

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 brothers, Burwood, the second, was the father of my earliest friend and much respected cousin, Sarah Godlee. He also had a son named John, who died at Benton in Yorkshire, 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 certain Act of Parliament. They also sailed without a Mediterranean Pass, which was a tribute to the Algerians. 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 in London, residing in Swither'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. This daughter, my cousin Sarah Godlee, has often shewed me the street in which she was born, Burr 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 rope maker. Elizabeth married John Leech, tallow chandler of Thames Street, London. I never knew any of these relations. Margaret's daughter, Sarah, married Thomas Wilson, Linen draper, 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 when very young and at 18 years of age was

actually 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. This, his first ship, was named the *Brittania*. 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 possession of my son 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 remarkable curiosities.

My father was wounded in an engagement under Admiral Hawke and was disabled. He was made secretary of the Trustees of Ramsgate Harbour and retained this place until his death.

My mother, whose maiden name was Harris, 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 Leech, my father's sister, and where he 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 eleven years of age I was sent to Greenwich school, in consideration of my father's services in the Navy. I remained here three years and was very well taken care of, and very comfortable. I was taught common arithmetic and navigation.

On leaving school at 14 years of age, I was bound apprentice to Captain Charles Lea of the ship "*Daniel*", and sailed for New York in the 10th Month, 1776. We had a very rough passage. I held the honourable station of cabin boy and I do not remember that I was ill treated on board. About the end of the 12th month we made the end of Long Island. An English man of war offered to shew us the way into the Harbour, but we lost the light in the course of the night, and went on shore about three o'clock in the morning, not without a 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 benefited by the wreck.

The cargo consisted of stores for the Navy, 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 I 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 to the wreck and made his way into the cabin, to a chest which he knew contained loaded muskets perhaps twenty five, also cartouch boxes, powder *****etc. He opened the chest and taking out one of the muskets said,

“One of these locks will not go down”, at the same time snapping 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. The whole of the guns went off, one after another, and, as they were laid side by side, their muzzles alternately pointing to opposite ends, they soon blew out the ends of the chest. I was in the cabin at the time, and being very much frightened, jumped into a berth and pulled the 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 himself 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 startled, and wondered what could have taken place. After the noise was over and the smoke a little dispersed, they came down and were greatly surprised to find that no serious injury had occurred. The men who had been the cause of the accident had bruised his hand, and another had his foot cut by splinters from the box.

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 stayed 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, as might be expected, without any success. Thus I wandered about the city till, towards evening, when a man of quite the lowest rank, taking pity on my forlorn condition, told me

that he would endeavour to assist me in finding the man I wanted. He first took me to his home, a lodging up two pairs of stairs, gave me a 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 Lea, the master of the "Daniel", to whom I had been apprenticed had now, 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 "Hess", which was also a transport, and my own Captain turned me altogether over to him. His name was Lachlin Love, a native of Inverness. I remained at New York with him a considerable time, probably more than a year, tending the Army and furnishing 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 some saw pieces of timber, rope, etc flying in the air, which convinced us that a ship had blown up. We found it to be the "Morning Star", a vessel having on board 700 barrels of gun powder, which the lightening 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 the houses at New York were shattered and a violent commotion was caused on the surface of the water. All relics of the ship and cargo were dispersed and gone.

We once sailed in a fleet of 300 ships having amongst them on board an army of 13,000 men, on an expedition, the object of which was kept entirely secret. Our own ship was freighted with horses, of which we took on board about 30, chiefly belonging to General Cathcart. 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.

This 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 proceeded thither by land. Our passage up the Delaware was not very easily accomplished, for the Americans had constructed 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 opposite these forts, in which, although at last successful, the English lost one 64 gun ship and one of 20 guns. The first was the "Augusta." She was burned, supposed to have taken fire from the wads 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 went past the forts every night at a very great risk, with muffled oars. In this manner provisions were sent to the troops.

