on. About twelve it was fair, and I went to Westminster, where I walked about a little, and then came with Pigot, Parker, and another gentleman to the Temple; dined with Pigot and Parker at the Trumpet in Shear Lane; thence to Richard's, letter from sister Ann; she said that Mr. Lever was married last Monday, that Ned was out of order again, that her sister would write next post; thence I came home. Mr. Leycester called on me at about five, appointed to meet me at Meyer's at seven, which now strikes, I am going there. We came thence to Gray's Inn, took a turn in the walks, and then he went home; I came home, sat up till twelve o'clock.

Tuesday [May 11th]: rose about nine; very rainy morning; went in a coach to Lord Walgrave's, whom I found at home, so discharged the coach; his lordship said that he was obliged to go in half an hour, but that he would begin to learn after my Lord Macclesfield's trial was over, and desired me to come about eight or nine the first morning after that, and he will bestow two hours every morning for a week together, to see whether he can master it or no. Thence I walked to Lord Stanhope's, who was not stirring, and they told me he would be busy, so I came away; it rained so much that I took in at a shop, there was a room to let up two pairs of stairs, which I went up to see, but it was a very little



one, 5s. a week; thence I ran through the rain to St. John's coffeehouse, where I stayed a long while, chocolate 3d.; about twelve it was fair a moment, so I went out, but it rained again before I came to the Cocoa Tree, where I put in again and wrote out Don Carlos Stephens's advertisement against Anthony Clayton; then called at Lord Lonsdale's, where, having waited below a little, I went up to him, and stayed about an hour teaching him, showed him my *sub-ad-ad* rule, which by his talk he seemed to have heard a distant notion of before from Stanhope or somebody; he knew all his letters and writ them before me, and a line out of a book for me to read; I asked him whether he thought he should go on, when I came away? he said, yes he should; I asked him when he should be at leisure again? he said, any morning; but I proposed to come after Lord Macclesfield's trial, to which he agreed. I walked home, bought a book and a pamphlet, 4d. each, of the bookseller by St. Martin's Church; called at George's coffeehouse, there were the two Hassels, Mr. Leycester came; Dick Hassel asked us to drink tea at his chamber, so we went; they set me *mdstsspnsts* to guess at, which I could not find out while I was there. Mr. Leycester and I came thence to Gray's Inn, where at my chamber I no sooner sat down scarce but I found out what *mds* &c., was, by having got the notion that *essay* was the governing substantive. Mr. Leycester and I took coach for the city; he went to his aunt Mosley's, I to Dr. Malyn's; the Dr. was not at home, so I went to call on Mr. L. at Mrs. Mosley's, where I stayed about half an hour; Miss Nanny had got me a subscriber, whose half guinea Mr. Leycester gave me at the Club to-night.

Wednesday, May 12th: Mr. Leycester was with me last night, having left his lodgings because a little child was taken ill of the smallpox there; and Clowes called me up between nine and ten; I followed them to Wilson's, milk porridge 3d.; I read some of Clowes's writing out of the *Tale of a Tub* there; I stayed at home; Josiah called here just after two, came from Bedfordshire last night, said Mr. Pimlot asked me to come to dine there to-morrow. I went in the afternoon with Mr. Leycester to Rich-

ard's, where I had a letter from Mrs. Byrom and Phebe; Ned was better, Bet was ill, that she had sold my horse for 40s., that they had a report that I had got a place of £300 a year; Phebe writes the same story, and desires me to write to Darcy Lever. I called at Mr. Hassel's chamber for my sword, which I had left there. J. Ord came to Richard's, gave me some writing very prettily written, that Mildmay had subscribed, and that when he told him he could not tell whether the book would come out or no, he said he would subscribe nevertheless, for it was but taking his money again. Jemmy said that he thought Mildmay would learn if I would teach, and he was a gentleman; I said I would teach him, but then he must give me five guineas; he said he believed he would, and that he had spoke to him. I supped with Mr. Clarke on lobster and cheese; we drank punch till past twelve.

Thursday [May 13th]: I rose after ten, had slept very well; dressed after twelve and went into the city; a poor man, Betty Berry's son, spoke to me and called me by my name, I gave him 8d., and looking for him as I went through Holborn, I gave him a note to Mr. Leycester and Clowes, who gave him 6d. apiece, as Leycester told me at Richard's to-night; dined at Mr. Pimlot's, loin of veal, I ate sparingly; Mr. ———, he who had lately had the smallpox, called there after dinner, he said I looked thinner than I did when he saw me last, about a year ago. I called at Culpeper's and paid £8. 2s. 6d. and gave the boy 6d.; bought a fourpenny paper-book; went to Richard's, coffee 2d.; was a little dull and low-humoured, but thought within myself that it could be of no use to be disquieted at anything. Thence to St. Dunstan's Church, where I sat in the seat by the pulpit, and took Dr. Lupton's sermon, as much as I could, in shorthand, which I resolve to practise much; it was a very good sermon, on St. Peter denying Christ. Thence I went to the Society; Dr. Jurin read his own account of the inoculation for this last year. Thence with Mr. Leycester to Richard's; we took coach to Mrs. Whetston's, she was not within; thence to Mr. Whitworth's, where we stayed till other company came in; thence we went to



the park, where we walked a good while; Mr. Lumley spoke to me, said that Colonel Kerr wanted to meet us some night. Mr. L. and I went to the King's Arms, and the two Hassels and Mr. Gardener followed us there; we had veal cutlets to supper; we had a deal of talk about learning, and were very good company.

Friday [May 14th]: Mr. Leycester called me up about ten: I followed him to Squire's, coffee 2d.; then I took a walk in the walks, and came to my chamber and stayed there all day, was not very bright, but towards evening grew better. I would have made some verses for Darcy Lever, but was not in the right humour. I writ a little of Woolston in shorthand, copied out the verses upon Figg, went to Richard's at seven; had a letter from Mrs. Byrom and Phebe that the children were very well (thank God for it); saw Mr. Nichol there, gave him Figg to copy; saw Charles Brown there, and Mr. Peplo, who told me the Bishop of Chester would appeal to the House of Lords.<sup>(1)</sup> Nichols sent a note to desire my company at the King's Arms, where I went; Mr. Gateen and two others there; we had cold lamb, talked about shorthand. Mr. Nichol asked me to come to breakfast with him to-morrow morning and show him something of shorthand; paid 2s. 3d. apiece.

Saturday, May 15th: rose at eight; went at nine to Mr. Nichol's; breakfast with him, and gave him my alphabet, for he was resolved to learn, and said he liked it very well; I drank chocolate with him, stayed till about one o'clock; thence to my room, but first called at Jo. Clowes's, where Leycester and he were; I took the *Spectator* home, and was turning the Beau's Head into my sort of verses. Leycester called on me after six, went to Richard's; thence he and I and Nichol took coach to the park, where we sat upon one of the seats, saw Robert Hopwood's brother, who was just then come to town; we came back in a coach, they paid for me; Mr. L. and I went to Kent's, where Mr. G. Lee

<sup>(1)</sup> Bishop Gastrell, well knowing that his influence in that quarter was inconsiderable, wisely refrained from an appeal, and the decision of the Court of King's Bench settled the question.

came to us ; we had cold veal, a bottle of mountain, I ate rather too heartily of the veal and a Welsh rabbit ; I wrote there to Mrs. Byrom, desiring her to excuse me to her sister and Phebe till another time ; paid 1s. 4d. ; new shoes to-day, 5s. 6d. ; Jonathan Wild condemned.

Sunday, Whitsunday [May 16th] : Mr. Leycester called me up at nine ; I followed him to Wilson's, milk porridge 3d. ; I stayed at home all day, turned the Beau's Head into my verses, at the end transcribed what I had done, about twelve stanzas ; called on Mr. Leycester about five, he dressed, walked in Gray's Inn walks ; called on Mr. John Clarke, Mr. Lucas overtook us, and we all went to Meyer's ; he told me they had read my verses there about Figg, Mr. Roberts had read them well, the only thing that was said was that "fluted" came in for rhyme ; we went home with Mr. C., though Mr. Leycester proposed going to a tavern ; we had a bottle of white and a bottle of red, some cold fowl, and ham, to supper, we stayed till past twelve. I repeated my verses about the Beau to them, which they liked, and Mr. Clarke took a copy of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini, and the old one of St. George and the Dragon, would have had a copy of the Beau, but I excused myself for that.

Monday [May 17th] : rose at eleven. I dressed to go to Mr. Whitworth's, where I should have gone at nine or ten, but I did not care for rising till I was better ; breakfast at Tom's, coffee 5d. ; thence to Mr. Whitworth's, who was gone out in his chariot ; I dined there, stayed with Mr. W. all afternoon till seven o'clock, he was very cheerful, and better than ordinary ; thence I went to the park, walked there a good while, met Mr. Leycester, who was getting his shoes cleaned ; we came home together in a coach to Richard's, I had no letter, we did not stay there ; came by Lincoln's Inn, met with Tom Pigot,<sup>(1)</sup> with whom we went to the Trumpet in Shear

(1) Thomas Pigot Esq. was the only son of George Pigot of Manchester Esq. a Barrister, by Elizabeth his wife, only daughter of Francis Lindley of Gray's Inn Esq. and of his wife Elizabeth, daughter of John Lightbourn of Manchester Esq., who had married Elizabeth Lever of Kersall. Mr. Thomas Pigot made his will 20th



Lane, and stayed till past twelve talking about shorthand; we had Dorset and three pints of wine, 1s. apiece; it seems wrong in me to drink so much Dorset and stay up so late, when I had resolved the contrary, but hoping to hear something in favour of shorthand, I went; gave Mr. White's man 1s.

Tuesday [May 18th]: Mr. Leycester called me up at nine; I found the effect of last night drinking that foolish Dorset, which was pleasant enough, but did not at all agree with me, for it made me very stupid all day; I went after Mr. Leycester to Squire's, coffee 2d.; thence to Mr. Nichol's, who had not writ much, writ some while I was there, said he was going into the country and should be in town again next term; he asked me what he must give me, I told him five guineas; thence came home, was very miserable, went to George's, coffee 4d.; Mr. Leycester came there, and Bob Ord, who was come home from Cambridge, where he said he had made the whole Hall laugh at Trinity College and got himself honour by my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini. J. Ord, Jack Gordon, and I came to the Temple with a design to go to Chelsea by water, but it being cold, we took a walk in the King's Bench walks; thence to Richard's, 4d., stayed there a good while for Mr. L., who had said he would come there but did not; I bought a pigeon pie, 8d., which I ate when I came home, and drank water, and was something better; went to bed near one o'clock.

Wednesday [May 19th]: Mr. L. called me about nine; we breakfasted at Wilson's, milk porridge 2d.; thence to the walks; then to our chambers; the woman advertised the handkerchief dipped in the blood of King Charles the First for the king's evil; stayed at home all day. Mr. L. and Clowes called on me about

January 1720, and recites that he had settled large estates on Richard Langton of Preston Gent., Francis Lindley of Bowling, co. York, Esq., and Richard Mynshull junior of Manchester Esq. by deed dated 27th July 1714, for certain uses. He also names that he had "been at a very great expense in the education of his son, which took from him a large part of his personal estate." The will was proved 10th November 1722. — *Lanc. MSS., Wills.* Mr. Pigot the son died without issue, and his sister and last surviving direct heir, Katharine Pigot, died in Manchester 22nd April 1792, aged 85, and was buried in the Cathedral.

six, went to Squire's, coffee 2d.; it rained, and we could not go to Meyer's as we intended; when it was fair they went to their chambers, and I to Richard's, 4d., and 10d. for a letter from Tom Bentley from Paris,<sup>(1)</sup> wherein he describes his journey, his receiving £70 in

(<sup>1</sup>) *T. Bentley to John Byrom.*

Dear John: You'll be glad to hear that I am arrived safe at Paris, and how I got thither. I was much out of order all the way to Canterbury, for we could not get into the inn, so I had no sleep but in the coach. I was very well next day, and we were at Dover about noon. From Canterbury I had the company of a Prussian officer, a merry fellow, who was called home upon the Thorn affair to a review of the troupes, and told me it was believed in Prussia that there would be a religious war. He and I and four more hired a vessel for 10s. apiece to Calais, and arrived there next day about noon. It being the first time I was ever at sea, I had some fear, but there's no manner of danger. It was a rough sea and no very good wind, so we were near six hours in passing over. I was not so sick as I expected and desired to be. They visited my things at Calais very strictly, and found some contreband goods, such as silk stockings and tea, &c., which I got again for paying 40 sous. We lived very pleasantly at the Lyon d'Argent in Calais, and on Friday morning I had the curiosity to go to Graveling and Dunkirk, and to see the sluices at Mardyke, and on Saturday returned to Calais again.

At Graveling I went to the English nunnery and asked if there were any Yorkshire girls there; they told me yes, and with much entreaty I got five or six of them to the grate, with whom I talked near an hour, and was glad to hear anybody speak English. One, whose name was Francklin, comes from York. I talked with one that would not let me see her, who is of Lancashire or Cheshire; her name is Gerrard, a knight's sister of y<sup>r</sup> country. On Sunday I left Calais in a post chaise. I found that way very expensive, but one has ample amends for the expence by the pleasure and ease and swiftness of it. Post horses I cant bear, and to live in a coach seven days and great part of seven nights, a coach that scarce ever trots, is a most melancholy thing: whereas in the chaise I was not above 40 hours actually traveling, all the way from Calais to Paris. I staid in every place I liked as long as I would. I went no farther than Bologne on Sunday, because the rampart and church, &c., are worth seeing. In the way to Bologne I saw the monum<sup>t</sup> and read the inscription, &c. I had no fear of meeting the like fate. There's nothing worth mentioning till I come to Montreuil, w<sup>ch</sup> it self is remarkable for nothing but the fortifications; for the people and houses are low and miserable and dirty, and indeed I observed all the way that for near 200 miles every thing looks poor and forlorn; scarce a good house to be seen or a clean person all the way. Every soul that has either wit or mony seems to me to be at Paris.

On Monday I went from Bologne to Abbeville, where I staid till Tuesday noon to see the famous workhouse for cloth. It is indeed most surprizing and beautifull. I wanted some body to see it with me. One man employs above 6 thousand people and makes cloth for all France. That day I got to Amiens. As soon as I was out of my



sous, liards; saw J. Ord, who spoke to Mildmay there about learning shorthand, and told me he was well pleased with the notion, and would learn, and we were to breakfast with him on Saturday morning at nine o'clock. I came about nine to my chamber; Leycester and Clowes were gone to Wilson's, where I followed them, and thence we came to Clowes's chamber, and drank amongst us three bottles of wine, till past two o'clock. I told them of my having been at A——, which I think I should not.

chaise a man spoke to me in English. I invited him to dine with me. He shew'd me all the fine things in the city, and brought me acquainted with a monk of the order of the Premontres, who carry'd me to his college and library, w<sup>ch</sup> are very magnificent; the library is near as long and much broader than ours,\* full of books and very valuable antiquities. He talked Latin well; and yet I was strangely surpriz'd to find that he was so far from having heard of either the little or the great Bentley, that he had never heard of Cambridge; he did not know that England had any University besides Oxford.†

On Wednesday I went no farther than Clermont. On Thursday I dined at Paris, took a handsome lodging, rejoiced that I was got safe and well to Paris, drank a bottle of Burgundy and went to bed; but before I had been there half an hour I was so violently attack'd by the buggs that I was forced to get up and walk about my room till it was light, then I slept about 3 hours upon 6 chairs. This vex'd me so that I believe in my choler I wish'd my self at London again. However, I took courage, and had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Robinson and West that day. West carry'd me about and shew'd me many things new and surprizing, which I may perhaps mention particularly hereafter. I went with him that night to the opera *Armide*, w<sup>ch</sup> I like better than ours, they never give over singing and dancing all the while: no stupid recitat. at all. Miss Prevost's dancing pleases me as well, shall I venture to say better, than Mrs. Booth's. I have been with M<sup>r</sup> Man, and was presented by him to the Marquiss of Blanford. But I must leave room for a little business. Tell Bryan that I have been with Boivin the library keeper, and shall see the Plutarch's to morrow, that I'll write to him soon. Tell Vaillant that the banker made me come to him 3 times before I got the mony, and (you won't believe it, nor he, but tis true,) he made me take it all in rascally French farthings, sous's and liars, so that I was forced to hire a porter to carry 3 bags of brass that made him sweat, and all this only seventy p<sup>ds</sup> English; tell Vaillant that if he does not write on purpose and order somebody to give me gold or silver for a thousand livres of it, by all the maria Neptuni I'll never forgive him. You'll laugh heartily, tis the most jocular thing in the world. Prithee tell M<sup>r</sup> Bacon and J. Ord that I'll write to them soon. Is Erskine in London still? I would have

\* Trinity College Library.

† This reminds one of the dilemma of the Hon. R. Curzon, when he found that the Patriarch of Constantinople had never heard of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Thursday, May 20th: rose about eleven; Leycester and Clowes called here just after I was got up, and we went to Wilson's, milk porridge 3d.; I had had a very good night, and was much better than I had been of some time in a morning. Mr. Leycester and I took coach to Mr. Whitworth's; he was riding out to take the air, so Mr. L. just called to take leave with the family; went to Mann's to enquire for Captain Leeds, but could not hear of any such man; called by the way at Vaillant's, where I told Monsieur of the trick the man had served T. Bentley at Paris, and of "*a Grævio non editi*," desired him to write immediately to him, he said he would; called at Essex House, left word for Mr. Casley that Mr. Bentley was at Paris; met Dr. Birch, went with him into the Crown Tavern, drank two pints of new Rhenish, he paid 1s., we 6d. apiece; thence to St. Dunstan's, where we found the seat by the pulpit taken up, so we were put into a more public one; we both of us took down what we could of the sermon, which a stranger preached, but very well. Thence we went to Mr. Graham's, where Leycester bespoke a gold seconds watch; I went up stairs to see Tarboe; Leycester, Morgans and I supped at Kent's; thence home.

Friday [May 21st]: Leycester and Clowes called me up about nine; breakfast at Wilson's, took a turn in the walks; thence to my chamber, stayed at home all day; went about seven with Mr. L. and Clowes to Meyer's, whence they went to the park; I stayed and heard them talk about my Lord Macclesfield; Mr.

Vaillant put upon the title page of the Ep. of Tully, after *Liber singularis*, these words — *a Grævio non editi*. Prithee call at Essex House, and Prevosts, and my service. I shall remove from these lodgings; for besides that I am bit a little, I am very far from the King's Library, and the Tuilleries. But I am near the Luxemburg, and Comedy, and Gregoire's coffee house. Direct for Monsieur Monsieur Bentley, Caffée de Gregoire, rue Dauphine, and write soon. I shall long for a letter. Service to all friends. Dear friend,

Thine always,

May 19, 1725.

T. BENTLEY.

Dear John, I wish that about the *mony* out, and must beg of you not to tell Vaillant of it, nor any body else.

For Doctor Byrom,

at Richard's Coffee House, near Temple Barr,

Pour L'Angleterre.

London.



Lucas and his brother examined to-day. At nine o'clock I came to Richard's, where I found Mr. Nichols according to appointment, went with him to the King's Arms, Mr. L. came to us, and we had supper. Mildmay began.

Saturday, May 22nd: rose at eight; called on Mr. Leycester at Clowes's chamber; thence to J. Ord's, Mr. Courtois there; we went to Mr. Mildmay's at ten, and breakfasted there, and after I showed him the marks of shorthand, and gave him my alphabet, and asked him if he would learn? and he said, yes he would; thence I came to my chamber, and J. Ord came to me and read a little. I wrote to Darcy Lever, and went to Moorhen's to see for Mr. Leycester, who was going to dinner with some company; so I went to the pamphlet shop and bought the Sessions paper that had Jonathan Wild's trial in it; Mr. Leycester came there from dinner, I went with him and Mr. Gateen and the younger Hassel to the Barnet coach; young Hassel and I went to the Charter House, thence to Richard's, I, and he to George's; went with Dr. Morgan to Somerset Gardens; Mr. Markland, being just getting into his chariot, took us so far on our way; I asked him after Mr. Turner, who he said was in town, I desired him to give my service; came to Richard's after having read Dr. Wagstaffe's book against inoculation for the smallpox<sup>(1)</sup> in a bookseller's shop: Mr. Mildmay came there about seven, I gave him one of my engraved papers of the alphabet; thence I went to the Ship, where I had half a pint of sherry, and bread and butter 5d., the man 1d., only 1s.; came home to my chamber, met Pier Williams, who asked me to come to breakfast with him, I told him we would call on Mr. Bendish some day; sat up till one o'clock writing some verses to send to Mr. Leycester at Barnet. Lord Whitworth come home from Cambray.<sup>(2)</sup>

(<sup>1</sup>) William Wagstaffe M.D., F.R.S., physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, born 1685, died at Bath 1724-5. His *Letter to Friend*, showing the danger and uncertainty of inoculation, was published in 1722. His miscellaneous works were published in 1725.

(<sup>2</sup>) Lord Whitworth of Galway, of an old Staffordshire family, died without issue

Sunday [May 23rd]: rose eleven; stayed at home all day, made the following verses:

Tempora dum facile Sapiens elapsa revolvit  
 Et simul immotâ mente futura capit.  
 Gaudia quæ peperit pietas ea percipit usque  
 Et quæ partura est spe capit usque suâ  
 Nam bene quæ fecit mens aut factura sit, adsunt  
 Et videt hic felix quod fuit, est, et erit.  
 Ergo habet eternæ plus quam præsentia vitæ  
 Unum cui Nunc sunt esse, fuisse, fore.

*Or,* Nonne hæc eternæ plus quam præsentia vitæ  
 Unum si Nunc sint, esse, fuisse, fore.

Jemmy Ord's man brought me a letter from Jemmy, to which I wrote an answer and took it to Richard's at eight o'clock; Mr. Clarke had been there, and left a note for me to call on him to go to Mr. Leycester's, so having had a dish of coffee, I went to Mr. Clarke's to let him know that Mr. Leycester was gone into the country, and I supped with him; he desired me to say nothing to Dr. Malyn about what Robin owed him, because he had got money, but he did not offer to give me my seven guineas back.

Monday [May 24th]: rose after nine; breakfast, milk porridge 3d. Jo. Clowes called on me about eleven to go see Jonathan Wild, who went by to be hanged to-day; I stood at Abingdon's coffeehouse door. Jonathan sat in the cart between two others, in a nightgown and periwig, but no hat on, a book in his hand, and he cried much and the mob hooted him as he passed along. I wrote a letter of verses to Mr. Leycester at Barnet; had a mess of milk porridge to dinner, 3d. Josiah was here this afternoon, and brought me a letter from Mrs. Byrom that Will. White, who was come to town with Sir Ralph Ashton, had brought; she writes that sister Ann (of Kersall) was very much out of order, &c., and desired to know what would be good for her. Went to Richard's, saw Dr. Morgan, who

in 1725, having been celebrated for the number and importance of his embassies. The Earl of Whitworth, who died in 1825 without issue, when his honours ceased, was descended from Mr. Whitworth, brother of Lord Whitworth of Galway.



said that Jonathan Wild's body was at Surgeon's Hall, and that he would enquire, and call on me to-morrow at ten o'clock, if it was true; saw Empson my subscriber there, had talk with him, and met him after in the street and he asked me to go to the Golden Lion with him, which I did; there was Franks, Allenson, Slingsby, Stanhope, Smith; we had two quarts of peas and a shoulder of cold lamb to supper, paid 2s. 2d. apiece; conversation but indifferent, I did not like some of it at all; we came away about twelve. I sent my letter to the coach at the Bull for Mr. Leycester; wrote a P.S. to Mr. Leycester about the news:

What news? Why the lords, if the minutes say true,  
Have pass'd my Lord Bolingbroke's bill three to two,  
Three to one I should say, and resolved also  
That the Commons had made good their articles how;  
And to-morrow, Earl Thomas his fate to determine,  
Their lordships come arm'd both with judgment and ermine.  
The surgeons, they say, have got Jonathan's carcase;  
If so, I'll go see it, or it shall be hard case.

Mr. Allenson and I talked of going to see Mrs. Bowers.

Tuesday [May 25th]: Mr. Phil. Nichols called here this morning and said he wanted to learn shorthand, and asked me my terms, I told him five guineas, and he said he would learn; I gave him my alphabet home with him, he seemed to enter into it very well, and to have a right notion of it. J. Ord called here in his way to dinner, he sent me some pease-pudding from the Lion, which was very good, I gave the fellow that brought it 6d. Jemmy and Harry called here in the afternoon, and went hence to the billiard table, and while I was dressing Bob called here and looked at my chamber, said he thought there had not been such good ones up this staircase; Bob and I went to them at the billiard table, stayed to see two other gentlemen play; I went with Jemmy to his bookseller's, and bespoke Sir Peter Leycester's *Antiquities of Cheshire*, which Brown said would be at about half a guinea. (Memorandum: Hartlib's *Husbandry* mentions cures of several distempers by milk, as the black jaundice, and some hereditary

distempers.) Thence to J. Ord's chamber, supped on toast and ale and cheese, stayed with him till twelve, Bob not come home from the club. Lord Macclesfield ill; the lords met and ordered him to attend to-morrow. I wrote to Mrs. Byrom to-night, and a little shorthand to Phebe; wrote a little out of Woolston to-day.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Gray's Inn, Tuesday, May 25th, 1725.

They are very busy at Mr. Whitworth's, his brother being come from Cambray (I believe). Mr. Whitworth is at a neighbour's house over the way; I dined with him last week, and he was very cheerful, and of his better fashion. Did I tell you that Mr. Peplo had told me that the Bishop of Chester, he believed, would give him some further trouble before he admitted his title to the Wardenship? He has taken some steps in order to appeal to the House of Lords; whether he will go on I have not yet heard. Yesterday passed by our gate here the famous Jonathan Wild in a cart between two other malefactors, in a nightgown, without a hat, with a book in his hand, crying. There was the greatest mob imaginable, and they hooted him along. He took opium to poison himself last night, as they say, but it did not quite take effect; he was very loath to be hanged when it came to't; the mob pelted him at the very gallows.

To-day the Lords give judgment against Thomas Earl of Macclesfield, having voted yesterday that the Commons had made good their impeachment; what they will do with him is variously talk'd on, I suppose we shall know to-night, and I'll send word.

Saturday last Mr. Leycester left us to go into the country; to-day the Northampton coach takes him up at Barnet, where he is with some gentlemen of his acquaintance; he went sooner than I expected; I had just time to send a few lines to Darcy Lever.

Last week I had a letter from Tom Bentley at Paris, with an account of his travels, &c. The most remarkable thing is, that having £70 to receive at Paris, he had it paid him all in seven-farthing,



five-farthing pieces, halfpence, and liards (of which there are twelve in a penny) ; so that he was forced to hire a porter to carry 'em in three great bags, sweating. I think to write to him to-night.

[Journal continued.]

Wednesday [May 26th]: Clowes called me up after nine, breakfast with him at Wilson's, milk porridge 3d.; Mr. Nichols's footman came to me there, and told me his master would call on me there at eleven o'clock, which he did, and stayed till one o'clock, we were upon shorthand; he said Bishop Chandler's son learned of Weston. Clowes called on me about four, and we went to see Dr. Malyn, who had been at Clowes's chamber and left this note in his drawer, "M. Malyn, LL.D." As we were going there Sam Shenton spoke to me in Friday street, and went with us to see if Dr. Malyn was at home, and he was not, nor his lady; so I went with Sam to Mr. John Gough's at the Charter House, where we found Will. Smith, and Mr. Venn and Bryan came there; we drank two bottles of wine and talked away; I disputed much with Venn about whiggism, universal liberty of conscience; we stayed till near nine, and then Shenton and I came away and left the rest there; thence I went to Richard's, where I met with Mr. Mildmay, and talked a little with him about shorthand, appointed to see him again on Friday at three o'clock.

Thursday [May 27th]: Clowes called me up, breakfast at Wilson's, took a turn in the walks; thence took coach to Mr. Whitworth's, where I found Frank Hooper, who came to town last night; I stayed with them a little, and thence to Mr. Nichols's, who was not at home; coming through the park back again, I met Dr. Knight, who said he had brought some of Dr. Patrick's writing in shorthand from Mr. Parne for me to decipher; I talked shorthand over with him; he said he would order these papers to be left at Richard's. I met Mr. M. Bacon in the park, and walked round it with him, he read Tom Bentley's letter to me from Paris. Thence I went to Mr. Nichols's again, found him at home, and dined with him; I stayed with him till near seven; we came in a coach, called at Mr.

Whitworth's, Mr. Hooper not there; we came forward, he light at Bedford Row and I at Gray's Inn.

Friday [May 28th]: rose at eight, had had an extraordinary good night, very well this morning; went to Mr. Mildmay's chamber, his flute master was with him, he took a lesson while I was there, and then read some writing that I had writ for him; called at Richard's again, (and at the Rolls, where Sir Joseph Jekyll was sitting,) where I met with Mr. Adingbrook,<sup>(1)</sup> of our year at Catharine Hall, a good deal of talk with him about shorthand and an instrument that Vernon sent him to get mended; he asked me to come and see him at Mrs. Vernon's. Thence I just went to my chamber, and to Richard's again; Mr. Nichols came there, and I read something he had writ out of the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury)'s book about the spirit of M. Luther; Jemmy Ord came in while I was talking with him, and I did not see him, but he left word that he should be glad to see me at his chamber; Mr. Mildmay came in to-night too, and we had a little talk about shorthand. I supped at J. Ord's, and stayed till near twelve. Sands brought me word from Abingdon's that Mr. Chetham would be in town to-morrow. N.B. I have been in Mr. Chetham's chamber since Feb. 5th, which day I came to London.

Saturday, May 29th: at John Bosgrave's to-night; rose at nine, Clowes called me, went with him to Wilson's, 3d.; we went to look at some lodgings at Mr. Manger's, and at Warwick court; but John, Mr. Leycester's man, said he had a room, so we went to see that, and I liked it best, so ordered all my things there, 3s. a week, and left the key of Mr. Chetham's chamber at Abingdon's. Met Mr. Lindley<sup>(2)</sup> to-day, who lodges at Castleton the barber's in Bell court; I went there, but there was no room to be had; I deciphered some writing in one of the journals there; walked with Clowes and Stanhope; went after one o'clock to Richard's, thence to the King's Arms, where I dined;

(1) John Addenbrooke, M.D., of Catharine Hall, was a distinguished physician, and left £4,000 to found the hospital in Cambridge which bears his name.

(2) See Note 1 on page 135, Tom Pigot.



thence to Essex House, met Dr. Bentley in the street, went with him to Essex House, stayed with him about two hours, talking about the University, criticism, *semper honoratum* (Homerum) *nitedula*, &c.;<sup>(1)</sup> we drank a pint of wine. Thence I went to Richard's again; Clowes and I went to walk in Lincoln's Inn walks; thence to Mr. Chetham's chamber, sat with him a little; thence he brought me to my room at John's about ten o'clock; writ a letter to Mrs. Byrom to-night, too late to send it, sat up till past one. "*Sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.*"

Sunday [May 30th]: Jo. Clowes came to breakfast with me about nine; he came again about two, and I dressed and went with him to Ormond Chapel, where we heard Henley preach upon Romans, the 8th chapter, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" — gave the woman that let us into a pew 6d. apiece; Mr. Hopwood sat in the same pew with us. We went to a coffeehouse in Ormond street and had a pint of wine and bread and butter, 6d.; the company were talking about Henley, and all condemned his action;<sup>(2)</sup> went to Gray's Inn walks; thence to see Mr. Hooper, whom we met in the street, and came all to Richard's; Mr. Mildmay was there, but I did not speak to him. We walked thence to the Temple Gardens; thence we went to Mr. Whitworth's, who desired to see me; Frank Whitworth came there, and said that my Lord Stanhope had had his place of Captain of the Battleaxes taken from him; we had some talk about the library at Manchester, which Frank Hooper said he was almost tired of; I said if they would give it me, and I was unmarried, I would have it; he said I might have it for all that, and not be obliged to be in orders neither; gave the man 1s., lent Clowes another for the same account; we came away half an hour past ten, went to bed before twelve.

(1) Bentley — Homer — and field mice! Who would not have wished to be "a mouse in the wall" at such a conversation!

(2) "Orator Henley," immortalized by the ridicule of Hogarth and Pope, seems to have interested Byrom's curiosity, as he not unfrequently alludes to him. Pope describes him as "tuning his voice, and *balancing his hands.*"

Monday [May 31st] : rose after ten, it was a very rainy morning ; heard the guns going off, I suppose for the King's being at the House to pass bills ; it was rainy and stormy all day. John came up to me about seven o'clock and asked if I would have anything to dinner, so I sent for a pint of ale and some bread and cheese, 4d., whereof I ate heartily ; after eight went to Richard's, had a letter from Mr. Leycester, and from Mrs. Byrom, with one from her sister Ann in it thanking me for my prescription about her illness, which I had sent, but thought it had been sister Ann of Kersall that had been ill ; Mr. Hooper and Peplo at Richard's, and Dr. Patrick's book, written in shorthand, was left for me at the bar. I went thence to Ord's, took leave with Mr. Peplo, who was to go into the country on Thursday or Friday ; cold lamb and salad at Mr. Ord's ; Harper stayed till past eleven, I till past twelve, talked about the Bishops voting for the Earl of Macclesfield, about the Goths ; I read a letter of Jemmy Ord's in shorthand ; desired Harper, if he met with anything about shorthand in his library, to acquaint us of it.

June 1st, Tuesday : rose about ten, stayed at home till about seven o'clock ; went to Richard's, met with the two Mr. Clarkes, went with them to the King's Arms ; did not send Tom Bentley's letter to-night.

Wednesday [June 2nd] : rose after eight, dressed, went to Mr. Hooper's, who was gone out ; went to Lord Albemarle's, who desired me to come next week, being busy till the King was gone ; I appointed Monday ; thence to Lord Stanhope, gone out ; thence to Lord Lonsdale, not stirring ;<sup>(1)</sup> thence to Buckingham House, Walker gone into the country ; thence to Mr. Nichols, drank chocolate with him and gave him a lecture on shorthand, Mr. Whetnall came in ; strolled by Soho Square in quest of Camden's old edition, but it was gone ; bought four pieces of Indian ink, 6d. ; thence to John's, writ out the advertisement to carry to be put into

(1) This was Henry, third Viscount Lonsdale. He does not seem to have been as "wide awake" as his successor, the celebrated Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, whose activity both of body and mind is still fresh in the traditions of his neighbourhood.



the *Gazette*; gave 3s. 6d. to have it put into the *Daily Courant*, because they could not assure me of a good place in the *Gazette*; thence to Mr. Pimlot's to see Josiah, neither of them at home; changed a guinea at the printer's; it was just after ten when I got home.

Thursday [June 3rd]: the barber came at seven according to order, but I desired him to come at nine or ten. Thought of printing my book and retiring to the library at Manchester. Jo. Clowes called here after one, I dressed and went out with him; he spoke to me about Mr. Chetham's chambers, whether I would take them or no; I told him I could not take any lodging but from week to week, not knowing how long I might stay, and besides that, I wanted to be at the other end of the town when I could afford. I called at Squire's, milk and water 3d., coffee 2d.; my advertisement was not in the *Daily Courant*. Baron Hilton at Squire's. Went into St. Dunstan's Church to hear Dr. Lupton, came too late, and there were two men in my seat, so I went to the Society, Sir Isaac presiding. Dr. Jurin read a case of smallpox, where a girl, the writer's sister, who had been inoculated, and had been vaccinated, was tried and had them not again; but another boy caught the smallpox from this girl, of four years old, and had the confluent kind, and died. He read likewise the minutes of the two meetings before the last. Conrad de Hadsfield it seems had sent a letter to the Society in which he complained that they did not stand up to the rules of their Institution, for they did not encourage him. He read also an account of ambergris, and the whale it was taken from; and a paper of Desaguliers about the leaden ball's cohesion. Mr. Glover was there, and Bob Ord. Thence I came to Richard's again; saw Mr. Mildmay there, who writ and read a little. Mr. Nichols sent a paper by his man, and soon after came himself; I read what he had written; J. Ord came there too. Mr. Hooper came and writ to the governor, and I writ a line at the bottom, thus: "Dear Governor and Governess, the boy here having given me leave to ask you how you do, I have made bold to pop the question to you, and am your humble servant, J. B." I writ to Mr.

Parne to-night, and sent the letter I writ to Mrs. Byrom (God bless her) on Saturday night last when I first came here. Mr. Hanmer, Sir Thomas Hanmer's nephew, asked me about shorthand; Dr. Morgan there. An advertisement from Don Carlos in the *Post Boy*, a long one, against Antony Clayton. From Richard's came part of the way with Frank Hooper, and so came home between nine and ten. Dr. Malyn's boy came with a note to Richard's to desire my company to breakfast to-morrow by eight o'clock, in order to go with him, his lady, and Miss Bower to Woolwich. I writ out some collects to-night.

Friday [June 4th]: rose about five, dressed and went out about seven. Having gone to bed last night without having anything but coffee, I was very fine and clear and elastic, and had a good natural rest; therefore I should take care to do so always, pray God enable me to live so righteously and godly in this present world. Called at Child's, coffee 2d.; thence to Dr. Malyn's, where Mr. Hooper came soon after, at eight; they had tea to breakfast, I drank none, I ate a little bread and butter, and had some small beer. We all went to Mrs. Bowers in Thames street, where William White came; we asked him to go with us, but he excused himself. We went to Bear Key, where Dr. Massey was gone before us, and took a boat to Woolwich, where we stayed to refresh a little, and walked thence to Greenwich; I read Jonathan Wild to them by the way. We dined at the Swan, had lamb, beefsteaks and salad; walked in the park a little, thence drank some wine at the Ship, for which Mrs. Bowers paid, and so came home. We were pretty good company, but I thought that Dr. Malyn, having made the party, ought to have treated; but he took Mr. Hooper and me in, viz., at Woolwich 1s. 2d., Greenwich 4s., boat 1s. 6d., our dinner came to 10s. 10d.; he asked Mr. H. and me to smoke a pipe with him, but we excused ourselves, and came to Richard's; Mr. Mildmay was there and gave me a little of his writing to read, and J. Ord the same; Dr. Morgan was there. Mr. Mildmay asked me to go and drink just a glass, and there being a young fellow there that I fancied might perhaps be a scholar, I went with them to the King's Arms,



where we had a pigeon apiece to supper, 2s. 4d. only four pigeons; we paid 2s. 2d. apiece, and I came home sorry that I had gone there, having had wine enough and meat before; I must resolve not to do this for the future; it was between twelve and one when I came home.

Saturday [June 5th]: rose about ten; Clowes called upon me about one o'clock, I had some beans and bacon while he was there, dressed and went to the Crown coffeehouse to meet him; we went to see Mr. Hooper, who was at dinner at Mr. Whitworth's; he came over to us to Mill's coffeehouse, 2d., told us of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini being in the papers;<sup>(1)</sup> Clowes and I went to Westminster Abbey, wrote out the epigram of William Laurence; thence to the Hall, saw the preparations for the Knights of the Bath, stayed a little to hear a cause at the King's Bench. We went through the park to Richard's, met Jemmy Ord and went home with him, but Clowes left us; I supped there, read some of Jemmy's and Harry's shorthand; Bob came to supper, said that Glover had showed him the verses in the *Journal*, not knowing that they were mine; gave their man 6d.

Sunday [June 6th]: rose at nine, met Mr. Hooper at Mill's, coffee 6d.; went to the French Church; thence to Slaughter's, where we stayed till past three because of the rain, for it rained very hard from about ten or eleven in the morning till seven or eight at night, without intermission; from Slaughter's we ran to the Fleur-de-luce, but they said they had not the key of the cellar; thence to the Crown just by, where we dined on roast beef and beefsteaks, and had a bottle of port; stayed till between seven and eight, and the rain was over then; he went home, I to Richard's, saw Empson there, came home nine; my bill at John's I found on the table — total 7s.

Monday [June 7th]: rose between seven and eight, it rained very fast; took coach to my Lord Walgrave's, who was gone into the country till to-morrow; thence I drove to Mr. F. Whitworth's, he

<sup>(1)</sup> This epigram of Byrom's seems to have made a great sensation at the time. It is one that everybody still quotes, though they will attribute it to Swift, or any one rather than the real author.

was gone out too; thence to my Lord Lonsdale's, he was not up, desired his man to desire him to send a note to Richard's coffeehouse when he would have me come; thence to Mr. Nichol's, drank chocolate, stayed with him till twelve or one, read and corrected some of his writing, read some out of Atterbury's sermons, which were very well written; we went and dined at the Bell Tavern, reckoning 3s., I paid 1s. 6d.; thence he went home, I to Vaillant's; I was very dull and faint this afternoon. The man at Vaillant's said he would write to T. Bentley to let him know what a sad fellow Erskine was, of whom he told me several rogueish stories. Thence I called at Essex House, saw Mr. Casley; Dr. Bentley still in town, was to go on Wednesday next; he said Mr. Pacehouse was come from Paris, and had seen T. B. Thence to Richard's, there met Jo. Clowes; Mr. Hooper had left a note that Mr. Walker was come to town, and that we must go breakfast with him on Wednesday morning at seven, and I call on him; went to Kent's, met G. Lee, who came to us there; parted at eleven.

Tuesday [June 8th]: rose near ten, the barber being come to shave me; had had a good night and was very well this morning, though my hands were not very firm. Sands called here after twelve and I gave her a guinea for her attendance and the washing of fourteen shirts and the dozen of pieces; she seemed to think it very handsome; stayed at home all day, rainy; went to Richard's at night, saw Mr. Hooper there, went with him to the pamphlet shop; he bought the *Town Spy*,<sup>(1)</sup> 6d.; J. Ord asked me and Mildmay to his chamber, we supped there on a fine lobster; I ate heartily, having dined with Duke Humphrey; Bob came from the Club, where I had partly promised Glover to be; stayed till about one o'clock; I gave a boy twopence to light me home from Holborn.

Wednesday [June 9th]: rose between seven and eight, went to Mr. Hooper's, and he and I to Mr. Walker's, with whom we breakfasted; about eleven we came in the coach with Mr. W., who set us down

(1) "A View of London and Westminster, or the Town Spy," a pamphlet published by Warner; a coarse, satirical description of London, very much in Ned Ward's style.



by Park Place. Lord Stanhope not being at home, I came with Mr. Hooper, had a hole in my stocking mended just by St. James's, called at Lord Lonsdale's, who being at home, Mr. Hooper went home. My Lord L. seemed to say he had not time to pursue shorthand; I showed him some of J. Ord's writing, which he endeavoured to read by his alphabet, and thought it was very pretty. I was with him about an hour, and desired him to write something while he was in the country and send it to me to Richard's coffee-house, and I would write him back how he had writ wrong; he had my alphabet in his pocket, and made me mark the dotting for  $\sim \curvearrowright$ , and said he would study the alphabet in the country, and next winter go on in town; I could not tell whether he designed to go on with it or no. When I came away he put three guineas into my hand. Memorandum: the first money I received for teaching—three guineas of Lord Lonsdale. Thence I went to Mr. Nichol's, not at home; thence to Westminster Hall, saw Bob Ord there, who was repeating my verses, and the elder Hassel and Nichol; as we were walking together, Baron Aire's son, not knowing who I was, asked him "Well, where was his shorthand man?" He told him, "There was Mr. Byrom." I told Bob after that if he wanted his half guinea I would give it him; he said, no no, that he would have learned if he had time. Hassel and I came in a coach to the Temple; went to Richard's, Mildmay came in there, and asked me to dine with him at Moorhen's with Lethuillier and Dr. Daniel; thence with Mildmay to his chamber; we had a lecture on shorthand till Mr. Courtois came at four o'clock; I stayed while Mildmay read, took away the alphabet which I had given him at first. It was a great shower while Mr. Courtois and I were going to J. Ord's; I stayed a little, and then he and I took a walk in their walks; then I went to Richard's, 6d., having had a letter from Mrs. Byrom, God bless her, where she says that Darcy Lever was very well pleased with my verses, and Ned was a charming lad. Mildmay came in and desired me to go to the Ship, I did so with Dr. Daniel and another gentleman; we had two rabbits fricasseed, for which they reckoned 5s., dear enough, but undoubtedly they were very good,

and I ate heartily; we had wine, 4s. 2d., I paid 2s. 6d. Mildmay said he would go to the Royal Society to-morrow, so we appointed to meet at Richard's. Yesterday these verses came into my head at John's:

Dum Calvum objurgo, &c.<sup>(1)</sup>

Thursday [June 10th]: rose about ten, dined upon peas at home; went at four to meet Mildmay at Richard's, he had been there; I went to his chamber, he was there with Courtois, let coming to the Society alone till next time; thence to the Society, Sir Isaac president; Jurin read some observations about the figure of the world; of Desagulier against Monsieur Marant. Dr. Stukely told me he was going into my country this summer. Thence to Richard's; Mildmay came there, I went with him to Corbet's, he bought a book I had marked, Satyrical Expressions. Mr. Whetnal desired a copy of my verses about Figg, which he took at Richard's, and Mildmay took the original home with him; he and I went to J. Ord's, found only Bob at home; he repeated the episode, and M. wrote it down. Thence we came to Richard's again, saw Mr. Clark, son of Sir Samuel; he asked me why I did not come, and I asked him why he and his kinsman made me drink so much between them; he said his head ached next morning. Mr. Macro<sup>(2)</sup> of Caius College asked me to go to the Mitre with him and Dr. Morgan, I told him I would if he would let us be good lads and come away soon; he and I and Morgan and Mr. Clark went to the Mitre, supper and two bottles of wine, paid 2s. apiece.

Primus in orbe, &c.<sup>(3)</sup>

Friday, 11th June: John called me at seven according to my desire, but I was not very well, and lay till twelve, when I got up, breakfast chocolate, after which was very hearty, and took notice of my hands not trembling so much as usual, but rather better than ordinary; about four I went to Prevot's to enquire for lodgings,

<sup>(1)</sup> *Miscellaneous Poems*, vol. i. p. 245.

<sup>(2)</sup> Mr. Ralph Macro, who was B.A. in 1716, took his degree of D.D. in 1728.

