

A Lancashire doctor's diary : 1737 to 1750 / [by Richard Kay].

Contributors

Kay, Richard.
Kay, Robert Henry
Tate, Sophia
Royal College of Physicians of London

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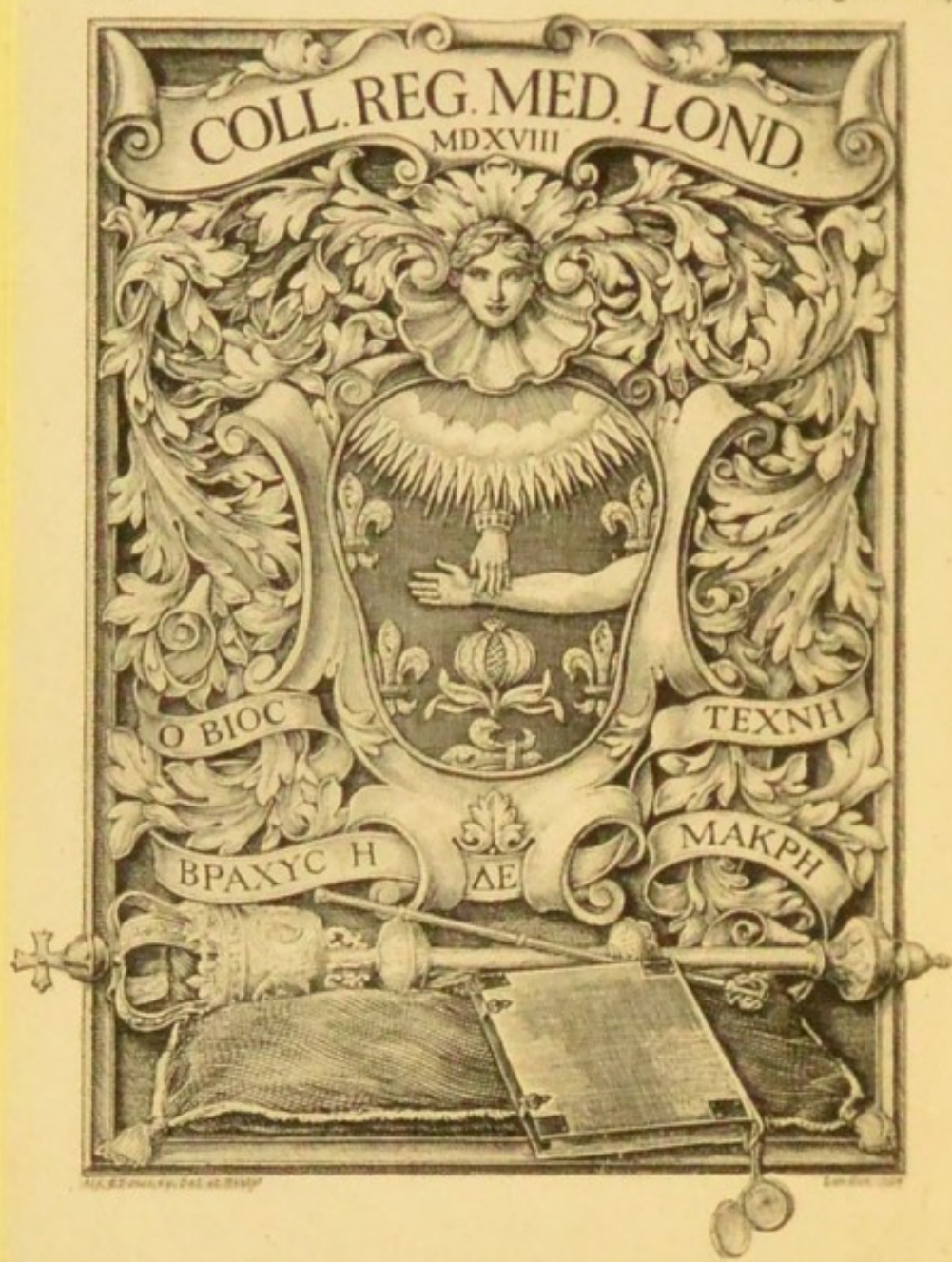
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A
LANCASHIRE DOCTOR'S
DIARY.

1737 TO 1750.

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92 KAY



Sophia Tate

With the Author's love

April 1895



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1737 TO 1750.

SOUTHPORT:

J. W. HUDSON, PRINTER AND STATIONER, 39, LONDON STREET.

1895.

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Author - KAY (Richard)
Editor - KAY (Robert Henry)

See Med. Hist., vol. 3,
1959, pp. 58-68.

