

Papers relating to James Newby

Publication/Creation

1860s

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Direction on an envelope containing
lines to Robert Barclay, son of the
late John Barclay of Stoke Newington.

Postman, without any delay,
Please take this to Robert Barclay,
I understand he is the son,
Of a departed friend nam'd John,
Formerly of Stoke Newington,
On the northern side of London,
Of the Society of Friends,
And here my information ends..

Under the lap of the envelope,
I will a few more lines de-velope.

Author of the lines here written,
Ask'd concerning Daniel Britten;
Once resident at Walthamstow,
Where I visited years ago.
I venture to make one request,
Please read, mark, inwardly digest.

James Newby, Cemetery Road,
Near York; the place of my abode.
Fourteenth of eleventh month the date.
Year eighteen hundred sixty eight.
Perhaps it may enquire's aid,
Crow's Buildings, East Riding Parade.

W Newby

"There was silence in Heaven."

Rev: 8 Chap. 1 verse

Can angel-spirits need repose
In the full sunlight of the sky?
And can the veil of slumber close
A cherub's bright & burning eye?—

Have seraphim a weary brow,
A fainting heart, an aching breast?
No, far too high their pulses glow
To languish with inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
The banquet of delight above?
How bear for one short hour to miss
The vision of the Lord they love?

Oh! not the death-like calm of sleep
Could still the ever-living song,
The fairy dream, or vision deep
Entrance the high & holy throng.

5
Yet not the lightest tone was heard
From angel harp, or angel hand,
And not one plumed pinion stirred
Among the bright adoring band;

6
For there was silence in the sky,
A joy that angels could not tell,
As from its veiled fount on high
The peace of God in silence fell.

7
Oh! what is silence here below!
The spirit of consecrated despair,
The pause of pain, the dream of woe, —
It is the rest of rapture there!

8
And to the wayworn pilgrim here
More needful seems that perfect peace,
Than the full chaunt of joy to hear
Roll on, and never, never cease.

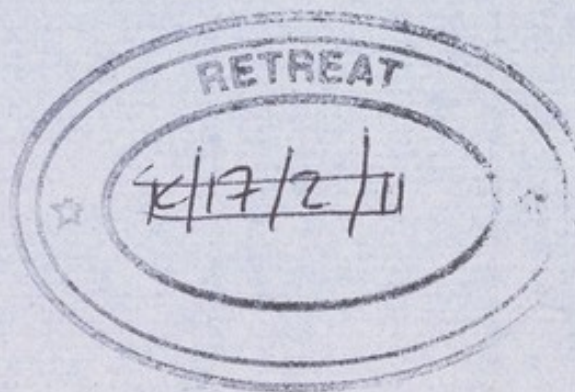
9
From earthly agonies set free,
Tired with the path too slowly trod,
May such a silence welcome me
Into the temple of my God!

A Fragment.

And is not peace a gift more dear
Than joy that trembles in a tear?

For peace is like the gentle dove
That has no wish to roam,
But folds her wings of quiet love
Over her little home;

While joy, a rare restless bird,
Will vanish ere its song is heard.



"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture — the love of the turtle —
Now melt into sorrow — now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine?
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Was faint o'er the gardens of Gibeon in her bloom:
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tents of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest on die:
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine!"

The winds are high — and Hell's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedew'd in vain;
The desert of old Priam's pride —

The tombs sole relics of his reign —
All save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Leo's rocky isle!

The Hite, or, bride must have a jill: copied from Olney Hymns, at the end.

My waking dreams are best conceal'd
Much folly, little good they yield.
But now and then, I gain, when I sleeping,
A friendly hint that's worth the keeping;

Once on a time a paper-hite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus express'd self-admiration:
"See how you crowds of gazing people,
Admire my flight above the steeple.
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a hite like me can do?
If I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight,
But ah! like a poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground.
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string."
It tugg'd and pull'd, till thus it spoke,
To break the string - at last it broke.
Depriv'd at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away;

The Spider and Toad: copied from
Some author, (no great matter who),
Provided what he says be true,
Relates he saw, with hostile rage,
A spider and a toad engage;
For though with poison both are staid,
Each by the other is abhord;
It seems as if their common venom,
Provok'd an enmity between them.
Implacable, malicious, cruel,
Like modern hero in a duel,
The spider darted on his foe,
Inflicting death at every blow.
His toad, by ready instinct taught,
An antidote, when wounded, sought.
From the herb plantain, growing near,
Well-known to toads its virtues rare,
The spider's poison to rebel;
It cropp'd the leaf, and soon was well.
This remedy it often tried,
And all the spider's rage defied.
The person who the contest view'd,
While yet the battle doubtful stood,
Remov'd the healing plant away -
And thus the spider gain'd the day:
For when the toad return'd one more,
Wounded, as it had done before,
To seek relief, and found it not,
It swell'd and died upon the spot.
In every circumstance but one,
(Could that hold too, I were undone)

Truly I dream'd of one who cried,
"Beware of self, beware of pride;
When you are prone to build a Babel,
Recall to mind this little fable.

Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward through the air,
Unable its own course to guide,
The wind soon plung'd it in the tide.
Ah! foolish hite, thou hadst no wing,
How couldst thou fly without a string?"

My heart replied, O Lord, I see,
How much this hite resembles me!
Forgetful that by thee I stand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand,
How oft I've wish'd to break the lines,
Thou wisdom for my lot assigns!
How oft indulg'd a vain desire,
For some thing more, or something higher,
And but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

Olney Hymns at the end.

No glass can represent my face,
More justly than this tale my case.
The toad's an emblem of my heart,
And Satan eats the spider's part.
Convenom'd by his poison, I,
Am often at the point to die;
But he who hung upon the tree,
From guilt and woe to set me free,
Is like the plantain-leaf to me.
To him my wounded soul repairs,
He knows my pain, and hears my prayer,
From him I virtue draw by faith,
Which saves me from the jaws of death.
From him fresh life and strength I gain,
And Satan spends his rage in vain.
No secret arts, or open force,
Can rob me of this sure resource;
Though foolish men its worth deny,
Experience gives them all the lie.
Though banish'd to some distant land,
My medicine would be still at hand,
Though Deists and Socinians join,
Jesus still lives, and still is mine.
Tis here the happy difference lies,
My Saviour reigns above the skies,
Yet to my soul is always near,
For he is God, and every where.
His blood, a sovereign balm is found,
For every grief, and every wound.

And sooner all the hills shall flee,
And hide themselves beneath the sea,
Or ocean starting from its bed,
Rush o'er the cloud-topp'd mountains head,
Than Jesus, fail the tempted soul.

The sun, exhausted of its light,
Become the source of endless night;
And ruin spread from pole to pole,
Than Jesus, fail the tempted soul.

Complaisance: abridged from an Arabian tale copied from the Guardian 7/16/1/12

Schacabac being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table, that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall to. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth, with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat, said, If I did not like it, you may be sure I should not eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, replied the Barmecide, pray let me help you to this leg of a goose. Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it, with great cheerfulness. As he was eating very heartily of this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach, for a roasted Lamb, fed with pistachio-nuts, and after having called for it as though it had really been served up, here is a dish says he that you will see at no body's table, but my own. Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing says he I ever eat before. Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible dessert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much, as a certain lozenge which the Barmecide told him, was a sweetmeat of his own invention. Schacabac at length being courteously rebroached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired of moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full, he could not eat a bit more. Come then, says the Barmecide, the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say without vanity are the best in Persia. He then filled both their glasses, out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself, from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor, however being pressed, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand, praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary hummers of different wines equally delicious, and a little revived with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good bye on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, Sir, says he, I beg pardon, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to quarrel in my drink. The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry at him, said he thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest. Upon which, calling for his supper, rice-soup, goose, pistachio-lamb, the several other nice dishes with the dessert-lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines were served up one after another, and Schacabac was feasted in reality with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.