<sup>(3)</sup> *Miscellaneous Poems*, vol. i. p. 244.



but they had none; thence to Mr. Hooper's, who was not within. Mr. Whitworth's man asked me to go see his master, so I went over and found them just done dinner, five o'clock; I drank a glass or two of wine there, Lord Whitworth's fine Plate, of which they brought one large bottle upon the table. Mr. Harris (his lordship's secretary) and I came away together; we went to the park, and he talked much about the affairs of life, said that he was under Boerhave at Leyden, that except [a man] got to be member of parliament there was nothing to be got; he showed me his lodgings, just by Whitehall, and said he should be glad of my acquaintance. To Squire's, no letters; to J. Ord's chambers, having heard that he had enquired for me, Jack Gordon there; I deciphered his "What time will you return from France,  $\begin{smallmatrix} a & b & c & d \\ n & o & p & q \end{smallmatrix}$  &c."; supped upon cold lamb and salad; Jemmy said that his merchant Mr. Pricket would learn shorthand. I saw Mr. Nichol, who spoke to me at Richard's, and said he thought he should have seen me at his chambers; I asked him if he designed to go on with his shorthand, he said yes, so on Tuesday next at four o'clock I am to go to him. Gave Jemmy Ord's man 6d. While we were there I took occasion to quote these verses as out of Buchanan:

Dum bibitur Calvus, &c.<sup>(1)</sup>

Saturday [June 12th]: rose between nine and ten, dined at home, beans and bacon. Clowes called about two o'clock, I dressed and met him at Squire's, where Mr. Chetham said he would meet us at Richard's to-night; Clowes and I went to Mr. Clark's, who gave me a box of snuff, and a ribbon for my cane; thence we went to the Rolls, and the Master not being come, we called to see Mr. Kenyon, whom we found at the Fleur-de-luce smoking by himself; we stayed about half an hour, and then came to the Rolls, where Bob Ord had a cause and spoke to it; thence we called at Richard's; as we were just come out from thence we met Will White; we three went to Somerset Gardens, and so to Brisson's, to enquire after Mr. Cattel and White's

(<sup>1</sup>) *Miscellaneous Poems*, vol. i. p. 245.

flutes, which his son told us would be done by Monday or Tuesday next. Saw J. Ord, Courtois, Mildmay, &c.; they went to Mildmay's chamber, who asked me, but Mr. Chetham came, so we went to the King's Arms and supped on lamb, cold, had two bottles of wine, disputed about a future life; I asked Mr. Chetham for his vote for me being library keeper; we sent for Mr. Kenyon according to agreement, but he was gone out.

Sunday, June 13th: rose late, chocolate; dined at home on peas. Clowes called on me after dinner, we went to Ormond Chapel, 6d.; Henley did not preach, but another young fellow; thence we went to Mr. Hooper's, he and Mr. Whitworth were gone to Kensington, where he and I took a walk through the park, found them at Mrs. Hall's just by the square, Miss Pansford and Whetston there; we stayed about an hour and walked home again through the park, Mr. Hooper brought us a little of the way; came to Richard's, Ord, Mildmay, Daniel, Lethuillier and Clark came to me, Clark that had Baptista Porta's papers; we had supper, paid 1s. 1d. apiece; it rained; I ran home through Gray's Inn Lane.

Cæsar Pompeium vicit, &c.(<sup>1</sup>)

Monday [June 14th]: rose after eight, went to Lord Waldegrave's, he sent me word that he must ask my pardon for that time, because he was busy with his lawyer; I sent the man back to desire to know when I must call again; he sent word that he was so busy that he could not tell, but if I would leave a note he would send to me, so I left a direction to Richard's; thence to Lord Stanhope's, who was gone into the country, would be at home in a day or two; I left the same direction for him, which his gentleman said he would be sure to give him. Thence to the Haymarket coffee house; it rained very hard, as it did all day (strange weather). Thence to Vaillant's shop, where I stayed some time looking over the books. Thence to the Fountain, where I had half a pint of wine and bread and cheese, 7d.; the boy brought me a knife that had cut onions, which I spread some bread and butter with, and it had like to have

(<sup>1</sup>) *Miscellaneous Poems*, vol. i. p. 244.



made me sick. Thence to a pastry cook's; thence to Richard's, had a letter from Tom Brettargh.

Tuesday [June 15th]: a very rainy morning. Jo. Clowes called here after nine; I rose, and after chocolate went with him to Gray's Inn, to call upon Mr. Chetham, who gave me a bill of his furniture to send to Mr. Nichol, and told me that Mr. Whitehead of Preston had asked him if I would teach my shorthand to a young gentleman; I told Mr. Chetham I would upon condition that he would keep it a secret; he said he would enquire further about it. I went to Clowes, read some of his writing, thence home; dined at home, beans and bacon, and a gill of porter. To Mildmay's, found him and Courtois there; he answered the question out of his grammar which Courtois asked him; I told him he was a sad rogue for not writing shorthand, he said he was very busy about his law affairs. When it struck five he left off with his French; we went to Richard's; I went to Mr. Chaddock's, where I found Josiah, stayed there a little, and thence to Mr. Stanfield's, and thence to Meadow's; Mr. Chamberlin was in the shop and spoke to me, he was in a very shabby dress, said he had had a strange catastrophe of fortune since I saw him; I had some talk with him, he said that Massey would not speak to him, though he knew him as well as I did; I was sorry to see the man in such a condition, told him I was at Richard's coffeehouse every night. Thence to the Pope's Head to ask after Massey, but it seems they did not meet in the summer. Thence to the Sun Club, Mr. Graham, Brown, Durham, Ord, Foulkes, Glover there; had beefsteaks and cheese to supper, and drank white wine, talked about the Knights of the Bath, paid 2s.; came home with Foulkes, Ord, and Glover; Ord said they had resolved on their journey for France next week but one. It was a fine moonlight night to-night, and I came home before twelve. Met Mr. Lightbowne<sup>(1)</sup> to-day

(1) James Lightbowne of Lightbowne Hall in Moston, in the parish of Manchester, Esq., ob. September 30th 1747, æt. 61. The family were heraldic, and, at Dugdale's Visitation, connected by marriage with the Mynshulls of Chorlton, Levers of Kersall, Lindleys, Dawsons, and Chethams. The estates were sold at the Bull's Head Inn, in

in Lincoln's Inn, and he asked me to come and dine with him to-morrow.

Wednesday, [June] 16th: rose this morning before five very hearty and well, it rained; wrote out the *ations*, and then lay down upon the bed and slept till ten, had my head shaved; it rained again, and seemed to be set in for all day. I went at two to Mr. Lightbowne's to dinner, called on Mr. Chetham, called on Clowes, he was not at home; had a breast of mutton and three fowls and peas to dinner, and very good port wine, gave his man 1s. Thence to Mr. Clarke's, who began to learn shorthand, and I left the marks with him, which he made very well at first sight; he paid me the seven guineas which I lent him. Mr. West came there while I was there, and said he would have been my scholar but for business; but Mr. Clarke had told me before that it was because he could not well spare five guineas at that time, because his returns were not made from Ireland so soon as he had expected. Thence to Richard's; Mildmay there, who had writ a little note for me at the bar; we went with Mr. Clark (Porta) to the Fleece, had mackerel, and two bottles of wine pretty good, paid 2s. apiece about; talked about Woolston, morality.

Thursday, June 17th: rose at nine, went to Mildmay's at ten o'clock; we went near one o'clock with Daniel Bramston and another gentleman by water to the parliament stairs 4d., to see the Knights of the Bath; we all sat at last on the scaffold by St. Margaret's Church; I paid 2s. for my seat, and very well too, for just as I went on it began raining, and most of the people were wet to the skin. About four the Knights came from the Abbey, the Princess and Prince William in a chair, and the Prince in another, they were too much crowded together; the soldiers after carried off all the cloth and boards, which was

Manchester, 17th September 1771, after the death of James Lightbowne Esq.—*Lanc. MSS.*, vol. xii. The Lightbownes were for two or three generations senescalls or stewards to the Chapter of Manchester as lords of the manors of Newton and Kirkmanshulme. In the year "1678, March 17, James Lightbowne, Counsellor at Law, was appointed steward of the College." — *College Register*.



very odd to see; there was a poor constable that had his head broke; nothing could restrain them from carrying everything off. We went by water home again, I paid 6d. for our boat; we all dined together at the King's Arms. I came home through Gray's Inn after eleven.

Friday [June 18th]: rose late, had a very good night; chocolate to breakfast, dined at home. This afternoon I was thinking of a wheel with notches to imprint shorthand with. Went to Richard's at seven, had a letter from Mr. Nichol that he would take Mr. Chetham's chambers but for the goods; he proposed to give me the use of the rooms, if Mr. C. would give me the use of the furniture, &c.; that he had not seen Dr. Malyn at Cambridge. Went with J. Ord to the park in a coach; we walked in the plantation walks; Lord Stanhope in the Mall, he spoke to me, "How do you do, Mr. Byrom," and put off his hat; I was sorry after that I did not speak to him; we walked home.

Saturday [June 19th]: rose at ten; Clowes called here before dinner, and appointed to meet Mr. Chetham at Squire's; I dined at home, dressed at three; Clowes called here again, and he and I went to Squire's, where Mr. Chetham came, and we all took a walk to Pancras churchyard, where we read the monuments and saw where Jonathan Wild was buried,<sup>(1)</sup> whom the Papists had taken up. Mr. Chetham said there was another gentleman that would take his chamber immediately. As I was going to Richard's, J. and Bob Ord were in their window and beckoned me up, and J. and I came to Richard's and puzzled one another with proverbs, writing only

(<sup>1</sup>) "When he was cut down, so outrageous were the rabble that they had certainly De Witted his corpse or torn it to pieces, but it was by a stratagem of his widow brought away by two surgeons, who pretended they had an order to fetch his body to their Hall to anatomize it, which upon this account was delivered to them, and they again delivered it to them that were to inter it. Where he was buried we cannot learn, for the funeral obsequies were privately performed, least the mob, knowing where he lies, they should go and pull him head and shoulders out of his grave."—Capt. A. Smith's *Memoirs of the Life and Times of the famous Jonathan Wild*, 1726, 12mo., p. 22. Captain Smith, who is a great authority on these subjects, says nothing of his being buried in St. Pancras churchyard or the Papists taking him up.

the first letter; Bob was busy about his briefs. We had supper, disputed about eternity, infinity; stayed till past twelve. Advertisement in the *British Journal* of Antony Clayton against Weston.

Sunday [June 20th]: rose about ten, had had a good night; it was a dull, rainy day, a great storm at noon, sad weather; dined at home; went to Richard's at six, saw Empson there; he talked of learning shorthand next winter, asked me to go to the Golden Lion; I told him I was to go to Mr. Clark, but if I was not engaged with him, would come to him; saw Mr. Porta Clark there, agreed to meet him at Richard's again; went to John Clark's, Mr. Racket his neighbour came to see him, and we had a sinker of punch and supped on cold beef, &c. Mr. Racket said that he knew Tanner, talked very loosely about a future world; he went away after eleven, I stayed with John C. a little longer; gave his man 1s., changed half a guinea at Richard's.

Monday, June 21st: rose at eight; thought to have gone to Lord Stanhope's, but did not. Clowes called after dinner, guessed proverbs; I went with him to Gray's Inn, where we met Mr. Chetham; went to Richard's, Mr. Hooper and Dr. Malyn came there; I told Dr. M. that Mr. Nichol and Clarke had spoken to me about their debts, of three guineas and seven; he seemed to wonder that Clarke had not been paid, he mentioned the debts that he had been called on for at Cambridge, before I mentioned these to him; they both went away after, Hooper to Kensington, were to go to Windsor on Wednesday. Weston's challenge to Antony Clayton to meet him at the Chapter coffeehouse on Wednesday next in the *Daily Post* to-day. Mildmay came to Richard's, asked me to his chamber, where I went, and we had two soles to supper and a bottle of wine; I showed him a little how we write short; he told me Sir Godfrey Kneller's notion of Jesus Christ—"What religion are you of? A Papist. Well, go there. And you? A Protestant. Well, go there. And you, Sir Godfrey? None. Why then go where you will." He asked me if I did not write "My time, O ye muses." Came away about eleven, gave his man 1s.; called at Richard's and drank a dish of coffee, 2d.; walked home.



Tuesday, June 22nd: rose at twelve; my hand trembled very much, but I was very hearty; had milk porridge to breakfast, had a mackerel to dinner; wrote to Mrs. Byrom; went to Richard's at eight, called at Squire's by the way; had a letter from Mrs. Byrom, wherein she mentions Mr. Mynshull's<sup>(1)</sup> being ill, and Rob. Malyn gone away; had a letter from Mr. Nichol at Richard's. H. Hatsel asked me to sup with him, Pier Williams promised to come to us; we had two lobsters and two pints of wine, P. W. did not come; we stayed till about eleven o'clock. Met Mr. Nourse to-day, who asked me to come breakfast with him to-morrow.

Wednesday [June 23rd]: rose after eight; went near ten to Mr. Chetham; thence to Mr. Ord's chamber to ask Jemmy to go to the Chapter coffeehouse to-night to see Weston and Clayton; he was not within, left word with Bob; thence to Mr. Nourse's, where I had two dishes of chocolate, he showed me some curious preparations; he was to go out, so I took my leave then, and promised to come some afternoon to contemplate his curiosities more at leisure; thence to St. Dunstan's Church, where I went to eleven o'clock prayers. One Elizabeth Kirkman, haymaker from High Legh, begged of me, and I gave her 2d. Thence to Richard's, where I stayed all afternoon almost, thinking that J. Ord would come there, coffee 6d.; I left a note for Jemmy Ord to this effect: "I James Weston, from Edinburgh in Scotland, master of the noble science of shorthand, hearing that Mr. James Ord from Newcastle-upon-Tyne pretends to write by Mr. Byrom's pretended new method, do hereby boldly challenge the said Mr. Ord (if he has any more courage than his pretended master, whom the public well knows I have challenged to no purpose) to meet me at the Chapter coffeehouse on Wednesday the 23d of this instant June, between the hours of six and seven, then and there before proper judges. N.B. Mr. Weston will not fail to give very good diversion, as is his usual custom." I met Mr. Graham of our College formerly, and he showed me some verses about Lord Carteret that were

(1) See Note, ante, p. 58.

made in Ireland, pretty good. About six o'clock I came to the Chapter coffeehouse, where Mr. Weston was come and his friends about him, to wait for Mr. Clayton; saw Mr. Clark the writing master, had a dish of coffee and a dram, 4d.; by-and-by Mr. Clayton came, and so the battle began between him and Weston; I went to the table where they were, and Mr. Thomas Overing being there, he pointed to me to sit down, so I sat down at the upper end of the table, and all in good time came to be moderator between them. Weston had filled the house with all his own friends and scholars, in the midst of whom I found myself placed: Weston gave a gentleman over against him Clayton's advertisement to read; Clayton asked why Don Carlos was not there; Weston showed a letter in shorthand from Don Carlos, and an answer of his own in longhand desiring him not to come, wherein he said if all his scholars were set against him, he could overcome them all. Then Don C's. advertisement was read, and after that a written paper of Weston's, with articles against Clayton — first, that he had asserted Weston to be the author of Don C's. advertisement; secondly, that he had engaged not to teach his method; thirdly, that he pretended to make improvements. To the first, Clayton proved Weston to be the author, from the Scotism — "retired your note." To the second, Weston pulled out a long paper of the engagement and appealed to David Clayton, Antony's brother, who denied that any promise had been made of any kind to Mr. Weston on Mr. Clayton's part; so Weston gave up both these points. To the third, Clayton produced his book, talked about shorthand in general, commended Weston's alphabet, prepositions, terminations; but when he came to his marks for words, he said there were 4630 words, some of which he repeated, as trunk-breeches, almond-tree. I having before given my judgment that Mr. Weston had not proved the engagement, asked Mr. Clayton what *he* had done with those words; he said he had left them out, which I said was no improvement. The company all the while cried out for them to write which could write fastest. I rose up and desired to know whether the dispute was about the



best teacher or practiser, and so said they ought to have time given them which they required to write as well as they could, and then submit to judgment, which was agreed to. Clayton wrote, "My father is gone out of town," wherein "my" and "is" were amended, upon which there were long disputes. I spoke to everything, and having spoke once or twice to Mr. Weston's advantage, was heard ever after with great attention; my design was to let the company know that Weston's method itself was very deficient, that he had not invented it. I asked him if he did not write after Metcalf's alphabet, and several other questions during this dispute, as, whether he did not say that he had no arbitrary marks? he said "No, Doketur Byrom, I dinna say so." I asked him whether he took writing fast to be a sure sign of the goodness of a method? he said, no; so I put questions to him and Antony with design to let the company see that they were both short in their shorthand. I gave judgment, that they had neither of them proved their assertion; that Clayton might teach, but could not teach a better, and Weston submitted to that; but Clayton insisted upon his amendments, and, being often called on to write, attempted, but laid it aside again, upon which they were very arch upon him, telling him he wanted a pen with "amendment" at the end of it; said that there was a pen that would write itself, which I desired he might not be obliged to use, because he could be sure what method it would write, if it did write itself. Clayton went out at last, and came in again with a sentence written, and Mr. Clark had written some of his shorthand on one side of it, which, when it came on to the table, I declared was the better shorthand of the two. In short, they were about two hours disputing, and then Mr. Clark and I come away to his house, where we supped upon a fish and a bottle of French wine, and talked about the affair; gave his boy 1s. Mr. Clark offered to lay Weston a hundred guineas. We had very good diversion, but it was very unlucky that none of my acquaintance were there. I told Weston, "Thou shouldst not have commanded" was not English. Came from Mr. Clark's about eleven; called at Richard's, there Mr. Hassell had left a note that he should be glad

of my company at the King's Arms; so I went there, and found him and three more, I told them where I had been.<sup>(1)</sup>

Midsummer day, cold morning, Thursday, rose nine; Clowes called here soon after; I told him last night's affair, he was sadly vexed that he was not there, that J. Ord had received his note, yet they had not seen the advertisement; went about four to the Royal Society, where young Ranby asked me what had been done about Weston's challenge, and I gave him and Bob Ord an account of it. Mr. ——— produced the plants from Chelsea Garden, all geraniums, neatly pasted on sheets of white paper. Sir H. Sloane showed a piece of glass from France that had spoiled all the wine. Dr. Jurin read Mr. Graham's observations upon the dipping needle, and there was the instrument that Mr. Graham presented to the Society, a very nice one. Came to Richard's, 4d. Dr. Jurin mentioned to Sir Isaac Newton that it was the usual time for adjourning, but Sir Isaac did not bid us adjourn for another week. Saw Mr. Clark, Sir Samuel's son, went with him to the park in a coach there and back again; Mildmay asked me to come sit with him, which I did after I came from the park.

Friday, June 25th: rose about nine; Clowes called here and breakfast with me. I went to J. Ord's, where Jack Gordon was; we went to see Dicky Dickenson,<sup>(2)</sup> the governor of Scarborough Spaw, a monstrous displeasing sight; had a pint of white wine there, for which J. Ord paid; thence he and I went to Mildmay's, where we guessed at some proverbs; I suggested a paper called the *Proverb*, with a motto proverb, which J. Ord said would do very well; the first might be, "Well begun is half done." Thence we called at Mr. Hassel's, but he was not within; thence he went home, and I to George's, to meet Mr. Hassel there, he came at two o'clock, and Mr. Gateen, who came there before, and he and I went to dine at Moorhen's; there came to us Mr. Harry Ord, Geekie senior, and another; we had some marrow toasts and a leg

(<sup>1</sup>) This must have been a rich scene!

(<sup>2</sup>) Of this deformed and eccentric individual a likeness was prefixed to the *Scarborough Miscellany*, published soon after, which has been frequently copied.



of mutton and raised gooseberry pie, none of which I liked, and I made but a poor dinner to what I do here at John's for less money, but the company was good, and that made amends. Went to Richard's for letters, but had none; Mr. Hassel called on me, and I went with him to his chambers, where we were beginning shorthand, when Mr. Coatsworth came in and stayed a long while; Mr. H. sent for some coffee; at last Mr. C. went away, and we went into the study, and I showed him the whole scheme of my shorthand from the beginning, how I made letters, marks, and how I used them for words, prepositions, terminations, and my three dots; he was very much pleased, and took everything very readily. We went thence to Richard's, to see if J. Ord was there. Hassel, I, Geekie, Coatsworth, Major, Gateen, at the King's Arms to-night, supper cold lamb and pease, 2s. 6d. apiece; the Major would have stayed longer, and when we were come down stairs would have given Mr. Hassel and me a bottle to go back and drink, but I argued that it was late, (past twelve,) and that it would be better another time. Mr. Bryan called at Mr. Hassel's chamber to tell me that he had had a letter from Tom Bentley, who had had none from me, so that mine miscarried, which I told Bryan, and he said Tom was angry that I had told what he had told me as a secret, that story about his copper; I said he had not told it me as a secret, but as a comical thing, that Vaillant and others knew as well as I. Bryan said that Tom had had a letter from Prevot about this affair.<sup>(1)</sup>

Saturday, June 26th: rose after nine; John brought me word from Clowes that he and J. Ord had waited for me at Richard's last night; after breakfast, milk porridge, went out, and in the street saw Josiah and W. Chaddock, who were enquiring for me; it was to tell me that Mr. Thornton from Preston had brought his son to town, and wanted him to learn shorthand. Went to Mear's shop and looked over the books a good while; went to Richard's

<sup>(1)</sup> The last paragraph in Tom Bentley's letter, p. 129, in which he desires secrecy, (if this be not a joke, for Byrom was always joking,) was probably overlooked by Byrom: the writer had turned his letter upside down, and crowded the caution into a narrow vacant space at the top of the second page.

by Moorfields, where I bought Shelton's *Zeiglographia*.<sup>(1)</sup> and a Latin Vocabulary, and my Lord Strafford's Articles.

Sunday, [June] 27th : at home all day ; at night went with Hassel to the King's Arms ; there were Gateen, Medlicot, Pendente, Major, and Dr. Eaton ; we talked about the Chinese language, writing.

Monday, [June] 28th : rose half after seven ; went to J. Ord's, told him I was going to Lord Stanhope's, he said he would set me down, for he was going to Kensington ; he gave me five guineas as we went ; I would have returned him half a guinea for his subscription, but he said that he had not subscribed, that it was his brother ; called upon Lord Stanhope, then went on to Kensington, went to see Mr. Whitworth ; he had been exceeding ill, but was something better, he made me tell him the story of Weston and Clayton. Mr. Hooper was gone to Kentish Town ; Whitworth told me he was to resign his Fellowship to Hooper. Went to Richard's ; Daniel and Lethuillier called, and we all dined there ; Hooper came and wrote a letter to the Governor Benison, and then gave it me to enclose another, because it was to be franked by F. Whitworth. Dr. Malyn and his lady and Mrs. Bowers called on me at Richard's, they were going to the park.

Tuesday, [June] 29th : stayed at home all day ; writ to Mr. Leicester a whole sheet of dialogue between me, Antony Clayton, and Weston ; writ to Mrs. Byrom ; went to Richard's ; Mr. Lowndes my fellow traveller was there, I asked him whether he had heard anything of Mr. Withers and his shorthand. Mildmay and I went to the Sun in Paul's churchyard, it was past ten when we came there ; there were twelve of us only, Foulkes, Graham, Brown, Derham, Bob Ord, Sloan, Heathcote, Hauksbee, D'Anteney, and a stranger that Mr. Foulkes brought ; Mr. Graham untied the tiring irons. Mr. Foulkes said that Dr. Stukely had said that he could read the Egyptian hieroglyphics as well as English : I showed them Dr. Patrick's shorthand.

Wednesday, [June] 30th : saw Mr. Courtois at Richard's, had a

(<sup>1</sup>) Shelton's work on Shorthand Writing, of which there were many editions.



deal of talk with him in French. I went to Mr. Clarke's to bring home his Rapin, he was not within, so I left it for him; as I came back, lounged at the bookseller's by Clement's Inn; the bookseller showed a copy of a book for the abbreviation of longhand; I wondered much what it might be before I saw it, and was afraid lest somebody had been going to publish some of our secrets, but it was a very silly thing. Bought *Jortini Lusius Poet.*,<sup>(1)</sup> 2d., and *Tom Thumb*, of a woman just by. Met with Clowes, who said Mr. Hooper and Dr. Malyn had said they would be at Richard's as soon as Figg's amphitheatre was over; had supper with the Ords, Clowes, and Mildmay, at Kent's coffeehouse, having dined with the Duke of Humphreys, as Clowes called him.

Thursday, July 1st: went to the King's Arms, and found Mildmay there, and Daniel, and Lethuillier, and Courtois, dinner 13s. 5d.; M. and I went thence to the Royal Society, where Sir Isaac was presiding; there was a box of drugs a present from Amsterdam, an account of the weather for the year 1724 from Dr. Zouch, and some experiments with the glass that Dr. Sloan had shown to the Society last Thursday, by Mr. Brown. The Society was adjourned till Thursday the 21st of October, being the Thursday before the Term. I went to take leave with Jemmy Ord, who was to go to France to-morrow morning; gave him a memorandum of the "Psalterium in Notis," which was at the Abbey of St. Germain, and the "Introduction," which was to be copied out for me. Went to the Temple Gardens; Clowes came by, and he and I went to the Temple Hall, where the Lord Chancellor King was hearing causes; going home met George Lee in Chancery Lane, who told me that one Fitzhugh was by at the Chapter coffeehouse when I was arbitrator between Weston and Clayton, who said that I had given it clearly for Weston.

Friday, July 2nd: went out at nine o'clock to Mr. Walker's, stayed in his room till he came from Dr. Mead's; he writ out the verses about Figg and Sutton while I read them to him; Sir

(1) Jortin first appeared as an author in this short but very elegant collection of Latin Poems. It came out in 1722.

Thomas Lowther came in at the last stanza, he read them to him afterwards, they pretended to like them. Walker said I must write such things, it would be for my advantage; he said Pope would get £5,000 or £6,000 by Homer;<sup>(1)</sup> I asked if there was no being acquainted with him? he said, yes, if I would write a copy of verses to him he would give them to him; he said he had shown "Tweedle" to the Duchess and others. To the King's Arms to enquire for Mildmay; Mr. Baldwin, who was there with some company in the room over against the bar, came out to me and said he had subscribed to my book, when would it come out? I was surprised, not having the honour to know him; I told him the book would not be out soon, asked him his name, and told him if he pleased I would give him half a guinea again, which I did, and he said he would burn the receipt, I told him I did not question but he would; it seems he had subscribed to Mr. Ord, and is of the Temple.

Saturday [July 3rd]: went to Mr. Nicoll's, Dr. Brown his old tutor there; at Richard's I met with Daniel and Lethuillier, who asked me to go and sit with them if I did not eat; I went with them and did eat beefsteak, and Mildmay was there; Mildmay wrote this to Clowes — "Nothing can be more complete than the Doctor's art; I wish he may get a thousand subscribers." From thence I went to Mr. Clark's in Gloucester street, and they three (Clowes, Mildmay, and Daniel) to Kent's, where I said I would call on them if I came away soon; but I found Mr. West there; I showed Mr. Clark some of my writing to Phebe, upon which he began talking about shorthand, and said he would begin; I showed them the marks, and Mr. C. said much about the curled lines being parts of a circle; Mr. West put up the paper I had writ in his pocket.

Sunday [July 4th]: Clowes called me up at nine o'clock, proposed to go to Gray's Inn Chapel, and after that to go to Hamp-

<sup>(1)</sup> He got more. The *Iliad and Odyssey* realized to Pope from £8,000 to £9,000, thus "drawing," as Lady M. W. Montagu remarked, "the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham."



stead to see Sir Harry Hussey; we had a fine walk, but a little warm at the latter end; we saw Sir Harry's man, and he showed where he lived, there was his mother with him. We called at Bel-size House, and thence home. At Gray's Inn we saw Lindley and his brother, and appointed to meet them on Wednesday night, but Mr. Chetham not being at home according to appointment with Clowes, he said he would ask them to meet to-night; saw Mr. Clark and Dr. Daniel, nobody else; at half after eight to the Queen's Head, where Clowes was coming, and soon after the younger Lindley came to us from Mr. Elkanah Horton's;<sup>(1)</sup> we had great dispute about swearing, accounting for things, being both against Lindley.

Monday, July 5th: wrote a long letter to Mr. Cattel; Clowes and I went into the Temple Hall, where Mr. Reynolds<sup>(2)</sup> my subscriber spoke to me and desired he might learn upon the same terms that other gentlemen did; I told him that was five guineas down and not to disclose it to anybody, which he agreed to, and we appointed to-morrow at four o'clock to meet at his chambers in Breme's Buildings; he said Mr. Gardiner had told him that some gentlemen of his acquaintance had learnt, and that it was much commended. Thence to Richard's, where I wrote to Mrs. Byrom; thence to the Salutation in Clement's Lane, where I found Brian, Nourse, Berriman, Mordan, and another; Brian showed me Tom Bentley's letter, therein he says he is amazed that I should tell about the money when he desired me to keep it a secret, that he thought I should have writ to him; talked away about shorthand, which Mordan seemed to long for, but had no notion of deciphering. Nourse and I came home through Cheapside.

<sup>(1)</sup> He was great uncle of Sir William Horton, the first Baronet. He was a gentleman commoner of Brasenose College, Oxon, and dying unmarried in 1729, æt. 70, devised his estates to his nephew, Thomas Horton of Chadderton Esq.—*Lanc. MSS.*

<sup>(2)</sup> Probably Thomas Reynolds Esq. of St. Olave, Hart street, London, who had succeeded to the large estates at Strangeways and elsewhere in Manchester, under the will of Mrs. Catharine Richards, dated 1711. He was the ancestor of the Lord Ducie.

Tuesday, [July 6th] : Harling brought my new watch ; I went to Mr. Clark's, and we began with the alphabet, which I wrote down for Mr. West and him, and explained things according to their way of taking them, which was very slow. At four o'clock I went to Mr. Reynolds in Breme's Buildings ; as soon as I came into Mr. R's. study he counted out five guineas and gave them to me, and I returned him a half guinea for his subscription and then showed him my method ; appointed four o'clock on Saturday to come again. Thence to Mildmay's ; he drew me in head and shoulders, there were Mr. Fowler and Captain Cokrain there. I left my sword at Mr. Clark's this morning.

Wednesday [July] 7th : at Richard's saw Daniel, agreed to go to the park with him, but stayed at the Temple Hall too long ; to Kent's, where George Lee and a stranger that was just come from abroad came to us ; the stranger told a long story about the procession at Antwerp, where the angels had bob wigs.

Thursday [July] 8th : met Mildmay at Richard's ; Dr. Malyn called there, and Josiah with a box for me out of the country ; Dr. Malyn showed me the account of his brother's expenses at the White Bear ; desired me to come sit with him some night before Wednesday, when he was to go out of town and to pay Mr. Clark. Thence to the ship, where were Fowler, Daniel, Lethuillier, Major Pierce and two more. Lethuillier and Pierce disputed about military affairs.

Friday [July] 9th : went to Mr. Clark's near eleven ; to Will's coffeehouse, looked over the old papers, took two or three ; had a letter from Mr. Leycester, 7d. Thence to Meadows ; he told me one Mr. Bowdley, a banker's son in Lombard street, was by at the Chapter coffeehouse when I was arbitrator between Weston and Clayton, that I had won his heart for ever by speaking so handsomely of Weston though he had writ against me. Thence to Mildmay's, where I saw Jack Gordon, met Mr. Dobegon in Cheapside ; at Richard's found Mr. Hooper, and Dr. Hopwood, who had lost his sword ; sat down by Mr. Barnwell, who was there, and Dr. Bramston came to us, it seems he knew Lord Stanhope ; called



on H. Ord as I came home to-night; he gave me a letter from his brother Jemmy Ord from Ostend, where they were gone instead of Calais; passage from three in the morning Sunday (he writes July 4th 1725) to two in the afternoon; he goes on very well with his shorthand book, and hopes to fill it before he sees Mildmay, would write the next letter to me from Brussels.

Saturday [July] 10th: went at twelve to meet Mr. Hooper at St. James's coffeehouse, he said he had been there a great while; went to Harper at his library; thence to call upon Mr. Shenby in Great St. Andrew street, Seven Dials, he was not at home; to Mr. Graham's, he not within, one of his men showed the orrery, a little one that he had; I rang for Torboe and asked him how he did; thence to Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. H. went to Dr. Malyn's. I was about two hours with Mr. R.; he asked me to drink a glass of wine, as he did before, but I would not. Thence to Richard's; Mr. Hassel came there, and I read some of his writing out of a *Spectator*, which was exceeding well done.

Sunday, July 11th: Mr. Hooper gone to Clowes's chamber, I went to him and back again; was too late to go to chapel, so went to Jo. C's. and read Dr. Tillotson's sermon upon "There is joy in heaven over one sinner;" went with them to Mr. Lightbounes where they dined, but I passed on to Mr. Clark's and dined with him; he had taken four Benedictine pills, which I had told him of. At half after two called on Hooper and Clowes; at three we all came away and walked to Moorfields and sat in Moorgate coffeehouse, where Harry Berry and Diggles were, till five, and then went to hear Henley preach at St. Alphage; there were a great many to hear him, and several parsons among the rest; Mr. Geekie spoke to me, and asked where Dr. Malyn lodged. Mr. Hooper, Clowes and I went in a coach and light at Holborn, and went into St. Andrew's Church; it was the model, I believe, of the new church at Manchester.<sup>(1)</sup> Jo. C. paid me the two guineas which he borrowed of me.

(1) St. Anne's. The foundation stone of this church "was laid by Dame Anne Bland of Hulme Hall on the 18th of May, 1709, and the church was consecrated on the 17th of July, 1712." — *Not. Cestr.* vol. ii. p. 77.

Monday [July] 12th: about five to Richard's; was considering the properties of a circle this afternoon; from Richard's to Mr. Hassel's, Dr. Hickman had set him this to decipher, and for me, which I could not do while I was there.

Tuesday [July] 13th: this morning (being waked) I rose at four or after, and fell to decipher Dr. Hickman's characters, but could not; between six and seven lay down upon the bed again till ten or after, but was not refreshed; went at eleven to Mr. Clark's, Mr. West came soon after; I perceive they are like to go on but very slowly. Went at four to Mr. Reynolds, was with him till six; thence to Richard's, where I saw Mr. Geekie; Mr. Hassel came there, he read my little letter to him, full of contractions, which he was much pleased with. Hassel gave me Hickman's original. Clowes and Paget and I were at Kent's to-night; talked about Clowes, upon transubstantiation; saw Mr. Cardinal Pool at Richard's, and Norton.

Wednesday [July] 14th: was trying to decipher Hickman all day, and could not make out a word; went at six to Richard's, Mr. Hooper was there, and by-and-by came Mr. Vernon from Cambridge. Mr. Whitworth<sup>(1)</sup> and Rose Bowers<sup>(2)</sup> called at Richard's in a coach; Whitworth carried Mrs. Bowers as far as Paul's churchyard, and then came back and took Mr. Hooper<sup>(3)</sup> with him. Vernon and Macro went to the Mitre. About eight Harry Ord came, and I went home with him: after supper he said he was in my debt, and gave me five guineas; had a letter to-night from Mrs. Byrom.

Thursday [July 15th]: rose at six, tried to decipher Hickman,

(1) Mr. Whitworth was the son of Richard Whitworth of Adbaston, co. Stafford, Esq. and of his wife Ann, daughter of the Rev. Francis Mosley, Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, and brother of the first Lord Whitworth.

(2) "Rose Bowers" was his kinswoman, being the daughter of John Bowyer of Manchester, who assumed the surname of Jodrell on succeeding to the estates of his wife, Frances, daughter and coheirress of Francis Jodrell of Henbury, co. Cestr., Esq., descended from Mary, daughter of Oswald Mosley of Ancoats Esq.

(3) Mr. Hooper's mother, Catharine Mosley, was the sister of Mrs. Whitworth above named, and wife of John Hooper of Manchester, merchant.



but still in vain; writ to Mr. Leycester and Mrs. Byrom; went at four to St. Dunstan's, thence to Richard's, thence to the Temple Hall, stayed to hear the colliery case between Coatsworth plaintiff and Ridley defendant; Clowes went with me and Paget to Mr. Clark's, who had sent me a letter this afternoon; he said he sent for me to borrow two guineas, which I lent him.

Friday [July 16th]: Mr. Whitehead called upon me, I asked him if he would walk down to Manchester; went to Mr. Clark's at eleven, Mr. West did not come; wrote out something for Mr. Reynolds to read about the motion of Mr. Attorney General about the coal mines at Newcastle; went to Mr. Reynolds, stayed till seven o'clock; he read what I had writ for him, and thought it very short; We had a deal of talk about other things, Dr. Clark; I read to him the beginning of Dr. Clark's sermon on these words, "Lo! this only have I found;" would have talked about eating and drinking, I told him how my children eat no fleshmeat; it seems he had been married himself a year and a half; he confined himself to six ounces of flesh and a pint of wine a day. Thence to Richard's, had a little talk with the Colonel and another about Dr. Sherlock, the Trinity, till Jo. Clowes came in; he and I and Mr. Clark (Porta) went to the King's Arms; Mr. Clark showed us the verses which John Clark had had sent to him by mistake.

Saturday [July 17th]: shorthand all day till about five o'clock; went to St. Dunstan's, where I stayed prayers.

Sunday [July 18th]: dined with H. Ord at the Red Lion; Mr. Bowers and Mr. Cunningham went with him and Mr. Sutton as far as St. Albans; I went to Ormond Chapel, the reader preached. Called at Vernon's lodgings, not within; he came to Richard's with Mr. Cardinal Pool. I and Mr. Thorp went to the King's Arms, talked about shorthand; Mr. Thorp at last began to tell us of a project of his own, a cipher by which you might convey two different senses without any danger of discovery; I asked him many questions about it. He showed us Mr. Wills's letter to him, in which he advises him to go home to his flock; said that Mr.

Walpole had given him £100, but that he had spent £150 in fifteen months.

Monday [July 19th] : wrote to Jemmy Ord ; went to the Salutation in the city, Nourse, Rayner, Berriman, Sculler, and two more. Nourse asked me if I had seen the verses upon Handel and Bononcini, not knowing that they were mine ; but Sculler said I was charged with them, and so I said they were mine ; they both said that they had been mightily liked, and then Sculler told him I was the author of "My time, O ye muses."

Tuesday [July 20th] : went to Mr. Clark's at eleven ; thence to Richard's ; from thence to Mr. Reynolds, showed him my way of contracting ; he was very well pleased that he had not learnt Weston's way, and said nobody that understood grammar so well as I had undertaken it. I brought him Greenwood, appointed Thursday to come again. Went to Richard's, writ out my letter to J. Ord ; Vernon and I went to the Sun, where were Grahams two, Brown, Mitchell, Heathcote, Derham, Long Roger, Hauksbee, and Mr. Lane ; Mr. Graham spoke to me to talk of metaphysics in order to get Lane to talk, who was a country boy and held the plough, but had taught himself metaphysics. Mr. L's. notion of an infinite circle, or of infinity, was of something growing still bigger and bigger.

Wednesday [July 21st] : dined with Clowes at the King's Arms ; went to the Temple Hall ; Mr. Bowers' man spoke to me, and brought us to his master, at Mr. Judge's the hat seller, where we drank Florence white wine.

Thursday [July 22nd] : went to Mr. Clark's, and he and Mr. West had writ something, which I read and criticised ; thence to Will's by Lincoln's Inn, saw Dr. Hopwood there ; went to Mr. Reynolds, stayed with him till about seven ; he invited me to dine with him on Saturday, and I promised I would.

Friday [July 23rd] : tried at Mr. Thorp's cant word, and found it was easy enough to decipher ; a letter from Mrs. Byrom.

Saturday [July 24th] : went to Mr. Clark's ; thence to Richard's, where Vernon came, he and I took a walk ; he said that his cousin



Elar had Weston's book, but that he would not show it, I gave Vernon half a guinea to return him; he asked me to go with him to the King's Arms; thence I was going with him to the water side, and Harry Hatsel spoke to us, and it striking two, I went to Mr. Reynolds to dinner; met Mr. Lounds, who spoke to me about my book, told me Withers had given over his project. Mr. Reynolds's lady and her sister, I believe, dined with us; we had a dish of discourse afterwards, and were very merry; I told them stories about France. I came to Richard's after five; thence to St. Dunstan's church, where I sat next to Ben Ferrand's brother that borrowed my mare to Oxford, I spoke to him after church; went to King's Arms, Jack Gordon called on me; he and I had both of us a letter from Jemmy Ord to-day, mine was from Antwerp, his from Rotterdam, wherein he said that Mildmay had been there; came home soon after nine, sat up till past twelve, about short-hand.

Sunday [July 25th]: did not go out till near six; called at Jo. Clowes's, a note in his door that he was gone into the city; as I came down stairs Mr. Elkanah Horton asked me to walk in, and I sat in the window by the walks, where Clowes passing by, we called him up; he asked us to breakfast with him on Tuesday. Thence to Richard's; the coffee tasted very good after my fasting since morning, that is, since twelve or one o'clock — fine morning indeed, you idle rogue! Thence we took a walk in the Temple Gardens; thence to the King's Arms, supper; I showed him how I had invented a cipher.

Monday [July 26th]: after dinner went into the city, called at the bookseller's by Ludgate Hill church, Inny's, at Mr. Pimlot's, Josiah was well; called at Mr. Chaddock's, went to him over the way at the tavern, where he and Mr. Heywood were sat together, I told him I would go down with him and Mr. Berry;<sup>(1)</sup> Dr.

(1) Probably a son of Andrew Berry of Manchester Gent. and of his wife Martha, daughter of Peter Heywood of Heywood Esq. His travelling companion seems to have been his kinsman, the Rev. Robert Heywood. — See pedigree in *Iter Lancastrense*, printed by the Chetham Society.

Birch and Mr. Diggle came to us. I came away with Dr. Birch, talked of the affair between Mr. Ashton and Dawson, and Mrs. Booth's saying, "Is this religion? it is the only way to make us all presbyterians." Upon which I remarked that it looked as if she thought presbyterian no religion at all. After I had parted with Birch I went to North's coffeehouse, drank coffee; Antony Clayton being there I spoke to him and invited him to the Feathers; he showed me his list of words which he calls uncouth words, 280, out of Weston's dictionary; said that when Weston came first into their part of the town he was not worth a farthing, but ran a tick in the alehouse upon Overing's (not my Thomas Overing) so that Overing was forced to sue him in the court of conscience for repayment of what he had lent Weston to advertise with, for he lent him money to advertise with, and the first week he did so there came in nineteen guineas, and the next seventeen; that his method was not only not lineal, but the most unlineal; said that he himself had traded for £20,000 a year before his troubles.

Tuesday [July 27th]: rose about five, did not lie down again; Clowes called about eight, and went to Mr. Elkanah Horton to breakfast; went to Richard's, Major Pierce came there to look for Vernon, Mr. Thorp came in just after Pierce and Vernon were gone to the Cotton Library; went into the city, called at Blossoms Inn, looked at Mr. Mason's (a Yorkshire tyke's) horse, which I was to hire or buy; went to the Club, found Mr. Hauksbee there, and then came Mr. Derham, Graham, and Heathcote; we had cold lamb to supper, talked metaphysics; at Richard's going home I writ to Mrs. Byrom that I should come down with cousin Chaddock.

Wednesday [July 28th]: went to Blossoms Inn, Mr. Mason gone out; bought half a pound of bohea tea 8s., canister 6d., and a pound of chocolate 3s. 6d.; went to the Mitre, at last Mr. Thorpe came, he read me another letter of his to Mr. Walpole.

[The Journal is discontinued here, and is resumed at Manchester.]



Manchester, August 16th, Monday : went out about four o'clock, and Phebe going to Kersall, I went with her ; ate some plums off the tree, and a mess of cream and barley bread ; it began to rain, and when I got to the Bowling Green it rained so hard that I borrowed a cloak there and came home in it ; I was much tired with my walk.

Tuesday [August 17th] : at the new church to-night ; having called on Mr. Cattel, had a great dispute about second causes.

Wednesday [August 18th] : went with Mrs. Byrom to Dr. Malyn's ; I played at piquet with Dr. M. and Mr. Guy, beat them, won five groats ; thence to the new church. At Lorrison's to-night, Mr. Townsend, Cattel, Holm, William White, Cottam, and Rawson.

Thursday [August 19th] : at Mrs. White's this afternoon, dined at father Byrom's ; after dinner Mr. Walker and I went to the Bull's Head, saw Dr. Hopwood there, who was just come down. Mr. Cattel and I went up to the top of the old church steeple. At the new church at night. Mrs. Byrom not well, but feverish to-day.

Friday [August 20th] : Mrs. Byrom rode to Kersall this afternoon behind her brother ; I went to the Library ; read Bramhall against Hobbes.

Saturday [August 21st] : Mr. Vigor<sup>(1)</sup> called here ; Mrs. Oaks with her daughter, who was very ill ; I told her I had turned my thoughts another way. We had some Kersall pease to supper, which were extraordinary good.

Sunday [August 22nd] : dined at father Byrom's ; old church in the afternoon, Mr. Ashton, short sermon ; showed Dr. Malyn the hanging bridge. Dr. M. drank tea at father Byrom's ; at uncle Clowes's to-night.

Monday [August 23rd] : very rainy day, as it has been ever since I came from London, in a manner. I went with Phebe to the new church ; after church walked with Mr. Cattel and disputed about Bramhall, second causes ; he came to our house and supped there,

(1) See the Byrom Pedigree.

and we disputed a little; thence to Dr. Malyn's the younger, where Mrs. Ann Byrom was; when I came home Mrs. Byrom told me that I must take care how I spoke of such things before Mrs. Bradshaw; that Dr. Deacon had told of some expressions of mine that made people think I was an atheist or something of that nature, which I desired she would ask her aunt about, for I did not believe Dr. Deacon would say any such thing.

Tuesday [August 24th]: *Δος που στῶ, or the Point fixed how a man may move the World.* At Mrs. White's to-night to see for Mrs. Byrom, had venison pasty; was this afternoon with Mr. Vigor, and after that with Dr. Deacon, had talk about second causes, the Trinity.