The Americans at last destroyed and deserted the forts, but our success cost many lives. Count Dunop, commander of the Hessian troops was killed. The navigation of the river was obstructed by a *chevaux de frise* and a boom. These were removed by our fleet after the forts were abandoned, and then our fleet 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 of our ship and landed at Portsmouth late in the year 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 Haldemain," a ship of three hundred tons, bound for Quebec with 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. We discharged our cargo, taking in another for London, chiefly lumber. We then came down to Quebec, completed our cargo, and sailed rather late in the year 1780, for home.

By a strange accident I was left behind with four hands in a boat. 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 unwillingly for the crew was incomplete without us.

After getting the anchor, we followed down the river as fast as possible but without being able to overtake our ship. We had no provisions with us, except a small cask of Spruce beer. We went ashore on the island of Otleans (?) and sold part of our clothes to purchase provisions and went on down the river until we met the pilot boats coming back and from them learned that the fleet had gone to sea.

We returned to Quebec, sadly disappointed, 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 into the ship. I do not know what became of my companions, except one who remained with me.

There was only one ship in port for Europe. She was bound for Cork. We had no resource but to ship before the mast in this ship. She was an ordinance store ship of 700 tons. As I had been second mate in my own ship this was a great come down for me. My wages were to be £3 .00 per month, and I obtained one month's pay in advance to furnish me with clothes for the voyage, a very small sum to purchase necessities for a winter's passage at that time. There were 28 men on board, and not one of them could steer except my partner and myself. Of course we were ignorant of this fact when we shipped, or we should have stood out for higher wages. The crew were all Irish.

We had a very long and stormy passage and arrived at Cork at the end of the year, 1780. Here I was greatly alarmed by the fear of being pressed, but our ship being employed in the King's service we were exempt from this risk. although we were not aware of the privilege we enjoyed. We lay in the harbour until 2nd Month, 1781 and then sailed for London.

I found that my own ship, Captain Lachlan Love, was nearly ready for sea again, and he received us with gladness. They had been obliged to petition

the men of war of the convoy for two hands to supply our places during their passage home.

My stay with my relations was very short this time, for I embarked for Quebec again early in the 4th Month, 1781. We sailed with a very large fleet bound for the West Indies, and we kept company with them as far as 35° West Longitude. About 40 sail were bound for Quebec, under convoy of a frigate; we went on 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. We were of course no match for them with our one frigate and they sailed in amongst us, and took thirty sail without firing a gun. Our ship, being a long way to windward, escaped alone.

We after wards fell in with an American Privateer which chased us, and coming up very rapidly, alarmed us very much. We, however, put on a very war-like appearance and prepared for action. She proved to have but six guns and we mounted fourteen. When she came near us she fired some long three pounders and then sheered off. We then feyned to give chase, but took care not to get near her, as we knew very well we should have no chance, if she 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, towards evening, after many hours engagement, her mainsail fell upon deck, struck, as we supposed, by one of our guns. Her crew immediately set up a shout of defiance and shewed at least 50 men, while our crew amounted to no more than 14.

When it grew dark we carefully avoided shewing any light, not even in the binnacle, and let our ship drift along by chance, and in the morning, to our great joy, could see nothing of our enemy, not even from the mast head. This, my only naval engagement, lasted 8 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 of general merchandise, and then obtained a large and valuable cargo of furs, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company, which had missed their own ships, and 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 11th Month, waiting for a convoy. Three days after we sailed from Quebec, in a violent storm from the S. W., nine ships went

ashore and were totally lost. Our ship, the "General Holdemain", was one of them. The cargo was said to be insured for £80,000.

We all reached the shore in safety, but one man died in the night succeeding, from intoxication. Our ship was a total wreck. It lay 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 sea side, 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, while our things were drying. They took as many of us into 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 dry upon the beach, a mess 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 four 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 60 or 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 where we stopped at night, nothing else was spoken. We were several days on our journey, and each night we found a most hospitable reception amongst those kind Canadians 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, the Captain and myself 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 then set out to return to the wreck, leaving all the sailors behind us and taking with us 4 Canadian hunters to assist us 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 Rackets (or snow shoes). My poor old master complained sadly, but it was impossible to do without them. The snow was lying 5 or 6 feet deep upon the level ground, where there had been no drift. We carried all our provisions and baggage upon small sledges made for the purpose, which we dragged behind us.