Copied by James K. Colby Cemetery Road near Jct

Coalbrookdale Iron Works,

Shropshire, 18th June 1866.

Dear friend:

I duly rec^d. thy letters of 2nd and
16th Inst. respecting James Keaty.
I am glad to hear that his
health and mental powers
have improved so that he may
now be trusted for under
thy care, and hope they will
continue to gain tone. His

pleasure that the anticipations
freemium indulged by his
wife and himself can now be
realised, with ^{without} ~~no~~ special
anxiety to the firm. I enclose

W. B. Brewster
in common with
J. A. Allen

Re J Newby
July 16 - 66

W. G. Morris -
in James Newby
to James B. Newby



to do for S. North's benefit, if there
will be kind enough to send it
to him as they may not think
fit. He has not been a charge
upon our No. Melf.社 but
but our Reparative Meeting has
aided him out of consideration
for his position and for other
reasons, and as before intimated
we are willing to do so for a
time, or until he can help
himself from his own resources.

I am

very sincerely &c
Wm. Harris.

John Kitching

The Retreat York.

His person was graceful, and well-proportioned: his stature rather above the middle size; his complexion was very fair. His eyes were of a dark-blue colour, small, but sprightly. His features were in general good and regular. His countenance was manly, firm, his voice exceedingly strong; yet both were softened with an uncommon degree of sweetness. He was always very clean and neat, and often said pleasantly, that a minister of the gospel ought to be without spot. His deportment was decent and easy, without the least stiffness or formality; and his engaging, polite manner, made his company universally agreeable. In his youth he was very slender, and moved his body with great agility to action, suitable to his discourse: but about the fortieth year of his age, he began to grow corpulent - which, however, was solely the effect of his disease, being always given to a proverb, remarkable for his moderation both in eating and drinking. In reviewing the life of this extraordinary man, the following particulars appear very remarkable. First, we must begin with his unceasing diligence in the offices of religion, and his conscientious improvement of every portion of his time. Early in the morning he rose to his Master's work, and all the day long, was employed in a continual succession of different duties. Take a view of his public conduct: here he is engaged either in preaching the gospel, in visiting and giving counsel to the afflicted, instructing the ignorant, or in celebrating the praises of God. Observe his behaviour in private company: there you hear him instructing upon all occasions, and among all sorts of people, discourse that tended to edification, and if you follow him to his retirements, you see him writing devout meditations upon the occurrences of the day, or letters to his Christian acquaintance, full of piety and zeal. What a gloomy idea must a stranger to vital piety, entertain of a life spent in this manner! He will think it must have been joyless and disgusting, if not burdensome. But otherwise did it appear in the experience of this servant of Christ. He felt the greatest enjoyment, when engaged in a constant course of social and religious duties. In these, whole weeks passed away like one day, and when he was visited with any distress or affliction, preaching, as he tells us himself, was his catholicon, and prayer his antidote against every trial. The pleasure of a man of business, in successfully pushing his trade, or of a philosopher, when pursuing his favourite studies, may give us some faint conception, of the joys which he felt: yet so ardent were his desires, after the heavenly happiness, that he often longed to quit his work, and to go home to his Saviour. Again, we are justly surprised at his frequent and fervent preaching, under all the disadvantages of a sickly constitution, and the many fits of illness, with which he was suddenly seized. It must indeed be confessed, that change of air, frequent travelling, and the many voyages he made, might contribute to the preservation of his health and vigour; but when we consider what exertion of voice was necessary to reach his large congregations; that he preached generally twice or thrice every day, and often four times on the first day, but, above all, what waste of strength and spirits, every sermon must have cost him, through the earnestness of his delivery; it is truly astonishing, how his constitution could hold out so long. But there is another circumstance, not less remarkable than either of the former, which is, the uncommon desire that all sorts of people expressed to attend his preaching; and that, not upon the first or second visit only, but at every succeeding opportunity. Whichever he went, prodigious numbers flocked to hear him. His congregations often consisted, of four or five thousand: in populous places, they swelled to ten, sometimes fourteen; and upon some occasions, the concourse was so great, that they have been computed to be near twenty to thirty thousand. It is wonderful to think, how he commanded the attention of such multitudes, with what composure they listened, when he began to speak: how they hung upon his lips, and were often dissolved in tears: and this was the case, with persons of the most hardy and rugged, as well as those of softer tempers. His eloquence was indeed, very great, and of the truest and noblest kind. He was utterly devoid of all appearance of affectation. He seemed to be quite unconscious of the talents he possessed, or

The importance of his subject, and the regard due to his honours, engaged all his concern. He spoke like one, who did not seek their applause, but was concerned for their best interests; and who, from a principle of unfeigned love, earnestly endeavoured to lead them in the right way: and the effect, in some measure, corresponded to the design. They did not amuse themselves with commending his discourses; but being moved and persuaded by what he said, entered into his views, felt his passions, and were willing, for that time at least, to comply with all his requests. This was especially remarkable at his charity-sermons, when the most worldly-minded were made to part with their money, in so generous a manner, that when they returned to their former temper, they would scarce think, that it had been conveyed from them, by some inexplicable charm. The charm, however, was nothing else than the proper & irresistible eloquence, in which respect it is not easily to say, whether he was ever excelled, either in ancient or modern times. He had a strong and musical voice, and a wonderful command of it. His pronunciation was not only proper, but manly and graceful; nor was he ever at a loss, for the most natural and strong expressions. Yet these in him, were but lower qualities. The grand sources of his eloquence, were, an exceeding lively imagination, which whole people think, they saw what he described; an action, still more lively, if possible, by which, while every accent of his voice, strike to the ear, every feature of his face, every motion of his hands, and every gesture spoke to the eye; so that the most dissipated and thoughtless, found their attention involuntarily fixed, and the dull and most ignorant, could not but understand. He had likewise a certain elevation of mind, which raised him equally above praise and censure, and added great authority to whatever he said. But what was perhaps the most important of all, he had the heart, deeply exercised, in all the social, as well as the pious and religious affections, and was at the same time most remarkably communicative, by which means, he was peculiarly fitted to catch like feelings in others, and to sympathize with every one that had them.

The last, some have thought, was the distinguishing part of his character. It was certainly however an eminent part of it. In his journals and letters, an impartial reader will find instances thereof almost in every page: such as lively gratitude to God in the first place, and to all whom God had used as instruments of good to him; sincere love in dealing so plainly with his correspondents, about the interests of their souls: frequent and particular intercession for his friends, his enemies, and all mankind: great delight in the society of Christian acquaintance; many very sorrowful partings and joyful meetings with his friends: tender tenderness to the afflicted: the pleasure in providing and administering a seasonable supply to the indigent; and condescension to people of the lowest rank, to instruct and converse with them for their good, in as kind and suitable a manner, as if he had been their brother or intimate friend. These are manifest proofs, that he had a heart, easily susceptible of every humane feeling, and compassionately feeling; and this was certainly a great means, of enabling him so strongly to affect the hearts of others. But not to dwell any longer on his accomplishments as an orator, and the excellent purposes to which, through the grace of God, he devoted them; one thing remains to be mentioned, of an infinitely higher order than any human faculty whatever: and that is, the power of God, which so remarkably accompanied the labours of his servant, and without which, scripture and expounding teachers, tho' all external means however excellent, are ineffectual, and vain. It is now, he is most to be envied, were it lawful to envy any man. When we consider the multitudes that were not only awakened, but brought under lasting religious impressions by his ministry, and the multitudes that were wrought upon in the same manner, by the ministry of others, excited by his example, both in Great Britain and America, we are naturally led into the same sentiments, with John Wesley, in his general sermon. What can honour, hath it pleased God, to put upon his faithful servant; who has been a blessed instrument in his hand, of bringing so many sinners, from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan, unto God. Copied by James Newby Cemetery near York

Song in answer to enquirers
Hymn on recovery from sickness
To all friends round the Wrecker.



