

WINDSOR, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

October 8th, 1881.

I purpose under the blessing of my Heavenly Father, to write in this book the story of my life, for the information and I trust the benefit of my dear children, who may read it after my decease.

I wish it to be the property of my eldest daughter, Mary, (Mrs Hughes) if she is living at the time of my death, and if not, or at her death, it shall descend to the custody of my next eldest living child, and so on down to the youngest But I do desire that whoever may be the possessor of it, that he or she shall allow it to be loaned for a reasonable time, to any other of my children, who may desire to read it, and that it then be returned to the custody of the proper custodian

It is my prayer to my heavenly Father, that in thus giving the narrative of my earthly history, I may be preserved from all desire to glorify myself. It will be a record of many sins and frailties, many errors and mistakes, but I trust it will also be a record of the marvellous goodness and mercy of my gracious God and Saviour, who has delivered me in many troubles, and in whom I trust that He will yet deliver me.

To Him be the glory.

J. Ryder.

I was born in the village of Chalvey in the parish of Upton-Cum Chalvey Buckinghamshire, England, on the 31st day July 1816. That village is about one mile from Eton College, and nearly two miles from Windsor Bridge, over the Thames, which divides Eton from Windsor. My father William Ryder, was a shoemaker. My mother whose maiden name was Bond, was I believe a native of Devonshire, but removed to the neighborhood of Windsor at an early age. I was the youngest of a family of 7 or 8 children of whom four are still left, viz. Mrs Tilley, now 73 years old and living in this colony, Mrs Hatton, over 70 living at Birmingham, England, and my Brother Thomas Ryder, 69 years living in London.

Of my dear old Father I may say, that his father was only a farm labourer, and that he was brought up to the same occupation. I have heard him say, the only schooling he received was a single week at a dame school, when he was a big boy, but in that week he thoroughly mastered the Alphabet. When he got into his teens he was for a year or two a pot-boy in a Public House in London, near Drury Lane Theatre, but he left there for fear of the press-gang as England was then at war with France. I should have said that he was born in 1770. How he learned Shoemaking I know not. He married my dear Mother in 1800, so that he was then 30 years of age. My mother being some years younger. My mother was a servant in the household of H.R.H. Princess Amelia at the Lower Lodge, Windsor for 9 years. She was the favourite daughter of King George III and of course the Aunt of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria. I have heard that the Princess was very fond of my mother, and my brother has a water colored portrait of our mother taken by a noted French artist of the period, by command of the Princess and afterwards presented to her.

I have heard from my father and mother the tale of their marriage, how they went quietly one morning, she from Buckingham Palace and he from his

lodgings; met at St James Church Piccadilly, and were quietly married, each going back straight to their respective homes. Nor did they formally come together until the usual circumstances obliged them. My Father was an exceedingly healthy man, but my Mother was very seldom free from illness or weakness, and I used to think while a child that he was scarcely so considerate of her weakness as he should have been. But there was never any un-pleasantness in our household - both Father and Mother were true Christians, and brought us up in the nurture and fear of the Lord.

We must have removed from Chalvey to Windsor when I was between 2 and 3 years old, for I have no remembrance whatever of living in Chalvey. The first thing that I can distinctly call to mind was the tolling of the great bell of the Castle, one Saturday at midnight. We had been washed and stowed away in bed that night and about midnight were awoke by the loud booming of the bell, which is never tolled except for the Royal Family. I know I was in a great fright, but my Father came up and told us the reason of it viz the King was dead. I think that occurred in Dec 1820 - so that I must have been 3½ years old. We lived in Bier Lane running out of Thames St to the river Thames which flowed at the bottom of the street. At that time it was inhabited by fairly respectable working people and the Wesleyan Chapel was in it - but now I am informed it is peopled by fallen women and their associates alone.

When about 5 years old I was entered as a Scholar in the Independent Sunday School, High Street. My Father and Mother being members of that Church the Pastor being the Rev Alexander Redford, father of Dr. Redford of Worcester, and Grandfather of the Rev R.W. Redford, M.A. now of London. About the same time too, I was taken with my brother and sisters who attended the School, by my mother to the National School. The master placed me on a

form, put a Bible into my hands and I read with fluency a chapter before the entire school. The master was very pleased, and would gladly have taken me into the School, but the Rules did not allow admission under the age of 7 - So I had to be kept at home two years, when I got admitted and was there until 12.

Now, how, where, or when I learned to read I cannot tell I never went to school, except for a very short time to my Aunts - who had a small pension from Govt and kept a cake shop, and school, but I am sure I did not learn anything there for she had no books - only two or three small cards of the Alphabet and small words. Nor did any one teach me at home that I know of, at least not in a formal manner. But it was a fact that from my earliest remembrance I could read the Bible, Hymn Book, and the Pilgrims' Progress, which books were the Chief books in My Father's library. I forget however, that he had a large folio edition of Foxe's Book of Martyrs upon the pictures in which I was allowed to gloat my eyes, upon particular occasions as, when I had been a very good boy etc.

He had also I remember an abstruse theological work called Boston's Fourfold State, which he and my Mother valued very highly. It was a high Calvinistic Book which was in accordance with my parents views - but without in the least understanding it. I read it through more than once. These, together with a large folio edition of Browns Comprehensive Family Bible, adorned (or disfigured) by large engravings - formed I think the greater part of the Mental pabulum of my earliest years.

One thing more with regard to the reading of my youngest youth. My Father could not afford (or would not) to take a newspaper but was very anxious to hear the news. So we used to borrow from the Public House, Bell's Weekly Messenger. My Brothers William and Thomas, were the readers, as Father was at work, but it

was permitted to me, at times when they were employed, to take the place of reader and a high honour, I thought it. The style of a Newspaper is so entirely different from other reading, that I found it very difficult, and Father often blowed me up for making mistakes, or for not being able to make any sense of what I read, which I think was rather hard upon a little fellow like me. However, there is no doubt it was a good exercise, and prepared me in after years for the reading of Milton, Cowper, Hannah Moore, and others. All this time I had not been to any School.

At 7 years of age I was admitted into the School, and was at once put into a good position. There were 200 boys, and the same number of girls, in a distinct school room. Our Master was Mr. Robertson a Scotchman of whom I shall have more to say anon.

The school was decidedly a Church School and the Catechism, Collects etc. were duly taught to all the children, but as some of the wealthy dissenters subscribed to the School, the children of bonafide Dissenters were allowed attend their parents place of worship on the Sundays, as all the rest of the School were duly marched from School to Church every Sunday twice. I was however compelled to attend Church with the School twice a year, viz on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday and as a curious reminiscence, I may state, that I remember that on I think every Good Friday, the Vicar, the Rev. Isaac Gossett, preached the same sermon, or at least, took the same text.

The curriculum of the School was not very high, and comprised the three R^s - the two former chiefly from the Bible and the Arithmetic consisting of the first four Rules, Simple and Compound, nothing further.

No Geography, no Grammar, no History, no attempt to open up the mind to

the wonders of the world in which we lived, but Bible reading and explanation the year through. Nor were we very much indebted to our teacher for this, but to the numerous Clergy men of Windsor and Eton, of whom it may be said that their number was legion, comprising as they did, the Canons and Minor Canons of St. George's Chapel Windsor, the parochial Clergy men and the Fellows and Tutors of Eton College

We were very seldom a day without a Clerical visit, and I here bear grateful testimony to the great interest taken by many of them, in our Biblical instruction especially those in the highest class, in which I very soon obtained a place. The Clergy man who took the greatest interest in our progress was the Rev Mr. Short, a private tutor at Eton College and who, I was afterwards informed was made a Bishop.

Many a sixpence have I got from him - His custom was, to put a sixpence on his knee at the commencement of the lesson and whoever was the first boy, at the close, won the prize. O' what struggling and excitement there was, in our endeavour to answer his questions on the facts and history of the Bible, and truly I have been often very thankful to the Lord for the Scriptural knowledge I thus obtained. It has been of great benefit to me.

At that time I knew by heart every Old Testament prophecy relating to Christ, the life and history of all the prominent characters in the Bible and as regards the New Testament every miracle Our Lord performed, while I had committed to memory, almost all the Gospels. I ever bless God for the Bible knowledge I obtained in the National School, Windsor.

I have often thought whether the Mr. Short to whom above all other of the Clergy, I was thus indebted, is identical with our respected Bishop of Adelaide.

The age of Dr. Short is about right for the supposition, I should like to know. Once I was in an Omnibus with him for a few minutes and had made up my mind to address him, but the Bus stopped and he got out.

Our Schoolmaster, was a cruel harsh and unfeeling man, ruling entirely by the power of the cane, and we all I believe cordially hated him. As an instance of his cruelty I well remember that he had an orphan boy, a Scotch lad to bring up as his ward. I have seen him strip that boy naked and flog him round the school with a soldier's belt, cut into tails at the end, and have seen the boy afterwards bleeding from all parts of his body and all for a very trivial offence, or none at all. He was a very tiger for cruelty.

When I was twelve years old I left the School on account of his cruelty. He used for the most trifling Offence, to order a boy to strip down his trousers lay him over a form, and flog his naked posterior till the blood came. But somehow, I had never been subjected to this indignity - But my time was now come, I was teacher of the 3rd Class and one of our rules was, that if any boy in our class had made use of any bad language, the teacher was to write it on a Slate and present it to the Master.

A boy in my class, named Tommy Angels (I remember his name because he afterwards became a noted prize fighter) had made use of dreadful language, which I wrote on a slate and put the slate into the Class Box while I went to do my Copy Book writing. My assistant finding these words on my slate in my absence, took it to the master, who knowing it was my writing summoned me into his awful presence. He asked me if that was my writing - I answered Yes - but explained the matter as I have detailed. Tommy Angels was called and swore by all that was good that he didn't say the words, but that I wrote them down, and

showed them to him and then put the slate in the Box.

The Master then said, Go away boys - Ryder alone is guilty, and then with a fierce scowl upon his features which I shall never forget - he turned to me and said savagely, Strip - I refused, little and puny as I was, I defied him.

He said to the boys. "Strip him". I resisted still, but with the grip of a tiger he held me, while the boys, who would have befriended me I know had they dared, let down my nether garments and throwing me across a form the wretch flogged me and flayed me, till I was unconscious. –

When I came to myself, I pulled up my garments round my tortured flesh, and School was dismissed. The children sang as usual before dismissal Glory to thee my God this night but my poor little heart was filled with malice and hatred against the inhuman perpetrator of such cruelty, and I then resolved, come what would, I would never enter that School again.

If my parents forced me - I would run away, go to sea, do anything, nay die, before I would go back. I dragged my aching and bleeding body home. There was no need for me to tell my father. He saw I was really ill - and pointing myself to my back, he pulled down my trousers, and knew all. I remained at home till Monday really ill, but on that day my Father took me to school, and severely rebuked the Schoolmaster, shewed the wales on my back, and threatened to take me to some of the Governors of the School, at which the Master was really frightened, and abjectly begged him not to do so - and promised how very good he would be to me in future, but my father would not allow me to stay any longer in the School, so he sent me the same day, to a Middle Class School, kept by a Gentleman named Binfield, a distant relative of my future wife. There I improved very much in Arithmetic, Grammar and History. I stayed there about a year, and

drank in knowledge. I may as well say here, That Robertson, a few years later committed suicide by hanging himself from his bed post. When I was about 13 years of age, I left school, and became a sort of Monitor in my brother William's school at Chalvey, my native village. The people there had started a British School, and chose my brother as teacher, and sent him to the Boro' Road Training School to be qualified. I was there nearly a year, but my poor brother's health was very bad, in fact he was in a consumption, and died about 3 or 4 years later. He was one of the most inoffensive, meekest and most pious young men I ever knew, not fit for this world, but ripe for glory. And now the time was come when it behoved me to go out into life. I was 14 - very thin and short and pale, with but indifferent health.

My parents used to say I should never be fit for hard work and so they apprenticed me to a tailor, a great mistake, for a puny mortal like me to be condemned to be penned up in a close shop amid the stifling heat of hot irons and abominable smells. However so it was. I was apprenticed to Mr. Richard Cobden, Tailor, Thames St, Windsor, out of doors - till the day I was 21 - My Master was a very respectable man. He was first cousin to the famous Richard Cobden the father and founder of Free Trade, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, but whose greatness had not yet begun to dawn. He employed from 8 to 12 men according to the season and I was placed under the care of his brother Ben who worked for him. I soon began to pick up a knowledge of the trade, and liked it pretty well having the first and second year a great deal of out door employment in taking clothes home, running errands etc. Afterwards as I became more useful at the trade, I was kept at work, and he took another apprentice.