THIS SLIGHT SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ONE
OF HER ANCESTORS I DEDICATE

TO MY SISTER
LOUISA,

WHOSE MEMORY AND INTELLECT, IN HER NINETIETH
YEAR, ARE THE WONDER AND DELIGHT OF HER
FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

April 2nd, 1895.



A
LANCASHIRE DOCTOR'S
DIARY,
1737 TO 1750.

Chapter 1.

THE South Eastern portion of the County of Lancashire is distinguished from the Western side by a ridge of hills that runs in a Northerly direction up to the border of Yorkshire. Within a few miles of the town of Bury it assumes a wild and barren appearance, almost devoid of trees, but intersected with valleys, each with its streamlet of the purest water, and which, at the time of the opening of this Diary, were the favourite resorts of the kingfisher woodcock and snipe. On one of the western

slopes of this ridge commanding a view of the plain that reaches down to the neighbourhood of Manchester, and within two or three miles of the then small market town of Bury, was a comfortable family mansion surrounded with a good garden and a home farm. It was the home of the Doctor, a man of good position in that part of the country, who had a wife and family, of which the eldest son was the author of the diary. They were eminently Puritan, and of the strictest Presbyterian sect. The father must have seen great changes—certainly he had lived under four Sovereigns, if not five. His eldest child was born in 1716, so that he probably would remember the flight of James, and the accession of William and Mary—certainly of Anne, George the First, and George the Second. His son says of his father: "He is a man of such a deep thought, such a solid judgment, such a stern and grave countenance, of such exact and regular deportment and behaviour."

We can well imagine such a father bringing

up his family in the straitest sect of the Puritans. But we should be doing him an injustice if we were to judge him in the light of the 19th century. His children were brought up with that reverential awe of their parents, not unmixed with affection, that distinguished the manners of that time.

Our Author begins his Diary on his arriving at the age of 21, in 1737, and continuing it nearly to the close of his life, in 1750. Not a day escapes him, and in these 13 years he fills 432 pages of closely written thoughts and events of his life. His mind was deeply impressed with his religious convictions. At the close of each day's narrative he writes a prayer, often expressed in terms characteristic of Puritan feeling, beseeching the Divine assistance—even in personal matters of trifling importance—at the same time expressive of a deep sense of humility and abasement.

At this time he had made the choice of his father's profession, and consequently a good deal

of his daily experience amongst his patients is carefully noted. His father took care not to persuade him, but to allow him to choose his own course, knowing as he did the difficulty and hardships that a country doctor had to endure. There seems to have been no necessity for any set mode of instruction in either medicine or surgery. What he learnt he picked up in his father's surgery, and in visiting patients under his father's instructions. One would have thought that a life passed in such a grave religious atmosphere, and in daily contemplation of horrors that flesh is heir to, would have crushed out of existence the buoyancy of youth. But even this had its bright and genial side. He took a delight in the hayfield, in the shearing of corn, and watching the planting of forest trees, and above all, in the gardens.

Then again, as all visiting and travelling was done on horseback, it was a source of pleasure to look after the stud of horses, and to take long drives in the country.

His uncle had an estate only a few miles south, with a large family, and one of his cousins was a well-known physician in Manchester, who had studied at the University of Leyden, and stood high in his profession. He, too, had a great love of horses, and a stud farm which he possessed on the hills was not more than a couple of miles off. Here the learned Doctor sought refreshment from the fatigue of his medical duties, and renewed vigour from the dry and bracing air of the hill country. His authority was frequently appealed to by his cousin in difficult and complicated cases. Then again it was no uncommon occurrence for six or eight ladies and gentlemen to ride over and spend the night, each gentleman having a lady on the pillion behind his saddle. The roads were not more than narrow lanes in many places, and it was frequently the case that the streams from the hills passed over them, necessitating the fording of the water. The dangers of the road from this source made it almost impossible to

travel after dark. And there seems to have been a large circle of friends and relatives who enjoyed the hospitality of the country house, and returned the next day.

Our Author goes rook shooting, coursing hares and rabbits, fishing in the stream at Gooseford, a small estate left by an uncle, with a house and garden, and which he says his father keeps up in pious memory of the founder. Every day finds him in the saddle, except Sundays. It is evidently a pious duty with him to make a record of the preacher and the text for the sermon, and to attend the services of the Presbyterian Chapel, in Bury, two or three times every Sunday. He never omits to attend the service on the fifth of November, "to hear the thanksgiving sermon for deliverance from the Popish plot," nor does he ever forget to attend all services of national fast days. On the 9th of January, 1739, he writes: "This day being observed as a publick fast day, in England, to implore Divine blessing and success in the

present engagement in war by sea, with Spain," he attends two services with one of his numerous cousins. In the month of May following, he refers to the extraordinary absence of rain.