1
Lines written by James Newby

Since I ceas'd to be an Inmate,
Of the far-renown'd "Retreat",
A year has quickly pass'd away,
As "Time and Tide, for no man stay"
These effusions plainly show it,
That I wish to be a Poet.
And have partially employ'd,
What might have been an aching void.
Some writer says, I think anonymous,
That Time and Money are synonymous.
I have not found it till the present,
Although to verify is pleasant.
But Paul's advice no doubt well meant,
"In every state to be content,"

Part second, various subjects mix,
 Stanzas twelve, lines seventy six.
 Of Birmingham the "Recollections."
 With various comments and reflections.
 Lines, just one hundred thirty eight,
 Since eighteen twenty nine I date.
 Till the year sixty four pass'd through,
 And bade, perhaps a last Adieu.
 My wife, in the following year,
 Pass'd Birmingham in coming here.
 James Newby, Cemetery Road
 Near York; the place of his abode.
 Year eighteen hundred sixty seven
 Sixth month tenth A.M. eleven
 (Ante meridian)

by
 L,
 to.
 5,
 00.
 e.
 eight,
 weight

2
Of Akworth the Remembrances,
Part 1st three and twenty Stanzas,
Lines, one hundred four and forty,
Some perhaps good, others faullis.
A Poetic Auto - Biography
Up to this year in my Calligraphy
Of lines just eighty and two hundred,
In Stanzas six and forty numbers.
Of "Akworth" second part we view,
Stanzas twelve, lines seventy-two.
The "Reminiscences of London"
Which I did not like to leave undone.
Part first, lines one hundred and forty-eight,
Made up in number, what they want in weight.

Part 1st
Stanzas
Of Po
With
Lines
Since
Till
And
My
Pass'd
James
Near
Year
Sixth

1
in answer to enquiries how he was employed.

I hope, by aid of Grace Divine,
Maybe my wife's desire and mine.
I have lately copied, numerous
Essays, Poems, serious, humorous.
Some pieces I compos'd in verse,
Perhaps I may at once rehearse,
"To all Friends near the Shropshire Wrekin"
Who are for recreation seeking,
At famous Spa of Admaston
About a mile from Wellington.
Or Coalbrookdale so far renown'd, —
May forty lines of verse be found,
Written at the end of last year,
With "Hymn" before compos'd appear,
please see over.

Hymn composed in 1825, by James Newby, after recovery
from a Bilious Fever, while living in Southwark near London.

1	2
What praises to thee shall I bring?	It was easy for thee to have said,
What tribute of gratitude pay?	Here, terminate now thy career!
Shall my fingers attempt the sweet string?	It was easy for thee to have laid,
And ascribe to Jehovah the Day?	My body, in Death's sable bier.
Ah! vain, ineffectual quite,	In a moment, my breath might have flown,
Are all my attempts to extol,	My spirit have taken its flight;
The Father of Mercies and Light,	And travers'd the dismal unknown,
My God, and the Hope of my Soul.	To realms of perpetual night.
Why in sickness, didst thou not remove,	But, be glory and honour above,
As a plant, that <u>en</u> cumb'd the ground,	Ascrib'd to my merciful God!
The creature, unworthy thy love,	Who has rais'd me again by his love,
But who thy salvation has found.	And on <u>me</u> has salvation bestow'd.

Acknowledgment of a Letter from William Sankey Coalbrookdale
Shropshire; composed by James Newby of York on 19th Nov^r 1866.

1
Accept, dear friend!
What now I send;
A tribute to the Muse.
There is no pretence,
To excellence.
So hope thou wilt excuse.

2
A friend in need,
Is a friend indeed.
And such art thou friend Sankey!
My love to all,
Both great and small.
And heartily I'll thank thee.

To all Friends near the Wickin-Hill, and Coalbrookdale Shropshire
Composed by James Newby, "Poet's Corner" Cemetery Road near York.

1
I have in many places been,

And various circumstances seen,
Too numerous for relation..

From early youth,
Both rough and smooth,
Have come in quick rotation.

2
First, to that God whose name is "Love",
The Saviour, and the Heavenly Dove,
Is praise for ever due.

Next on my loving Spouse,
The main-stay of our house,
I still must keep my view.

3
Of generous Mary William Jones,*
The Darbys, and the Dickinsons,
The family of Robinsons
And Graham's hand and glove.

Ann Rose, and Sarah Buckley joint,
My Memory recalls to mind,

The many words and deeds so kind,

Of friends, once much-belov'd.

* late Mary Darby of Coalbrookdale

4
William G. Norris, and his wife

Emma) the partner of his life,
And Benjamin, whose term was brief
Susanna, Ann, and William Norris too.

Samuel Rose, who dealt in Swankey,
And my friend William Lantier,
For a name rhyme I thank thee,

This surely is thy due.

5
Many are dead, and some have left,
But Coalbrookdale is not bereft,

Of Friends as some would show it.
For friends there are, of various kinds,
"As many men, have many minds"

So says some unknown Poet.

6
Rebecca Darby, I suppose,
Is left like the last Summer's Rose,
In the sequester'd Dell.

Love is more precious than the Ruby.

James, and Elizabeth Heath Newby.

Transmit their kind Farewell!

Composed on 12 Month 19th 1866.

Recollections of Birmingham
Reminiscences of London &c
by James Newby

Ref ~~to~~ London & Birmingham

P by James Newby

Part Ist of Reminiscences of London and its Vicinity by James Newby

1
I was too young to call to mind,
When my Parents were inclin'd,
From Shropshire to remove;
But well remember was the case,
We liv'd awhile in "Pleasant Place,"
Before a shady grove.

2
William Armistead, Public Notary,
Was to business a great votary,
In City; Clements' Lane.
Had residence in "Prospect Place"
Lambeth, near the Primate's Palace,
(Or Metropolitan.)

3
I have no record here to show,
When "Pleasant Place" we did forego,
For Charles Street, New Kent Road.
But I have evidence to prove,
That we did certainly remove,
To that, our new abode,

4
Lucy Edmunds, a neighbour near,
Was, although no relation, dear,
As any in that quarter.

a. in Lambeth. The residence of the
Archbishop of Canterbury is in same parish

4
Samuel Sturge; — at early age,
Did then, my grateful thoughts engage,
And for many years after.

5
Anne Driver, in the Old Kent Road,
Was a tried friend, who oft bestow'd,
What her liberal mind;
Devis'd for those of small estate.
John and Ann Willis I relate,
Were generous and kind.

6
Near Walworth, Canterbury Row,
Upwards of fifty years ago,
There liv'd a well known friend;
Name'd Joshua Clarke; who once did urge,
Father, myself, and Samuel Sturge,
An hour or two to spend,

7
On river Thames; at Vauxhall Pier,
We did at early hour appear,
And from a pleasure boat;
I, though of water very shy,
Trusted my friends implicitly,
And in their arms did float.

see over

2
8
Langley with Belch, and Joseph Harvey,
Did books for juveniles purvey,
As many more could tell.