We lodged 3 nights in the snow. Digging a hole till we reached the ground, we descended and made 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 procure comfort out of doors 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 first in the line had much the most difficult post, as he had to form the track in the snow. The leader was therefore frequently changed.

At length we reached the rude 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 soon became our principal business to search for these under the snow, to dig them out, unpack them and hang them up to dry them 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 the casks had been stove in the wreck, and had much damaged the furs.

We passed our time pleasantly enough. The Indian family 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

Quebec, the Captain, myself and the four Canadians, Our Indian neighbours continually supplied us with moose deer, upon which we lived almost entirely for many months without any vegetables or even salt.

I recollect once that our Indian friends told us that they had killed three moose deer which we might have for fetching. We set out the next morning, one of them shewing us the way, about eight o'clock, and reached the spot at noon. We went a long way by the seaside and then turned into the woods, threading them for some miles inland. We had taken no provisions with us as the Indians had told us it was but a very little way, but we found it a most fatiguing march, encumbered as we were with our rackets. When we were very thirsty we ate the snow to which our Indian guide strongly objected, telling us it would produce weakness and fainting. All the party were there, except one boy, left at the hut.

When we arrived at the spot where the deer were lying, we chopped their frozen bodies to pieces with our hatchets, and divided the burden. The hind quarters of a stag fell to my share. The foot was cut off, and I tied a rope round the leg, and turned the joint downwards, so that the hair came next to 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 of our companions passed me, accompanied by the dog which he had engaged in his own service.

This was a disappointment to me, and I began to grow 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 greatly increased. The shore now jutted out 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 if this was once given way to, I should probably never wake again. At length I hardly proceeded twenty yards 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 behind in the morning.

After the first man and 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 the 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 settlement 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 along 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 arrive 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 all home safely.

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 14ft x 16ft. 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 own 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 rocked and swung about in the storm, it threatened to tear our house to pieces over our heads. A council was called 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 purposes. What with the high wind and the low temperature, this was no easy matter, as no one of us could endure the cold in the branches for more than five minutes together. One man went up into the tree, and made a rope fast to one of the branches, he then came down and another instantly took his place, and began to saw the branch, whilst those below held on to the rope to prevent the falling branch from doing mischief. It was a troublesome job, and took a long time.

But our main business during the whole winter 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 evening 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 stowed away in the large log house, which we had erected on purpose for them.

There was always plenty of this occupation for us and the Canadians. We always worked until dark and I used to spend the evening with the Canadians, for the sake of improving myself in the language. We had 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 Kerzel, contrived to make some soap with oil and wood ashes. It was a curious compound of a dirty brown colour, 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 5th Month, 1782, 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. It proved to be 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 supply them with a pilot. One of our Canadians at once volunteered, as he was one of the profession. The boat came as near to the shore as they could and we carried him through the surf on our shoulders, and pitched him over the boat's quarter. We begged Captain Powell to report us at Quebec, all well, and to beg that they would send us assistance as soon as possible.

This Captain Powell I once saw since I have been living in Lewes. 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 there was a waterfall 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 once again before our next visit.

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

About the 20th of the 5th Month, three small vessels arrived from Quebec to carry us and our treasures away. These consisted of the skins which we had saved, which amounted to a large number, and various spars and tackling of the ship. We burned the remains of the wreck, in order to get at 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.

After a prosperous voyage, we reached Quebec in safety, where we delivered our cargo and most of the summer was taken up in arranging for the disposal of it. The whole of the salvage, including iron work, rigging etc, was sold by auction and fetched over £15,000, clear of all expenses. This was, of course, for the benefit of the underwriters, who behaved very handsomely to us. They paid the Captain £200, and the men a dollar a day for every day spent beside the wreck. The captain and I returned to England in the Autumn of 1782 with our good friend Capt Powell of the "Earl of Effingham" who most generously 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, we thought that being entrusted with Government dispatches, that we would endeavor to make an able defence. We all walked up the hill, each man armed with two pistols and a cutlass, if any robbers were near, they thought it best not to shew themselves.