May 12, 1740. "We have had some fine rain to-day, which we hope will help the springing of the grass. It is supposed that there was never known, in the memory of man, so little grass at this time of the spring as at present, we having had such a frosty winter and such a dry spring. From Ireland our news gives us account that they had not one rainy day since last Christmas, and that in Connaught forty thousand sheep have died within these last two months. Provisions are very dear, and meal sells at present for three or four and thirty shillings a load." News travelled slowly into the wilds of Lancashire at that time. Politics do not seem to have troubled the household very much. An occasional reference to the struggle on the continent is all that occurs. Thus, in December, 1740, he says: "Lord, help us to improve

national judgements, which seem at present to be denounced against us, by the late death of the Emperor of Germany, and the Empress of Russia, now in this critical juncture of affairs. How are the mighty fallen!" At Christmas the family kept up the kindly custom of "distributing a considerable quantity of bread and lin (linen) cloth to poor people. Our neighbouring tenants, as usual, supped with us."

In 1743 he was now 27 years old, and his cousin, the Doctor in Manchester, was anxious that he should leave the parental roof, and see something more of the world and his profession in London. His parents consent, though with much anxiety. But as it is evidently for his own good, as he says, "they accordingly leave me to my own choice, commending me to the Word of God's grace." His father sends 24 guineas to the steward of Guy's Hospital, for one year, along with a certificate of character; and preparations are at once made for the journey to London. He hires a horse, and another young

friend, who is also making the journey, goes with him. They set out on the first day of August, calling at Manchester to take leave of his good cousin and other friends, and have two companions as far as Knutsford—a party of four horsemen—where they put up for the night. In the morning the two friends return to Manchester, and the two travellers to London push on to Hadderton, in Staffordshire. The third day finds them at Lichfield and Coleshill, where they “lodge” for the night. The fourth day they make Daventry, Coventry, to Stony Stratford, where they remain for the night. And on the fifth day they find themselves in London, after passing through St. Albans and Barnet, and having escaped the perils of highwaymen.

In his entry for the day, written at Blossoms Inn, Laurence Lane, he writes, no doubt with a grateful heart, “Lord, preserve and keep me both day and night, whether I be at home or abroad.”

Chapter 2.

The Author's introduction into his new life began in August, 1743, when he presented himself at the gates of Guy's Hospital, and was introduced to Mr. Stead, the surgeon, whose pupil he was now to be. He seems to have been left pretty much to his own devices. He had not been in London more than a fortnight before he says he took a ride with a fellow student into Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, which occupied three days. The day after his return, he says: "This day I attended the Hospital. I mention but little of the operations and business done there, tho' seldom a day passes without something remarkable happening. Mr. Sharp, surgeon to Guy's, hath cut two boys for stone to-day. I believe being here is being at the fountain head for improvement." He very soon began to enlarge his knowledge of other things beside surgery. In one of the entries he

pleads the constant presence of torture and death in the Hospital as his excuse for venturing upon what would have appeared to him in his quiet home in Lancashire, a considerable amount of levity. But his religious spirit never deserted him, and it is much to his credit that he never omitted attending the Presbyterian or some other place of worship on the Sundays. One day he says "I took a walk to St. James' Park, went to a Papist meeting, and heard mass; afterwards attended the business of the Hospital, and the surgeons who visited the patients."

The next day he says: "I attended the Hospital; there hath been two legs took off, and a girl cut for a hare-lip. I heard Mr. Westley, the field-preacher, in Moorfields, this evening."

1743—*Sep. 19.* "This day attended at the Hospital; heard the play called the "Funeral and the Mock Doctor," in the evening, at Covent Garden Playhouse. Seeing nothing in these hospitals but affliction and death, I find it necessary now and then to seek out some

diversion. Returned with Mr. Rigby and a friend of his, who treated us to a part of a bottle of wine."

1743—Oct. 26. "This day attended the Hospital. Received a present from mother. Some of the pupils spent the evening with me."

1743—Oct. 28. "Mr Stead, he who I am pupil to, called to accompany me to the play-house at Covent Garden, and heard the "Tragedy of Cato."

Oct. 29. "After going through the Hospital I went to see the grand show of Lord Mayor of London. I had never the opportunity of seeing such multitudes of people in one day in my life."

"This Sabbath day heard Mr. Flemyn, in Bartholomew Close, preach. In the afternoon heard Mr. Lankford preach at Kings-way house in East Cheap. In the evening heard Mr. Wesley the Methodist preach in Moorfields."