The former Firm, at High Street Borough,
The latter friend a tradesman thorough,
Was liv'd at Camberwell.

9
Josiah Ravis, was a Surgeon;
Near where Chapel of S. W. Spurgeon,
In New Park Street Southwark stood.

J. R. had taken his departure,
I think I was acquainted after,
For residence at Norwood.

10
Southwark Meeting, now abolish'd,
And the premises demolish'd,
To make way for Rail Road.

In sixty-two I chanc'd to see,
Removal of the said debris;
I now write, Schabod.

11
Jane Harris, Walworth; often there,
To Friends' Meeting did repair,
With Mary Sterry grave.

b. Redcross Street out of Union Street
c. afterwards of Croydon, Surrey.

11
William Pollard did essay, d.
And Joseph Binns in later day,
Some exhortations gave.

12
Mary Dudley, and her daughter
Elizabeth, — who long after,
At Peckham liv'd and died.
Francis May, and Edward Buell,
Sarah Garratt, and Joseph Ball,
Cash families beside.

13
Thomas, Sarah, and Ann Newell,
William Graves, Daves, Joseph Sherwell,
Robert Giles with John Bell.
Josiah and Samuel Richardson,
Knight, Conleigh, Satchmore, Sterrymans,
With John and Richard Bell.

14
Joseph Neathy, late of Croydon,
For many years had been employ'd on,
With signal perseverance,
Matters of Friends' denomination,
To which from habit and conviction,
He show'd a strong adherence.

d. first in Blackfriars Road. Then at
Stamford Street; now of Charlbury in
Oxfordshire.

e. George Daves of Blackfriars Road.
see page 3

When visiting at relations,
Of whom I gave short narrations,
In my Biography;
Nam'd Francis Amistead and Spouse,
At Heston, in a pleasant house,
Sweet to my memory.

23

At Newington, in Church Yard, Ray,
There liv'd near fifty years ago,
Until eighteen twenty eight,
Martha Rowis, who was I find;
Inter'd in Coleman Street, behind,
Bunhill Cemetery Great.

Part 2nd of Reminiscences

1

I have heard of Martha Savory,
Afterwards married to John Yearlley,
And friend Samuel Gurney,
Abraham Rawlinson Barclay,
And Cornelius Hanbury,
With the Darton family.

2

I well remember Edward Carroll,
Whose voice was like a chant or card,
I think Hibernian. a
And can recollect John Pinn,
Several times hearing him,
A diminutive man.
a from Cork Ireland. b. formerly Barnard from Uppier Thorpe near Sheffit married Samuel Darby

In sixty two, I visit paid,
To where Nathaniel was laid,
Her husband, Timman once by trade,
No protuberance nor bullock;
But all the graves were flat and smooth,
One memorial stone forsooth,
To friend nam'd Thomas Hancock,
James Bull, whose family I knew,
May grant to visitors a view,
And now I bid my friends Adieu.

j The friends' burial grounds in Coleman Street
Bunhill fields
K. Newington in Surrey is referred to.

of London and its vicinity see p 54

3

I here may mention by the by,
I seldom heard Elizabeth Fry,
Except at Yearly Meeting,
But Psalm of David, twenty nine,
Seems at times, in ears of mine,
After her clear repeating.

4

I only once saw William Foster,
Who then was on his way to Worcester,
From Cwalbrook Dale renowned,
Where Deborah Darby liv'd for years,
And died in eighteen ten, appears
From records I have found. a

a from records I have found.

Thomas Willis, Richard Gorton,
(Father and Son, Thomas Norton)
Jacob Hagen, Hagger Lowe.
Abrights, S. Summers, and B. Lumb,
Titneys, Rickman, Edward Hallam.
Many more I did not know.

William Manley, Recording Clerk,
I here may gratefully remark,
Was courteous and kind;
In answering applications,
Of young men for situations,
As I can call to mind.

During time of Yearly Meeting,
When friends and relatives were greeting,
We generally stay'd;
At Huggin Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside,
Where "Barrons" on my mother's side,
Some kind attentions paid.

I remember Stephen Grellett,
Who I think with John Eliot,
As an interpreter,

f. All the above named friends I think
were members of Southwark & Peckham Meetings.

g. Sarah Barron afterwards wife of William
Boles of Guernsey and Chippeny - Norton from
Jane Barron afterwards wife of John Hallan-Cullin

Visited most parts of England;
I think I did not understand,
All J. E. did utter.

Not deviating far I hope,
In house, where Alexander Pope
Was born, a Poet sweet;
There, Joseph Gurney Beran liv'd,
Whom William Allen long surviv'd,
At Plough Court, Lombard Street.

My Father, often on First Day,
Died in the Summer bend his way,

To Country place of Meeting,
Wandsworth, Peckham, Ratchiff, Deptford,
Hammersmith, and onto Brentford,
To Gray, the Timmer, greeting.

Although it seems a little partial,
I here may mention William Marshall,
Of Heston, near Hounslow,
Who kindly took myself and Father,
In vehicle to Meeting, rather
Than we through dust should go,

h. Brentford was the nearest Meeting
to Heston near Hounslow where a
baker named William Marshall liv'd.
i. I think William Gray.

When visiting at relations,
Of whom I gave short narrations,
In my Biography,
Marr'd Francis Amistead and Spouse,
At Weston, in a pleasant house,
Sweet to my memory.

23

At Newington, in Church Yard Bay,
There liv'd near fifty years ago,
Until eighteen twenty eight,
Martha Ravis, who was I find,
Interr'd in Coleman Street, behind,
Bun hills Cemetery Great.

In sixty two, I visit paid,
To where Nathaniel was laid,
Her husband, Tinman once by trade,
No protuberance nor bullock;
But all the graves were flat and smooth,
One memorial stone forsooth,
To friend marr'd Thomas Hancock,
James Bull, whose family I knew,
May grant to visitors a view,
And now I bid my friends Adieu.

The friends' burial grounds in Coleman Street
Bunhill fields
N. Newington in Surrey is referred to.

Part 2nd of Reminiscences — of London and its vicinity see p 5

1

I have heard of Martha Savory,
Afterwards married to John Yeardley,
And friend Samuel Gurney,
Abraham Rawlinson Barclay,
And Cornelius Hunbury,
With the Darton family.

2

I well remember Edward Carroll,
Whose voice was like a chant or card,
I think Hibernian. a
And can recollect John Pinn,
Several times hearing him,
A diminutive man.
a from Cork Ireland. b. formerly Barrand from Upper Thorp near Sheffton married Samuel Darby

3

I here may mention by the by,
I seldom heard Elizabeth Fry,
Except at Yearly Meeting,
But Psalm of David, twenty nine,
Seems at times, in ears of mine,
After her clear repeating.

4

I only once saw William Forster,
Who then was on his way to Worcester,
From Coalbrookdale renowned,
Where Deborah Darby liv'd for years,
And died in eighteen ten, appears
From records I have found. b

Robert Barnard was a Poet,
Though but little left to show it,
Omit Achworth lines excepted.
Native of Sheffield I believe;
But he at Coalbrookdale did live,
And died there much respected.

I must not here omit remarking,
R. Sturges, and Caroline Parken,
I think in fifty five;
At Horsehay, Shropshire, then our home,
Paid a visit very welcome,
Our spirits to revive.

Till I, Rebecca Sturges heard,
None I remember us'd the word,
Which she appears to have preferred,
Genuine conversion
Nor the term Divine Patience,
Meaning pious acquiescence,
In a Sovereign Providence;
Rescued from perversion.