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, no 4 Adam's Court, Old 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 5th Month, took a Pilot on board at the Isle of Bery, and sailing with a fair breeze, and all sail set, as smoothly as possible, the pilot made a blunder and ran the ship into 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 immediately hoisted out a boat, got 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 commenced to take 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 on board, 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 them afloat. I happened to be on the lower side when the ship went over. I rushed to the other side of the vessel 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 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 possible, fearful of the effects which his misconduct might bring upon him, when we had time to think about anything but our own safety.

We picked up two or three sheep on our way, which had swum clear of the wreck. We had tasted 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 round for this purpose, we found that two of our hands were missing. These were the Carpenter and a seaman, the one a Swede and the other a Dane.

I was soon sent with two men to a farm house in sight to see if we could procure any 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, but he refused to take anything. He said that he had known misfortune himself and would take nothing for the bread. He sent

two men with us, to carry the welcome load, which was soon divided amongst the crew.

Our next care was to send of 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 entrusted with this service. When we left the shore, the men struck up a lively chorus:

“Come cheer up my lads, ‘tis to Glory we steer
We’ll add something new to this wonderful year”

We found that the ship had been completely swung round by the force of the tide, and lay in a position just 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 on one of the cabin windows, which we picked up. It belonged to one of our passengers. When on board we scuttled the deck over the officers’ berths, and I got down into my own cabin, where I found and secured my own clothes, books and quadrant. As the tide continued to fall, we got into the great cabin. The floor was about half under water. We took some half pikes and bent them, and poked them into the water and thus recovered several articles - trunks etc, and here we found the body of one of our missing shipmates. He had been endeavouring 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 soon 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 no one that could speak French, had been waiting to see me in order to inform us that he had 4 beds entirely at our service, and to request that I would bring anyone that I liked with me to occupy them. We gladly accepted this offer and, as the country was scattered here and there with farm houses, our crew were soon all nicely housed amongst these truly kind people, who furnished them 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 a people so kind and hospitable.

After they were gone, however, it was soon discovered that several articles were missing, a gold watch belonging to one of the passengers, the carpenter's 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 myself.

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 with several, but not any of the suspected persons. Towards evening we saw a fire in the wood near the road side. We alighted and went softly up to it, creeping at last on our hands and knees, but it proved to be only two old women, sitting near it, whom our sudden appearance greatly alarmed. We soon pacified them by relating our real business, and pushed on our way all night.

The next day we found that we had passed all our men, as none had been seen going past by those who lived on the road side. We therefore turned back again. About four 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 companions to stop with the chaise, whilst I ran alone 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. 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 we were come to the right place.

The mistress of the house was a Canadian. I asked her if she would give my companion and myself 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 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 bag. I snatched the pistols out of the bag, and pointed 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 great latch with a faggot 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 assistance. My companion set off to seek for help, 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 situation, 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. 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, entreating to be let out, but I said it was impossible. Now however, that another man appeared, I gave the pistols to my companions and, taking the sword, I walked into the house, and commanded 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 length, singly. We bound their elbows behind their backs with cords, and put them in a small log house close by, and fastened the door.

We then searched for our lost goods. After a long hunt, we found the watch in an old cask, and several other things belonging to our passengers, but nothing else of much value. We explained the case afterwards to the women, and apologised for the trouble and alarm we had given them.

We soon found assistance. 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, and another behind, myself 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 misfortunes, as it was bad luck to destroy these snakes, which were perfectly harmless. In this supposition, 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 took out the second, 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 this generous Canadian farmer for three weeks. He conducted himself all the time with the greatest kindness.

We sometimes wondered 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 outhouse on the premises. He took a cup of coffee with us sometimes but never joined us further in our meals.