Having now narrated the principal events of my life up to the age of 14, I will say a little as to some matters that I may have hitherto overlooked and which

belong to the period of my boyhood. I have already recorded that from my earliest childhood I was a great reader, but I was also in my way from the same period a great singer. I remember well when not more than 5 years old, I was very often sent for to the house of my father's landlord a Mr. Haines who indeed owned nearly all the houses in the lane, to sing to the lady, Mrs. Haines, a kind old lady as I remember her, who was obliged as I was told, to do good by stealth if she did it at all, as her husband, a bleary eyed wicked looking old man, was reputed to be a miser, and terribly hard and unfeeling to his tenants. They had no children of their own but the old man had a nephew, a Captain _____ in the Army, and a most disreputable Captain he was, as many a poor young girl living in the lane could testify.

He certainly could not boast of his good looks, for he was the ugliest man out. His nose was entirely eaten away by some foul disease, so that there was quite a depression where there should have been a prominence, and the two great orifices of the nose made his face appear like that of some monstrous lion or tiger. We children had a private opinion among ourselves that he was not a man at all, but the Devil incarnated. But the name of Captain, and his showy regimentals rendered him powerful for evil and of course so far as he could, he made ducks and drakes of his uncle's money.

Sometimes the old man, hired a trap from the livery Stables, and his hopeful nephew had to drive him out for an airing, and whenever that occurred, the old lady would be sure to send to my Mother requesting, that she would send "Little Joe" to her, to sing to her. Accordingly "Little Joe" had to be scrubbed and washed and made presentable with a clean pinafore on, and armed with his little book of Songs for Children was marched by the servant into the presence of the kind old lady. Seated on a foot stool at the lady's feet "Little Joe" would carol

forth in his best (or worst) style numerous little ditties from his book interspersed occasionally with Hymn such as were sung in Chapels, always finishing with "Glory to thee my God this night". The performance being finished, "Little Joe" was regaled with plum cake, buns and sweetmeats to his heart's content, with sometimes a small glass of gooseberry wine added and a bright sixpence having been given him, which he was cautioned not to spend on any account and which he stoutly protested he would never think of doing ~~on any account~~, Little Joe was taken home by the servant. I forget what became of the sixpences, but I have an impression that my Mother put them into her pocket - But I know that such events, were red-letter-days in my Calendar.

I was as a child always a weak puny mortal very often poorly, and a victim to every disease, such as measles, croup etc, that came round [sic]. The Typhus fever which I had when about nine years old, nearly finished me, but somehow I struggled through after lying in bed somewhere about six months. I think I was about 16 years old, when I was admitted as a Junior Teacher into the Congregational Sunday School at Windsor. I had left the school as a scholar some two years before, and afterwards used sometimes to accompany a Mr. John Harvey, to a branch School at Oakley Green about 4 miles off - but at 16 I was regularly admitted into the main school at Windsor, of which I was not a little proud.

About the date of my apprenticeship, our old Minister Mr. Redford who had been for more than 40 years our Pastor, was assisted by a young man from Highbury College named John Stoughton and was chosen by the Church as Co-Pastor. His beautiful preaching soon filled our old Chapel in High Street which might have held 500 people - to overflowing and speedily a grand new Chapel was built in William St. holding more than double, with spacious schoolrooms

under one half - and strange to say, A Mausoleum for the dead under the other half - This large school room was divided by panels and moveable shutters into Boys and Girls Departments, the shutters being down at opening, closing, and address, and up during School work. The Superintendent was Mr. John Hetherington, an earnest worker for Christ - and the Lady Super was Miss Gearing, like minded as to Christ's service, and also as to mutual regard, for those two speedily got married, and were made one. In the girls Department there was a young woman teacher admitted about the same time as myself though a few months younger, who was destined to play a very important part in my history, as my beloved wife during the long term of 41 years. At the time of which I write however, neither of us knew anything about the future. About the same time I was made a member of the Choir of the Chapel, first as a Treble, and when my voice broke, as an Alto, and altho' I had then very little knowledge of Music, having a good ear I could speedily acquire the Alto of a tune, and thought myself no mean singer.

When a little over 17 years of age, the Rev James Sherman, then of Reading, but afterwards for many years the successor of Rowland Hill, at Surrey Chapel, and one of the most eloquent, faithful, and successful preachers I ever knew, came to Windsor on a week night to preach to the S. S. Teachers.

His text was Isaiah 44th Chap. 3rd, 4th and 5th verses "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty" etc and while he most affectionately pleaded for God with the Teachers for personal and immediate consecration to Christ - with eyes swimming with tears, my heart was broken into tenderness, and I trust I then yielded myself, fully and entirely into my Saviour's hands - for Him to live and die.

Peace, love, and unutterable joy came into my soul, and I felt that Jesus was mine, and I His. Notwithstanding, I kept it to myself for some time, fearing to speak of it, either to my parents, or to my Pastor - dreading lest I should afterwards bring disgrace upon the profession of religion by falling away. This however was a suggestion of the enemy, and had well nigh lost me my happiness - but one Sunday night in our Teachers prayer meeting after service, I broke through the snare and being called on to pray, which tho' repeatedly requested, I had never done before - I took up my cross and in a very incoherent manner and with many sobs and tears showed by my prayers, that I was determined to serve the Lord Jesus. My Superintendent, who looked after the Spiritual interests of the Teachers as well as the children soon introduced me to our Pastors, both old and new and after about 3 months during which I received valuable counsel from them and the Deacons, I was formally admitted a Member of the Church, and received the right hand of fellowship from my dear old Pastor, (who had baptised me in infancy) - in the presence of the Church.

Soon afterwards I was called upon to pray in the Monday evening prayer meeting, and sometimes had considerable liberty in that exercise. One Sunday mg (morning) a short time afterwards my Minister Mr. Stoughton spoke to me after service, and said Do you not go to Dorney Sunday School this afternoon (a village about 4 miles off) - I replied "Yes". Well said he, there will be no preacher there this evening, and I want you to stay and conduct the service - I objected strongly but he said - Take this tract, you see it is a short sermon, and read it to the people, and if you feel free to say a few words of your own, do so by all means. With fear and trembling I went to my first appointment my brother-in-law Mr Tilley accompanying me. The service was held in the great kitchen of a farm house, and the place was quite filled, - I was very nervous when I began to read

my tract but gradually I felt more happy and interested and having got about a third part through - I felt liberty enough to say something of my own and continued so - the consequence of which was that I never got back to my tract but finished a (to me at least) very interesting service in the usual manner.

I was now between 17 and 18 years of age, and had hitherto taken no pleasure at all in the society of the female sex - in fact I was unusually shy and timid when in company with them. I remember well that on Good Friday in the year before, going in a van with the other teachers to the S. S. Anniversary at Maidenhead as was our Annual Custom, that when the van stopped at the Inn, and we all got out - having a good way to walk to the Chapel - all the teachers paired off each Jack to his Jill until at last there was only one Jack and one Jill left. The Jack was I - and I ran away to the opposite side of the road and the Jill followed behind the Superintendent and *his* Jill. All at once he saw her walking alone and I on the opposite side sneaking away. In an authoritative manner he called to me to come over, I obeyed, and he directed me to go and offer my arm to the young lady - I went up to her without saying a word, and she mechanically placed her arm within mine, and we joined the others.

I several times looked up in her face, intending to say something, but she looked so very black and sour that I was frightened, and I never spoke a word to her, or she to me, during nearly a mile's walk, or when taking or leaving my arm. Happy was I when we reached the Chapel, and I was free again. But the next Good Friday, my time had come.

On Good Friday in the year 1834, I and a fellow teacher named Stephen Boulton, some years older than I, hired a boat at Eton to row up the river Thames to Maidenhead to the Anniversary. The van load of teachers went as usual by road.

It was a beautiful spring morning in April, and we greatly enjoyed our row of 10 miles.

We attended the morning service, met our fellow teachers, and went with them to an Inn and had dinner with them. We afterwards went to the S. S. Tea meeting, after which there being time before the evening meeting we separated, many going for a walk, some one road, some another - Boulton and I went out by the road leading up Folly Hill - A little in front of us, we saw two young ladies whom we knew as teachers, but, as yet had never spoken to them. I said - Let us overtake them, and ask them to take a walk. Alright, said Boulton, but I mean to have the youngest Miss Hill - you can have Miss Jeffreys. Well said I, We'll see about that. Accordingly we made up to them, and I at once secured my young lady leaving poor Boulton with Hobson's Choice - We had a delightful walk (of course) and then went to the evening meeting not before we had persuaded the ladies to leave their companions and go down with us in the boat, it being a full moonlight night, they stipulating however that a young married teacher named Hatty, should go with us to save appearances. We made a start on the river about 9 p.m. Boulton and I rowing, Hatty steering in the stern, and the ladies on the broad seat in front of us, - It was a most delightful evening so calm and bright that we didn't hurry down, but every now and then would rest upon our oars, and let the boat glide gently down the stream, and joined our voices in singing a hymn or sacred piece making the echoes of the night ring, with our melodies. I should say that four out of the five were singers in the Chapel Choir the exception being Miss Hill, who could sing very nicely on occasion but didn't blow - like we did.

We got home very late, but perfectly happy, and pleased with our day's pleasure (at least I was). We met on Sunday of course after prayer meeting in the evening and had a good time, only my mate Boulton, was dissatisfied with me for

having taken the young one, but I clearly demonstrated to him that there was a fitness in things as they were, seeing that Miss Hill and I were nearly of an age, between 17 and 18, while he was 22 and Miss Jefferys about – well, an uncertain age, but older than he. That I was right was abundantly proved by the result. viz - that each of us eventually married the right girl altho' it was 4-1/2 years before I married, while Boulton and Miss Jefferys were not married until after our first child was born.

In looking back over this period of my life, I see clearly the good hand of the Lord my God as leading me and guiding me and preserving me in the most dangerous period of my life. I had begun to contract bad habits. Having a good Tenor voice, and being much praised by my shop mates, I was several times led astray to Public Houses, where they used on one or more evenings in the week to hold (Free and Easy's) where I was of course called on to sing and made much of, to gratify my poor vanity. I was restrained from drinking, because I did not like it - but no doubt, if I had continued, I should soon have been equal to that accomplishment also. - But directly I became acquainted with your Mother I at once ceased to attend these meetings - and found quite enough to employ my evenings in going to see her. She was however very chary of giving me her company (or I thought so) as she limited my evenings to two a week excluding Sundays, on the principle I suppose, that too much of a good thing, was quite enough - and as the courtship extended to nearly five years, she was probably right.

Time went on, the years went past, with happiness for me in society of your dear Mother, until the day when I became of age and was free from my apprenticeship. I cannot omit to mention, that my master, a week or two before I was of age came into the workshop, and before the men said that he had never

had an apprentice who had fulfilled his obligations like me before, and that in token of his esteem, he would give me the best suit of clothes the shop could furnish, to be made by the men, and that so long as there was a job of work in the shop, I should have it, as his journeyman. The day of freedom arrived, I not only had the suit of clothes, which were black as my Brother William had died shortly before - But he gave a supper to all the men at which many kind things were said with regard to me. I became a journeyman at a good time financially for the King William IV, died just as I was released and it was the custom in the trade in Windsor for double wages to be paid to Tailors from the time of the King's death to that of his burial which was about 3 weeks, consequently I earned a great deal of money.

After more than a year was past, I began to think about marrying, as I had put away nearly £50 since my freedom. We took a 5 roomed house in William St, Windsor, and your Mother, who never would tell me whether she had any money said she would find all the bed linen and other linen required but that I was to furnish the house. This I managed to do, though it brought me very low in finances, and the all important day arrived

We had decided to be married on Monday Oct 8th 1838, and as the act allowing marriages to be performed in Dissenting Chapels had become Law just before, we could not but be married in our own Chapel and by our own Minister. About 3 or 4 weeks before the marriage, I went over to Old Windsor 2 miles off, to interview Mr Bailey whose name you will see in my Marriage Certificate. He was Clerk of the parish church, but also the Registrar under the New Act. It was a very dark night, and having with great difficulty found his farm house, and being worried by his dog, I knocked at the door. A servant answered it with a candle in her hand saying "Who be ye". I said, I wanted to see Mr Bailey as I wanted to get

married". She called her Master, who at once said, "If you want to marry, come to the Old Church, and do it in the right way, I am the Registrar under the New Act, but I have never had a job, and I don't want to The old Church is enough for me".