There was a funeral that time;
Deborah Dickinson in prime,
(Appear'd to be the case);
Died suddenly, and was interr'd,
At Coalbrookdale, as then prefer'd,
In Friends' burying-place.

c. died in 1830.
d. Rebecca Sturges from Flaiston Essex.
e. Caroline Parken from Westminster.
f. Deborah Darby afterwards Dickinson.

Darby, was formerly the name;
Her mother Lucy Burlingham
Of family well known;
At Worcester, Samuel her brother,
In Evesham, Richard was another,
Joseph, abroad was gone.

Alfred Darby, had married one,
Rebecca Christy, of Kingston,
On Thames, in Meeting-Place.
A year at Clapham Common, then
Stanley Hall, Elizabethan
In Shropshire, on a lease.

He liv'd some years, with prospects fair,
And soon was favour'd with an heir,
First William Edmund name,
Who having sire by death remov'd
Assum'd the name of him he lov'd,
Now Alfred Darby nam'd.

His father died in fifty-two,
At Coalbrookdale a stone in view,
To Deborah his sister too;
In Friends' burial-place.
Their earthly tabernacles lie,
In hope of immortality,
As we in Christian charity,
May trust will be their case.

g. married Edmund Darby of Coalbrookdale.
h. Alfred Darby married the daughter of
William Miller Christy, and lived and died
near Bridgnorth in 1852, leaving a widow & 3 children.

76
Recollections of Birmingham &c from 1829 to 1864 by James Newby 76

1
My first remembrance of this town,
Was, when from London I went down,
By coach, the Wonder nam'd.
From Bull and Mouth now Queen's Hotel,
Near General Post Office; so well,
With Paul's Cathedral fam'd.

2
In tenth month, eighteen twenty-nine,
The day then cool, but very fine,
I took the Coach outside;
And started, full of expectations,
Of meeting parents and relations,
With many friends beside.

3
We breakfasted at Mark-yate Street,^a
And little more had I to eat,
Until near six P.M.
At Albion Inn, Carr's Lane we stopp'd,
And into dining room soon popp'd,
At far fam'd Birmingham.

4
We then at nimble pace proceeded,
Not stopping oftener than needed;
To New Inn, Wolverhampton.

^a Near Sutton Bedfordshire or
Alban's Hertfordshire.

4
And about half past nine at night,
The Seven Stars Ketley, came in sight,
An Inn near Wellington.

5
To those who never Shropshire knew,
Some explanation may be due;
As Shire of Somerset,
Has also Wellington; a town,
From which a person of renown,
His title first did get.

6
I stay'd three weeks with Father, Mother,
And Samuel my younger Brother,
At Dawley, and New-dale.
The latter, was my native place,
In eighteen hundred ten, in case
Some other records fail.

7
At Birmingham, in thirty two,
Joseph John Gurney was in view,
At Meeting House with other.
The day had been proclaim'd a Fest,
But I partook of a repast,
With Joseph Sturge and brother,
^b Edmund Sturge.

7-8
16
He died in eighteen-hundred fifty,
A Minister who preached fifty,
As I have often known;
When living upwards of five years,
At Cuggeshall, as it appears,
From memoirs of my own.

17
His Wife I do not recollect,
Though written of with much respect,
In Annual Monitor;
For eighteen fifty-eight, I find,
On my book shelf, just behind,
Where I am writing of her.

18
Matthew, at St. Michael School St. New,
Mary, their only daughter too,
Whom afterwards I call'd on;
When with her Father and her Mother,
Not Robert Hlop, elder Brother,
In general shop at Maldon.

19
Mary was married long ago
To John P. Milner whom mayst thou know,
Who died full six years since;
A Minister in estimation,
Of whom some speak with approbation,
And records will evince.

These Recollections begin with 1829 in which
year I stay'd at the Albion Inn's dinner
but did not go about the Town I pass'd
through in 1864 but only to the New Street Station.

7-8
20
His widow please to understand
Lives at Penrith in Cumberland.
(I think a Minister.)
But it is five and thirty years,
From memorandums as appears,
Since J. N. has seen her.

21
In 'British Friend' it may be seen,
John Henry Douglas, here has been,
From over the Atlantic;
And at Birmingham, the 'Toy-Shop'
Of England, or perhaps Europe,
As call'd in mood 'fantastic.'

22
At first with Murray Shipley here,
About the middle of last year,
At Meeting, thrice or more.
With Robert Hlop at the last,
As on to Cumberland he pass'd,
And Testimony bore.

23
It has been said in various places,
That circumstances alter cases;
And finding as I do,
That time and space will not allow,
To expatiate on the subject now,
I bid a kind Adieu.

* I visited Maldon on Essex in 1837
full 36 years since but when the above
lines were composed early in 1864
it was about 35 years since I was there

I have heard of Martha Savory,
Afterwards married to John Yearley;
And friend Samuel Gurney;
Abraham Rollason Barclay;
And Cornelius Stanbury;
With the Darton family.

I well remember Edward Savoll,
Whose voice was like a chime or carol,
(I think Hibernian.)

And can recollect John Pim,
Several times hearing him,
A diminutive man.

There may mention by the lay,
I seldom heard Elizabeth Fry,
Except at Yearly Meetings,
But Psalm of David, twenty-nine,
Seems at times in ears of mine,
After her clear repeating.

I only once saw William Foster,
Who then was on his way to Worcester;
From Coalbrookdale renowned.
Where Deborah Darby lived for years,
And died in eighteen ten, appears,
From records I have found.

Robert Barnard was a Poet,
Though but little left to show it;
On Achworth, lines excerpted.
Native of Sheffield, I believe,
But at Coalbrookdale did live,
And died there much respected.

I must not here omit remarking,
A Stuges and Caroline Purton,
I think in fifty four;
At Horsehay Shropshire, then our home,
Paid a visit very welcome,
To us, not seen before.

Till I Rebecca Stuges heard,
None I remember, us'd the word,
Which she appears to have preferred,

Genuine conversion,
For the term, Divine Patience,
Meaning pious acquiescence,
In a sovereign Providence,
Rescued from perversion.

There was a funeral that time,
Deborah Dickinson in prime,
(Appar'd to be the case)

Died suddenly, as I was inter'd,
At Coalbrookdale, as then preferred,
In Friends' burying place.

Darby was formerly the name,
Her Mother Lucy Burlingham,
Of family well known.
At Worcester, Samuel her brother,
In Evesham, Richard was another,
Joseph abroad was gone.

Alfred Darby, had married one,
Rebecca Christy, of Kingston,
On Thames in Meeting place.
A year at Clapham Common; then
Stanley Hall, Elizabethan,
In Shropshire on a lease.

He liv'd some years, with prospects fair,
And soon was favour'd with an heir,
First William Edmund nam'd;
Who having Sir, by death remov'd,
Assum'd the name of him he lov'd;
Now Alfred Darby nam'd.

His father died in fifty two.
At Coalbrookdale, a stone in view,
Of Deborah his sister too,
In Friends' burial place.

Their earthly tabernacles lie,
In hope of Immortality,
As we in Christian Charity,
May trust well be their case.

a Former Deborah Barnard of Upper Shropshire
Sheffield married in 1776 to Samuel Darby of Coalbrookdale
died in 1830. I never knew him personally

c Married Edmund Darby of Coalbrookdale
d Born 1808 married 1848 lived near Budenall

In former part, I did omit,
Because the space would not admit,
Of naming as was meet,
Some, whose long and useful services,
Calls I think for passing notices,
On this my second sheet.

Robert Graham, then was Farmer,
And James Wood the Head Gardener;
Philip Jackson Baker.