Wednesday [August 25th]: stayed at home all day, Mrs. Byrom at Mr. Holme's.

Thursday [August 26th]: dined at father Byrom's; cousins Chaddock there, and aunt Sleigh. At Mr. Guy's to-night; Dr. Jackson, Mr. Cattell, William White there.

Friday [August 27th]: The concert to-night at Mr. Jebb's room, much company there, Mr. Heyward and the musicians from Warrington and Liverpool; at dinner to-day at Ancoats, being Mr. Moseley's birth-day, who said he was eighty-six years old, born in '39, he was very hearty;<sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Haworth and I rode there through the rain; Mr. Yates,<sup>(2)</sup> Holbroke, apothecary,<sup>(3)</sup> and Mr. Nic. Moseley<sup>(4)</sup> there.

(1) Oswald, son and heir of Nicholas Mosley of Ancoats Esq. by his wife Jane, daughter of John Lever of Alkrington Esq. He eventually succeeded to the Rolleston estate, being high sheriff of Stafford in 1701, and dying 2nd September 1726, æt. 87, was buried in the Collegiate Church, Manchester. His son and heir, Oswald, was created a Baronet in 1720, the father having declined the honour on account of his great age. — Sir O. Mosley's *Family Memoirs*, p. 41, 4to, 1849, privately printed.

(2) Joseph Yates of Manchester Esq., ob. 1773, æt. 84; his learned son Sir Joseph Yates Knt., one of the Judges of K.B. and C.P., having died in 1770, æt. 48. They were descended maternally, through the Booths of Salford, from Ann, daughter of Oswald Mosley of Ancoats Esq. — See *Family Memoirs*, by Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart.

(3) See *Note*, ante, p. 55.

(4) He was the son of Nicholas Mosley of Ancoats, the youngest brother of Oswald, the old man mentioned in the last preceding note. He died in 1734-5, and was bu-



Saturday [August 28th] : Mr. Lever here after dinner, drank some chocolate ; I went with him to Mrs. Clayton's, he bought the book of receipts ; he asked me last night at the music meeting for my loadstone, saying that I could get another, I told him it was at his service. Mr. Sam. Walker called this afternoon with my book *Quin.* that I lent him ; stayed at home to-night and began to write my book of shorthand in English.

Sunday [August 29th] : dined at the Cross with sister Ann, Phebe, and Betty, who came from sister Brearcliff's as we were at dinner ; at new church in the afternoon, Mr. Stopport preached ; went to Mr. Vigor's, thence home ; Mr. Dawson<sup>(1)</sup> came up our mount, and he and I had some talk.

Monday [August 30th] : at home till six ; Mr. Cattel called here, and we had some talk about rest and motion ; went to Mr. Chetham's, and Mr. Cattel came to us ; we had great disputes as usual.

Tuesday [August 31st] : after dinner Ellen Banks came and told me Mrs. Brearcliff was very bad, but when I went up there it was a mistake, for she was very hearty. Went to the new church, after church Mr. Cattel played upon the German flute in the church ; thence I went to Dr. Malyn's, supped there ; Mrs. Kitty came from Sale.

Wednesday [September 1st] : Dr. Deacon came after seven o'clock and stayed until eleven or past, played at chess and I beat him all but one game ; he smoked a pipe, we had a good deal of talk about religious matters ; he told me of his making Hall and Paul's speeches.<sup>(2)</sup>

ried in the Collegiate Church, his youngest son John Parker Mosley, father of the present Baronet, ultimately succeeding to the estates.

(<sup>1</sup>) Mr. William Dawson, a surgeon, a connection of the Byroms, and father of "Jemmy Dawson," the hero of Shenstone's ballad. He died in 1763, æt. 67, having disinherited his son, William Dawson Esq. — See Dr. H. Ware's *History of the Collegiate Church*, vol. ii. p. 291.

(<sup>2</sup>) See these speeches, which made a great sensation at the time, in Dr. H. Ware's *Lancashire Memorials* of 1715, printed for the Chetham Society, pp. 230-4. This passage settles the question as to whom they were written by. Dr. Deacon was suspected to be the author, which it seems was the case.

Thursday [September 2nd]: Mr. Eyre invited to Stockport next Wednesday to stay all night; Mrs. Byrom went to the assembly,<sup>(1)</sup> I went home and wrote some of my book till Mrs. Byrom came home. Was at new church to-night with Phebe, Mr. Oldfield read prayers.

Friday [September 3rd]: went to the new church; Dr. Jackson spoke to me about young Parker having a mind to learn shorthand; brother Byrom came while we were disputing about politics, thence home; Mr. Cattel called after eight o'clock.

Saturday [September 4th]: the fustian man from Newton Lane called, talks of having Ned to live in the country with him.

Sunday [September 5th]: went to the new church with Phebe, Mr. Cattel preached, "Peace be with you."

Monday [September 6th]: we went, Mrs. Byrom, her brother, and sister Ann and I, to Ancoats in the chariot, to see Mr. Watts and his lady, and Miss Nanny Moseley, Mr. Haworth there; we had wine and tea.

Tuesday [September 7th]: stayed at home till about four.

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Thursday December 9th: this day about four o'clock I came into London with Mr. Whitworth, Brettargh, and Mosley; we set out from Manchester on Saturday, on a very stormy rainy day. Mr. Whitworth and I set out about twelve o'clock in a great shower; Mr. Sam. Birch spoke to me as I rode up the Deansgate, and told me that young Mr. Peploe<sup>(2)</sup> had a design to learn my shorthand. I should have called at Toft but I missed it, though I kept looking for it a great while. Mr. Brettargh and Cotham came after us,

(1) The assembly was held in a room erected upon pillars in the then new fashionable street, King street. The meetings were once a week, and the price for admission was half-a-crown a quarter. The ladies had their maids to come, with lanterns and pattens, to conduct them home. — Aikin's *Manchester*, p. 187.

(2) Samuel Peploe, LL.D., born in 1699, son of the Bishop of Chester, and afterwards Warden of Manchester. He married Anne, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Birch, Vicar of Preston. His son, John Peploe, on succeeding to the estates of his uncle, Samuel Birch, assumed that surname, and married Ann, daughter and heiress of William Clowes of Manchester Esq.



and Mr. Mosley after them ; we lay at Holmes Chapel, Ouseley, or as it should be spelt as the landlord told me, Wolsely Bridge, Meriden, Daventry, Hockley, London. Moss's mare carried me very well, though she was but a little one, and I was much afraid of a bad journey, yet we had a very good one ; from Coventry to Daventry we rode with the postboy through the worst of the way ; Mosley did not ride through the water by Dunchurch, which took his horse over the tail ; Mr. Whitworth asked me if he was drowned : we had a very good journey all the way, it cost us about 35s. apiece ; at Blossoms Inn Mr. Moss returned me 1s. 6d. for a shoe. Went to the King's Arms, where Brettargh, Horton, and Sherman came.

Friday [December] 10th : rose at twelve, went out about four or five to Wilson's, thence to Richard's ; saw Lethuillier there, and soon after Mildmay ; he and I and Clark (Templar) went to the King's Arms, where I offered Clark his subscription back, but he would not take it ; Mr. Hassel there, supper, we talked about happiness, human affairs, very well pleased with that sort of discourse ; it was a very rainy night ; I stayed with Mildmay.

Saturday [December] 11th : we went to enquire for chambers in the Temple ; called at Hassel's, at Richard's, where Mr. Glover came ; thence I went with Mr. Glover in his chariot to the auction at Fletcher Giles, where I stayed till four o'clock, had no dinner ; bought Thornburgh *Nihil aliquid Omnia*,<sup>(1)</sup> 1s. 6d., Merret's *View of the Frauds of the Apoth.* 1s. Went to Richard's, while I was writing to Mrs. Byrom H. Hatsel came in and told me Mr. Harper and Bob Ord were at Bob Ord's chambers, so I went there and stayed till near twelve o'clock ; Harper and I had a great dispute whether error was criminal or no.

Sunday [December 12th] : went to Richard's about four, thence with Empson, Wilsford, and Cunningham to the Golden Lion ; Wilsford talked much against a future state, and I much for it.

(<sup>1</sup>) 1621, 4to. This very curious tract, written by John Thornburgh, Bishop of Bristol, on the Philosopher's Stone, is now become a very scarce book. The copy Dr. Byrom purchased is still in his library.

The Duke of Kent's house burnt down to-night in St. James's Square.

Monday [December] 13th : went to Gloucester street where they told me Mr. Clark was married ; I went to Craven Buildings and saw him and his lady and Mr. West there, she was very pretty ; West said had to her fortune £2000 ; he said himself that she was seventeen ; a fine woman.

Tuesday [December 14th] : Josiah called here, said he had had a letter from home, that they were all well, and that Bepny had danced a minuet at the assembly with applause ; went into the city, bought *Muscipula*, 2d., *Morals of Confucius*, 1s. 6d., at Fayrham's, Mr. Wm. Byrom there ; thence by Mr. Culpeper's, who told me he had his magic night watch to show at Batson's ; called at Meadow's, he not there ; thence to Mr. Bryan's, he and Mr. Cardinal Pool there ; Pool said he had a favour to beg of me, viz., some verses for *Lewis his Miscellany*. I went to Mr. Pimlot's from whom I received £12, for which I gave him a note for so much received from Mr. Jo. Byrom ; thence to Batson's, where I stayed till Culpeper came with his curiosity, which was a dial plate ; I stayed till Dr. Mead came to look at it, who said he had seen Campani do it ; thence to the Sun in Paul's churchyard, where I found Mr. Folkes, Graham, Brown, Sloane, Heathcote, two Whites, and Glover ; Graham and Folkes said that Derham's *Astro-Theology*<sup>(1)</sup> was a silly book, that his *Physico* was rather better. Folkes asked me to come and see him.

Wednesday [December] 15th : Mr. Whitehead called ; I went to Clowes, thence to Richard's ; saw Mildmay there ; went with him and Lethuillier to the Fleece to dine, we paid 2s. 6d. apiece ; we took notice that it was a wrong way of managing to give so much for a dinner ; thence with Mildmay and Lethuillier to the Temple ; thence with Mildmay to Mr. Graham's about the Jesuit Hildegard's book about a new clock, which he had desired Mildmay to present to the Royal Society. We had some talk with Graham

(1) Rather a harsh criticism, though the *Astro-Theology* has undoubtedly its weak points.



about the longitude. Went to Lethuillier at the Two Fans, over against the India House, Mrs. Motteaux's, where I found them and Fowler, and Jobson who was very gay; told us something of the Chinese, but I could not get him to do it seriously. I went with Mildmay to borrow his book, *Lettres sur les Anglois Francois*, which I took home with me.

Thursday [December] 16th: went to the Royal Society, Mildmay went with me; I desired leave for him to be present, and he presented Hildegard's book and letter, which Dr. Jurin read; Mr. Graham not being there it was referred to any gentleman that would consider it; Mr. Folkes in the chair; Bob Ord proposed Dick Hassel for Fellow, saying that Mr. Byrom knew him, so I rose up and said he was an ingenious, worthy gentleman. Dr. Jurin read about Mr. Henry de Saumerez, marine surveyor. Mr. D'Anteney spoke to me about my book, I told him it was not coming out, and I offered him his guinea back that he had subscribed for Dr. Tessier and himself; but he asked me what I had for teaching, and I told him five guineas; he said, "Ay!" and said he would learn, and desired he might have a lesson soon. Went to Brown's to look at Breval's *Travels*,<sup>(1)</sup> Ord said the preface was silly. I called at Mr. Reynolds'; he asked me to dine with him on Saturday. I gave Bernard his half-guinea to-night; he said he was sorry the book was not coming out, was to go into orders next Sunday.

Friday [December] 17th: went to Lethuillier at New Inn, No. 6, two pair stairs; saw his Roman urn that had been dug up with about thirty more near Croydon in Surrey; thence to Mr. D'Anteney's; Mr. Derham of our club there, he went away as soon as I came; and Mr. D'Anteney had bought Ozenam's jug tricks, which while we were looking at he said, "Shall we look at your tricks? but first we must pay;" so he gave me four guineas and the guinea

(1) The *Travels* of John Durant de Breval were published in 4 vols., folio, 1723-38. He was one of the heroes of the Dunciad. Byrom would scarcely be very favourable to him, as he was an opponent of Dr. Bentley, by whom he was expelled from Trinity College with Miller.

his and Tessier's subscription. I showed him the alphabet and its use; he took everything very readily, having been used to deciphering, which he had learnt at Geneva of Dr. Cheneau, whom he loved dearly; going thence I met Wickham,<sup>(1)</sup> with whom I took a turn in the park; thence to Mr. Hutton's, where I saw Mr. Moss's son Thomas; Mr. Hutton asking me my name, I told him Byrom, whereupon he rose up, "Dr. Byrom, I am very glad to see you," and fell a talking about my shorthand, said that he had had several methods, but they were all attended with difficulty, gave instances; he thought Rich better than Mason, which I told him was not. I would have given him Mr. Moss's half-guinea, but he said it was in very good hands; he called for a bottle of wine, which was made of raisins, five pounds to a gallon of water, without sugar or anything else, and he commended this sort of wine much; it was very good; he and his wife, or sister, enquired after Dr. Deacon, whom they knew; he seemed to have heard something of me, whether what he liked or no I could not guess, but he seemed to smile much within himself; when I came away he said he was glad of this opportunity of conversing with me, and his wife asking him if he knew the gentleman's name, he said, "Yes, yes, he knew Dr. Byrom before he saw him;" dined with Mildmay; thence to Richard's, Clowes came there, Horton, Clayton, Bernard (of Trin. Coll. formerly<sup>2</sup>) spoke to me, and we had a deal of talk; he talked mighty seriously, was of the Temple; we went to the Rose, where Alenson came to us; Mr. Brotherton came, who said, upon my mentioning Henley, that they had got the saddest fellow at Ormond

(1) Henry Wickham, grandson of the Dean of York, was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A. 1720, M.A. 1724, Rector of Guiseley, and Chaplain to the Princess of Wales. He did not marry Dr. Bentley's daughter, "Jug" (see ante, p. 113); but his first wife was Anne, daughter of William Calverley of Leeds Esq. (she ob. 1736), and his second wife Anne, daughter of Robert Gibson Esq., Recorder of Lancaster. Mr. Wickham died in 1772, æt. 73, and his descendant and representative is Henry Wickham Wickham Esq., M.P. for Bradford, co. York. See Nichols' *Collectanea Topogr.* vols. ii., iii., and for an account of Gibson the *Autobiography of Wm. Stout of Lancaster*, by J. Harland, p. 119.

(2) Sir John Bernard, Bart. was M.A. in 1722.



chapel, which proved to be Lucas, who Clowes said was my particular acquaintance, which made him retract as much as he could.

Saturday [December] 18th: breakfast at Squire's, saw Mr. Henley there; Mr. Reynolds had invited me to dinner, but I went there after, about three; we had some talk, but the lame gentleman that comes to our club came in, and Mr. Reynolds went out in his lawyer's habit.

Sunday [December] 19th: my shoemaker came with a new pair of shoes, fitted very well, 5s. 6d. paid; went to take coach at Gray's Inn to Mr. D'Anteney's; Mr. Teodichi the Arabian and another gentleman came to see Mr. D'Anteney, and we had all a dish of discourse about religion, virtue, and vice; he was a very clever man. Mr. D'Anteney, after he was gone, gave me this account of him: That Louis the Fourteenth got young boys from all countries and had them brought up at Paris and sent home again about nineteen or twenty years old, and that this gentleman was one of them; that when he was to go home he stayed in Italy, at Rome, under the protection of some Cardinal. He understood all languages; teaches Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and all the Orientals, Turkish, Persian, French, Spanish; he spoke English well, but our discourse was in French. It was very entertaining to hear them and talk with them, though they seemed to be a little upon the free-thinking.

Monday [December 20th]: went to Clowes, sat by his fire reading *Voyages de Jaques Massé*,<sup>(1)</sup> which I had borrowed of Mr. D'Anteney yesterday. I called at the sword-cutler's at Temple Bar, the old testy fellow, and looked at some swords; went to Kent's; Mr. Nicoll my former pupil brought one Mr. Hill of the same Inn to talk about learning shorthand; Johnson there, treated him, he repeated his opera.

Tuesday [December] 21st: went to Richard's; as I was writing to Mrs. Byrom Mr. Hill came in, and I went with him to his chamber and gave him the alphabet; thence to Richard's again,

(1) It belongs to the class of Imaginary Voyages and Travels, and is one of the most interesting of those fictions. It has been attributed to Bayle.

Mr. Gardiner there, talked with him about operas ; went to the club about eight ; Mr. Graham, D'Anteney, Thornley, Glover, Whites two, Derham, Hauksbee, Hoadly, Folkes, Sloan, Cumberland, Heathcote ; when I came in we fell a talking about morality by the fireside till Mr. Hauksbee and Hoadly came in ; then Mr. Graham desired us, privately, to let that discourse alone ;<sup>(1)</sup> Thornley talked of his new invention, where 10lb. would raise 11, or 20 with more ease than 11 ; Mr. Graham seemed to laugh at his notion, but he was very positive, and talked away at his usual rate ; we talked of deciphering, and I was going to decipher Mr. D'Anteney's writing by cant words, but he, seeing me going about it, said I could do it ; he showed me some of his writing and joining of the letters with one another, and when we came to the table again he told them he had learnt my shorthand, and was very much delighted with it, and was sure every body that learnt it would be so ; supper, broke up about eleven ; bought *Monsieur Oufle*<sup>(2)</sup> at Paul's coffeehouse, where stepping in as I went to the Sun ; it was the third or fourth book, I had it for 14d. ; Mr. Hill began to learn.

Wednesday [December] 22nd : called on Clowes at one o'clock ; we took coach on the other side of the bars to the Salutation Tavern ; sent for Mr. Alanson, who bought for us eight whittings and three dabs, which we had fried ; went to Blossoms Inn and spoke to Mr. Mason, who was ill of the gout in bed ; he promised to send down three barrels of oysters for me if they were good.

Thursday [December 23rd] : took coach for Mr. D'Anteney's, where I breakfasted ; Coll. Schutz his man coming to tell Mr. D'Anteney the nature of brewing for some German bread, I writ out what he said in shorthand ; Mr. D'Anteney talked to me about Mr. Derham of our club teaching under me for half pay, because there were a great many that would have a mind to learn, but not of a stranger, and of my taking two guineas ; that it was

(1) This is good !

(2) Those who wish to acquire a knowledge of witch and enchantment lore will find few works richer in illustration than *Monsieur Oufle*.



better to have a hundred scholars for two guineas than ten for five, but I said it was very troublesome to teach some people, and especially such as I should have if I lowered my price; that I could not well keep the best to myself and leave the bad ones to another; that I was willing to set it agoing myself; he mentioned my showing it to Mr. Folkes for nothing but his approbation only, because, he said, Mr. Folkes was a clever man and his approbation would be of service. I told him I was of his mind in that, and would show it Mr. Folkes when he pleased; he thought that Mr. Folkes at the club, when he commended it, looked as if he was eager to know it; we talked of Dr. Jurin, and I told him what I thought of his notion, being afraid that after I had shown it him he cooled about it, but he said that Jurin had spoke of it, that it was the best, and could not be mended; for his own part, he said he had always been for having it, because he would have everything that he could buy for money, because money goes away but knowledge remains; called at Lord Stanhope's about two, but he was not within.

Friday [December] 24th: went to Mr. Hill's; thence to Mr. Judge's, bought a hat 16s., girdle 1s. 6d. Mr. Brettargh said he would call on me to-morrow morning before he went out of town, so I writ some shorthand to Phebe when I came home.

Saturday, Christmas Day, 1725: rose about eleven, Mr. Brettargh did not come; went to Richard's at night, was at Gray's Inn chapel at five o'clock.

Sunday [December] 26th: staid at home till evening; went to Richard's at night, talked about Collins, religion.

Monday [December] 27th: Mr. Johnson's brother came for his sword; went with Bob Ord to his chamber, Mr. Courtois came there, I looked over some of his dictionary with him.

Tuesday [December 28th]: took coach to Lord Stanhope's, he within, I went to him; he told me he had done some little in the country, but should have little leisure, he was afraid, in town; thence to Mr. D'Anteney's, found him at his coffee, read some of his writing; he told me again of Derham and Folkes; went to Richard's; Mildmay and I went to see a room in Fig-tree court;

went with Johnson again to High Holborn to look at a plain silver sword, but did not like it, gave him two guineas to buy the fellow to his own; thence to the Sun; Derham told me Mr. Hauksbee had mentioned somebody that would learn, so we asked him, and it was Mr. Hoadly, the Bishop's son; Hauksbee enquired about it, said I had better teach it; saw Mr. Nicoll to-night, who told me that Mr. Thomson of the bank, my subscriber, had enquired about the book, and complained of its not coming out, so I gave Nicoll a guinea to offer him or any other person, and desired him to thank Mr. Thomson.

Wednesday [December] 29th: Mr. Whitehead took measure of me for a new double-breasted coat; went to Mr. Johnson's, he had laid down 40s. for the sword which I resolved to have.

Thursday [December 30th]: went to Mr. Hill's, staid about an hour, shewed him the way of prepositions and terminations; Vernon came there, went with him to look for Mr. Lysle; thence we came to the Rolls, where Vernon designed to look at some grants, but the man was not there; went to the King's Arms, had a pint of sack and oysters, had much talk about hereditary right.

Friday [December] 31st: had a letter from sister Ann Byrom with a £100 bill on Mr. Barnes, drawn by Mr. Eyre and endorsed by father Byrom, thus: "Pay the contents to Dr. John Byrom: it is my order. Joseph Byrom." I altered Dr. to Mr. Mildmay and I looked at some other lodgings in Rundell street.

#### 1726.

Saturday January 1st, 1726: a very rainy day; wrote an answer to sister Ann's letter, and gave her an account of shorthand. Josiah came and I gave him a lecture on shorthand, of the nature of language, the three dots for substantives, adjectives, and adverbs; he brought a manuscript of Mason's, which he left here.

Sunday [January 2nd]: rainy day; went with Clowes to cousin Chaddock's, where we dined, Mr. Morgan the preacher and his lady there; mention was made of smallpox, and cousin Chaddock said she was so surprised when she had them; I told her I was sent for at twelve o'clock at night, that Mr. Scholes said she had



them, and that it looked very like them, but that after I thought it might not be them; pray God forgive me all my errors in physics and everything else. Went to Richard's, Mr. Bentley and Mr. Casley came there; Mr. Sherman there, spoke to us; I went with Mr. Bentley and Mr. Casley to see Dr. Bentley and stayed supper; we had a great dispute<sup>(1)</sup> about letters, *ch*, *che*, Cicero Kikero, *vinco vinkis*, *vinkere*, the Phœnicians the first inventors of letters, all arts and sciences from the Mediterranean, Terence, types, Vandykes gentlemen spoke for three years beforehand; he would have *ch*, *th*, to be two letters, and I would not let them; we talked till he said, call another case; he commended Wilkins' book; he said he had made emendations upon Milton which he had given to Heylin; that the English verses were hollow; came away after ten. Mr. Casley told of Mr. Kenn's designing to print shorthand if I did not, but said he thought he would be honourable.

Monday [January] 3rd: went at eleven to Mr. Hill's; went with Mildmay to look at lodgings in Boswell court, thence he went with me to Mr. Barnes, who paid me a £100 upon Mr. Eyre's bill; thence to Richard's, Johnson came there; Mildmay desired me to have his company, so we went to the King's Arms, and Johnson sent for his fiddle, and Mildmay was much pleased.

Tuesday [January 4th]: went on foot, for it was a fine frosty day, to Mr. D'Anteney's, he gave me a glass of almond milk, made of almond paste, which makes a fine emulsion in an instant; we walked through the park together and so to Temple Bar; I showed him where I was at Richard's, asked him to drink a dish of coffee; I presented him with my steel pen, which he would have given me 2s. for, but I would give it to him; writ to Mrs. Byrom; went to the Sun, Mr. Folkes, Brown, Graham, Hoadly, Derham, Glover, Whites two, Ord, D'Anteney, the lame gentleman; we had talk about the art of memory, Mr. Folkes got thirty words.

(1) It is much to be regretted that Byrom did not Boswellize on this occasion, that we might have had a full record of the conversation instead of these heads, which are so tantalizing. The discoverer of the digamma seems always to have been anxious about the true pronunciation of letters.

Wednesday [January] 5th: went to Hassel's chambers; he talked of having a shorthand club, which I told him I had always designed; went to the King's Arms and passed the night; Vernon, Clowes, Hassel, Mildmay, Sanderson, and I, talked about metaphysics, the devil, Balaam's ass, Samson's foxes, and such like matters; Vernon had had Mr. Berkley's book lent him.

Thursday [January 6th]: met Josiah in Fleet street, he having been sliding on the ice on St. James's canal; I took him into Richard's, coffee for him and myself 8d.; Sir John Bernard spoke to me there; Mr. West called and told me he had a book to dedicate to me.

Friday [January 7th]: at Richard's, Mildmay there, and Courtois, to whom I gave his two papers of words, English and French, again; went with Mildmay to St. James's park to see people skate; thence to look at chambers; then to Slaughter's coffeehouse, the man told me the time for playing at chess was six or seven; then to Richard's, had a letter from Mrs. Byrom, Phebe, and a line from my brother to see Fairchild about Paradise stocks. Lent Mildmay two guineas to-day.

Saturday [January 8th]: Mr. Nicoll came from Cambridge to the Queen's Head in Gray's Inn lane, and sent for me to dinner; writ Mrs. Byrom to-night, and asked her advice about taking chambers in the Temple.

Sunday [January 9th]: went to the Temple church, an elderly gentleman preached about Christ sitting in the midst of the doctors, sermon forty minutes long; saw Mr. Lucas, who said he had been executing my commission of giving Mr. Thomson and Mr. Had—— of the Temple their half-guineas; thence to Mr. Folkes, Mr. Stanley, Sloane, young Folkes, Machin there; Mr. Stanley shewed us Fran. Hoffman's strange book of strange miscellanies; *Lunæ cauda ven. caud. ven. Terræ*; gave Mr. Folkes' man 1s.; came in the coach with Ord and Folkes to Lincoln's Inn; Machin could not allow *δρῦος πεσούσης πας ἀνὴρ ξυλκεται* to be an iambic, I quoted that iambic *θρῆπουσιν ἡθῆ* from Aratus, he said it was not Aratus; we talked of Chinese, Dr. Halley's lending his name



to Mapes; Machin commended a letter of one Mr. Hesleden very much, written to Dr. Halley.

Monday [January 10th]: went near twelve to Mr. Whitworth's, and sat with him a little; he showed me some verses of Dr. Broxolme and Mr. Young, and told me again of publishing a miscellany of my own, that everything of mine had been commended, that he had shown the pastoral, "The Lord is my Shepherd," to Mr. Hedges, and that he had said he would give all the world to be able to have done them; he asked me to dine with him, so after I had been again with Mr. D'Anteney and read some of his writing about conic sections I went to Giles, and a little after three to dine with him; young Lord Fielding, Lord Denbigh's son, six years old, there, a very sprightly boy, and Mrs. Johnson, a very pretty woman. I came away just after Mrs. Johnson went and Mrs. Waite came in; thence to Richard's, found there a letter from Mr. P. Selby, Phil. Nicols came.

Tuesday [January 11th]: went to Richard's, Sir J. Bernard there; Dr. Morgan, Mr. Gill went after seven to the Sun, the club; we had much talk about metaphysics; Mr. Hauksbee asked me many questions about ideas; Mr. White mentioned the different way of Dean Berkley and Dr. Clark's disputing, that he had not forsaken his notions.

Wednesday [January 12th]: went with Mildmay to look at Woodman's books, and had catalogues; went to Kent's, had cold beef, brawn, and oatcake.

Thursday [January 13th]: read some of Mr. Hill's writing out of Milton; from Richard's went in a coach with young Folkes to Pontac's, Mr. Folkes two, White two, Ord, Glover, Allen there, dinner. To the Society; Dr. Stukely there, I gave him his nephew's letter, he asked me about my book, and I told him I would call on him some day; Mr. Saumarez was there with his engine the Marine Surveyor, which he talked over tediously enough, as they said; Sir Isaac in the chair; I spoke to Jurin. Had a letter from Mrs. Byrom, and one from sister Ann.

Friday [January] 14th: Mildmay and I went to the play of the "Provoked Wife," 3s.

Saturday [January 15th]: Clowes sent a boy for me about ten o'clock; I went and found Jemmy Ord there, who was come from Cambridge yesterday; he gave me what he had transcribed from the book of Notæ at the abbey of St. Germ: the notes I found were the same as those in Gruter; he showed me a letter from Charleton with some verses out of the Corinthians about charity. Went to Culpeper's, gave him my loadstone to put a little silver hook in it; Jemmy Ord sent for me and Mildmay, Mildmay was engaged with Bendish, I went, and found Mr. Lamb there; he gave me his German book of *Steganographia*, and Ramsay's *Tacheographia*, printed at Franc., and showed me a book he had writ of his journals. Bob Ord came in from the opera of "Eliza," which he said he did not like at all; we looked at Dr. Bentley's Terence, read over Doddington's Epistle to Walpole; John Myers at Montpelier. J. Ord is to write to Paris for a book *De Notis*, which a gentleman promised him if he could not meet with it here.

Sunday [January 16th]: did not go out till about five o'clock; saw G. Lee, L. Masters, Sir Thomas Ashton, Dr. Morgan, Mr. Clark (writing master), the house very full; Dr. Smith, J. Ord, Mildmay, Wickham went to the Feathers, Palmer and Hall came to us; talked about Woolaston's book.

Monday [January 17th]: went to Mr. Nicoll's, he told me he had seen Mr. Thompson of the bank, and that he had offered him his half guinea, but that he would not take it, but said he was in no haste; so Nicoll gave me my guinea again, for he said somebody else had refused to take their money again; dined with Mildmay and Mr. Courtois at Moorhen's; thence to Gautier's collection of pictures in Common Garden. Dr. Smith and I went with J. Ord home, and Bob and Hassels came to us; we talked about shorthand types, and just as we parted, subscribed to meet at the King's Arms on Feb. 1st. 1726.

Tuesday [January] 18th: went to Mr. D'Anteney's; thence through the park and to Mr. Woodman and Lion's shop to look over Flechier's books; transcribed a little from Jac. Gohorius *De usu et mysteriis Notarum*, &c.; writ to Mrs. Byrom that Mr. Peplo was



chosen Bishop. Dr. Smith and Jurin at Richard's, they went to the play, "Provoked Wife;" Wickham there, he writ a note to Dr. Smith for me to give him at the Sun, where I went; Mr. Folkes, Glover, &c., there, talked about our college at Manchester, the Japonese masquerade. I told Dr. Jurin of Dr. Deacon's being inoculated; he desired me to get an account of it.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

January 18th, 1726.

Mr. Peplow kist his Majesty's fist for the bishopric of Chester and the wardenship of Manchester on Sunday; they are to go together from this time forth.<sup>(1)</sup> This piece of news I suppose will raise much speculation in our country. I hear Mr. Walker wants to speak with me, so I think to go see him shortly, and give your duty to him . . . Some say Mr. Peplow will hold your wardenship in commendam. Dr. Gilbert, for whom the Archbishop of York stickled for to be Bishop of Chester, is made Canon of Christ Church, as they say.

[Journal.]

Wednesday [January 19th]: went to Osborn's, bookseller; Postell *De literis Phœnicium* (liber rariss. as he calls it) not in its place; dined with Mildmay and Lethuillier at the King's Arms; spoke to Scoley for a room for the 1st instant.

Thursday [January 20th]: rose at seven, went to see if Osborn's sale was begun, not till nine o'clock; called at Abingdon's, coffee 3d.; to Osborne's at nine, the shop just opened, I was the first that went in; I bought *Dalgarno*,<sup>(2)</sup> deaf and dumb man author, 1s. 6d.;

(1) This did not turn out to be true. "Mem: that the 3rd March, 1725, Samuel Peploe S.T.B. was installed by his proxy, Francis Hooper, into the Wardenship of Christ's College in Manchester, by us, Roger Bolton, John Copley, Fellows."—*College Register*.

(2) Dalgarno's two most ingenious tracts on an universal character and the manner of teaching the deaf and dumb have recently been reprinted by the Maitland Society. Of the former, *Ars Signorum*, 1661, 12mo, there are two copies in the Byrom library. It was evidently a favourite book of his.

looked at Postell *De lit. Phœnicium*,<sup>(1)</sup> a very little old book ; it was out of its place, but Osborn said he had it in his pocket, and said it was at two guineas, which made me stare ; I looked it over, could see nothing in it for that price, he said Dr. Mead would give a guinea and a half for it. Postell says the Galli from Gomer had letters before the Greeks or Latins, that letters were before the Flood. Mildmay went with me to my chamber, and I lent him ten guineas and a ten pound note on Clare, for which he gave me his note for twenty pounds ten ; he and I and Fowler took coach to Westminster to see the meeting of the parliament, the King was going out of St. James's park just as we came through. We went up and down the Court of Requests ; meeting with Massey in the Hall, and he asking me, I went with him and Dr. King, master of the Charterhouse, and one Mr. Nichols, to the Horn Tavern ; Dr. King had *Tho. à Kemp.* always in his pocket. We came in a coach to Temple Bar about six o'clock, so that I missed the Society, which I did not much care for doing.

Friday [January] 21st : a very rainy day ; went at two o'clock in my cloak to Michael's, where the three Ords, Hassel, Coatsworth dined.

Saturday, January 22nd : this day I came to Mr. Wing's in Crane Court.

Sunday [January 23rd] : went to St. Dunstan's church at five o'clock ; thence to Richard's, saw Gordon, G. Lee, who told me Leycester would not be here till the end of next month. Jemmy Ord asked me to go see his brother Bob, who was not very well, I did so, his sister was there ; we had supper, stayed till just twelve. I went with their sister home ; Bob said he would recommend her to me for my second, so I told him I would put her into my num-

(1) The full title is *De Fœnicum Litteris seu de prisco latinæ et græcæ Linguae caractere ejusque antiquæ origine et usu commentatiuncula*. Paris, 1552. It is, however, neither one of the best nor one of the scarcest works of Postell. Osborn, in asking two guineas for it, with the usual instinct of a dealer, must have adapted his price rather to the apparent eagerness of Byrom for works of the kind, which he now appears to be industriously collecting, than to its marketable value at the time, which could not exceed a few shillings.



ber of twelve. It struck twelve just as I came into Crane Court; I found my fire in, and sat up by it till about two o'clock.

Monday [January] 24th: went to Mr. D'Anteney's, not within; thence to Westminster Hall, saw Selby and Trigg there,<sup>(1)</sup> who told me that Walker had been to take the oaths there that morning. I crossed the water to Lambeth about four; after evening prayers saw Walker, with whom I stayed a good while, he gave me Bapt. Porta *De occult. lit. Notis.* We talked about Mr. Peplo, and moralised; he asked me to come dine there on Saturday or Monday with Mr. Bentley, to dine with the Archbishop;<sup>(2)</sup> told me how Sir Thomas Parkyns had been pleased with my verses about Figg<sup>(3)</sup> and Sutton. I went thence by water to Whitehall; thence to Richard's, Mr. Ferrand overtook me in the Strand.

Tuesday [January 25th]: went with Mildmay to Mr. Burton's chambers in Garden Court, in the Temple, and he resolved to take them, forty guineas a year; Burton seemed to be a very clever gentleman; went to Mr. Reynolds, where Dr. Robinson came in, he that writ upon stone and gravel, method of physic, whom the Royal Society council refused to elect Fellow. I stayed a little after he was gone, told him of our meeting next Monday at the King's Arms, and desired his company if he was not engaged. Thence to Richard's; writ to Mrs. Byrom, had a great dispute with Wickham about Dr. Bentley's Terence, Jemmy Ord and I against him and another angry gentleman; thence to the Sun; Mr. Folkes, Hauksbee, &c., there.

Wednesday [January 26th]: Mr. Nicolls sent for me to come to him, because he had received a letter out of the country, which made me think there might be some news, but there was nothing only that his brother had sent him word that all my family were well; we had a deal of talk about thinking, resolution; I thought he talked very well upon the article of resolution, gave his man 1s.

(1) These were two of his cotemporaries at Trinity.

(2) Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1715-16 to 1737.

(3) A portrait of Figg, the prize-fighter, may be seen in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," and also in the second plate of the "Rake's Progress."

Thursday, January 27th: went to Mr. D'Anteney's, Dr. Tessier, came in, we drank coffee; Dr. T. mentioned our better acquaintance when he left us; Mr. D'Anteney advised me to show my shorthand to Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Folkes, Graham, Brown, which I said I would; at four went to the Royal Society, where Sir Isaac was president, Dr. Smith there; Jurin read a letter to Desagulier about magnetic experiments; a dispute between some members; one gentleman in a black cloak said all needles would turn to the poles; drank much coffee to-day; had I not best leave it off entirely? Mr. Nichols sent his boy with a shorthand note, about nine o'clock I went there, we talked about Mr. Peplo; thence I came to Richard's, where I found Mildmay and the two Lethuilliers; saw J. Ord, who gave me some writing of his about the law in Henry the Eighth's time.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

January 27th, 1726.

What I writ of Mr. Peplow was taken out of the newspaper I had then in my hand. Private advices said, that night, that he was not made Bishop at all, and other private advices that they had seen him kiss the King's fist; so I told you what was printed, and therefore must be true. But Bishop he will be to be sure, and a very remarkable case it is. Mr. Walker told me it struck him much that it seemed to be a stroke of providence that might raise many moral reflections in a man's head, that a Bishop should for seven years plague a poor man for pure plaguing sake, and then die, and this very man be invested with the very office of that very Bishop who had so used him. I told him the reflection was just enough so far, that sooner or later justice will prevail; but for construing providence in the accidents of mortal life too rigorously, or to make a whig or tory providence on't, might lead one too far; but Mr. P's. advancement to the bishopric has something very uncommon in't after all. You must continue your advices about a vacancy, however, because your husband Walker desires it.



## [Journal.]

Friday [January 28th] : about eleven Tarboe called here ; he was afraid of being pressed, there being gangs for that purpose up and down ; he talked of going into the country.

Saturday [January 29th] : Mr. Mildmay here, wrote out my Tunbridge verses, which I repeated to him. I went to Richard's about five, saw Humphreys, Ord, Dr. Smith ; came home about eight, sat up till two about my speech.

Sunday [January 30th] : lay till two o'clock, not having slept very well the beginning of the night ; find myself much refreshed, but yet not disposed to study. I went with Dr. Smith to D. Humphrey's, with whom we sat for an hour or two, talking over college matters, Ashenhurst, notions of life, Kelsall.

Monday [January 31st] : went to the Temple chapel, where the parson did not come to preach ; went to the King's Arms for Jack Hassel, who came with me and I gave him his first instruction, alphabet and its use and construction, at their chamber. At six to Richard's, had a letter from Mr. Brettargh that Mr. Wright of Winwick had found out the longitude, and having heard of my fame, was desirous I should present it to the great Sir Isaac Newton. Clowes and I went at seven to the King's Arms to our meeting of shorthand. Phil. Nichols came to us, then the Hassels, and so all of them. Just before we parted we subscribed as followeth :—" On Monday the 28th of February, 1725-6, we whose names are under written will meet at the King's Arms in order to erect ourselves into a shorthand society : J. Byrom, J. Ord, P. Nicholls, Robt. Ord, John Nicolls, R. Hassell, Wm. Mildmay, J. Hassell, Henry Ord, Jo. Clowes, Thos. Hill."

February 1st, Tuesday : went to Richard's at one o'clock ; thence to the city, called at Inny's shop, he gave me Chamber's cyclopædia proposals ; I asked him if there was to be any article of shorthand ; met Bryan in Paternoster Row ; called at cousin Chaddocks, found Jo. Clowes there ; thence to enquire after Mr. Stansfield, who was removed to Eastcheap, where I went to him ; Mrs. S. very bad, seemed not likely to continue long. To the Sun in

Paul's church yard, Mr. Folkes, Graham, Heathcote, Derham, White senior, Hoadly, D'Anteney, Jurin, Prideaux, Ford, and the lame gentleman, paid 2s. apiece, and Derham had 5s. in bank; we talked about Chamber's *Cyclopædia*, the experiment with the needle, which they tried there, but it would not do. Derham and I came home together.

Wednesday [February 2nd]: I went to Richard's about five o'clock, saw Jemmy Ord there, he went to the play of "Hecuba,"<sup>(1)</sup> acted the first time; Clowes there, he bought my Lord Macclesfield's trial, 9s., and lent it me to-night, and I went to Ord's chamber and read it till he came from the play. Lincoln's Inn revels, Mr. Stanley, governor; Pocock at Ord's; Bob came to us and said they were going to dance in his room, so all things were removed, but they did not come; the two Hassells came. I went before twelve into the Hall with Dick Hassell, where they were dancing; thence home.

Thursday [February] 3rd: went to Richard's, thence to Dr. Bentley's; I spoke to Mr. Bentley about going to Lambeth, and he said he would go on Monday; thence to Mr. D'Anteney's, found him just ready to go out; we both came through the park, saw Dr. Tessier as we went; Mr. Walker in the park, I spoke to him after and told him we should come to dine with him on Monday, he was going to dine at the Duchess of Buckingham's. Thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I saw Mr. Reynolds, and had talk with him about shorthand. Mr. Piper, my old acquaintance at Montpelier, spoke to me to my great surprise, and we appointed to meet to-night. I went to see Torbock, and left my watch with him, which went too fast; he made me a punch, and we tried to punch letters in shorthand, and it seemed very likely, and he said he would make me punches enough. I went thence to the Society, Sir Hans Sloane in the chair; Dr. Jurin read part of a letter from a doctor at Plymouth

(<sup>1</sup>) A tragedy by Richard West, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. It was acted at Drury Lane, and published in 4to, 1726. Notwithstanding the actors were Booth, Wilks, and Mrs. Oldfield, it was acted on the second and third nights to nearly empty benches. It is a translation from Euripides, and its want of success to those who read it will not appear very surprising. The author amusingly consoles himself for his failure by styling himself in his preface "a martyr to truth."



about the smallpox, and part of a treatise about alkalis; Dr. Smith there, who brought Cooper and Barton of St. Andrew's with him. Thence to Richard's; Piper came after seven o'clock, and he and I and Cooper went to the Mitre; Piper and I talked about Montpelier, he said I had his sword for the duel we were to have fought there, and so I told them the story. He said he lived among his own tenants in Essex, near Sudbury, he did not follow any business, invited me to pass some time with him at his country house; I was very glad to see him.

Friday [February 4th]: went to Richard's, saw Mildmay there, went with him to his new lodging, saw his Louvre Testament bound in blue morocco leather, 20s.; thence to King's Arms, where Bob and Harry Ord and Dick and Jack Hassell dined; agreed to go to Clinch of Barnet to-night; thence to Lincoln's Inn to Mr. Bridge's, bookseller. Went to Clinch's; the coach we took broke its leathers on one side as we rode through the Old Bailey, (No. 767,) so we got into another; Clinch diverted us pretty well; came to Ord's chamber, where Mr. Heyrick, Gordon, Hassells, Byerly, Wilson, supped, came away at twelve with the Hassells. Mildmay paid me what I had lent him to-day by a bank bill of £20.

Saturday [February 5th]: went to Ord's, Jemmy and Heyrick reading conic sections; thence to Bridge's, bookseller, till three o'clock. Writ to Mrs. Byrom, sat with Mr. Wing from ten to eleven; had a fire made when I came home, by which I stayed up about my speech till near three o'clock.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Feb. 5th, 1726.

I received thine writ upon thy birthday; I wish thee to see many of them with satisfaction; I had wished thee joy of it last post, but was that night with a very great stranger — Mr. Piper<sup>(1)</sup> of Queen's College, Cambridge, who was with me at Montpelier, and lent me his sword (he says) when we were to have had our duel there, which

(<sup>1</sup>) John Piper, B.A. 1710, M.A. 1720.

we got so honourably quit of; I thought he had been dead, but it seems he lives in Essex amongst his own tenants. I saw Mr. Taylor of Stockport, Dr. Manwaring's acquaintance, at this house the same night—how does the Dr. do? and Dr. Deacon, who made me the compliment when I came away to take care of you or yours if you wanted him? We met last Monday, eleven of us, at the King's Arms, and appointed the 28th of this month to erect ourselves into a shorthand society; I am to make a speech upon that important occasion.

We are to dine with Mr. Walker on Monday next, the last proved to be your birthday, the 30th of January, which we did not consider was a fast day at the Archbishop's.

[Journal.]

Sunday [February 6th]: Mr. Phil. Nicholl's man came this morning to ask me to dine with his master, so I went after one; he read some of Dr. Cheyne's book. I came away between three and four, and went to Ormond chapel, where I heard Mr. Lucas preach upon "I knew that thou wast an hard man;" he never once looked on his book as I could observe. Thence I came to Richard's, where at half an hour after six the house was as full as I had ever seen it. Sir Thomas Ashton came to me and said he never saw me but once a week, brought me to Mr. Hunt, the projector of improving land, with whom I had much talk; he said he would ask £100,000 for it if the government put it to him what he would have; the man seemed to be no fool, and yet was thought so by Sir Thomas; he said he would not trust the best man alive with it. I saw everybody there almost.

