

Father said to him, remarked : “ Oh, that I was in your state ! ” He died the 4th of the 2nd Mo. called March (old style), 1730. A general mourning seemed to be in the town, the people of all ranks lamenting after him who was as the Father of them all.

Several Friends wrote to my dear Mother on the occasion of my Father’s decease letters of condolence and consolation, amongst them Robert Jordan : also to shew the great love to the memory of my honoured Father, Thomas Story and John Irwin came from their homes in Cumberland on purpose to pay my Mother a visit. My Mother lived near four years after my Father ; honored by Friends and others ; and finished her course in great peace with the Lord.—My dear Mother was faithful in her day and of good service where her lot was cast. My Father and she both travelled in the service of Truth. My Parents had 13 children whereof I was the youngest. Several died young. One named Jonathan died about the age of 19 ; a youth of great promise for learning and much devoted to a religious life. Another named William lived to marry and have several children. He died about three quarters of a year after my Father. He followed my Father’s footsteps and was deeply bowed under the yoke of Christ : promising fair of becoming of great service in the Society : but the Lord ordered otherwise.

“ John, the Travelling Quaker ”

“ June 11, 1757. By Mr. Ames direction sent John, the travelling Quaker, with a letter to Messrs. Arthur & Benj. Heywood [of Liverpool], advising gunpowder was advanced 10/- a barrel, agreeing to pay the said John three guineas, provided he delivered said letter by noon on Monday the 13th inst. He was accustomed to walking, or rather a walk and kind of trot, and thereby conveying a letter with greater expedition than by post. But should he stop by the way to refresh by drinking ale or any spirituous liquor (such was his unhappy failing that he must drink so as to intoxicate) and so retard his proceeding, but, if he kept sober (tho’ on foot), performed a journey in less time than one single horse could do.”

Extracted from the Diary of William Dyer, of Bristol, by Edward Gregory, of North Weston, Som., 1929.