Joseph Johnson, and Leonard West,
Made me Trowsers, Coat, and Vest,
S. Whalley, Shoe-Maker.

A fellow Scholar, Richard Noakes,
At Hazel-Green, among the rocks,
For Fox-Glove did proceed,
To reach over, with great danger,
Being to the place a stranger;

But found a friend in need,
I saw, near Nettle-Priory,
An American Aloe-Tree,
Which once in century;
Display'd its lily-like full bloom;
Whether it also had perfume,
Escapes my Memory.

We found a difference in diet,
But did not I think suffer by it,
Not being over nice.

Once a week near Matron's room,
We were permitted to consume,
Our pennyworth of Spice.

Which was then, a term generic,
Not to be much more specific,
For Apples, Pears, or fruit,
Of several kinds; if we should see,
Toffee, Cakes, Confectionery,
As might our palate suit.

Near the Obelisk's "New Inn",
Late by Temperance house has been;
Kept formerly by Warner.
Some before, I cannot name them,
Charlesworth since, and J. H. Graham,
George Linney's Shop at corner.

At Low Achworth burying-ground,
In forty-nine, a stone I found,
For one nam'd Francis Austwick.
I find, since I was there before,
Was five and twenty years or more,
I now first saw James Keblewick,

Book-keeper; whose friends I know,
Isaac Brown of "Flourders" too,
Not known previously.

Thomas Pumphrey, whom I call'd on,
Thomas Pufflett too, from Maldon;
Which twice I went to see.

I had very near forgotten,
Name of Jeremiah Wiffen,
Learned "Doaker Poet".
Tupper's Poems; who translated,
Into English it is stated;
Some have read, and know it.

In Literature - a Veteran,
He was for years Librarian,
To Duke of Bedford Woburn.

As a Poet, once I knew,
Thomas Lister Barnsley too;
Now Post-Master there I learn.

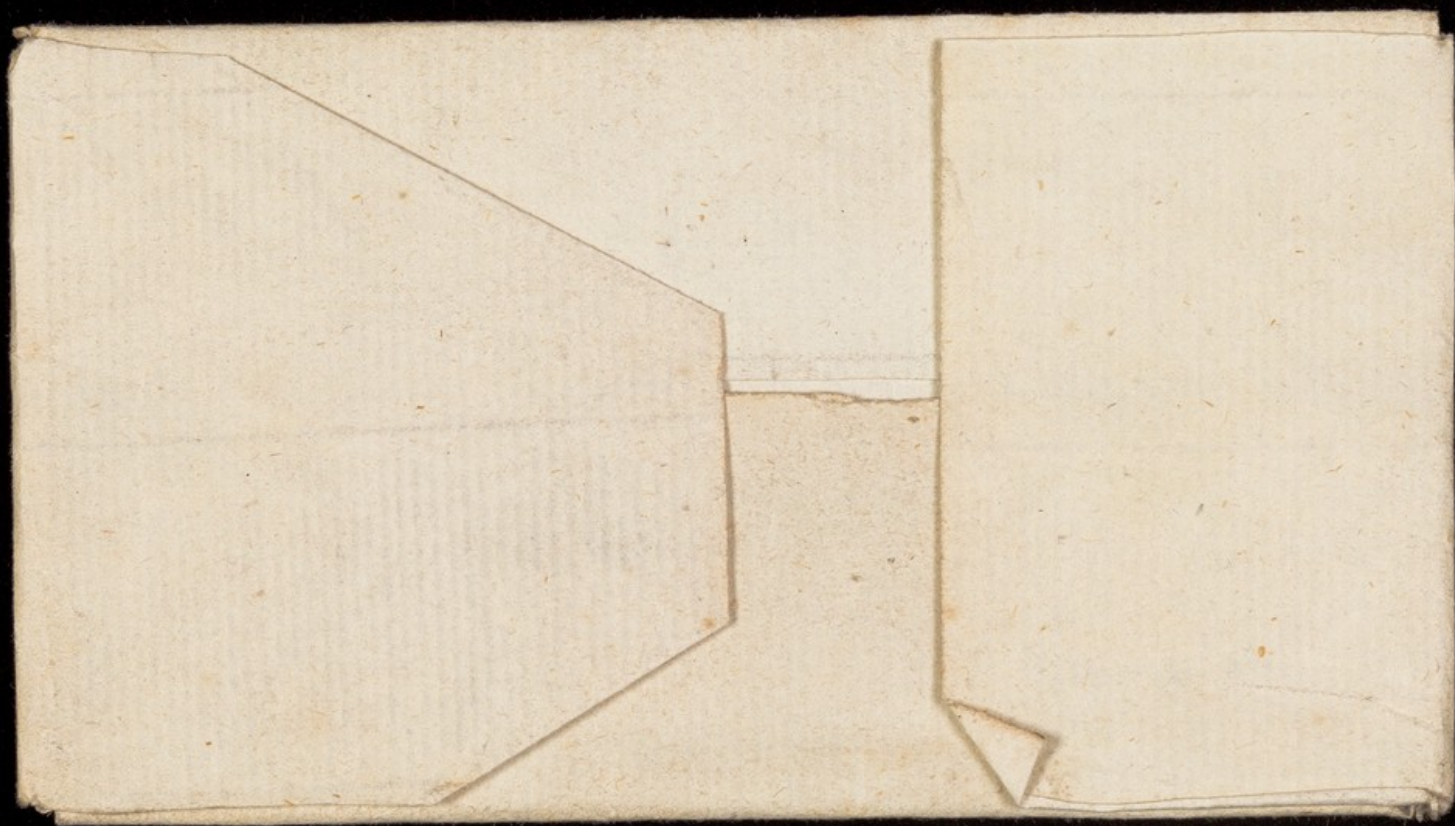
To memory of John Broadhead,
Long since number'd with the dead,
I give the honour due.

John Mustler, and James Athlington,
Our grateful recollections won,
I bid my friends believe,

Please notice that 1 side of, ^{half} Sheet herewith contains
Part 2nd of Remembrances of Ackworth &c. and the
other side Part 2nd of Reminiscences of London &c.
As I saw no probability of seeing Ackworth again
I conclude to finish Part 2nd and hope it will be acceptable
I find that I have composed altogether ^{upwards of} 1000 lines.
y^e 11th 1867. James Newby

To Dr ^{Watkins}
Remembrances of A. Keoth Stanza 14th line 3rd
should have been "A page in ciphering Book."
Stanza 11th line 5th should be "Of my readers some may know it"
Reminiscences of Gordon Stanza 3rd line 6th should have been
To 15 or fifteen. our abode. not 17. S. Grellet should
have been ~~Grellet~~. John Eliot is the right name. please see over

Doctor - Kitching
Retreat
near York



Robert & York
Esq. & Co.
2
F. - the.

Remembrance of Mr. Schmitt de
Rothschock of a visit made
to me in the year 1780.

Lines composed on the Retrospect of a visit to York, or
Continuation of Answer to enquiries how I was employed.

I did not my intention balk,
Of writing a few lines on York;
And my endeavours then direct
To composing a Retrospect,
Of a short visit, then and there,
Full eighteen years since, I declare.
At seventeen Parliament Street,
My wife, her sister Ann did meet;

William Briggs's name is there,
Sign, the Green "Tea-canister"
Went on sixth month second I find,
But my wife I left-behind,
Three days after; we sometimes read
"Most haste is often call'd worst speed"
Soon from York, went on to Derby,
Punctual to time as need be,
over

But not relinquishing my seat,
At place where severall lines do meet,
Thinking the carriage was the same,
That was going to Birmingham;
The Train from Derby, rushing forth,
Took me on the way to Kegworth.
When I discover'd my mistake,
The Train did freely me retake,
To Derby; — had two hours to wait,
Reached Birmingham, but rather late.

