

Charlotte Lucy Godlee  
from her affectionate Father  
John Godlee

Theodore Godlee.

Oct 1<sup>st</sup> 1923.

Recollections of early Life.

By John Godlee,

of Lewes in the County of Sussex  
England -

written down by his daughter  
Sarah Rickman - 2<sup>nd</sup> month 1838. in his  
70<sup>th</sup> year. -

This copy was written by John Godlee the  
youngest son of the author - from a copy  
of the original made by Lucy Godlee  
sister of the present writer - Nov<sup>r</sup> 24. 1845.  
Seighside, College Park?  
South Australia 1858}

I was born in the year 1762 in  
Ratcliffe High Way, London - My Father's name  
was Thomas Godlee, he was the only son of  
Thomas Godlee, of Harrow Street Limehouse -  
Thomas Godlee my Grandfather was the oldest  
of three Brothers, who came originally from  
Southwold in Suffolk - of the other ~~two~~  
brothers, Burrwood, the second was the Father of  
my earliest friend and much respected Cousin,

Sarah Godlee. - she had also a son named John who died at Botton in Yorkshires in 1832 - The third Brother, John was never married. These three Brothers were all in the Mediterranean trade, and although members of the Society of Friends, they commanded ships carrying 14 Guns, these ships were called "Act Ships" privileged by a certain Act of Parliament, they also sailed without a Mediterranean Pass - which was a tribute to the Algerines. They evidently relied for safety on the defence which these Guns afforded John and Burwood soon realized considerable property and retired from the Sea - John was afterwards a Merchant - residing in Switthen's Lane, Tower Street, he was always considered a rich man - but I have often heard my cousin Sarah Godlee say, that no one ever knew what became of her Uncle John's property. - Burwood married a woman of some family and property named Hannah Gould and had two children mentioned above. His daughter, my

Cousin Sarah Godlee has often shewed me the street in which she was born - "Durr Street Wapping". It was paved with flat stones, long before such pavement was general throughout London - The third Brother, Thomas, my Grandfather, continued to follow his profession at sea, until he was taken by the Spaniards and died in captivity - He left three children - Thomas, Margaret, and Elizabeth - Margaret married Joseph Barker, a ropemaker Elizabeth married John Leech, tallow chandler of Thames Street, London. I never knew any of these relations - Margaret's daughter Sarah married Thomas Wilson - Linendraper, whose children have sometimes visited me at Lewes since my children can recollect events - Thomas the Brother of these sisters was my Father, he was born about the Year 1724, he was sent to sea very young, and at 18 years of age, was entrusted, with the command of a ship by his Uncle John - I have often heard him speak of this circumstance as far from

beneficial to the formation of his character - His first ship was named the *Britannia*, he made several voyages up the Mediterranean in her, but after marrying in a manner that his uncle did not approve, the ship was taken from him. - He however continued to follow a sea faring life - being variously employed and was at last in the Navy - The picture of him now in the possession of *Myson Burwood* was painted at Leghorn. He frequently took his wife to sea with him and one of their children was born at Leghorn - I remember hearing my Mother say, that this infant being carried out in the street there, excited great attention, and the pins in its dress - were regarded as great curiosities - My Father was wounded in an engagement under Admiral Hawke, and was disabled. He was made Secretary to the Trustees of Roms Gate Harbor, and retained that post until his death. My

mother whose maiden name was *Marri* was an excellent woman, she was a native of Reading in Berkshire, at what place her father kept a school, at the time of her acquaintance with my Father, she was a servant in the house of Elizabeth Leach my Father's sister, and where my Father at that time lived. - My Parents had three children, my Sisters Sarah and Elizabeth, and myself - When very young I was sent to school in London, where I remember being very much puzzled, when told to change the date from 1769 to 1770.

at 11 years of age I was sent to Greenwich School - in consideration of my Father's services in the Navy, I remained there three years, and was very well taken care of, and was very comfortable, I was taught common arithmetic and navigation

On leaving school at 14 years of age I was bound apprentice to Captain Charles Foa, of the ship "Daniel", and

sailed for New York, in the 10<sup>th</sup> month 1776  
We had a very rough passage. I was cabin  
boy, and I do not remember that I was  
ill treated on board - About the end of the  
12<sup>th</sup> month, we made the end of Long  
Island - An English man of War, offered to  
shew us the way into the harbor, but we  
lost her light in the course of the night  
and went on shore about three O'clock  
in the morning, not without suspicion  
of carelessness on the part of the Captain,  
if indeed it was nothing worse. I have a  
confused recollection, of its being said  
that the vessel was insured high, and that  
she was old - consequently the Owners were  
benefitted by the wreck - The cargo consisted  
of stores for the Army, and of shoes, warm  
clothing, blankets and the like - I have an  
idea that this was furnished by the Society  
of Friends, for the comfort of the Soldiers,  
but am unable to state how I acquired  
this notion, or whether it is certainly

correct - This cargo was however all saved  
and no lives were lost the Captain and  
sailors dispersed in various directions - A day  
or two after the wreck, when the ship  
lay high and dry on the sand at low  
water, on Long Island, there were many  
wild fowl flying about. Some of the  
men thought they would try for a little  
sport - The Armourer went on to the wreck,  
and made his way into the cabin, to a  
chest, which he knew contained loaded  
muskets, perhaps twenty five, ~~also~~ also  
cartouch boxes, powder horns &c. He  
opened the chest, and taking out one of  
the muskets said "One of these locks will  
not go down" - at the same time snap-  
ping the one he held in his hand, to  
ascertain if it were serviceable. It  
went off immediately and communicating  
with the others as they lay in the chest,  
a very great explosion took place. All  
the guns went off one after another, and as

they lay side by side, the muzzles pointing alternately to the opposite ends, they soon <sup>blew out</sup> both ends of the chest. I was in the cabin at the time, and being very much frightened, jumped into a berth and pulled the bed clothes over me. One man was sitting on a chest at the end of the cabin, and the balls passed between his legs, the other man stood perfectly still, as the guns were going off between him and the doorway. A box of hand grenades stood close by but most Providentially the firing did not communicate with them, which we thought must inevitably happen. Some men were on deck, who were greatly frightened, and wondered what could have taken place.

After the noise was over, and the smoke a little dispersed, they came down, and were greatly surprized that no serious injury had occurred - the man who caused the accident had his hand bruised - and another had his foot cut by splinters from the chest. After

the cargo was arranged, and the Captain and crew had all dispersed themselves, I was by some strange mismanagement left on Long Island for three months. I staid at the house of a Dutchman, where I was most kindly treated - At last growing tired of an idle life, I went off to New York without any fixed plan before me, I begged my passage across the ferry, and entered the city without money or friends - I enquired of many persons for my Captain, without success, thus I wandered about the city until evening, when a man of quite the lower rank, told me that he would assist me in finding the man I wanted, he first took me to his home, a lodging, up two pairs of stairs, gave me supper and a bed and in the morning took me to the house of Captain Love - I found that he knew my Captain, and he went with me to find him - Captain Lee of the "Daniel", to whom I had been apprenticed, had now as I found

quite given up the sea, and was training a body of ~~foot~~ soldiers. he urged me to join him and become a soldier, but this I steadily refused. The conduct of this man to me a child of hardly 15 years of age, and placed entirely under his care, was altogether shamefully negligent. Captain Love offered to take me on board his own ship the "Hero" which was also a transport, and my own Captain turned me altogether over to him. His name was Lachlan Love, a native of Antrim, I remained at New York with him a considerable time probably more than a year, tending the Army and supplying the shipping with water. Once when we were filling our casks at Brooklyn, during a violent thunder storm, a violent explosion took place. We were not in sight of the shipping, but soon saw pieces of timber, ropes &c flying in the air, which convinced us that a ship had blown up. We found it to be the "Morning Star" having on board 700 barrels of gun powder

which the Lightning had ignited; the ~~crew~~ were all on shore at breakfast, at the ~~time~~, except two boys, who both lost their lives. Some ships lying near were injured - many windows in New York were shattered, and a violent commotion was raised on the surface of the water, all relics of the ship and cargo were dispersed and gone. He once sailed with a fleet of 300 sail, having on board amongst them an Army of 13000 men, on an expedition the object of which was kept entirely secret. Our ship was freighted with horses, of which we took on board about 30, chiefly belonging to General Bathurst, they were very restless and troublesome, when they were tired, as they could not lie down, we used to raise them from the deck by bands passed under their bodies. The expedition first shewed itself off Cape Henloper, and afterwards sailed up the Chesapeake, and to the head of the Susquehanna, where they landed the troops who proceeded immediately to the battle of

Brandywine, in which they defeated the Americans, and then went on to Philadelphia of which they took possession. After landing the troops the shipping returned and went up the Delaware in order to join the troops who had gone there by land. Our passage up the Delaware was not very easily accomplished, as the Americans had built strong forts on each side of the River, from which they annoyed the ships. These forts were ultimately reduced by our Naval forces, and some troops sent down from the City. Our ship being a transport was considerably behind the Men of War perhaps six miles, but I remember seeing the shot and shells flying at night. In one engagement with these forts, in which though at last successful, the English lost one 64 gun ship and one of 20 guns. The first was the Augusta, she was burnt supposed to have taken fire from the masts of her own guns, which being fired against the wind, were blown back upon the ship in a burning state. All this time there was no

communication with Philadelphia, except by boats, which passed by the forts every night at a very great risk with muffled oars. In this way provisions were sent to the troops.

The Americans at last destroyed the forts, but our success cost many lives - Count Donop - the Commander of the Prussian troops was killed. The navigation of the river was obstructed by a chaux de prize and a boom. These were removed by our fleet after the forts were abandoned and we then proceeded up the river to Philadelphia, where we passed the Winter. My master lodged in the City and I was with him - the place was under martial law, and we had an idle life. In the following Spring 1779 the City was evacuated by the English, and the forces were carried to the Jerseys, and marched across to New York - we followed them by sea. They had some severe engagements on their march and we were within hearing of their guns.