The ship's company was occupied in securing the rigging and such parts of the wreck as could be rescued, but no article of the cargo was saved. The hull sank into the sand so far 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 efforts proved entirely ineffectual. Amongst other things, we had on board 500 casks of British brandy, intended for the Indians. We relinquished all farther attempts to save anything from the wreck. She was probably torn to pieces by the ice in the winter.

We had two other refractory men who were 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 my host. At last the crew dispersed in various directions and I went with my Captain to Quebec.

I there met the gentleman whose watch I had found. He had offered five guineas for the recovery of it but he now 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. He did not like the vessel himself.

He engaged our passage on board the Quebec and we sailed in the 7th month 1783.

We went down the St Lawrence and through the Straits of Belle Isle, to avoid the enemies' cruises. Our ship was a large cutter or barque (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 boat's crew. We boarded in high style, thinking we had a good prize, but she shewed us her papers which proved that she belonged to Guernsey. We had nothing left but to make our bow and retire with as much dignity as we could assume. I acted as third mate during this voyage for my own amusement and messed with the gunner, carpenter and boatswain.

Soon after passing the straits, one very fine day, I went aloft to assist in getting a topmast studding sail set. Sitting astride on the 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 a least thirty feet. The rope fell with me, and the first recollection I have, is of a rapid descent through the water, and immediately after, 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 running 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 over board with a rope round him, and at the same moment, another man, on the yard, seized the end of the rope which 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 vessels motion, which he did not, and I soon passed him. Seeing that he had missed me, he was hauled up on deck. I saw all this, and have distinct recollection 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 encouraged me, and I attended to his orders calmly. In the meantime, 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 50 years. Had the vessel been sailing at any speed, or had I fallen on to the deck, the result would in all probability have been the reverse of what it was.

The man who seized the running rope, and was thus the means of saving my life, I met 18 years afterwards, working as a bricklayer in the Bear Yard at Lewes. He was a poor worn out seaman. He had quite forgotten me, but I recognised him and when I asked him if he recollected such a vessel at such a time and a young man falling overboard, he immediately said,

“I caught hold of the rope which saved his life.”

I found that this poor man did not have a good character, and I was sorry that I could not serve him, beyond giving him some clothes and shewing some little attentions to his wife and family.

In passing the straits where this remarkable preservation happened we saw some very large ice islands 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 for 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 immediately reduced one half. My captain obtained another vessel, 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 vessel, 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 Independence?”

Our mate said, “What do you mean by your independence?”

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 ill names for taking all the money out of their country, and one occasion, a party from an American ship attempted to come on board of us, to haul down our colours, which were hoisted in honour of their 4th July. There was no one on board our ship but the boatswain and myself. The boatswain went aloft to endeavour to clear their ship from our rigging as the vessels were lying close together. An American appeared at their bowsprit end. There they quarrelled, high in the rigging, and agreed to fight. Their vessel soon cleared from us and drifted up the harbour.

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 both 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, but when the American appeared, he was a very tall, powerful man, whereas my shipmate was rather below the ordinary stature. Before I could reach the place, the Englishman was knocked down. In assisting him to get on his legs, I received several blows myself, and was altogether very roughly handled. When I had time to look around, I saw a Navy Officer, whose mother had come out in our ship as a passenger. He promptly interfered, dispersed the mob, and saw us safe on board of our own ship.

This story was told far and wide, with many alterations and additions. 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, much to our disadvantage, but bore it with as much patience as I could and, following the advice I had received, was not recognised as one of the actors myself.

We soon obtained a cargo for London and made a very good passage home, having been absent from London but 3 months and 3 days.

We sailed again for Boston at the end of the year 1784 with a general cargo and had again 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 quantity of spices(?)

On the passage home, my Captian was taken very ill and confined to his bed. He was beyond middle age, a tall thin man, a native of Inveress. This illness lasted all the passage. Once, during the night, he rung the bell and inquired 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 sail, saying, "When you were an apprentice you were a pretty good lad, but now you do not care how long your 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, on account of his declining health. He was much reduced when we reached the Downs, and desired to be put on shore. 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 directions respecting it. I never saw him more. He died soon after at Dover.