2
Next morning Hail for Holyhead,
Safely to Watling Street convey'd,
On Roman Road to Shrewsbury,
For Lakes and Brown remain'd we see.
Nearly three miles walk to Horsehay,
Here I may safely farewell say,
James Newby, Cemetery Road,
Near York, the place of my abode.
Year, eighteen hundred sixty seven.
Eighth month first, at W. eleven,
(Ante meridian).

1

page 1.

1

Please at the outset understand!
I have particulars at hand,
In the Friends' Magazine;
For third month eighteen thirty one.
In the year twenty nine begun,
Since discontinued been.

Dear children of the Friends alone;
As from the List may soon be known,
Oft I have heard them numberd.

2

5

John Fothergill, of great renown;
In seventeen-seventy eight went down,
To visit Doctor Kird,
In Yorkshire; and on friendship come,
Discourse soon turn'd to Geldersome,
In which they both conferr'd.

In seventy nine, (again I borrow)
Barton Gates was the first scholar;
I do not know the names that follow,
Nor the first teachers there.
Till Brother went in twenty one,
I think the sole name like my own,
Was John, from Stockport, long since gone,
To Friends particular.

3

6

In the same year at later date,
I find that Ackworth School Estate,
Was purchas'd by the Friends.
Built for a Foundling Hospital;
But the experiment did fail,
Of philanthropic ends.

In eighteen twenty when I went,
I found the Superintendent,
Was Robert Whitaker, well meant,
Whom I can call to view.
Hannah his wife, and daughter one,
Name'd Mary; I believe no son;
Wife's sister, Mary Dumbleton,
Whom as a nurse I knew.

4

7

Geldersome, was thought a sample,
Or model for a school more ample,
Perhaps about three hundred.

I must not here omit to mention,
My old friend Elizabeth Preston,
The Matron on Boys' side;

u. My Brother Samuel went 1821 died 1830
of John Newby, no relation of mine, retired
from the School but lives in the village of Ackworth.

c. Born at Haslingden Lancashire in 1766. in
lived at Stanidlops in Montgomeryshire 1796.
and removed to Ackworth School. died in 1848
see over

Whose aspect grave I quite suppose,
I shall remember till Life's close,
And sage advice beside.

8

In my time, Isabella Harris
Was I find the only Governess,
With Stickney, Smith, and Polley:
Other teachers I have forgot,
If once to know them was my lot,
Either by sight, or hear-say.

9

Joseph Donbarand, Head of Apartment
John his son, in the "Grammar Department."
H. Brady, Reading and Geography,
William Doeg, and Thomas Brown,
In copy-writing of renown,
With Arithmetic and Geometry.

10

I did not much of any know,
Of other teachers as below,
Neither John Caulder nor John Newby.
I had with seniors to do,
More than with the juniors two,
Robert Doeg and Henry Hawla.

d. Jane Stickney now Baker of Scarborough.
e. Hannah Smith married Henry Brady
and afterwards Abraham Sewell of Matton
whom she survives at Rowden near Leeds.

William Hattersley was Book-keeper,
John his brother a Versifier,
Now a Clergyman's Fear.
Bernard Burton, "Duchess-Poet"
If my readers some may know it,
Was I think a scholar here.

12

And I have seen by him a Sonnet,
To Ackworth School, and one upon it.
William Howitt versatile,
Has written something we may read,
Half-praise, half-ridicule indeed,
In his peculiar style.

13

Of destination, not pre'scient,
In some respects I was deficient,
In others I believe proficient,
Say. Mental calculation.
Reading and Geography,
Writing or Calligraphy,
Not Grammar nor Geometry,
Little of Mensuration.

f. Mary Polley of Helvedon Essex
who took me to Ackworth with others in 1820.
since married to the late William Hars-
naull of Dover in Kent.
g. Henry Brady who died at Ackworth.
h. William Doeg of Carlisle.
i. Thomas Brown, died at Stoke Newington 1856.
j. John Caulder died there at Bristol
see over

14

I made out some fictitious bills,
Such as one that partly fills,
A leaf in ciphering Book,
For Linen, Satin, and Damask,
Or any thing for which we ask,
When round a shop we look.

15

For instance, Thomas Knowles, a debtor
Will there be found, to John Lid. better
For Silk and Padua-ⁱⁿ silk,
Dearman Cloak, to Edward Rowntree,
For so much weight of Congo Tea,
Young Hyson, and fine Swankay.

16

James Morley, to Thomas Barrill,
Flooring house, from base to garret,
With Deals, at per yard square.
William Harnay, to his brother,
Thomas, Timber for another,
Beech, and Elm and Oak there.

17

At evening reading, often we,
Had the house-warming company,
Of our friend James Harrison;

n. Now at the Retreat Lodge near York.
l. Not John Bridger Lid better at the Retreat
m. from Padua in Italy.

17

Whose bulky form, and jocular
Remarks, at times were singular;
I forbear comparison.

18

Luke Howard, Meteorologist; n
And Manufacturing Chemist,
Lived during twenty three;
At Schworth Villa part of year,
And Tottenham the rest, appear,
In records we may see.

19

The Boys were very much delighted,
When in his orchard were invited,
Of Medlars to make welcome.
That fruit, wherever I have been,
I do not think since then, I've seen,
Growing, but very seldom.

20

I first went in eighteen twenty,
Ninth month, oft a time of plenty,
And stay'd till twenty four.
Again, in sixth month forty nine,
Myself with wife did stay to dine,
Stopping a night and more.

n. Luke Howard was a partner with
John Gibson and Joseph Jewell at
Stratford to Bow near London. Luke
Howard died in 1864, and was buried
at Wincoburn. He was though not a member
since 1838.

I found improvements, alterations,
Perhaps by some called innovations;
Meeting-House &cetera.
Trenchers, replac'd by earthen plates,
Hats, Caps, and Bonnets for the pates,
And banish'd the Aegar.

22

There is an Obelisk, outside,
The wall, which does the school divide,
From Turn-pike road so even;

O. use Oil instead of Vinegar for Salads
I think no Ale or Beer now used at meals

Inscribed, "Three miles to Pontefract,
Meaning a broken bridge in fact,
To York, miles twenty-seven.

23

Whether the distance is the same,
By Rail, from Castleford I came,
Six miles from Ackworth Inn.
Put second, afterwards compos'd,
Please notice underneath dispos'd,
And then a fresh begin:

p. The distances named were by Turnpike road
These 23 Stanzas contain 146 lines

Part 2nd of Remembrances of Ackworth from 1820 to 1849 by James Newby

In former part, I did omit,
Because the space would not admit,
Of naming us was meet,
Some, whose long and useful services
Calls I think for passing notice,
On this my second sheet.

2

Robert Graham then was Farmer,
And James Wood the Head Gardener,
Philip Jackson - Baker.
Joseph Johnson, Leonard West,
Made me Trowsers, Coat and Vest;
I Whalley Shoe-Maker.

a. Richard West. b. Digitalis.

A fellow-scholar Richard Noakes,
At Hayle Green, among the rocks,
For Fox-Glove did proceed, &
To reach forward, with great danger,
Being to the place a stranger;
But found a friend in need.

4

I saw near Nostle Priory,
An American Aloe-Tree,
Which once in century,
Display'd a lily-like full bloom;
Whether it also had perfume,
Escapes my memory.

c who pulled him from the precipice.