In the latter part of the year 1779 we were ordered home to England with a cargo of old military stores - On our passage we fell in with a brig the "Abram", also laden with return stores, which had hoisted a signal of distress. On coming up with her we found that she had three feet of water in her hold - We took all her crew on board our ship and landed at Portsmouth late in 1779.

Thus I had been out three years, during the first two of which I had no communication with my family; some person to whom they wrote, found me out at Philadelphia and gave me news of them I afterwards wrote regularly, I was received at home with great joy, and staid amongst them some months.

My Captain was then appointed to the "General Holdemain" a ship of 300 tons bound for Quebec with a general cargo for the Quebec and Montreal trade. I was now rated as second mate, we reached Quebec after a good passage, and thence proceeded to

Montreal, where we discharged our cargo, and took in another for London, chiefly lumber -

We then returned to Quebec, completed our cargo and sailed rather late in the year 1780 - for home. - By a strange accident I was left behind, in a boat with four hands - We were sent to pick up an anchor, and the ship dropped down the river, being afraid of losing the convoy which was ahead and ready to sail. They left us behind very reluctantly as they would be very short handed without us - after getting the anchor we followed the ship down the river as fast as possible, but without overtaking her - We had no provisions with us, except a small cask of spruce beer - We went ashore on the Island of Orleans, and sold part of our new clothes to buy provisions - and went on down the river, until we met the pilot-boats coming back and learnt that the fleet had gone to sea - We returned to Quebec, sadly



down hearted. Not knowing what to do we restored the boat and anchor to a person in Quebec, who was part owner of the ship, but he refused to do anything to assist us - My situation was particularly unfortunate, for I had wet my shoes and stockings, as I stepped into the boat, and had thrown them back on to the ships deck. I do not know what became of my mates except one who remained with me. There was only one ship in the port bound for Europe and she was bound for Cork - We had no resource but to ship in her before the mast, she was an ordnance store ship of 700 tons. As I had been an officer in my own ship, this was a great come down for me - My wages were to be £3.0.0 for month, and I obtained one month's pay in advance to furnish me with clothes for the voyage, a very small sum to purchase necessaries for a Widets's passage at that time - There were 28 hands in the

crew, and not one of them could steer except my mate and myself - Of course we were ignorant of this fact when we shipped or we should have demanded higher wages. The crew were all Irish. We had a long and very stormy passage and arrived at Cork at the end of the year 1780. Here I was greatly alarmed, by the danger of getting pressed, but our ship being employed <sup>in the King's service</sup>, we were exempt from this risk, although we were not aware of the privilege we enjoyed. We lay in the harbour until 2<sup>nd</sup> month 1781, and then sailed for London - I found that my own ship captain Lachlan Lorr was nearly ready for sea again - and he received us gladly - They had been obliged to petition - a man of war, one of the Convoy, for two hands - to supply our place on the passage home. My stay with my relations was very short this time - for I sailed again for Quebec early in the 4<sup>th</sup> month 1781.

We sailed with a very large Convoy bound for the West Indies, and we kept company with them as far as  $35^{\circ}$  West Longitude - About 40 sail were bound for Quebec, under convoy of a Frigate, we went with them. Soon after we parted company with the large fleet we fell in with two Spanish Frigates and a large ship under jury masts. Our Frigate was of course no match for them - and they sailed in among us and took 30 sail without firing a gun.

Our ship being a long way to windward escaped alone. - We were afterwards chased by an American Privateer and coming up very rapidly, <sup>she</sup> alarmed us very much.

We however put on a very warlike appearance, and prepared for action. She had but six guns and we mounted 14. When she neared us she fired some long three pounders, and then sheered off, we then feigned to give chase, but took care not to get near her, as we knew very well, we

should have no chance, if the enemy was aware of our real strength - In this manner we advanced and retreated alternately, exchanging a few shots now and then evidently each afraid of the other - At length after many hours engagement, her mainsail fell upon deck, struck as we supposed by our shot. Her crew immediately set up a shout of defiance and shewed at least 50 men, while our crew amounted to only 14. When it grew dark, we carefully avoided showing any light - not even in the binnacle, and let our ship drift, as she might, and in the morning to our great joy <sup>we</sup> could see nothing of our enemy, not even from the Mast head.

This, my only naval engagement lasted 2 hours - none killed or wounded on either side - Arriving soon after at Quebec, we brought the first news of the loss of the fleet. We went up to Montreal with our cargo and there obtained a large and valuable

cargo of furs, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had missed their own ships, ours was preferred to all others on account of our late proofs of good seamanship.

When our cargo was complete we went down to Quebec, and were detained there until the 15<sup>th</sup> month, waiting for convoy. Three days after we sailed from Quebec, in a violent storm from the S.W. nine ships went on shore and were totally lost. Our ship the "General Haldemairi" was one of them. The cargo was said to be insured for £30,000.

We all reached the shore in safety, but one man died in the night succeeding from intoxication. The ship was a total wreck. She <sup>lay</sup> almost close to the shore, but the surf ran so high, that it was with the utmost difficulty, that we reached the land.

We found a family of Indians living near the shore, they had seen the ship in danger, and had made a large fire for our reception, and having found a cask of

red wine on the beach, they had filled a large pot with it, and it was boiling ready for us. They took off our wet clothes, and wrapped us in blankets, and laid us by the fire whilst our things were drying, they took as many of us into ~~our~~ their hut as it would hold, and those who had no other shelter passed the night in the open air, with only a sail hung up to keep off the wind. The ship was thrown up high and lay upon the beach, a mass of ruinous confusion. Timber, stores, and cargo all heaped up together. After resting a few days, the Captain and part of the crew, of whom I was one, went up towards Quebec, in two boats leaving a Swiss gentleman who had been a passenger, and 4 hands, in charge of the wreck. We went about 20 miles up the river, when the ice set in upon us, and it was impossible to go farther, we then went on foot to Quebec a distance of about 70 miles, my luggage I carried in a pair of

trousers, the legs of which I tied up and stuffing in all my wardrobe, I threw them over my shoulders, and marched away -

I began now of sheer necessity, to pick up a little French, for at all the farm houses in which we stopped nothing else was spoken. We were several days on our journey, and each night, we found a most hospitable reception amongst those kind Canadian Farmers, or Settlers, who were scattered along the road, 3 or 4 miles apart. They furnished us with the best their houses afforded, and would never take any remuneration. They were all French Canadians, giving plain proof of their European origin, by the remarkable politeness of their manners - At Quebec, <sup>my Captain</sup> and I lodged at the house of a friend, while we were making arrangements with the merchants, about the disposal of our costly cargo. I enjoyed myself exceedingly, being a constant companion of the Captain - This affair took us several weeks - we <sup>then</sup> set out to

to return to the wreck, leaving all the sailors behind us, and taking 4 Canadian hunters to assist in securing and preserving the furs - We travelled on sledges as long as there were any houses, we could stop at, and then set off on foot in snow shoes. We suffered much at first from walking in snow shoes - or rackets - my poor old master complained sadly, but it was impossible to do without them - The snow was lying 5 or 6 feet deep on the level ground, where there had been no drift - We carried all our provisions, and baggage upon small sledges, which we dragged behind us - We lodged three nights in the snow - digging a hole, until we reached the ground, we descended and lit a fire in it, lined it with pine boughs, to prevent the snow from melting, and made a rude roof with spars and boughs. There we lay snugly enough, warm on one side at any rate - Our Canadian companions were our instructors, in all these devices to

out of doors  
procure comfort in this inclement season  
One night we came to an Indian wigwam  
inhabited by a small family, they received  
us very kindly, and allowed us to lodge under  
their roof - we had plenty of provisions, a  
portion of which was very acceptable to these  
poor people - During the whole of this journey  
we marched singly, the Canadians leading  
the way; the leader had much the most  
trying post, as he had to form the track in  
the snow, he had to be frequently changed

At length we reached the cude hut we  
had built for our companions after the wreck,  
they were very glad to see us again -

Our first business was to prepare a larger  
and more commodious dwelling, as we had  
to pass many months in this lonely place;  
this we did by enlarging the hut with logs.  
We then built a large log house, to contain  
the furs, and placed stages within to dry them  
on - they had been packed in bales, and  
were scattered up and down along the beach.

It now became our principle business  
to search for these under the snow, to dig  
them out - unpack them, and hang them  
up to dry, in our large store room. We  
saved in this way a large quantity of furs,  
but some of them were greatly injured; we  
had oil on board, and some casks had been  
stove in the wreck and had much damaged  
the furs - We passed our time pleasantly  
enough - The Indian family had built a  
wigwam and settled close beside us. They  
were invariably kind and very useful to us. We  
had saved some biscuit and salt meat, but  
this was soon consumed. Our party consisted  
of the five hands we had left behind us on  
going to Quabec - the Captain, myself and  
the four Canadians. Our Indian friends kept  
us constantly supplied with Moose deer, upon  
which we lived almost entirely for many months  
without vegetables or salt. On one occasion,  
the Indians told us that they had killed  
three moose deer, which we might have for

1 getting. We set out the next morning, one of  
2 them showing us the way, about 8 o'clock, and  
3 reached the spot, where the deer lay, at noon  
4. We went a long way by the sea side, and then  
5 turned into the woods, threading them some  
6 miles inland. We had taken no provisions  
7 with us, as the Indians had told us, that it  
8 was but a very little way, we found it to  
9 be a most-fatiguing march, encumbered  
10 as we were with our rackets - when we  
11 were very thirsty we ate snow, to which  
12 the Indians most strongly objected, telling  
13 us it would produce weakness and fainting.  
14 All the party were there except one boy, left  
15 at the hut - When we arrived at the spot  
16 where the deer lay, we chopped them into  
17 quarters with our hatchets, and allotted to  
18 each man his burden. - The hind quarter of a  
19 stag came to my share - the foot was cut off  
20 and I tied a rope to the leg and turned the  
21 joint downward, so that the hair came next  
22 the ground. I then started on my return,

following the track we had made in coming -  
There was a large dog with the party, and I  
had formed a plan for harnessing him to  
my load, if he should come up with me, but  
after a while one of the stoutest men of the  
party, passed me, accompanied by the dog  
which he had engaged in his service -  
This was a disappointment for me, and I  
began to get discouraged, darkness was coming  
on, and when I reached the sea side I found  
the road rougher than in the forest, so that  
the labor of dragging the load was much  
increased - The shore now jutted out ~~into~~  
into headlands, and then receded into deep  
bays - and as I passed each point I looked with  
intense interest to see if the wreck was in  
sight - Another and another, of these points  
I passed, and still no settlement appeared  
and almost overcome with fatigue and  
drowsiness, I was often on the point of  
sitting down to rest myself, although I  
knew that if this was once given way to