I delivered up all the property as I had been 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 interest of the Earl of Effingham, 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 this post, but after waiting several months without success he told me that I had better not depend upon him any longer and made me a present of 5 guineas, lamenting that he could do no more. He obtained the appointment about a year afterwards and was made Governor of ***** Islands.

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 several years. I had also 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 long been acquainted with our family, John Barker Esq. He had set out in life as cabin boy to my grandfather, had accumulated a large fortune as Sea, and was afterwards a kind friend to my father, but my father always entertained a prejudice against him for having been engaged as a privateer. 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 had got all his money at sea and refused to do anything for me.

My cousin, Sarah Godlee, lodged at this time with Edmond Barker Allen, a Notary Public in London, and he gave me employment in his office at first

for 5/- a week. I was also occasionally employed by the firm of Chester and Waldwick. 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 Crittenden of Lewes, who falling into ill health, went home for change of air. I took his place until his return. I fancy it was planned for William Crittenden to marry the daughter of E. B. Allen, and that the old people of Lewes, his parents, thought I might stand in their son's way. William Crittenden also knew that I was looking out for a more settled situation and he spoke about me to Thomas Harben, banker and Ironmonger at Lewes. I afterwards saw him in London and he described the situation to me. I told him that 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 willing mind. After a while he wrote to me and offered to pay my expenses down to Lewes if I would come a month on trial.

I set out with three guineas in my pocket and very scanty wardrobe. I travelled in the coach, this being the first time in my life I had entered such a vehicle. We left London at six in the morning and reached Lewes at about seven in the evening, having breakfast at Godstone at 10 o'clock, had no other regular meal and reached our destination tired and hungry. This was on the 7th of the 2nd month 1785.

All this time since I had left 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 stomp." Being unused to the Sussex dialect, the phrase was quite unintelligible to me.

I continued here 10 months. I was invited to the house of Richard Peters Rickman soon after my arrival and on one of these occasions I 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, the father resented it and ordered me away immediately. I accepted the warning and went to Richard Peters Rickman, and told him of the circumstance. He was just about parting with his apprentice, James Webb and he at once engaged me to supply 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 favour from my new master. This he did, and I staid accordingly.

Richard Peters Rickman was at the time a grocer and general merchant. I was clerk and traveller and stopped with him ten years. At the end of the time he took me into partnership and soon after I married his second daughter, Mary, on the 26th of the 2nd Month, 1796.

Richard P Rickman died in 1801. He left me his executor and I managed the business according to his will until the year 1811, when his youngest son, George, came of age. I then continued the business on my own account until the year 1825 at which time I gave over the management to my eldest son, Burwood.

My sister Elizabeth lived until a few years after my marriage, and came to visit us at Lewes. My very kind cousin, Sarah Godlee, continued much interested in all my concerns until her death which took place in the Spring of the year 1823, in her 86th year. She paid us a visit almost every summer while able to undertake the journey

I am now in my 76th year and have been remarkable favored with health and strength, although I cannot do quite so much as formerly. My 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, Burwood and once drove 44 miles and superintended the weighing of 900 fleeces of wool during the late severe frost.

(NB In our part of Sussex it was the custom for the buyer of farmer's wool to attend at the farm, weigh, pack and take delivery of the wool on the farm premises. My grandfather, R.P. Rickman, Father and Burwood had a large connection as buyers amongst the South Down farmers for many years.)

Remarks by Sarah

What follows consists of remarks upon the last few years of my Father's life by my sister, Sarah Rickman.

Our beloved 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 not 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 of the 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 to his visitors, "Death has taken me very gently 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 feeling she 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.

4th Month 23rd. Our dear father with much difficulty went down stairs this morning after having been confined above for a month. He much enjoyed the change and was gratified by a call of Thomas Whitfield and George Hoper, who congratulated him most cordially on his partial restoration.

5th Month 1st. Our dear father sat in the summer house all the morning and smoked a pipe for the first time since his long confinement.

