

Memoirs of the Life of Barbara Hoyland, addressed to her Children.

A typed copy of the original MS. of these *Memoirs*, belonging to Joseph Hoyland Fox, J.P., of Wellington, Somerset, has been loaned to D.¹ Permission has been granted to give our readers the following extracts.

Barbara Wheeler was born in London in the year 1764. Her father was a wine-merchant in that city. Her parents conformed strictly to the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church in public and private, but our author writes :—

Notwithstanding these excellent family regulations, originating, no doubt, in a pure motive and strengthened by habit, it was thought proper for us to learn music and dancing, and games at cards, and we were introduced to plays also, and trained for the ballroom and card tables.

The family consisted of four sons, William, Charles, John, and Daniel, and three daughters, Barbara, Sarah, and Elizabeth, and various incidents in the lives of the brothers and sisters fill the earlier pages of the book.

The first Quaker reference is in connection with an accident to William Wheeler, Barbara's father, and as it refers to a well-known Friend, it will be read with interest :—

Here I cannot help bearing testimony to the memory of the late Dr. Fothergill, the first Quaker I ever saw, whose presence was never waited for by the mournful

¹ Since the date of the loan, J. H. Fox has generously presented to D. what is believed to be the original MS. of the *Memoirs*. It forms a quarto book of 120 pages of small writing, somewhat faded in places. The paper on which it is written was made, according to the water-mark, in 1811.

J. H. Fox's typed copy is accompanied by some beautifully presented genealogical tables connecting the families of Hoyland, Tuke, Fox, Middleton, Tuckett, Lythall, Wheeler, Hack, Robson, Tylor, Seeborn, Richardson, Mennell, Alexander, Hipsley, Graveson, Field, Manley, etc. Both the typed copy and the accompanying tables were taken from manuscripts in the possession of Sarah Barbara Hoyland, of Birmingham.

family above a minute or two beyond the time fixed for his coming. His gentle, though firm demeanour calmed sorrow into silence. His penetrating eye and abstracted thought always inspired confidence in his judgment, though there might appear not the least prospect of success. To him my father spoke of his concerns as to a friend, and of his complaints as to a physician of distinguished skill. On being one day asked whether Dr. Heberden should be called, who was the only senior physician, and consequently the only one who could act with the doctor, he replied, "No, my life is in God's hand and Fothergill's." My mother and her children were silently weeping in the room, when Dr. Fothergill entered it, who, walking slowly to the foot of the bed, gazed on my expiring father, then went up to him, felt his pulse, looked earnestly at the apothecary, and, approaching my mother, took her by the hand, and drew her into the next room. We all followed. I ventured to ask if there was any hope. He stroked my face, shook me by the hand, and falteringly said, "Farewell. I am very sorry for you," and then drove away in his carriage from the door.

Special interest attaches to the references in the narrative to Daniel Wheeler, who became the celebrated Quaker missionary. Of him his sister writes :—

My youngest brother, Daniel, was sent to school at Fulham, and was taught navigation, as it was intended for him to go to sea. Our relation at Gosport had him entered on the King's books as midshipman at an early age.

At the death of Barbara Wheeler's mother, Sarah Wheeler, a clergyman in Yorkshire was left in sole trust, the eldest son being then only in his twentieth year. The care of the business devolved upon this son, William; his general conduct was far from satisfactory, and caused great trouble to his sister, but, writes Barbara Hoyland :—

Daniel, who had been some months from school, although not more than fourteen years old, attended so cleverly to business that William was scarcely missed in the counting house by those who came merely on that account, so that its value as a concern depreciated but

little, and I believe as good an end was made of it as well could be.

Family separation followed the disposal of the business. Charles Wheeler went to the Island of Antigua "to seek his fortune"; William left soon after for Jamaica, where he died at the age of thirty-four, "beloved and regretted"; Daniel "sailed for the first time to cruise on the coast of Portugal," and Barbara went to live with her guardian on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire.