I should probably never wake again, at length I hardly went 20 yds, without stopping to rest and was in great distress, when suddenly I heard a footstep before me and presently perceived through the gloom, the form of some one, who proved to be the boy we had left at the hut in the morning. After the first man with the dog had arrived, this boy had set out to see if he could assist any of the weary travellers, he joined his shoulder to the load - and suddenly my fatigue, drowsiness, and hunger seemed relieved - we marched gaily along, and soon reached the rude hut which we called our home. Here joined to the real luxury of rest and food, I found a most unexpected treat - We had tasted no vegetable food for months, but during our absence a Canadian hunter, had called at our hut, and having a gallon of flour in his wallet had exchanged it for some beaver skins - The boy had made some dumplings of this

flour, and they were boiling with the deer's flesh that had been brought in first. Of all the delicacies I have ever tasted in my life this meal of soup and dumplings was the most delicious. My comrades arrived about an hour after me, but they had all left their loads behind them, having buried them in the snow to preserve them from the Wolves. Next morning we went in search of them and brought them home in safety - Our hut was a log house, just within the verge of the wood, it consisted of a large porch to keep off the snow - about 12 feet square, in which we hung our snow shoes, the inner room was perhaps 14 feet X 10 feet - We made two rows of berths on each side like those in a ship, and we used beaver skins for our beds. Our Canadians built a house for themselves close by - they behaved exceedingly well and were more orderly than our men, they were all strict Roman Catholics. An odd circumstance happened one day, when

the wind was unusually high. The ridge pole of our porch, was fastened to a large birch tree, and when this tree knocked and swung about in the storm, it threatened to tear our house to pieces over our heads, a council was held in this difficulty, and as it was evident that the support of the tree was far too valuable to be given up - we must reduce it to a stump in order to make it more completely answer our purpose. What with the high wind and the low temperature this was no easy matter as none of us could endure the cold in the branches for more than five minutes together. One man climbed up into the tree, and made a rope fast to one of the branches, he then came down, and another took his place and began to saw the branch, whilst those below, held on the rope to prevent the falling branch from doing mischief - It was a troublesome job and took a long time - But our main business was the securing and preserving the furs, we erected stages of two pieces of timber laid across in

the shape of an X ~~two~~ of which supported the ends of a long pole - on this we spread out the skins to keep them thoroughly aired and every morning we went round to shake them and beat off the ice, these stages were in the open air - When the skins were thoroughly dried they were packed in bundles of about 100 each, and stored away in the large log house which we had erected on purpose for them. There was always plenty of this work for us and the Canadians - We always worked until dark and I used to spend the evenings with the Canadians, for the sake of improving myself in the language, there was no book in the whole establishment - One man had a fiddle, with which he used to amuse himself until we were tired of hearing it - We saved some oil from the wreck, and our cook an ingenious German named Christian Kegel, contrived to make some soap with oil and wood ashes, it was a curious



compound of a dirty brown color, but we found it very useful. — We never saw any wild beasts, but once fancied we saw a bear at a distance, but this was not proved with any certainty. We found the tracks of wolves occasionally, but never met with any. — Early in the 5<sup>th</sup> month 1722, the ice and snow had evidently decreased, and one day we saw a large ship in the offing standing up the river. We made a signal of distress, as we were in great want of bread. — The ship immediately sent off a boat, which came near enough to speak to us, but the surf was so high that they were afraid to land. — The ship was the Earl of Effingham — Captain Powell who knew us well, he was himself in the boat, and told us that he was unwilling to return and supply us with bread, as the wind and tide were both in his favor, and we were not in actual want of food although a little bread would have been a

great treat. — However they gave us a bottle of rum — and asked us if we could furnish them <sup>us</sup> with a pilot — One of our Canadians at once volunteered as he was of the profession. The boat came as near to the shore as she could, and we carried the pilot through the surf on our shoulders and pitched over the boat's quarter <sup>him</sup>. We begged Captain Powell to report us at Quebec all well — and to ask them, to send us assistance as soon as possible. — This Captain Powell, I once saw since I have been living in Leves. I was a purchaser of American flour in London, and was referred by a broker to his principal, who proved to be, the very man, with whom my first interview was on the banks of the St Lawrence, at our winter quarters there.

Near our encampment was a water fall about 12 feet high over which a little river discharged itself into the St Lawrence. — We used to go by turns to this place to supply

ourselves with fresh water, carrying an axe to chop a hole in the ice, to dip our buckets in, which hole was always thickly frozen over again before our next visit —

The Indians our neighbours used always to share with us, any thing they had better than usual. The father of the family would never taste spirits, he lived surrounded by two generations of children. —

About the 20<sup>th</sup> of the 5<sup>th</sup> month 1782, three small vessels arrived from Quebec, to carry us and our salvage away, consisting of the skins we had saved (which amounted to a large number) and the spars and tackling of the ship. We burned the remains of the wreck, in order to get the iron work — Having stowed the goods on board the vessels, we embarked in a few days, very glad to escape from our long imprisonment. We had a good passage to Quebec, where we delivered our cargo —

Most of the summer was taken up in arranging for the disposal of the various goods —

The whole of the salvage including iron work rigging &c was sold by auction and fetched £15000 clear of all expenses, this was of course for the benefit of the underwriters who behaved very handsomely to us. They gave the Captain £200 and the men 1 dollar a day — for each day they they stopped beside the wreck. The Captain and I returned to England in the Autumn of 1782 with our good friend Captain Powell of the Earl of Effingham, who most kindly gave us a passage to Europe — We had a good passage, and landed at Dover. My master and I, went to London in a post chaise — There were three chaises in company, and as we were warned, that we should probably meet with robbers, going up Shooter's Hill — <sup>and</sup> as we were entrusted with Government Despatches — we put on a bold front — and all walked over the supposed dangerous ground each man armed with two pistols and a cutlass — no robbers troubled us — I found on my

return to my relations, that my father had died during my absence. My mother was residing in the same house, in which they had lived together N<sup>o</sup>. 4. Adams Court, Old<sup>to</sup> Broad Street. She had a small annuity from the Trustees of Ramsgate Harbour upon which she lived. I resided with my Captain in London, until he obtained another ship. This was a space of some months - At length he was appointed to the "Bellona," an old French Frigate of about 800 tons - mounting 20 Guns, and fitted out for Quebec - with a general cargo. We sailed in the spring of 1783. Nothing of consequence occurred on our voyage, until we reached the St Lawrence, in the 5<sup>th</sup> month - took pilot on board at the Isle of Berg - and sailing with a fair breeze, and all sail set as smoothly as possible, the pilot made a blunder, and ran the ship on shore near the Island of Conder, South Side - in the morning of a very fine day - We were as little as

possible prepared for such an event. We at once got out a boat - laid out anchors and hove the ship off the ground, when she floated - we found that the false keel was torn off, it floated up alongside, and we took in water at a great rate, and it was evident we must soon sink - we made for the shore with all haste - There was deep water between us and the land - we made all sail, but the ship was sinking fast - and when she touched the ground the press of sail threw her on her beam ends. We had one large boat, which had been cleared, and furnished with axes - the masts absolutely lay down on the water, and the crew consisting of 100 persons were all scrambling after something to keep themselves afloat - I happened to be on the lower side, when the ship went over - I rushed to the other side and walked along the bulwarks which were lying horizontally - I found the Captain almost insensible - The long boat came up between the masts, we both got into

it - I did not even wet my clothes. After cutting away the rigging to make a free passage, we soon cleared the wreck, there were two other boats full. We were about three miles from the shore and all reached it in safety, including the pilot whose want of skill, was the cause of our calamity - We never saw him afterwards he doubtless absconded as soon as he could, fearful of the effects which his misconduct might bring upon him, when we had time to think of anything but our own safety - We picked up two, or three sheep which had swam clear of the wreck. We had eaten nothing as yet since the morning, so that our first business was to make a fire and cook one of our sheep - When we mustered for this meal, we found for the first time that two <sup>of</sup> our hands were missing. These were the Carpenter and a Seaman the one was a Swede, the other a Dane -