I replied that at all hazard, if it were Law, I would be married by my own Minister. Well, said he, then we must go to Mr Long, Superintendent Registrar, who was a Solicitor in Windsor, but resided at Old Windsor. Accordingly he arrayed himself in his great coat and taking his stick and his dog and lantern, we proceeded in the darkness to Mr Long's, about a mile off. Here I was subjected to a bantering ordeal by Mr Long, who treated the whole matter as a good joke. However I, at least, was in earnest, and paying certain moneys, I received a paper, which I was to produce at the marriage ceremony to the Deputy Registrar Mr Bailey. The date was fixed and the place the Independent Chapel in Windsor, and the Minister, my dear Pastor, the Rev J Stoughton. Full of happiness I trudged home thro' slush and mud. A fortnight elapsed and the day of my happiness drew near, when one day Mr. Bailey appeared, and said that as he had found that my future wife lived in another Parish Union, altho' only across the river it was necessary that the banns should be entered and read at the Eton Board of Guardians as well as the Windsor.

There was no help for it, and so I had to go to the Eton Board and go thro' the same forms there, and my marriage was delayed for a fortnight. But at last, the important day arrived, Monday 22nd Oct 1838. We had kept the affair quite secret. Oh! Yes - But on going with my friends into the Chapel, I was surprised to find that the Chapel was filled by I should think 500 people. More than half filled.

The ceremony proceeded very fairly for a time when I found there was an

awkward pause, and I, who had been in the seventh heaven or somewhere else was awoke from my reverie by the voice of the Minister gently asking "Do you use a ring" - Now your Mother had given me that necessary article just before starting, wrapped in a thousand folds of silver paper, and I had deposited the same in my waistcoat pocket

Awoke to consciousness, and not liking to unfold the ring in the presence of so many people, I began trying with my fingers to push it through the papers. But that was a work of extreme difficulty, and my embarrassment was great, as amidst the suppressed tittering of many, I at last produced it. The ceremony proceeded, the ring was duly placed, the audience dispersed, but it was necessary we should adjourn to the vestry to sign the contract. I was asked at once to produce the document I had received from the Superintendent Registrar, without which the Deputy could not sign the marriage Certificate.

Now on the mantelpiece of our newly furnished home, there was a paste board model of a Church, the roof of which lifted and I had placed that document inside. I directed Mr Boulton, who you will remember was my companion when we first commenced our courting, to go home, and get the document from the Church. He went, and a long and to me at least, painful interval elapsed. At last he came breathless into the vestry stating that he had been to the Church and that old Cobbett the Parish Clerk knew nothing about it.

He had been to the Parish Church!! However he was soon sent off in a hurry to the right place, and the documents were signed and sealed. We spent our marriage day at Virginia Water, a lovely spot in Windsor Forest, and thus our marriage ended. On the next morning before I went to work, your Mother surprised me by putting into my hands a £20 note which was extremely

acceptable, as my finances had been almost brought to Nil, by the expenses of the marriage, and thus was begun a union, which I believe, as the Poets say "Was made in Heaven" and which for the long space of 41 years, was ratified by the blessing of God.

I have thus been particular in narrating the circumstances of my marriage, because it was the most important epoch of my life and largely determined my future life. I only regret that we could not have gone down to the grave together, but My Father in Heaven ordered otherwise. Your Mother was always a faithful wife and a loving mother, and I hope my children will always revere her memory. I continued working for my apprentice Master for a year or two afterwards, but I grieve to say that he did not fulfil his promise to give me full work and often in the slack times I did not earn a pound per a week. But your Mother commenced business as a Milliner and Dressmaker, and was largely patronized by the upper servants of the Castle and other Ladies, so that she soon began to have work people to help her. I think at one time she employed three young women, and was highly esteemed by her customers for her good honest work, and for the taste she exhibited in dress. It was on the advice of one of her customers, the Lady of one of the King's Pages that I began business for myself as a Tailor, and soon got enough work to keep me employed principally among the upper servants of the Castle. And now comes another of the great incidents of my life. Your Mother was delivered of a baby in September 1839, and I thought that my cup of happiness was now complete. The baby was Mary, and I rejoice that she is now alive, and the mother of a numerous family.

Another daughter was born about a year and a half after, Susanna, who I am glad to say is still alive and also the mother of a large family. But about this time, I, not liking my trade and being urged by my brother, Thomas, to become a

School Master, applied for admittance into the Training College of the British and Foreign School Society, Boro' Road London. As I was a married man with two children, I had to satisfy the committee that my wife and family would not want. Your Mother was equal to the occasion, and nobly agreed to attempt to keep the house while I was in College. I was accepted on that condition subject to an examination. In August I went up. There were more than 50 candidates, and the whole of us were seated at a long table. I sat near to the Tutor and examiner Dr Cornwell, and the ordeal lasted 5 or 6 hours. At the close, he told us in plain terms that we were all miserably ignorant, but that we should be admitted probationally. Gathering up our examination papers, he said, "These will be produced at an examination in three months time, and if your next papers then do not show a great improvement even in the best of you, you have mistaken your vocation and must go back from whence you came.

This so affected me, that as I walked down the Westminster Bridge Road that evening on a visit to your Mother's Aunt, Mrs Ham. I had a good cry, at thinking what would become of me and my little family, were I to be turned out of the College after having made such sacrifices to get in, and I resolved that with the help of God I would strain every nerve of my body and spirit to prevent such a catastrophe. And I did so. On one occasion shortly afterwards I was behind in my lessons and the Dr severely scolded me. My excuse was that I had not time. When he curtly replied, "You must make time." I understood him, and from that morning I used to rise at 3 or 4 o'clock and with a few of the students who were like minded, studied my lessons in the Class Room, where we were permitted to light the gas but were almost frozen by the cold.

The Dr shewed confidence in me by placing me in trust over the others, and I had only to call those who were disposed to be rowdy, to return to their studies,

or I would inform the Doctor, to ensure obedience. Once in 3 weeks I used to go down to Windsor to visit your Mother and my two children on the Saturday afternoon, walking 5 miles thro' London to the Paddington Station and then 3 miles from Slough to Windsor, and after spending Saturday afternoon and all Sunday with my family I had to answer to my name at ½ past 8 on Monday morning.

It was in August 1842, that I entered, and in Decr I was appointed to Wrexham Denbighshire North Wales. This was a very short training only 5 months, but the demand for Teachers was so great that I could not be kept longer. I received a valuable lecture from Dr Cornwell before leaving. He told me that tho' I was appointed to an important School, I was not to understand that I had finished my education. He acknowledged that, he had perceived in me the faculty of teaching but that I was still very ignorant and must improve myself both in learning and teaching or I should still prove a failure. I arrived in Wrexham early in 1843, leaving your Mother and the children at Windsor for the present. My salary was £80 per annum, quite a respectable income as times then were. I found the school of 200 boys in a very efficient state, the master whom I succeeded being a first rate teacher, and who was afterwards for many years the Head Master of the Model School at the Boro' Road, the very School I had been practising in while in College. He may be there still. His name was, Mr J Langton, B. A. of London University. The school was held in the Town Hall, an old and venerable building of several hundred years standing, but very dilapidated and they had just commenced building a new School Room both for boys and girls in another part of the town. I entered on my duties with great enthusiasm, and for a time all went on swimmingly. I commenced a class in Vocal Music on Hullah's System, and soon had above 100 Members which not only was a source of income

to me, but served greatly to increase my fame as a Teacher. I went up to Windsor at Easter to see your Mother and soon after I returned a baby was born, whom we called Amelia.

But now my troubles began which ultimately resulted in my leaving Wrexham. The Chairman of my Committee a Dr Lewis, was a retired Physician and was a perfect enthusiast in the education of the people. Quick and impulsive and overbearing in his nature, and his time entirely at his own command, he used to spend the greater part of it in my school. This would all have been very well, had he confined himself to observing, but unfortunately for me, he would interfere with the management of the school and go into the classes, armed always with a ruler, and use it too, on the boys. Complaints were made to me from the parents, of his interference, and I repeatedly asked him not to do so, but to refer anything wrong to me. Several times he promised to do so, but continued the same conduct until it became intolerable.

One day when he had drawn blood from the knuckles of one of my monitors, I told him plainly but courteously that I could no longer endure this interference, that he was undermining my influence and authority. He became very angry and said he had always done the same under the former Master and threatened to bring me before the Committee. I replied that I was ready and even anxious to answer to the committee for my conduct of the School, but would not suffer any more interference from him. At length he became abusive and taking up my hat from the table, I said "Now Dr Lewis, either you must leave the school or I will." He was in a towering passion, but put on his hat and left the school, to the delight of the children, saying that I should have to answer for my conduct. He never entered the school for six months thereafter, but he did not summon me before the committee. I told the other members and they said I had done right, but I saw

that his influence was paramount, and that they were quite afraid of him. I decided therefore at last to resign and did so and soon after. While conducting my school as usual one morning, there appeared at the open door, my enemy, with his double eyes glaring upon me followed by the Committee and among them Henry Dunn Esq. the Secretary of the B and F School Society to whom I was accountable. It appeared they had caught him taking holiday at Llangollen and had brought him over to inspect the School. Now thought I, I am in for it, and so I was, but after a thorough inspection he declared to the committee that the school was in an efficient state at which all the Committee, except Dr Lewis, seemed very glad. Then turning to me Mr Dunn said, he found I had resigned but, said he, find your way to the Boro' Road, and we will give you another school. A few weeks after I left, with regret, I must own, for I had made many dear friends, but I could never have been comfortable with Dr Lewis.

I remained with your Mother 3 weeks. We had now 3 children Mary, Susanna, and Amelia the baby. I had contracted the habit of smoking in Wales, but I think my children will say, when they read this, that I was greatly to be excused. When in Wrexham, I lodged at the house of a kind old blind lady, Mrs Ellis, who by the by, received her sight at the age of 79 by an operation, while I was with her. There was an old single gentleman lodging with us named Ludlow, a terrible smoker. The fireplace of the keeping room, as it was called where we used to sit, was a large cavern with a seat on each side. He and I sat on the one side, and my land lady and her niece on the other, and as he was almost constantly sending forth thick clouds of tobacco smoke I often was quite sick there by. On such occasions he would fill a long pipe with tobacco having all the requisites in a hole at the back of him, and lighting it at the fire, he would say "Here Young Man, take a hair of the dog that bit you," which I did at last in sheer

desperation and made my own smoke, which I found was much better than enduring his. And so I became a smoker. After I had acquired this habit, I went up to Windsor, I think at Mid-Summer. One morning I wanted a smoke, and looked about for a secret place to enjoy it in as your Mother did not know that I had formed this habit. There was a Wash house across the yard detached from the house, which seemed to be the very place. I got some tobacco and a pipe from the Storekeepers, and proceeded to have my enjoyment. I had only just lit my pipe, and begun to enjoy myself, when my little eldest child between 3 and 4 years old, came and looked in at the door, I called Mary! Mary! but no, Mary would not come nearer. She had seen something new, and ran back to the house, and the next minute she and her Mother were coming across the yard to see the unwonted sight. And now the murder was out. Of course your Mother grated me very soundly for taking up such a bad habit, and I expect I was correspondingly penitent, but I did not abandon the practice and now in looking back over 40 years of my life, I cannot altogether condemn the habit, if only moderately indulged in. It has been a great solace to me, and is so still, nor do I think it is harmful to the health if used in moderation. But I cannot too strongly condemn the practice when indulged in as it now is, by growing and puny boys and young men, and I confess that when I see such going along the streets puffing forth their clouds of tobacco, and spitting away their lungs, it almost literally puts my pipe out. I do not spit, and I think that is one reason why it does not harm me. At any rate with me at my age, it is a great comfort, and using it without abusing it, it soothes and comforts me and I esteem it therefore as one of the Gifts of God.

After remaining 3 weeks with my family, I was appointed Head Master of the British School at Lancaster, the county town of Lancashire. It was a mixed school of Boys and Girls and I was assisted by a Female teacher, and also by a young

man, there were 350 children. The school room was like a huge barn 60 X 40 feet, most rudely built, of undressed stone, rough inside and out, stone floor, stone supports to the desks and forms, stone jambs to the doors and window, in fact it was all stony and cold, with a huge iron stove in the centre, holding a cwt of coals, which was the only warm thing about it, but I had quite enough to do, amongst my numerous family, which I suppose kept me warm. It was in Sept I took charge and at Christmas, I brought my family down 260 miles from Windsor. It was a desperate cold ride for the poor children of whom I had now 3, Mary, Susanna and Amelia the baby, but the Railway was now open from London to Lancaster, 240 miles, so that we did the journey in one day.