The next point of contact with Quakerism more nearly concerned the author herself. It took place at Woodhouse, where she was visiting some relatives, and may be narrated in her own words:—

The Parish church was more than a mile from the village where my cousins resided, yet we were pretty regular in our attendance. Once on going thither we were suddenly overtaken by a thunderstorm, when about half way, near a neat mansion very beautifully situated. This place had been taken by a person from Sheffield, who was in a precarious state of health, and a Quaker. The path-way went across the field in front of the house, and we, for a minute, debated whether we should ask shelter, especially as he was a single man. The propriety of the thing was, however, soon put out of the question, as the rain began to descend in torrents, with loud claps of thunder. We ran with all possible expedition to the asylum, the door of which was opened for our reception before we reached it. Part of our finery was pretty well drenched, and took some time to put in order again.

The novelty of being in the house of a Quaker, and the idea of formality which attached to the person, were soon dissipated by the easy kindness and genuine promptness to render assistance that were offered by the master of the house. We were all pleased with our visit, and after the rain abated and the sky began to clear, we returned home, it being then past church time. This adventure diverted us not a little at the time, and would have passed off like any other casualty, had not the occasional visit been returned by a premeditated [one] from our new acquaintance, who, soon after, drank tea with us, and from that time came more and more frequently. As intercourse of this

kind seldom happens without the alledging of a primary cause, we began to attribute it to a partiality for one of my cousins, who, we thought, was the most distinguished, but his extreme caution in discovering a preference, if there was any, kept the matter wrapt in complete mystery.

All doubt as to the preference was, however, soon set at rest, by the young man's visit to Barbara on her return to her home; and some months later in the year, she was married to William Hoyland, the young man in question. The narrative continues:—

It had been my desire and care not to have much alteration in our small, but neat and beautifully situated abode; everything therefore was very simple as to furniture and accommodation; and the gardens, which were not small, were laid out with appropriate taste. I once more found myself mistress of an establishment, not indeed abounding with the embellishments of modern style or splendid convenience, but with all the pleasures of a happy and chaste simplicity. These sensations of enjoyment were closely bound together by the tenderest affection on the part of my husband, and the greatest alloy of which I was conscious was the necessity of being separated from each other nearly the whole of every day, business claiming so much of his attention. He was one of three partners in a silver plate manufactory at Sheffield, and he had generally to mount his horse immediately after breakfast, and not return till the evening; but though I earnestly desired more of his company, yet in his absence I did not feel altogether solitary; the necessary occupations of the house and gardens took up a great share of my time, and, when wearied with them, some needlework, a book, or a walk to Woodhouse filled up the daily measure of my employment.

In a few weeks we made our appearance at the church, and had a succession of visits from the two neighbouring villages. My cousins, both at Woodhouse and Eckington, were fully satisfied of my comfortable settlement, which was as much so as was possible. There was, however, one thing which, with every revolving Sabbath, dropped its bitter into my almost unmixed cup. When we set out together with one avowed object, the worship of that Being,

who created us finite creatures to be the alternate help, stay, and support of each other, in religious as well as moral duty, we walked in the same direction until we passed the gate at the bottom of the plantation, when we invariably separated; a circumstance which was always accompanied with regret, but entirely without verbal remark on either side.

It was a considerable time before I saw any of my husband's relations, which I could not but think strange, as he was the eldest of four brothers, who all resided at a very short distance; but, for this temporary absence, there may have been wise and prudential reasons unknown to me. One morning, without apprizing me, my W. H. suddenly introduced one of his brothers; I was struck with his appearance and manner, which were strictly in the style I had marked on my first knowledge of Friends; and while I recognised the Quaker, I could in no wise feel the familiarity of a sister; and though I looked upon him as a sensible man, I was relieved when the visit was over.

Soon after this breaking of the ice, the other two brothers came to see us. The youngest, Joseph,² a surgeon by profession, and whose affectionate manners were soothing, greatly endeared himself by his placid and kind attention. I soon felt I could love him, but he also being a plain Friend, and his dress strictly consistent with his religious profession, I was prevented from that familiar intercourse which I had been accustomed to feel as the delightful prerogative of the kindred tie. I felt at a loss to account for what seemed to me a rigid plainness and singularity of manner, which I could not believe had anything to do with religion; and the restraint which I felt, lest something in my manners or sentiments should give them pain, rendered it always formidable when they were expected, notwithstanding the increase of love and respect I bore them.