I was soon sent with two men, to a farm house in sight to try to procure some bread - The house belonged to an elderly man, a French Canadian - He heard our story - and said at once that he had baked that morning and that we were welcome to all the bread he had in his house, I offered him my watch as security for payment, but he refused to take any thing at all - He said that he had known misfortune himself, and would take nothing for the bread - he sent two men with us to assist with the welcome load, which was soon divided amongst the crew. Our next care was to send off to the vessel to examine into its state, and to see if any traces appeared of our missing companions - I was with a party of men intrusted with this service - When we left the shore the men struck up a lively chorus: "Come cheer up my lads &c" - We found that the ship had been completely swung round by the force

of the tide, and lay in a position exactly the reverse of that in which we left her, she was in shallow water and part of the deck was dry - On coming up to her a large trunk floated out of one of the cabin windows which we picked up, it belonged to one of the passengers - When on board we scuttled the deck, over the Officers' berths, and I got down into my own cabin and secured my clothes books and quadrant. As the tide continued to fall we got into the great cabin, the floor was about half under water - We bent some half-pikes - and poked them into the water, and thus recovered several articles - trunks &c and here we found the body of one of our missing shipmates - he had been trying to get out of one of the cabin windows at the first alarm and probably fallen back, and been overcome by the sudden rush of water - He was a Swede by birth, a very fine man and a good seaman - as the tide began to flow, we put the body into the boat, and pulled back

in perfect silence. I found that during our absence, the hospitable Canadian had been down to our company and finding that no one of them could speak French, had been waiting for me, in order to inform us that he had four beds entirely at our service and to request that I would bring any one that I liked with me to occupy them. He gladly accepted this offer, and as the country was scattered, here and there, with farm houses our crew were soon nicely housed amongst these truly kind people, who furnished us all with the best their stores could produce. After a few days, the crew were desired to make the best of their way up to Quebec and as the road, was inhabited all the way they found this no great hardship, amongst these kind and hospitable people - After they were gone, however, it was soon discovered that several articles were missing, a Gold Watch, the Carpenters tools, and other things. - I was at once ordered off in pursuit of

the seamen, accompanied by a Frenchman of the neighbourhood, who could speak the language better than I. We travelled in a one horse chaise armed with two pistols and a cutlass - We enquired for our men at every house we passed, and met several but not any of the suspected persons. Towards evening we saw a fire in the wood near the road side, we alighted and quickly went up to it - creeping at last on our hands and knees, but found only two old women sitting near it, whom our sudden appearance greatly alarmed - We soon pacified them by relating our business and pushed on our way all night - After day light the next day we found that we had passed all our men, as none had been seen going up, by those who lived on the road side - We therefore turned back again - About six o'clock, we came to a house a little way off the road at which we had not called the day before, I desired my companion to stop

with the chaise, whilst I ran up to the house my cutlass was without a sheath, and I concealed it under a large Spanish cloak which I had on - I knocked at the door and as soon as it was opened, I saw four of our men sitting within, one of whom I most suspected, and under the cross legs of the table at which he was sitting, I saw some of the articles which had been lost - I therefore at once guessed that we were come to the right place. The mistress of the house was a Canadian, I asked her if she would <sup>give</sup> my companion and me some breakfast "most willingly" she replied - I then turned to call my companion, and at that moment two of the men, rushed out of the house, one with a bag in his hand, I ran after them and ordered them to lay down the bag and return to the house, just at that moment my companion came up with the gig. I got the pistols out of the gig - and pointing them at the man he soon obeyed me, I drove him back

into the house, and the other much frightened followed him. I shut the door and fastened the latch with a flaggot stick. We now consulted together, as to what must be done next as our party was so much the smaller we concluded not to proceed farther without help. My companion set off to seek assistance, and I mounted guard at the window where I could see all that took place within. The house consisted of one room only - While I waited here in a rather dubious position I thought the time very long until my comrade returned. He brought only one man whom he found at plough - he could not prevail upon any more to come, as they shrank from so unpleasant a business. The two women of the house, who understood nothing of the cause of this disturbance, were much frightened, and came to the window begging to be released, now however that another man appeared, I gave the pistols to my companions and taking the sword, I walked into the

house and ordered the men to come towards me one at a time. They consulted together some time, during which I told them distinctly, that if more than one approached us, armed as we were, the life of one of them should be forfeited. They came at last singly, we bound their elbows behind their backs - and put them into a small log hut close by and fastened the door. We then searched for our lost goods - we found the watch in an old cask, and several other things belonging to our passengers, but nothing else of much value. We afterwards explained the case to the women, and apologized for the trouble and alarm, we had given them. Now that our prisoners were safe we soon had plenty of help. A military officer a friend of my companion's, and several others came with a second chaise - and we formed quite a cavalcade, one gig in front - another behind I and the prisoners marching in the middle. Thus we returned to the place where we had

been wrecked. The prisoners were afterwards marched up to Quebec, and delivered over to the civil authorities, except one, who escaped by knocking down a sentinel and taking his gun. I had killed a snake, which crossed the road before me on the march; the people told me that I should meet with some misfortune, as it was bad luck to kill these snakes, which were quite harmless. In this prediction they were fully confirmed by an accident which occurred to me shortly afterwards. I had dined with the Captain, when I went to deliver up my prisoners, and when I set out for home I fired off the two pistols which I carried loaded in my belt, as I fired the second pistol the lock blew off and wounded me very severely in the hand, so that it is to this day contracted I cannot open this hand as far as the other by a considerable space. I resided in the house of the generous Canadian farmer for three weeks he conducted himself all the time with the

greatest kindness. He rendered sometimes where he and his servants lodged at night, as we occupied all the house, and one day we discovered that they all slept in an out-house on the premises. He sometimes took a cup of coffee with us - but never joined us farther at our meals - The ship's company was occupied in securing the rigging, and such parts of the wreck, as could be saved, but all the cargo was lost. The hull sank so far in the sand, that although we got two large vessels from Quebec and made fast to her at low water, we were obliged to cut them adrift as the tide rose, and all our endeavours were entirely unsuccessful. Amongst other things we had 500 casks of British brandy intended for the Indians. We relinquished all farther attempts to save any thing from the wreck - she was probably torn to pieces by the ice in the winter. We had two other refractory seamen confined in the Canadian's house for a considerable time



indeed the crew of that vessel was very bad  
All this time I improved myself in the  
language by continually talking French with  
our host. At last the crew dispersed in  
various directions, and I went with my  
Captain up to Quebec. There met the  
gentleman, whose watch I had found, he had  
offered five guineas for its recovery, but he  
seemed to have forgotten this offer. He  
however assisted me to find freight for a  
vessel, in which I was about to sail as  
master up to Montreal. This was the  
highest office I ever held, and I expected  
to go home to England as master of her,  
but when I returned to Quebec my old  
master had concluded to take me home with  
him - perhaps he thought me too young, to  
have charge of a ship, and he did not  
himself like her. He engaged our passage  
on board the Quebec, and we sailed in the  
7<sup>th</sup> month 1783 - We went down the Saint  
Lawrence and through the Straits of

Belair Belle Isle, to avoid the Enemy's cruizers  
Our ship was a "Letter of Marque" or armed  
Merchant vessel - In going through the Straits  
we chased a vessel, fired at her and brought  
her to. I was one of the boarding boats crew  
We boarded in high style thinking we had  
a good prize, but she showed us her papers  
which proved that she belonged to Guernsey  
We had nothing to do but to make our bow  
and retire with as much dignity as we could  
assume - I acted as third mate during  
the passage home - for my own amusement  
and messed with the Gunner, Carpenter and  
Boatswain - Soon after passing through the  
Straits one very fine day, I went aloft to  
assist in getting a topmast studding sail  
set - Sitting astride on the ~~end~~ end of the  
yard, which projected far beyond the deck,  
with a coil of rope in my hand, as I was  
endeavouring to clear the rope, I fell into the  
sea a distance of more than thirty feet -  
the rope fell with me, and the first recol =

lection I have is of rapid descent through the water, and then of as rapid a rise when I rose to the surface, I saw the rope that fell with me, hanging just above my head - I caught hold of it, but it was run-ning through a block, and the other end was not made fast, therefore it afforded me no security - I felt the rope coming away, and saw the vessel sailing past me although she was going very slowly - at that moment a man jumped overboard with rope round him - and at the same instant another man on the yard seized the end of the rope, I was holding - The man who had jumped overboard from the fore part of the ship could not swim out far enough to reach me. I was dragging along at the end of the rope which was fast - whereas his was loose, so that I partook of the vessel's motion, which he did not, so I soon passed him, seeing that he had missed me he was hauled up on deck

I saw all this, and have a distinct recol-lection of all that took place - My own Captain now appeared at the gangway, he called to me not to be alarmed, that I was quite safe, and had only to tow quietly behind the ship, and not to attempt to raise myself out of the water - These assurances greatly cheered me, and I attended to his orders calmly.

In the mean time, a rope with a large loop at the end, was slipped over the rope to which I was hanging, and let fall over my head, I had only to slip this loop under my arms, and I was soon drawn safely on deck. All the circumstances of this most Providential escape are still perfectly fresh in my memory - and are gone over in my mind almost every day, at the distance of fifty years. Had the vessel been sailing at any speed, or had I fallen on the deck, the result, would in all probability, have been the reverse of what it was - The man who

seized the cunning rope, and was thus the  
means of saving my life. - Some, 18 years after  
that, working as a bricklayer in the Bear Yard at  
Leeds - he was a poor worn out seaman, he had  
quite forgotten me, but I recognized him, and  
when I asked him, if he ~~could~~ recollected such  
a vessel at such a time, and a young man falling  
overboard? He at once replied - "I caught hold  
of the rope which saved his life", I found out that  
this poor man did not bear a good character,  
and I was sorry that I could not serve him,  
beyond giving him some clothes, and showing  
some little attentions to his wife and family. -  
In passing the Straits where this remarkable  
preservation happened, we saw some very large  
Icebergs, aground in 18 fathoms of water in the  
middle of Summer - We passed also a dead whale  
floating on the water, covered with immense quantities  
of birds - the stench arising from this mass  
of putridity was very great, although we took care to  
pass to Windward of it, We fired a gun towards it  
and the air was darkened by the startled birds.

We had a quick passage and fine weather, my  
Master, and I landed at Dover, and posted to  
London. I found my mother and sister well, I  
staid some months in London, and lived with my  
Master, who had a wife and two daughters, they  
were a genuine Scotch family - Peace  
with America was now proclaimed, which was  
no great joy to me, as my wages were reduced  
one half. My Captain obtained another ship,  
the "Rosamond" bound for Boston, New England.