I took a house near the school and my furniture came down by the Canal which ran from London down into Scotland and passed by our house. My salary was £90 per annum and I further increased it by writing of an evening for a merchant, who was one of my Committee, and traded with his own vessels to Canada and the United States, who paid me liberally for copying Charter parties etc for his ships. I also earned a good bit of money by a Hullah Singing Class I established in Lancaster chiefly thro' the influence of a Mr Thos Johnson, a Solicitor of Lancaster, who was so warm a friend during the four years I was in the town, that I think my connection with him should have a place in this narrative. Before I had been a week in Lancaster, as I was one evening sitting in my private room at my lodgings, I was informed by the servant that a gentleman was desirous of seeing me. That gentleman was Mr Johnson. He said he had heard, that I was a Teacher of Vocal Music on Hullah's system, and being an ardent lover of vocal music he had come to make & cultivate an acquaintance with me, if I would allow him. Thus we became acquainted. He was the son of Dr Johnson, the then Mayor of Lancaster, his brother was in large practice as a

Surgeon and the family altogether were chief among the elite of the town. He with all the family were Churchmen, tho' I afterwards found that he had no particular opinions respecting religion, but he was certainly a very moral and respectable young man. Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship especially on his part. Being a briefless barrister at that time, his friendship was almost oppressive. He would be generally waiting at my School door in the afternoons at the closing of my School duties, urging me to go for a walk, and sometimes we would be together all the evening. Seconded by his influence, I started a singing class, which numbered nearly 100 members and was very successful. My friend Johnson shortly after starting the class, asked me if I would allow him to join my choir in the large Independent Chapel there, to which office I had been appointed shortly after my arrival. I had got together a fine choir, about 20 young women some of them with splendid voices, for which the Lancashire Lassies are famous, and about the same number of young men. I was very much surprised as all his family were High Church, but said I should be pleased for him to join the Choir, but hoped he had considered the consequences as regarded his family. He said he was prepared to risk all that, and so he joined the Choir. The singing pew was immediately under the Pulpit and I sat in a raised Chair below the Pulpit facing the Congregation. My little daughters Mary and Susanna on either side of me both armed with Hymn books, for they had already begun to read, would stand up on the seats during singing and lift their tiny voices with the Choir and Congregation, to the great delight of many of the worshippers.

My friend Johnson sat on my right hand, next the child and during the prayer time would be constantly turning over the Tune Book, and nudging me with queries as to what we were going to sing next not giving the least attention to the prayer and hindering others, but as soon as the first word of the Lords

prayer was uttered, he would rise up and assume the attitude of devotion. I remonstrated with him upon his behaviour, and he replied that he would try not to offend again, but he could not for the life of him regard free prayer as prayer at all, but the Lords prayer was prayer, for it was in the Prayer Book. But before he had been with us 3 months, he was converted. Our minister was the Rev Jas Fleming who was afterwards for more than 30 years Minister of the Congregational Church at Kentish Town London, and who has only lately gone to his reward. Under his powerful preaching poor Johnson's heart was completely broken down. Never have I seen a more marked and decisive change. He at once gave his heart to God, and his hand to the people of God, and being saved himself, he began to try to be the means of saving others. In the Sunday School, in the Prayer Meeting, in season and out of season, whenever or wherever he could speak a word for Jesus, he was ready. As we sat under the pulpit facing the people, he would scan the people above and below and would often whisper to me, "Look at so and so don't you think they are feeling". "I'll speak to them after service", and directly it was over up the aisle he would go, station himself at the door, and when they came out, would politely accost them with "Beautiful sermon Sir this morning, I thought you enjoyed it" and by this and similar means would bring them to Jesus.

As for the young men, he formed a class for them at his Office, meeting once a week, and soon had between 20 and 30, most of whom he eventually brought into the Church. In this I was his helper, if he got hold of a fresh young man. He would say, "Now will you come tomorrow night to my Office, there will be a good fire, Mr Ryder will be there, and we will have some nice singing, and spend a comfortable evening," and in this and other ways he would bring them into the Gospel net. As a matter of course, he endured great persecution from his family.

His elder Brother, Dr James Johnson, apart from his Father, was the principal Physician in the Town, and he formally disowned him saying He was no Brother of his, for he had disgraced the family. His father and mother, with whom he lived did all they could to cure him of what they called his madness, but to no avail. He was greatly concerned for the salvation of his only sister, a fine girl about 18, and used to contrive means to leave an affectionate letter on her dressing table, or a Bible open at some marked passage, or a tract, but his efforts were not successful as far as I know.

He began Street Preaching too, for which he was not fitted by natural gifts. In this at the beginning I assisted him, but finding he had not the gift of public speaking, I persuaded him to relinquish it. When I left Lancaster he was still carrying on the same work altho' perhaps more soberly and steadily. He was too, beginning to get some practice in his profession so that his time was more occupied, but his evenings were always devoted to Gospel work in some way. I kept up a correspondence with him while I was at Lynn, but when we sailed to Australia, as a matter of course, our letters became fewer and eventually ceased. I received however from him a small book written by him containing a nice biography of one of his young men who had died happy in the Lord and which I should now have somewhere among my books. Your Uncle Thomas and Cousin Matilda visited Lancaster a few years ago and called upon him.

Glenelg Nov 10th 1885,

I resume my autobiography after a lapse of more than 3 years, I came to Glenelg on Aug 12th 1882, having retired from School work at the end of June 1882, and by the mercy of God continue unto this day. Until lately I have had no leisure time, but now being more favorably situated in this respect, I have

determined to resume my narration. With regard to Mr Johnson I may say, that your Uncle and cousin found him in practice as a Solicitor and doing a large business, a confirmed bachelor, and getting quite grey. He expressed great pleasure at seeing them for my sake, and wished them to tell me that he was still heart and soul a Sunday School teacher, but had for many years past gone back to the Church of England, since then I have not heard from him. I remained in Lancaster nearly 4 years, during the latter part of which time my health visibly declined, the wintry keen winds from the Irish Sea being especially trying and causing me many distressing coughs and colds. I therefore determined on removing to a more southern and genial climate, and was chosen, over many other applicants to the Mastership of the British School at Kings Lynn in Norfolk, quite on the opposite or eastern side of England. But as the sequel proved so far as health was concerned I only "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire." It was about Easter 1848 that we left Lancaster and the journey was long, first to Manchester where we stopped the night, and then right across England to Hull and then by steamer to Lynn. I had now 4 children, Joseph being born at Lancaster. However by the good hand of our God upon us, we all arrived safely at Lynn. We found it a good sized town of about 20,000 inhabitants, near the confluence of the river Ouse with the German ocean doing a considerable shipping trade. A very comfortable house was ready for us just opposite my school and as I had arranged with the retiring teacher, for the furniture we were comfortable at once. My school was for about 200 Boys, and I commenced work with a determination to do my best and work hard. I had a powerful opposition against me in the Church School not 100 yds away, which was backed by all the Church Clergy, and High Church influence but I stood my ground well throughout the summer and liked the place very well. But as the winter approached my health again failed and I found out my position in that respect

was worse than in Lancaster. The part where I lived was high and dry, but the greater part of the town lay lower than the sea, and was kept out by dykes or mounds of earth as in Holland, large creeks or fleets as they were called running up into the town filling and emptying with every tide, and causing agues and low fevers to be quite common. That winter almost finished my earthly course. Though not giving up, I was very ill, no appetite, no spirit to work in my school, but I kept on as well as I could through the winter as the summer came on I was sometimes a little better, but was often very weak. The Secretary of my School a Mr Wigg Chemist, related, I believe to Mr Wigg Bookseller of Rundle St, was an intimate friend of mine and I well remember that on Good Friday of 1849, he first asked me whether I had ever thought of emigrating to South Australia as a means of regaining my health. He said he would be very sorry to part with me, but he felt that to remain in Lynn through the next winter would be fatal to me. He had been keeping me up for months with quinine and iron and other tonics, and said He would take me to the leading Physician of the town and get his opinion of my case. Your Mother did not like the idea of emigrating at all at first, as, soon after we came to Lynn, we had her mother to live with us, who was much paralysed in her limbs and needed constant attention. The Physician however after examining me, gave it as his decided opinion that nothing, but a removal to a warmer climate before winter could save my life. Then your mother at once agreed to go. But how to find the means? Here the help of my good friend Mr Wigg was of service.

I first applied to be sent out as a free emigrant, but had too many children under a certain age. Failing that, I applied to be sent as the Schoolmaster of a ship, and was accepted but should have to wait my turn which might be possibly more than a year, so that plan had to be abandoned. Then said Mr Wigg, You

shall go - How much money can you raise? I told him I had only my furniture etc and I thought the very utmost I could raise would be under £20 - He applied to Marshall and Edridge shipping agents of London as to the cost of passage for myself, wife and 4 children and they agreed to land us in Adelaide for I think £80. Mr. Wigg then went to work and in the course of a few weeks collected from the friends of the school and Congregational Church of which we were members, quite sufficient with what I could raise to pay our passage with but little to spare.

Before I proceed to narrate the circumstances of our voyage to Australia, I should like to mention that about six months before we left Lynn a curious accident befell our only little boy Joseph, who at that time was about 2 years old. One morning after I had gone to school as his Mother was dressing her Mother who as I have said was paralysed and he was standing in the window seat behind her, the casement suddenly opened and he was precipitated on to the yard below. The fall was more than 12 feet. When his Mother picked him up, he was to all appearance dead, but we were rejoiced to find that he still breathed. I went for a Doctor, who on examination found not a scratch or bruise upon him. The Dr tried various means to restore animation but without any effect. He lay lifeless on the sofa and the Dr said we must carefully watch him, he was in a state of coma and if his strength lasted he might awake, but he feared the result. All that day and all that night he lay in the same state, and when I left for school at 9 o'clock next morning there was no change. But at about an hour afterwards he awoke, and when I returned was playing about on the floor as if nothing had happened. Thus our Heavenly Father in Mercy to us spared him to us at that time tho' he was taken from us 14 years after by a fatal accident, the harrowing account of which I will if spared, narrate in its proper place. We left Lynn on the Saturday 24th Aug 1849 for London, and stayed at your Uncle Thomas's house.

On Sunday morning your Uncle and I went to Spa Fields Chapel, Lady Huntingdon's Chapel an immense octagonal building which had a large organ and choir. As the great congregation rose to sing the first hymn.

"How sweet is the Sabbath, The morning of rest,
The day of the week, I love dearest and best.
This morning the Saviour arose from the tomb,
And burst all the fetters of death and its gloom."

My feelings entirely overcame me, and I sobbed aloud. The thought, that I was going far away from the house of God and its privileges into a strange land and for many weeks to come should be a wanderer over the mighty ocean was very saddening. But the Minister began to read the Church Service and while those beautiful prayers were being made, I became more calm and when again the joyful hymn of praise resounded thro' the Chapel I heartily joined in the singing and felt comforted and blest. The Rev T E Thoresby M A, preached an earnest sermon which especially under my peculiar circumstances, I much enjoyed, and thus came to a close the last service which I was privileged to enjoy in dear Old England. The same afternoon we all together with your Uncle went by the Blackwall railway to East India Docks, and went on board the "Asiatic" the vessel which was to take us to our destination, Adelaide, South Australia which was to sail from Gravesend the following morning. We found our berths after a time and were pleased to find that we were placed under the main hatchway, so that we hoped to get a little more fresh air than some others not so favorably placed. The Ship was in a most admired state of confusion bales, boxes, and parcels of all kinds crowded the decks above and below, so we had tea bid farewell to your Uncle, and soon after crawled into our bunks, and soon went to sleep thoroughly tired out.

In the morning we found ourselves opposite Gravesend expecting to sail directly after breakfast. But while at breakfast a terrible event occurred. Opposite to us and at the same table were a man and his wife, no children, who (the man) was suddenly seized with cholera which was then raging in Clerkenwell and other parts of London. It was a dreadful sight to see the poor man, his face and hands turned a ghastly blue, fearfully convulsed and in great agony while his groans rang thro' the ship. He was quickly taken to the ships hospital and of course our sailing that day was out of the question. The poor fellow-died at 4 p.m., a shell was hastily prepared and before dark his body was taken on shore, and the health officers came on board to hold an inquiry, which was to be continued next morning at 7 a.m after which we were to sail. Of course great excitement reigned among the passengers, and we resolved to hold a public meeting in the morning to protest against putting to sea with cholera on board. In the morning the Health Officers continued their inquiry, and we held our meeting, when the Ship Doctor, Dr Maurau was sent to us to tell us that the case was decided to be one of English Cholera only, and that the vessel was ordered to sail at 10 a.m. Notwithstanding our loud and vehement protests, the Blue Peter was hoisted and every preparation was made. I went ashore by leave to buy Mother a chair and nearly lost my passage. The ship was seen slowly moving down the river, before we left Gravesend and but for the fact that one of our passengers was a sailor and took one of the oars we should never have regained the ship. However your Mother's great alarm was assuaged when I scrambled on board with her chair.