² Joseph Hoyland married Margaret, daughter of Nathaniel and Jane English, of Sheepscar, Leeds. After a short residence in Sheffield, they removed to Waterford, Ireland. After her husband's decease (1801), M. H. continued his business of druggist, and, "possessing considerable skill, she was very frequently employed in the medical line also" (*Annual Monitor*, 1834, supplement, p. 28). She resided at Taunton, Somerset, after retiring from business, but returned to Ireland shortly before her decease in 1833, a Minister forty-eight years. Sarah, daughter of the above, married Joseph Grubb, of Clonmel, Ireland.

Life seemed to flow in an easy channel, and scarcely a day elapsed without feeling more and more satisfied with my humble lot. I had continually fresh cause to be glad of the support I derived from the solid judgment and stability of character which my husband possessed. He bore the natural levity of my contrasted disposition with great patience, and with unceasing caution, unmixed with giddy trifling or fastidious humour ; and while he laid no restraints on my movements, there was something in his own conduct which furnished constant reproof to foolish and insignificant pursuit.

After we had been about three years married, the time for taking stock in business happened in the winter, which, if I stayed at home, would be the means of keeping my husband entirely from me for more than a week ; and the situation being rather more solitary at that season, he proposed my accompanying him to Sheffield. I did so, and we took up our abode, by kind invitation, at the house of one of the partners, who was a Friend. We had buried two infants, who did not survive their birth, and I was looking forward again to confinement ; I therefore went very little out except to see my husband's relations, to whom I grew increasingly attached.

In the course of the visit the Sabbath intervened, and I felt a little uncomfortable in the morning, not knowing how I should get to church, but upon considering the matter, as I had often had a curiosity to sit a meeting of Friends, I thought if any of the family should invite me to go with them, I would do so, supposing I should not be much known by the Friends of Sheffield. It so happened while we were at breakfast, the Friend's wife asked me what I would do about going to my place of worship, and upon my hesitating to reply slightly said, " Wilt thou go with us ? " I replied, " I should like it, but was afraid of making the proposal lest they might think I did it to please them." The dear Friend immediately observed, " I should have thought the same in thy place." The matter being thus far adjusted, I turned to look for approbation in my husband's face, but instead of receiving the expected demonstration, I was struck, on the contrary, by seeing him look more than usually grave, but without making any remark on what had passed. However, whilst I was

preparing to do as was proposed, I saw him ride by the window, and I was told he was gone to his meeting at Woodhouse. An event so unexpected cast a momentary damp upon my mind, yet I walked with the family to the Meeting House. Just on our entering I stopped a little and betrayed some hesitation, when my Friend said, "Do not go in if thou art uncomfortable about it." I hardly knew why I had not proceeded, and desired her to go in. I followed, and took my seat next to her. The meeting was nearly collected; I saw my brother and sister, J. and E. H.,³ come in and go into the speakers' gallery; and observing my sister look at me, I thought if she should preach, I would either not hear, or go out of the meeting, though I dearly loved her. I was induced to form this resolution from the fear that she might make some reference to me, administer some reproof, or try to make me a Quaker. Profound silence soon reigned over a large assembly of people, most of whom were dressed decidedly like Friends; which appeared a pretty, or at least a novel sight; but what were they doing? Sitting in an almost motionless state without appearing to notice anything. Some, whose faces I could not see, I fancied were asleep or near it. I looked on every side, and such was the stillness and settlement, that the motion of my head seemed to make a disturbing noise. I tried to sit as quietly as I could, withdrew my eyes from observation, and my thoughts involuntarily turned on my own situation and the possibility that I might not live through my confinement, and on the lot of a helpless infant, if it survived. There appeared not to be the shadow of a doubt but that its father would bring it up in the peculiar manner of dressing and meeting in silence, as was practised by the Society of Friends; and for some time the idea was almost too painful to be borne. These considerations were, however, soon succeeded by a perfect calmness, which so much pervaded my whole mind, that I believed I could die, or bear anything that might befall me, if it were the will of God, let it be ever so sad. I felt all that I had

