In 1800 he married Mary, daughter of Thomas and Mary Bott. My grandmother had been left a widow some years with two daughters; my mother was the youngest; she was, in every respect, well suited for a man anxious to make his way in life. She helped him to work and to save. I have frequently heard her say—she should have been at no loss had her lot been cast in the backwoods of America, neither would she have disliked it. With as clear a head as his own and with as much industry, they climbed the hill hand-in-hand, and prosperity, in due course of time, followed their footsteps. My father brought his wife to Heywood, hoping to put things on a better footing, and it was here that my eldest brother was born. Soon after this, finding he could not mend matters at home, he commenced business with very slender resources on his own account at Stone, and it was probably somewhere about this time that he came under the notice of Mrs. Sneyd, who was on the point of building Ashcombe Hall. Struck by his integrity and business-like habits, she would have no denial, build it he must. This was a formidable undertaking to a young man with no capital, and without friends to instruct or give advice in case difficulties arose; so with the honesty of nature, for which he was always noted, he at once stated his misgivings, when Mrs. Sneyd set all at rest, by offering to aid in every way. She assisted in making the plans, and drove over each pay-day with a black silk bag, in which were deposited the guineas, silver and copper, which her kind forethought had provided to keep up his credit with his workmen. He always owned himself under the greatest obligations to her, and I have heard him say in his later years, that so great was his anxiety to do justice to his kind benefactress, that he left no step unturned to give satisfaction, and that he never afterwards built a house better than this, his first formidable undertaking, Ashcombe Hall.

Iron perseverance, strict habits of self-denial, and integrity,