Monday [February 7th]: went to Essex House, found Heyrick, Walker, and another gentleman with Jug and Betty<sup>(1)</sup> in the parlour; we went to Lambeth, in a coach to Westminster Hall, and thence walked to the ferry and took oars over; there was a good many clergymen there to dinner, and after chapel Mr. Folkes and Bob Ord came; I ate some salmon, which his Grace helped me to, as he did

(1) Joanna and Elizabeth, the two daughters of Dr. Bentley.



the rest.<sup>(1)</sup> After dinner we went to Dr. Ibbotson's<sup>(2)</sup> room to drink a glass of wine, and most of the rest came to us. Bob Ord and I came away by water to the Temple; thence home for my cloak to go to Bridge's auction, met the Hassells by the way buying mourning swords for an aunt who was dead; called at Jem. Ord's, and he went with me; the man gave me a catalogue. I bought two books, Passeratius *De Lit. cog.*, 2s. 6d., and Cicero *de Fato*, Dionis *Troja non capta*, 5s. 6d., the same price as it appeared in the book and Bridges had given himself. Montagu Bacon was there, told me he had a letter from Tom Bentley; we went to Mr. Ord's; Mr. Bacon mentioned his Herm. Hugo, which I had before desired him to let me see, and an Italian author, *De punctarli Scritti*, and Mr. Folkes mentioned the *Grammaire raisonnée* of Monsieur Armand, which he had of Mr. Bacon, who said he might give it to some of us, for he had another; sat up without a fire about my speech (Xenophon) till about two, rainy morning.

Tuesday [February 8th]: Mr. Johnson called here near eleven o'clock, was going to Sir Thomas Ashton's, who he said lodged at Dr. Mead's. Mr. Phil. Nicholls called on me this afternoon, stayed about an hour. I went after five to Richard's; thence to Bridge's auction, did not stay long; saw Mr. Bentley, Casley, Hill, at Richard's; Mr. Lowndes followed me in there, my old fellow traveller; he said he was going to Portugal, that Walpole would stand it if there was no war. Thence I came home at nine o'clock; Mr. Derham came to me after he had been at the Club, a quarter before twelve, and told me that Dr. Hickman would be glad of my acquaintance, and had spoke to him to bring me to their club at the Leg, and desired me to come there to-morrow night; I told him I would. Sat up about my speech till near three — too late, too late.

Wednesday [February 9th]: went with Jo. Clowes to buy tea at Tom's; he went to commons at Gray's Inn, where Fenwick was

(1) This was one of the "public dinners" at Lambeth, which were continued at the Palace, according to ancient custom, until the death of Archbishop Howley, in 1848.

(2) Richard Ibbotson, D.D., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon, Rector of Lambeth, and author of some miscellaneous sermons.

exciting a rebellion against the benchers. I went home and looked over my books and papers that lay in the box that I left at John's when I went into the country last, and to my great surprise and satisfaction I found the shorthand paper book with the white parchment cover which I advertised for lost at Manchester, 20s. reward; I was mightily glad. After seven o'clock I went to the Leg, where Mr. Derham introduced me to the club, we were thirteen of us; nothing remarkable passed, only Dr. Hickman and I had a long dialogue about liberty and necessity; he was entirely against liberty, and so was another gentleman that had read Collins<sup>(1)</sup> his *Philosophical Enquiry into Human Liberty*; we stayed till after one o'clock. Hickman, it seems, was he that sent me the things to decipher by Hassell. He desired me to meet them and him on Sunday night.

Thursday, February 10th; went to Mr. D'Anteney's, he wrote something after my reading out of Æsop's fables; went to the Society, where Sir Isaac was presiding; Dr. Jurin read the last part of Dr. Huxolm's letter from Plymouth about the smallpox; a cook brought a liver of a chicken that had two hearts to it, the Society gave him 5s.; there was upon the table a wasp's nest from Carolina. Dr. Smith there, said he was to go to Cambridge to-morrow, so I took leave with him, and went to Richard's; Mr. Reynolds there, I showed him Harry Ord's sermon that he had writ, and I gave him Jemmy's speech of W. Shippen to read by himself. Mr. Hill paid me five guineas there to-night. Gave Dr. Stukely my Lord Pembroke's half guinea at the Society.

Friday [February 11th]: Lethuillier desired me to ride with him in his coach; thence I went to Mr. Nicholls and stayed with him a little; then to Bridge's auction, Mr. Folkes, Bacon, Hassell; came home about eight; I wrote this letter to Dr. Deacon, to be sent to-morrow, sat up till two o'clock:—

(1) Anthony Collins, the free-thinker, who in this his ablest work supports the scheme of necessity with great acuteness. He was, however, answered with superior force of reasoning by Dr. Samuel Clarke, to whom Collins, though he lived twelve years after, made no reply. Dr. Jonathan Edwards's famous work is but an expansion of Collins.



Dear Dr.: How do you do? I thought to have writ to you in shorthand, but having a question to ask you that may require a long-hand answer, I refer it to my next; it is to enquire whether you pursued your design of being inoculated. You said nothing of it to me when I said farewell, like a sly rogue as you were; but Mrs. Deacon's concern did not permit her to be silent. I kept the secret, which I suppose is none by this time; but meeting my friend Dr. Jurin, who I know has taken the trouble of informing the public of the success of that practice upon him, I told him there was a gentleman of the profession in our town that had determined to try the experiment upon himself, upon which he told me he should be obliged if I would let him know the particulars of that experiment, which accordingly I promised to ask you after, which I do by the present, requesting you to acquaint us how it succeeded with you, your opinion thereof, and such particulars as you think fit to acquaint us with.

Another question I must ask you, and that is, whether your friend Mr. Jebb is in this town, and where one may have the pleasure of seeing him? As for shorthand it is like to flourish and abound; on the 28th inst. a society is to be erected for the purpose thereof by our fundatorial authority, to which we heartily invite you whether you can come or no; if the country requires your presence, we shall admit you by proxy, though it is a pity you cannot hear the learned speech which your master is to make at the opening: *au reste*, Monsieur, we shall be glad to hear of your welfare, of the health and adventures of ——— and ——— of our friends and acquaintance, to whom we pray presentences of our services, and, with cordial respects to yourself and your other self, your affectionate master and servant, J. B. — Let me hear from you at Richard's.

Saturday [February 12th]: Phil. Nicholl called, Harry Ord came while he was here to fetch me to dinner at the Red Lion, where we were, the three Ords, two Hassells, Coatsworth, Heyrick. Went to see Mary, John's wife, found her in bed, pretty free from fever but very faint; thence came to Squire's coffeehouse, where I found Lightboun, Hilton, Mr. Lucas. Went to J. Ord's, wrote to Mrs. Byrom and Phebe there.

## [Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Saturday night, February 12th, 1726.

What do you think? The book I had lost and advertised, after all, was in my box at London. It certainly has been conveyed there by some kind spirit, for sure you saw me have it at Manchester; well, to be sure, I found it in my box, on Thursday, amongst some papers I was reviewing. I can't trust my own eyes scarce, but I think 'tis it. I had given it for gone very composedly.

## [Journal.]

Sunday [February] 13th: went at seven to George's, where I met Dr. Hickman according to agreement, and Mildmay came to us; we were at the King's Arms to-night, the two Hassells, Hickman, Mildmay, Platel; I saw Captain Manley, I think, and an admiralty officer. I wish I had not made the engagement, for I had fasted myself into healthy order and this night set me back again.

Monday [February 14th]: went to Dr. Stukeley's, he had a great many stones, shells, and other curiosities in his room; Mr. Folkes going by to Bridge's auction we called on him out of the window, and we went there after him; I told Dr. Stukeley by the way how the Romans and Greeks practised shorthand, which he said he did not think at before, and said I should do well to write a dissertation upon it. Went to J. Ord's, Bob came in, I told him he must begin now the term was over, he said he should be busy about the seals.

Tuesday [February 15th]: went to Mr. Reynolds, stayed reading and talking till we went to the auction, where I bought Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Oxford edition, for 15s. 6d.; then came to Richard's; Mr. Folkes asked me to go to the club, but I excused myself; Mr. Reynolds asked me to dine with him on Thursday, to meet at the auction.

Wednesday [February 16th]: went to Richard's; thence to Mr. Hill's, not within; thence to Mr. Nicholl's, Mr. Thompson's son came in while I was there and looking over Suetonius; to Will's coffeehouse, David Humphreys came in while I was there; told me



Dr. Smith had broke his collar bone by a fall from his horse. Coming from Mr. Nicolls this morning I called at Serle's coffeehouse, where Mr. Chandler came in; his father, he said, was the only one that writ Bishop Lloyd's shorthand.

Thursday, [February] 17th: rose at eight, went out with Mr. Derham to go to Mr. D'Anteney's; I called on J. Ord, Mr. Courtois was there; Jem gave me the beginning of another dictionary that he was going to make; to Mr. D'Anteney's. I met Dr. Massey in the park, and his lady; I went from him to Bridges's<sup>(1)</sup> auction, bought Olaus Magnus, 6d., by the way, and Aristophanes at the auction, 8s. 6d.; dined with Mr. Reynolds, took something out of Du Fresne's dictionary before dinner; we chatted afterwards about Quakers; thence home with my book; then to the Society, where Dr. Massey was. Dr. Stukeley spoke to me to come to him again, because he said he was mightily taken with my shorthand. Nothing very extraordinary to-day, but the Frenchman's pretension of finding the latitude and hour of the day by the declination and altitude of a star given. I had much discourse with him. Mr. Folkes, Jurin, Machin, &c., thought what he pretended was impossible, and the man himself said he could do it. They desired him at last to tell them what latitude the observation was made in when such a star was ten degrees eastern declination and ten degrees altitude, and he said he could tell it, and so was to come next Saturday; he was a weaver by trade, his name Foissart. Wrote to Mr. Leycester, desiring him to come up to town before the 28th, when our society was to meet. While I was writing, Mr. Oliver Green came to me, and I knew who it was, so when I had written my letter I asked

(1) This auction to which Byrom so frequently refers and which he seems to have attended very regularly was the sale of the library of John Bridges Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, one of the memorable book sales in the early part of the last century. The number of articles sold was 4313, which realized £4001. Humphrey Wanley in his *Diary* bitterly complains of the conduct of the two brothers of Mr. Bridges in running up the price of the books at the sale. He styles it "the roguish sale of Mr. Bridges's books." Nevertheless a collector at the present day might wish for no better opportunity than to be able to reopen the biddings on the greater part of the lots sold.

him to drink a glass of wine, and he chose to go to the Devil Tavern, for the name of it.

Friday [February 18th]: went after five to Richard's, Dr. Knight<sup>(1)</sup> came to ask for me there, and told me he intended to publish Dr. Patrick's Life; I told him it would be difficult for him to read his shorthand, that nobody could do it but myself, or somebody skilled in shorthand; he said he would call again some night, and he and I and Mr. Worthington would spend an hour together, that Mr. Parne was going to publish Anacreon. Dr. Tom Brown's nephew sat by while I was talking to him, and, after he was gone, asked me when my book would come out, said that his uncle had given him the subscription; I offered him the half guinea, but told him the book would not come out yet; he said Mr. Farrer was in town, I told him I wanted to give him his money and two or three more of them, Smith, Kendrick, &c. Thence to Bridge's auction, where I saw Mr. Reynolds, who told me of Gohorius, thinking I had not known it. I bought Antoninus by Stanhope, large paper, 6s. 6d.,<sup>(2)</sup> which was very cheap; Mr. Jebb spoke to me there, and said he would call on me on Ash Wednesday at twelve, that he had heard from Dr. Deacon, but did not know that he was inoculated. Dr. Jebb asked me if I had seen Dr. Mead? I told him, no, he said I might if I would; home after eight, sat up about my speech till near two.

Saturday [February 19th]: went to Richard's at night, saw Mr. Vaudrey there, who said Mr. Yates of the Temple had a mind to learn shorthand, I told him I would show him the nature of it if he pleased, and then he might judge. Mr. King came to me there and said he wanted to learn, we talked a good deal about it; we agreed to meet at his chamber, No. 6 in the Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. Jem Ord there, I showed him a letter to Charlton,<sup>(3)</sup> which he writ

(<sup>1</sup>) Samuel Knight D.D. of Trinity College Cambridge, Archdeacon of Berks and Prebendary of Ely, the biographer of Erasmus and Dean Colet. He made collections for the life of Bishop Patrick, but they were never published. He died in 1746, æt. 72.

(<sup>2</sup>) Byrom Catalogue, p. 9.

(<sup>3</sup>) George Charlton, of the family seated at Chilwell in Notts, was a Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, B.A. 1718, M.A. 1722.



a little in, and it went away to-night. Jemmy Ord asked Mr. Edwards to go to his chamber, which we did, had tarts and cheese, French wine, red; I showed them Rich's *Psalms*, (shorthand,) of which Bob Ord read the preface; I told Edwards that Tom Sharp,<sup>(1)</sup> whom he was mentioning, had set me upon shorthand. I saw Mr. Floyd to-night, and spoke to him if he had not subscribed for Lord Rochford, he said yes, and that Mr. Stiles his father had spoke to him, so I gave him a guinea but had no receipts; I told him, though I had not given over the design of printing, yet I would rather the subscribers had their money; that I was teaching, and that it would come out with better grace when others had an opinion of it; he said my own character would recommend it.

Sunday [February 20th]: stayed at home till six; met Brook Rawson; saw Mr. Dic Hanover Legh at Richard's, who was come post from the country.

Monday [February 21st]: Mr. King began to learn, paid five guineas; thence to the auction, bought Pignorius *De Servis*, 3s. 6d.; Jem Ord, Empson, and I went to Serle's, J. O. paid for my chocolate; he and I went to see another auction in Bartlet's Buildings, but we went to Gray's Inn walks; he went to dine with Mr. Glover, and I to Mackrel's coffeehouse; the old saddler there, eighty-seven, that had two brothers alive, one of them ninety-four, as he thought, but he (this) thought not so much, he talked of Edgehill battle; thence to the auction, where I bought Gohorius *De Usu et Myst. Notarum*, 6s. 6d.,<sup>(2)</sup> but I was resolved to have it. The parson that bought the first Homer that I bid for was there, and he and I had a long talk about the origin of letters, accents, shorthand, and Dr. Hopwood came to us and said his opinion was that of Dr. Bentley's, that they were brought in to teach the Romans Greek pronunciation; the parson mentioned some passage in Aristotle, where he says that

(<sup>1</sup>) Thomas Sharp, son of the Archbishop of York, Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, B.A. 1712, M.A. 1716, D.D. 1729. He was Archdeacon of Northumberland and Rector of Rothbury, and published *Discourses on the Hebrew Tongue and Character*, &c. He died in 1758. One of his sons was the celebrated Granville Sharp.

(<sup>2</sup>) Byrom Catalogue, p. 95.

some word he there talks of might deceive the reader in writing, but could not in speaking, which showed they had no accents then; he said it was Dr. Nicholson, an Irish Bishop, that had writ the essay to amend the English language, *The Advant. of a Lang. to a Nation*,<sup>(1)</sup> and he said it was ill done. Jem Ord sent Thomas to desire me to come to their chamber; Mr. Folkes and Bacon there, who half quarrelled about their book; they talked of going to the masquerade, Ord gave me a ticket, he lent me a black coat and waistcoat and bar gown, and sent for a wig from the barber's; Mr. Folkes had another gown, and Heyrick's hat without the rose;<sup>(2)</sup> the man could not get us a coach, so we walked to Common Garden and took two chairs, my chair 1s.

Ash Wednesday, February 23rd: Mr. Jebb came to see me, sat with me about an hour and a half, said that Dr. Mead was a great whig, Dr. Friend proud and haughty, the reverse of Dr. Mead; we talked about Dr. Deacon, the Church; while he was here he said he was to visit a sick person, and so went away before three o'clock. Phil. Nichol called on me; we went to the Apollo, Mr. Oliverson's, where I bespoke a shoulder of lamb and a bottle of Burgundy to be brought to my chamber. I had a letter from Phebe and Mrs. B.; Phebe said she was happy when I read philosophical lectures to her; Mrs. B. said that Nanny Clowes was dead of the smallpox; Phebe said my son was a gentleman every inch of him. Phil. Nicholls and I supped and talked together till eleven o'clock, we talked about

(1) The full title of the tract referred to is, "The many advantages of a good language to any nation with the present state of our own," 1724, 8vo. It was, however, not written by "Dr. Nicholson, an Irish Bishop," but by Dr. Francis Hutchinson, Bishop of Down and Connor, the author of some other works which are still in esteem.

(2) Nathaniel Heyrick, Fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, B.A. 1719, M.A. 1723, succeeded his father in 1741 in the Rectory of Loddington co. Northampton, and died unmarried in 1767. He was a Whitehall preacher, and had a pension of £100 a year from the Earl of Halifax when Secretary of State. He left his entire property (after legacies of £20 each to Trinity College, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the poor of his Parish) to his friend Mr. Orde, formerly Fellow of Trinity College. — (Nichols' *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. ix, p. 634.)



Malbranche, &c., after our old way; I sat up after he went till near two o'clock.<sup>(1)</sup>

Thursday [February 24th]: called to ask Mr. Derham how he did; thence to Mr. D'Anteney's, where I found company, and one of them Mr. Ulrick, who asked me if I was not at the masquerade? he said, he knew me; he talked away, told us of the wild boy; Mr. D'Anteney was almost angry with him when the man brought him a pistol à ressort. I went thence to the Court of Requests, saw Mr. Frank Whitworth, to whom I spoke, and asked him how Jerry did? he said, much better, and told me he should be glad to see me any day at three o'clock. I saw Mr. Leheup, but could not get an opportunity of giving him his half guinea, which I had ready if I could have spoken with him. I went to pay Mr. Oliverton for last night's supper; his bill was—shoulder of lamb 2s. 6d., bottle of Burgundy 5s., bread, ale, cheese, 8d., only 8s. 2d. Thence to Richard's, and brought Hunt<sup>(2)</sup> to the Royal Society, where I introduced him; Jurin read some account of inoculation from Plymouth, part of a letter from Deidier to Sir Hans Sloan about the plague, with a new hypothesis of his own; and Machin read something of Vater's upon the hippomanes; Dr. Pierce was there, and after it was over I had an opportunity to return him his guinea which he had subscribed

(1) Aug. 4th, 1731. Philip Nicols, Clerk, Doctor of Laws, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, was unanimously expelled, and a copy of the sentence in Latin affixed to the College-gate, signifying that he had been guilty of dissolute living and of stealing many valuable books out of St. John's College Library and elsewhere, to the great scandal and dishonour of that University. — *Gent. Magazine*, vol. i. p. 351. He was afterwards one of the writers in the *Biographia Britannica*, and the articles with the signature P. in the first edition of the *Biog. Brit.* are assigned to him. He also published "The Castrated Letter of Sir Thomas Hanmer in the sixth volume of *Biog. Brit.*, with an impartial account of the extraordinary means used to suppress this remarkable Letter:" 1763, folio. Bishop Warburton, against whom this publication was levelled, does not fail, in noticing it, to refer to Nicols's disgraceful expulsion from the University.

(2) Thomas Hunt D.D., F.R. and A.S., of Hart Hall Oxford, Laudian Professor of Arabic and Regius Professor of Hebrew. His early patron was Hooper Bishop of Salisbury, whose works he published in folio, in 1757. He died in 1774, aged 78 years.

for himself and Ch. Parker. Went with Clowes and Bowes to Bridge's auction; thence to Richard's, wrote to Mrs. Byrom; Mr. Bold came in, he asked me where I was of a Sunday night that I was not with them? Dic Legh and Dr. Hopwood came to us. Thence I came home; I had a fire made, and sat up till near one o'clock, but was not in the humour for writing anything. The Frenchman did not come to the Society to-day.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

February 24th, 1726.

I received Phebe's and thine last. I have not time to tell you what fine folk I saw at the masquerade! on Monday night. The eldest of the Mr. Ords would present me with a ticket, and having dressed me up in his black clothes, bar gown, &c., I went to that famous assembly. When I have leisure I'll tell you as well as I can what a kind of a place it is; at present I am more anxious for what you say, that the smallpox are in your town of a bad sort, and that Nanny Clowes's poor girl is dead of 'em. I would not have you in any pain for your own little ones, because I flatter myself that, though they should have them, they would do well; but let 'em not come near a bad sort, if possible. Mr. Jebb called on me yesterday noon, said that Dr. Deacon was afraid his youngest boy had the smallpox; has he?

[Journal.]

Friday [February 25th]: went to Mr. Chandler's; thence to the auction, the famous Livy of Sigonius<sup>(1)</sup> sold for £35 10s.; letter from Dr. Deacon; at Richard's saw Mr. Hill, who took leave with me before he went to Oxford.

Saturday [February 26th]: Dr. Deacon said in his letter yesterday that Bryan Robinson's account had hindered him from being inoculated. Martin Folkes came to Richard's, where I had never seen him before; he asked J. Ord and me to his house, so we went,

<sup>(1)</sup> Described in Bridges's Catalogue as "Livius, Sigonii, Ch. Mag. cor. ture, unicum quod scimus in Angliâ exemplar: fol. Venet. Aldus. 1555."



and he showed us his books and rarities ; Mr. Chisledon<sup>(1)</sup> came there and showed some of his plates for his book, he went away before supper ; Mr. Graham came and stayed till we came away ; Mrs. Folkes complained of having got a great cold ; the monkey was very comical, we disputed whether he had reason or no, I said he was a man without reason, which definition Mr. Graham said was right ; we came away after twelve. I told Mr. Folkes at Richard's that Mr. D'Anteney and I intended to see him, that I would show him the nature of shorthand if he had a mind, he said he should be much obliged to me.

Sunday [February 27th] : Phil. Nichol sent for me to come and dine with him ; went to Richard's at six, saw G. Legh there ; Dr. Hickman asked me if I was engaged ? and so did Empson ; I told them I was, I was going home ; sat up till between two and three about my speech against to-morrow.

Monday [February 28th] : to the auction, thence to Mr. Nicholls, thence to Mr. D'Anteney's, whom I asked to come to our meeting to-night, he said he would if he could ; thence to Vaillant's, where I bespoke one of the *Lettres sur les Anglois* to be stitched up for me, he had none of Mr. Arnaud's *Grammaire raisonnée* ; thence to Mr. Reynolds, who promised to be with us to-night ; thence to my room, where I wrote the heads of my speech in shorthand, the latter end of which I had scarce time to finish ; thence to Richard's, Mr. Stansfield there in mourning for his wife, talked of sending his little boy into the country. I told him I would do him what service I could, and bid him have a good heart ; Jem Ord and Harry, Clowes, Mildmay, Reynolds, Jack Hassell there ; we went near eight to the King's Arms, where we had the two rooms laid together ; Bob Ord and Nichol came, and so we were nine in all. I spoke my speech before supper came in, and at the end erected the society in these

(1) William Cheseldon F.R.S., the eminent Surgeon and Lecturer, whose *Anatomy of the Human Body*, first published in 1713, was reprinted in 1726 in 8vo, and the eleventh edition appeared in 1788. He died in 1764. Mr. Sharp the Surgeon, son of the Archdeacon, (see ante, note, p. 206), in a dedication, styled him "the ornament of his profession," and represents that posterity will ever be indebted to him.

words : “*Quod felix faustumque sit genti Britannicæ nobisque omnibus, ego Johannes Byrom, ex Fundatoris auctoritate ac officio erigo vos præsentem, et erecti estis in Societatem Tachygraphicam, ad Tachygraphiam nostram Byromianam perdiscendam, promovendam, et perpetuandam in sæcula sæculorum. AMEN.*” I treated them this first session ; the bill was £1. 2s. 11d., I gave the drawer 1s. I desired them, and it was agreed to meet at my room every Monday in the afternoon to practise.

[The Speech.]

Gentlemen — At our last meeting it was your pleasure that I should open this present session with a speech. I shall not, therefore, make any apology to excuse myself from a task which you have thought fit to lay upon me.

Indeed, the obligation I am under to every one of you in particular as my scholars, and the honour which I pretend to, of being your founder as a Society, oblige me not to be silent on so agreeable an occasion ; and although what I have to say to you may show that my talent is not oratory, yet that, I consider, may be a guiltless defect ; whereas the least failure in point of gratitude in one who beholds himself surrounded by his friends and patrons, would certainly be a very great crime.

Permit me, therefore, gentlemen, in the first place, to return you my heartiest and sincerest thanks for the many instances of personal friendship which you have shown to me, and for the generous encouragement you have given to that Art which I have had the honour and pleasure of teaching to you.

It is an Art, gentlemen, which, though never understood in that perfection wherein you are masters of it, has always been valued and esteemed by men of true taste and learning, by men who have made the usefulness of an invention the standard of its worth, and the service it is applicable to in human life and society the measure of that regard which ought to be paid to it ; it has, I say, been valued and esteemed, adorned and cultivated by men of that character in the politest ages and countries.



This assertion, I am sensible, in the present inattentiveness of even the learned and ingenious to a study of this nature, will seem a paradox; and I question not but I should surprise some, who are much better acquainted with the learned languages than myself, with the very mention of Latin Greek, or Hebrew Shorthand: not that any one can be ignorant that the Romans had their *Notæ*, the Greeks their *Σημεῖα*, the Jews their *ראשי תיבות*; but that these terms have any correspondence with an Art which is supposed to have sprung up amongst us here in England, and that not many years ago, is what every one has not had occasion to observe.

Perhaps, therefore, it may not be unsuitable to the present solemnity to entertain ourselves with some reflections upon the antiquity of our Art; to trace the respect it has met with through those ages whose memoirs we are in other matters so industrious to search into, that so we may recreate our minds with the memory of illustrious persons who have been the patrons and practisers, and animate ourselves to this present undertaking by their authority and example.

If amongst ancient names we were to choose a patron, to wish for an example, we should certainly fix upon the immortal Tully, that masterpiece of human wit, of pagan perfection, whose actions and writings were enlivened by all the powers of eloquence and all the treasures of philosophy, in whose person all the suavities of domestic life were united to all the glories of the consular dignity. The sanction of a name so dear to men of liberal sentiments we should imagine would be sufficient not only to guard us from contempt, but to invite the attention, to secure the patronage of all those who pretend to be encouragers of new and useful discoveries.

Tully, gentlemen, is the name which stands foremost in the list of Shorthand. Such was the encouragement which he gave it, that he is thought by the generality of writers not only to have been the patron of it but the author too; they are not content to tell us that it flourished under his protection, but ascribe the very rise and being of it to his invention, not considering that the necessity of human affairs had obliged men long before his time to have recourse to its assistance. He was the first, indeed, who understood, and taught

whole Rome to understand, the true use and value of it; his opinion and example brought it into universal practice and esteem.

It was for this that he cherished his beloved Tyro, who shares the honour of the invention with him. It was in this that he corresponded with his intimate friends and instructed his darling son, for whose use he himself composed a dictionary of marks and words, the same perhaps with those which are yet extant amongst the only reliques of Roman shorthand which one or two manuscripts have preserved to us.

For although the thing itself was far from being new in his time, yet he had his own particular method of applying it: one instance may convince us of this. There is amongst these ancient marks a single short character, not for a common phrase or usual expression, nor for a sentence that could ever occur twice, for then any other notary might have made it, but for that rapid exordium to his famous speech against Catilina: *Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?* This mark at least must be supposed to have been one of the orator's own making.

Plutarch informs us that the entire speech of Cato against that incendiary was written as he spoke it, in Cicero's Shorthand, by swift writers whom he had instructed in it and placed here and there in the Senate House to note down everything that passed in Catilina's trial.

It was at that most dangerous crisis of the Republic that, searching out for assistance equal to the importance of the occasion, he betook himself to Shorthand; 'twas then that the Roman people, observing the prodigious influence of this Art at so critical a juncture, took the hint which their consul had given them, and thenceforwards encouraged those who excelled in it, and took care in the education of their youth not to leave them unprovided of so necessary an accomplishment.

They encouraged those, I say, who excelled in it, for you will easily apprehend the grossness of their mistake who imagine from that passage of Plutarch that it had its first beginning from this lucky contrivance of Cicero's, as if the consul had nothing to do but to give his penmen an hint of this happy thought, and they immedi-



ately should write as fast as others should speak ; for whatever improvements he might have made in it, or how instantaneously soever his method might have been communicated, yet it must have required time and practice to have been perfect in it.

The Roman Shorthand was not built in a day, no more than Rome itself. It was by their assistance, who were already skilled in it, that he became master of the designs of the conspirators, the sentiments of the senate, the particulars of his own glorious behaviour, and was able to vindicate himself from the calumnies of those who, when the violence of the commotion was over, accused him of having registered a false account of it in the public tables ; a vindication wherein he lets us know that the incredible dispatch which he made in detecting and dissolving that horrid attempt upon the Roman liberties, next to the immortal gods was owing to Shorthand. He tells the authors of that impotent scandal that he had employed senators, men of the greatest honour and integrity, industry and sagacity, who, he knew, by long experience and practice in swift writing, were able to take down anything that was said or done faithfully and exactly.

Such men our art could boast at Rome even in its infancy ; and what wonder that senators of Rome should choose not to sit idle hearers of the debates and resolutions of that august assembly, but to qualify themselves to be masters of every argument ; to have before their eyes the state of every question that might concern the fortunes of their country ; that they should choose not to trust to the remembrance of transient sounds, passing in the eagerness of dispute, but to possess in calmer privacy the reflections which the representatives of Rome, anxious for its destiny, might offer, in the faithful depository of shorthand.

It is rather surprising that any should affect a place in the Senate House, and at the same time neglect a qualification so suitable to it ; that any Roman should thrust himself into the public councils only to be present at them ; or think of erecting a statue of himself in a place where it most concerned him to show that he was alive and intent upon the duties of his post, — he, who was to breathe the

sentiments of a whole city or an entire province, and subscribe his name as a compendious symbol for thousands of his countrymen.<sup>(1)</sup> How ill did it become such a one to think himself above taking pains to obtain an Art which even the emperors themselves did not disdain to learn. 'Tis a part of the great Cæsar's character, and whoever considers what an influence it must have had upon the whole, will own that it was no inconsiderable part of it, that he added this excellency to others, that no one could write swifter than himself. His ambition did not hinder him, nay, perhaps it prompted him to invent more commodious and expeditious methods of writing, both on public occasions to the Senate and in private correspondence with his friends, than common custom had before established.

Cæsar, by his peculiar excellence in Shorthand, used to dispatch his business with so much ease and readiness that some authors, surprised by his quickness at it beyond the rules of possibility, have affirmed that he could write and read and hear and dictate all at once; while others, because he had a Shorthand for secrecy as well as swiftness, wherein he often made use of the common letters of the Roman or Greek alphabet, have degraded the cypher in which he wrote what none but his friends were to understand, into a certain chopping and changing of As and Bs, and putting one letter for another, in a manner that would not have cost an enemy of any tolerable sagacity three casts of an eye to decipher.

'Tis evident that Shorthand was a material article in Cæsar's books, when a celebrated grammarian wrote a whole treatise, and that no incurious one, concerning his manner of writing it; and 'tis remarkable that in one of the oldest manuscripts of the Roman Notæ, the abbreviations therein interpreted are ascribed to Julius Cæsar. When he went upon his military views he was wont to be attended by a soldier and a shorthand writer, the soldier with his drawn sword following after him, the writer with his tables and steel sitting in his chair with him; the one for customary pomp and show, the other for real use and observation; his attendant showed that he

(1) This is a sentence worthy of the Grand Master! One would have been glad to catch the "hear! hear!s," which must have followed, from his devoted disciples.



was to command, his companion that he meant to conquer. And when he did conquer, he always showed that his was an expeditious thirst of glory, not quenched with victories, but with the celerity whereby he gained them.

'Tis to this illustrious shorthand writer we owe the earliest descriptions of our ancestors, who, not by arms and legions only, but by marks and characters, joined our remote island to the rest of the known world. Our ancient Britons might oblige him to withdraw his troops, but in his *Commentaries* we yet appeal to Cæsar as the master of our country.

I will only add that he died with that instrument of glory by which he thus subdued us, his graphium, in his hand; and when he pierced the arm of the perfidious Casca with it, could he have spoke he might have told his murderers that they could not rob him of a life, an empire, which that instrument had secured to him.

Nor was the glorious prince his successor less remarkable for his attachment to this ingenious Art. Augustus not only learned and practised Shorthand himself, but taught it to those whom he designed for his successors himself too. He thought it so material a part of the education of his nephews that he would trust no other master to instruct them in it, but undertook thus to make them fit for empire by his own precept and example; and so solicitous was he to improve them in it, that Suetonius tells us, he laboured nothing more than that they might imitate his manner of writing it.

I know the vulgar editions of that author, by substituting, or perhaps not daring to alter the word *natare* for *notare*, by a solecism of one poor vowel allot the emperor an employment very unsuitable to an uncle or a monarch, that of teaching his nephews to swim. A pretty posture indeed, for Augustus, to stand upon the banks of the Tiber exhorting Tiberius and Caius to cut strokes in the water; or, in some private bath, perhaps to play the frog himself, and teach them the rudiments of so polite a science! But this only shows that we have more editors than critics, — that there are few blunders a librarian can make but a commentator will defend.<sup>(1)</sup>

(1) Worthy of his master, Bentley!

His application to writing was extraordinary, not only in his usual retirement after supper to his evening lucubrations, but in every moment he could snatch from other business; even while his barber was shaving him, even while he was clipping his beard with one hand, he would pursue this exercise with the other. His way of writing longhand showed that he was no enemy to shorter methods, for in that he avoided the customary prolixities; he left out those superfluous letters which had no sound to answer them, and was of opinion that words ought to be writ as they are spoken.

Who would not wish to see that rational, neglected principle prevail in our English writing; to see the words of our language freed from that ridiculous superfluity of idle letters which perverse custom has loaded them with—from that empty abundance of useless characters which makes foreigners imagine that we use an hardly utterable jargon, and places many unnecessary difficulties in the way of our own natives!

We must be content to bear the reproach, the unjust reproach of gothic, harsh and barbarous, till we proceed upon the maxim of this judicious emperor, and advance so far at least towards Shorthand as to write our words as we pronounce them, that it may no longer be the main difficulty in learning our language to know what characters express what sounds, and upon what occasion letters are inserted to signify no sound at all.

Perhaps our English authors will imitate the example of some few writers amongst us, and endeavour, by degrees, to correct this confusion in our orthography and take away this injury to the reputation of a language which, if compared with those of our neighbours, would not suffer in any article but that of encouragement. That is a perfection indeed that we have not yet attained to, but which we soon may do, if our awkwardness in spelling, our incorrectness in expression, and other instances of our contempt of exactness in writing continue, for then our mother-tongue will have a fair pretence of being encouraged amongst us as a foreign language.

You will perceive that I am led to this digression by the consider-



ation of that advantage which you know our language has, above all others, — a peculiar fitness for Shorthand.

What need have I to descend to other emperors? It may suffice just to mention one of the worst and one of the best, one of the greatest monsters and one of the greatest patriots, amongst them, to show that it was thought a defect in the one to be ignorant of Shorthand, as well as a perfection in the other to be excellent at it.

Caligula was a man guilty of so many vices that one would think his ignorance in Shorthand a defect that would hardly have fallen under the notice of an historian; and yet, because he wanted not capacity and parts, Suetonius takes notice of it as something remarkable that he, who was so ready at other matters, knew nothing at all of this.

The reverse of this monster was the worthy emperor Titus, who was remarkable for writing Shorthand exceeding swiftly. Titus was indeed a true lover of it, for he made it not only his business, but his diversion; it was an exercise that he delighted in; it was play and pleasure to him to get his amanuenses together and entertain himself amongst them in trying who could write it fastest, so that by continual practising at it he acquired such a command of hand, such a facility in imitating anything, that he was wont to tell of himself what a *special* counterfeit he could make. Such an adept in our art was this best of all the emperors, in whose time it was a shame for a Roman of any education to be ignorant of it, to neglect an accomplishment of which that excellent emperor was so great an example, so great a patron.

Patron! — who does not think of Mæcenæ when he hears that word? a name which yet implies in it Patronage and Protection of every generous attempt; a name which is still the greatest compliment we can pay to the greatest encouragers of learning — Mæcenæ also is mentioned amongst the authors of Shorthand: D. Cassius tells us that he was the first who invented certain marks for swift writing, and taught them to others by his freedman, Aquila.

What an honour does it reflect upon our art to see the greatest names of Rome, at a time when that empire was at its utmost height

of glory, contending for the invention of it; what a pleasure must it have given them to have been acquainted with our method of pursuing it!

There is yet an older author than any I have mentioned, to whom the contrivance of this artifice is ascribed, and that is the father of Roman poetry, Ennius, who is said to have begun it by eleven hundred marks of his own making, a number so considerable that one may easily imagine that he borrowed some of them at least from his predecessors in that study.

Thus, as far as we can trace the Romans in their literature, we find them practising Shorthand.

I might proceed to show that Greece was no less delighted with this useful compendium, that no nation ever cultivated learning but made use of this favourite instrument in the prosecution of it, which has always been admired, notwithstanding many defects and inconveniences it has hitherto been attended with, and constantly prevailed under some form or other wherever writing of any kind has been made use of. But I fear I have already urged your patience too far. If I receive your directions, I shall in our subsequent meetings pursue this agreeable subject, and lay before you the best accounts I can of ancient and modern Shorthand; for, notwithstanding the encouragement it met with, and the great geniuses who were concerned in it, their methods of managing it appear to have been very arbitrary and defective.

The common account of what remains we have of their Shorthand marks is this:—the famous poet Ennius is the oldest of those to whom the invention of Roman Shorthand is ascribed; he set out with no less than eleven hundred arbitrary marks. Then came Tyro, with his prepositions and terminations. After him several others, who added still new marks to the old ones. Seneca in his time made a collection of them, and digested them after his own method to the number of five thousand. These were afterwards augmented by St. Cyprian and other Christian writers to above twelve thousand, which Gruter has printed at the end of his inscriptions; and Scaliger mentions his having a manuscript much more copious than that which Gruter copied from.



The abbot Trithemius had a dictionary of the same marks, which he bought for a few pence of some monks, who were going to scrape them off for the sake of the parchment they were writ upon. The same author mentions the Book of Psalms written in this character which he saw in another monastery, where the learned monks had writ in the beginning of it a Psalter in the Armenian language.

We are now met to establish a society for the encouragement of our own method, wherein I will venture to say, since I have your authority for so saying, that Shorthand is advanced to its utmost possible perfection, by which an art, infinitely useful in itself, is communicated in a most easy and regular manner—a method which requires the least time and practice that can be required to form the most legible, beautiful and compendious character by which a language can be expressed, by which our own language, which has a peculiar fitness to be expressed by such a character, is written with fewest strokes, in the smallest compass, in plain, distinct alphabetical letters, without any one arbitrary mark whatsoever.

Such is the Shorthand which your several writings exemplify, which, by your approbation, the greatest character I can give of it, is in a fair way of meeting with general acceptance, and becoming, after a little opposition which we must expect from other expiring methods, the common Shorthand of our country; to which establishment I know I need not invite you to contribute your particular endeavours, and that we may henceforth contribute to it as a body.

Quod felix, &c.

[Journal.]

Tuesday, March 1st; rose after six, went to Torbock's; thence to Fairchild's at Hogsden, called at Mr. Chaddock's by the way, met Dr. Eaton and Mr. Digles; Fairchild showed me his garden, his ananas, melon, thistle, misletoe, inoculations, said at first he had no Paradise stocks to spare, but after we had talked he said my friend might have half a dozen. Thence back to Moorfields, where I went through the books, and bought Scapula's *Lexicon* 5s., Leigh's *Critica Sacra* and *L'Epicure Spirituel* 1s. 6d., *Poor Robin's Jest*s 2d.,

a Dutch thing 1d., Sylvanus's *Theocritus* 1d., *Anarchia Anglicana* in 1649 by Theod. Verax, Eusebius *Nierembergius de arte Voluntatis, Sanguis Naturæ* 1s. 1d., *Tagmical Art* 4d.; Torbock carried most of them for me; coming through Wood-street we bought steel for punches, files 2s. 8d.; then we went to see a turning engine, the man not within; then to Pingo's the medal caster, he not at home, but the woman showed us some of his casting; then to Bridge's auction, met J. Ord, we took coach to the park, pretty much company; Mark Hildesly<sup>(1)</sup> came with us back to the King's Arms, where we dined; thence to the auction; thence to Richard's, where I writ to Mrs. Byrom; Dr. Knight was there, said he would call some night to meet Mr. Worthington; I went to go home, because I found I had got cold, but however I went to Paul's churchyard, where Dr. Jurin, and Shaw, Mr. Hauksbee, Derham, Hoadly, Heathcote, Ord, Folkes, Cumberland, and Withom were. I read Dr. Deacon's letter of the reason why he was not inoculated because of Bryan Robinson's account, he said he should not take notice of it because he did not go out of Great Britain, that he took the facts for true because they were not contradicted.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

March 1st, 1726.

We met last night at the King's Arms, according to order, when I made a learned speech upon the occasion, and erected the Society; we are to meet there again that day month, and to have a weekly meeting at my apartments every Monday afternoon for practice and improvement of our scholars. I had a letter from Dr. Deacon last Friday, in which he desires you would send for him, if your children are ill, immediately. I hope you will not have occasion for any advice; if you have, you will let him know. Mr. Stansfield called here last night, he is in mourning for his wife.

(<sup>1</sup>) Afterwards the exemplary and well known Bishop of Sodor and Man. His life has been written by the Rev. W. Butler, published in 1799, 8vo. Byrom and the Bishop kept up a correspondence with each other long afterwards.



## [Journal.]

Wednesday [March 2nd]: met Mr. Markham in the Temple cloisters and gave him his half guinea, but had no receipt, he was very civil. I went at a quarter after seven to the Leg, where I found Mr. Lloyd and Dr. Hickman's brother; there came Mr. Derham, Smith, &c.; Smith and I had much argument about liberty, necessity, &c.

Thursday [March 3rd]: with Empson to the auction; afterwards he and I and Collinwood of the Temple, who had bought Thucydides, walked together in the King's Bench walks; Collinwood said he had Al. Gill,<sup>(1)</sup> and some other English grammars, I told him I should be obliged if he would let me see them, he said he would; Clowes and I called at Meadow's, where I gave him a guinea for his subscription and Mr. Vievar's; talking about shorthand, I told him I was teaching, he said, without our mentioning it, that it would do well to mention it in a paragraph of news. Thence we went to see cousin Fish, at one Smethurst's near Lambeth Hill, but neither of them was within; thence we took scullers, for there were no oars, to the Temple, Clowes paid 3d., were sorry we had forgot to call upon Dr. Birch; from Richard's we went to the auction, where I bought a Dutch dictionary of Manly, 5s. 6d.

Friday [March 4th]: Mr. Hauksbee sent for me to breakfast; I found another gentleman there; we talked about shorthand; he showed me the Arundel library, and lent me the catalogue home, I saw Gerson's *Imitation of Christ* in quarto, 1488; Bramston told me I was in the *Daily Post*; thence I went to the auction, saw Bob Ord and Folkes there; went with Will Seward and two gentlemen to the King's Arms, where we dined; talked about Major Oneby,<sup>(2)</sup> who

(1) Probably Gill's *Logonomia Anglica*, 1621, 4to, is meant, which attempts to make a general reform in English orthography.

(2) The Major killed Mr. Gower immediately after a tavern brawl, and remained in prison for two years after the trial. In all probability he would have eventually escaped, if he had not himself pressed on the argument before the twelve Judges, eleven of whom being against him, a warrant was made out for his execution. He committed suicide in prison on the Saturday before he should have suffered. The following curious letter was addressed to him after his execution had been ordered:

had had his trial yesterday for the murder of Mr. Gower, and there was a special verdict; thence to Richard's, where I saw Empson dressed in laced clothes to go to court.

Saturday [March 5th]: went to Mr. Johnson's, where I dined upon potted hare, very good; thence to George's, where I saw Mr. Sanderson, Pennant, and Coatsworth; thence to Mr. Nicholls, writ out some of Finch's speech to Queen Elizabeth, he would have had me write it all out, but I would not; Hunt told me his affairs succeeded very well; home near nine, had a fire made, stayed up reading Collins's *Enquiry concerning Human Liberty*, sat up till near two.

Sunday, March 6th: Clowes called here about ten o'clock; he came again in the afternoon, we went to Pier Williams, not within; at night J. Ord, Clowes, Empson, and I went to the King's Arms, where Will Seward and his brother came to us.

Monday [March 7th]: Empson and Butterwick came this morning and had their first lesson in shorthand, and paid me each five guineas.

Tuesday [March 8th]: went to Mr. D'Anteney's; thence to Westminster, saw Mr. Dic Leigh and Sir Thomas Ashton.

Wednesday [March 9th]: Ord's man came to ask me to dinner, I called on Harry and went with him; there were the Hassells, Ords, Coatsworth, and Jo. Clowes. J. Ord and I went up to Jo. Clowes's chamber, and then took a walk in the court, and they told me of setting up a paper under the name of *The Proverb*; at half after ten went to the Leg Club.

Thursday [March 10th]: dined at the Golden Lion; Harry Hatsell went with me to the Society, where I asked leave for him of Sir Isaac; Dr. Jurin read the rest of Deidier's account of the plague, a letter that the tide was some inches higher in the Thames

"Honoured Sir, — This is to inform you that I follow the business of an Undertaker in Drury Lane, where I have lived many years, and am well known to several of your friends. As you are to die on Monday, and have not as I suppose spoke to any body else about your funeral, if your Honour shall think fit to give me orders, I will perform it as cheap and in as decent a manner as any man alive. Your Honour's humble servant always to command, — G. H."



than it had been these forty years. The Frenchman was there again, and I made Mr. Folkes talk to him, but they could not understand him, so I told the man that he must get something in writing since he could not convince the gentlemen by speaking, and that I would present it to them. Mr. D'Anteney was at the Society; I saw him after in the street and told him he must fight me if he did not write, and draw either his pen or his sword; I went from him to the auction. Hatsell began to learn shorthand.

Friday [March 11th]: rose between six and seven; went to Richard's, where Torbock came to me, (coffee for him and myself 6d.); we went thence to Fairchild's, had six Paradise stocks and four grafts — two golden pippins and two nonpareils — Torbock carried them to Blossoms Inn; called upon Culpeper, who gave me my loadstone; thence to the auction, bid for Leycester's *Antiquities, Chart. Mag.*, it went for 26s., I would have bought it but J. Ord said it was dear; went to my barber's to get my wig done, and thence to Richard's, where Jack Hassell was waiting for me; Mr. Patten was there, come from the country about the bill for the river Weaver.<sup>(1)</sup> We took coach to Karba's at the French playhouse, Col. Kerr there and Tomkins and his wife, a short concert, nothing extraordinary, the bassoon the best.