³ John Hoyland and Elizabeth, his wife, formerly Barlow. The former wrote *An Epitomy of the History of the World*, and *A Historical Survey of the Customs . . . of the Gypsies*. He appears to have left Friends and returned again. E. Hoyland was a Minister. They both died at Northampton.

ever conceived of perfect resignation, and a lively remembrance of the early part of my life presented itself, when the mind, in some degree untainted, sought acceptance with God. The pure desire of praying to Him as I ought, once more returned, though I had indeed been long estranged from it by the wanderings of folly, error, and insensibility. The tears flowed from my eyes and dropped upon my hands. I could have kneeled down ; but there was no occasion, the heart was already prostrate, and in this prostration the soul worshipped its Creator.

At this juncture, the Friends on every side rose, and stood still on their feet. My friend gave me her hand to help me off my seat ; and in getting up I perceived what I apprehended to be the cause, an elderly man⁴ on his knees in the gallery. After some silence, he addressed, in the language of supplication, the "Throne of Grace," on behalf of those who, at a very early period of life, had been visited with the "Dayspring from on High," but who had been separated by their "delights and delusions" from the most sure "word of prophecy," had wandered from "mountain to hill and from hill to mountain," until darkness had overtaken, so that they had been ready to call evil good and good evil, but that in infinite mercy the day might again be suffered to dawn, and "the Daystar to arise," etc., etc. This was uttered with a long pause between sentence and sentence, thereby adding to the impressive weight of the words, the solemn feeling of waiting for the words as they arose. I am aware it is utterly impossible to convey by description a sense of the living exercise of mental with vocal prayer ; but suffice it to say, it was all I had felt, all I had desired in silence, put into the most striking figures of speech, and was a seal of confirmation to me of spiritual worship, indelibly fixed on my mind ; and of the efficacy of that living ministry, which, flowing from the pure source, can alone speak to edification, beyond all forms of prayer with the remembrance of which the memory may be replete. The meeting soon after broke up.

I was engaged to dine with an intimate friend of former days, and during the visit an unusually placid

⁴ Probably Thomas Colley, of Sheffield, a writer of some note who died in 1812.

feeling dwelt with me ; in short, my mind was so much refreshed, that the visit proved particularly pleasant. In the afternoon we went together to the chapel. I experienced the service at this place to be a "dead letter." The rehearsal of long, learned prayers, and the routine of well known forms and stated observances, seemed to the present state of my mind and feelings to have a tendency to smother rather than kindle the vital spark of spiritual devotion, which can only be elicited by a touch of "live coal" from off the altar ; and when thus rightly touched, the soul can, in such seasons, breathe a pure aspiration to its Maker ; and by thus connecting itself with its Source receive that renovation and refreshment which can alone cleanse and preserve it from the impurities to which it is ever liable from its intimate connection with our frail and depraved nature.

I had no inclination to communicate to my husband, on his return from the meeting at Woodhouse, any detail of what had passed at Sheffield ; and, reflecting on what could be the cause of his leaving me in the morning, I thought I could not be surprised. It might be considered as his native Meeting, to which his parents had, and most of his relations now belonged. He possessed too sensible a mind, I believe, to resume his former seat, when no longer a member of the religious Society, having lost his privileges in it by his marriage with me ; and I had reason to be glad that he had not given me in the morning an opportunity of desiring his company.

Soon after our return home, as my husband was, one morning, preparing to go to Sheffield as usual, a person called at the door and told us that two Friends (D. Darby and R. Young)⁵ were to be at Woodhouse meeting at eleven o'clock, and requested the company of those who were not Friends, as well as the members of the Meeting. My W. H., having rather particular business, was about to mount his horse, when I told him I thought I should go to the meeting. He considered a few minutes, ordered his horse to the stable, and we set off together. My mind

⁵ Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young travelled together in the ministry. It was at a meeting held on Long Island, in 1795, at the request of these Friends, that Stephen Grellet was converted. D. possesses several letters from D. Darby, in one of which there is an interesting early reference to Stephen Grellet.

was so confirmed in this second venture, that I dared never more go to hear prayers and preaching that were made beforehand, although my anticipations were very painful as to the effect it might have in separating me from the love and familiar intercourse with my connections and friends.