In a few days after he again visits the "playhouse at Drury Lane" with his master, Mr. Stead, to see the tragedy of "Orinocko." Another day he has three young pupils to spend the evening with him, and he concludes his entry, "Lord, keep me from all bad company, and preserve me both safe and innocent."

Nov. 22. "Attended the Hospitals (Guy's and St. Thomas's). Towards evening went with some other company to St. James' to see the quality go to a Ball, His Majesty's birthday being celebrated on that day. 'Lord bless our King, preserve him a blessing amongst us, and may his throne be established in righteousness.'"

Dec. 25. "Went to St. James', when we heard the Bishop of Oxford preach, then went to St. James' Chapel, when the Bishop of Hereford read prayers, and the Bishop of Salisbury preached. His Majesty and the Duke, and

two Princesses, Amelia and Carolina, received the Sacrament: the Bishop of London administered it. The Royal Family passed by us through a wide gallery to and from the Sacrament. We then dined with Lord Willoughby in Suffolk Street. Heard Mr. Foster preach the evening lecture at the old Jewry."

1744—March 31. "This day I saw war proclaimed against the French in the city."

July 4. "This day I saw Commodore Anson's treasure pass through the city. There were 32 waggons loaded with silver and gold."

His twelve months' experience at the Hospitals of Guy's and St. Thomas' having expired, he begins to make arrangements for returning home. There appears to have been no preliminary nor final examination of any kind as to his fitness for undertaking the serious duties of his profession. All that appears

to have been necessary being the granting of certificates of attendance.

On the 4th of September he sets out on horseback for Lancashire. He has a friend who accompanies him a short way on his travels. He improves the occasion by pursuing a different route to the one he came by, and on the first day he visits Richmond, Hampton Court, and Windsor. The following morning is devoted to the Castle, and in the evening the two friends find themselves at Thame in Oxfordshire. The next day they arrive at Oxford and spend the rest of the day in seeing the sights. The fourth day finds them at Woodstock and Blenheim. After dinner his friend takes leave, returning to London. Our author pursues his way to Stratford, where he arrives at night. The fifth day he arrives at Birmingham. The following day being Sunday, he attends a place of worship, and rides on to Lichfield. On the Monday he makes a long day through Derby, Ashbourn, and Middleton,

where he was benighted, "the roads and the weather being very unpleasant." In heavy rain he leaves for Buxton the following morning, and finds there, to his great joy, a party of relations and friends, who had ridden out from Bury to meet him. He says he spent the evening very agreeably with them, and on the ninth day the seven horsemen pass through Manchester, and arrive at his father's house in the evening. He says "my dear mother and sisters met me at Bury, and we all rode home together. Blessed be God! I have a comfortable meeting with dear father and friends."



Chapter 3.

The Diary now shows that he is quite ready to make use of the knowledge he had gained in London, and he takes up with great earnestness the labours and duties connected with his father's large and widely-scattered practice. He boldly undertakes the most severe operations in surgery, but he laments in pathetic language his consciousness, that though he had now attained the age of 28 years, he was of a delicate frame of body. But he never shrinks from his duty.

1745—*Jan. 22.* The diary of this day gives an instance of a busy life: "In the morning I visited some patients in Edenfield (a few miles from home), heard a philosophical lecture on opticks, by Mr. Hamer, at a publick house in Edenfield. I dined on my return with friends at Brookbottom, towards evening drinking a

dish of tea here. Was sent for in haste to deliver a woman in Rossendale. I found a weak mother and a dead child, and returned home about three o'clock in the morning."

Rossendale, or, as it was called, the Forest of Rossendale, is in the wildest part of the county, the roads even now mere lanes in some parts, and frequently the traveller has to ford the streams that flow across the road. In another entry he says that he and his father had reckoned up the distance that had been travelled in visiting one patient, and it amounted to 1600 miles. On another occasion he says his riding on that day was nearly 30 miles. But the air was getting thick with rumours that startled the peaceful flock. On and after September 24th are the following entries in the diary. "About six weeks or two months past we have been often hearing of a rebellion in Scotland, in favour of a Popish Pretender. Our Government have sent a body of men to disperse them, and we hear this evening that

our forces have engaged them and are defeated by them, at or near Edinbro', in Scotland."

"Lord, we hope thou wilt still be favourable to these lands, notwithstanding the sins that are committed amongst us—we hope thou wilt still espouse the Protestant cause, whereby Thy name is known and worshipped amongst us—we hope Thou wilt preserve us from Popish slavery and vain idolatry—God be merciful unto us—we know we are in the hands of that God who governs all things for the purposes of His glory."