Saturday [March 12th]: went to Richard's, Sir Thomas Ashton there, asked me to go with him to Whetnall's, I did, he was not within, nor Dr. Goldsmith; thence we went to Mr. (Dic) Heath's, where Mr. Tilburgh and two other gentlemen were; I had never been with Heath before, but Sir Thomas would have me go with him, and so I did; thence he went to dine with Sir John Cheshire,<sup>(2)</sup> I to the King's Arms, where I found the Hassells, Coatsworth, Ords, Sanderson, Dr. Hickman; Dr. Birch came to enquire after Dr. Hickman, and I went down to him and sat with them two some

(1) Thomas Patten of Bank Hall Esq., a Deputy Lieutenant of Lancashire, born in 1690, and died in 1772, the ancestor of John Wilson Patten Esq. M.P.

(2) Sir John Cheshire of Hallwood, near Runcorn, in Cheshire, a rich Lawyer, who died in 1738, having founded a public library in Halton. (See *Notitia Cestriensis*, vol. i. p. 359.) His friend was probably Sir Thomas Aston of Aston, in Cheshire.

time; had a dispute with Kirkman about liberty and necessity, he seemed to deny a God, and to say that it was the property of everything to be as it was and do as it did; he went from us, and Dr. Birch and I sat together a little in another room, and he told me to think of physic here.

Sunday [March 13th]: went to St. Dunstan's to prayers; Will Seward asked me to go to Ord's room, we did and found Titley there, who came from Cambridge on Friday. Mr. Smith, Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, asked me after shorthand, and I showed him some writing. J. Ord asked me to ride out with him to-morrow, but I excused myself, because it was my home day.

Monday [March] 14th: went with Clowes to Richard's, thence to the auction; he went to the new playhouse, I to Richard's, where I saw H. Hatsell, J. Ord; Dr. Daniel was there. I went to the Fleece to H. H. and a clergyman, Mr. Sparrow; we talked about deciphering, he mentioned a man's telling about two hundred figures that he had writ by artificial memory.

Tuesday [March 15th]: went to the auction; thence to Richard's, Clowes there; he and I and Empson and Johnson went to the King's Arms, about eight o'clock. Mr. Leycester sent for me, he was in a hackney coach, and after he had been at his lodging came to us; he could not get into his lodging, so I asked him to lie with me, and so did Clowes.

Wednesday [March 16th]: Leycester and I rose after some talk; between eight and nine I proposed going to Phil. Nichols, and so we went there; met Jo. Clowes by St. Dunstan's; met Mr. Shalur in Chancery Lane; we went to Lincoln's Inn where I saw Mr. Reynolds by the Exchequer Office, who told me of passages in Locke and Molineux's letters about shorthand.<sup>(1)</sup> While I was talking with him Mr. King came to me, and I went to his chamber and read his writing, which was very good for the first time; he liked it very

<sup>(1)</sup> *Molineux to Locke.*

"One thing I shall venture to add to what you direct concerning writing; that is, I will have my son taught shorthand — I do not mean to that perfection as to copy a speech from the mouth of a ready speaker, but to be able to write it readily for his



well; thence I came to Richard's, where I parted with him; Mr. Leycester came there. We went to dine at the Griffin in Shear Lane, I had two messes of pease soup. Robert the shoemaker of Liverpool, who came with them to town, dined with us. Peter Leycester insisted on his being 'squire, and paid 4s. 6d. Thence we went into the Strand, called at Sissons' to see the parallelogram to write by, but it had been sent to my Lord Isla. Thence Mr. Leycester went to his shoemaker's; thence we went to the park. Robert was taken by a press-gang, and we delivered him. I called at Stokoe's to look at Smiglecius *De Notis Ministrorum*, which I thought had been something about shorthand, but was mistaken. I bought the *Apologia pro Joh. Gersonio*, 1s. 6d. Mr. Derham came to tell me there was a hare at the Club to-night, which Mr. Lloyd treated us with; Mr. Hauksbee there, told me he would introduce me to Whiston.

Thursday [March 17th]: I went with Leycester to the Society, where Sir Hans Sloan was presiding; and Dr. Jurin read many letters to and from Oswestry in Shropshire about the case of Jones's daughter, which Dr. Clinch had mentioned as having the smallpox again after having it by inoculation; it appeared by Jones's own letter and confession that he knew nothing of the inoculation, nor could tell what it was, nor had he inoculated his child, though he offered once for a reward to come to London and bring witnesses; Jones a strange ignorant fellow, and a sad rogue by his own account; thence to Bridges's auction; thence to Varenne's auction, where I bought Macrobius for 6s. 6d. for Mr. Folkes, Cæsar's *Comm.* 6s. 6d., Clark's *Compendium Hist.* 1s., Bapt. *Porta Magia Nat.* 6s., Francius's *Orationes* 1s., *Ironis bell. Sac.* 3s. 10d.; thence to Richard's, left my books there. We were at Kent's to-night, Hatsel, Leycester, Lee, Mr. Patten.

own private business. I have found the want of it myself and seen the advantage of it in others frequently."

*Locke to Molineux.*

"I am of your mind as to shorthand. I myself learned it since I was a man, but had forgot to put it in when I writ."—Locke's *Works*, vol. iv. pp. 289—292, edit. 1777, 4to.

Friday [March 18th] : went to Slaughter's coffeehouse, Leycester and I played two games at chess, and he beat me the first, I him the second ; thence to Richard's, Mr. Kenn there, sat down and talked with us about the Scotch bill, and Mr. Campbell.

Saturday [March 19th] : Thomas, from J. Ord, came to ask me to ride out with his master, so I went there ; J. Ord, Mildmay, and I rode to Highgate and Hampstead Heath, and then dined at Michael's ; I rode the black horse, and was refreshed with riding. Mildmay had bought a horse for fourteen guineas, a sad beast ; I went with him after dinner to Moorfields, bought books, Boetius 3s., Metcalf 2s., *Lives of Famous Men* 2s.

Sunday [March 20th] : at Kent's to-night with Mr. Leycester, &c. ; Mr. Derham lent me two books.

Monday [March 21st] : Mr. Reynolds brought the passage relating to shorthand out of Molyneux and Lock's letters. J. Hassell desired me to accept of five guineas.

Tuesday [March 22nd] : went to Mr. D'Anteney's, he was going out ; the man was working at his turning engine, which takes up his thoughts this good while, so that he has done nothing at shorthand ; thence to Westminster, called at Sisson's, took a catalogue of books at Corbet's, the sale of which begins on Thursday ; thence to Richard's ; then home, to finish Dr. Deacon's letter, which, when I had done, I did not dare to send, because it was to be seen through the paper. I saw Mr. Bentley to-day at Bridges's auction, who asked me to come see him this afternoon after four, because he was to go out of town in a day or two, so I went, and Vernon came there ; I won 6d. of Vernon at backgammon, and 1s. of Mr. Bentley.

Wednesday [March] 23rd : went at eleven to H. Hassell's, and read his writing of Selden's *Table Talk*, it was very well written ; thence to Richard's ; had a letter from Mrs. Byrom that I must come home, that they had had a story that I had thrown myself out of a window, by a mistake of "Bo." for "Do.," a man in the Fleet having writ to his wife that Bo. By. had thrown himself out of the window and broke his back and both his legs and one of his



arms : poor unhappy man ! Mr. Casley had told me of this when I was there, and that his [the man's] mother had been to see him, and that the jailer had told her she deserved to be hanged ; but Mr. Casley said that he heard that out of £300 a year jointure she had let him have £200. I had a letter from Rob. Malyn, went into the city, called at a shop in Gracechurch street and bought Noah Bridges his book<sup>(1)</sup> 18d. the man said he sold shorthand books more than anybody. Went to the Club at the Leg, where we had the juggler to show his tricks ; he said he was Fawks his master, he juggled me out of 1s. for a bottle of his ink, a pennyworth of oil of vitriol, he sold two or three more for 6d. apiece, but I was to pay 1s. because I would know the secret ; had a long dispute with Mr. Smith about simple sounds.

Thursday [March 24th] : J. Ord gone to Cambridge yesterday ; went to Bridges's auction, the last day ; the prints were sold to-day, and the Lucian uncial,<sup>(2)</sup> £42, Mattaire ; the Horace, Juv. and Pers. together in one vol.<sup>(3)</sup> fifteen guineas ; King Henry the Seventh's Missal, thirty guineas, Mattaire<sup>(4)</sup> ; thence to the Society, the Duke of Richmond proposed the Morocco ambassador to be a member, so we all balloted and chose him immediately, Sir Isaac in the chair, the room was pretty full of people ; Chaumette showed some of his inventions, a new sort of sash window.

Friday, Lady Day : Leycester and I went to George's ; thence L. went home to meet Monsieur Boulogne, who began to teach him French to-day ; I called at Corbet's, thence home ; wrote to Phebe, to go by Mr. Johnson.

Saturday, March 26th : Mr. Johnson called at eight o'clock, and I gave him two shorthand letters, one for Dr. Deacon and the other for Phebe. H. Hatsell, Clowes and I walked into the fields ; the prophesying fellow showed me his book, and I read some of his nonsense and gave him a penny ; we went behind St. Pancras church

<sup>(1)</sup> *Stenographie and Cryptographie*, 12mo, Lond. 1659 ; Byrom Catalogue, p. 58.

<sup>(2)</sup> "Luciani pars longe major, literis uncialibus abhinc 800, plus minus, scripta in pergameno. Venerandæ antiquitatis codex. Fol. MS." — Bridg. Cat.

<sup>(3)</sup> This MS. had formerly belonged to Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary.

<sup>(4)</sup> Mattaire purchased for Lord Oxford's Library.

towards Kentish Town. H. Hatsell read to us an introduction to shorthand, which he had written out at length, which I desired him to be very careful of.

Sunday [March 27th] : Josiah and James Holme called on me between one and two, and I went with them to the park ; thence to Whitehall chapel ; then to St. James's church, where I was asked into a seat, and stayed the sermon ; thence we walked to the Ring, where I had never been before, there was a vast number of coaches, met Paget and Pennant going there as we came back ; Sir Ralph Ashton and his sister there ;<sup>(1)</sup> met Mr. Reynolds walking with Wilhorn.

March 28th : Mr. Leycester desired me to lend him £50, which I did.

April, Monday. During this vacancy of writing every day where [I] had been, with whom, and the like, I would try to recollect what I can ; and I find that though what I set down in this kind of journal is nonsense for the most part, yet that these nonsenses help to recollect times and persons and things upon occasion, and serve at least to some purpose as to writing shorthand ; therefore I must not, I think, discontinue it any longer, but only, if I have a mind, omit some trifling articles ; though when I consider that it is the most trifling things sometimes that help us to recover more material things, I do not know that I should omit trifles ; they may be of use to me, though to others they would appear ridiculous ; but as nobody is to see them but myself, I will let myself take any notes, never so trifling, for my own use.

Since I left off journalising I remember I met Mr. Kelsall in the park one day, who spoke to me very civilly, and said it would be a

(<sup>1</sup>) The last Baronet of Middleton : he succeeded his uncle in 1716, and died in 1766. His first wife was Mary, daughter of Sir Holland Egerton of Heaton Bart. ; and his second wife was Eleanor, daughter of the Rev. John Copley M.A. Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester. His sister was Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Pigot of Manchester Esq. See *Note*, ante, pp. 135-6, and in the last line *for* "Thomas" read George.



great pleasure to him to spend an evening with me, which I desired we might.

Mr. Jennings of the Temple began to learn, paid me five guineas.

The Morocco ambassador was admitted Fellow of the Royal Society.

I went to see Mr. Bryan,<sup>(1)</sup> who looked very dismally, and said that he was troubled with the cramp, that they had advised him to go into the country; he came out with me as far as Ludgate Hill; we talked about that passage concerning Julius Cæsar in Plutarch, (διὰ γραμμάτων ὀμιλεῖν,) and he desired me to write him a note upon that place, for he had not finished his notes upon Cæsar's Life, I promised him I would; he lent me the *Insc. Sigea*; he complained in the street of people being so healthy, and said he thought he should be ill himself, but I little thought it was the last time I was to see him — he fell ill and died in two or three days. I pray God make me ready and fit for my own hour!

Sunday, April 3rd: I went with Paget to the Ring from Richard's.

I saw Dr. Johnson of Trinity Hall<sup>(2)</sup> two or three times at Richard's, and he asked me about P. N-c-l-s, of whom he gave me a strange character. I saw Dr. Andrews there one night, and he and Johnson talked about N-c-l-s; I found they had a strange opinion of him.

Last Saturday, the day before Easter day, I dined with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Squire and some others at the Ship, on fish, 2s. 6d. apiece.

On Good Friday I rose late, and did neither dine nor sup.

The first Monday in April we met at night at the King's Arms, three Ords, Clowes, Leycester, Hatsel, Mildmay, Reynolds, Empson, Butterwick, Jennings; Reynolds said he expected another speech, and I promised them one next time, if they desired it; I told them the senior scholar must be president at their next meeting.

(1) Rev. Augustine Bryan of Trinity College Cambridge, B.A. 1711, M.A. 1716. He died just as he had finished printing Plutarch's Lives. Du Soul speaks of him as a man of singular modesty, and Dr. Hare said he would have been a great man had he lived. He died young. See Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 286, note.

(2) James Johnson, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, LL.B. 1696, LL.D. 1702.

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

December 5th, 1726.

I had thine last post, and one from Mr. Cattell — I write to him in a post or two. The Bishop makes a great noise, and I fancy will do.

*Dr. Deacon to John Byrom.*

Manchester, December 6th, 1726.

Dear Grand Master: I should have written to you before, but Mr. Cattell scribbled last week and gave you some account of matters. I thank you for all your wit, nonsense, trumpery, information, &c. In return, you must expect nothing but plain, downright Lancashire stuff from me. The Bishop was afraid of his own shadow, or rather he was not afraid at all; for though he said he should be murdered if he went to the Old Church, yet he could go out in a dark night and sup with Ford, a Manchester tallow chandler. The justices did sit and examine, but it signified not much on either side. As to mobbing, there has been no such thing, only on the Saturday that the Bishop had declared publicly he would instal Mr. W.<sup>(1)</sup> (who is gone at present) the people crowded to church, and that was all; and after service, when Mr. Copley desired the Bishop they might adjourn to

(<sup>1</sup>) Rev. Mr. Whittaker. During the interval of Bishop Gastrell's refusal to confirm Dr. Peploe in his Wardenship, a vacancy took place in the office of Chaplain, and as no Chapter could be called for filling it up, Bishop Gastrell had licensed Mr. Richard Asheton to officiate during the interim. On Dr. Peploe succeeding to the Bishopric of Chester, he proceeded to call a Chapter, with a view to dispense with the continuance of Mr. Asheton in his office. Three of the Fellows, of whom Copley was one, being the majority, elected Asheton to the Chaplainship, which appointment Dr. Peploe refused to confirm, and made interest with his friends at Court that another clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, should have a nomination by the Crown to fill up the vacancy. On application to the Court of King's Bench, however, a peremptory mandamus was granted to instal Asheton into the office of Chaplain. (See Dr. Hibbert Ware's *Foundations of Manchester*, vol. ii. pp. 72—75.) Strong political feeling on both sides aggravated and embittered the dispute, in which Dr. Deacon and Byrom evidently took the deepest interest. From the parts of this letter printed in italics, and which in the original are in shorthand, it seems clear that Byrom was one



the chapter-house, the Bishop said, No, he would make the church a chapter-house; for you must know he has a good talent at making one thing another. But the greatest piece of news I have to send is, that the Bishop sent for Mr. A. on Thursday last and suspended him. The pretence was his preaching without a license, which was uncanonical; but no one would expect the canon to be put in execution (for it is almost obsolete) unless a Bishop had given notice of it. And why should he fall upon Mr. A. the first out of such numbers who want the same instrument? However, this signifies nothing to his place. But a petition was drawn up, signed by the boroughreeve, churchwardens, and many inhabitants, and presented last Saturday, to which the Bishop said he would consider of it for some days. Yesterday he sent word to the Old Church that he would go there to-day (for it is above a fortnight since he was there) and answer the petition, which accordingly he did by tearing it in pieces and saying it was signed by none but nonjurors, (though neither I, as you may imagine, nor, I believe, any other, had anything to do with it,) scoundrels, and people that had no families. It is said that the Bishop had forbid Mr. A. to print his answer to the "Reasons," telling him it was writing against a peer; *but for all this we are resolved to have the three papers you know of come out some way or other, but Mr. Cattell is desirous of having your categorical consent first, which therefore I desire you to send by the first post to him or me. We need fear nothing as to law; and as to suspicions, we need not feel them as long as we are safe; and therefore let us have your consent immediately.* As to the lapse, there is nothing in it, as the lawyers say; for a lapse is when an ecclesiastical benefice is not filled by the patron in six months, then it falls to the Bishop; if vacant six months more, then to the Archbishop; if six more, then to the Crown. But this is no ecclesiastical benefice; a chaplain is only a

of the authors, if not the sole one, of the tract entitled, "A Collection of Curious Papers, containing a New Method of Reasoning by the Bishop of C———r," 4to, in which the Bishop is ridiculed with such merciless severity. Dr. Hibbert Ware slightly styles it "a lampoon, for it deserves no better a name:" but he it observed that it is a lampoon worthy of Swift.

college officer, and there is not so much as any provision made in the charter in the case of a vacancy, as there is in that of a Fellow, and even there it is no lapse, for the Crown puts in in two months, and it is never called *beneficium* but *officium*. Besides, if it was lapsed, the Bishop filled it; so that they have it both ways. And I doubt not but the King's Bench will demolish Pope Hildebrand Firebrand, *and we will blow him up, mortify him, and break his heart.*

As to your rabbits,<sup>(1)</sup> if there is good evidence I shall certainly believe the FACT, and when you can bring as good proof of the cheat, I will believe that; but at present I neither believe nor disbelieve, because I do not suppose the matter has as yet been thoroughly examined on both sides. You will make a fine lawyer, indeed, and will not believe facts and evidence; but I know your belief is unsound, alias maggoty, being governed by fancy. I hear the W. of B.<sup>(2)</sup> has got a third scholar, so that he is one before me; but he has exercised his office longer than I, and it is a disadvantage to be W. of a place which the Grand Master adorns with his own royal and illustrious presence some months in the year. I have had Mr. Lancaster with me a second time, and that is all I can say of my scholars.

The Bishop's answer to the petition was delivered in his stall, and was to this effect: That Mr. A. had disobeyed the King, had broken his oaths he took at his ordination to the King, and his vows of canonical obedience to himself; that one of the signers of the petition was a known non-juror who never came to church (I believe it was Harry Whalley) and was therefore an enemy to the Church; that many others of them had no families, though the petition said they and their families had profited under Mr. A.; that some of the petitioners might be honest men for what he knew, but that he had credible information that many of them were common swearers, drunkards, &c., miscreants (that was certainly his word); that

(<sup>1</sup>) He alludes to the extraordinary imposture of Mary Tofts the rabbit-breeder of Godalming in Surrey, of which an account will be found in Nicholls's *Anecdotes of Hogarth*, and Mackay's *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*.

(<sup>2</sup>) "Warden of Bristol," the title adopted by one of the members of the Shorthand Association. Dr. Deacon himself was "Warden of Manchester."



they had given to Mr. A. a character that did not belong to mortal man in saying he was irreprehensible in his life and conversation, upon which he read the Article of the Church of England, of Christ alone without sin; that Mr. A. had preached up non-resistance, passive obedience, and hereditary right — that if he was of such principles, he would sooner have lived upon bread and water than have taken the oaths; that he would be very glad to do Mr. A. any service, but that he could not in conscience take off his suspension. And whereas the petition desired him to heal the bleeding wounds of this Church, he was surprised at it, for who had been the cause of them? That he was ready to do any thing to heal them — bleeding wounds indeed! But they are owing to the wicked lives of many who profess themselves members of this Church, and to the scandalous lives of some of the clergy — at which word he stared at Mr. Copley. This is an exact and true account of his answer. So adieu.

*Pray send word whether you have received a letter from Mr. Copley or no.*

[Extracts.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

December 15th, 1726.

Mr. Golburn called on me last night with Dr. Deacon's letter . . . I have just been with Mr. Lounds, who came over with me from Bordeaux. How go you on with your Bishop and clerks yet? I must write to Dr. D., and have scarce time.

December 24th, 1726.

I thought to have writ a shorthand letter to Phebe, but have not had time. I must answer a letter of Dr. Deacon's to-night, and Mr. Cattel's if I have time.

1727.

Richard's, Tuesday night, Jan. 10th, 1727.

I have not been very well this day or two, but hope I shall be soon, being pretty hearty to-day. Mr. Ord the eldest brother is ex-

tremely ill of a fever, and had a very bad night last night. I have not yet received any letter from Mr. C. ; how did you know that he would write? who said so? I thought to have writ to Mr. Cattel this post. Pray my humble service to Lady Bland. I believe I shall go with Wright and Mr. Leigh to-morrow morning to see Mr. Kelsall; I have not seen Mr. Whitworth yet.

Everybody talks here of war, and Gibraltar, and South Sea, and Ostend, &c., while my mind is running upon Manchester, and Kersall, and Alkrington, and Toft, &c. We met last Monday, such of our fraternity as were at leisure, and were very merry; none of Mr. Ords was there because of their brother; Mr. Wright is a constant man among us. Here was a rumour on Sunday of an intended invasion somewhere about Bristol, but I hear no more of it. I see Mr. Harry Brook in the coffeehouse here from Oxford; I must speak to him, he was very civil to us at Oxford. My service to Dr. Deacon. I expect to hear from somebody how you go on about your disputes yet.

Jan. 19th, Richard's, Thursday night.

Pray give this to your neighbour Mr. Harrison, Henry, that bought Humphrey Stanfield's house. I had yours last post, it cost 8d., because of being writ in two hands so visibly. I have been keeping the Ords company to-day; Bob mends still but slowly and carefully. War, war, Ostend, Spain, emperor, &c., is all the talk, that fills my ears full of din.

I should have writ to Dr. Deacon; pray let him know I received his last. To-morrow I dine at Mr. Wright's, and he and Mr. Legh and Harry Brook and I go thence to hear Mr. Henley; Mr. Ord is better, has been given up by Drs. Mead and Jurin.

Feb. 7th, 1727.

I dined at the Archbishop of Canterbury's on Saturday, and saw Mr. Walker, who sends his duty to you and lets you know that he has got another living lately, which will enable him to make so much richer provision for you; we drank your health and your little



ones'. I went yesterday to hear Mr. Ashton's cause, which I was told was to come on, but it did not; he puts the matter (the Bishop does) upon its being the right of the Crown to present, &c., when it is heard I'll write about it. We met last night, being first Monday in the month; next meeting is our anniversary, and they all desired I would make a second speech upon the occasion, which request being preferred with great unanimity and zeal, I believe I must comply with it. I should write to Mr. Leycester, and young Clayton, who is gone hence to Oxford, but I sha'n't have time, for I must go to Mr. Ord's again to read a famous paper which makes a great noise at present, and I happened to take it in shorthand t'other day. Good law! what politics these wise people are talking about me!

Saturday night, Feb. 18th, 1727.

How do? I ha'nt heard from thee these two or three posts, but flatter myself you are all well for that reason. Mr. Hooper is come to town from Cambridge; I dined with him and Mr. Whitworth yesterday, at night they both came to Richard's in Mr. W's. coach; Mr. Whitworth talks still of Buxton, he is carried in his man's arms from one room to another; the Bishop and his family dined with him t'other day, and he says the Bishop told him that they had offered to give up Mr. Ashton's cause and chaplainship if he would but take off his suspension, which if true, I don't wonder why nothing has been said of that matter this term. Does Mr. Ashton read prayers or preach meanwhile?

You know, I suppose, that Lord Warrington's brother, Harry Booth, is dead in Holland; my pupil George Legh is thereby advanced to a near prospect of some £600 a year as I am informed. Yesterday Mr. Ward of Hackney stood in the pillory,<sup>(1)</sup> a prodigious mob, but he was guarded by a great number of hired constables, &c.; I was going by towards Mr. Whitworth's as he was coming from his station, he took into the first tavern he could. Here is a

(1) John Ward of Hackney, Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House and then sentenced to the pillory, on 7th February 1727.

"As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory." — *Pope*.

gentleman of Worcestershire, Read I think his name, who comes into the coffeehouse, almost a head taller than I, upon which misfortune the house condoles with me much; I shall desire him to hold up his head and come here no more, for people talk to me as if I was grown a mere dwarf.

March 9th, 1727.

I am not gone to Cambridge, Mr. Ord, Bob, and Jemmy went this morning; their coachman fell ill a few days ago, so that they could not take the chariot, wherein I was to have rid with Bob with 'em; I don't know but I may go shortly though, either on one of their horses or with Martin Folks or Mr. Wright, I don't know yet. Mr. Wright and Hooper and I walked yesterday to Chelsea to see the waterworks; Mr. Hooper talks of returning to Cambridge on Tuesday, his pupils want him.

My dear, I have made a purchase — what d'ye think it is? — Father Malbranche's picture!<sup>(1)</sup> I bought it at Lord Cadogan's sale. I have longed for an image of him a long while, and now I have one; if you'll give five guineas apiece for the sight of it, I'll send it down, or else ———. I had no letter last post, but I suppose poor Dr. Malyn is dead.

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[In longhand.]

For the Speech on the first Monday in April.

Gentlemen — When I had the honour to institute the Society, at the request of the worthy members then present, and by way of preamble to the exercise of my fundatorial office on that occasion, I spoke something concerning the history and antiquity of our Art, endeavouring to show that it was no contemptible thing

<sup>(1)</sup> In his Poetical Letter to Henry Wright of Mobberley Esq., he describes in his happiest manner the circumstances connected with the purchase of this picture, which was a portrait of F. Malbranche by Gery, painted in 1698, and for which Byrom gave at the sale £3. 5s. Of the ultimate destination of this portrait, which Byrom's lines have rendered so interesting, it is to be regretted that nothing is known.



which we were then uniting ourselves into a body to encourage, but an Art which had been always valued and practised by learned men in all ages, which no nation famed for any kind of literature ever was without, and which, in fine, might claim a considerable share in those praises which are so liberally and so justly bestowed upon the art of writing in general, the source of infinite advantages to us that are in a great measure owing to this particular species of it.

A year is now elapsed from the celebration of that solemnity. In the meantime the Society has received an happy increase by the accession of several other valuable members to it; so that there is no room left for me to doubt but that in your example and authority I have laid a strong and sure foundation of future success in the propagation of this new and useful discovery, since it is impossible that a society should not flourish which is composed of such members, or that an invention should fail of encouragement which has contributed to bring so many such together.

But I shall defer this agreeable topic till I have complied with the promise which you were pleased I should make you, to resume, at the anniversary, the subject I was upon at the institution, and prosecute the historical account of the Art which I then began, but had time only to insist upon one particular period of it — that wherein it made the greatest figure amongst the Romans.

I shall proceed, therefore, to the use of it amongst other nations; but for connexion sake, and because of those gentlemen who were not present at the opening of the Society, I shall briefly and in other words touch upon some of those facts I then mentioned, and so proceed to what further accounts we have relating to it.

As to the origin of Shorthand, it is generally supposed to be of Roman invention, and by most authors particularly ascribed to the greatest genius that ever Rome produced, Marcus Tullius Cicero. The encouragement which that illustrious person gave it, the frequent and successful applications which he made of it, especially at that famous crisis of Catiline's conspiracy, has occasioned this mistake. To support which, a passage in Plutarch, wherein he

mentions a remarkable speech of Cato, by which he turned the whole senate against that incendiary, is always alleged; in the best English translation it runs thus:

“This only of all Cato’s speeches, ’tis said, was preserved, for Cicero the consul had dispersed about the senate house several expert writers whom he had taught to make certain figures which did in little and short strokes express a great many words. Till that time they had not used those we call shorthand writers, who then first, as ’tis said, laid the foundation of that art.”

But to pass over the impossibility of the consul’s enabling any set of writers to execute this happy thought (supposing it to have been originally his) so instantaneously, I shall give you a brief confutation of the vulgar error, and at the same time a fair intimation what condition the Art was then in from Cicero’s own account of his management in the discovery of that conspiracy.

We meet with it in his oration for Lucius Sylla, where, in answer to Sylla’s accuser Torquatus, who had raised an objection that a false account of that affair had been registered in the public tables, Cicero replies, that he foresaw that some people might be so weak or so malicious as to insinuate that calumny, and therefore, says he, having laid the affair before the senate, I procured some of the senators to take down what passed — “At quos viros” — I shall give you the description of those expert writers whom he employed upon these occasions in the orator’s own words —

“At quos viros, non solum summâ virtute et fide (quorum in senatu facultas maxima) sed etiam quos sciebam memoriâ, scientiâ, consuetudine, et celeritate scribendi, facillime quæ dicerentur persequi posse.”

It seems the senators of Rome chose not to sit idle hearers of the debates and resolutions of that august assembly; but to qualify themselves, by an exercise so suitable to a place in the house, to be masters of every argument, to have before their eyes the state of every question that might concern the fortunes of their country, they chose not, I say, to trust to the remembrance of transient sounds passing in the eagerness of dispute, but to possess, in



calmer privacy, the reflections which the representatives of Rome, anxious for its destiny, might offer, in the faithful depository of Shorthand.

It is plain, therefore, that it was at that time an accomplishment very much in request, especially amongst the better sort. Cicero was indeed the first who gave the people a thorough notion of it; for when they observed what a prodigious advantage their consul drew from it at such an important juncture, the hint was taken, those who excelled in it were sought out and encouraged, and the Romans were made sensible that in the education of their youth a thing of such use and consequence was no longer to be neglected.

And as Cicero turned the sagacity of those gentlemen who were skilled in this art to so good account upon public emergencies, so in private life he exercised his own for the improvement of it on particular occasions.

It is probable that he made great use of Shorthand in composing and transcribing his own orations; that rapid exordium to his famous speech against Catiline, "Quousque tandem," &c., we find amongst the Roman Notæ which one or two manuscripts have accidentally preserved, expressed by a very short character, which, being no common phrase, we cannot suppose to have been the abbreviation of any other notary but himself. He used it likewise in his epistolary correspondence with his friends, and, consequently, they with him; so, in one of his letters to Atticus, he mentions his writing to him *δια σημειων*, the Greek word for Shorthand, though some authors, and particularly Vossius, interpret that word in this passage, and that of Plutarch before mentioned, to be meant of single letters only; quite contrary to the plain description of 'em in Plutarch; besides, the Roman Shorthands were made up both of single letters for words, and of certain marks and figures, which were properly their *Σημεια* or Notæ.

And to show the advantage which Cicero thought it was of for a young gentleman to be acquainted with this useful compendium, he composed a dictionary of the *Σημεια*, or Shorthand marks, for the use of his son, wherein it is very likely he made use of the

assistance of his beloved Tyro, who for that reason sometimes shares the honour of the invention with his master.

All this indeed shows what the judgment of this excellent pleader was in his continual practice and patronage of it. And truly, if amongst ancient names we were to choose a patron, to wish for an example, we should certainly fix upon his.

But there are other passages which show that the thing itself was far from being new at that time. To mention one from Suetonius, who takes notice of an edition of some of Julius Cæsar's orations, which Augustus says he thought were not published as he himself had written them, but as taken down by the *actuarii*, (another word for shorthand writers,) who had not followed his words closely. And as these *actuarii* were so called from writing down the *acta* or public transactions upon various occasions, one would think that the use of the Roman *Notæ* had even then descended from those noble persons who have passed for the inventors of them into the hands of common practitioners. I say those noble inventors; for surely it is of no mean origin, whether, according to different authorities, we ascribe it to Cicero, Mæcenas, Augustus, or Julius Cæsar, who are all of them recorded for their remarkable affection to it.

We have seen how much it flourished under Cicero's protection. It was no doubt the same regard paid to it which occasioned the historian Dio. to relate of Mæcenas that he was the first who found out certain marks for swift writing, and taught them to others by his freed man Aquila; or perhaps it was not only the favour showed to any improvements of this kind, but the pains, or the pleasure rather, which he took in making or adding to them himself. He had certainly as much leisure for such agreeable employment as his illustrious Shorthand correspondent the great Cæsar, who made improvements in every method of writing, especially those relating to swiftness and secrecy, such as furnished Probus, a celebrated grammarian, with matter for a very curious treatise upon the subject. And it is remarkable that in one of the oldest manuscripts of the Roman *Notæ*, one of eight or nine hundred years



old, the abbreviations therein contained are ascribed to Julius Cæsar. It is said of him that "*Nemo eo velocius scripsit,*" and this part of his character had such a vast and continual influence upon the whole of it, that whoever considers the actions and events of his life with regard to the share which his own behaviour had in them, whoever, I say, beholds this conqueror of the world in a view which separates him from his legions and his luck, will find that he really got more glory by his graphium than by his sword.

Nor was Augustus Cæsar less fond of Shorthand than his uncle, from whom probably he learnt; at least 'tis certain that he thought it so material a part of the education of his nephews that he would suffer no one to instruct them in it but himself, and laboured nothing more, says Suetonius, than that they might imitate his manner of writing it.

Thus amongst the greatest names of Rome, at a time when that empire was at its utmost height of glory, we find the patrons and practisers of our Art, and by their example we may judge what reception it met with amongst other persons of rank and fashion in that city; and as daily experience had taught them what vast service it was of, in transacting of both private and public business, we cannot doubt but that the means of improving it was often made the subject of conversation amongst them.

What a pleasure must it have given them to have been acquainted with such a method of pursuing it as we now enjoy, when they admired it so much with all the imperfections which it then laboured under. For the Roman Shorthands were little better than collections of arbitrary marks for words and sentences, wherein some, indeed, but very small regard was had to the letters of an alphabet, to which Cæsar, Cicero, Mæcenas, and others, making their several additions, were thought to be the inventors of the design itself.

The first who introduced these marks among them is said to be the father of the Roman poetry, Ennius; he set out with about eleven hundred in number, some of which one may well suppose he borrowed from his predecessors in that study. In Seneca's time,

who made a collection of them digested after his own method, they amounted to five thousand, which by the additions of St. Cyprian and others were increased at last to a vast number; there are about twelve or thirteen thousand of them printed at the end of Gruter's *Inscriptions*, and Scaliger mentions a manuscript which he had, much more copious than that which Gruter copied from.

The ancient methods of managing Shorthand, therefore, being so arbitrary, it is no wonder that we should meet with so few footsteps of it when we come to trace it higher.

'Tis certain the Greeks were no less delighted with it than the Romans, who might probably at first have taken the hint of it from them.

Most authors, I told you, have ascribed the invention to the Romans; the learned Lipsius had advanced it higher. In his letter upon this subject, the only thing that one meets with written upon it, enquiring who was the first inventor of Shorthand — I for my part (says he) should freely give this glory to the Greeks, and particularly to Xenophon the philosopher and historian, who first, according to Diogenes Laertius, took down (*υποσημειόω*) the sayings of Socrates in Shorthand, and afterwards published them.

He did so, but we must not therefore imagine him to have been the first Shorthand writer in the world.

The same author (Diog. Laert.) affirms the same thing of other disciples of Socrates, even of Simon, who was but an ordinary tradesman, currier, shoemaker, or some such business, to whose shop Socrates sometimes came, and there held his discourses, and what Simon could remember of them he used to take down in characters, (*υποσημειώσεις εποιετο*,) and, moreover, he was the first that made the lessons of that great man public. That is, they both of them upon these occasions made use of their marks, (*σημεία*,) which were already in fashion, and in which it was the custom for the young scholars to take down the philosophical lectures of their masters, as is plain from that philosophical answer of Antisthenes to Ponticus, a young fellow that had a mind to be one of his hearers and wanted to know what things he should want for that purpose. And I ques-



tion not but Shorthand itself was one of those things wherein the Grecian sages instructed their young clients, since, in the catalogues of their works, now and then we meet with treatises on that subject. And indeed one may judge from the effect which at this day lectures of all kinds have when we give them the hearing only, that those young sparks would have been little better for what their wise masters had said to them if they had been unprovided of those proper instruments which the philosopher just mentioned recommended to his pupil. And sure it would not interfere with the design of public discourses at all times if the custom should obtain, for those who were to be present at them to bring their pen, ink, and paper — and sense — along with them.

So that as this Art was in use amongst the Romans before Cicero, so it was amongst the Greeks before Xenophon, however freely that glory is bestowed upon him; he can no more be called the first writer of Shorthand than he can of history; for, to mention another gentleman who has been overlooked upon this occasion, his predecessor Thucydides went before him in both these glories. For it is related of that accurate historian, that, from the very beginning of the Peloponnesian war which he describes, (*εσημειουντο*,) he took down in characters everything that was said or done; 'twas thus he preserved the memory of those events which he afterwards writ out fairly (*μετα καλλους*) in longhand, and diverted into history in his Thracian retirement.

Nor was he the first, to be sure, who made use of it, there being no more reason to date the beginning of it from his practice than from any of theirs whom I have already mentioned; so that their opinion has more foundation who compliment Xenophon only with the revival of it amongst the Greeks. It might easily happen, says Ant. Guibertus, that Shorthand might come from the Egyptians to the Greeks, amongst whom the minds of men being variously delighted with different studies, Xenophon, (*præcipue Notarum studio tractus*,) being chiefly smitten with the love of Shorthand, cultivated it with greater diligence, restoring that Art, which long intermission had almost obliterated, to its former life and lustre.

For as the Latins had all their philosophy and literature from the Greeks, so had the Greeks from the Egyptians, amongst whom several of their great philosophers travelled to acquire knowledge, which knowledge could not then be acquired without some insight, at least, into the Shorthands of Egypt.

I say the Shorthands of Egypt; for we must extend the meaning of that word to every kind of writing wherein brevity was of chiefest consideration; or else, indeed, if the difficulties or arbitrariness of particular methods, or any defects they were attended with, were to exclude them from being so called, we need not go far for the original of the Art, since it is only in your practice, gentlemen, that it will be found to be absolutely short, easy, regular, and complete.

But the common acceptation of the word will allow us to extend it to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which were of several sorts, some of which would appear but very little different from some of our modern Shorthand marks if we were to see them both engraved upon an obelisk, or inscribed on the foldings of a mummy. Ath. Kircher, who has taken such pains to illustrate them, says of them in general that they were *symbola quibus paucis multa indicabant*. As a great deal of confused learning has been exerted upon these hieroglyphics, I shall just select a passage or two, to set the business of the Egyptian writing in as short and clear a view as our present time and purpose will permit.

Marcellinus, mentioning the Egyptian hieroglyphics, calls them *innumeras notas initialis sapientiæ*, and describes their writing thus: "*Non enim ut nunc (says he) literarum numerus præstitutus et facilis exprimit quicquid humana mens concipere potest, ita quoque prisci scriptitarunt Ægypti, sed singulæ literæ singulis nominibus inserviebant, et verbis nonnunquam significabant integros sensus.*" Where by "*literæ*" and "*verba*" 'tis plain he means arbitrary marks for words and sentences, since he affirms that they had not the use of an alphabet amongst them. But that, I am apt to fancy, would be found to be the common mistake of writers upon this subject, who have perhaps entertained too



mean an opinion of the advancement which this nation, the fountain of learning to other nations, had made in all kinds of literature, because so many deluges of Ignorance have intervened and swept the proofs of it away.

If we regulate our judgments in this case by the nature of things and the common effects of considerable bodies of men being united together in society, laws, and governments, then even those imperfect and uncertain accounts which we have of ages and countries so distant from our own, will incline us to think that the state of writing amongst the Egyptians did not differ so much as is imagined from the present state of it at this day.

We learn from Herodotus that they had two different kinds of writing, the one for sacred, the other for common purposes. Other authorities affirm there were three or four sorts of Egyptian writing. There is a particular enumeration of them in a passage in Clem. Alexandrinus, of which I will give you the import as briefly as I can.

First then, there was the Epistolographic, in which they wrote letters and transacted their ordinary affairs, answering perhaps to our common smaller character.

Then there was the Hierogrammatic, that wherein the priests wrote concerning sacred things, answering to our large capital character, or, as they are sometimes called, Roman letters, from the people we had them from, as the small character is called running hand, by a corrupted word perhaps for Runic or Gothic hand.

Lastly, there was their Hieroglyphical way of writing, so much talked on, under which word were comprehended the several kinds both of their sacred and vulgar Shorthands. This again is divided by the same author into the Kuriological and Symbolical methods.

The Kuriological was when they writ "per prima elementa," by the common alphabetical characters, using one or more initial letters for a word, or words for a sentence; it was thus that, to use Marcellinus his phrase, "*Singulæ literæ*," &c.

The Symbolical was when they writ "per signa" by various kinds of signs or symbols, which again, according to the different

images or marks they made use of, were called Tropical, Allegorical, Emblematical, Ænigmatical, &c.

By a circle, for instance, in the sacred Shorthand, they signified the Deity, as thinking that the shortest and aptest figure to denote a Being which had neither beginning nor end. The same mark in the vulgar Shorthand stood for that word which in their language signified the sun, as a horned mark did for the moon, and so on; much after the same manner, in effect, as in most of our modern Shorthand books, at the close of which you are generally presented with a table of the ingenious fancies of their several authors, for which they have adopted the very expression of Symbolical characters.

And as the name is the same, I shall cite one authority more to prove that the thing is the same too. 'Tis Apuleius his description of some books of Hieroglyphics in the Temple of Isis, which he calls "*quosdam libros literis ignorabilibus prænotatos, partim figuris cujuscemodi animalium concepti sermonis compendiosa verba suggerentes.*"

There is their Hieroglyphical picturing; as for instance, Nature they represented by a vulture, because they had a notion there were no male vultures; a king they figured by a bee, for reasons obvious enough; and, to mention one of their ludicrous ones, a woman brought to bed of a female child they signified by a bull looking over his left shoulder, for reasons — best known to themselves.

"Partim (says Apuleius) nodosis et in modum Notæ tortuosis, capreolatimque condensis apicibus a<sup>n</sup>curiosa profanorum lectione munita." Now I ask, if Apuleius had been to see some books of English instead of Egyptian Shorthand, whether he could have described them better than by unintelligible characters, knotty turnings and twinings, hooks and crooks, crowded together so as nobody could make anything of them?

And indeed what wonder is it that ancient Shorthands should differ as little from the modern ones as they do from one another? Was not the reason of introducing them all the same? Had not the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans the same occasion, upon num-



berless accounts, for expedition in writing as we have? And when men go about to invent marks for words and sentences, without much regard to the regularity or beauty, they will fix upon much the same sort of pothooks and ladles, let their language be what it will. The eye would be alike displeased with all of them, and scarce able to distinguish the characters of a Rich, Shelton, or Metcalf, from those of the Roman Cicero, the Grecian Xenophon, or the Egyptian Mercury.

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*Dr. Deacon to John Byrom.*<sup>(1)</sup>

You have received Mr. Cattell's, to which you shall respond shortly; well, do so then; or, do not so, it is all one to me; I don't care of two straws whether you will or no, for I am resolved to go on ding dong; and therefore, sir, this comes, in spite of your teeth, to inform you that his lordship left our town all in tears on Friday last; that he met Mr. Booth of Salford on the road, and stopped to tell him that his kinsman, old Mr. Assheton,<sup>(2)</sup> had only got a lazy trick of sitting in his chamber, that he believed he might supply Salford Chapel himself if he would try, for he had known clergymen, more infirm to all appearance than he, who had been

(<sup>1</sup>) This letter has no date; it bears the post mark of "Dec. 24," and by its contents evidently belongs to 1726, vide Dr. Deacon's letter of Dec. 6, 1726, p. 231, to which it refers. It was overlooked until too late for insertion in its right place.

(<sup>2</sup>) Robert Assheton M.A. of Oxon, descended from the Asshetons of Shepley in Ashton-under-Lyne, became Curate of Rochdale in 1693, afterwards Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Salford, founded by Mr. Booth, and elected Fellow of the Collegiate Church in 1703-4. He was buried in Salford Chapel August 31, 1731. His son Richard Assheton was baptised at Rochdale June 11, 1694, educated at Manchester School, Hulme's Exhibitioner 1715-16, of Brasenose College Oxon, B.A. 1715, M.A. 171-, and licensed by Bishop Gastrell to officiate as Chaplain of Manchester College in 1720, which appointment was confirmed by the Chapter without the Warden, and resisted by that dignitary in 1726, after he had become Bishop of Chester, as before stated in a previous note. The Court of King's Bench confirmed Mr. Assheton's appointment, and on the death of his father he was elected Fellow of the College. He died in 1769. Some of the MSS. of these Asshetons are in the possession of their descendant the Rev. Hart Ethelstone M.A., Incumbent of Cheetham Hill.—*Fasti Mancunienses*, a MS.

carried both to the reading desk and pulpit, and performed the office very well; he sent a small compliment to your son,<sup>(1)</sup> too, and said that he was a very base man, and had told him two or three flat lies, &c. This I had from Mr. Booth's own mouth.

His lordship likewise left orders with Mr. Birch<sup>(2)</sup> to tell the chapelwardens of Gorton that they should not suffer any clergyman to assist Mr. Bolton<sup>(3)</sup> at that chapel, which orders I believe were executed yesterday; so that the old gentleman will be obliged either to throw up that cure, or do all the business himself. Dr. Malyn, not knowing of this order, supplied Gorton last Sunday, for which offence he begged pardon of Mr. Birch the day following.

N.B. Mr. Assheton is a blockhead for suffering himself to labour under an infirm constitution, and Mr. Bolton is an ass for living to the age of seventy-three. I believe I forgot to tell you in my last that in the conference between his lordship and the Fellows, (relating to the mob,) at which I was present, his lordship said that the mob were most of 'em a parcel of black, swarthy fellows; and he hit upon a simile which I found he was very fond of, because he repeated it twice, and that at such distant times that he had time enough to consider on't — he said, their faces were so full of ire, that they looked like so many devils. God ha' mercy, simile.

All friends in Hanging Ditch are well, and so is Mr. President,

<sup>(1)</sup> Dr. Deacon himself, who here modestly recognizes Byrom as his guide or father.

<sup>(2)</sup> Probably the Mr. John Birch of Manchester, (son of Mr. Birch of Ardwick,) who was buried at Gorton Chapel Sept. 21, 1728. "Samuel Lord Bishop of Chester preached his funeral at Gorton." — Higson's *Gorton Historical Recorder*, p. 84.