I had now the consoling sympathy of my dear husband, who for some time had given up travelling on business, which had certainly been prejudicial to his faithfulness in supporting the testimonies Friends believe themselves called upon to bear to the world ; and I had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing him unite in reading the Holy Scriptures frequently to the family collected together ; as well as carefully exempling and instructing the children, who now began to call forth attention and care beyond what are necessary in helpless infancy. From their disposition as well as capacity we now and then dared to look forward, in the hope that our endeavours might be ultimately crowned with success.

In the year 1792, I made application to Friends to be received a member of the Society, in a note nearly as follows :—

“ Feeling much unity with the principles professed by Friends, and, I trust, a degree of that love which would cement together all the followers, I am induced affectionately to lay before you, in as few words as seem possible, the desire, that has for some time rested on my mind, of having a closer union with the Society by being admitted a member.”

This was not seen by my husband, but he was told by some Friend that the application had been made, and the next time we met, he appeared very thoughtful, and I was ready to suspect the matter had been disclosed, and that it was not agreeable to him. But on questioning him on the subject, he very feelingly said, “ No, my dear, I am glad that what I have lost thou art about, I hope, to gain.” In the course of a month or two, I was introduced to the discipline of the Society, which appeared to furnish an additional claim for circumspection, and the desire of my heart was that I might never disgrace the Society, in which I now felt a strong interest, or wound the mind of any of its members. The first Monthly Meeting I sat happened

to be at Sheffield ; and I was not a little surprised to find that my dear W. H. meant to attend the previous meeting for worship. I felt a good deal for him, as it was the first he had attended at Sheffield since we had been married ; and I looked earnestly about, when assembled, but could not perceive him. In about an hour after the commencement of the meeting, every interesting feeling was awakened by the sound of his voice, and seeing him stand up near the centre of the meeting, and acknowledging “ he had wandered from the principles in which he had been educated, and the justice of the dealings of Friends towards him ” ; concluding with a request to be reinstated. This was the sense, as nearly as I was able to collect it, and I believe the declaration melted many into tears of sympathy. It was gratifying to me beyond all possibility of description, when, at the expiration of a few months, I saw him restored to the bosom of the Society, and himself relieved from that depression, which could not fail to show itself at times in a mind naturally strong and feeling, combined with habits and behaviour the most manly. In this instance, the nobility of his character developed itself, that no effort or concession, however mortifying, should be wanting to repair the injuries sustained by the cause of truth through his unfaithfulness.

1794. I attended the Yearly Meeting of Friends held in London. The visiting my native place after an absence of seven years proved less trying to my feelings than I expected. My husband’s only sister, Tabitha Middleton, who lived at Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, was my companion. She had just lost an only son, a very promising youth, who died at school, and her spirits had scarcely recovered from the shock. To this beloved sister my heart was strongly attached ; she was a woman of extraordinary character, uniting gentleness with firmness, simplicity with wisdom, and a general superiority of talent with unaffected humility to a degree beyond what I think I ever saw in any other woman. Her affectionate and sympathising behaviour mitigated the pain of absence from my dear William and his tender charge, and I solaced the poignancy of anguish to which I might be liable, from the experimental conviction that I now had no home in the place of my nativity, amidst

my dearest relatives and friends ; none of whose faces I beheld except the two already mentioned [her friend, Emma Oxley and her brother, Charles]. On my return home I rested awhile at her peaceful abode,⁶ enlivened by the society of a most endearing partner in life, and two lovely little girls.⁷

It was now about five years since we had heard of my truant brother, Daniel, and were ready to conclude it was all over with him ; but how agreeably were we undeceived by a letter from him, informing me that, owing to a private business between himself and a brother officer, he had left his ship, and thought himself so disgraced by the act that he resolved never to interest his sisters more about him, till he had in some degree retrieved his lost character. He had enlisted into the army, had been with the Duke of York in Holland, and was present in the engagement of Valenciennes and Dunkirk, had been elevated to the rank of sergeant-major by dint of merit, without any interest whatever being interposed in his favour. In the conclusion, he expressed a wish to come and see us. The emotion of pleasure was indescribable at hearing once more that Daniel was still alive. I wrote him at Sunderland without the least inclination to upbraid him for the past.