Two days after he visits his brother-in-law on his "coming home from Preston, where the gentlemen of the county have been giving in their hands and subscriptions towards raising money to help the Government in suppressing the rebels in Scotland."

1745—Nov. 13. "His cousin, the Manchester lawyer, he says, "lodges here to-night—has this afternoon brought his two daughters, with a

servant to attend them, for fear of the rebels, who we hear are marching towards us in England, and have left Scotland."

Nov. 21. "We hear that the rebels are come to Penrith, and that our forces are not far from them, being at Carlisle."

Nov. 27. "Our enemies we hear, are marching through Lancashire, and are not far from Manchester, on their journey to London, to set a Popish Pretender on the throne of England. We all pray and hope that God will not suffer such an unnatural rebellion to reign long in the nation."

Nov. 28. "O! how persons are removing their families and effects out of Manchester. We have here a numerous family. We hear this evening a serjeant with one drummer belonging to the Pretender's service are come into Manchester to-day, and have enlisted several into their service."

Nov. 29. "All the rebels from Scotland who are upon their march to London, to dethrone our

Majesty, King George the II., to set a Popish pretender on the throne of England, lodge this evening in Manchester. They are supposed to be about ten thousand persons."

1745—Nov. 30. "All things are in a hurry. Business is confused. We have concealed our valuables mostly. The press has been so thronged for horses, that for fear lest ours should be seized, we have sent them away to-day."

Dec. 2. "The Highland rebels from Scotland, we hear, are marching for London, to set their Popish Prince upon the throne of England.

"Lord, bless our Protestant King, may his crown sit firm upon his head."

Dec. 3. "We have a numerous family here at present—friends from Manchester being here on account of the rebels."

Dec. 5. "We have no certain account how the rebels proceed in their march for London, but expect in a little time to hear of their meeting

our forces from London. We are waiting to hear what news."

Dec. 6. "Whether the rebels will meet our army in Darbyshire, or they will slip by them for London, is the subject of discussion to-day."

Dec. 7. "We are impatient to hear what the next certain account concerning the rebels will be."

Dec. 8. "This Sabbath day as we were going to Bury Chapel, we met cousins from Manchester, who told us they were fleeing out of the way of the rebels, who had marched to Darby near our army, and had retreated. Manchester, with the assistance of the country people, intending to make a stand against them, cousins would have me go to Rossendale with them and raise the people there. I took a ride with them in the afternoon. Heard Mr. Welch preach at Rossendale Church."

Dec. 9. "We hear all the Highland rebels from Scotland, who have been as far as Darby, towards

London, intending to set a prince upon the throne, a nursling from Rome, are this evening in Manchester. Finding themselves not a sufficient force to engage our army, they are making the best of their road back to the Highlands. Our army, about 1,400 strong, are pursuing them—we have another army in Yorkshire, about 10,000 strong. The rebels plunder and do a deal of mischief. The Rossendale people, about 500 strong, came our road, towards Manchester to-day, but 'tis thought proper not to oppose the rebels—they and thousands were dismissed."

Dec. 10. "Never having seen the rebels, or any in a Highland dress, I set out this morning on foot, in company with some other friends, to see them march on the road from Manchester to Wigan. We went to a place called "four-lane ends," in Hilton, where the rebels marched from one of the clock, till betwixt four and five of the clock in the afternoon, as throng as the road could well receive them. I suppose their number

may be near 10,000 in all. We walked to Manchester afterwards to hear how the rebels had behaved themselves there."

Dec. 11. "This day, hearing that the Duke of Cumberland, with the forces pursuing the rebels, would be at Manchester this evening, I took a ride with cousin to see them. Some few soldiers are come into the town."

Dec. 12. "This day I spent in Manchester. Some of the King's forces came to town this evening."

Dec. 13. "This day we saw a great number of our Majesty King George's forces pass through Manchester, pursuing the rebels from Scotland, with their Pretender, a nursling from Rome. It gives abundance of joy to good people—to all true Protestants, to see such a number of fine forces, and question not but hearing of them hath given abundance of terror to our enemies."

Dec. 18. "This day being offered as a public National Fast-day, I've been to Bury Chapel."

Dec. 20. "This day, Mr. Samuel Chandler from London came here (when I was in London, he was apprentice to Mr. Baker, Surgeon, at St. Thomas' Hospital); he is surgeon in the army, and is following our forces towards Scotland. He is wanting company to the north. Mr. Walker and I have agreed to accompany him a day's journey. I am to meet them to-morrow morning at Bolton."