Before I go on to describe the incidents of the voyage, I must narrate a laughable story, in which I played a very wicked part. Our Dr Maurau whom all my children will remember and esteem as "the Good" Doctor of Reynella and my intimate friend for many years, was then a nice bashful young man, just married

and only just passed as a Surgeon, was as I have said, sent to assure us that the man had died of English Cholera. Among the many indignant denials made, I who saw the point of a joke said, Dr I will prove to you, and you shall acknowledge that you are wrong. Well said he if you put your opinion before that of the Health Officers I have no more to Say. Nay said I, but you shall acknowledge that I am right. There was great silence, and I said quietly, Doctor, What is the name of this ship. Amidst great laughter 50 voices replied "Asiatic" and the poor Dr made a hasty exit. It was too bad of me, but I could not resist it, many a time since have we laughed together as he would recount this anecdote saying, That I completely "sold" him. Alas! He is gone. Peace to his memory.

We sailed slowly down to the sea I remember passing Sheerness and the North Foreland and then came Chaos. For two days and nights I lay in the utmost misery, how the poor children below us in their berths got on, I neither knew nor could I help them I only thought I should die, when all at once we were still. We were inside the Plymouth Breakwater, Oh what a respite, but only for a day. Next morning we were off again and the sea was calm, I remember passing the Landsend and Eddystone Light, and felt very sad at taking farewell of the shores of my dear old country, but what I thought of for several days after that it is impossible for me to describe, except that I deeply regretted that I had ever put my foot on board ship, and felt sure we should all go to the bottom.

One day when it was a little calmer, Capt Waddell came down and made us all get up on deck. We were forced to obey, and children and adults were all seated on either side of the cuddy and for a time we managed by holding on tight to the bulwarks to enjoy in some measure the rays of the sun but it was of brief duration for the sky soon clouded, the wind arose, a tremendous sea struck the vessel, and your Mother who sat on the opposite side from me was sent spinning

right across the ship down to me, and we all had to be assisted by the sailors down to our bunks. A day or two more of misery, and then the Captain told us that we had crossed the Bay of Biscay and should soon have calmer sailing.

This prediction proved correct, and getting more used to the ship and its ways we gradually found ourselves more comfortable. But your mother could not relish the food allowed us nor did the children, and poor mother often went hungry and longed for some more flour especially as she could not eat the ship's biscuits which they ironically called bread, only a small quantity of flour being doled out to us which chiefly went for the children. But we could not buy it, and so had to put up without it. As for myself, after I got over the sickness, I felt better than I had been in England but still far from well and did not relish the food any more than the others.

On the next Sunday we had service on board. Passengers crew and all not engaged working the ship were arranged around the cuddy, and the Rev Mr Cheetham a Congregational Minister who with his wife and family were Steerage passengers with us, conducted the service which we greatly enjoyed. After dinner the first mate announced that we were passing Teneriffe, and must look out for the Peak. We looked and looked in vain no sign of land could we see, when all at once I looked above the white fleecy clouds which bounded the horizon and there high above the clouds, in the pure blue ether, arose the Peak in all its magnificent grandeur. Its height, I think is 15,000 feet.

A few days after this we were becalmed and as we were getting into the tropics and nearing the equator the heat became very great, while the fact of our being becalmed, and the offal of the ship lying all round about us caused a stench to fill the ship almost unendurable. We were becalmed a fortnight and our [sic]

became most distressing. On the 5th October however things came to a climax in more than one respect. Your Mother was taken poorly in the evening, and the Dr ordered her into the Hospital, which was hastily prepared for her and before midnight she was safely delivered of our fourth daughter, Annie Oceana, now Mrs G W Padman. In the early morning while I was sitting on the gangway steps talking with the Doctor's Assistant, I exclaimed "The Ship's moving," Nonsense said he, but I ran to the bulwarks, and sure enough she was going nicely thro' the water at two or three miles an hour. Oh what a double relief. The birth of our child was entered in the ship's log as having occurred in lat. 6.35 N and long. W 6 1/2 degrees North of the equator.

Two days afterwards we were told that we should cross the line that evening, and a fat old cornishman on board was very anxious to see the ship go over it, as he thought it was a veritable line or rope, so the first mate determined to gratify him. We agreed that he should be awoke in the night, and scolded because he had not got up before we had passed it, which the mate informed us we had done an hour before. The old man rudely awaked hurried on deck his shirt tail floating in the wind, and exclaiming in true Cornish style. Where is her! I can't see her! oh what a pity! The mate said don't you [sic] that line pointing to a streak on the horizon. But the old man was not to be gulled. "Her baint She" he said, "You be gammoning I." Well said the mate I'll convince you, and fetching his telescope, he adroitly put a hair across the sight, and handed it to him. Amid roars of laughter the old man cried out "There she be" "I see her" "Thankee Mr Metcalf" "I said home that I would see the line, and now I have seen her" and went to his bunk quite satisfied.

When your Mother had been in the Hospital about 3 days the Captn. ordered the Medical comforts to be stopped as she was doing well. I thought it very cruel,

but there was no appeal, but when I saw her pining for want of proper nourishment I was very indignant. Now all the money we possessed was 5 sovereigns which Mother had sewed between the bones of her stays. So I said Mother, give me your stays but she refused, however I soon got them and ripped out one, and got a bottle of Port Wine for her. Cost 5/-. She afterwards had another bottle and so she sewed up the others and we arrived in Adelaide with £4-10-0 and 5 children. We had hoped to have had one sovereign for each child.

We had by this time become used to the ship and sometimes greatly enjoyed ourselves when the weather was calm and the sea moderate. For myself I felt so well and my appetite was so good that I could relish to the full the coarse food provided. While your Mother was in the Hospital, I had of course the care of the children and had enough to do, especially as our little Boy Joseph was very poorly and had a large boil or ulcer formed in his back which required constant attention. The heat too being in the tropics was dreadful. It was then that I began to experience a complete change in my physical nature. I began to perspire a thing I had never done before and so freely that the bed would be almost wet through in the morning and had to be placed on the bulwarks to dry. My skin too, which had always been dry and hard like chicken flesh changed by degrees into a fair and clear skin like that of a little child. It seemed as if I had done all the sweating of 33 years in almost as many hours. Following this came a tremendous appetite, I would get up in the morning by 5 o'clock, and taking a Ship's Biscuit, and knocking the weevil out of it, would put it on a tin plate covered with a good large slice of fat pork, put it in the galley fire, and when cooked eat it with much gusto and Appetite. In fact I could eat anything, I had clearly turned the corner and begun to live a new life, and thus the opinion of the Dr who examined me at Lynn was verified, that I was not too far gone, if I had the benefit of a sea voyage

and a change of climate.

This is 36 years since and I wish here to record my fervent thanks and praise to my gracious God and Father that through that long period, I have had almost uninterrupted good health, and now in my 70th year the same great blessing is still vouchsafed me. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits. The Lord make me truly thankful, Amen.

Nothing particular occurred during our voyage down the Atlantic. We rounded the Cape in fair weather crossed the meridian of Greenwich and entered the Southern Ocean. I had put my watch right with Greenwich when starting, and kept it always wound up of course we lost time at first going west and when off the South American coast were several hours late, but I never altered my watch, and had the pleasure of finding, that it was almost right with the ship's time when we crossed the first meridian. Then going East we began to gain time, till on arrival at the Port I found my watch 9 1/2 hours late. But I am forestalling. We had made very slow progress going down the Atlantic, but when we entered the Southern Ocean we had fine westerly and southerly winds and went on gaily. Our old tub of a ship which foundered going home at Port Elizabeth in South Africa behaved nobly. Our baby Oceana was getting on finely, a fat chubby infant, and our first mate Mr Metcalf, would often ask your Mother to be allowed to nurse it. He said he had a family of his own in London. He would take the baby round among the passengers and have a sly hit at some of the newly married women, among whom there had been two or three failures on the voyage, saying "Ah! this is a really baby, none of your make believes." Your Mother too was much better as were the children, and we were now all looking anxiously for the first sight of the New Country. We passed within sight of St Paul where the Captain had promised to call for water, but when we sighted it resolved not to

lose any time, so we did not call.

It was on the 24th Decr we caught sight of Kangaroo Island, and the Captain promised us, that we should have roast beef and plum pudding at Adelaide on Christmas day if we found it ourselves but we were doomed to disappointment. On Christmas morning we entered the Gulf but were opposed by a very strong wind from the North which we found afterwards was a hot wind. All that day we did nothing but tack from side to side making but little or no progress. We saw "the goodly land and Lebanon" the Southern coast looked particularly inviting, but could not enter it, and so, instead of dining on Christmas fare, we were doomed to regale ourselves on the inevitable salt hunk. It was not till noon of the next day that we got to the Light Ship and there we found the "Harry Lorregner" a fine new emigrant ship that had left London a month after us. Mr Timmins and Wife of Nairne came out in her. We did not arrive at the Port after all till evening but most of the male passengers went off to Adelaide at once. I did not, I and Miss Griffin whom I have not mentioned before, went on shore, and walked as far as Alberton a township about a mile or so from the Port, to see how we liked the new land. This young lady was an assistant in a Drapers Shop in Lynn, and a Singer in the Congregational Chapel like myself. When she heard that I was going to Adelaide she asked me only the Sunday before we sailed whether she could go out under our protection in the single women's department. We agreed, and tho' she had only a few days to prepare, she was ready and went with us on Thursday and sailed with us, not even going to see her aged parents, who lived in Hampshire, because there was no time. I may here at once say that she got a situation as Governess in the family of the Hon W Duffield of Gawler, and as that Gentleman got rich very fast their household became large, and she became Housekeeper and General Manager of the household, entrusted her savings in the

Mr Duffield's hands and in 15 years time saved money enough to go home to England and to keep herself respectably but now I hear that she has been for years past out here again, and is living at Mitcham.

The next morning Miss Griffin and I started for Adelaide to seek our fortunes. The day was very hot and the sun scorching. Our first visit was to Mr Geo Rolfe the only friend we knew in Adelaide who was one of the Deacons of our Church in Lynn and who had emigrated about six months before we did, with his wife and two children. He was a Draper in Lynn but had been insolvent, and all his available cash I was informed was about £100. They had a most unfortunate voyage, lasting 6 1/2 months, and were nearly starved causing Mrs Rolfe to be seriously ill and she died within a few weeks of landing. We found Mr Rolfe in business as a Land Agent, and doing well. He was cousin to Mr Jno Morphett now Sir John a rich landowner, who doubtless put him into business. He received us very kindly, but was very busy so we did not trouble him long. He asked me what I intended to do. I said of course, school teaching was my profession. Oh! said he That is but poor work, Adelaide is full of little schools and when a person can get nothing else to do they start teaching. What else can you do. Well said I, I could fulfil the duties of a Clerk. Said he That is much worse the city is deluged with clerks of all sorts. Can you do anything else? I said I could work at my trade of a tailor. Why said he, That is worst of all. This was poor encouragement. But said he don't be dismayed, something will turn up in a few days. Bring your wife and family to my House, we will manage to do somehow, and as tomorrow is Saturday, you can sleep there on Saturday night and on Sunday I will introduce you to some friends who will be able to help you. We then left him. In the afternoon we walked to Kensington to see old Mr Roberts, to whom I had a letter of introduction from my brother Thomas who was on the

Committee of my brother's School at Wem Shropshire and reputed very rich. He received me very coolly, I thought, but when he opened the letter his manner changed. Why said he, Have you got any testimonials as to your fitness as a teacher. If so, you are the very man we have been looking for. We want to establish a Day School in connection with Freeman St Chapel but we will not do it until we can find a regularly certificated British School Teacher. Well said I. Here he is shewing him my Certificate as having passed through the Normal School and also testimonials from the three schools I had conducted in England. He sent for the Rev Mr Strongman, the Congregational Minister of Kensington who examined my papers, and entered heartily into the project, and Mr Roberts gave me a note to the Rev Mr Stow the Minister of Freeman St Chapel which I was to deliver to him on the next day, at his residence at Paynham[sic].