About a fortnight after, on an evening in summer, when my husband was reading to me, I heard a startling rap at the door, and, by an unaccountable impulse, passed by the servant and opened it. It was rather beyond dusk. A military figure presented itself, wrapped in a long cloak. He hastily enquired if Mr. H. was at home. With too much perturbation to answer the question, I replied by asking what he wanted with him. " Oh, Mrs. H. will do for me," he said, in a more softened tone of voice, and, entering with a light step into the parlour, he looked alternately at us, then, bowing, greeted my husband familiarly, who rose at the salutation and expressed his want of knowledge of the person ; but by a steady look

⁶ *i.e.*, at the house of Tabitha Middleton.

⁷ Tabitha Hoyland married Benjamin Middleton. Their eldest child and only son was John, who died in 1793, *æt.* nine. The daughters referred to were Hannah, who died in 1835, and Maria, who became the wife of Samuel Fox, of Wellington, father of Joseph Hoyland Fox.

towards him, I caught one remembered glance of the dear orphan Daniel. The name passed my lips on the moment of recognition, and he threw his arms about my neck. The youth of fourteen was so lost in the man of twenty-four, characterised with the *toute ensemble* of the soldier, that scarcely any trace remained but the quickness and brilliancy of his eye. It was some time before I could indulge the joy of meeting, or give credence to my visual faculties.

The accounts he had to give of himself were very interesting, and obliterated every idea of reproach; renewing in the power of sympathetic feeling, that love which an intervening estrangement for ten years had only rendered dormant.

I forbear describing particulars of his adventures, on the wide-extended ocean—in the arduous march—on the “tented field”—in many close escapes, hardships, and sorrows—as I have a hope he will, sometime, speak for himself, to the edification of others. He stayed with us to the extent of his furlough, and we saw him depart from our peaceful habitation with regret on his part and with grief on ours, that he should ever more be exposed to the precariousness of his profession. He assimilated with us very agreeably, and never seemed to perceive (at least by remark) the change which had taken place in his sister, but treated me as formerly. A hope of being promoted, to him enlivened the gloom of a second separation, and banished, apparently, any inclination to quit the army. Though we felt deeply interested for him, we forebore to express anything that might tend to render him dissatisfied with his situation, without we could offer him an equivalent.

Late in the autumn, he returned to us again, having obtained a commission in a regiment destined for the West Indies. He was in great spirits, but the knowledge I had of the climate made me very apprehensive for him.

Owing to changes in business arrangements, it became necessary for the family to remove into Sheffield. B. Hoyland continues:—

Before quitting Myrtle Bank, I received a letter from my brother Daniel, giving an account of his having

sailed with Admiral C——n, in hopes of making the West Indies, but they were driven back by a dreadful hurricane, several of the vessels had gone down, and great numbers of the troops perished in them. In reflecting on the disaster, and the renewed occurrence of miraculous escape to himself, he could not support the idea of tempting Providence a third time, and acknowledged that if we could but find something for him to do, he would come to us.

Though there did not appear to be any opening for him at the time, yet I wrote to him immediately, encouraging him to believe somewhat soon would offer, and inviting him to come, if he wished to quit the army, but by no means insinuating anything like persuasion, for I dare not let entreaty supersede conviction of its being a right step. However, a few weeks brought him to us; he had given up his commission, which, being a gift, he could not sell, nor do I believe he would have done so, had he possessed the right. He endeavoured to turn his attention to some branch of business that would take little capital, and did not mind how low he stooped at the beginning.

While this was in suspense, my dear brother's mind became more and more drawn to the principles of Friends. He began to go to meetings with us, and, much more suddenly than his poor sister, had to endure not only the ridicule of his nearest friends and relatives, but the astonishment which seemed to possess them at the sight of so complete a metamorphosis as soon presented itself in him.