Dec. 21. "This day, in the morning, I met Mr. Chandler and Mr. Walker at Bolton—we dined at Preston, and lodge at Garstang."

Dec. 22. "This Sabbath day, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Walker, and I went to Lancaster. We heard service at the church. Mr. Chandler went forward to Kendal, towards the army, at noon. Mr. Walker and I returned to Garstang in the evening. We hear our army have surrounded the city of Carlisle, but 'tis feared most of the rebels have marched forward to Scotland."

Dec. 23. "This day, Mr. Walker and I returned home."

1746—*Jan. 4.* “We hear that the city of Carlisle has surrendered to the Duke of Cumberland. Not many rebels are in it, and most of the English are taken.”

“Lord—the sword is now withdrawn in our land—it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter—it is furbished that it may glitter—the sword is sharpened, and it is furbished to give into the hand of the slayer. Terrors—by reason of the sword, are upon thy people.

“Go with our armies to the fight, like a confederate God. Lift up a banner in the field, and put our foes to shame.”

Jan. 15. “By all accounts 'tis expected by this time our forces are engaging the rebels in Scotland. Times at present run high amongst us, some showing themselves much in favour of the present government, and but too many for the Pretender. An instance whereof I shall give in the following lines, being a copy of what was sent to our family to-day, on account of the mob

we raised to oppose the rebels, and mentioned Dec. 8th, which is as follows :

“ Notice is hereby given, that his Rumpish Highness, the second Pretender, and Prince of the Presbyterian territories, has given an order for the raising a new regiment of Rossendale plunderers, under the most emphatical denomination of Oliverian Murderers. And that such as are willing to join, are ordered to repair to the Colonel's quarters, at the sign of the Bloody Surgeon, the Ensign's Inn at the sign of the three Marshal Handkerchiefs, when for their advance, they shall receive full power to kill and plunder all loyal subjects to the true born King, and, for their further encouragement, when they come to join their respective regiment, now lying squandered and confounded in the bewildered forest of Rossendale, they shall receive no pay nor clothing, but every man a rusty sword, an old stick, a long pike, and roasting spit, and all things fitting to complete a Gentleman Plunderer and an Oliverian Murderer, out of whose hands, God save the true born King.”

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Feb. 4. Mr. Samuel Chandler lodges here to-night. As was mentioned about a month ago, he accompanied the Duke of Cumberland towards the north, as surgeon. He was with the Duke at the taking of Carlisle in Cumberland, from whence he returned with the Duke to London.

Feb. 6. This day I performed several considerable operations in surgery. Mr. Chandler visited with me. Mr. Chandler expresses himself well pleased with our practice, and agreeably entertained with the number of patients we have.

Feb. 7. This day, in the morning, Mr. Chandler took his leave of us—went to Manchester, when he expected some account from London with regard to his being chose surgeon to Guy's Hospital.

1746—April 27. This day I have been at Bury Chapel. We have had a Thanksgiving Sermon, on account of the Duke of Cumberland having defeated the rebels at Culloden, near Inverness, in Scotland, last Wednesday but one,

being April 16th. We are hearing of very good news, and hope it will prove true."

April 30. "Spent the evening with some friends in rejoycing at the good news from Scotland."

May 4. "This day—this Sabbath day—I have been at Bury Chapel. We have had with us a day of Thanksgiving, on account of the mercifull defeat of the rebels in Scotland—the good news we have, exceed the warmest wishes. The Protestant interest will, we hope, hereby not only be preserved, but the cause thereof very much strengthened."

Oct. 9. "This day has been observed as a Public National Thanksgiving Day, on account of the defeat of the rebels last spring, at Culloden, near Inverness, in Scotland. We hope the rebellious crew are now suppressed, and that the Crown is established in the Protestant line of our Lord and Sovereign—King George the Second. Several executions of the rebels have been, and some others are expected in a little time; the

heads of Deacon and Syddall are fixed up on the Exchange, in Manchester, for a publick example. They were the chief leaders of those who joined the rebels in Manchester, which were about thirty in number. The head of Syddall's father was fixed up in Manchester in the rebellion, 1715."

Oct. 30. "This day I spent the evening at a Ball in the Exchange, at Manchester, for the benefit of Mr. Delamain, the dancing master, who, it seems has been loyal these troublous times, to the prejudice of his school. There was a numerous assembly of Loyalists. The evening was spent with music and dancing, and singing the song of "God save great George, our King." The heads of Deacon and Syddall are fixed upon the Exchange by the Government, for a public example. . We rejoyced—yea, and will rejoyce and be thankful for what they suffered—for the liberty which they—the rebels in Scotland, and Jacobites in general—that wicked, that hellish, and unaccountable crew, threatened to deprive us of."