I then went back to the ship, very tired, but very hopeful. The next morning I was off again and saw Mr Rolfe who was very glad to hear what had occurred and promised hearty assistance, and then started to walk to Payneham to see Mr Stow. It was terribly hot, the distance 4 miles, and of course I lost my way, and wandered about for an hour or more. I was told to make for the Maid and Magpie, but how to find either of them I did not know. I lay down by a tree, but there was no shelter, I was utterly exhausted and could go no further. Looking around however, I could see a long low building at a distance and slowly dragging my weary limbs along I at last got to it and to my joy found it to be the Maid and Magpie. I had a glass of Ale there and a good rest and as I was now in the proper road, I soon got to Mr Stow's. He received me very kindly, entered into the plans proposed for the establishment of a School and after having dinner and tea I walked back to town. An awful dust storm with loud thunder and vivid lightning met me on my way, and presently the rain poured down so fiercely that I was

drenched in a minute. I never had seen such a rain before. I kept on my way much frightened and wet through, and by the time I reached town the rain had ceased, and the sky cleared and the cool west wind was very refreshing. I again went back to the ship.

On Sunday, I went again to town to Mr Rolfe's, and with him to Freeman St Chapel, and heard Mr Stow, and thought him one of the best preachers I had ever heard. Mr Rolfe introduced me to the people and a notice was read calling a meeting of all interested in commencing a British Day School in connection with the Chapel for Monday eve. At that meeting a Committee was formed, and I was appointed Teacher, School to begin on the following Monday in the S. School Room at the back of the Chapel. I was to have no payment from the Committee but they were to spend a few pounds in fitting up the school, and I was to have the school fees which were fixed at 1/- per week each except for little children under 7, at, I think 8d per week. That night I went back to the Ship happy and thankful for my success.

On Tuesday mg I brought your Mother, my 5 children and all, my household gods[sic] up in a Bullock dray to Mr Rolfe's at North Adelaide for a day or so while I was looking for a house, and finding that Mr Roberts had a house to let at Kensington, we took it and removed there the next day. It had only two rooms with brick floor, but the rent was low and we had no furniture of any value to put into it and so it suited us very well. I borrowed some forms from the Congregational S. School to form a bedstead for the children and two seats with backs from the Chapel made a first rate bedstead for ourselves, we had small boxes for chairs and a large one for table and so, as our finances were running low, we did not spend any upon furniture.

I commenced school on Monday with about 50 scholars a very good beginning and was busy enough all the week organising and getting things in order. I walked from Kensington every morning with my two eldest girls, Mary and Susanna whom I found very useful in the school. Mary being over 10 and Susanna over 8 years of age. In less than a month my school was over 80 strong and I had quite enough to do. In about 3 months I found a reaction setting in. The parents complained that there was no female to teach sewing and I lost several girls in consequence. I laid the matter before the Committee and requested a female assistant which after a deal of pressing they allowed me, and appointed Miss Sootheran now Mrs Crossley, late of Virginia now of Ararat Victoria for afternoon school only. This had the effect of retaining the girls and I had still a good school. But I found that I was at a great disadvantage in regard to the assistance Government gave to Education, By the "Education Ordinance" as it was then called. Any person could start a school if he could get a Magistrate to sign his application and state that he believed applicant to be a fit person and that he had a proper school room. At the end of each month he or she the Teacher sent to the Govt a filled up form giving the number of children who had attended, which had to be signed by a J.P., and the Teacher received from the Treasury One Shilling and eight pence per month for each child not being less than 20 nor more than 40. This Ordinance which had only become law just before I arrived induced a great many people to start little schools all around me and I had hard work to maintain my numbers, each one of these mushroom schools taking away one or two children, tho' in the long run most of them would come back. I asked my Committee several times to allow me to take it, but, no, they would not allow me to take Govt money for Education. It would have added nearly £1 per week to my income but they would not hear of it. This led to the breaking up of the School about a year afterwards, as I shall narrate in its proper place.

About a fortnight after commencing School your Mother was seized with a severe attack of diarrhoea which resisted all the remedies we could procure and brought her very low. She would not allow me to send for a Doctor and I verily thought that we should lose her. At last, some person advised me to get some young wattle twigs and leaves, and boil them down for her to drink. I did so, and the result was almost magical and the diarrhoea soon ceased.

I commenced a class for vocal music on Hullah's System early in Feby. which was at once a great success More than fifty members joined it on the 2nd night of meeting after which I closed the list. I also started a similar class in North Adelaide chiefly thro' my friend Mr Rolfe but that was not such a success, the population being too limited, and I closed it after about six months trial. These two classes considerably added to my income, so that we were able to get a little furniture and other comforts about us. I ought to mention that no sooner did your Mother get well than I was afflicted with bad eyes. In a few days I became almost blind, and the pain was intense. But I continued my school going from and to Kensington every day, my two daughters Mary and Susanna leading me. This lasted about 3 weeks.

But I soon resolved to move into town and took a Wooden House in Angas St belonging to Mr Bowen one of our Deacons at Freeman St. This I found of much advantage as the winter was approaching and the Kensington Road was very bad for walking. Even as it was in Adelaide it was often as I found it that winter a very difficult task to get from Angas St. to my School without getting knee deep in mud. One Sunday night I remember your Mother started to go to Chapel at Freeman St. not a quarter of a mile distant while I remained at home to take care of the children. I expected her home by 8 p.m, but 9 o'clock came, and nearly 10 when she was brought home by some man to whose house she had wandered

through acres of mud and water in the dark, arriving at this refuge with only one boot on and covered with mud and dirt. She had never reached the Chapel.

All thro' the year 1850 I continued my school at Freeman St. and also my Singing Classes both there and at North Adelaide and by thus working hard we managed to save a little money. I bought a plot of land in Beulah Road Norwood and by means of a Building Society, had a Two Roomed Cottage built to which we removed, I think early in 1851. I should state here that my brother in law and sister Mr and Mrs Tilley who emigrated to New Zealand 10 years before we came out, but who were then living near Sydney, on hearing of our arrival in Adelaide soon made tracks to come to us, arriving about Aug 1850, and lived with us in Angas St till we removed to Norwood, soon after which they removed to Hay Valley, near Nairne, a very important change for all of us, as will appear in the sequel.

The year 1851 opened very inauspiciously for m. My School became very low, so great was the competition of mushroom schools around me, so in Feby. I called my Committee around me and stated that my income was insufficient for the support of my family, and put before them two alternatives. The first was, to allow me to take the Govt Subsidy, the other, that they should fit up the School Room with forms and desks and give me proper appliances as lesson Sheets Books Slates and Maps, common in all British Schools, at an estimated cost of £50 and I would try to maintain my position against all comers. To the first proposition they gave me a decided negative. They were Independents and would never accept Govt aid, either for Religion or Education. To the second they expressed themselves favourable, provided they had the means, but it was at the present quite out of their power. As I saw they were very luke warm about the matter, I took the only other alternative left me and resigned my position. I may

here say, that I was succeeded by an exceedingly clever man a B A who I think was a Student from one of the Independent Colleges but after a month or two's experience, the School was shut up and has never since been reopened.

The members of my Singing Class determined on giving me a Benefit Concert. I had taken them thro' the Manual, and were now far advanced in Hullah's Part Music. Great interest was evinced, as this was the first class formed in Adelaide, and great enthusiasm manifested by all the members numbering more than 50 besides the School children whom I had carefully trained

The concert was a great success the Schoolroom crammed, and the part songs, solos, and choruses, loudly applauded and what was better for me, a sum of nearly £10 in my pocket the next day, as the proceeds. A very flattering notice appeared in the Observer, the next week. I may say it was entirely vocal, no instrument but my tuning fork.

I had opened a Day School in Norwood but it was not a success owing to the paucity of inhabitants.

On Good Friday of that year, I went to Nairne riding in a Bullock dray with Mr Clezy Senr and Mr Bee with Charley Perry as Bullock Driver, to visit the Tilleys. The result of that visit was that I determined to remove there and after a few weeks we left Norwood one Saturday noon with all our belongings and children in a Bullock Dray, for Hay Valley. We packed the children in a large empty case at the back of the Dray. It was the 4th May as I well remember the wettest year in Sth Australia, and that day was no exception. Before we reached Glen Osmond we were drenched and so in toiling up and over the mountains the rains continued. It was midnight when we got to the Onkaparinga near Balhannah, river swollen bank high. However we managed to get across I can't

tell, but we did so, and about 2 in the morning we got to Mr Bothams at Balhannah who with Mrs Botham, got up and received us with true Christian kindness, lit a roaring fire, gave us a good hot meal, warm clothing etc etc etc. We then lay down on the Stone floor of the kitchen and got an hours sleep. After a good breakfast provided by our kind friends, we resumed our journey, and got safely at Tilleys on Sunday morning.

Tilleys lived in a thatched hut of one room about 12 feet by 8ft. and we were for some weeks to come to live in the same. Mrs Tilley was nursing Mrs Light, one or two of their elder children were out at Service and Tilley went away somewhere to sleep so we managed somehow while our house of two rooms was being erected opposite. I had secured a lease of an acre of land from Mrs Smillie at a rental of 5/- per an. and had engaged a man to build me a wattle and dab house with thatch roof I having to help him.

It was several weeks before it was finished and I had to work hard but it was with no little pride we entered upon possession of our own new house, which consisted of one long room 24feet long by 12ft wide high pitched roof, and strongly thatched. We of course made two rooms by a curtain. We didn't trouble about windows, two openings in the wall, covered with a strip of calico sufficed. A sack hung up served for a door tho' we afterwards rose to the dignity of a really door. And now, comfortably housed, the next question was, How to provide for our maintenance. There were a few settlers in the Valley, and no School, and Nairne was only two miles away, and considerable population. So we decided that your Mother should open a School in our new house, and that I should open one at Nairne. Accordingly Mother moved her curtain partition a few feet further from the centre, making a very nice Bush School room 18ft long by 12 wide. She very soon got sufficient scholars to enable her to apply for the Govt grant. I

rented a wooden building in Nairne and from the first was successful as regards numbers, tho' there was another School in the village. We soon succeeded in obtaining the Govt Aid for both Schools getting our papers signed by Mr Allan McFarlane J.P., who came and inspected the rooms, and kindly certified for us while Capt Davison the other J.P. in the Dist. refused to do so, being a partisan of the Nairne School teacher.

I think that at this time our eldest girl, Mary, who must have been 12 years old went as nurse girl to the family of Mr Jas Johnston OakBank where I know she was kindly treated and highly esteemed and where she remained a considerable time.

And now we seemed fairly launched on a sea of temporal prosperity, which was however to be succeeded in a year or two's time by the sharp and bitter storms of adversity. But I will not anticipate.

From the time of our coming to the Valley, our children attended the Sunday School at the Wesleyan Chapel in Nairne with their cousins and we and the Tilley's often went down to Chapel in the evenings. When our House was built, and the School opened however I thought it would be a good thing if we could open our house for Divine Worship on Sunday evenings, as there was no service nearer than Nairne, and the dwellers in the Valley generally were living a careless and ungodly life. Accordingly after due invitation and notice given I held my first service within a few weeks of the opening of the School and was much gratified at the attendance which was large from the first, and within a week or two entirely filled the house. Of course I preached myself, being entirely unconnected with any other religions body except the Congregationalists, under Mr Stow, in Adelaide. This was continued until I went to the Diggings in April 1852, and

when I returned in October I found that the Primitives had taken up services at another house and soon afterwards built a Chapel.

And now I come to a period in my history that completely changed all my plans, and threw me and my dear wife and family into great poverty at least for a time, but in which I can now clearly see the leadings of my Heavenly Father. The Melbourne Gold diggings broke out I think in October 1851 and within 3 months almost the whole of the adult male population had left the Colony for the New El Dorado. I continued School at Nairne till the end of the year, and might have carried it on afterwards could I have lived without money, but the bone and sinew of the Colony were gone, causing the greatest amount of depression possible. Every one leaving carried with them, all the gold (coin) they could raise, so that the Govt had the greatest difficulty in carrying on, and the Colony was nearly bankrupt and most of the merchant and shop keepers were obliged to resort to a paper currency. Whole rows of Shops in Hindley St were closed, grass grew in the once busy thoroughfares, and nothing but ruin stared us in the face. I had a few pounds left, and I sold my interest in my cottage at Norwood for £20, for I was thinking of following the many to the Diggings in April. I will relate one incident in regard to this, to show to what straits the Colony was reduced. I had walked down to town and received the money for my house, and next mornng. I met Mr Prankerd the Land Agent whom I knew well. He said Oh! Mr Ryder I have got a property to sell that will just suit you. It is at Prospect. There are 4 acres of land fenced and a well built house of five rooms and a stack of hay of about 3 or 4 tons, and you shall have the lot for £20. I had great difficulty in refusing it, for I had the very money in my pocket, but I did for of what use was land or house to me. The Colony was bound to go to ruin and my family couldn't eat house or land, the difficulty would be, I thought how to feed them, for flour

was £5 per bag and all other things in proportion. So I kept my money altho I believe within a year from that time the same property would have fetched two or three hundred pounds.