I think it due to him and the sincerity of his motives to say we had no hand in promoting, or rather in prompting this change than by example, scarcely ever talking on religious subjects before him, or otherwise holding up the custom of Friends as a model. The work was not suffered to be "long upon the wheel"; the effect was complete, decisive, and permanent, and is a striking proof to us that the display of divine power is equally conspicuous in some rapid changes as in the more gradual accomplishment of its purposes.

There soon appeared an opening for him to commence business at Sheffield, which he did on a limited scale. In

the system of economy he was at first obliged to adopt, the habits of a soldier were of use to him. In all his undertakings, the divine blessing has attended him, and crowned his labours with success, which furnishes a proof of the truth of the declaration, "A good man's ways are ordered of the Lord, nor shall those who fear him want any good thing."

Early in 1797, as previously intimated, the family left Woodhouse, "the scene of dearest domestic happiness, heightened by the blessing of Providential care, and the merciful extension of divine goodness," and settled in Sheffield. Subsequent pages of the diary record the illness and death of Barbara Hoyland's eldest daughter, Emma, and of her husband, of the birth of her twelfth child,⁸ and of the death of her son, Charles; then comes the following:—

About this time [c. 1812], my dear cousin, Henry Tuke, heard of a business to be disposed of at Bradford, and offered his assistance in procuring. At the very first proposition, I felt it something I could spring with, and could only regret the insufficiency of means to embark in it, and that my son, Wm. F.,⁹ would not be at liberty from his apprenticeship for several months. By my brothers, D. Wheeler and J. Hoyland, uniting with my cousin, Henry Tuke, and the dear Friend with whom my son was placed generously setting him at liberty before the expiration of his term, at a period when his service must have been most valuable, we were transplanted root and branch to Bradford, with the exception of my son, Wheeler,¹⁰ who was left at school under the care of a much-valued friend. At Bradford I soon felt myself at home, and as my son proved equal to his arduous undertaking, I found there was little for me but to feel sufficiently thankful in being thus put in the way of providing for my family.

⁸ Elizabeth, born 1805, died 1862, married George Graveson, of Bradford, *a quo* Gravesons of Hertford, Cheltenham, and Liscard.

⁹ William Frazer Hoyland, whose descendants are among us to-day, under the names of Hoyland and Longdon.

¹⁰ Wheeler Hoyland died in 1818, aged 17.

After recording the death of her son, John, after a long and painful illness, B. Hoyland concludes :—

8th mo., 1815. Bradford. Being now arrived nearly at the conclusion of this narrative, it remains only for me to remark that we have now been about three years in our present situation. Daily and hourly have I occasion to be thankful for the provision to us all, and to be fully satisfied with the allotment.

And now, if any of my own dear relatives, friends, or intimates of former days should trace these pages, I hope they will not imagine personal reflection intended by the remarks in any part of them. Although I have felt it necessary to draw lines of distinction with reference to individual characters, according to the discrimination of my mind, yet it is the thing and not the person which has been in view ; and much less have I felt any desire to proselyte to Quakerism ; but, in accordance with my present belief, think I may safely assert that did there not exist a religious Society under this denomination, so worshipping and maintaining an appearance so peculiar, I dare not be otherwise than as I am in these respects. Experimental feeling of the principle can alone lead us to a reconciliation of the practice. If, however, the simple relation of some striking changes as to myself, with the attendant impressions, should have a tendency to turn the attention of any of my beloved connections to that inward Teacher, which is “ Truth and no lie,” “ the inspeaking Word,” which would direct what to do, and what to leave undone, it would doubtless, if followed, be discovered to be a light, a counsellor, and would clearly prove that “ what is to be known of God is manifest in Man.”¹¹

¹¹ Whilst much occupied with her many home duties, B. Hoyland was also able to engage in public work as a Gospel Minister in various parts of the country. She died in 1829. There is a short account of her life, drawn principally from her *Memoirs*, in *The Annual Monitor* for 1831. A *Testimony* to her service was issued in 1829, and printed in Bradford the following year.