<sup>(3)</sup> The Rev. Roger Bolton was born in 1652, of Jesus College, Cambridge, B.A. 1677, M.A. 1681, elected Fellow of Manchester Collegiate Church in 1699-1700, and died 14th May, 1735, æt. 82. He had a son, Samuel Bolton, also a Fellow of the same Church, who died young. He was much esteemed by Bishop Gastrell, and appointed by his Lordship a Commissioner to ascertain the value of the Livings in the Deanery of Manchester, preparatory to the operation of the Act of Queen Anne for the augmentation of poor Benefices. Mr. Bolton was also in the Commission of the Peace for the County Palatine of Lancaster, although of strong nonjuring principles. *Fæsti Mancunienses*, a MS. He resigned the Perpetual Curacy of Gorton, and was succeeded by the Rev. William Burkitt, before Sept. 21, 1728 — who also was of nonjuring principles. — Higson's *Gorton Historical Recorder*, p. 83.



and so is Mr. Warden, and so is Mr. Secretary, and so is the Duke of Normandy, and so is — Your humble servant.

[Extracts.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Richard's, April 22nd.

I came from Cambridge yesterday afternoon, (from Ware, that is, that day,) and met yours at Dick's here. I did not think of staying any longer than Mr. Wright when I went; but Mr. Whit. [worth] dying, Mr. Hooper took my horse to London, and I stayed at Trinity College in his chambers.<sup>(1)</sup> Mrs. Bentley enquired after you very kindly, and drank your health. I went to Westminster Hall to-day, where it was said the Bishop's affair would certainly come on, but it did not. I am tired of London, now the spring advances. I don't know what to do about going to Bristol, Cambridge, or, where my mind leads me, home.

May 4th.

The Bishop and Chaplain's affair is put off again till Monday next, and I much question whether it won't go off again; but 'tis appointed, and so as likely to be then as any time. Sergeant Cheshire<sup>(2)</sup> said his papers were almost worn away. Mr. Ashton was very well on Monday.

Saturday, May 6th.

And so Mr. Richard Ashton's affair was mentioned at the King's Bench this morning, where the Bishop's counsel desired to have the mandamus to the Bishop discharged, because the King was visitor, and they had been mistaken in their application; the judges all agreed it was a new thing, alias a Moot POINT, and how

<sup>(1)</sup> See *Notes*, ante, pp. 35, 75, 171. — Francis Hooper succeeded his kinsman Charles Whitworth in his Fellowship at Trinity, but not in his Fellowship at Manchester, (see p. 165,) and was created D.D. by royal mandate in 1728. — Sir O. Mosley's *Family Memoirs*, 4to.

<sup>(2)</sup> "15 Jan. 1738, Sir John Cheshire Kt. Serjeant at Law and King's Prime Serjeant, died suddenly as he was going into his coach, worth above £100,000, all acquir'd by the Law." — *Gent. Mag.*, vol. viii., p. 277. See *Note*, ante, p. 224.

they should determine it at last they said not; but at present they made the rule absolute for the Bishop to return a downright reason why and wherefore he refuses Mr. A. Clowes and I were rarely sat to take down the cause, in a box by ourselves, but it seems the main merits are yet to be heard; this point at least is in Mr. Ashton's favour, but how the matter will end, as to that we know just as much as we knew before. Pray my service to Dr. Deacon.

*Dr. Deacon to John Byrom.*

May 14th, 1727.

Dear Grand Master: I have had two of yours, a long one and a shorthand one. You are a strange fellow, to affront the Royal Society president; your philosophical alphabet will not pass now. We have had great rejoicings here this week; Mr. Aynscough chose Fellow;<sup>(1)</sup> ringing of bells, bonfires, and garlands. The Bishop's commission to Mr. Bolton for calling a Chapter was conditional: If the Fellowship be vacant by the death of Mr. Whitworth as you say, I hereby empower you, &c.; if not, I hereby inhibit you. But I suppose he has received notice of the vacancy of a Chaplainship before now. The *St. James's Evening Post*, that came in here this morning, gives a dismal account of the affair

(1) The Rev. Radley Aynscough was son of Thomas Aynscough of Manchester, gent., by his wife Mary, daughter of William Radley of Salford, gent., and of his wife Margaret, daughter of Mr. Byrom of Salford. The Radleys were a wealthy family, and connected by marriage with the Radclyffes of Ordsall; Margaret, widow of Humphrey, fourth son of Sir John Radcliffe of Ordsall, K.B., being the sister-in-law of Mr. Thomas Aynscough, and by will dated 6th February, 1673, she appointed Mr. John Byrom of Salford her overseer, and her brother, Mr. Stephen Radley, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Aynscough, her residuary legatees. *Lanc. MSS.*, vol. xxiv, p. 152. Mr. Radley Aynscough was born in 1680, educated at the Grammar School, Manchester, afterwards of Jesus College, Cambridge, M.A. 1710, became Chaplain of Manchester Collegiate Church about 1712, and was elected Fellow of the same in 1727. He died January 12th, 1727-8, æt. 47, having been only eight months a Fellow, twice married, and leaving two daughters who died unmarried, and a son, the Rev. Thomas Aynscough, M.A., who died in Manchester, 8th November, 1793, æt. 74, having been thirty-two years a Fellow of the Collegiate Church.—*Fasti Man-unienses*, a MS.



of Messrs. Whittaker and Aynseough reading prayers together; you are strange lying fellows at London. And so we have got soldiers to keep ecclesiastics in order; canons are fools to sword and musket; the Bishop fights with all weapons, spiritual, carnal, military, and devilish. You see I am in a rambling way, and who knows but in time I may be a little like your worship? for I have been reading Malbranche this last week. When Mrs. Byrom sent me Bekker, she sent with him the first vol. of Malbranche's *Metaphysics* and the second of his *Morality*; broken pieces as they are, I have read them. You will easily imagine where I was, when his *Metaphysics* was the first book I ever read of his—I was lost, absent, up in the clouds, sunk into nothing, absorbed in l'infini, not in company with myself, but with la raison universelle, la sagesse éternelle, la vérité intérieure, l'ordre immuable; in short I own myself ravished with him. En! tollo manus, cedo, vicisti! I am resolved to read all his works carefully in order; if you have them not all, be sure you bring what you want if you can. Remember me to sister Phebe. Farewell.

[In shorthand.] As to Mr. Salkeld,<sup>(1)</sup> give my service to him, but I have nothing to say about that matter at present, only you are to get the box and everything in it to him, and he is to take care of it till I send him further directions.

[Journal.]

Thursday, May 18th: dined to-day at Doctors' Commons, where sister Brearcliffe and brother and Phebe were; stayed till near four, then took leave, and went to the Royal Society; there I saw Mr. Glover, by whom I sat down, and, among other things, he asked me if that man was here that had taken down my name? I said, No, why did he ask? Because, he said, it was well for him that he was not. Why so? Why, he would have been arrested if he had. By and by Ahlers came in, and I told Mr. G. that was he, and

(1) Probably a descendant of Henry Salkeld of the county of Northumberland, who before 1644 married Helen, daughter of Adam Byrom of Salford, gent., by his wife Helen, daughter of Edmund Prestwich of Hulme, Esq.—*Lanc. Visit.* 1666.

desired to know whether any one would speak? he said, You'll see, it is designed for your honour. It seems that he had been at Pontack's, where Mr. Folkes, Ord, and White had resolved to speak. Sir Hans being in the chair, after reading a paper or two, he bid Dr. Jurin read the statutes, saying it was the custom of all societies to read their statutes sometimes, and so bid him read. I thought there might possibly be some design in this, and that Sir Hans might perhaps make some remarks, and particularly upon my late conduct, so I took out my pen, and as Jurin read I wrote; at last Sir Hans having taken notice of that part of the statute which is particularly about the admission of strangers, and saying that it was because things might be reported out of the Society, &c., I desired Mr. G. to ask Mr. Folkes whether I should speak myself, which he did, and told me he said it would do very well; whereupon I immediately got up and spoke to this effect: That since we were upon this topic of the statutes, which was certainly very proper, and since Sir Hans had mentioned the reason for that about strangers, and the danger there might be from them to the Society, I desired to know something in relation to that danger that might arise from the behaviour of the members one to another, and, in particular, should be glad to know what the Society thought of this behaviour, that when a member had upon occasion spoken his mind with freedom, without any design of giving offence, one of the members should enquire his name, and desire to know the particular way of spelling, and take it with all this care and exactness in writing, — whether this might not reasonably give occasion to suspect some other design than a gentleman's bare curiosity; at least whether it might not be proper to ask such a one to explain himself upon such an account; that, seeing the gentleman then present (Mr. Ahlers) who had taken this step at our last meeting, I thought it incumbent upon me to mention it before the Society, and to call upon him to satisfy gentlemen, and declare with what view and design it was that he did take down my name in such manner.

As soon as I had done Mr. Folkes stood up and made a long speech, importing that every member of this Society had a right to



speak his mind upon occasion ; that there had been certain debates, indeed, about addressing his Majesty, not that anybody had ever opposed the thing, but only the form and manner of it ; that it had had its course, and been voted and carried in the manner it was ; but that it was very hard that any member who might think differently should be taken notice on in a manner that he must needs say was enough to give suspicion that something besides bare curiosity was at the bottom of so particular an enquiry, and therefore he thought it was very reasonable for the Society to take so much notice of it as to desire Mr. Ahlers to explain himself. Sir Hans was still for putting it off ; but then Mr. Ord and White rose and spoke, Mr. White I think first a few words, that he thought it might be of ill consequence to the freedom of the Society to hear such a complaint without regarding it, so far at least as to put the gentleman who had been pleased to use such an extraordinary exactness in acquainting himself with Mr. Byrom's name upon giving his reason for so odd a proceeding as might justly create a jealousy of what use might be made of it. Mr. Ord spoke to the same effect, and said he thought it was not a matter to be so lightly passed over ; that it looked like a design to intimidate a member, and break in upon that liberty of speech in which the very essence of the Society consisted ; that it was indeed a reflection upon the president himself, who, no doubt, if Mr. Byrom had said anything that was amiss, would have reprimanded him for it ; that to mark a man down in so particular a manner upon account of his speaking his sentiments was a way of dealing by a member that might justly make it suspected that some ill use might be made of it to his prejudice, and therefore it was very fitting that Mr. Ahlers should be called upon to inform the Society, whose common concern it was, and not Mr. Byrom's only, why he did so ; that if he was in the wrong he might be reprimanded by the president for it, and if he was in the right, that he might have an opportunity of clearing himself from a suspicion for which there seemed to be but too great a foundation.

Sir Hans was still unwilling to proceed in it, and would have

shifted it off, saying that he thought any member was at liberty to write what he thought fit. "I observe," says he, "Mr. Birrum himself take out his pen and write there; who knows what he writes?" "Sir," said Mr. Byrom, "I account for what I write, it is the statutes which you were pleased to order to be read; there is a great difference between" — "Sir, if you please," says Sir Hans angrily; so I let him go on to say that he thought all had been over; that it was best for every member to do what he could for the advantage of the Society, and, for his part, he would as long as he had the honour; that this complaint was insignificant, and so it was best to dismiss it, and return to the business of the Society.

Mr. Byrom spoke again, and said it was not out of any particular resentment of his own, but upon account of the Society that he spoke, submitting entirely to them to judge whether such a proceeding was fair among gentlemen; that he reckoned it a misfortune to differ from the president so as to disoblige him, which was not his design, but he hoped he had only taken a liberty which might be taken without offence; that the gentleman being there himself, it was very easy for him to answer the question put to him about his design in taking his name down. Mr. Ord took notice of the representations which had been made of the late debates about the form of addressing for the honour of our kings, that it had been said there were Jacobites in the Society.

Dr. Nesbit spoke, and said it had been so talked in the public coffeehouses, and Mr. Byrom's name and his own had been particularly mentioned under the notion of their being enemies to the government; that for his part he had always thought it a very great honour to have his Majesty's name upon the books of the Society, but that strange interpretations had been made of the opposition to the particular manner of obtaining it, which might tend very much to the prejudice of particular members; and that he saw nothing so likely to give occasion for such unjust reflections as this way of taking names down.

Mr. Ord said then, that since the Doctor said this, it might not



only be proper to inquire what ill use might be made of such conduct, but whether an ill use had not been made of it?

Sir Hans still went on in his way against it; at last he said he had [not] any power to put a member upon explaining himself in this case — and so it was to be dropped.

Mr. Folkes begged leave to differ with him in that, since he had a power; and Sir Hans denying it, he showed him the statute concerning the behaviour of members to one another. Sir Hans still not willing to exact, saying it was needless in this case, since he saw no injury or harm that could arise from it, Dr. Jurin rose up and said there might be harm in it, and Mr. Ahlers being there, the shortest way would be for him to give reasons. So Sir Hans said something to him that he supposed he designed no harm? Mr. Ahlers said, No, not I; I took down Mr. Byrom's name, I took down Mr. Folkes's name, I took down the names of any gentlemen of the Society; I hope there's no harm in that, to enquire after the names, being willing to know the gentlemen of the Society.

Mr. Byrom said, I suppose, sir, you have got a catalogue of the names at this rate; but I desire to know in particular what one gentleman's name you did take down besides mine? Dr. Nesbit, Mr. Ord, said it was not the enquiring after a member's name that was complained of, but the particular way of doing it, the time when it was done — just after he had spoken about the address — the circumstance of the spelling, which might fairly imply that some other design than curiosity only had induced him to be so particular in it. Mr. Ord mentioned his writing it down in his pocket-book, and Mr. Ahlers took him up and said, Sir, I have no pocket-book. Mr. Folkes said, Perhaps it was an almanac — to which he said nothing.

It being argued that it might well be supposed, from the president's not finding fault with what Mr. Byrom said, that he had made no undue use of his liberty of speaking — Sir Hans said, Well but, Mr. Folkes, now all is over, don't you really think that it was very wrong, when his Majesty's name was thought proper, for any member to desire it to be deferred to consider of it for

a week? and to talk of a summons to meet upon it? Mr. Folkes said, Sir, as that is over, it is certainly improper to bring it on again; that is not the dispute at present, but whether this unusual observation upon a member's speaking, and thus noting down his name, was not an infringement upon a member's liberty. Nobody spoke on the other side but Sir Hans, and the debate ending, and Sir Hans saying no more, another gentleman proposed that an entry might be made of it. Dr. Nesbit called me aside into the other room, and said that it had come from Sir Hans himself that he and I were Jacobites; that he had [not] indeed the liberty of telling the gentleman's name who told him, but would obtain it if he could. Mr. Ranby spoke to me, and said Mr. Ahlers had told him he only took my name because he thought I had spoke very well; that after all I must own that though I had desired the address to be deferred, it was known to everybody that it was designed; that the poor man (as he called him) had no design but curiosity. I told him I did not suppose he had, but then it was fit to ask him, at least; that I found I had been the occasion of some being offended without any design of offending; that he had nothing to do but to declare his new design, which was no great matter in comparison of the inconvenience that might arise in letting such a proceeding pass without notice. I spoke three or four times in the debate, occasionally saying that I had no particular pique at Mr. Ahlers; that if any gentleman had any particular enquiry to make about me, as I was there in person I was ready to answer him. Dr. Smith and Mr. Turner were there. Mr. Turner said he was much surprised when I began to speak, that we had a strange president, that he was partial, that Ahlers came very poorly off, eating his own words. Dr. Massey told me he had heard nothing of this, that it was a saucy thing in Ahlers.

We were afterwards at Tom's coffeehouse, where Mr. Machin spoke to me, saying that though he thought I had not all the satisfaction I might insist upon, yet I had a great deal, particularly to see my part taken by so many worthy members; that he thought



one step further should have been taken, and Mr. Ahlers obliged to ask pardon of the Society. I told him, all my design was to resent it for the sake of the body, and I hoped I had said nothing but what was fair? He said, No, I had spoke very justly and reasonably. There were at Tom's Mr. Folkes, Machin, Ord, White, Glover, Graham (young), Wollaston, Smith, Turner, Cooper, and Mr. Heathcote was there, who was not at the debate, but seemed to come there to enquire, and I wished him away, because I thought he would tell again what he heard said to Sir Hans Sloane. Mr. Graham said, if he had been a speaker, he would have spoke on this occasion for me.

We all went thence to the park, Mr. Ord, Graham, Machin and I in one coach, and walked in the Mall, Mr. Folkes sometimes taking hold of my arm; he told me I had best call on Mr. D'Anteney and inform him of the matter; I said I had had thoughts of so doing, and I went the Saturday morning following, where Dr. Tessier and H., who had been with Tom Bentley at Paris, came in about one or two o'clock, and so I had only time to ask Mr. D'Anteney as we came out whether he had heard anything of our hurry at the Society? Yes, he said, that they had told him that I had made speeches, he supposed for diversion; I just hinted to him that we had had more disputes about my name being taken down, and desired him not to receive any impressions to my disadvantage, but to stay his judgment till he heard the matter from Mr. Folkes or Ord; he said I might be sure he would not.

Dr. Desagulier showed his engine for extracting foul air out of mines; and a Frenchman a machine for making observations at sea.

I was with Dr. Smith, Turner, Cooper, and another gentleman, at the tavern by Furnival's Inn coffeehouse; Mr. Folkes, Ord, should have been with us, but were not.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

London, May 20th.

Madam Byrom: I am credibly informed that you have not had a letter from your spouse this long while; not that he has not writ

to you, for I saw him write last Tuesday night at Richard's coffee-house after he was come from his society brethren in Paul's church yard; and so before he had done the post was gone, and the letter is out of date; and on Thursday came on a trial of skill at the Royal Society in Crane Court, being the third time of engaging between the two presidents, Shorthand and Royal; of which, and the various success of the contending parties pro and con, I would send you word, but that I fancy the Doctor, as they call him, will do it himself. The first occasion of his haranguing was about addressing the King; the second about addressing the Prince; and this third concerning himself, the occasion briefly this: — a certain German surgeon, Mr. Cyriacus Ahlers,<sup>(1)</sup> who detected the rabbit woman, when the Dr. was holding forth concerning these addressments enquired who he was, how he spelt his name, and took it down in writing; and last Thursday the Doctor took occasion to desire Mr. President to desire Mr. Ahlers to account for the honour he had done him in taking such particular notice of him, which Mr. President would not do, but would dismiss the matter; but your spouse being seconded by some stout soldiers, the matter was not ended without divers speeches and learned observations upon the nature of the complaint, which the Dr. said he had not preferred for any concern of his own, but for the honour of the Society. I suppose he will give you an account how the matter ended, if it be yet ended; but they say there have not been so many speeches this hundred years as there have been there this month past. Mrs. Phebe Byrom is at Gray's Inn with her brother; Mr. Chad-dock very ill, Dr. Barrobie concerned for him; she, cousin Chad., out of order, I preached to her upon the uselessness of a concern that would do her husband no good; I talked with him, and think to call there till he is better. Pray, madam, don't you think the Dr. long a-coming home? I don't see that he is in marching order yet; this new affair of his at the Royal Society obliges him to mind that a bit. I hear he has been to see his German scholar Mr. D'Anteney this morning, to set him right in the affair; the

(1) He published *Observations concerning the Woman of Godalming*. Lond. 1726, 8vo.



shorthand men I'm told are resolved to stand by their Grand Master; and if Liberty leave the Royal Society, 'tis confidently asserted that she will retire to the Shorthand one, where a seat is prepared for her reception.

Madam, I beg pardon for this interruption, and am your most obedient humble servant — (signed) — FRAN. FREEMAN.

P.S. Dr. Deacon's letter was received; his accession to Father Malbranche has almost made his picture speak; he will be congratulated thereupon.

[Extracts.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Sun in Paul's churchyard, Tuesday night, May 22, 1727.

The company not being come here (but Mr. Brown just come in) I thought I would ask how thee did? Mr. Chaddock, Mr. Brearcliffe says, is better than he was. They talk all of peace again; stocks have risen six per cent all at once. I have writ part of a letter to Warden Deacon, think to finish it next post (Mr. Hoadly the Bishop's son come in). I was Sunday night at Dr. Bentley's, he appointed Monday morning for his son Mr. Bentley to begin to learn, which he did accordingly. I have not fixed a day yet for leaving this place, of which I am sufficiently weary.

May 27th.

The Czarina of Muscovy is dead, and the Duke of Holstein at the head of the regency; talk of nothing but peace. My tailor, who brought home my new clothes (I asked your advice about them but you said nothing, so I followed my own fancy,) grave Duroy this morning, told me that King George would take a journey into the north instead of going to Hanover. South Sea Stock 113. Brother Brearcliffe and sisters very well this afternoon. I go to St. James's church to-morrow to hear Dr. Clark along with Mr. Glover my new scholar, a great lover of the Doctor's; I never yet heard him.

[In Shorthand.]

*John Byrom to Dr. Deacon.*

[About May 11th, 1727.]

Dear Doctor: I had yours last post, in which you tell me I shall perhaps be frightened because of your box; now I tell you that there is no *perhaps* in the case, for I am frightened out of my wits quite and clear, and shall not be my own man again these seven years. But to be serious, you did not do well to alter your mind and send this packet to me, for it is the only way to discover one of the triumvirate, that is to say, myself; for I know that I can no more help betraying that I am in the secret, if it pass through my hands in this manner, than I can fly; the moment anything of this nature appears it would be concluded that I am the author of it, and a hundred people would be challenging me with it, for I have the honour already of having taken down all the Bishop's sermons, speeches, depositions private and public, and of sending them up and down town and country. We dined at Mr. Whitworth's yesterday, Mr. Hooper and three other Fellows of Trinity College, and they were all five upon me for five hours together almost, upon this very subject. Whitworth and Hooper had had their information, I could perceive, from the Bishop himself, who, I suppose, had let them know the disaffection of Shorthand against him, &c.; and because I had a copy of the *Reasons* and the answer of Mr. Ashton to run to, the only one that I could hear of anywhere, I believe some people thought I had the whole life and conversation of all the parties concerned written down in it.

I mention these trifles, not that I feel anything of this nature, for I defended the cause upon this occasion very gallantly, and cried out with a loud voice against the usurpation and tyranny of the pope of Chester, but to tell you that, being the only one in town here that would be suspected, the alarm would be too strong for me, and I could not put on a face that would stand it out. I always told you I was the most unfit for this part of the story, because I could not keep my countenance on certain occasions. You said in one of your letters you wondered how I should do to



keep my countenance when I heard the book read ; why, you may depend upon it never will I hear it read if I can help it for that reason, unless I find that I can have a greater command than I fear I shall have of my muscles on such an occasion. You sent for my consent to print *More Reasons*, wherein I left them to your way of doing it ; you told me it was at Leeds ; you should have kept that from me, for since my knowing where it was printed is immaterial to the design, it is better I should not have known it : and as to this box, I desire you to consider whether it be not much better that they should be dispersed by somebody (the person you thought on before, whom I desire I may not know without a necessity,) whose footsteps cannot be suspected, and therefore not traced, than by one that I doubt would be both. If it be with your judgment, let them be put into your first hands, for I must employ somebody, and I do not know who. I shall open the box, but I neither believe nor will believe that there are any such things as you mention in it. Pray let me hear next post without fail.

[In longhand] I can't write this *Spectator* out ; it has struck twelve, and I doubt too late to send this. I ha'n't time to read it over — *corrigere quod non rectum*.

[Extracts.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

May 30th, Richard's.

Mr. Ord is waiting for me, but I must write to tell thee that to-day at noon Mr. Hoadly the Bishop's son happened to come in here, and, asking me when I went to Cambridge, I told him, in a few days ; he said he had a place in a chaise for Saturday if I pleased, and so I thought fit to accept on't ; and going this afternoon to Mr. Glover, it happened that the Bishop and Dr. Clark<sup>(1)</sup> were there at dinner ; I called there when they had done and passed

(1) Dr. Samuel Clark, the learned Rector of St. James's, and Bishop Hoadly. It would have been difficult to find two men whose views on almost all subjects were more antagonistic to Byrom's.

an hour or two with those three famous men ; I told the Bishop how I had met with his son and was to go with him, and Mr. Glover talking of his opinion of our shorthand, the Bishop mentioned his son's learning. Dr. Bentley went to Cambridge this morning, he thanked me last night for my instructions to his son, and paid me five guineas very satisfactorily ; he told me he had told Lord Chancellor King that his son had learnt. I am glad of young Bentley, and he takes it purely.

I think to send down my boxes of papers, books, clothes, &c., by next Friday's carrier ; what stay I shall yet make in Cambridge I cannot yet tell. I supped last night at Dr. Deacon's father-in-law's, I han't time to send him the rest of our debates to-night ; I shall write to thee from Cambridge and suppose thee well till I hear from thee, but thou mayst write, as soon as thou carest, for me at Mr. Hooper's chamber, (for *Mr.* John Byrom, not *Dr.*.) and tell Dr. D., because I shall not be here to receive letters after Friday.

Saturday noon, June 3rd, 1727.

I should have answered yours last post, but I was so late in company with some of our Society, at my scholar Mr. Folkes's chambers, that I had not time. I hear from Phebe that you are not well ; I think, my dear, that thou wantest a ride to some place or other, a journey to Scarborough or somewhither, or at least to Buxton ; prithee don't neglect thy health, but keep it entire by all ways. Don't you choose to live at Kersall a little now and then ? And be careful of thy diet. How does Bet's cold do ? We have packed up here all my clothes, books, &c. I sent a box yesterday by Bardesley directed to Mr. Jos. Byrom, look to it ; here are four boxes more to come after them.

I am going to dine at the Bishop of Salisbury's,<sup>(1)</sup> and so we shall go, young Hoadly and I, to Ware to-night. What has your

(1) Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, a man of Erastian principles, like Bishop Peploe, and both ably opposed by William Law and John Byrom. "Young Hoadly" was the Bishop's elder son Benjamin, a Physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, and author of "The Suspicious Husband," and other small pieces.



Bishop done with Mr. Bolton's sermon? Why would he give it him? Desire Dr. D. to send me word what happens amongst them; I have half a letter writ to him, I'll finish it at Cambridge.

We had more disputation at the Society last Thursday, warm work, at the reading of the minutes of my complaint. I'll send thee the minutes, and the reason of the contentions thereupon, shortly; I believe there is an end of 'em now, for I am going out of town, and King George is a-going, and Mr. Ahlers is a-going, and so sure the nation will be quiet. It was one word, that the president would have had inserted in the minutes, which caused all the debates, which ended in rejecting the word, and letting the minutes be as the secretary had taken 'em. My dear, a good journey to thee, be sure mind thy health. It is struck twelve o'clock, I must go, 'tis a huge way off, at the last house in Grosvenor Square; I shall write to thee from Cambridge, so at present fare thee well. — Thine, J. B.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge, June 12th, 1727.

I received thine by the Caxton bag way, and am glad to hear thou art better; prithee, love, keep so. I am in commons, gown and band as orderly as if I had never stirred from hence; I have a room in College too.<sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Bentley writes admirably well. I am desired to spend some time at the seat of Mr. Bromley,<sup>(2)</sup> a gentleman of great estate and merit, about ten miles off; I can't do it; however, I'll go see him. I rise chapel every morning. If you would have your fine son admitted, now's the time; my tutor Hooper is well. I sup with Dr. B. and them now and then; I don't like the College commons, mostly fleshmeat, and ill got at present. Has the Bishop done anything about Mr. B's. sermon? I think to write to Dr. Deacon; I have two or three shorthand letters to answer from London.

(<sup>1</sup>) This must have been a happy time for Byrom; reviving juvenile habits with the independence of manhood and an established reputation.

(<sup>2</sup>) John Bromley Esq. of Horseheath Hall in Cambridgeshire.

Trin. Coll., Thursday, June 15th.

I have been at Mr. Bromley's; he and one of his acquaintance have begun, both pleased. I write by a young gentleman of our College, Mr. Barneston. Here is a book sent to Dr. Bentley by the post about the Bishop; Mr. Ashton against the Bishop, very severe upon him; I got a sight of it this morning; is it come to Manchester? Mr. Goodrick is come to College. I hear the Bishop, &c., are still quarreling, that he won't let Mr. Ainscough be Fellow, is it true? I have sent thee here the minutes of our Royal Society's dispute one day; for the others, I'll tell thee when I come home; the president very angry at me, but I can't help it; I was resolved to speak my mind, and so I did, and four several meetings we boxed it about, and I think I came off very honourably at last; but don't let any body see this minute but particular friends.

P.S. Three o'clock. Just now news is come hither that expresses are going up and down with the notification of King George's death; he died in Holland.

*Dr. Deacon to John Byrom.*

June 24th.

Book reached us Manchesterians? Yes, that it has; I found one of 'em at the door of my lodgings, and they say there are swarms of 'em dispersed about town in the same manner. It is indeed arch and witty enough; but I hate such an ill-natured, snarling, bantering, captious, venomous style. He ought to be sent to the devil without benefit of clergy, with his sneering *Defence* at his tail, for offering to prove those *Reasons* to be none of his lordship's by the nonsense and absurdity of 'em. Whoever the author was, he had best look to himself, for if he be discovered he may expect to meet with his match. There are several suspected persons, particularly one Longimanus.<sup>(1)</sup> Here is a lady of your acquaintance and mine, and she comes and she tells us that the *More Reasons*, &c., and the *Defence*, have every feature and lineament,

(<sup>1</sup>) Byrom.



nay, and the very motion and clothes of that long umbratical Joseph above mentioned; in short, that those brats are so like him in every particular that she could almost swear she saw him beget 'em; and many others there are of the same opinion. Then there is that Hæreticus Guardianus, Thomas Theodorus,<sup>(1)</sup> who is under a small suspicion of having a finger in the pie; nay, and your old friend poor Sagax Distinctionibus<sup>(2)</sup> cannot entirely escape censure. But I do verily believe that these gentlemen know no more of the matter than yourself, and therefore they don't seem to regard suspicion, but hear and see and talk among the thickest of 'em. The author or disperser of that scandalous libel had the impudence and folly to direct twelve of them (as we are told) to twelve gentlemen of our town, viz., Mr. Bayly,<sup>(3)</sup> Yates,<sup>(4)</sup> Davenport, &c. But Hodges the bookseller smelled a rat, broke open the packets, and very wisely carried 'em to his lordship, who sacrificed 'em to his just resentment. There are already, you know, some misunderstandings between his lordship and the Fellows of our Collegiate church, and it is a thousand pities that the quarrel should be fomented by such virulent, unseasonable libels. But seriously, we are all at a gaze about this strange pamphlet, and can no more guess at the author than at the end he proposed by it. But we all agree that so much wit and spirit might have been more innocently employed.<sup>(5)</sup>

His lordship set out for London on Wednesday last, and I am afraid honest Dr. Deacon will shortly follow him, to the very great loss and concern of this town and neighbourhood. He has a very advantageous prospect at Stepney by the death of Dr. Cole, late physician there. Pray make haste to Manchester and help to repair our loss of him as well as you can. — Farewell, &c.

(1) Dr. Deacon.

(2) Query, Clayton.

(3) James Bayley Esq., ob. 1769, æt. 64, having married Ann, daughter of Bishop Peploe. Their son, the Rev. James Bayley M.A., was a Fellow of the Collegiate Church.

(4) See *Note 2* ante, p. 177.

(5) This must have been written for Byrom to read to his friends as a cloak for their joint knavery.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Trin. Coll., Sunday, July 2nd, 1727.

My dear love: I am just come from St. Mary's to Mr. Hooper's chambers, to which I am removed, expecting the inhabitants of the other to come every day. I have had a letter just now from Dr. Deacon from London. I had yours dated 26th of June about practising physic at Manchester; I told you before you might tell enquirers that I should not, (if there was any occasion,) if it were a much more flattering prospect than it is. I have neither health enough, nor interest, nor experience, nor consequently inclination enough to practise physic at Manchester. Dr. Deacon's leaving it is no reason that would induce me, if I could, to undertake it, but much the contrary; I hope he will do better for himself, (he says he has a very good prospect, and so have I too,) and who can think me so absurd as to quit a very favourable view, which I have experienced to be so? I tried one, it would not do; I tried the other, it will do; is there any choice—for me I mean? for I suppose I am still to encounter the old difficulty of the opinion of others, of the world, things which I do not at all despise; I only say the old Spanish proverb is not without its use, viz., "A fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's." If other wise men blame me, I must bear it; 'tis better than to undertake what I am not fit for, and then blame myself.

What, I pray, have the physicians at Manchester ever got, in proportion to that night and day slavery, 'pothecary slavery, reputation slavery, drinking slavery, party slavery, &c., to which they are continually exposed? Dr. M.<sup>(1)</sup> is dead, Dr. H.<sup>(2)</sup> incapable, Dr. J.<sup>(3)</sup> not liked, Dr. D.<sup>(4)</sup> gone away; who am I, that I should expect better fate than my neighbours? Truly, as to success, the last gentleman I fancy, and I may appeal to himself, had the best when he had a call elsewhere; and when Manchester gets such another, they will keep him as long as he has nothing else to take to—and no

<sup>(1)</sup> Dr. Malyn.<sup>(2)</sup> Dr. Holbrook.<sup>(3)</sup> Dr. Jackson.<sup>(4)</sup> Dr. Deacon, who after all did not leave Manchester, but dying 16 Sept. 1753, was buried in St. Ann's Church Yard.



longer; not that I suppose there will be wanting competitors enough for the favour of the town. I wish another such as D.<sup>(1)</sup> may come, though we have him but for a season. There's one patient I should have soon, I believe, and that is your husband, who is but very indifferent at this present time of writing, with his water gruel, sack whey, chick broth, and slops, and just as much bodily pain as disables him from everything but shorthand. If I could stay here I might have many scholars; as it is, I have just half a dozen; that is more than I should get by half a dozen patients, or deserve to get; everybody commends it that learns, and longs for't that does not. I am at the top of this affair at least, and should be so if there were as many professors of it as of physic; there will always be patients that will employ me to administer this physic, and sure pay, and kind reception, and friendship, and interest; and much more I might say to desire your leave to proceed in it.

I'll get down as soon as I've despatched these six heroes. I have been in great pain for my sister Br. and Phebe, it rained so after they left us; I hope they got well home. I'll send word when I set out, but I hope to be better when I see thee, and to find thee hearty and thine, a pleasure I have long longed for—sure it is not far off now. My dear, good night; I have writ all my time till post. Master and mistress of the house, good night.  
Yours, J. B.

[In Shorthand.]

*Peter Leycester to John Byrom.*

Saturday, 14th Oct. 1727, from the Manor of Toft.

Dear John: I have been told so oft that I am going to be married, that I really begin myself to fancy there's something in it, and to wish it was so with me; but, as I scorn the thing that is ungentle, and would act nothing contrary to the principles of shorthand and the allegiance I owe the Grand Master, I would not

<sup>(1)</sup> Manchester has had good reason to boast of its learned physicians. Amongst them no one added to his professional skill more various and recondite erudition than Dr. Deacon.

for the world be so rash as to undertake an affair of this nature without first consulting your Highness, and therefore send you this epistle to beg that you will testify unto me your royal assent and approbation by some gracious signal; for if I can but obtain your consent, and the consent of one Catharine Norris a spinster, I'm determined for once in my life to play the fool and marry.<sup>(1)</sup>

It is well known to all the world that you have a happy talent at versification, for which reason, if Hymen should prove propitious, I bespeak you to honour the occasion with an epithalamium.

I have been so taken up for some months last past in the contemplation and adoration of the aforementioned bright nymph, that I have been quite deprived of the pleasure of your company, and do now think it a great while since I saw you. I have therefore another favour to beg of you, which is, that you will give brother Swinton and me the meeting at Altringham on Tuesday next, and there let us spend a few hours together. I name Tuesday, because you may have time to write us an answer by Monday's post, and we shall know how to depend upon your coming; but if you like Wednesday or Thursday better, with all my heart; and as the days are short, I propose we should meet at twelve, and dine at Bufton's. If Alderman Clowes be in the country, bring him along with you, or any other honest fellow. I have not time to come see you at Manchester, and therefore much desire this congress, for I long to know how you do and prosper; name your day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and I will not fail to meet you precisely at twelve — hail, rain, or snow. Your answer by the return of post.

Yours, Pr. de Toft.

To Dr. Byrom, at his house,  
in Manchester.

Post paid.



*R. Hassell to John Byrom.*

London, Nov. 14, 1727.

Dear Doctor: I was last night at a committee of the Royal Society for carrying on the grand business of the election, where it was agreed, upon casting up the lists on both sides, that we were like to have a very hard struggle; I will not say, for omen's sake, that we may possibly lose it, but it was thought necessary that somebody should write to everybody that was not in town, and press them not to fail at the day; and I was desired to write to you and Sir Peter, not that we had any mistrust of you, but to put you in mind to use all your rhetoric with Sir Peter, and to bring him to town will-he nill-he, though he should be forced to go out of town the next morning. I will not pretend to furnish you with arguments, but leave you to your own wits, wishing you good success with all my heart, and a good journey; all friends here join with me. I am just come from the opera, and forced to write this at a tavern, where I can neither get pen, ink, nor paper to my mind; for which reason I hope you will excuse the badness of this scrawl, and my not writing in shorthand.

Dear Doctor, yours, &amp;c.—R. HASSELL.

## [Journal.]

Saturday, November 18th: This day I set out for London in company with Mr. Walley, who parted at Bucklow Hill to go to Mr. Chomley of Holford,<sup>(1)</sup> and I went to Knutsford, where I just drank a pint of wine with Mr. Sub-Dean Swinton, and thence to Withington, where I lay that night; and the next morning Mr. Baskervoyle<sup>(2)</sup> and I went to see sister Mort at Heywood,<sup>(3)</sup> where we drank tea; I just light at Warmington to take my bags, and Mr. Baskervoyle brought me to Holmes-chapel, where we had a pint of

(1) See *Not. Cest.*, vol. i. p. 323.

(2) John son of Thomas Baskervyle, of Withington Hall co. Chester, Esq., and of his wife Margaret, daughter of William Hassall Esq., was sheriff of the county in 1703, and married Maria, daughter of Edmund Jodrell of Yardsley Esq. Their descendant and representative is John Baskervyle Glegg Esq., High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1814.

(3) Heywood Hall, in the parish of Alderley. — See Byrom Pedigree.

wine and parted. I went to Middlewich, where I met Mr. Walley at Mr. Smith's, and Charles Beswick<sup>(1)</sup> there and Mr. Ratcliffe the schoolmaster; I went with Mr. Walley to Tom Vaudrey's, where were Mr. Yates and Johnson.

[Monday, November] 20th: I wrote a letter in shorthand to Mr. Lowe by Mr. Smith; we came to dinner to Newcastle, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Walley's fat acquaintance, dined with us, told us of "Nay then" for "Amen"; set out after three for Stone, where Mr. W. determined to stay, and not go to Stafford, it being late; and here we are at Stone, Mr. W. asleep by the fire, I writing this.

Lichfield, Tuesday noon; Dunchurch, Wednesday. Last night we lay at Brook's at Coleshill, sat by the fire by Mr. Walley's will; John the molecatcher rebuked him for swearing, thus—"How long have God and you been enemies?"

Stony Stratford, Thursday noon: we had half a pint of sack, half at Daventry in the morning, and half here, 7½d.; the ostler at Dunchurch 2d, two turnpikes 2d.—4d. We met Mr. Clegg a little before Stony Stratford, he said he would let them know at home that I was well so far.

London, Friday night, [November] 24th: we dined at Highgate; we took coach from Smithfield to the Grange Inn, near the new playhouse.

Saturday, November 25th; called on Jemmy Ord, he was learn-

(1) Charles Beswicke of Manchester Gent., eldest son of the Rev. Charles Beswicke M.A. Rector of Radcliffe, and grandson of Captain John Beswicke of Manchester, whose daughter Rebecca married Mr. William Byrom of Manchester. He was born in 1660 and died in 1735, having married Sarah daughter and coheiress of Samuel Harmer of Lostock Grayleson near Great Budworth, co. Chester, Gent., afterwards of Manchester. Mr. Beswicke embraced the religious and political views of his kinsman Byrom, and is represented in a fine portrait still in the family as holding in his right hand a *Jacobite Pigeon*, whilst his son, the adjoining portrait, is distinguished by wearing a *White Rose* in the button hole of his coat. The next picture of this interesting series of Manchester heroes is that of Lieutenant John Beswicke, who suffered in the Rebellion of 1745. For some notices of the family see Dr. Hibbert Ware's *Foundations of Manchester*, vol. iv. p. 109; *Lancashire Memorials of 1715*, pp. 86, 254; *Notitia Cestriensis*, vol. 2, pp. 137-8.



ing Spanish of Mr. Deodichi, that I saw once at D'Anteney's — poor D'Anteney, he is dead, I find!

[Extract.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Richard's, Saturday night, Nov. 25th.

Last night we came well to town, our horses all ill of the new distemper. I lay last night at Kent's coffeehouse, where I saw Mr. George Leigh, Mr. Wilbraham, Wettenhall, Goldsmith, Hesketh. To-day I dined with J. Ord, who is going shortly to travel for some years. Jo. Clowes and I have missed each other yet, but I shall meet the cobbler at last. Mr. Walley and I have seen the coronation since we came to town; yes, indeed, at the new playhouse, a mock coronation, where harlequin dressed as a queen walks under a canopy, and the whole procession represented by way of farce. Nothing done in your Bishop's affair this term, so I presumed, nor won't be the next neither. The Bishop was kept out seven or eight years; it will be time enough yet, says a gentleman to me here, for Mr. Ashton to complain when that time is over. I am just got out of my boots, and given orders, upon a scrutiny, for a black coat. A mail arrived on Wednesday that Gibraltar was besieged again, and another on Thursday that there was no such thing; and this may serve for peace and war, and all other news.

"Adzooks," says Dr. Hopwood, "I know what brings you to town, ay, th'election." "What, you're come, then," says another hero, "to be here on Thursday? Why, they lay it all upon you, Doctor; and you have been libelling your Bishop yonder at Manchester." "Yes," says I, "and now I'm come hither also." "Ay, you'll turn the world upside down," &c. Vast interest made to keep in Sir Hans; Lord Cadogan has been with all the noblemen, &c. They say he has seventeen near relations in the Society, Duke Richmond, Lord Cadogan, &c. He is to get it by two votes, or by other accounts more. Our hopes are in the freedom of balloting, nor do we yet despair of victory. They are resolved to have Jurin

out of the secretaryship if they can, and bring in Jones. Alderman Parsons declared elected on the scrutiny. I am going to Mr. Walley; we had not a drop of rain. I intend to write to thee very often, and to hear from thee too; be sure take all possible care of thy health, upon which my satisfaction at this distance very much depends. Love and service to thee and thine, and all friends.

## [Journal.]

Sunday, November 26th: to Mr. Martin Folkes's; saw Sir Thomas Ashton, M. Cumberland, Harrison, V. Cave, at Richard's; at Mr. Folkes's were Graham, Jurin, Glover, T. White. Mr. Folkes read a letter sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury by Q. Z. about Sir Hans Sloane, in his favour, giving reasons for voting for him. Jurin read a minute of the Society, where Sir Hans's two bonds of £100 each were ordered to be paid off, and £38 odd for interest at five per cent; and £200 of Sir Isaac's, who had remitted the interest. Now it had been given out that Sir Hans had been more generous upon that occasion. They talked of Mr. Sloane's being so hot upon the matter as to forget the gentleman; told me that upon a proposal of all the Club going to his house, he had said, No, not all, for he would not admit me into his house; that he had threatened to expel two or three. Mr. Folkes, White, Glover, and I walked home, and were much diverted with the bellman's verses:

If that we do believe a future state,  
 Let us repent before it is too late;  
 Although we now may be in health and strength,  
 The life of man is but a span's length:  
 Let's make our calling and election sure.  
*Past one o'clock!*

Monday, November 27th: called on Mr. Walley at the George Inn; we went to Dr. Deacon's, dined there; Dr. D. told us of his resolution to go to Manchester again. I appointed to be with him on Sunday with Clowes.



Tuesday [November 28th] : I called upon Mr. Walley, lent him eight guineas, and he gave me a note, payable on demand. Called on Mr. Bentley, and saw the Doctor, and had talk about the election; he asked me to dinner, but I did not stay; Mr. Casley said that Miss Jane was not well. We were at the Dog to-night, Dr. Plumptre there; reckoned the numbers on both sides to be pretty equal.

Thursday, November 30th : I called about half after nine upon Dr. Smith to go to Dr. Bentley's; he was just gone to J. Ord's, I found him at Essex House; Dr. Bentley being up, we went to him, and I laid the case of his coming to appear for Dr. Jurin before him in very strong terms, till he said at last that he would not come, and was almost in a passion; talked of losing £500 a year by it. I argued the serving of a friend, one that had distinguished himself on all occasions, but in vain, so we came away to the Society along with Vernon, who was come post from Cambridge for Sir Hans. It was about eleven o'clock when they began. Dr. Jurin made a speech upon the foreigners voting, a very good one, desiring directions from the Society whether to receive or put their votes by themselves? This affair raised much dispute. Sir Richard Manningham<sup>(1)</sup> was the most remarkably rude to Jurin, and noisy upon the subject. Dr. Plumptre, Dr. Ratty, the Danish minister Bussière, Sir John Fortescue, &c., spoke; Plumptre against the voting of foreigners, the rest for; I spoke likewise to it several times as occasion offered, and took notice of Sir Richard Manningham's saying that we were going to dishonour foreigners and affront them as an unjust reflection upon us, and of the reasonableness of Dr. Jurin desiring direction in the case. The chief argument for, was custom and ballot; against, law and statute. The question was put to ballot whether they had a right, which we refused to ballot upon, and Mr. Folkes protested against it. It was then changed to whether we should do as we used to

(1) Now only remembered from his connexion with the rabbit woman's imposture, and his appearing as a prominent figure in Hogarth's well known print "Cunicularii or The Wise Men of Godliman in Consultation."

do, and carried against us without balloting. So their votes were received and put together, and there were 152 lists given in, which took a long while reading over; and when they were counted up it appeared that Sir Hans had gained his complete list, and Byrom, Jurin and Folkes were thrown out of the Council, Jurin having only 65, and Mr. Folkes 68 votes, to the surprise of most or all people there; so after that there was no further contest. Young Sloane spoke to me and said that they should have had it two to one if they had not left Folkes out of their list; "and," says he, "your speech upon the foreigners has lost a many votes." I gave in my second list and went over the way with Mr. Folkes and some others to the Mitre, the blind man Sanderson,<sup>(1)</sup> Dr. Stubbs; we had 1s. 6d. apiece for old hock; then we went to the Society again, and I gave in Dr. Halley president, and Machin secretary. It was about five o'clock when they had done, and the council, secretary, Rutty and the president himself were sworn by Machin; and thence I went to Richard's, where were Mr. Reynolds and Wighorn, to whom I told how it was, and then went to Pontac's, where they were sat down to dinner, and I sat at the little table at the upper end of the room with Mr. Brown, Dr. Smith. My Lord Cado-gan drank to me very civilly, and particularly Arts and Sciences. Dr. Jurin came to us, and told me that nobody had stood up for him but me. I stept out to Batson's and wrote to Mrs. Byrom that we were conquered; there I saw Jurin, who said he would go tell his wife the news. I went again to Pontac's, where Mr. Folkes's friends had a supper in another room, to a reckoning of £3. 19s. and odd, and Harper and I came away after they had determined that we should not pay; Hoadly asleep; Machin there, whom two fellows followed from the Society, with a warrant, as they said, for £400.