Our voyage was prosperous, and ours was the  
first British Merchant ship in the harbour of  
Boston after the Peace - I remember very well  
some Yankees coming on board to look at the  
English ship which was quite a novelty. - One  
of them said to our Mate, "What do the English  
think of us now that we have gained our Inde-  
pendance?" Our Mate said "What do you mean  
by your Independance?" - to which the other  
replied "I will swear you now, I do not know  
but it is what our folks have been fighting for"  
The Americans treated us very inhospitably

They called the English very bad names for taking all the money out of their country, and on one occasion a party from an American ship attempted to come on board of us, to haul down our colours, which were hoisted in honor of their 4<sup>th</sup> July - There was nobody on board our ship, but the Boatswain and myself. - The Boatswain went aloft to clear their ship from our rigging, as the vessels were lying close together. - An American came out to their bowsprit end - There they quarrelled - high in the rigging and agreed to fight - The vessel soon cleared from us, and drifted up the harbor. - About an hour afterwards, a large party came down upon the long wharf, with their champion, to fight the English - shouting "bring out the English rascal" - We were busily employed, but the Boatswain stripped off his jacket saying "he would fight Goliath for the honor of England," he jumped on shore and, I followed him, when the American

appeared - he was a very tall powerful man whereas my shipmate was rather below middle size. Before I could reach the place the Englishman was knocked down, and in helping him to get on his legs, I received several blows, and was very roughly handled - When I had time to look round, I saw a Naval Officer, whose mother had come out as a passenger in our ship - he promptly inter-  
-fired, dispersed the mob and saw us safe on board of our ship - This story was told far and wide, with many alterations and ad-  
-ditions - I went to dine with a gentleman in Boston a few days after, he said to me before the party assembled - "This affray is much talked of, you will hear of it at dinner, but as the company will not know you, take care to know nothing about it yourself" I had the mortification of hearing the story told very much to our disadvantage, and bore it with as much patience as I could, and follow-  
-ing the advice I received, was not recognized

as one of the actors myself. We soon obtained a cargo for London, and made a very good passage to London - having been absent 3 months and 3 days - We sailed again for Boston at the end of 1784 with a general cargo, and again had a good passage - I visited the remains of the town of Charleston which had been burned after the battle of Bunker's Hill - I traversed the field of slaughter, with an Officer of the American Artillery. Our cargo home 1785 was very short but we carried a large amount of specie - On the passage home my Captain was taken very ill and confined to his bed - He was beyond the middle age, a tall thin man - a native of Ipswich - This illness lasted all the passage; once during the night, he rung the bell and asked what we were doing on deck?, I said "we were shortening sail, as although the wind was fair there was rather too much of it" On this he ordered me to go on deck again and set the sails - saying "When you were apprentice

you were a pretty good lad, but now you do not care how long you are at sea, the more months the more money" - I said if he would come on deck I would obey his orders, but when there alone, I must act according to my own judgement - He was anxious, poor man, to get home to his family on account of his declining health, he was much reduced when we reached Dover and desired to be put ashore - The boat that brought off the Pilot landed him at Dover - When I took leave of him, he left the charge of all the property to me, and gave me very particular instructions respecting it - I never saw him more, he died soon after at Dover - I delivered up all the property as he directed. The silver alone loaded a hackney coach so heavily that the driver complained of the weight as I took it to the Bank - Here ends the history of my seafaring life, and the circumstances left to record, will be of a much less

varied character. My old Captain's death left me unemployed, and I became acquainted with an American Loyalist who had sacrificed all his property to his political opinions. He was then waiting for some recompense from the Government, through the influence of the Earl of Eppingham, and expected an appointment under the Governor of Jamaica to command one of the small islands near it. He offered to take me with him, when he had obtained the nomination to the post, but after waiting several months without success, he told me that I had better not depend upon him any more, and made me a present of five guineas, lamenting that he could not give me any farther help. He was about a year afterwards appointed Governor of Island. Whilst lingering at home, during this time, I once more became acquainted with my own family to whom I had been almost a stranger for many years. I also had acquired some taste for the

comforts of domestic life, and as the wages of seamen were so small since the Peace, I began to think seriously of leaving the Sea. I made application for employment to a gentleman, who had been acquainted with our family for a long time - John Barker. He had started in life as cabin boy to my Grandfather - had acquired a large fortune at sea, and was afterwards a kind friend to my father; ~~but my father~~ but my father always entertained a strong prejudice against him for having been engaged in privateering. He was at this time - a Bank Director - Governor of the London Assurance Company - Trustee of Ramsgate Harbor - and Elder Brother of the Trinity. On telling him of my intention to leave the Sea - he was almost angry, and told me to go and try again - said that he got all his money at sea - and refused to do any thing for me. My cousin Sarah Godlee lodged at this time with Colonel Barker

Allen a Veterinary Public in London, and he gave me employment in his office at first at St-Julian's - I was also occasionally employed by the firm of Chester and Walducks. Richard Chester had been a suitor to my cousin Sarah Godlee - This state of things lasted for some months, one of my fellow clerks was William Brittonden of Lewes, who falling into bad health, went home for change of air - I took his place until his return - I fancy that it was planned for William Brittonden to marry the daughter of E. B. Allen, and that the old folks at Lewes, his parents thought, I might stand in their son's way - William Brittonden also knew that I was looking out for a more settled situation - and he spoke about me to Tho<sup>s</sup> Hauben, Banker and Ironmonger at Lewes I afterwards saw him in London, and he described the situation to me. - I told him I had been brought up to the sea, had been little used to accounts and could not undertake

a post of much responsibility except as qualified by a drilling mind - After a while he wrote to me and offered to pay my expenses down to Lewes, if I would come for a month on trial - I set out with three guineas in my pocket, and a very scanty wardrobe - I travelled by coach this being the first time in my life, I had entered such a vehicle - We left London at 5 O'clock in the morning and reached Lewes at about 7 in the evening - having breakfast at Godstone - at 10 O'clock and no other regular meal, we reached our destination tired and hungry - This was on the 7<sup>th</sup> of the second month 1785. - All this time since leaving the sea, I had attended Friends' meetings but had not been united in membership with them - I now entered as Clerk in the Stamp Office, at my new master's, and was much puzzled on the first market day by a country man coming in, and saying, "I lack a stopp," being unused to the Sussex dialect, the phrase was quite

unintelligible to me. I continued here ten months - I was invited to the house of Richard and Peters Rickman, soon after my arrival, and on one occasion accompanied him to see his daughter Jane, then an infant at nurse. I left the employ of Thomas Harben in consequence of having offended his son Thomas Henry - his father resented it, and ordered me away at once - I accepted the warning, and went to Richard P. Rickman and told him the circumstance - He was just parting with his apprentice James Webb, and he at once engaged me to fill the vacancy - I acquainted my master with the transaction the same evening, he complained of my sudden departure, and refused to pay me the amount of salary due - I told him, I was now the servant of another man but consented to stay a few weeks longer, if he would go and ask it as a favor from my new master, this he did and I staid accordingly - Richard P. Rickman was at that

time a grocer and general merchant, I was clerk and traveller and stopped with him in that capacity ten years, at the end of that time he took me into partnership and soon after I married his second daughter, Mary on the 24<sup>th</sup> of the second month 1796 - Richard P. Rickman died in 1801. he left me his executor, and I carried on the business according to his will until the year 1801 when his youngest son George came of age - I then continued the business until the year 1825 - at which time I gave over the management to my <sup>oldest</sup> son Burwood My sister Elizabeth lived until a few years after my marriage, and <sup>she</sup> came to visit us at Lewes. My very kind cousin Sarah Godlee continued much interested in my affairs until her death which took place in the year 1823 in her 85<sup>th</sup> year - she paid us a visit almost every summer while able to undertake the journey. - I am now in my 76<sup>th</sup> year and have been remarkably favored with



health and strength, although I cannot do quite as much as formerly, my <sup>hearing</sup> sight has failed a good deal in the last few years but my memory is as good as ever. I have been able, this last summer to go out many times, to weigh wool for my son Burrwood, and once drove 14 miles and superintended the weighing of 900 fleeces of wool during the last severe frost.

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N.B. In our part of Sussex it was the custom, for the buyers of farmer's wool to attend at the farm - weigh, pack, and take delivery of the wool on the farm premises - My Grandfather - Father and Burrwood - had a large connection as buyers amongst the South Down Farmers for many years.

J.G. -

What follows, consists of Remarks upon the last few years of my Father's life - by my Sister Sarah Rickman. -

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Our dear Father lived three years after the foregoing pages were written, a cheerful and serene old age was his portion, his deafness continued to increase, so that latterly he did join much in general conversation. Towards the Spring of the year 1841, a small sore place appeared on his foot, which confined him to the house and afterwards to his couch. He spent his time in reading mostly Religious books, and bore his confinement with his accustomed tranquillity. One day just after dinner, he remarked a numbness in his hand, which was immediately recognized as a slight attack of paralysis. Medical aid was immediately called, and active measures were taken. He appeared quite aware of the dangerous nature of the attack, but not in the least disturbed by it, and

said once, or twice "death has taken me very kindly by the right hand" - His speech was a good deal affected, for a few days but the means used were successful, and he recovered wonderfully. The sore place on his foot healed, and he began to walk about a little, but he soon found a great decrease of vigor, and plainly perceived that he had lost much of his former activity and should most likely never recover it. Under these feelings, he was sometimes much depressed, and thought he had done wrong in wishing to live longer, lest he should give much trouble to his friends. For a few days this was a painful state to himself, and others, but it soon appeared that real disease was at work, probably giving rise to this uneasy state of mind.