About April 1852 our party was organised. It consisted of Mr John Bott, Messrs Brinkley, Tilley, Ryder and another whose name I have forgotten. (Mr Hart of Balhannah and a Son.) All were Primitive Methodists residing in the Valley. We had a team of 6 Bullocks and a Dray which was to carry our provisions and also our swags, and we were to walk. I arranged with Mr Clezy Senr of Nairne, to supply my family with provisions etc while I was away, in the hope of being able to pay him on my return. My share of the expenses of the journey caused my £20 rapidly to lessen, and when I started I left your Mother with £1 and a bag of flour while I had only a few shillings.

The narrative of our journey overland, I kept in a diary which I have preserved and which if spared, I will append to this history. We were about 5 weeks going over, and had to endure a little hardship in sleeping out at night, and walking 500 miles, and in many other ways, but I had almost constantly good health not only then but throughout the whole time I was away. Indeed I know it must have hardened me for the 35 years I have passed since then. I was then in the zenith of life, 35 years old and have in the mercy of God been preserved to the age of man 70 years, in tolerable health. Praise the Lord. When I came home I found another little girl had been born to me and was glad to find your dear Mother and the other children all looking fresh and well. As to my success, it was but small, altho I was at Bendigo in all the good time when gold was plentiful. I had sent home by escort 6 ozs of gold, and I brought with me about 40 ozs.

The first thing to be done was to discharge my debt to Mr Clezy for the

maintenance of my family, and as I got only about 60/- per ozs for my gold in Adelaide and my bill was over £90 - I was left with only a few pounds when I had discharged my liabilities

I went to town and tried hard to get a School under the Board of Education which had been established while I was away, but could only get the promise of being appointed when a vacancy occurred. Nor could I obtain any other situation, so I returned home, and hired myself out to Mr Hefford who came home with us from the diggings, to help him with his hay-making. All day long for a week or two, I dragged a heavy rake over the paddocks for I was not strong enough to do the pitching and stack making and he gave me my food and a few shillings per week as wages. Before Christmas my money was all gone and it behoved me to do something for our support. Accordingly on the Monday mornng. before Xmas day 1852, I shouldered my swag, and having with my last half crown bought a sickle at Johnny Disher's Store, I sallied forth up the Woodside road to get a job at reaping of which I knew no more than the sickle I carried. I was directed to go to Mr Jas Inglis's farm at Western Branch about a mile from Woodside as his wheat was ripe. I think I see him now, as he came out to speak to me in front of the house, a fine tall old scotchman. I asked him for reaping. He scanned me well for a moment or two, and then said abruptly You're no reaper. No, said I. What are you then? A School Teacher, I replied; and then in answer to his questions, I told him all he need to know about myself. Well said he, my man, so as you could not get work in your proper calling, you have come out to get reaping in order to support your wife and family. Yes, I said. That was so. He looked down on me so benignantly and said. All honor to you my man, if all colonists acted as you have done, it would be better for all of us. Come in, my man, and get your breakfast, and I will go to the field with you, and set you to

work. You will be very awkward at first, but don't be discouraged you will cut your finger, get that over as soon as possible and then you will be seasoned for the work. Mrs Inglis a good motherly old lady gave me a real good feed, and then Mr Inglis took me to the field. He set me a large piece, took the sickle and showed me how to use it, made a band for me and made me make another and promised to come now and then and further instruct me, all which he more than performed. At first I was very awkward, but gradually got into the way of it, and by the end of the week felt myself quite a reaper. I worked for him for six weeks and reaped ten acres, doing for the last 4 weeks my half acre per day easily, thus earning 10/- per day and my keep. Afterwards I reaped for Mr G Mills in Hay Valley but did not do so well there. I was with him 3 weeks. This reaping was a good thing for me and kept the wolf from the door from Christmas to the end of Feby. I then went to town again, but could not get a school nor anything to do in the shape of Clerking etc. Returning, I did odd jobs for the farmers, wrote letters for them, measured land, besides working for them on the farms or anything to earn a shilling. Among other things, I heard that Mr R Bairstow of the Mount wanted someone to thresh (by hand) a small stack of oats. Accordingly I walked 7 miles to the Mount, saw Mr Bairstow and asked for the job. He said, Do you think you can do it Mr Ryder. It is hard work? to which I replied, I don't know I can but try. So he set me to work, prepared the floor for me and promised to look round occasionally and change the floor and see how I was getting on. The weather was frightfully hot the sun scorching, I stripped to the work, began thumping away with the flail, bringing it down oftener upon my poor head and shoulders than upon the Oats, while the weight of the instrument of torture, and its jarring motion, tried my arms and shoulders with great pain, and soon filled my hands with blood. But there was no help for it, I kept on somehow till sundown, the master changing the floor occasionally and I thumping away not at

all intelligently, but feelingly at any rate. After supper, I lay down in the barn on some straw, but not to sleep. Oh! the pain I endured! I had raised bumps on my poor head unknown to any phrenologist, while my shoulders, arms, and hands were racked with anguish. However, at 5 the next morning I was at it again, but with the consciousness (I own) that I had got a job I could not perform. About an hour or two after, George Pope a farm labourer, almost the only man left in the District who did not go to the Diggings, came up to the slip-panel. Oh! said he you're there Mr Ryder, I can go back then, I promised to come and help Mr Bairstow, as he couldn't get anyone, and I know he wants to get the Oats to the Market as soon as possible. Stop a minute George, I said. This job thrashes me! I cannot do it, bad off as I am, and the master coming up, I said, Don't let Mr Pope go, for this job is too much for me, so we went into breakfast and I was relieved of the job and went home a sadder and wiser man.

Since returning from the diggings there being regular service in the Valley by the Primitive Methodists, I had at the request of the Rev J Dare (afterwards Dr Dare, the popular preacher of Melbourne) then Wesleyan Minister of Mt Barker Circuit, preached at Nairne occasionally for them and afterwards my name was placed on the plan as Auxiliary.

I had commenced a School in a ruinous hut, in the Valley and had got together a few children, but with no prospect of earning a living by it, and my mind was much depressed. I looked on my troubles and thought God was dealing very hard with me.

One day Mr Dare came in and asked me to go to Mt Barker and preach for him on Good Friday in the coming week. I told him in my then state of mind, I could not preach anywhere. I thought God had forgotten me, and then told him

all my troubles. He said. Send those children away, which as it was near noon, I did. Let us go to prayer, said he, and down we knelt on the mud floor of the hut, and he prayed most earnestly for me. Afterwards, he said, Now my dear Brother Ryder, cheer up. I verily believe that the Lord will appear for your help, Don't indulge those hard thoughts of God, but believe and pray, and God will deliver you. I felt greatly encouraged, and promised to preach for him, and on Good Friday evg, I walked over to Mt Barker and very well remember turning aside into the wattles at the back of Blakiston Church and committing myself and all my troubles into the hands of Jesus, and then going and preaching from the words "It is finished" having a glorious time, and walking back forgetting all my woes in my unutterable joy.

In May we went to Echunga at the request of the Hon Jacob Hagen M.L.C. who promised to give me the use of the School house there free of rent, and to get me the license and to do everything possible to enable me get a living, I thought I had a good chance. It cost me £1 to take my family over there, and I opened School, and stayed there a month, but the Honorable behaved the reverse of honorable to me, would not use his influence to get me the License, and refused to lay out a shilling on making the house and Schoolroom habitable, the rain coming in both Schoolroom and house, which latter consisted of but one room, and when a month had elapsed, as I received a reply from the Board of Education refusing to grant a License for the School until it was put in repair, I had no alternative, but to give it up and go back.

It was now the middle of winter and the wettest winter the Colony has ever known, and the day we went back was no exception. We started before noon, but before we got a mile on our way, while going thro' Weston's Flat, which was a sheet of water 200 yards long, the dray got bogged, and all the efforts of the

driver were unavailing to make the bullocks move; while the driver lost heart entirely, and cried bitterly and the rain pouring down like a torrent, we were all in a most pitiable condition, the poor children drenched, and our beds and clothing wet through. When the rain ceased I went to a man I saw just putting his horses into the plough in a paddock near by and asked him to kindly give us a pull out of the bog with his horses, but he flatly refused, said he wanted to get on with his ploughing which was all behind. I appealed to his sympathy for my poor wife and children but to no purpose, and I was just sorrowfully leaving him when his wife came out, and on my stating my case to her, she said her husband should go, and as the "grey mare was the better horse" he had to do so, grumbling and swearing all the time. However his horses soon pulled both bullocks and dray out on to firmer land and I was grateful to him. His name was Weston, as I have remembered ever since. But the rain again came down, and so slow was our progress, that night fell before we got to Mt Barker Flat, and we were unable to get over the log bridge into Mt Barker. The fact was, our driver was no Bullock driver, he couldn't even swear. In this extremity, we were obliged to seek shelter, at Mr Dare's lodgings at Mr Ben Fuller's. Nothing could have been kinder than the reception we received. Mr Dare busied himself with caring for the poor children, and both Mr and Mrs Fuller rendered us every service in their power. After a hearty meal beds were improvised on the floor for the children and the Mother and young John Dunn, now Hon John, M.L.C. took me home with him to sleep. In the meantime our belongings were left to take care of themselves, but in the morning were found alright, and thanking all our friends for their great kindness, we started after a good breakfast to continue our journey. We had only 4 miles to go to Hay Valley but so bad were the roads, that we were bogged several times, and it was after dark before we reached our home, being two days in doing twelve miles.

Within a fortnight thereafter we removed into Nairne. I was led to take this step, at the suggestion of Mr Dawes the Miller, who had in several ways assisted me, and who promised that whenever they formed a District Council he would see to it that I should be appointed Clerk and I knew he had influence enough and the owner of the house Mr S Sanders would expect no rent, until I was in a position to pay for it, which I honorably did a few months afterwards. Mr Dawes also told me to roll a bag of flour over when I wanted it, and pay when I could - (I lived just opposite the Mill). I also earned a few shillings now and then in writing letters and making out a/cs for the farmers. About this time I received a letter from the Revd Mr Newland, Congregational Minister of Encounter Bay, and one of the largest Farmers around, in fact, he was called the King of Encounter Bay, stating that the RevD Mr Stow of Adelaide had recommended me, as a fit man to occupy the position of a Congregational Preacher at Port Elliot and Currency Creek. Port Elliot being a rising place at that time and thought likely by some to rival even Port Adelaide. He would also use his influence to get me the License for Teaching at Port Elliot, and wishing me to come and see him. Accordingly, I started off one morning with my blanket and Swag in which was the only suit of rusty black I possessed, to tramp to Encounter Bay, a distance of over 70 miles, but that was nothing to me at that time. How I lost my way in the Finnis Scrub, wandering all day I know not whither. How I crossed the Black Swamp at the imminent risk of life and slept in an old disused Chapel at Currency Creek until forced to get up by myriads of fleas and mosquitos, must pass for saying. Suffice it that I reached Pt Elliott[sic] by day break the third morning and then continued my journey along the Coast to Encounter Bay. I had to cross a small river, the Inman or the Hindmarsh, there being no bridge, so I undressed and placing my swag and clothes on my head I waded through, it was not above waist high, and getting to the other side, I made my toilet casting off my digging clothes and

putting on my Clerical Costume, such as it was, to make myself more presentable. But I had a "shocking bad hat". In this guise I appeared before Mr Newland who received me very kindly, and at tea shortly afterwards introduced me to his lady and family and also to the visitors present of whom there were among others a Mr England and a Mr Coulthard, two young Civil Engineers, not long from home, the latter of whom, some years afterwards, perished miserably of thirst in the North West Bush, on an exploring expedition. His remains when discovered were identified by his canteen, on which he had scratched a record of his dreadful sufferings. That canteen is now I think to be seen in the Museum. This was Thursday and for the two next days I occupied myself in viewing the splendid scenery of the Bay, in reading from the fine library there and in other ways. On the Saturday evg. he informed me that he had arranged for me to preach at Port Elliot on Sunday mg., and at his Tabernacle at night so that he might hear me. Accordingly on Sunday mg. his son Samuel late [sic] the Treasurer of S.A. were mounted on horse back, which to me at least was a novel and very painful experience, and proceeded to Port Elliot. I preached in a large barn or unfinished shed, but there was a good audience of about 50 or 60 persons among whom where [sic] the late Mr O K Richardson Under Secretary, and Captain Lipson Harbour Master of the Port. We got back in the afternoon and I preached for Mr Newland at his church in the evening under most distressing circumstances. On Monday mg. after breakfast he took me out into the arbor in his beautiful garden, sloping down to the sea, the panorama of sea and land one of the most magnificent pictures I ever beheld, and asked me what it was to be. He was willing to abide by his offer and thought he could see the leadings of Providence in it. I replied that at present I felt much afraid that I should fail in fulfilling such a responsible position, but I would think over his kind offer, and ask the Lord's direction and definitely reply within a fortnight. To this he agreed, and we parted,

and I never saw him any more, as he was killed some years afterwards in travelling between town and Encounter Bay. I must pass over my journey homewards, merely stating that I lost myself again in the Finiss [sic] Scrub, was picked up by an old Farmer named McHarg who kindly took me to his house, and gave me a good meal and then put me in the track to the Black Swamp, saying I couldn't well lose now. But I did lose it, and wandered about till long after nightfall when I was attracted by a light, and at last weary and footsore I was received into the house of a Mr Sunman, and found I had wandered almost back to Currency Creek. I spent the night under his hospitable roof and next mg. he mounted his horse and went with me some miles in fact nearly to the Black Swamp, which I safely crossed and was soon on the high track to Strathalbyn.