5th month 7th. Our dear father walked to the end of Malt House Lane.

5th month, 9th. He rode out with Jacob Cooke and Burwood and enjoyed it, especially the recognition 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.

5th month, 10th. Our dear father walked to Meeting with tolerable ease, and seemed much pleased to have made the effort.

5th Month 17th. He had passed a most uncomfortable night. Slept little but does not seem much altered this morning. Walked to the Counting House

with difficulty between two strong arms. He stopped down stairs till supper and walked up about as usual.

5th Month, 18th. A very restless night with uneasy respiration and towards morning a settled pain in the side which gave way to the means used.

5th month, 19th The pain returned; great languor followed. He was this evening removed into the study and regular turns of nursing established. Letters are regularly sent every day to our brothers and sister in London who were attending Yearly Meeting.

5th Month , 20th. This day was passed more comfortably; the dear patient appeared more calm and tranquil often saying, "This conflict cannot last long," repeating now and then a text or a line of a hymn. Burwood arrived this morning, to our great comfort. Our dear father was glad to see him.

5th Month, 21st. A day of weariness and suffering, but brightened now then by affection and kindness, his speech very indistinct. A letter arrived from our dear absent brother at Adelaide, to which our dear Father listened with interest and pleasure He has several times repeated, "And if by reason of they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and ? " Our brother Rickman and sister Priscilla returned from London this morning. The night was restless but more quiet towards morning.

5th Month, 22nd. Our dear Mother was taken upstairs to see our dear patient. Their interview was affectionate 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, 'I don't like them to go away.' In the afternoon he repeated one stanza beginning: "Come Peace of mind, delightful guest" And on Lucy repeating, "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul," he immediately added "and all that is within me. Bless His Holy name."

Dr 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 quiet cold, and the dear Patient having quietly settled about nine 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 watch in silence through the quiet hours of night and at five in the morning of the 23rd of the 5th Month, 1841, the gentle breathing ceased.

There was one present in whose ears the solemn words seemed perpetually sounding. "I am the Resurrection and the Life." In him who spoke those words, we humbly believe. Our beloved father fell asleep.

Aunt Susan's Notes

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, 27th. On my entering he said, "I have had a very quite morning while you have been at meeting," his countenance evincing it was more than an 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 go but 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 He giveth 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 all 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 consist of a piece of ground four feet wide and six feet long.

28th I have no pain now and I abound in mercies, everything 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 little can we understand the works of Infinite Wisdom.

3rd Month, 1st. 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, ten thousand precious gifts

My daily thanks employ"

How does the contemplation of the works of Providence make 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 they servants blessed, O Lord."

3rd Month, 7th 1841. First Day, reading and much enjoying John Woolman's Journal - he said I had a nice ride yesterday, into Burwood'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 everyday, my cup is more than full. It is overflowing. Oh! If I could tell of all I feel of gratitude in coming into this town of a morning, but I cannot express all, nor do I wish to do it, - and it all resolves into this: that all and every good thing we have and our capacity to enjoy it - 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. Burwood 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 went afterwards 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 by life, without tracing the hand of mercy very distinctly

3rd Month, 17th . 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 always to feel 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.

3rd Month 20th. 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 Thee I am poor."

I have been thinking of the promise "at eventide there shall be light." If it should be so with me, it will be a favour indeed. I should like to go out again, but all will be ordered well. 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.

4th Month, 12th. (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 must be right. On hearing the words applied to him "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life", he said emphatically "Abundantly so." It is a great favour my dear Mary is so calm. I thought it would be so.

13th 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, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy Name" I felt a little want of resignation last evening and anxious lest I should become paralytic and a trouble to my attendants, but I was soon favored to be calm and satisfied. Just before going to bed Mary Ann read to me the 8th and 9th 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 sometimes 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, "Oh 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 warning.

5th Month 4th. I am low today, 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 am not 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: "When there are no doubts nor fears, there is no faith."

5th Month 6th. 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 woke 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.

15th 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 77th 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 his 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 September 10th 1888, John Godlee.