A few notes made at this time follow -  
1841 4<sup>th</sup> month 23<sup>rd</sup> - Our dear Father with much difficulty, went down stairs this morning having been confined for more than a month,

he much enjoyed the change and was gratified by a call of Tho<sup>s</sup> Whitfield and George Stoper, who congratulated him most cordially on his partial restoration - 5<sup>th</sup> month 1<sup>st</sup> Our dear father sat in the summer house all the morning and smoked a pipe for the first time since his long confinement - 5<sup>th</sup> month 8<sup>th</sup>, Our dear father walked to the end of Malt house Lane 5<sup>th</sup> month 10<sup>th</sup> He rode out with Jacob Cooke and Burwood and enjoyed it, especially, the recognitions of his friends in the streets and the many kind greetings he received, he seems much more feeble the last few days his legs swell towards evening -

5<sup>th</sup> month 12<sup>th</sup> Our dear Father walked to meeting with tolerable ease, and seemed much pleased to have made the effort - 5<sup>th</sup> month 17<sup>th</sup> He passed a most uncomfortable night, slept little, but does not seem much altered this morning - He walked to the counting house with difficulty between two strong arms - He stopped down stairs until supper time, and

walked up about as usual - 5<sup>th</sup> month 18<sup>th</sup>  
A very restless night, with uneasy respiration,  
and towards morning, a settled pain in the  
side, which gave way to the means used  
5<sup>th</sup> month 19<sup>th</sup> The pain returned, great  
langour followed, he was this evening re-  
-moved into the study, and regular turns of  
nursing established, letters are sent every  
day to our brothers and sister in London  
who were at Yearly meeting - 5<sup>th</sup> month 20<sup>th</sup>  
This day was passed more comfortably the dear  
Patient appeared more calm and tranquil, often  
saying "the conflict cannot last long", repeating  
now and then a text or a line of a hymn  
Burnwood arrived to night to our great  
comfort - dear Father was glad to see him.  
5<sup>th</sup> month 21<sup>st</sup> A day of weariness and suf-  
-fering, yet brightened now and then by  
affection and kindness, his speech very  
indistinct, a letter arrived from our Brother  
in Australia, to which dear Father listened  
with interest and pleasure - He has  
"Your humble Servant"

several times repeated "And if by reason of  
strength, they be four score years, yet is their strength  
labor and sorrow" - Our brother Rickman and  
sister Pisciella returned from London this  
morning - The night was restless but more  
quiet towards morning - 5<sup>th</sup> month 22<sup>nd</sup>

Our dear Mother was taken up stairs to see  
the dear patient, their interview was affec-  
-tionate but not exciting - He nodded to  
her, and smiled as was his wont, and when  
she spoke said, "what does mother say?" - owing  
to his deafness, he had long ceased to hear  
her voice, weakened by the delicate state  
of her lungs - A calm "farewell" closed the  
interview, on both sides - Father adding "may  
she fare well" - He was very affectionate  
this day - often looking round for his girls  
- saying "I do not like them to go away"  
In the afternoon he repeated, the stanza  
beginning "Come peace of mind delight-  
-ful guest" - and on Lucy repeating "Bless  
the Lord, Oh my soul", he immediately

added, "And all that is within me Bless His Holy Name" appropriating it evidently, to himself. Doctor Hodgkin arrived about tea time, he was slumbering then, but when he aroused, held out his hand to him. The Doctor could not be satisfied without trying something to rouse the sinking powers but on placing a blister on the leg, it was found to be quite cold, and the dear Patient, having gradually settled about 9. O'clock, the restlessness quite ceased the breathing was perfectly easy, and the calm of Death settled on the countenance and spread over the frame. We watched in silence through the quiet hours of night, and at five in the morning of the 23<sup>rd</sup> day of the 5<sup>th</sup> month 1841. the gentle breathing ceased.

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There was one present in whose ears, the solemn words seemed perpetually sounding. "I am the Resurrection, and the Life" - In them who spoke these Words, we humbly trust our beloved Father fell asleep.

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The following is a Copy of some notes, taken by our Aunt Susan Beck (our Mother's youngest Sister) of our dear Father's conversation and state of mind during the early part of his confinement when he was suffering only from his foot 1841 2nd month 27<sup>th</sup> - On my entering he said - "I have had a very quiet morning, whilst you have been at meeting," his countenance evincing that it was more than outward quiet. - "The things of this life are of no consequence, compared with those of Eternity - life is but a passage - I care nothing about my children. having the riches of this World, and I am not anxious they should escape trouble, if they but go the right way, and get well to the end - There is one text, which has often been my comfort - "It is vain to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrow - for so the <sup>Lord</sup> giveth <sup>him</sup> his beloved sleep," it came very fresh into my thoughts one night when my mind had been toiling most of the

night, and I had sweet sleep after it. It seemed to teach me that those who place their trust aright may find a rest. How fresh the scriptures sometimes come into the mind, it is not always so, it is a gift. We want more humility, — we always want this — we are so apt to attach something to great I, but we have nothing of our own, — a little while, and all our estate will be a piece of ground four feet wide, and six feet long. —

2<sup>nd</sup> Month 28<sup>th</sup> — I have no pain now, and I abound in mercies, every thing I can desire. Oh! how different from the situation I was in, when I landed the first time in America, a stranger, in a strange country a poor forlorn boy, — the kindness I met with from a person, I had never seen before, I must always regard as a special interposition of Providence. it was not an accidental thing — there are few things happen to us by accident, but we are such short sighted creatures, we often cannot see the

end, how very little can we know or understand the works of Eternal Wisdom.

3<sup>rd</sup> Month 1<sup>st</sup> I heard the clock strike every hour but two last night. but I do not say this to complain. — I do not think any one better off than myself, such kind children and all about me which I can desire I can say.

"Ten thousand thousand precious gifts

By daily thanks employ" —

How the contemplation of the works of Providence, makes us sink into nothing, and yet we are not willing to think ourselves nothing yet we must come to this, before we can be prepared to receive any good. — How full and beautiful is that stanza of Addison's

"How are thy servants blessed Oh! Lord"

3<sup>rd</sup> Month 7<sup>th</sup> — First Day — Reading and much enjoying John Woolman's Journal. I had a nice ride yesterday into Burrwood's garden it was very pleasant, and did good to body and mind, and what sweetened the whole was that I could feel

the Goodness of the Almighty in all I saw  
I have been spared to a good old age, and  
have many blessings every day, my cup is  
more than full, it is overflowing. Oh! if  
I could tell of all I feel of gratitude when I  
come into this room of a morning, but I  
cannot express all neither do I wish to do so  
and it all resolves it self into this, - that  
all and every good thing we have, and our  
capacity to enjoy them - comes from that which  
is above ourselves - for we have nothing and are  
nothing - What good children I have - I  
hope when I am gone, they will have the best  
reward, better than I can give them - Durward  
was delightfully kind to me yesterday, when he  
had me in the garden, I wish he could know  
all I feel towards him - In my early days  
I wished to do right, but I afterwards went far  
astray - there was a little germ of life left (and  
this is often the case with youth) which sprouts  
up in after life - I cannot look back upon my  
life, without tracing the Hand of Mercy very

distinctly - 3<sup>rd</sup> Month 17<sup>th</sup>. We are apt to think the  
present ailment the worst, I think if I could  
walk, I should not mind all the rest, but I  
ought to think, what a good thing it is to have  
such a nice warm room to sit in - and I do think  
so too, only we cannot expect to feel always alike  
We must live one day at a time, and not look  
forward to tomorrow, only as remembering that  
every day brings us nearer home - 3<sup>rd</sup> Month 20<sup>th</sup>  
I may never leave this bed again. Well! if it  
should be so, it will be all right, I cannot  
expect to continue long, and I think I can  
say - When and how He pleases - No one can  
tell, how much peaceful feeling, I have had  
in this room, some of the best part of my life  
has been spent here, since I have been unable  
to get out - I can say "Give what Thou wilt  
without Me, I am poor &c" - I have been thinking  
of the promise - "At Eventide there shall be light"  
if it should be so with me, it will be a favor  
indeed - I should like to go out again, but all  
will be ordered right - how many comforts I

have. — is exceedingly kind to me  
It is wonderful what she does for me, there  
is nothing but what she can do. 4<sup>th</sup> Month 12<sup>th</sup>  
(after a slight attack of paralysis) I am  
quite resigned to the will of my Heavenly  
Father — I think I am — I desire to be so  
whatever He orders is right. — On hearing  
the words "Goodness and Mercy have followed  
me all the days of my life" — he said  
emphatically — "Abundantly so" — It is a great  
favor my dear Mary is so calm — I thought it  
would be so — 4<sup>th</sup> Month 13<sup>th</sup> — Another day  
this is more than I expected — he then assented  
feelingly to the belief expressed, that his Saviour  
was very near him, He then repeated — "Bless  
the Lord Oh my Soul, and all that is within me  
Bless His Holy Name" — I felt a little more of  
resignation last evening, and anxious lest I should  
become paralytic, and a trouble to my kind  
attendants, but I was soon favored to be calm  
and satisfied — Just before going to bed Mary Ann  
read to me the 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> Chapters of Hebrews, and

some of those beautiful verses remained with  
me — I have been thinking a good deal about  
an Irish gentleman, who is deeply involved in  
the concerns of this World and who is some-  
times affected with threatening symptoms in  
the head — I repeated to him some time ago  
some lines, on the cobbler who refused to hear  
the voice of warning — but was obliged to go  
he said — "O! I shall not let the old fellow  
(Death) come into my thoughts yet awhile"  
I reminded him that "he might come  
whether wanted or not" — and I am glad now  
that I had courage to give him my warn-  
ing — 5<sup>th</sup> Month 14<sup>th</sup> — I am low to day  
and have been thinking, it may not be so well  
with me, as some weeks back, and that perhaps it  
would have been better if I had gone then —  
I wished then to live, and now my prayer  
has been answered — I fear that I have not  
been grateful enough — and yet I know that,  
that was not the right time, or I should  
have gone then — He will never forsake

them that trust in Him - It is encouragement when we are low to remember a remark I met with lately - "Where there are no doubts, nor fears there is no faith" 5<sup>th</sup> month 6<sup>th</sup> I think I have found out and am willing to see, that I am nothing, and yet I am restless and wanting something I have not, although I really have all I can desire - When I awoke this morning, the first words that came into my mind were "God is love", but I was soon troubled because I could not keep hold of them - 15<sup>th</sup> I have such bad nights, no quiet, I do not mind lying awake, if my mind could get into stillness, but it is gone from me. Referring to the 77<sup>th</sup> Psalm - Ah! I remember reading this to poor sister Payne, and we were so affected with it, that we laid our heads on the table and wept together and now I am ready to adopt the same plaintive language "Are Thine mercies clean gone for ever?" But then it goes on to say

this is my infirmity - but all is right I dare say - and as to my change - I can say When and how He pleases.