Dec. 1. "This day, in the evening, was in company with some of my neighbours, who met on account of our township's affairs. Party matters run very high, our High Churchmen or Jacobites, alias Papists, oppose Low Churchmen or Presbyterians very much, to their shame be it spoke and remarked. We see a great many disappointed in the glorious victory at Culloden, won last spring, by the brave Duke of Cumberland."

1747—Jan. 7. "This day has been observed as a day of Public Humiliation, to implore God's blessing on his Majesty's forces, we being at war with France and Spain."

Feb. 5. "This day, being sent for in haste to visit a person who was seized bad, this last night when I had mounted my horse, and riding a little from our house, he fell with me, on account of his being stiff with so much riding. My dear mother was much frightened, she happening to be looking out of the window, but Blessed be

God, there was little harm done. Lord—forgive whatever renders me unworthy of thy Divine protection.”

Nov. 26. “There has been a public meeting to-day at our school, held by some of our High Churchmen, and this not the first meeting in order to wrest the power of the school out of the hands of the Presbyterians. Their objection is that our schoolmaster does not go constantly to the Church, and that children should be educated in the Church of England, though they cannot produce one instance wherein we behave or act repugnant to the principles of it. It is no injustice, I think, to say of such persons, that, with regard to their principles in religion, they are strangers to true Christian liberty—neither is it injustice in me to say of several of their opposers, that both from my own observation, and common report, they have not of late years been firm and steady to the Protestant Church of England. We have had of late troublesome times. Since the war broke out, it has been a

shaking of the nation. The rebels from Scotland, along with many Frenchmen, coming through our country about two years ago, to set their Pretender, a Popish Prince, upon the throne of England, created a deal of mischief amongst us. I could not have believed that there had been such an evil spirit amongst us, many enemies to our national privileges and spiritual liberty. Blessed be God for the happy defeat of the rebels at Culloden, on April 16th, 1746."

1748—April 16. "It is this day two years since the defeat of the rebels at Culloden; several of our neighbouring friends have been here on that occasion this afternoon. Our army is now gone forth to battle against the French at Flanders—we sincerely wish them good success."

Nov. 6. "This day—this Sabbath day—I have been to Bury Chapel. Our ministers are very hearty and zealous in promoting the Protestant cause and interest. Our Popish enemies and disaffected neighbours have occasioned troublesome

times for some years past, but the articles for public peace are now signed."



Chapter 4.

Dec. 22. "This day, with the assistance of my father, I took off Mrs. D's right breast, that was cancering. The cancer weighed nearly a pound weight. The Rev. Mr. Pickup and the Rev. Mr. Ashworth were present. Mr. Pickup went to prayer before and after the operation. All friends seemed to behave in a Christian manner, and to be in a serious good frame."

The remainder of the Diary, which is continued up to July, 1750, is almost entirely filled with accounts of the author's visits amongst his patients, scattered over a large extent of country. He complains at times of the exceedingly heavy labour, and that his strength is hardly equal to carry him through the mental and bodily exertion necessary to get through each day's duty. He has to ride twenty and thirty miles in a

day, often accompanied by dangers from storms and darkness.

On December 27th, he says :

“ In the evening, being very dark, coming in company with Mr. Lord, of Rossendale, we were riding over a stone bridge, my horse following Mr. Lord. I said : ‘ It is very dark ! ’ He answered : ‘ So dark it is all I can do to see the bridge ! ’ He had no sooner said so, but my horse, in the highest part of the bridge, went over the battlement. I light flat on my hands and knees in the water, with my face down the stream, and my horse in his fall, turned so much, that he lay upon his feet on my right side, with his head up the water. I immediately got up on to my feet. Mr. Lord called out : ‘ How are you, Doctor ? ’ I answered : ‘ All is well, God be thanked for it ! ’ He said : ‘ How is your horse ? ’ I felt on the side of me at his tail and buttocks, and said : ‘ I believe my poor horse is killed ! ’ but feeling towards his head (I was in great

darkness and confusion), he began to stir. Upon that I found my right foot to be still in the stirrup, and the stirrup leather to be twisted. When I had quitted my foot from the stirrup, I called upon my horse and he got up. After bringing him into the road, I mounted and rode home, neither man nor horse having received any visible harm—a wonderful preservation."

Two days after he visits the bridge by daylight. He says :

"The height of the bridge to the water where I and my horse fell, we measured to be six yards, nearly. Allowing for the height of my horse and myself, I must have fallen about eight yards."