We found a difference in diet,
But did not, I think, suffer by it,
Not being over-nice.

Once a week, near Matron's room,
We were permitted to consume,
Our penny-worth of Spice.

6

Which was then, a term generic,
Not to be much more specific,
For Apples, Pears, or fruit,
Of several kinds, if we should see,
Toffee, cakes, Confectionery,
As might our palate suit.

7

Near the Obelisk, is "New Inn",
Sately Temperance house has been,
Kept formerly by Warner.
Some before, I cannot name them,
Charlesworth since; Denton, Graham;
George Linney's shop at corner.

8

At Low-Achworth hanging ground,
In July, nine a stone I found,
For one named Francis Austwick.

I find, since I was there before, it
Was five and twenty years or more;
I here first saw James Austwick, &c

d. He was 9 months less than 25 years since
I left Achworth in Autumn of 1824, but more
than 25 years since I attended a funeral there.
e. James the King's Wagoner, William Row's
f. they were known to most Maidenhead Berks.

Book-keeper; whose friends I knew,
Isaac Brown of "Flounders" too,¹⁴
Not known previous by.
Thomas Pumphrey Superintendent,⁹
Thomas Puppelt infamation bent;
Or gave, I ought to say—

10

I had very near forgotten,
Friend Jeremiah Holmes Wiffen,
Learned Dealer-Poet:
"Tasso's Poems" who translated,
Into English it is stated,
Some have read and know it.

11

In Literature a Veteran,
He was, for years Librarian,
To the Duke of Bedford Woburn.
As a Poet, once I knew,
Thomas Sister, Parnsley, too;
Now Post-Master there, I learn.

12

To the memory of John Broadhead,¹²
Long since number'd with the dead,
I give the honour due.

John Hustler and James Arthington,
Our grateful recollections soon;
I bid my friends Adieu.

f. formerly of Hitchin Hertfordshire
g. formerly of Worcester
h. died in 1839 at Leeds.
i. his wife Mary now in York.
j. died at Leeds. see over

6 page 6
Retrospect of a Journey from Shropshire to York in 1849 by James Newby

1
On sixth month first in forty-nine,
My wife and self did then incline,
By Omnibus that day;
From Iron Bridge, a place so nam'd,
After a structure greatly fam'd, a
For York to bend our way.

2
In seventy-nine the Bridge then built was,
Perhaps about a mile from Buildwas,
Near foot of famous Wrekin.
By river Severn, or Sabrina,
An Abbey or Monastery there,
For those, — old relics seeking.

3
We pass'd through Madeley onto Shiffnal,
Albrighton, Wolverhampton, Godsal,
To Sawley Street Old Station,
At Birmingham, on the Midland Line,
Through Burton on Trent, and Derby fine,
On to our destination.

4
At Chesterfield, there is a Spire,
Which many others do admire
Like Leaning Tower at Pisa.
As from the Train I could discern,
It seems to lean that way we turn,
Out of perpendicular.

5
u. Iron Bridge erected in 1779.
b. Thomas Humphrey met E. O. Fregelles
at Pakenshaw Station and drove him
to Schworth, and we walked on to Crofton
till a vehicle met us from Schworth

5
Though book'd to Normanton outright,
When Pakenshaw first came in sight,
A Gig for some one waited,
Being to Schworth nearer rather,
We saw no need of going farther;
And from the Train retreated.

6
E. O. Fregelles, Shottley; came,
I understood from Rotherham,
Dr. Masbr. nearest Station.
Having regard to Number One,
He took the Gig, and soon rode on,
Straight to his destination.

7
Thomas Humphrey, did procure,
A vehicle, to make us sure,
That evening of reaching.
And gave Charlesworth information,
So that he might preparation,
Make for us at "New Inn".

8
Next morning, after breakfast, I
To friend James Kethwick did apply,
Whom I mention'd by the by,
In my Remembrances. c
And kindly by him directed,
The Old School Rooms we inspected,
And the Meeting House erected,
Late by on premises.

c of Schworth see over

9

Joseph S. Leavelle at house in garden,
 Afterwards remov'd to school at Ruodon,
 Since for Madagascar bound.
 Master on duty. Henry Wilson,
 Whom quite unknown we did not call on,
 Late at Kendal school's friend.

10

Overlooking Boys' Garden Wall,
 "Invitation" there is for all,
 In Luke fourteenth may read.
 On Wesleyan Chapel are inscrib'd,
 Some may instruction have imbib'd)
 From sixteenth verse indeed.

(Luke chap 14 vers 16)

11

"Sinners, obey the Gospel Word,
 Haste to the Supper of your Lord.
 Be wise to know your gracious day.
 All things are ready, come away."

12

At George Sinney's corner shop,
 My wife with self and Niece did stop,
 I bought and have them duly,
 "Precepts and Maxims" neatly number'd,
 Containing upwards of twelve hundred;
 "Mullum in Parvo" truly.

It is a Stamp of a Hymn-headed Invitation
 to be in a Collection printed in 1765 for a
 Madam, Chaplain, the Lock Hospital.
 London. The 4 lines are cut in stone outside the Chapel.

13

Although we frequently are told,
 "All that glitters is not Gold"
 I took quite at a venture,
 Aesop's Fables, gilt one hundred
 Cuts, so said, I have not number'd;
 There may be per adventure

14

George Sinney, now by death remov'd,
 From all he knew, and whom he lov'd,
 Was here six months ago,
 At the Quarterly Meeting York.
 I saw him; had some pleasant talk
 Of persons we did know.

15

Being of walking rather tired,
 We a brace and one Horse hired,
 From Charlesworth of New Inn.
 My wife, and Mary Tyler Davis,
 Our Niece, a scholar soon to leave us,
 With her own first Cousin,

16

Whose name was Susan Mary Tyler,
 Then the Ackworth Mantua-Maker,
 With whom we had a walk.
 Neither of us, saw her after,
 We had taken our departure,
 From Castleford, for York.

see over

17

At Station, met by William Briggs,
Dealer in Sugar, Tea, and Figs,

His wife tradeswoman too,
Shoes and Slippers, for the "Million",
Black, White, Purple, or Vermillion,

As customers might view.

18

Being seventh day of the week,
For novelties we did not seek,

As then was held a fair,
In Parliament Street, before
Sixteen or seventeen Shop-Door,
As some could witness bear.

19

On first-day, then our way we took
To Meeting, and saw Samuel Tuke,

Although we did not stop,
His Counting House at Castlegate,
Or looking into Copper-gate,
Being a corner Shop,

20

For Tea; Tuke, Waller, and Copsie,
I think the Firm was said to be,

Afterwards John Casson.
But it is not material,
Longer on this point to dwell,
And therefore I pass on.

21

8

On second day, to Friends "Retreat",
But only one, did I there meet,
Whom I knew previously.

Ann Coles, my Cousin, now deceas'd,
From all terrestrial cares releas'd:
I believe did peacefully.

22

We also to the "Castle" went,
Where Fox and Deasbury sometimes spent,
(Patient was their endurance.

Clifford's Tower, contains a Tree,
Planted by one of them we see,
Memento of his duration.

23

Ann Briggs, the sister of my wife,
Resign'd this transitory life,

In third month sixty three.
Age, three score two, as a memorial,
In publication. Monitorial,
Of the next year we see.

24

The Latin name of York is "Ebor".
If this my Poetical labour,
Should conduce to thy enjoyment,
I regret not my employment.

Journes. Newby, Cemetery Road,
Near York; the place of my abode.
Year, eighteen hundred sixty seven.
Eighth month first A.M. eleven.

Ante-meridian.
e. Annual Monitor for 1864.