Copy finished  
Sep<sup>r</sup> 10<sup>th</sup> 1888  
John Ludlow



**DEATH OF MRS GODLEE** —We announce with regret the death of Mrs Burwood Godlee, which took place on Tuesday evening at Leighside. The deceased lady had been seriously ill for a considerable period, and her loss will be much felt by a large circle of friends, and by many who have been the recipients of her great but unostentatious charity. The deceased lady was buried on Saturday last, in the ground attached to the Friends' Meeting House. A goodly number of persons, including many friends, witnessed the ceremony. The body was borne from Leighside in a hearse at three o'clock. The following were the chief mourners, the first four of whom were conveyed in Mr Godlee's private carriage:—Burwood Godlee and Mary Albright Godlee; Rebecca Godlee and Lucy Godlee; Joseph Lister Godlee and Mary Godlee; Joseph Albright and Rebecca Albright; John M. Albright and Lydia Sturge; John Rickman and Lucy Smith; Rickman John Godlee and Mary Hannah Rickman; Francis Godlee and Elizabeth Rickman; Theodore Godlee and Mary Jane Godlee; Elizabeth Hodgkin and Howard Hodgkin; the servants. The coffin, which was of polished oak, bore the following inscription on the plate:—

PRISCILLA GODLEE,  
Died  
20th of third month,  
1877.  
Aged 72 years.

Mr Albright and Mr Godlee spoke at the grave, and Mr C. R. Kemp engaged in prayer. At the conclusion of the ceremony attending the interment, the usual service took place in the Meeting House, where earnest and impressive addresses were delivered by Miss Pitt, Mr Albright, and Mr Daniel Hack. Amongst those who attended the funeral, in addition to those whose names are already mentioned, we noticed Mr C. R. Penney, Capt. Noble (Nutley), Mr G. Whitfield, Mr Robt. Crosskey, Capt. Helby, Mr R. Turner (deceased's medical attendant), Mr M. S. Blaker, Mr J. L. Parsons, Mr C. Parsons, Dr. Lewis Smythe, Mr J. G. Braden, Mr T. Madgwick, Mr J. C. Lucas, Mr H. Jones, Mr W. Pankett, Mr H. J. Bartlett, Mr F. Martin, Mr G. Martin, Mr C. Wille, Mr C. A. Wells, Mr C. Mitchell, Mr R. Lambe, Mr J. Knight, Mr W. Nurse, &c. The undertaker was Mr John Fuller, of School hill.

REV. F. WOOLLEY.—The funeral of

the motion was carried.

#### THE RIPLEY DRAINAGE.

The Clerk asked the permission of the Board, on behalf of the Rural Sanitary Authority, to break up certain portions of their roads at Ripley for the purpose of laying down the drains.

Mr Watkins, who holds the position of Surveyor to the Drainage Committee, explained where it was necessary to break up the roads, and assured the Board that after the drains had been put in they would be made as good as before.

The Chairman thought the desired permission should not be withheld for one moment, on the understanding that any damage that might be done through negligence or from any other cause should be made good by the Sanitary Authority.

Mr Furnival cited an instance of negligence which recently came under his notice, in which a waggon wheel became firmly embedded in a rut caused by the imperfect filling in of a trench dug for the reception of the water pipes.

Mr Watkins assured the Board that he would have every trench properly filled in after the introduction of the pipes.

Mr Boreman enquired what would become of the old parish culverts?

The Chairman replied that these having been paid for out of the parish rates, were and would continue parish property.

It was then resolved that the permission sought be granted.

#### RAILWAY ENCROACHMENT.

The Chairman said it would be remembered that in November last, a private bill was introduced by the South Western Railway Company for power to make certain extensions at Woking station, by which the public road on the North-west side would be encroached upon. The bill proposed to compensate such private rights as would be interfered with, but said nothing as to the right of the public. He moved that a deputation be appointed to wait on the directors of the South Western Railway, for the purpose of ascertaining from them what compensation they proposed to make the ratepayers of Woking for an encroachment on their rights, and that such deputation

My eldest Brother, Burnwood Godlee  
died at Lewes December 9<sup>th</sup> 1852. He  
was married - first to Paisilla Ashby  
of Staines, in Middlesex - and second  
to Mary Albright Ashby, sister of his  
first wife - The following sketch was  
written by Burnwood <sup>shortly</sup> after his first  
wife's death - in her private journal

I received it from M. A. Godlee my  
brother's second wife <sup>and widow</sup>, and now copy it  
for my daughter C. L. Godlee -

Sept. 11. 1858

John Godlee

The day the above was written  
(referring to the last entry, in Paisilla's  
journal) being the last portion of a daily  
record extending without a break <sup>after</sup> over  
a period of <sup>years</sup> ~~over~~ 44 years - The writer of this  
(B.G.) deemed it proper to ask the advice  
of the family physician, R<sup>th</sup> Turner, about  
the ailment of the dear journalist -  
He prescribed in vain, perseverance in the

means that had been already adopted to  
relieve, what seemed to be only an obstinate  
case of obstruction -

This plan was soon discontinued, as being  
both useless and distressing, but it was  
followed by a time, of terrible anxiety  
to the surrounding friends, and on the  
part of the dear sufferer by one of perfect  
placidity and patience, she seemed to be  
thinking of every body but herself -

The ever increasingly anxious days led up  
step by step to an operation on the 4<sup>th</sup> of the  
2nd month, which to us appeared the  
culminating point, at which our worst  
fears were changed into delicious hope  
and our dear patient's condition became  
one of comparative comfort and ease -

Deep and high were the waves of alternate  
fear and hope which succeeded, hope  
largely prevailing, during which we had  
the privilege and the pleasure of tending  
and nursing one who proved to be the

very paragon of patients, and very, very precious, is still the memory of those days and nights

When at last almost all hope of complete restoration had vanished, some of us believed that we might still long love and cherish her, even though it might be through a lengthened period of marred and imperfect, but to her and to us all, of happy existence—

Sadly however during the night of the 20<sup>th</sup> of the third month, 1877 we were called upon to watch her slowly ebbing life and the loved remains were most gently left behind, whilst the Spirit ascended to the gracious God, who gave it.—

On the 24<sup>th</sup> we committed the mortal part to its parent earth surrounded by many similar memorials of the loved ones of other days, (in our own little cemetery) which seemed waiting to receive, and with this last addition, are now

waiting

"To receive another and another guest."

Provision is made for the earthly tenement of the writer to crumble with hers, in due time, into their common dust, after no common union in life of more than 44 years—

For that other union—so joyous—so sweet in anticipation, so triumphant, yet so unmerited, as deserved more or less dimly or brightly, by the eye of faith, and the assurance, that the white robe of Christ's righteousness, will be accepted as covering all that we have done amiss, and render us fit guests, to sit at the great and glorious marriage feast of the Lamb in a kingdom of light and love; all rests with Him, who doeth all things well, and who permits and encourages <sup>us</sup> to indulge in the precious hope that such will be our blessed portion—

It was not the habit of the precious wife or her loving husband to refer much in conversation to these things but enough of communion, and especially during her illness was often felt and enjoyed, when the answering sign alone, without any words, remained to tell to the now lonely survivor that all was peace and assurance for ever.

The last of these occasions was only about an hour before the final close and when articulation had become very imperfect - a deep pressure of the hand (which had been long before closely linked with that of the writer) then told how deeply the spirit responded to a feeling repetition of the well known lines

"Keep us, Oh Keep us King of Kings,  
Under thine own Almighty wings"

Of the precious life, for the present lost to us, very, very dear is the memory, and very

largely and widely, are the warm feelings of more near and distant friends in unison with this, but far above any other must be ranged those of the bereaved Husband.

To know her was to love her, and to come within the influence of her spirit was to be loved by her - there was no exception but most diligently was it extended to those whom "she sought out sitting desolate" and seeming to have no helper.

And now for himself the writer says of her -

"The all of thee that cannot die  
Returns again to me.  
And more thy buried love endears  
Than ought except its living years."

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of his life. - Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the Elders of the People. Proverbs xxxi.

The following are copies of letters of sympathy, from several personal friends of Burnwood's addressed to his Widow shortly after his death.

- 1st Robert Crosskey J.P
- 2 - Alexander Beattie - (2 letters)
- 3 - A. E. Carey Esq Engineer of Harbor  
" Works New Haven
- 4<sup>th</sup> A. R. Kelly
- 5 Emily, G. Noble Wife of Capt. Noble
- 6 James H. Schlater
- 7 Otto
- 8 Rev<sup>d</sup> W. E. Richardson Incumbent of  
" All Saints <sup>and</sup> Southover
- 9<sup>th</sup> Earl of Chichester
- 10 Richard Patching

Most of the above writers were associated with Burnwood on the Lewes Bench of Magistrates.

Eastgate, Lewes  
Dec<sup>r</sup>. 10. 1882

Dear Mrs Godlee - It is impossible to write what I feel, or to express how deeply I am grieved at the sudden death of your dear husband, my oldest, and most valued friend - pray accept my heartfelt sympathy -

My early remembrances are of his great usefulness, and active co-operation in all good works, and since that time, I have had the privilege, of working with him, and have learned to prize, and honor his clear sound judgement and great knowledge; he spared no time or effort to carry out what he deemed right, and his duty to do - I have learned much from him, and owe a debt of gratitude, that cannot be repaid.

It must be a great consolation in your sorrow to know how much Burnwood Godlee was respected and honored by all classes, and that his long life was devoted to the good of those around him, and that all appreciated him, valued his efforts, and now will mourn his loss.



me to day - But God directs all, and we must not doubt His wisdom and love in all that He appoints to us. I speak not of my own loss, but it is very great - His society and friendship, were ever most dear to me. Will you thank your nephew for his letter, and if there be any thing that you think I can do for you in any way, I trust you will freely command me - My dear wife joins, in deepest sympathy and love to you. And I am

Yours affectionately and truly  
Alexander Beattie

Parkfield, Kingston Hill  
Surrey. Dec<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 1882

My dear friend

I can write to you more composedly, than I could yesterday, when I first heard of ~~my~~<sup>your</sup> great loss, and I may add of mine also - When I knew not

any particulars of the closing scene of my dear friend's life - I was unable to write you composedly, but I gather from a letter which I received this morning from Mr. Knight, that it was not only sudden, but comparatively painless; and sitting peacefully in his chair, he passed into the world of spirits - For this most peaceful end, we ought to feel thankful - and in this I realize ~~to~~ the words of the Psalmist -

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace"  
When I told my dear suffering, patient wife of the event she said - Well!