The spring and summer of 1750 was remarkable for an epidemic of a virulent fever, which the author calls a milliary fever, or spotted fever. The smallpox was raging and both diseases very fatal. Many of his friends and relatives died from one of these two diseases. His father and mother were both attacked by

the fever, but happily recovered. We can well imagine the strain upon our author's mind when he found himself compelled to fight alone with his difficulties and anxieties.

In the Diary, he writes in the previous year :
" This Sabbath day I have been at Bury Chapel. Mr. Owen, from Rochdale, preached from Exodus : " Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle." Mr. Owen preaching from these words, is occasioned by a sore distemper or pestilential fever that rageth among the horned cattle, whereof great numbers have died. It hath travelled through different countries from Poland to Holland ; from Holland it is supposed to have been conveyed to our country. From the place in which it hath broke out amongst us, it hath gradually spread wider and wider."

Was there any connection between this outbreak and the spread of the spotted fever in the following year ?

The Diary closes on the 19th July, 1750, with an unfinished sentence. Whether the

writer was attacked with fever that was then so prevalent, does not appear, but there is reason to believe that he died in the following year, at 34 years of age, in the very height of his powers. In one of his daily entries he says he had just been weighed and that he was 15 stone, and slightly under six feet in height, one of his friends remarking that 'the breed was not degenerating.' In spite of this apparent vitality he laments in touching language his frequent attacks of illness, and, in his daily prayer beseeches the Almighty to give him strength to go through his duties. In his day and generation, he gives a picture of the brightest side of the Puritan life. In him the deep religious spirit of his ancestors had an abiding place. The rebellion of '45 came as a dreadful shock to all his fellow worshippers, and to his numerous relatives scattered over the southern corner of Lancashire. During the mild sway of Walpole, who for 21 years had governed the country with a firmness that had kept the Jacobites and the Hanoverians from tearing each others eyes out, the Presbyterian Dissenters had

been allowed to conduct their worship in their chapels undisturbed by the law, which they were setting at defiance. Green, in his History, says of Walpole: "Though he did not touch the laws that oppressed the Catholics and the Dissenters, he took care that they should remain inoperative. Yearly bills of indemnity exempted Non-conformists from the consequence of their infringement of the Test Act. There was no tampering with public justice or with personal liberty. Thought and action were alike left free."

To the Author and his family all these privileges were very dear. That they were determined to defend them to the last was evident by their raising 500 men, and by their contribution in money to the County Fund, to assist the Government. The King had not more devoted subjects, and the Protestant religion had not more zealous defenders than the Lancashire Presbyterians of 1745. Culloden extinguished for ever the hopes of the Jacobites, and our author was no longer troubled with his "fears of a nursling from Rome."

But the Jacobite invasion had left an indelible impression of horror on the public mind. Macaulay says that for twenty years after "the events of 1715 and 1745 had left painful and enduring traces. The tradesmen of Cornhill had been in dread of seeing their tills and warehouses plundered by barelegged mountaineers from the Grampians. They still recollected that Black Friday when the news came that the rebels were at Derby—when all the shops in the city were closed, and when the Bank of England began to pay in sixpences. The Scots on the other hand remembered with natural resentment the severity with which the insurgents had been chastised, the military outrages, the humiliating laws, the heads fixed on Temple Bar, the fires and quartering blocks on Kennington Common."

With all his Puritanism the writer had a keen sense of the pleasures of this life. In his early days in London he seeks relaxation from study, at the Theatres, or at Ranelagh's; after his return home he rides 200 miles through the

Lake country—on another occasion he rides through York, up into the North Riding to see a famous breeder of horses. From his home he rides to Manchester races, on another day he rides across the moors to see the races at Bolton. In one entry in the diary he describes the planting of the orchard in the new garden that he had made, and which was a constant source of pleasure to him. He goes rook shooting to his father's estate at Gooseford, and takes some of the young ladies to show them some trout fishing. But he never lets his pleasures prevent him from attending to the duties of his profession. He fears his strength will hardly carry him through the immense strain of fighting with the spotted fever and small-pox. On one day he says he had been "in the saddle, off and on, eleven to twelve hours." His early death must have been an irreparable loss to his family and friends.

His descendants may think of him as of one who lived up to his ideal of a noble life. They will reverence his devotion to what he considered

his religious duties. They will sympathise with his frequent prayer that his strength might be equal to his day, they will be struck with his sacrifice of health and pleasure to his inexorable sense of duty, they will admire his love and affection for his parents and his family, and they may perhaps think of him as an example they might do well to follow, and that his short life had not been lived in vain.