Friday [December 1st]: a letter from Mrs. Byrom that Mr.

(1) Nicholas Saunderson, the Cambridge Professor of Mathematics, who, in spite of blindness, distinguished himself by such extraordinary acquirements. He died in 1739. Wonderful as was his mathematical proficiency, he was too licentious in his life and conversation to be altogether agreeable, as a companion, to Byrom.



Ainscough<sup>(1)</sup> was very ill. Hesketh told me he had the Bishop's First of August sermon by him.

Saturday [December 2nd]: I sent a note to Jo. Clowes this morning to go to Dr. Deacon's. The *Flying Post* says to-day that Sir Hans had a majority of above three to one. I bought the *Craftsman* to-day, being upon Harlequin Mock Monster.<sup>(2)</sup>

Sunday, December 3rd: I called on Clowes; we took coach to Dr. Deacon's, the man had 2s. 6d. from Temple Bar; Dr. Deacon's brother and Mr. Salkeld there at dinner; Mrs. Deacon had missed her quartan fit.

Monday [December 4th]: W. Folkes, Mildmay, Reynolds and I to the King's Arms, and Mr. Elmore came in to us. Folkes said Dr. Jurin was to propose J. Ord next Thursday to be Fellow of the Royal Society.

Tuesday, December 5th: went to Paul's coffeehouse, looked over the catalogue of to-night's sale of Rawlinson's collection,<sup>(3)</sup> marked down *Proceedings against Magdalen College*, that if I should be there to-night I think to buy. This night I was at Rawlinson's auction, and bought *Proceedings against the Fellows of Magdalen College*, and the *Vindication*. Will. Folkes there; he and I went thence to the Club, which I found removed from Paul's churchyard to the King's Head in Holborn; there were thirteen of us there, among the rest Mr. Sloane; we were disputing about the difference to be assigned between sleeping and waking.

Wednesday [December 6th]: Bob Ord sent for me from the Red Lion to take a walk, it being a fine frosty morning; so we went to Hampstead and back; I dined with him at Serjeant Darnel's,<sup>(4)</sup> where was his wife, Sir John, mother, sister, and a relation,

(1) See *Note*, ante, p. 251.

(2) The paper will be found in the 12mo reprint of the *Craftsman*, vol. ii. p. 215. Those who consult the fourteen neglected volumes of this great organ of the anti-Ministerial party in Sir R. Walpole's time, will find no inferiority to the boasted leading articles of the London journals of the present day, in wit, humour, argument, sophistical ingenuity, or power of invective.

(3) In Dibdin's *Bibliomania* the Doctor gives an extatic account of this vast collection, which was now beginning to be dispersed.

(4) See *Note* 2, ante, p. 55.

Jenner of Oxford; we were very merry. Thence with Mr. Davy to Henley's, where I expected to hear of a curious invention from the Academy of Sciences No. 1; but it was all about the learned divine Whiston. The man attending there would have hindered me from writing, saying that Henley desired it; so I did not write word for word, nor yet forbear; and the man coming often to me, I told him I would write, and he brought me my shilling to go out, but I would not take it. I said, "What rudeness you offer me, be it at your peril." He said, "What do you think I am here for?" "What care I? What do you think I am here for? I'm here to write, and shall write." So when he found he could not prevent me, he let me alone. Went to Paul's churchyard, bought Peter Bale's book of *Short Longhand*,<sup>(1)</sup> 10d.; thence to the Leg, where there were thirteen of us, Dr. Shaw, and Mr. Woolston, whom I was in hopes to hear talk about his *Allegories*, and Dr. Shaw pressed him; but whether he did not care to talk, or whether there was too much noise about other matters, he did not say much. Dr. Penrose talked much, he is but a bad talker.

Thursday, December 7th: Dr. Deacon came to Jo. Clowes's, and Mr. Salkeld and I; we dined together at the Queen's Head; Dr. Deacon said I must write against Weston's book. Mr. Salkeld read a paragraph out of his pocket book, to try how I could write it in shorthand after his reading, which I did, and he seemed to wonder at it. The Doctor showed me a letter from Manchester, with the names of Mr. Copley,<sup>(2)</sup> Banne,<sup>(3)</sup> &c., inviting him to Manchester, where it seems he was resolved to go as soon as possible. Thence to Richard's, where we drank a dish of tea, and I had a letter from Mrs. B., which should have come yesterday. Salkeld,

<sup>(1)</sup> By this is probably meant Peter Bale's *Writing Schoolmaster*, London, 1590, 4to. — Byrom Catalogue, p. 15.

<sup>(2)</sup> John Copley, of the Sprotborough family, was of Trinity College, Cambridge; B.A. 1688, M.A. 1692, elected Fellow of Manchester Collegiate Church in 1708, and died in 1732. He married in 1714 Ellen, daughter of James Diggle of Manchester, draper, and left two daughters and coheiresses, who afterwards were distinguished by their high matrimonial alliances.

<sup>(3)</sup> See Note 1, ante, p. 46.



Clowes, and I went to the Royal Society, where I found Dr. Jurin delivering in his papers and giving account thereof; and then Martin Folkes proposed that he might have the thanks of the Society, which young Sloane opposed, and said the Dr. had defamed the president in coffeehouses; Dr. Jurin said, "I second Mr. Sloane's motion, and desire it may be enquired into, and that Mr. Sloane would name particulars;" but Sir Hans would hear nothing of either side further about such matters; he said we had for five months neglected the business of the Society for disputes, which by the grace of God he would put an end to. I spoke for Jurin having thanks, as did others, and at last it was minuted down; and then Ruttie read about thunder and lightning. Thence to Tom's, where Glover had said he should be; there Mr. Whiston<sup>(1)</sup> was talking with us a good while about Henley, baptism not usual for infants till some time after the apostles, the constitutions, Sir Isaac's chronology, which he said was the merest romance that could be, and that he would write against it when it came out. To Richard's; I wrote to Mrs. Byrom an account of what had passed at the Society; George Lee<sup>(2)</sup> in the coffeehouse, asked me if I had had a letter from Captain Davenport, by which he and another gentleman said there hung a tale; I suppose they meant his refusing my health because I was an enemy to the government, and had writ a book against the Bishop of Chester, as he was pleased to say, but I made as if I did not know that.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Richard's, Thursday night, December 7, 1727.

My dear love: I had thine this afternoon, which should have come yesterday, by which I suppose the roads are bad. I thank

(1) Those who wish to become acquainted with the opinions of this worthy and learned but very crotchety individual on these subjects, on which he wrote as well as talked indefatigably, need only to be referred to his most amusing Memoirs of his own life.

(2) George, son and heir of Henry Legh of High Legh by his wife Letitia, daughter of Sir Richard Brooke of Norton, Bart., was born in 1703 and died in 1780. His great-grandson is George C. Legh Esq. M.P., High Sheriff of Cheshire in 1838.

thee for your kind gladness for my coming off unhurt in the late engagement, but I told you the danger was not quite over, not knowing what might be the fate of your humble servant this day ; but by good stars I am still safe, though engaged in another battle, though not on my own account primarily. You must know to-day Dr. Jurin gave in several bundles of papers and letters which he had received as secretary, with an handsome account of 'em, &c. When he had done, Mr. Folkes moved that the thanks of the Society might be given to him for his discharging his office well and so forth. Mr. Sloane, Sir Hans's nephew, opposed it with a confused, passionate speech against the Dr. for defaming the president in public coffee-houses. Dr. Jurin seconded Mr. Sloane's motion, that it might be enquired into, and called upon him to name particulars, and he would justify himself. This occasioned what debates we had, wherein I put in my verdict as usual. Sir Hans said that by the grace of God he would put an end to these matters, and would hear nothing of any side, and kept beating his hammer ; but that did not silence us till we had it agreed that Dr. Jurin should have thanks ; but, for his justification, Sir Hans would not proceed in it, nor did his nephew particularise. Sir Hans said letters had been writ against him, and things said, but he contemned them with the utmost contempt, and would take no notice of anything that had passed of that kind — an act of grace by which perhaps I may escape with a safe skin. Sloane's treatment of Jurin was much disliked, and his being accused and not permitted to answer for himself gave offence. It was thought they might content themselves with their late victory, which if they pretend to crow upon, they will lose ground. Jo. Clowes and Mr. Salkeld and Dr. Deacon and I dined together to-day ; I introduced Mr. Salkeld into the Society, asking Mr. president's leave to be present at our meeting, where Jo. Clowes was likewise, and so we are all alive yet. If I am ever turned out, I shall accept your kind invitation to come to you, whose reception I am most fond of. I am glad to hear brother Briercliffe is better. I did receive your letter sealed with a bird ; why must I seal always with the same ? I take



the first that offers, but shall use the hedgehog if you've a mind, but I may perhaps forget, or be in haste, and use another. How does the man Hodgson lay wait for our shorthand? I shall call him to account if he interlopes, and his protector too. I hear from Dr. Deacon that your clergy have had another meeting and parting; I wish they would agree better. Yesterday I dined with Mr. Ord at his father Serjeant Darnell's, a shorthand writer. Dr. Deacon has been urging me to demolish Weston's book; if thou wast here I would demolish all opposition; I must take a fit opportunity to convince the world, when I can receive the converted into the secret; as our art will bear the test, I think there is no danger of encouragement, even though others should meddle, but they shan't yet, if I can help it. George Leigh is here, waiting for Dr. Harry Brook;<sup>(1)</sup> he has not seen Mr. Eyre—is he coming, or come, or how? I am very well for all my cold, and want nothing but thy beloved presence and my dear children, and Phebe, and Josiah, and friends, &c. I am at John's still. Savage<sup>(2)</sup> and Gregory are convicted of Sinclair's death to-day. Peace and war still a coming. My dearest love, good night.—Thine, J. B.

## [Journal.]

Friday, December 8th: this morning I called upon Mr. Chandler according to agreement. I was at Kent's to-night, where were H. Brooke, Leigh, Whetnall, Stanley, Hesketh, Wright. I ate a scollop-shell with Mr. Stanley, 18d.

Saturday [December 9th]: went to see my mare, paid a bill of £1. 4s. 6d. for her, and had a receipt from D. Wall the landlord, and I gave orders to have her sold. Thence to Mildmay's, who made me stay dinner; there was his sister Cockayne, Miss Holt a niece of

(1) Henry Brooke LL.D., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxon, third son of Sir Thomas Brooke of Norton, Bart.

(2) Richard Savage the poet, but who ultimately, notwithstanding the strong efforts of his mother, obtained the royal pardon in March 1728. The curious summing up of Mr. Justice Page, at the trial, will be in the recollection of every one.

the Chief Justice of that name, and Miss Fisher, and Mr. Fowler. After dinner I went to Taylor White. I did not write home to-night. Calling in at Abingdon's, I found T. White at chess, and we played four or five games.

Sunday [December 10th]: went with Hesketh, Stanley, and Hammer to the Trumpet in Shear Lane, where we had oysters; we talked about planting, Stag the dancing mistress driving a coach. Mr. H. asked me if I would go see the anatomy waxwork.

Monday [December] 11th: this morning I called upon Mr. Reynolds, and we went to Mr. Harper's at the Sunderland Library.<sup>(1)</sup>

Tuesday [December 12th]: at the Club to-night; walked from St. Amand's auction there with Martin Folkes. I forget what we were upon, for I write this Monday after here at Richard's.

Wednesday [December 13th]: I went to the Leg, where were Mr. Wasefield, Merriman, Penrose. Derham, Austin. Merriman asked me to come and breakfast with him at Clifford's Inn.

Thursday [December 14th]: I was at the Society; the readings were upon music and its effects, and of the ore in Cornwall copper mines. Went into the city to-day; was at St. Amand's auction, and bought Duret's *Thresor* 2s., Poiret 2s., Campanella, &c., 2s. 6d.

Friday [December 15th]: went to Richard's about eleven, found Mr. Folkes and two White's, Nesbit, Woollaston, and Graham going to see pictures; I went with them to Common Garden and Somerset House, saw Sneyder's originals there, for which Sir R. Walpole had given £2,000, £500 apiece. Thence to Tom's with T. White and M. Folkes; thence T. White and I coach to Hoadley's; I dined there, T. W. went to his father's; a clergyman from Salisbury at dinner. A letter from Mrs. Byrom that the Bishop had demanded Mr. Copley's notes.<sup>(2)</sup>

(1) The noble library formed by Charles, third Earl of Sunderland, the most eminent collector of his time, afterwards enlarged and transferred to Blenheim by his son Charles, the second Duke of Marlborough.

(2) See *Note 2*, p. 277. Mr. Copley was strongly opposed to the Hanoverian succession and to Bishop Peploe. His sermon seems to have given great umbrage to his Whig Diocesan, but nothing prejudicial to him resulted from the "demand."



Saturday [December 16th] ; went into the city.

Sunday [December 17th] : was with Mildmay and Mr. Peck<sup>(1)</sup> at the King's Arms, where, showing Mildmay the watch-paper that Phebe had cut, Mr. Peck entered into the notion of shorthand, and appointed to meet at Richard's to-morrow night at seven to begin.

Monday [December 18th] : called at Jo. Clowes's, we agreed to go to Dr. Deacon's some frosty morning early ; went to Lincoln's Inn, where I met with Mr. Worthington, with whom I walked under the piazza above two hours ; he said Dr. Knight was going to publish Bishop Patrick's Life ;<sup>(2)</sup> Dr. Kennet, a history of his own times to the year '63 ;<sup>(3)</sup> Mr. Parne, an account of Trinity College.<sup>(4)</sup> Mr. Peck came to Richard's according to appointment, and we went to the Anchor and Baptist in Chancery Lane, where I gave him the alphabet and the reasons of it ; he paid me five guineas.

Tuesday, December 19th : wrote to Mr. Hooper ; I bought Huter's Hebrew Bible to-night at St. Amand's auction, last night's sale, for a guinea, and I bought some other books at the same time ; went to the Club, Bob Ord there, no Sloane ; I read Thomas Brooksby's letter to the company, which Mr. Hoadly had writ out in shorthand, about Van Helmont's works. Mr. Folkes gave two bottles of champagne, 6s. 6d. a bottle, I believe, for the wagers lost about Sloane's coming.

Wednesday [December 20th] : at Richard's this morning a man came to me about my mare ; he offered me £4, I would have £5 ; he came to 4½ guineas, and I took his money. I remember the selling of this mare put me in a foolish kind of uneasiness, which I

(1) Peck, the Stamford antiquarian, whose *Desiderata Curiosa* is at present the most esteemed of his works. See Warburton's entertaining but very severe character of him in a letter to Dr. Stukeley. — Nichol's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 38-9.

(2) See *Note*, ante, p. 205.

(3) Kennet's *Register and Chronicle*, of which the first volume, the only one which has appeared, was published in 1728, folio. It is much to be regretted that this most valuable work stops short with this volume.

(4) Thomas Parne, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A. 1717, D.D. 1739, and Public Librarian, Rector of Walkington in Yorkshire, and Chaplain to the King, published several sermons, but, like Knight and Kennet, did not complete all his literary plans, and his account of Trinity College was not published.

believe arose from the thoughts that perhaps I had joked too much in selling her, and made the man believe she was better than she was; and yet she might be well worth his money for aught I knew. I had promised to be with Dr. Smith and Vernon at eight o'clock at the Ship, where I went; Dr. S. there, but Vernon never came; he read some of the pamphlet<sup>(1)</sup> about Bullum the Emperor of Lilliput's library keeper (Dr. Bentley meant by it).

Thursday [December 21st]: I went to dine with Mr. Glover; after dinner his little boy was brought in, a charming, fine child; we talked about inoculation, Henley, Dr. Clarke, whom he said he would carry me to see some morning. I called at Dr. Mead's for Mr. Jebb, but he was at dinner. Was at Essex House to-night, sat with the company at supper, but did not eat; the Dr. (Bentley) talked about Wasse's experiment about a man's being an inch taller in the morning than at night; asked how Martin Folkes did, and said his scheme about Prince Frederick would have done; I said, he did not know that, but he said he did; that they would not have minded us Jacobites; that if he had proposed the gentleman at Avignon — Yes, said I, if the founder's kinsman had been proposed, it had been something.<sup>(2)</sup> Mrs. Bentley asked me if my father-in-law could not make me a parliament man if he would?

Friday [December] 22nd: Jo. Clowes called me up to go to Dr. Deacon's, we talked much about Antoinette Bourignon<sup>(3)</sup> as we went along, and passed by Dr. Deacon's house before we were aware; he was not at home, but we went in and sat with his wife and two other ladies. The Dr., she said, was to go on Monday down to Manchester, that her little child had been very ill, that the eldest had broke out most sadly, and very ill, and yet she must follow the Dr. in a week

(<sup>1</sup>) Arbuthnot's *Account of the State of Learning in the Empire of Lilliput, together with the History and Character of Bullum, the Emperor's Library Keeper*, one of the keenest satires published against Bentley.

(<sup>2</sup>) A good-humoured conversational skirmish, many of which no doubt occurred between Dr. Bentley and his warm friend and admirer.

(<sup>3</sup>) See the amusing article on this enthusiast in Bayle's *Dictionary*. Her tenets were attacked by Leslie in his *Defence of the Snake in the Grass*, and by Dr. Cockburn in his *Bourignonianism confuted*, 4to.



or a fortnight's time; that she should remember Mile End as long as she lived. We promised to come dine to-morrow with the Dr. We came back through the fields, where it was fine walking. Called at Mr. Castleton's (the type maker) in Oldstreet Square; thence to Richard's, Harper there; we three at the King's Arms to-night, talked about law, oaths, government; I told him and Clowes in talking that I had seen the Chevalier. I had a letter from Hooper and Swinton to-night; Hooper that he was coming to town, Swinton for the epithalamium and all other news.

*J. Swinton to John Byrom.*

Knutsford, December 20th, 1727.

"Ne sævi magne sacerdos."

I own myself, dear Sir, to be guilty of very great disobedience, in not subscribing your humble servant before this. If our correspondence is at a stand, I must be the loser; and therefore I hope for your pardon, as well on that account as because I was unwilling to write till I had something worth telling you.

Know, therefore, (if you do not know it already,) that our dear friend Sir Peter changed this single life for a better the 7th of this month.<sup>(1)</sup> I promised him just before his departure to remind you of his epitaph, (epithalamium, *Cod. Cestr. rectè*,) which you must remember was requested of you at Bufton's. The piety of your muse cannot but comply with the last desires of such a friend, and I hope you will favour your vassal with a copy.

Be pleased to send me a *Town Miscellany*, Shakespeare's *Double Falsehood*,<sup>(2)</sup> Sloane versus Folkes, Pemberton's *View, City Chamberlain*, price of F. Paul's *History of the Council of Trent*, in Italian, best edition. George Leigh, ut valet, ut meminit nostri. Jack Henley, father of the *Oratory*; query, what repute the constitutions

(1) Mr. Leicester married Katharine, daughter and coheirress of Edward Norres of Speke Esq., by his wife Anne, daughter and heiress of Peter Gerard of Crewd Esq. He had issue five sons and three daughters. See also *Note 1*, ante, p. 53.

(2) The Play published as Shakespeare's, by Theobald, in 1728, 8vo. It is clearly not Shakespeare's, and was most probably written by Shirley, and modernized in the diction by Theobald. It contains a few very fine passages.

are in with him? and whether his last baptism has infused as much grace as he seems to think? He and Whiston have a pretty scuffle, but I doubt it will not bring so much into his box as the disputation with Marcus. I wish he would lick his religion into a system; but I suppose it is a readier penny to put off his packets every week, and apply to the maladies of the people as they arise.

Farewell, my good friend, and be sure you give me the pleasure of hearing from you. — Your most faithful, humble servant,

J. SWINTON.

[Journal.]

Saturday [December 23rd]: I met Clowes as appointed at twelve o'clock at Richard's, Mr. Chetham of Castleton there, talked about his nephew Cavendish at Cambridge.<sup>(1)</sup> Clowes and I went through Moorfields and strange places, and it was past two o'clock before we went to Dr. Deacon's; after dinner the Dr. came to London with us.

Sunday, December 24th: breakfast at Abingdon's; came to my chamber again, and wrote here the days since last Monday. To Richard's, Parkyns there, he asked me to go to the King's Head; he treated, because it was his birthday, and he was twenty years old. He read a comical country loveletter that was stopped in the post-house in the year upon suspicion of treason.

Monday, Christmas day: wrote to Lewis Gordon, looked over my papers. The worst time for me to be in London is this Christmas time. Saw G. Legh to-night at Richard's, he told me much about the Cheshire election. I had a letter from Mr. Baskervoyle in shorthand.

Tuesday [December 26th]: this morning I went to the Sunderland Library to assist Harper according to promise; I gave him

(<sup>1</sup>) See Note 3, ante, p. 47. James Cavendish, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge B.A. 1729, M.A. 1733. Son of James Cavendish of Doveridge Esq., by his wife Dorothy, daughter and coheirress of James Holte of Stubley and Castleton Halls near Rochdale Esq. He was brother of Sir Henry Cavendish, the first Baronet, ancestor of Lord Waterpark. Mr. Chetham married Mary, the sister of Mrs. Cavendish.



what assistance he asked, dined at his father's; to the library again in the afternoon, where I stayed till seven o'clock; thence to Tom's coffeehouse, where I directed my letter for Mr. Gordon at Mickleham near Leatherhead, Surrey. Thence to the Club; Mr. Folkes, Ford, Hoadly, Folkes W., Withorn, two Whites, Dr. Smith.

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Tom's coffeehouse, Tuesday night, Dec. 26th, 1727.

I have been all day at the Sunderland Library to help Mr. Harper in taking his account of the books. Fringed linen is all the mode. I think when the new year comes I must send you a shorthand journal of affairs now and then. Peace, they say, is gone to war again. I'm glad to hear of their healths at Kersall, and that brother Brearcliffe is better.

I had a letter last post from Mr. Baskervoyle, who designs for London; I would answer it now, but am tired and not in humour to write to anybody but thyself, and I must go to our Tuesday night folks. The parliament is further prorogued, but without my advice. Good night to ye all; Good night, mamma; be careful of yourselves for papa's sake. Merry Christmas, happy new year, &c., to all friends.

[Journal.]

Wednesday, December 27th: called at Nicholl's, Mr. What-is-it, with the long, hollow face; they were reading *Summer and Winter*,<sup>(1)</sup> *Don Quixote*, there; appointed to breakfast with him to-morrow, met his father as I came out; went into the city, drank tea at Mr. Chad-dock's, it was the feast-day of the woolwinders. N.B. As I went into the city the people at Fleet Ditch were all looking at a poor fellow that had fallen in last night or this morning, and lay dead there; unhappy accident!

(1) Thomson's *Poems*. "Winter" was first published in 1726, and "Summer" in 1727.

1728.

[Extracts.]

*John Byrom to Mrs. Byrom.*

Richard's, Thursday night, January 4th, 1728.

My dear love: How do? I told thee last post I intended to go to Cambridge; Dr. Smith does not go yet; I believe I shall go on Monday with Mr. Collier of Trinity Hall. Mr. Hooper I hear is coming soon, but know not the day.

I dined to-day at the family of the Ords; yesterday with Mr. Glover, with whom I went in the morning to pay a visit to the famous Dr. Clark of St. James's with whom we passed an hour or two very entertainingly upon various subjects, chiefly relating to his notions in religion, philosophy, &c. I wish our sister Phebe had been there and could have heard the conversation; she would have been pleased I believe to hear him talk away,<sup>(1)</sup> which he does in a very easy, familiar, and sensible manner; Mr. Glover is a great disciple of his, and knowing me a disciple of F. Malbranche, appointed to introduce me to the Dr., and was very well pleased to hear the confabulation, which you may be sure was mighty philosophical; I was obliged to him for the opportunity, and could wish for some more of 'em.

I think to go take leave with Mrs. Deacon to-morrow. To-day is Dr. Bentley's wedding-day, but the Dr. is but ill of a cold, which has prevented two or three of us from making our compliments to him thereon; he is grown very great with Queen Caroline of late, and is to be a Bishop by folks' supposals, or as others say he has the promise of Dean of Canterbury when it drops. My dear, here's thy good health in a dish of coffee, and all thy little tag, rag, and bobtails; if it were not vain, I should be continually wishing for thee and them, but I pray for all your healths, and hope you will take due care thereof. Dearest love, good night.—Thine for ever, J. B.

(1) This is a great compliment to sister Phebe; not more, however, than she richly deserved. The ladies of this family (as is indeed not uncommon in other cases) were at least not behind the gentlemen in cultivation or ability.



Trin. College, Jan. 18th, 1728.

My dear love: This day se'nnight I set out from London along with Mr. Collier in the Cambridge coach; we got well hither on Thursday night, and I lay in College in a room which my tutor Mr. Hooper has put me into. I begin to wonder how I lived here formerly, for the manner of living here at present does not suit my constitution at present, and I am afraid of being ill, as I was when I was here last, but I shall take what care I can to escape it. I have sent by this post for my boots, in order to ride back again, for I don't like a coach no more than you. We were half a dozen of us cooped up, and two days a coming. It was very tedious, only indeed we met with an adventure that served to talk the time away upon; for about half a mile or less of Epping, a highwayman in a red rug upon a black horse came out of the bushes up to the coach, and presenting a pistol, first at the coachman and then at the corporation within, with a volley of oaths demanded our money — with a brace of balls amongst us if we didn't make haste. We had two women in the coach, who were so frightened that though they got out their money, they had not strength to offer it; one of the gentlemen who rode backwards flung a guinea into his hat; Mr. Collier, who sat backwards over against me, threw another; I thought we should be well off if he insisted on no more, but as that seemed to be more than he deserved, I consulted my silver pocket and presented him with five or six shillings of white metal which forsooth affronted him, and he cursed me, and swore he would have gold from me, but not being hasty enough in producing it, he turned to the fourth man, an honest bricklayer of Lynn — "What! must I wait for you?" — *He* came over to my opinion, and tendered him 5s. and some ha'pences; and then I expected a visit from him on my side the coach. It happened that Mr. Collier's guinea fell upon the road, upon which he made the coachman light and take it him up, and then came round to the other side, from whence he rid into the wood without calling for any second payments, and so we drove on to Epping.<sup>(1)</sup>

(<sup>1</sup>) This adventure gave rise to Byrom's "Full and true Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Robbery committed in Epping Forest, on the body of the Cambridge Coach," — *Works*, vol. i. p. 7, ed. 1814.

This is the first collector of the highway that I ever had the honour to converse with in all my travels; and, considering the defenceless situation we were in, we came off pretty well, though I must own I never grudged to part with an ounce of silver so much in my life; but being in that enchanted vehicle, there was no help for't. We alarmed some coaches that were setting out from Epping, and a gentleman of Trinity College, going to London in one of 'em, borrowed a couple of pistols, and rode upon the coachbox safe enough, I presume. This accident was all our discourse for the rest of the journey; and making us more suspicious of danger, gave us the apprehension of another assault within three or four miles of Cambridge, where the coach had been robbed lately, there being two men on horseback who, riding about the grounds, turned short into the coach road and stood still; upon which I jumped out of the coach and went up to 'em, resolving to see what was the way o'nt in open air; the other gentlemen got out and picked up some stones for defence, for we had made, you must know, valiant resolutions to try the utmost before we surrendered, but there was no further occasion to exert 'em, for the advanced guard meeting with no hostilities, encouraged 'em to re-enter the coach and move on—it was two Cambridge hacks and scholars thereupon who waited for a gentleman that was to come in the coach, but did not, that had given us our jealousy. When I was married I thought it a hard article that you should insist upon my not keeping a coach; but truly, since this rudeness, I do not much care whether I do keep one or not. My dear, I should have told thee of this disaster sooner, but for some misinformations about the north post here. I have not yet received any letter at College; I shall not stay long. I am got into my gown and band and black clothes, and am ready to preach whenever the Bishop will give me his license; but I must bargain that he shan't ask me for my notes.

My love, I suppose you are all well at your father's house and your own, but yet I long to hear that you are so. If this comes safe, write to me by return of post, for I shall stay I suppose so long; direct for me at Trin. Coll., and send me word that my dear children



are all well, and thyself hearty, how Dr. Deacon's lady got down, &c. — Dearest love, thine, J. B.

Trin. Coll., Tuesday, Jan. 23rd.

My dear love: I received last post, inclosed from London, two of thy letters, and one from Mr. Baskervyle in one from Jo. Clowes. Mr. Baskervyle calls here, just come from London in the Cambridge coach, but not by Epping forest. My dear, I wait with some impatience to hear that thy mother has got through her late illness. I am now in company of some of our Fellows, but beg leave to write. There is in the London *Evening Post* that one Mr. Heber<sup>(1)</sup> is appointed Fellow of Manchester<sup>(2)</sup>—by whom, pray? Is it by mandate? for there could have been no election so soon, by thy account. My tutor Mr. Hooper<sup>(3)</sup> is very desirous of a stall in your church; he has writ two letters to Manchester, which I am to carry to the post to-night with this; he says he will stand to the election against all mandates whatsoever, if they'll choose him. I perceive since his writing the book he is for the body. I suppose he will have my second wife's interest, and then perhaps she may be his first; he is gone to London this morning. I desire to hear from thee here again, for I shall stay so long as to have an answer and to set my new scholar, Mr. King, son of the Lord Chancellor, in a way to go on in shorthand. I dined to-day in Trinity Hall with their little society, at the invitation of Mr. Ph. Nichols, and am to dine there on Thursday again at my scholar Mr. Butler's. As to Mr. Henley's turning me out, I went there one Wednesday night with Mr. Davy senior, and took out my pen and wrote; his manager came to me and told me the Doctor, as he called him, did not allow of writing; we had a long

(1) John, fifth son of Reginald Heber of Marton Esq., baptized there in 1703, married his cousin Dorothy, daughter of Roger Nowell of Read Esq., and became Rector of Marton in 1728, and Vicar of Ribchester in 1738. He died in 1775, but *not* Fellow of Manchester. He was great-uncle of Bishop Heber. — Vide Pedigree in Whitaker's *Craven*.

(2) The death of the Rev. Radley Aynscough, on the 12th of January 1728, had caused a vacancy in the Fellowship.

(3) Vide Note 3, ante, p. 171.

squabble, sometimes I wrote, sometimes I gave over, for Mr. Orator went on so much faster than usual that he took the only way to stop me. The man at last brought me my shilling and desired me to walk off; I told him I should go when I thought fit, &c., "I am here to write, and I shall as long as the Doctor preaches."—"Sir, he may have his discourses printed upon him"—"Not by me, sir, I give ye my word."<sup>(1)</sup> I didn't know but the Dr. would put forth an advertisement that the Oratory did not admit of shorthand, but he did not, nor have I been there since, but when I do, shall write shorthand for all the Doctors in Europe, till the Convocation forbids it, which it's like it will have the grace not to do. My service to Dr. Deacon and our new brother Wroe; is G. Kenyon in town or country? I long continually to hear, especially while I am in concern for your healths, all which I hope I shall receive an agreeable account of. Return my service to Mr. Cattell and all the brotherhood and sisterhood; to brother Breareliffe, I am glad of his looking well. I have sent for my boots to ride back to London; if I could meet with a horse to my purpose I would buy him to trot from place to place, since I can but be in one at once. Send me word what is done or said about the Fellowship, particularly who puts up, &c. One of our senior Fellows tells me to-day that Mr. Copley promised him the next Fellowship; if you will have one from our College, take Mr. Hooper, he is a young man—what say they to his pretensions?—Good night, my dears all, J. B.

Saturday night, Trin. Coll., Jan. 27th, 1728.

My dear love: How do you do? I have not had any from thee since the two letters which Jo. Clowes sent me from London. I

<sup>(1)</sup> This must have been a very amusing scene;

"The great restorer of the good old stage,

Preacher at once and zany of his age,"

conspicuous on his "gilt tub," stopping in mid career while, "tuning his voice and balancing his hands," under the unpleasant consciousness that there was "a chield among them taking notes,"—the orator at last, in despair, urging on his usual ambling pace to a hurried gallop, to endeavour to shake off the unwelcome companionship of his inexorable shorthand recorder.



long sadly to know how thy mother and thee does, and all friends. I have been myself very well hitherto, only this day I find myself reduced to my old remedy — fasting and water — which I hope will make me better than I am at present. I know it is eating College dinners that does not agree with me. I wrote two letters from hence, did they come to thee? by Caxton bag. Mr. Baskervyle and I shall return to London I believe sometime next week, so I shall hope to hear from thee at London. I flatter myself that all are well. I am almost weary of such long absences from thee, especially when I am not satisfied of thy health, or not quite right in my own. My boots are come for me to ride in, for I shall coach it no more, to lose both exercise and money upon the way. I hear from one of our Fellows, come from London, that I was robbed of all my money, a portmantle full of clothes, linen, and things of value, &c.

I want to hear who is to be your Fellow, &c. Does our sister Ann come up to London this spring? and who with her? Methinks I long for the usual time of a journey homewards. Here is Trin. Coll. bell rings, has rung to supper; I shall go into the Hall for company, but not to eat any. I have met at last with a scholar that after a lesson or two thinks he can never compass it, who has there-upon taken my advice and let it alone — a Fellow of a College too! Poor King is just taking a vomit, in order to take bark for an ague; he will do us a little more credit I think than the other gentleman I mentioned, as will Mr. Butler of Trinity Hall, who is very ready at it. Dr. Morgan that dined with us has begun to read anatomy lectures in the anatomy schools with good encouragement. If I was but nearer home — or home nearer me! My dear girl, take great care of thyself and little flock, and give my love and service to everybody.—Thy loving partner and servant, J. B.

P.S. Dear love, good night; I am now in the combination room with two or three of the Fellows.

Feb. 8th, Grecian coffeehouse, Thursday night.

My dear love: I left Cambridge on Tuesday noon with Mr. Baskervyle; we lay at Barkway, where cousin W. Andrew supped with

us; we came to London without being attacked by rogue in red. I was much tired with riding, for want of use. I am here with Mr. Folkes, Dr. Jurin, &c. We have had great squabbles at the Society unexpectedly; Mr. Baskervyle, Hooper, and other strangers obliged to withdraw; the statute of expulsion read; contention for liberty of speech without fearing the dreadful censure; a letter produced to show Dr. Jurin's negligence, he answered it; president insisting on his authority, B. enquiring into it, and terrible warm work. Sir Hans and I greeted each other after I desired him not to be so rigid, &c. And all this arose from just nothing at first.

I am going to Mr. Baskervyle, Hooper, and Vernon. Hooper says Heber has a mandamus for Manchester, upon the footing of Whitworth not being Fellow. My linen is not come from Cambridge, but my shorthand and pence I brought with me for safety, because we had been robbed before and come off so cheap. I'll send thee tea, &c., when I can look about 'em, but am just now as if I was come from Lancashire, having been a month away; they are talking things over here I can hardly write. Let me hear from thee here, (I mean at Richard's,) and look to thy dear health; mine has been but very ticklish at College, but perhaps will be better here, as your opinion seems to import. Dear, dear love, good night.—Thine, J. B.

Gray's Inn, Tuesday, Feb. 13th.

My dear love: I have been this morn to hear the matter argued about the Manchester Fellowship, before my Lord Trevor, who is the privy seal keeper; they talked it over about an hour and a half, and then his lordship said he should put the seal to it.

The arguments on the Fellows' side were that they were in a regular way of election, as the charter directed; that Mr. Aynscough was Fellow; that there was no pretence of right in the Crown, which it would be very hard upon the College to insist upon in this case, and put a vast expense upon the corporation to defend their rights against the Crown, whereas the charter was plainly for them, &c. On the other side they said Mr. Aynscough was no Fellow, never installed, Mr. Whitworth no Fellow, never installed; that it was



Mr. Hall's Fellowship<sup>(1)</sup> which was to be filled up, which they having neglected to do, his Majesty had the power. That if it was only doubtful who had the right, this nomination ought to pass, because otherwise the Crown had no relief, whereas the College might have remedy at law, &c. In short, his lordship said it was doubtful, and the Crown might have a right, and therefore he should put the seal to the nomination, and they might have their case in the courts of justice, for he thought they might yet proceed to an election if they deemed the Crown to have no right — and so we came away as wise as we went, for we guessed without conjuring which way it would go. I took down the learned speeches on all hands in shorthand; but not being a lawyer, it seemed to me plainer than ever that the Fellows had a good charter sort of a right, but the Bishop or the Crown might have a right, and might and right together may well overcome bare right. I thought to have sent the speechifications themselves, but I grew weary of transcribing, and not being very easy neither, for I believe I have got something like what folks call a rheumatism, a sort of a kind of a pain in my shoulders and sides, that I know not what to make of; otherwise I am very well.

Thursday night: I am fain to keep my bed all day almost for this disorder, which, when I stir, troubles me; I am got to sack whey, nettle broth, &c. However, I crept out to the Royal Society, where I found above sixty folks, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Parker, Lord Cadogan, Lord James Cavendish, and Lord knows who; it was thought there was some mighty matter in hand, but nothing extraordinary happened. I had Kitty Malyn's and sister Ann's letters.

Send me word what the Fellows do; the only way they have, I suppose, is to choose a man who is not afraid of spending money in defence of his right.<sup>(2)</sup>

(1) Thomas Hall of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, B.A. 1688, M.A. 1672, elected Fellow of Manchester College 1688, and died in 1715.

(2) On the 8th June 1728 the Rev. Henry Brooke, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College Oxon, was appointed Fellow, having been nominated High Master of the Grammar School of Manchester the year before. He was grandson of the Rev. William Brooke of Manchester, and of his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Jordan Chadwick of Healey Hall near Rochdale Esq., and died at his Rectory House of Tortworth in the county

Thursday night, Feb. 22nd, 1728.

My dear love: I had thine last post. I am sorry for sister Dor. and Betty's illness, but hope to hear of their being better; it is a very sickly time here, the weekly bills higher, they say, than has been known since the Plague. I have just been at the Society, where we expected Dr. Jurin would ha' been taken to task for a dedication to Martin Folkes Esq., in which he is supposed to have an eye to Sir Hans in a paragraph, but nothing of that nature happened. I met Parson Ryder yesterday in Fleet street. Tom Brettargh and his father are come to town. I hope you will be well when I come. Mr. Baskervyle and I were told very positively that Mr. Leycester was here in Covent Garden, and so he was, but proved to be a Shropshire man of that name; and so we are stepped into a coffee-house, it rains so here.—Thine, J. B.

[Journal.]

February 29th, 1728, Thursday: This day is my birth day. God, who has preserved me all my life long, be praised for his innumerable mercies to me. May I make more suitable returns for them than I have hitherto done, and begin to live a more sober, righteous, and godly life, as one that has but a short time to continue in a world where men are placed to prepare themselves for eternity.

Went to the Royal Society, where a paper of Dr. Clark's was read, the dispute of Leibnitz and Bernoulli about forces of bodies, upon which I had a little talk with Dr. Jurin.. Desaguliers proposed a Fellow, somebody that would correspond with him from abroad. Dr. Halley and Martin Folkes seconded him.

of Gloucester in 1757, æt. 63. He had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the ffeoffees of Manchester School, and in 1749 resigned his office on the imputation of having neglected his duties. Archbishop Howley (April 23, 1845) mentioned to the writer of this note that he had often heard his father, the Rev. Mr. Howley, who was Mr. Brooke's pupil at Manchester School, speak of him as "an accurate and accomplished scholar, though lenient as a disciplinarian." — *Fasti Mancunienses*, a MS. Mr. Brooke published a little volume entitled, "A Practical Essay concerning Christian Peaceableness," addressed to his flock in Tortworth; to the second edition of which, printed in 1741, was added, "A Postscript to the Inhabitants of Manchester."



Smith, two Whites and I went to Coke's sale, where the Regent's book, *Daphne and Chloe*,<sup>(1)</sup> was bought by a girl for Mrs. Skellet for £12. 17s.; thence we four and Mr. Folkes to the Bedford Head. Mr. Folkes read my verses<sup>(2)</sup> to Dr. Smith,<sup>(3)</sup> and it was agreed to print them, and I was to call and dine with Mr. White on Saturday. We had much talk about many things, Mr. Folkes's illness, and his notion of being commanded by God not to drink sack; Mr. St. John's love for bibles. Mr. Folkes showed us a proof sheet of a book of the charters of the Royal Society, which he said Curll was printing. Sir G. Heathcote robbed Tuesday night in Paul's churchyard, and many other street robberies committed of late, very many.<sup>(4)</sup> Osborn's sale began to-day.

I thought I would put down every day some thought or other; what occurred to me this day was, that it was the best thing one could do to be always cheerful, and not to lose any happiness which might result from an easy, cheerful temper, but to have a good heart at all times, and not suffer any sullenness to usurp upon our minds; in order to which it seems to be necessary to live so as to preserve our innocence and our health, which would naturally make us cheerful, which we perhaps could not be otherwise, by all our reasoning and thinking; a cheerful disposition and frame of mind being the best way of showing our thankfulness to God, and the most valuable habit and temper we can nourish in ourselves, it being a very unwise and irregular thing for a man to afflict himself needlessly and in a manner that can be of no use to himself or his friends.

(1) The edition of Longus's Greek Pastoral of *Daphnis and Chloe*, printed at Paris 1718, 4to. The engravings in this edition are by B. Audran, from the designs of the Duke of Orleans.

(2) The humorous Account of the Epping Forest Robbery, dedicated to Martin Folkes, Esq. — See *Note*, ante, p. 288.

(3) Dr. Robert Smith, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1736, and preceptor to William Duke of Cumberland, was indebted to Martin Folkes for some curious information which he embodied in his great work on Optics, and acknowledged in his Preface in the 4to edition, 1738. Dr. Smith died in 1768, and bequeathed £2000 towards the repairs of his College, and £2500 to the University.

(4) London appears, from Defoe's Tracts on Street Robberies, to have been in a shocking state at this time. Street robberies were committed in open day with perfect impunity.

Mr. Kilburn gave me (at Richard's) his sermon according to promise, that which he preached at the consecration of Dr. Hare, and I lent him Mekerkus.<sup>(1)</sup>

[Extracts.]

Mr. Mildmay's chambers, Sat. night, March 2nd.

My dear love: I had thine last post but one, and am glad our friends are all well. I think to go to Cambridge in a week or two, and after some days' stay there to pay thee a visit.

I have not heard from Dr. Deacon yet. I met Mr. Secretary Peplo t'other day in a coffeehouse, and had a deal of talk with him about the Fellowship, &c. He said the Fellows strove against the stream, that they had better comply and lease, and the like. Have they made any election? or do they move for another mandamus, or how? It has been a fine day to-day, but somewhat windy. I dined at t'other end of the town in Dover street with Mr. White, a parliament man; he says there is to be a battle between Walpole and Pulteney on Monday,<sup>(2)</sup> but the Dutch ambassador's entry is to be that day. Major Hamilton of the Guards killed himself last night at the

(<sup>1</sup>) Adolphus Mekerchus's (once) celebrated work, *De Pronunciatione Linguae Græcæ*, Ant. 1576, 8vo. Mr. Kilburn was not only a book reader but probably a book keeper, as the work is not at present in the Byrom library. The person referred to, Robert Kilburne, was Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College Cambridge, B.A. 1720, M.A. 1724, LL.D. 1728, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Rector of St. Mary, Aldermary and St. Thomas. He preached the sermon at the consecration of Dr. Francis Hare, Bishop of St. Asaph (afterwards of Chichester) in December 1727. He published some other sermons. His library was sold in 1732.—Nichol's *Lit. Anecd.* vol. iii. p. 616. The friendship of Bentley and Hare and their literary quarrel are well known. Warburton said "they were the two greatest critics that ever were in the world."

(<sup>2</sup>) This was the great debate in the Commons on the state of the national debt, on the 4th, 8th, and 12th March, 1728, in which these two great men put forth all their powers, Sir Robert finally carrying his point by a large majority. No report is to be met with anywhere of the speeches as delivered. Indeed it is to be questioned whether we have a report of any one speech of either of them which gives, faithfully and fully, the language of the orator. Byrom's shorthand report, if it could be found, would be very valuable.



King's Arms tavern, Pall Mall, by drinking Queen Caroline's health, as they say. I long to be at home. Service and love to all friends.

J. B.

Tuesday night, March 19th.

My dear love: I think to set out for Cambridge on Wednesday se'nnight, so that I may have one letter from thee, which I desire thee not to miss, that I may know how thou dost, and our sisters, &c. I am pretty well myself, and hope to meet and find thee well. Jo. Clowes talks of going to Cambridge with me. Mr. Str. Master<sup>(1)</sup> had a shorthand letter from Mr. Cattell, which he has answered. I was at the House of Commons t'other day, and wrote shorthand from Sir R. Walpole and other famous speakers, for which I was told I had like to have been taken into custody; but I came away free. Be sure to write by the next post. I am now with Mr. Folkes and two or three gentlemen at our Club; he tells me that a letter of verses which I sent him from Cambridge about my being robbed are printed, &c.; was it these verses that Mr. Eyre mentioned? They are not come out yet, as I see; when they do I'll send 'em thee, if thou carest for 'em, or bring 'em.—Thine, J. B.