"Friend after friend departs,

Who hath not lost a friend?

There is no union here of hearts,

That finds not here an end."

And I would add for your comfort and my own

"There surely is a world,

Where partings are unknown,

A long eternity of love,

Formed for the good alone."



And to that world through our Saviour's merits and favor, I trust we shall all attain in God's own time.

For you - that you may be supported and comforted, I offer my humble prayer, and sad as is the affliction, I trust you can say to your Heavenly Father - "I have trusted in Thy Mercy; my heart shall rejoice in Thy salvation!"

My dear wife sends her love and deep sympathy - and I am very truly yours in Christian affection.

Alexander Beattie

Lord Chichester very feelingly made me aware of his, and my dear friend's departure early in the day yesterday. A. B.

Newhaven, Harbor Company,  
Newhaven Harbor Sussex. -

Dec<sup>r</sup>. 12. 1882. -

J. Sister Gockee -

Dear Sir - I need not say how shocked

and grieved I was, to receive the news of Mr Godlee's death yesterday. Will you express to Mrs Godlee how deeply I feel for, and with her in her loss - The intercourse between Mr Godlee and myself in connection with this work was constant, and my esteem and affection for him were deep and deepening - I cannot forget his generous confidence, which now seems to me infinitely touching. Few men had the power of attaching others to him, so completely as he, and that influence will remain although his spirit, so wise, so calm and gentle has passed away from us.

Believe me, to remain

Yours very faithfully

A. E. Carey (C. E.)

The Governor's House -  
Cold Bath Fields, London  
12<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> - 1882

Dear Mrs Godlee -

The intelligence of the sudden death

of my kind, good, old friend, has reached us, and I hope it may not be intruding too soon on your deep sorrow, to express our sincere sympathy with you in the great loss you have sustained - Mr Endless's excellence and worth, and his unvariable courtesy and kindness had endeared him to all who knew him, and need not that I should speak of them; - his name was a tower of strength in every good object and endeavour -

It would not be easy to instance a life of greater usefulness. Personally his departure has removed from this earth, one of my truest and kindest friends; but it is a sweet and comfortable truth, that severed friendships, will be again renewed in the bright and blessed Kingdom. - To you, left now to mourn, and finish the journey alone, it will be an inexpressible solace to think of meeting the loved ones gone before, in the Saviour's presence in Glory, and then to be "ever with the Lord". Heaven does not seem

so far off, nor so inaccessible, when we can picture it tenanted, by dear familiar faces looking out to welcome us, when we too shall have reached "home". "Wherefore comfort one another with these words" -

My dear wife writes with me, in deep sympathy, and trusts, that you may especially now prove that God is a very present help in trouble

I am dear Mrs Godlee.

Very sincerely yours.

A. R. Kelby -

25 Granville Park

Decr. 11. 1882

My dear Mrs Godlee,

No words that my pen can trace, or my tongue could utter, can half express our deep sorrow, and regret for the loss of our very dear and kind old friend; - nor tell you how greatly we sympathize with you, in your

sudden, and terrible bereavement. —  
My husband will never cease to miss and  
to mourn for him, who was for so many  
years, one of his most esteemed and valued  
companions, whose wise counsels, energetic  
mind and varied attainments were linked  
to such an affectionate and genial spirit  
to such ready sympathy, and warmly hos-  
pitable impulses, that we both felt it a  
privilege, to be reckoned amongst his large  
circle of friends. —

The universal expression of these feelings  
must prove a comfort to you, my very  
dear friend, in your loneliness and grief.

Accept our heartfelt condolences and  
truest love, and believe me, dear Mrs Godlee

Always most affectionately yours

Emily. C. Noble.

Newick Park near Lewes

December 14<sup>th</sup> 1882

Dear Mrs Godlee

I have felt deeply, the death of your  
dear husband, my old and valued friend

There are few who have appreciated more  
than I have done, his kind heart, his Chris-  
tian spirit and his sound sense —

I have spent many <sup>happy</sup> hours, in the enjoyment  
of his society. He has passed away so suddenly  
from among us, full of years, but also full of  
the honor of a life of consistent usefulness  
to his fellow men. —

I shall ever remember the support and  
counsel <sup>which</sup> he has given me, in the discharge of  
my duties at the Asylum, and that too, often  
at much risk to his health —

His death will make a gap, which will be deep-  
ly felt amongst the magistrates of the Lewes Bench  
with whom he has been associated for many years.

I beg to assure you of my sincere sympathy in your  
affliction, and I remain, Yours Sincerely

James St. Selater

The New Club,  
Kings Road, Brighton.  
May 14<sup>th</sup> 1883

Dear Mrs Godlee

It gave me much satisfaction to receive a letter from you, It has been much in my mind to go round and pay you a visit, but I have been absent from Lewes now for some time owing to Mrs Selater's critical condition. — After a long illness of two years, her strength is, I fear, gradually declining and although there is always hope while life lasts; — and the issue of every event is entirely in God's hands; — still I cannot be blind to the diminution of her strength. — We are now at Brighton at 28. Regency Square, from whence she gets sunshine, sea air, and sea views, from the drawing room, which we have turned into her bed room. — I can well understand, the great blank in your life, caused by the removal of one so gifted and so kind, as your poor husband was. — I shall re-

member him as long as I live, as one of those whose society gave me all the gratification which we enjoy with those whose views, are benevolent, generous, and their minds so gifted and cultivated as his was. — And we had besides, much Christian sympathy and identity of thought, although trained in very different schools. I remember so well his last visit to Newick, with yourself, and his sisters, and I can recall him now, walking back, to take a last look from the causeway — how little I thought it was a farewell one! I shall not fail to come and enquire for you, the first time I am in Lewes. —

Believe <sup>me</sup> yours very sincerely,  
James H. Selater.

Southover Rectory  
Jan<sup>y</sup> 19. 1883

Dear Mrs Godlee

I should not be doing justice to myself, if I did not express to you, my sense of the loss, that has been sustained by the remo-

val of good Mr Godlee. There were certain points in which we could not see eye to eye — but it is quite impossible not to acknowledge his great worth — He was to my mind a very uncommon man, highly cultivated, yet indeed graced with humility — holding his own opinions with a tenacious grasp, yet highly tolerant for others. He will indeed be much missed and although now removed, he will live enshrined in many hearts.

I pray God, he may lead you step by step to know more and more of the mind of Christ, for therein any true happiness is to be found.

What a comfort it is to know the all-sufficiency of our blessed Master, equal to the day

May God abundantly bless you,

Ever yours respectfully,

W. E. Richardson.

This letter though written late, will not, I hope, be unwelcome —

Stamper. Feb<sup>y</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 1883

Dear Mrs Godlee,

I have rather shrunk from writing to you in your sorrow, and yet have longed to tell you how much I have sympathised with you, and how much I feel my own loss by the departure of your dear husband — a friend whom I had respected and loved for many years.

You well know where comfort and support are alone to be found — Jesus, who wept at the grave of Lazarus, because He witnessed the tears, which He was about to wipe away is still the same sympathizing Son of Man, to pity, and to sweeten all our griefs.

The enclosed from my cousin Mrs Stephenson, has given me excuse for writing, — Pray have no scruples in refusing her request, if it would be in any way an annoyance or an inconvenience — She is a good woman

Always sincerely yours  
Chichester

Spithurst, Barcombe

18. 12. 1882

My dear friend,

It has not been from want of sympathy, that I have refrained from intruding on thee in thy great sorrow. Today, the passage recurs to me again, and again, as regards the departed "and so the giveth His beloved sleep," surely thy dear one, was taken from thee, by a merciful death, removed so suddenly, from down here to over there; from the fiery trials of earth, from the strife of tongues - to the harmonies of Heaven - and now - is ever with the Lord. My estimate of his character was a high one, and it tells me he was a "good man and a just" most genial and hearty, in his friendship, with the graces to shew himself friendly; a foremost citizen of his native city, and was careful to use efficiently the talents entrusted to him.

There is a land, a sunny land,  
Whose skies are ever bright,  
Where evening shadows never fall;  
The Saviour is its light.

There is a home, a glorious home  
A heavenly mansion fair;  
And those we loved so fondly here,  
Will bid us welcome there -

With our united love  
thine sincerely  
R<sup>d</sup>. Patching

The annexed Ballad was written by Sarah Waring of Ulton, Hampshire, a charming intellectual lady - who greatly enjoyed visits at Leighside. It was dedicated after one of these visits, during which she had so much realized what she so gracefully portrays -

Sarah Waring was Aunt to Anna, Letitia, & Maria - the sweet Hymn Writer

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Leighside - A Ballad after the olden fashion

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The lady of Leighside - I love her well,  
as she walketh with open heart and hand,  
and summonses round with her silver bell,  
The choicest spirits that dwell in her land.

And, He the lord of that mansion fair,  
Honored by all, for his metal rings true,  
His treasures and tastes delighting to share,  
With kindness that droppeth, like evening dew

Under their kindly, and gentle control,  
How pleasantly flew the swift-winged hours,  
With wisdom, and wit, and flow of the soul  
In graceful saloon, or sweet garden bowers.

May blessings of Earth, and Heaven still rest,  
On the friends that we love at fair Leighside,  
And latest and longest, the highest and best  
The gift of the Life, that shall ever abide!

Sarah Waring

Myards - August 21<sup>st</sup> 1854.

Dedicated to the owners of that fair and  
hospitable home.

Copy completed, at Leighside College Park  
South Australia. October 10<sup>th</sup> 1888.

John Godlee