I reached home in due course, and thought and prayed about the matter. Your Mother thought it was a merciful interposition of God on our behalf but the more I thought about it, the more distasteful it became. While I preached for the love of God, I could be happy enough but I thought if I was a hired preacher, at so much a week or quarter, I should never feel I was in my right place, and should come to loathe it. Besides, I knew that the Congregationalists liked good sermons, and I doubted my ability to give them, and so, when the fortnight was nearly up, I wrote Mr Newland declining his offer. Mr G. Taplin afterwards Protector of Aborigines was soon after appointed to the position and I believe fulfilled its duties with far greater ability than I should have done.

It was in August 1853, I think, that the Nairne District Council was formed and I was chosen Clerk at a salary of £100 per annum, thus happily lifting me out of all my poverty and trouble. It was soon after this, that Mr Tilley and myself became tenants under Mrs Smillie on her home section at the "Vallies" 3 miles from Nairne. I rented 20 acres and Mr Tilley 50, the remaining ten acres forming

Mrs Smillie's garden and homestead. We each built a cottage of two rooms on our land and very soon were domiciled therein. My engagement with the Council only required attendance at the Office 3 days a week and I therefore had a great deal of leisure to attend to our farm, for so we dignified it. We very soon got a Cow, then some pigs and fowls, and your dear Mother was soon in her element, with plenty to do in farm and house. We soon bought more Cows, and increased our live stock of all sorts, and as my position as Clerk of the Council brought me plenty of other work as Secy to the Oddfellow and Foresters, Secy Buildg Societies, etc etc etc, I had plenty to do, and the money came rolling in. I worked hard both on the farm and at the desk, and your Mother kept the house with the sale of her produce, so that we were on the road to worldly prosperity. And now I shall rapidly pass over the remainder of my history as you my elder dear children were now old enough to be to some extent cognisant of all that transpired. I think it was in Jany. 1857, that I commenced School in Nairne, resigning my Clerkship of the Council, but retaining most of my other Offices. I opened with about 50 and in a week or two I had over 80 Scholars, so that we determined to leave our farm, and come to Nairne to live, so as to attend to the School properly. Your dear Mother had the smaller children under her care in a separate room, while your sister Mary was my assistant in the big School room. My Salary from the Board was £80 per annum and Mary's £20, but I expect I took it all.

I had bought the lease with right of purchase of the acre on which the old Public House stood, and soon begun to build a new front with three shops, but soon found it was anything but a profitable venture. In a part of this old house we lived for some time, but afterwards I became the owner of the White House across the Creek to which we soon removed. Here we had a fine garden with fruit trees and vines, but as both properties have passed away from me I shall not

dwell further upon the circumstances connected either with acquiring or losing them.

Perhaps it would be interesting at this time to note the state of our family say, in Jan'y 1857, the date of my recommencing the practice of my profession as a teacher. I think I stated that a little girl was born when I was away at the Diggings in 1852. Her name was Matilda. But God reclaimed her when we were at the Vallies in the winter of 1853, and this was the first break in our family circle which was in Jan'y 1857, as follows.

Father and Mother, Mary¹, Susanna², Amelia Binfield³, Joseph Hill⁴, Annie Oceana⁵, Eliza Smillie⁶, and Emma Matilda⁷ the baby. I see I have misplaced Annie and Eliza the latter being the elder. (*This text in the written diary has been subsequently amended by an unknown person, as Annie Oceana b. 1849, Eliza Smillie b.1855 and "elder" amended to "younger".*) In 1858 Emma Matilda died at about 15 months old. Within a month or so of this death our number was again made up to eight, by the arrival of a little boy, a rare event in our family, who was named William Charles⁹. Two years later viz. in 1860, our youngest child Isabella Bond¹⁰ was born, and this completed our family number viz. ten children, of whom two were dead. But there are other deaths to record, so distressing and agonising in their nature that I cannot bring myself to record them at this present.

Footnote.

Order of children & dates of date birth:

Mary¹ b 1839 Windsor; Susanna² 1841 Windsor; Amelia Binfield³ Windsor; Joseph Hill⁴ b 1846 Lancaster; Annie Oceana⁵ b 1849 nr Teneriffe; Matilda⁶ b

1852 Nairne d 1853; Eliza Smillie⁷ b 1855 (where, not recorded but registered Adelaide); Emma Matilda⁸ b 1857 Nairne d 1858; William Charles⁹ b 1858 Nairne; Isabella Bond¹⁰ b 1860 Nairne.

24/1/87.

Our eldest Boy, Joseph Hill, born at Lancaster England on Decr. 1st 1847[sic], was a weakly child at his birth. I don't think he could walk alone till nearly 2 years old. He continued weakly till we embarked for Adelaide, but the climate of Australia evidently agreed with him and he improved rapidly. He was moderately quick at learning, and at 14 or before he entered the services of Mr Christen the Chemist and Stationer at Nairne who also had the Telegraph Office there, which he quickly learnt and soon became very useful to his master. On the 1st of Dec 1862 he was 16 years of age a fine -promising lad and both the joy and pride of my life, but Alas! I was soon to lose him. On Saturday night the 13th Decr, I was at the Lodge room about 7 p.m. making up my Books for it was Lodge night, when someone came rushing in, and told me that Joe was killed near the old Mill. I ran breathlessly up, leaving my hat and coat behind me and found him lying stretched by the side of the main road, and Dr Weld examining him while his poor dear Mother was standing speechless and tearless (at first) by his poor body. It required but a few minutes to complete the examination and the Doctor pronounced him dead. We then had him conveyed to the house of Mr Hughes opposite (Father of J Hughes my son in law). Here we found the fatal wound, the base of the skull being fractured. In his pocket I found his months wages, true to a penny. He had given notice to leave that night, I think because his master would not raise his wages.

We then had him taken home to Byethorn where we then lived, and Oh! what a desolate house it was. Your poor dear Mother's grief at last gave vent, and she became alarmingly ill, all thro' the night it was doubtful both to the Doctor and to ourselves whether she would rally, but in God's great mercy, during the next day her great natural strength prevailed, and she was mercifully spared to us.

It was truly a melancholy Sunday we passed, now and then going into the Death chamber to gaze upon the placid features of our dead boy, only a few hours since so full of animation and life. I must not forget here to record That our Minister Rev H. Chester, who had been preaching at Woodside, came miles out of his way in his journey home, to condole with us. Seeing us all sitting so silent and mournful, with your Mother reclining in the arm chair before he uttered a word, his feelings overcame him, and he lifted up his voice and wept, with a loud and bitter cry, in which we all joined feelingly. He afterwards prayed earnestly for us all that the event might be sanctified.

On Monday morning the inquest was held on his body. The accused man was arrested on Saturday night within half an hour of the accident and lodged in the Lockup. From the evidence it was proved that he was returning from Mt Barker in his Baker's cart in a state of intoxication, and driving at the rate of 10 or 12 miles an hour, when on turning the corner, the cart or horse came violently in contact with my poor dear boy, who was thrown backwards on to a heap of metal and was killed instantly. When arrested he was totally unconscious of anything having happened. He was a tenant of mine and generally speaking a kind and honest man, except when under the influence of drink to which unfortunately he was much addicted. He was fully committed for trial for manslaughter, but was admitted to bail. To finish this sad story I may say That he was tried in due course

at the Criminal Court and sentenced to One years imprisonment and hard labour in the Stockade, but after serving about a month there, his health broke down and I was entreated by his friends to sign a petition to the Governor asking the favour of his being allowed to serve his time out in the Adelaide Gaol. I complied with the request as I did not wish to be vindictive and he was transferred to Adelaide Gaol, to serve the rest of his time.

In reviewing this sad incident in my history, now after a lapse of more than twenty years, I cannot fail to see the goodness and mercy of My Heavenly Father to all of us. I believe in solemnising our minds, but especially to me. I was at that time immersed in business both in my School by day, and as Secy of various Benefit and Building Societies by night, working very hard, earning a great deal of money and fast becoming quite worldly in my aspirations and habits. Being so fully engrossed by these earthly pursuits, I had also acquired the habit of the Public House, and on several occasions found myself the worse for drink to my great disgust tho' without neglecting my business. I gradually lost my desire and relish for the ways of religion tho still constant in my attendance on the House of God, but it was for little else than criticising the preacher. I could not feel. Of course I had given up preaching but did not separate myself from the Society. The ostensible reason of my giving up preaching was, that I was appointed Precentor of the Presbyterian Church at Mt Barker at a salary of £20 per an. and used to ride over there on Sunday mgs on a horse lent me by Mr W Steele. I was not required to attend the evening service, except now and then. But the fact was that I had so far lost my former delight in religious matters that I was glad to avail myself of the position of Precentor at Mt Barker. But the Lord in great mercy to my soul gave me a knock down blow in this dreadful visitation which brought me to my knees in agony of spirit. For a time like the Psalmist I could not understand

it, I was dumb with silence. I opened not my mouth, I was consumed by the blow of His hand. I went to Chapel on Sunday mg by myself in a rebellious frame of mind thinking hard thoughts of God and saying like Jonah, I do well to be angry. My gourd under whose shadow I had trusted, was withered and dead my purposes were broken off my heart within me was desolate Yes, I did well to be angry. But it was not long before other and better feelings came to me by God's Mercy. I came to see clearly that in the inscrutable wisdom of My Heavenly Father, He had made use of this terrible visitation of His hand to draw me back to Himself. Then I cried out with Job "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent, as in dust and ashes."

Under the influence of such feelings as these, I humbled myself under the mighty hand of God, sought mercy and forgiveness thro' my blessed Saviour determining in the strength of Divine grace for the future to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

We buried poor dear Joe on Monday afternoon, after the inquest in the Nairne Cemetery. Nearly all the village turned out. The S. S. Children walked before the corpse and sang at the grave, and a very solemn feeling pervaded the large concourse of people.

In July 1861 my eldest daughter Mary was married to Joseph P Hughes and in Jany 1867 my second daughter Susanna was married to Alfred H Dunn both Marriages taking place at Nairne before we finally removed from that place at Christmas 1869.

For several years after the death of my dear boy Joe, I continued in Nairne, but did not make much progress in worldly matters. I had in my eagerness to

accumulate overstepped the mark and burdened myself with a heavy mortgage on the shops I had built, while my income from School and other work was materially lessened. It was a hard struggle to your dear Mother and myself to meet our engagements, and towards the end of 1869 my school had not only fallen off in numbers, but in pence, so that tho' I still retained 50 or 60 children in school my School fees did not amount to 5/- per week while the Education Board reduced my Stipend to £60. I had been in the Township nearly 20 years, and as everything looked as if Nairne were going down, we resolved to remove.

Accordingly I applied for and obtained the school at Virginia 18 miles from Adelaide on the North Road. A Public Dinner was given to me over which Mr Townsend our Member for the Dist presided, at which a silver watch was presented to me by the Finders Lodge of Odd Fellows in token of their appreciation of my services as Secy for a period of 15 years. I was also presented with a pair of gold spectacles and case, by the members of my class, together with an address, at a tea meeting held in my honour in the Wesleyan Chapel by the Revd T Edmeades for I had been the Leader of a large Class ever since the death of poor Joe seven years before.