May 5th, 1728.

Whereas in the act of parliament for building a new church in our native town of Manchester there is the following clause, viz:

*"Incumbent entitled to pews, &c."*

"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid that the said Incumbent so to be collated or nominated and his successors shall be entitled unto the benefit and advantage of all pews and seats

(<sup>1</sup>) Streynsham Master M.A., second son of Sir Streynsham Master Knt. of Codnor Castle in the county of Derby, and of his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Legh of Lyme in the county of Chester Esq. M.P. He was of Balliol College, Oxon, and was presented by his brother, Legh Master Esq. M.P., to the rectory of Croston in the county of Lancaster, in 1755, and died there in 1759. He was great-uncle of the present venerable Rector of Croston.

in the said new church which shall from time to time be let and set by the Incumbent of the said new church for the time being with the consent of six or more of the inhabitants of the said parish, to be from time to time commissioned by the said Bishop, and his successors, by deed or deeds, for any number of years, not exceeding one and twenty years; and the said Incumbent and his successors are hereby enabled to sue for such rents as shall be reserved by such deed or deeds and in such courts and places as parsons of parishes may sue for their tythes."

And whereas Francis late Lord Bishop of Chester did by deed under his hand and seal bearing date . . . . . constitute and appoint certain of our loving countrymen, inhabitants of our said town, to be commissioners as aforesaid for twenty-one years, pursuant (as in the said deed is alleged) to the power given to him the said Bishop in the clause above recited;

And whereas Samuel now Lord Bishop of Chester hath appointed other commissioners in the room of those whom his predecessor had by deed commissioned for one and twenty years, and this also in pursuance (as the said Samuel doth allege) of the power given him by the said clause above recited;

And whereas the powers claimed by the said Francis and Samuel are contradictory the one unto the other, so that both of them cannot be exerted in pursuance of the same clause;

And whereas we are informed that divers of our loving countrymen have been led into mistakes herein by the authority of their late Bishop, the opinion of certain lawyers, and other *longhand* considerations;

And whereas great disputes have arisen concerning this matter, the proper cognizance of which doth of right and reason belong unto our Court of Shorthand;

For these causes, We John the Grandmaster, &c., for the better preventing of all dispute, disagreement, debate, dissension, and dudgeon whatsoever touching this affair, upon full examination, consideration, and construction of the said clause had before us, have determined and decided in manner following, viz:



Imprimis: That the general intention of the said clause in controversy is to ascertain and secure the Incumbent's property in the seats.

That the particular words whereby his property is secured, viz. these, "the Incumbent and his successors are hereby enabled to sue for such rents as shall be reserved by *such deed or deeds*," must of necessity refer to some deed or deeds mentioned before.

That the only deed or deeds mentioned before are the deed or deeds for any number of years not exceeding one and twenty years.

That therefore the deed or deeds for any number of years not exceeding twenty-one years are the deed or deeds by which the rents for which the Incumbent is to sue are reserved, reserving of that rent being the same as letting or setting the seats for rent. That therefore the deed or deeds for, &c., are the deeds by which all pews shall from time to time be let and set.

1: That persons in power do often find a certain bewitching inclination to usurp a greater share of it than belongs to 'em.

2: That in order to this they often fright poor words out of their senses to make 'em say what they would have 'em say.

3: That this may possibly be the case of a Bishop of Chester.

4: That the opinion of lawyers is an opinion for which they are paid.

5: That where men have money given them for their opinions, they often give their opinions for money.

6: That neither bishop nor lawyer can make a deed appointing commissioners to be a deed reserving rents.

7: That the wrong construction of the clause by making commissioners by deed, and letting seats without, will not hinder the right construction of it, if it comes to be determined in a court of justice.

8: That it is better to think twice than to go to law once.

9: That there are disputes enough concerning both new church and old to satisfy the inclination which any gentleman may have for dispute; and therefore there is no necessity to enter into this.

Now therefore having issued forth this our decision, determination, advice, and argumentation upon the premises, we do enjoin all and

singular the inhabitants of the parish of Manchester aforesaid to conform themselves thereunto as they tender the peace and good grammar of their native country.

Given under our hand and seal this 6th day of May in the year 1728. J. B., G.M.

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*Peter Leycester to John Byrom.*

Norwich, May 22nd.

Dear John : After so much talk and preparations, who would have thought that Peter, &c., should not have travelled ? The day fixed, the Harwich coach hired, and everything ripe for execution, when that son of a gun F. Hooper ——— However, since I am disappointed of my company to Flanders, and have bent my mind upon seeing the world, *voici* Dr. Morgan and myself making the tour of Norfolk. To-night we design to lie at Yarmouth, from thence to the Chevalier Walpole's, Lynn, Ely, Cambridge, London, and Cheshire in about a fortnight after ; but hope first to meet an epistle, or long or short, directed from you to me at Richard's.

My head has been so full of Holland and Paris, that I have not had time sooner to acquaint you how I presided with much gravity at the Shorthand Club ; how my landlord Scholy gave us a bowl of rack punch, which quite appeased the Alderman's piscatory fury ; and how the Alderman afterward walk'd heroically up Chancery Lane 'twixt the hours of one and two, *non pallidus, sed vultu dulce rubente*.

I spent the last week at Cambridge. Whilst I was there, I went to see a curious collection of books bequeathed to Magdalen College by the late Mr. Pepys. In the catalogue I met with a book entitled *Shorthand Collection*, and would gladly have seen it, but the gentleman who showed us the library being a stranger, and unacquainted with the method of the catalogue, we could not find it. Mr. Hadderton tells me it is a collection of shorthand books containing above a hundred and fifty different methods. In searching for this book



we found five large volumes quarto, being a journal of Mr. Pepys; I did not know the method, but they were writ very plain, and the proper names in common characters. If you think it worth your while to make Cambridge in your way to London, you will meet with these and I doubt not several other shorthand curiosities in the Magdalen library.<sup>(1)</sup> I had not time, and was loth to be troublesome to the library keeper, otherwise I would have deciphered some of the journal. We have just heard Dr. Tanner, chancellor of this place, preach an excellent sermon. Dr. Morgan is very much your humble servant, and so is

Yours, PTR.

[Journal.]

Manchester, Saturday, June 1st, 1728: this morning Mr. Lowe called here again and desired me to go with him to Mr. Copley, and we went to Mrs. Nab's, and meeting Mr. Walley,<sup>(2)</sup> he went with us; we found Mr. Copley and Mr. Thomas Kenyon<sup>(3)</sup> with him, and Mr. Lowe told them that he had been with the Bishop, and that he would call a Chapter and lease, if they would promise not to go to the election of a Fellow, or if they would do that business only; to which Mr. Copley would not agree. We stayed there I believe near an hour and a half or quarter, and had a great deal of talk about the matter, Mr. Lowe setting the matter as fair on the Bishop's side as he could, and my worship on the Fellows', and Mr. Kenyon and he disputed the points of law, but being two of a trade, they could not agree. Mr. Lowe and I having thus heard what both sides had to say, I from the Fellows and he from the Bishop

<sup>(1)</sup> With this delightful journal, then a sealed book, but of which a fourth and considerably improved edition in 4 vols. 8vo has very recently appeared, who is there who is not now familiar? It would indeed have been curious had Byrom been the first to decipher the writing of his brother journalizer.

<sup>(2)</sup> Thomas Walley of Stanthorn co. Chester Esq. was buried in the Collegiate Church of Manchester October 24th, 1727, æt. 60, probably father of this gentleman.

<sup>(3)</sup> Thomas Kenyon Esq. second son of Roger Kenyon of Peel Esq., died in December 1731, and was buried in the north aisle of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, leaving by his wife Catherine, daughter and coheir of Luke Lloyd of Bryn in the county of Flint Esq., a son, Lloyd, father of the first Lord Kenyon.

and Fellows, we were to judge where the matter stuck, and who it was that hindered the leasing; he said it was the Fellows who were for tagging this other affair of an election to it, which they knew the Bishop would not consent to, and which he thought he could not consent to, because it would give the Fellows an opportunity of making an election, and giving possession to another person in opposition to the nomination of the Crown, which in justice he ought not to do. To this it was answered, that it was the Bishop who hindered the leasing, because it was he that had tagged that exception to the meeting of a chapter, by which he would oblige them to deprive themselves of their just right of proposing what they thought necessary for the good of the College; that it was plain the Fellows were willing to lease, because they had engaged that no other business should be done till that was over, but that then they ought to be at liberty to proceed to anything which the charter gives them a right to, and that if they should do anything which might be wrong the Bishop would have no account to give of that, but they only who should agree to it; and that if they had a right to proceed to anything else, why should the Bishop offer to preclude them from it?

“Why?” says Mr. Lowe: “because he must act consistently, for it would be wrong in him to give, or, which was all one, give them an opportunity of giving possession to a person whom he took to have no right, and in opposition to the person whom the Crown had already put in, for when they were in Chapter together they would then choose another person, and likewise admit him.”

“Why then,” says Mr. Byrom, “the consequence will be that a stop will be put to all College business whatsoever; for as the Bishop will not consent to a Chapter but upon such terms as the Fellows will not comply with, if for fear lest they should do something which he does not like they should do, he will call no Chapter, why then they will neither lease nor do anything else; and so the Bishop will stop all business of the College by not proceeding to a Chapter, which if he can do I should much wonder, since, as far as I can judge by the charter, he is obliged to call a Chapter upon some occa-



sions, as the vacancy of their officers, for example, under pretty severe penalties, no less than the loss of his Wardenship *ipso facto*. But to consider the matter impartially, why does not the Bishop call a Chapter when business is to be done? Because he thinks, and not without reason indeed, that the Fellows would then have an opportunity of exerting a right which they believe they have. That very reason, I judge, ought to incline the Bishop, who is their Warden, the man who is intrusted with their interests, and whose office most especially it is to vindicate the privileges of his community, I say for that very reason I think he should call a Chapter, that as he has given the Crown an opportunity of asserting its supposed right, he may likewise give them the same fair play, and not hinder them from an advantage which it may be supposed they have a right to."

"Nay but Dr.," says Mr. Lowe, "you must take along with you that the Bishop does not allow of their right; he is of opinion that the nomination of the Crown is good, and therefore he cannot consent to do a thing that would injure it; that, I humbly conceive, would be an act of treachery in him. Let them try their right if they think they have any, and when that is determined, then let a Chapter be called for that purpose; but till that is done, it would be wrong in the Bishop to put another person in possession, contrary both to the Crown's nomination and his own judgment."

BYROM: "You would have the Fellows try their right — why, I suppose that is what they want; but how can they try their right? Their rights are the rights of the Chapter; when they are met there, they can act as a body, but what way can they go to work if they are hindered by the Bishop from doing any thing in Chapter?"

LOWE: "Why, Dr., they may try their right without a Chapter; it is a maxim in law that there is no right without a remedy; there is a way of trying it, but that I shall not enter into, only I say that if they call this Chapter, and only for leasing, without proceeding to anything else, they would be but just where they are now, and I think it would help to lessen the differences between them and do justice to the tenants, and be no hindrance to their right at all; and therefore I cannot see but Mr. Copley may comply with the Bishop in his request to call a Chapter for that purpose only."

MR. COPLEY. "Mr. Lowe, let the world judge whether we are not willing to lease — whether it can be said to stop at us. We engage that the matter of leasing shall not be at all interrupted, we will go upon nothing else till the seal is actually set to such a lease as we shall agree upon; but after that, as we have several things to be done which really want to be done — we have several vacancies to provide for now — therefore it is a most unreasonable thing for the Bishop to say, 'I will call a Chapter, but then I shall do nothing in it but just what I will,' when we have all an equal right to propose what we think for the good of the College. Let him call a Chapter, as the statute obliges him, and then we shall be in the regular course of considering what any member has to propose for the common benefit. The Bishop may well imagine that we shall not tie up our own hands from doing ourselves justice, if we think we are injured. Would he, or you, or anybody that considers that *we are sworn* to maintain the statutes and rights of the body, can they think that we can in any honour or conscience give up a right so essential to our constitution as the liberty of proposing things to be done which are necessary to be done for the good of the College? It is plain that his Lordship has no intention to lease; for if he had, he would call a Chapter, without which it cannot be done, and with which it may be done, since we will go upon that first of all; but then his adding this condition that we must tie ourselves up from speaking of anything else, is adding a clog to the leasing which he knows will prevent our going forward, and therefore he might as well say in plain terms, 'I will not lease,' as say, 'I will not lease except the Fellows give up their rights,' which he knows we will not do, which for my part I will lose my money and Fellowship and everything before I will betray or come into a proposal so detrimental to the rights of the body."

LOWE. "Well, well, that is a plain declaration of your mind, Mr. Copley. I would have you to consider that there may be very good divines among you, yet divines are not always the best lawyers, but may sometimes be mistaken in a point; and therefore you would do well, I say, to consider whether this be not one; there have been



some committed already, and if this be another, you will only hinder the tenants leasing here in order to prosecute an affair wherein possibly you may be in the wrong — the Bishop thinks you are, and for my part I am humbly of opinion so too. But I do not urge you, I only say that you will be in no worse condition as to any rights which you may think you have, whether you consent to this proposal from his Lordship or not; for he may call another Chapter for other purposes if you consent to hold this for leasing only, and that was what he told me to tell you, that he would meet with you, but after this affair was over, so that consenting to lease would be a benefit to the tenants and no disadvantage to yourselves; and therefore I would have you to agree to it, it will lessen the differences, and perhaps be a means of making them up.”

COPLEY. “Sir, possibly we may be in the wrong, and possibly not; but what need that hinder his Lordship from calling a Chapter? If we do wrong, he will not be accountable for it, but we; his Lordship must give us leave to think for ourselves, as well as himself. All that we desire is to proceed in the old, regular, customary way of proceeding; if his Lordship is against that, and is for putting unreasonable conditions upon us before he will call a Chapter — conditions that we cannot in justice and honour comply with — do not say that it is *we* that will not lease, that it sticks at us; for we desire to lease, and are willing to despatch leasing the very first thing we do, but not at the expense of our rights. What have we been contending for all this while, if we must give it up now? Therefore let the world judge who is against leasing — we that are willing to lease and to go upon it immediately and have it over, or he, that *says*, indeed, he will lease, but would at the same time impose a condition along with it that he knows, and that he has been told over and over, cannot be consented to.”

BYROM. “Why really, Mr. Lowe, if you consider, it is a hard article upon the Fellows, and such a one as they might be blamed for complying with, since it will certainly appear to be a kind of sacrificing the rights of the body to their own interest, as if, for the sake of getting money into their own pockets, they are willing to

pass over the rights of the body. And besides, will it not be a damage to them in point of law if they should call a Chapter and nothing be done in that Chapter about the vacancy of a Fellowship? Will not this be a tacit kind of giving up that right of electing, which they think they have, when it shall appear that in a Chapter called after a vacancy they took no notice of it?"

LOWE. "No, no, Dr., they cannot fear that, because it is the Bishop's own condition, it is his request that it should be so, and therefore you cannot think that it can ever be argued against them that they did not take notice of a vacancy, when it had been expressly stipulated that there should be no notice taken of it; they are still as much at liberty to proceed upon that in the next Chapter that shall be called."

BYROM. "The next Chapter? Why, Mr. Copley, probably you will consent to it if the Bishop for his part will promise to call another Chapter after this?"

COPLEY. "Yes, if his Lordship will call a Chapter in a week, a fortnight, a three weeks' time, we will consent to it."

At the parish meeting June 4th, 1728.<sup>(1)</sup> I went there with my brother Byrom, and found a great number of people there; and hearing Mr. Chetham the lawyer<sup>(2)</sup> talking away pretty loud, I thrust

<sup>(1)</sup> This turbulent meeting seems to have contemplated the fitting up of the Derby Chapel on the north side of the Choir—its dimensions being capacious and co-extensive with the north aisle—as a parish Church. The consent of the Earl of Derby does not seem to have been considered necessary, as the Chantry, on its dissolution, 1 Edw. VI., would probably become vested in the Crown; and the £4 per annum settled on the priest by the founder being deemed an insufficient life stipend for the functionary serving the altar in 1547, the Crown augmented the allowance. Divine service was probably said in the Chapel at the time of this parish meeting, as there was formerly a large candelabrum with twelve branches suspended from the roof with this inscription upon it: "Bought at the Charge of the Parish, 1721."—*History of Found. of Manch.* vol. ii. p. 325.

<sup>(2)</sup> Edward Chetham of Smedley near Manchester Esq. and on the death of his cousin Humphrey Chetham of Turton and Castleton Esq. heir at law and successor to the family estates. He died in 1769 æt. eighty, and was buried in St. Mary's Chapel within the Collegiate Church, where his profile bust, in basso-relievo in an oval medallion, still remains.



in among the people and got upon the seat near the wall or window of the church, and heard him and the Bishop making speeches against the regularity of the meeting, and took occasion at last to put in my verdict amongst 'em.

The Bishop made a long speech, which turned chiefly upon Mr. Copley's behaviour to him, who was sworn upon the word of God to pay him obedience<sup>(1)</sup>; that the meeting was irregular, because due notice had not been given him of the meeting and the purpose of it; he being the minister,<sup>(2)</sup> there could be no regular meeting without him. I took notice in answer to that, that the meeting was duly notified by the minister himself, Mr. Copley, that it had been read in church when his lordship was there. Mr. Chetham was very violent and uneasy against the meeting, and I took every opportunity of taking him up. The first time I spoke, he said, "Dr., you do not speak like a lawyer, nor like a sedate parishioner." I said I did not pretend to speak as a lawyer, but as a parishioner, of which the gentlemen there present would judge. I think it was the first time that I said anything that Mr. Chetham told me so, and that the answer as to the minister came after. I asked Mr. Chetham after he had talked away a bit, whether he spoke as a parishioner or as a lawyer? He said, as a parishioner, that he did not come there as a lawyer. Nay, said I, I ask because you found fault with me just now for not being a lawyer. The Bishop and he said much to prove, or rather assert, that people were not apprised of the meeting; I said I thought there had not been a parish meeting this great while the purpose of which was so universally known as this. I understood Mr. Chetham to say once that he would sign against it, but he could not, the book being at the other end of the table, but when they gave it him he would not; upon which I said, I perceive Mr. Chetham would sign while he could not, but when he could, he would not. I said in answer to the representation which they gave of the affair of the chapel of my Lord of Derby,<sup>(3)</sup> "Are these the notorious falsehoods

(1) Mr. Copley would doubtless have availed himself of his canonical privilege, and have added, "in all things lawful and honest."

(2) He held the Wardenship in commendam, with his Bishopric.

(3) It is still called by the common people, "My Lord of Derby's Chapel."

that have been talked of? Why every man's eyes may convince him of the truth of them."

Mr. Chetham said I was tall enough of myself, without being placed so high. I told him he was so very loud that it was convenient to be well situated to oppose him, and be heard against him. The Bishop once said, rising up, as he was obliged to do to be heard by me, "Doctor, you have the advantage of us." I said, "I know of no advantage I have of you but that I am of the right side of the question, and that is a terrible advantage I own."

There came one Beswick to vote, and forsooth he must read the preamble, and then Mr. Chetham told him not to vote, and he did not, but yet stood and took up the room and hindered others coming up to the table, upon which I desired that he might move off and make room for such as wanted to vote, both he and the house of correction man Oldham. "Yea, yea, Dr.," says Mr. Chetham, "send for the constables to carry away the inhabitants." "Nay," I said, "but as you are a director to them, only please to use your influence with 'em to withdraw, since they have nothing to do there, having refused to vote." Beswick went off, but Oldham stood by the Bishop. Mr. Chetham was very severe and rude in his reflections upon the vote, the meeting, the parishioners, used the words "scandalous," "irregular," "unlawful," "blindfold," and I took him up every now and then, and said he had reflected upon the parish, if I was to use his own words, in a scandalous manner. When Mr. Chetham and Mr. Copley were at high words, I spoke to the Bishop and said, "My Lord, no doubt your Lordship will think fit to interpose your authority, seeing one of your clergy ill-treated." The Bishop rose up and said, "Dr., you of all men (I think) ought to know that there are persons here that pay no regard at all to my authority," to which I said, "My Lord, I conceive the question is not about your Lordship's authority, but that of the parish; if your Lordship means me, I must say that I have not designedly disregarded your Lordship's authority." "No, Dr.," says he, "that was far from my thought."

The Bishop said, "Here is one that does not know the meaning of the meeting," pointing to a man behind his chair, to which somebody



said, "He is a Presbyterian," and then I said, "This man's ignorance is easily accounted for; the notice for the meeting was given publicly in the church, and it seems he never comes there. Honest friend, if you would know these things another time, you must come to church." One man coming to vote, the Bishop desired him that he might know what it was about, and he said to the man, "Honest man, are you for building up a place for divine service and the worship of God according to the Church of England, or are you not?" Says the man, "I am for having it as it was." Says the Bishop, "He gives an evasive answer." And then I said, "It is plain enough from his answer what the man's mind is."

After Mr. Chetham had left his place some time, and I saw nothing that wanted speaking to, I came down, somebody saying to me, "Nay, sir, you mun stay, choose who does or who does not." But I said I would come again if there was any occasion. When I was down, several came about me with, "How do you do, lawyer?" and gave me thanks for speaking in favour of the town. My father Byrom was in the Churchwarden's seat, and they told him how I had been talking, and he said he heard me; but I suppose he could not hear what I said because of the noise.

I went to look at the chapel, where I saw the wall which they had built half way, of which the Bishop had said at the meeting to Mr. Kenyon that according to the rules of optics the white wall would yield more light to the aisle by the light reflecting from the side window than the windows from the other side of the chapel did now, which I thought a strange paradox, though.

Afterwards, Mr. Justice Chetham and the Bishop walking by the chapterhouse, I joined them and fell into discourse about it, and to my wonder a little, they were mighty free and answered my questions civilly, the Bishop saying, among other things, that the chapel was always a separate place for worship from the church; I said, "No otherwise than the other chapels were round it." He said, "Yes, for there were no separate places for worship but in that chapel," to which I said, "If you will please to walk in here, my Lord, I will show you the remains of an old altar." "I never observed any such

thing," said he, so I brought him into Trafford chapel, where there are the crucifix and several other pictures, and a place that looks as if the altar had just been taken away almost, but yet the Bishop could not see it, and he argued that there were seats in the chapel; I showed him how the very seats, the old seats, were yet remaining there on the further side of this chapel, and that, to be sure, they were so on the other side before they were taken down for the new seats,<sup>(1)</sup> which he would not allow, though it was as plain as possible.

Both he and the Justice said that any man that understood the laws of light, or rules of light, must know that it would be lighter than before, when the wall was built, which I said did not seem so to me.

The Justice said that the clergy had a power of alienating church lands before Queen Elizabeth, and that it was probable they had done this chapel to my Lord of Derby's ancestors. I asked whether that did appear by any deed, or otherwise? He said, No, it was so long ago, but that it was probably so; which I said I much doubted of. The Bishop said it was my lord of Derby's as much as his house at Knowsley. "Then," I said, "he may turn it into anything else as well as a chapel." The Bishop did not seem to deny the consequences.

He showed me a paper that had been fixed at his door, I think, and in other places, wherein I remember, as he read it, there was that it would cost every parishioner 2d. and every commissioner 100s.; that it was their design to rend one part of the church from another; that when it was done, some A-r-n S-son would have it — and such like nonsense.

The Bishop said he wondered to see a man at the head of them, their leader he always called him, who would have been for it upon other terms, that the presentation might have been in the body, that

(<sup>1</sup>) Mr. Aston says these "new seats" were put up in 1698, having succeeded "the ancient forms." In 1814 and 1815 the whole was new pewed, and it need scarcely be added, in the words of Mr. Aston, "is far from being in unison with the general character of the rest of the edifice."— *Picture of Manch.* p. 56, third edition.



was Mr. Copley ; and I said I had heard it so said, and asked Mr. Copley, who had denied it. The Bishop said he thought he would not, or could not.

Mr. Justice Chetham naming the very words which Mr. Copley had spoke to him of this — “I will never consent to it except the nomination shall be in the body” — and appealing to me if that was not consenting if it was to be so ? I said, Yes, I did understand the English of it to be so ; and I think it was then that the Bishop said, “What is faction, if this be not ?”

I said I would ask Mr. Copley about it, and so I did immediately after I had left the Bishop—or he me, for when the bell was ringing the half hour he asked Mr. Chetham if he would walk out, and they went out of the church I saw.

I asked Mr. Copley before Mr. John Lees and a great number of people whether he had said so to Mr. Justice Chetham ? He said that he had never consented to it upon any terms whatsoever ; that what he said was only a way of objecting, among others, that *if* it was done, that *yet* the nomination would not be as they would have it, in the Bishop, but in the body, which was quite another thing ; and so I said, “Why then the gentlemen misunderstood you.”

Mr. Cattel and Beresford came to the chapel, but went out again before prayers.

I stayed prayers with Mr. Lever ; they kept voting all prayer time without any disturbance, there having voted (as was said at the Spread Eagle to-night, where were Mr. Copley, Kenyon, Beresford, Deacon, Cattel, Hall, Lever, Manwaring, another, and myself,) between five and six hundred for the empowering the churchwardens, and seven against it ; but it was their pleasure not to vote on the other side, rather than such a small number as they would make.

Mr. Cattel was much pleased with my speaking, because he said he had had a notion that I was indolent and unconcerned in matters. Mr. Copley, when he came, saluted me Grand Master, and thanked me ; and Mr. Cattell said it reflected glory upon them when the Grand Master had behaved handsomely.

I saw Mr. Chetham lawyer at the Conduit after all was over, and went up to him and had some little talk ; he said it was the first meeting he had been at, and should be the last, that he came only out of curiosity ; I said I did the same, but if ever I heard he was at one, I would be there too.<sup>(1)</sup>

I was told that at all the public houses in town they were drinking my health. Tom Cookson<sup>(2)</sup> himself spoke to me the day following and said he had a fine time on't if it would but come once a quarter, they had drank my health with a witness.

This was Tuesday the 4th of June.

*Peter Leycester to John Byrom.*

Monday, June 20th.

Mon cher Jean : About an hour ago the fair widow of Richard's presented me with yours, (viz.) ten stanzas and a postscript. To-morrow morning I set out in the stage coach for Cambridge, where a brace of nags and my scoundrel attend their master ; and am just going to take a parting bottle at the celebrated Mr. Scholy's, with the Ords and Hassels, known lovers of ingenuity and shorthand.

I have but just time to tell you that the shorthand club was celebrated at the usual time with all possible decorum, save that the Alderman and Empson did, in an arbitrary manner, contrary to the known laws of shorthand, introduce Sir H. Hussy, Bart., who as yet has not been initiated into the mysteries of the noble science. I thought it my duty to give you an account of this matter, and hope you will not pass it by without a severe censure. Eight members only were present, the rest being in the country — their names when I see you.

Mr. Hadderton promised me to send you a list of shorthand authors in Pepys' library as soon as possible ; if I can get any sight of them

(1) "Mr. Chetham lawyer" must have felt the satire of this remark.

(2) The landlord of the Spread Eagle. This inn, in Hanging Ditch, was rendered famous in 1819 by being the "house of call" of Mr. Hunt and his compatriots.—See Aston's *Metrical Hist. of Manchester*, p. 70.



I will do it when I am there. I hope to get home by the middle or the end of next week, and soon after to see you at Manchester.—Your  
PIERRE.

## [Journal.]

July 24th, [Wednesday]: in the green parlour; Mrs. Byrom gone to Mr. Brooke's in the Square, and nobody but myself at home.

"Brethren, this comes to let you know, &c.<sup>(1)</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

This, reverend brethren, is our general charge,  
Another time, perhaps, you'll have it more at large."

Near seven o'clock, I must go to Mr. Battersby's.

July 26th, Friday night: Mr. Bro. Eyles from Cambridge, Mr. Butler and Herbert his fellow travellers, and Mr. Cattel and Stringer supped with me.

July 27th, Saturday: Clowes and I met the brethren, Leycester, Swinton, Baskervyle, Barneston, Wright, at Altrincham.

July 28th, Sunday: Jo. Clowes and I went to see Lord Derby's chapel, Mr. Copley met us; we looked at Major John Byrom's tomb-stone at the east end, and found it broke from top to bottom into two pieces by the posts, I supposed, that had been tumbled there by the authors of the confusions, and the wall, &c.

August 14th, Wednesday: Mr. Haywood<sup>(2)</sup> and Haddon<sup>(3)</sup> came to town yesterday to Mrs. Malyn's; I was there last night, and they were here this morning, and read the first Spectator of my writing. Sam. Armstrong from Toft brought my bags home; said that Mrs. Betty Mainwaring was dead, and we could not meet on Friday at Bufton's for that reason.

August 24th: Phebe came here and told me of the discourse that Mrs. Lever and she had had at Alkington about dress. (Mr. Cattel came for the Robbery verses and the Charge about

<sup>(1)</sup> See *Works*, vol. 1. p. 79, ed. 1814.

<sup>(2)</sup> See next page, where the name is rightly spelt *Heyward*.

<sup>(3)</sup> See Note 3 ante p. 45.

preaching slow, for Mr. Knight and Dr. Malyn, and had them.)

August 25th, [Sunday] : Streynsham Master came to the Bull's Head as we were going to the new church, Clowes and I, from father Byrom's, where aunt Sleigh and uncle Chaddock dined, and who went with us, and we all sat in brother Brearcliffe's seat with sister Anne, and Mrs. Vigor and Phebe in Dr. Malyn's seat ; Mr. Horton, Battersbee, Josiah and I took the sermon down, which Mr. Knight, Dr. Malyn's cousin, preached. Streynsham went to Lyme that night, and I was at Mr. Banne's with Dr. Malyn and Mr. Knight, who read some of his son's verses and some of his own upon a lady working flowers, upon Mr. Hasting's picture, an elegy upon him.

August 26th, 27th :

To Haddon John, and Heyward Thomas,<sup>(1)</sup> greeting :  
 On Friday next there is to be a meeting  
 At ancient Bufton's, where the brethren, Wright,  
 Baskervyle, Swinton, Toft's facetious knight,  
 [And] Lancaster, and Cattel if he can,  
 And, on the same terms, Clowes the alderman,  
 Have all agreed to hold, upon the border  
 Of Altrincham, a Chapter of the Order.

Now, then, sagacious brethren, if the time  
 Suits with convenience, as it does with rhyme,  
 I hope we safely may depend upon  
 The representatives of Warrington :  
 See that no business contradict your journey,  
 If any should, transact it by attorney ;  
 On Friday morn be ready spurred and booted,  
 That your convenience may not be nonsuited.

(<sup>1</sup>) Mr. Thomas Heyward was instituted to the Vicarage of Garstang Church-town in 1722, and died in 1731. He was also Master of Warrington Grammar School, and his name is here coupled with Mr. Haddon's, the Vicar of Warrington. He was the son of Thomas Heyward of Warrington Gent. and of his wife Dorothy (married 25th November 1682) daughter of Ralph Markland of the Meadows near Wigan Esq.—*Lanc. MSS.* vol. xii. In Nichols's *Lit. Anecd.* vol. iv. p. 657, the father is erroneously styled "the Rev. William Hayward."



Moreover, brethren, if the time permit,  
Bring something in your pockets neatly writ,  
For thus it was agreed by all our votes  
That ev'ry member should produce his notes :  
" Bring every man some writing of his own,  
" That we mayn't meet for theory alone,"  
Said the Grand Master, " but for practice also ;"—  
To which the general answer was, " We shall so."

Could but I once a country congress fix  
Before the winter calls me up to Dick's,  
And tie therewith, as with a shorthand tether,  
My Lancashire and Cheshire sons together,  
Then emulation would perhaps inspire,  
And one example set the rest on fire ;  
So should my sons of Lancashire and Cheshire  
Work ev'ry one at shorthand like a thresher.

Yea, meet my sons ; appoint a shorthand feast  
Each fortnight, three weeks, or each month at least ;  
Lest it be said by longhand men profane,  
We taught so many clever folks in vain.  
Be not discouraged, then, if one by one,  
Dull solitude ! you go but slowly on,  
For when you meet together in a bundle  
Adzooks ! you cannot think how fast you'll trundle.

So saith the simile : we mortal people  
Are like the bells that hang within a steeple ;  
Where one poor solitary single bell,  
Working alone, prolongs a dismal knell,  
But, all together, with one common zeal,  
Join merrily enough to ring a peal.

Monday, September 9th : Mr. Cattel and I went to Lyme this  
afternoon ; Mr. Legh Master there, and Mr. Peter Legh and Mr.  
Burton, Fellow of Emmanuel, Mr. Morgan (Doctor's brother), Mr.  
Banks, Bob, Sir John Bourn, Nicholson, which two last went away

after supper. We talked about Dr. Bentley much, of whom I could not forbear saying such things as I fear gave them a dislike to me, but I did't care to be a Niger.<sup>(1)</sup> Always defend an absent friend.<sup>(2)</sup>

Tuesday [September 10th] : nine o'clock, went with Master and Cattell to Buxton, dined there; saw Dr. Holbrook's lady, Mr. Lounds of Rochdale; dined and came home, they went forward to Derby.

Friday, September 13th : Mr. Wright, Leycester, Lee, Swinton, Lancaster and I at Bufton's; Mr. Wright gave me a longhand copy of the verses about Father Malbranche which he read to the company, and Mr. Leycester said he would give me half-a-crown for the verses about the President's black wig,<sup>(3)</sup> and so now being come home I am going to write them out if I can; he came with me to town.

*F. Hooper to John Byrom.*

London, October 8th, 1728.

Dear Dr. : Great is my amazement that I have not yet heard from you. I was in hopes to have found an answer to my letter from Deal upon my return to Leybourne; but I suppose the affairs of Manchester employ all your thoughts.

I go to Cambridge to-morrow by two o'clock in the morning, to the election of a Caput in the University, and to be sworn Greek lecturer in Trinity College. The coach is full of Trinity men, and it's upon that account that I send back my horse by a servant to Leybourne, and submit to the fatigue and inconvenience of travelling in a coach, and exposing myself to the danger of meeting your red dragon upon Epping forest.

Tom Bentley has been mad with love of the sheriff's *dater* of

(<sup>1</sup>) ————— "Amicum  
Qui non defendit alio culpante —  
Hic niger est." — *Horat.*

(<sup>2</sup>) Dr. Bentley's unpopularity was now considerable, and Dr. Colbatch and his fellow conspirators were urging on the legal proceedings against him. Byrom's generous ardour for his friend does him honour.

(<sup>3</sup>) See *Works*, vol. i. p. 15, ed. 1814.



our county of Kent. He saw her at Tunbridge Wells, and there he lost his heart. Upon his return to London he had a dangerous pleurisy, and was attended by Dr. Mead. He is out of danger, but so weak that his doctor will not suffer him to make one of our number to-morrow. Parne has informed the Archbishop of Canterbury that the library keeper's place is void by Tom's being Dr. and being so long absent from his charge, and that there is a devolution to his Grace, so that I am afraid that we must lose poor Tom.<sup>(1)</sup> We are all going together by the ears in Trin. Coll., and I doubt not but our council will furnish very good materials for shorthand against the next term.

It is no news, I suppose, to you that my Lord Cumberland has married Jug.<sup>(2)</sup> and set up an equipage of a coach and four with all other things that belong to a gentleman. I shall stay at Cambridge till I hear you are in London, so pray let me hear from you there. My respects to L.[ady] Bland, Mrs. Byroms, Malyns,<sup>(3)</sup> &c. —

I am yours to command, F. HOOPER.

(<sup>1</sup>) Tom Bentley seems to have been universally liked. Even the bitterest opponents of his great uncle, Pope and Warburton excepted, had always a word of kindness for "poor Tom."

(<sup>2</sup>) Miss Joanna Bentley, Dr. Bentley's daughter, had just been married to Mr. Denison Cumberland, grandson\*of the learned Bishop of Peterborough.

(<sup>3</sup>) The Malyns so frequently mentioned in this volume were a family of considerable wealth and influence in Manchester, Richard Massey of Sale Hall in the parish of Ashton upon Mersey, the grandson and heir of James Massey (descended lineally from Robert de Masci, second brother of Hamo de Masci Baron of Dunham) and of his wife Mary, daughter of Sir George Leycester of Toft Knt. having in 1685 settled his large estates upon Katharine Massey, his eldest daughter, who married Robert Malyn of Manchester Esq. M.D. She died *ante* 1717, and Dr. Malyn died in 1727, being succeeded by his elder son, Massey Malyn of Queen's College Cambridge, M.B. 1710, LL.D. 1723, instituted to the family Rectory of Ashton upon Mersey in 1717 on the death of his uncle the Rev. Thomas Ellison M.A. (son of the Rev. Thomas Ellison M.A. Rector of Ashton-under-Lyne who died in 1700, having married in January 1666 Hester, daughter of Mr. Byrom of Newton in the parish of Manchester) and died in 1729 æt. 42, s.p. On his monument he is styled, "hujus Ecclesiæ dignissimi nuper Rectoris." His brother Robert Malyn seems to have been an unsteady character and to have died early: he was of Queen's College Cambridge, B.A. 1724, M.A. 1728, but was probably not in orders. Of their two sisters and coheirresses, Ann, the younger, married in 1731 Peter Mainwaring of Manchester M.D. often

October 24th : at night.

Checkmate, dear Doctor ; well, I do profess  
It is an admirable game this chess,  
A sweet device ; whoever found it out  
He was a clever fellow without doubt.

December 17th : at the Bull's Head with Mr. Lever, Cattel, Deacon, Hall, Brook, Ashton, Lever, Jo. Cooper ; upon a dispute with Mr. Cattel about the mills<sup>(1)</sup> I told him —

named by Byrom, and who devised his moiety of the Sale Estate to Mr. Legh of East Hall in the County of Chester. — See *Note 4* ante, p. 47 ; Ormerod's *Cheshire*, vol. i. p. 424 ; *Lanc. MSS.* vol. xvi. pp. 296 — 348, where there is a perfect series of deeds relating to the Masseys of Sale from 1189 to about the death of the last heir male.

(<sup>1</sup>) "The Bishop of Exeter had already, during the latter part of his life, erected a Free School, upon a site near the present College of Manchester, the boundaries of which are expressly specified in the foundation charter and schedule annexed, executed by Hugh and John Bexwyke, on the 1st of April 1525, 16th Hen. VIII., and, for the endowment and future support of it, had purchased, for a valuable consideration, certain water corn mills, on the river Irke, and a fulling mill adjoining, with divers messuages, lands, and tenements in the town of Manchester and in Ancoats, specified also in the several conveyances executed by the same parties, and bearing date respectively the 20th August 1515, the 11th October 1515, and the 1st of April 1525.

"The water corn mills were ancient soke mills, belonging to Sir Thomas West, knight, Lord de la Warr, lord of the manor of Manchester, at which the inhabitants of the township were bound, by immemorial custom, to grind their corn, grain, or malt, and to pay, as a toll for the grinding, a twenty-fourth part of the whole.

"They are situate, three in number, upon the river Irke, not far from its confluence with the Irwell. The highest of them is yet a corn mill, but the lowest has been converted to the manufacture of snuff and pins, and has been also used for the purpose of fulling woollen cloth, — both these mills are let to respectable tenants ; — but the middle mill, which is used for grinding malt, is retained in the hands of the feoffees of the school. According to the act of 1758, when the inhabitants were released from the old custom of sending their corn to the manor mills, this mill was appointed to grind all the malt which is used in the township of Manchester, the inhabitants paying one shilling per load of six bushels, in lieu of the one twenty-fourth part before mentioned. This sum, having been fixed at a time when money was somewhat more valuable than it is at present, now bears but a small proportion to the labour effected ; so that the mill, originally intended for the benefit of the school only, is now of far greater consequence to the inhabitants of the town. It is this tax upon grinding



Here's Bone and Skin,  
 Two millers thin,  
 Would starve the town, or near it,  
 But be it known  
 To Skin and Bone  
 That Flesh and Blood can't bear it ;<sup>(1)</sup>

which made them all laugh much, and put an end to the controversy.

Friday last, December 13th : we met at the coffee-house about the mills ; my father Byrom there, and some twenty or thirty others ; I drew up a paper to subscribe to in these words I think : " We, whose names are under-written, do promise to pay to Mr. Jer. Bower for every £100 that shall be expended in defence of the rights of the town of Manchester, the several (or particular) sums subscribed to our names." And Mr. Jer. Bradshaw went to father Byrom's and he subscribed two guineas first of all.

malt, however, which has induced the public brewers to settle themselves in the adjoining townships of Salford, Cheetham, Ardwick, Chorlton Row, and Hulme ; none of the present breweries being actually situate within the town of Manchester.

"From the profits of the malt mill,—from the rental of two other mills and several houses,—and from the interest of money vested in the public funds,—an income of upwards of £4,400 per annum is now received."—Whatton's *History of Manchester School*, pp. 7, 8, 4to, London, 1834.

<sup>(1)</sup> "The wit of this epigram was pointed at the father of Judge Y——, and a Mr. D-w-n ; two tall meagre men, who were trustees of the charity-school, at Manchester : for the support of which school three mills were left. As all the town had a right in this school, all the town were to grind their corn at these mills. The town, however, grew too populous for the mills ; and yet the conscientious trustees wanted to prevent the inhabitants from grinding their corn any where else."—*Poems*, vol. i. p. 244, *Note*, ed. 1814.

END OF VOL. I. PART I.

#### CORRIGENDA.

Page 52, *Note 2*, for *Nichol's*, read *Nichols's*; also p. 282, *Note 1*,  
and p. 297, *Note 1*.

Page 60, *Note 2*, *dele all after* "Richard Tatlock of Prescott, Esq."

Page 61, *Note*, for *decents*, read *descents*.

Page 135, *Note 1*, last line, for *Thomas*, read *George*.

Page 233, *Note 1*, *dele all after* "Anecdotes of Hogarth."

Page 271, *Note 1*, for *Grayleson*, read *Graylem*.

Page 277, *Note 2*, for 1708, read 1703.

Page 294, *Note 1*, reverse the dates "1688 — 1672."



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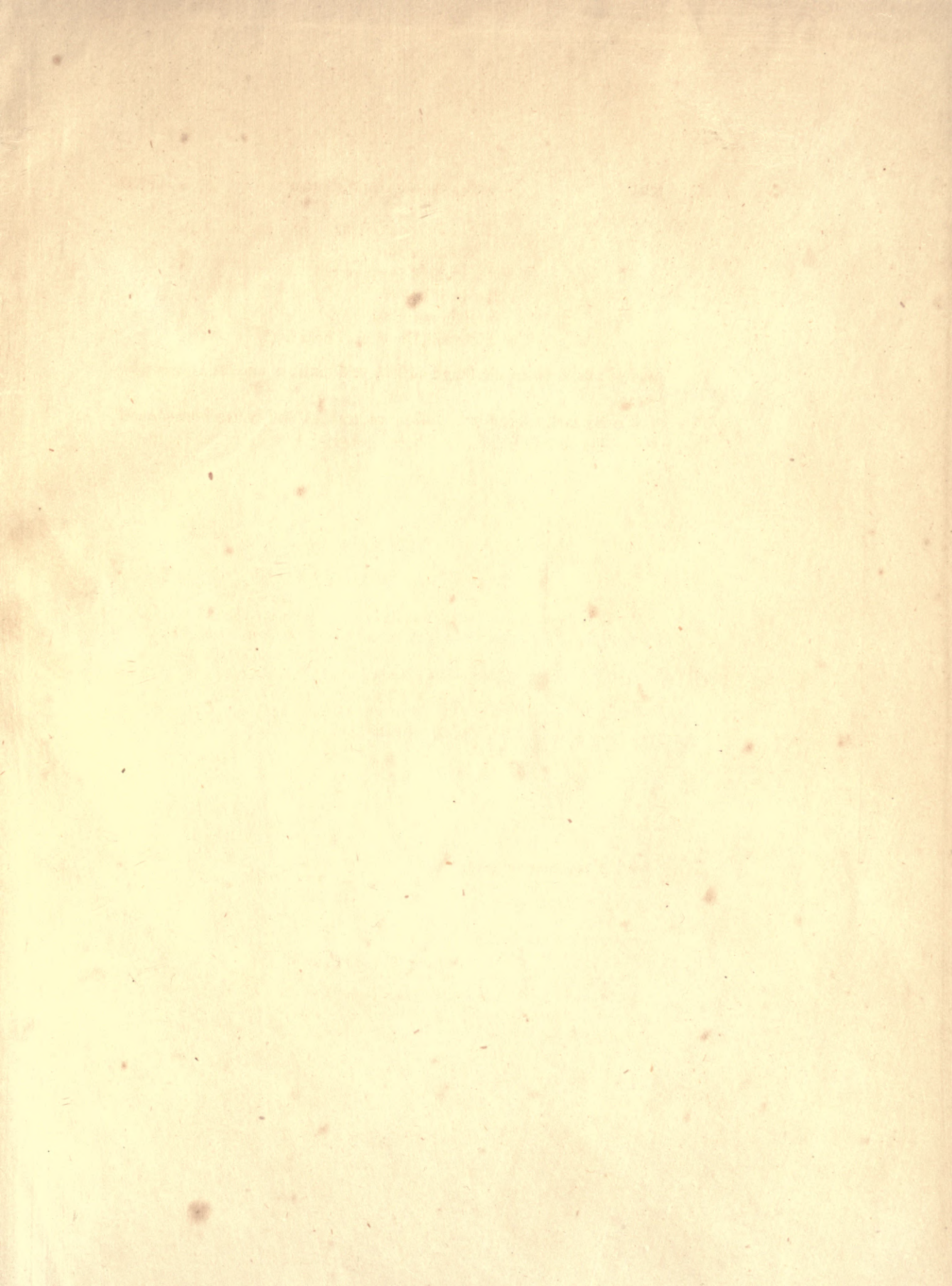
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vol. i. p. 244, *Note*, ed. 1814.

END OF VOL. I. PART I.









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