

Life of Arnold Goodale

The writing of the story of my life, together with a few historical particulars of my family and ancestors, has found interest and amusement for me, during some of the days I have been laid aside by varied ailments from more active duties.

My son Thomas knowing I had a bit of a weakness about old family matters, & thought, & brought me a book to scribble a few particulars in about my ancestors, and what he pleased to call "The Story of my Life". I have had it in my mind for sometime, to glean up and collect some few incidents of our ancestors. I missed the opportunity of doing it as well as I might have done by deferring till so late in my life, and especially by not obtaining much more information than I did from my dear mother who was able to supply me with many little bits of interesting

family history, beyond what I have hereafter recorded. To her I am indebted chiefly for these earlier ones. Most intelligent social families like to know something about their ancestors, whether they had a grand-father, whether there is a few drops of blue blood flowing in their veins.

Others whether the endowments of intellect were manifested, or were successful men of business. Others, whether their ancestors were men and women distinguished for moral and spiritual qualities, such being the "noblest works of God."

As to the first, "Blue Blood", it was so remote that if any it was dried up a long time ago, and as to the second, well we think there were members who gave evidence according to the opportunities they had, of considerable intellectual power. With reference to the last quality "Moral and Spiritual



characteristics", as we shall in the sketch find, there were those whose aim and endeavour it was to adorn Christian Discipleship.

The branch of the Goodliffes to which I belong have resided at Lambley Lodge N<sup>o</sup>. Bellon in the little county of Rutland (the inhabitants of the whole county of Rutland scarcely number 20,000) for about 200 years. My grandfather, Thomas Goodliffe was a noted yeoman of the old type, stout and sturdy, a vigorous muscular man. Tales were told of him and his great strength of limb and will, that he had a muscular frame, double teeth, double jointed, that he and old Tom Boyer were both remarkable for bodily strength. Stories of their great physical strength was talked about long after their death.

My grandfather was a strong willed man

bordering on obstinancy, to wit, when the  
Belton fields were enclosed altho' the  
commissioners offered him a good road  
down to the public road, which would have  
saved his fields & been sufficiently near,  
he demanded a new direct road and  
obstinately rejected the one offered, so he  
lost a good road, had to make one down his  
own field which besides being further, led  
into a bit of bad road, as any perhaps, in  
the country, which to the present day has  
I fear led to much annoyance, cursing  
and swearing to this day.

Like many tall men, he married a little  
woman, Anna Curtis, of Haringworth,  
in the year 1745. She was a descendant  
of the somewhat celebrated Stephen Curtis  
of Haringworth remarkable in his day  
for his nonconformity and suffering for  
them. I feel constrained to turn aside.



To notice some few incidents respecting Stephen Curtis, handed down from about a hundred years. He was a small farmer and shepherd living at the time when severe laws were enacted against Seismatics, in the times of the Charleses & what was called the "Five Miles Act", was the occasion of dreadful persecution. Stephen Curtis was three times imprisoned in Lincoln Jail for reading the Scriptures to his neighbours and exhorting them to become the disciples of Christ. About the time of the Commonwealth there was in several villages of Rutland and Northamptonshire, many small churches of what is now called "Old General Baptist". Several members resided at Haringworth. Stephen being the leader was persecuted. In an old Magazine, it gives an account of his persecutions and interviews with the Village Parson, who was the magistrate.

sending him to prison, meeting when he had returned from prison he said Stephen you have never been to College, why do you pretend to teach people? You have never been taught Logic and can't teach others.

Stephen said he had learned of Christ & his was the best College, and as to Logic if the parson would tell him what he meant by Logic, he perhaps should know something about it? Well Stephen, logic is the art of reasoning. One part of logic consists of drawing inferences, for instance you will persist in holding meetings and breaking the law. I have told you, you are stupid.

Now an ass is stupid so you are an ass. Oh said Stephen if that is logic, I can understand that! It is said the Devil is black, the Parson is black, he must be a Devil. About the time that Stephen Curtis was imprisoned in Lincoln Jail



for holding meetings, that jail was so full of persecuted dissenters that they had to be sent to Nottingham county jail.

Rev. J. Kelsey, Baptist minister of Kirtow in Lindsey was one who was sent to Not<sup>m</sup> jail. It is recorded that from the restoration 1660 to 1684, more than 5,000 persons had died in prison for conscience sake; such was the persecuting spirit of the times. Daniel Curtis, the son of Stephen, and I believe father of my grandmother. Anna Curtis married to Thomas Goodliffe was his daughter. Daniel Curtis was a man of considerable intellectual culture as evidenced by his Latin books, and other learned works I have seen. He had an acquaintance with Sir Isaac Newton through W<sup>m</sup> Whiston, the author or rather translator of Josephus and other learned works. Whiston worshipped frequently at

Morcott, when the well known W.<sup>m</sup> Stanger M.D. of Harringworth was the minister at Morcott. Daniel Curtis was I was informed, one of a little literary circle including Whistow, Stanger, & a few others.

My grandmother Goodliffe was as I before stated the daughter of Daniel Curtis through her own family can trace back to the time of the Common Wealth, connecting with the Baptists. At the time of her marriage in 1454 she was a member of the little Baptist Church at Morcott, and after her marriage lived at Lambley Lodge nearly 4 miles away from Morcott, she went as often as she could to worship there, and amid much opposition was a thorough Nonconformist. My mother left the following testimony of her:-  
"That she was a Christian of high principle, intelligent, kind, a very



superior woman". She died when about sixty years of age.

I shall digress somewhat from the personal to the home, in a few paragraphs.

Old Lambley Lodge originally was a foresters home, Leighfield Forest being one of the famous hunting grounds of the aristocracy of ages since, abounding in woods, spinneys, and first rate covers for game, and it is still a favourite field for the Mellow Hunt.

The house was enlarged in my grandfather and father's time, and patched up from time to time. It has no architectural beauty, a long 5 roomed building, with little external or internal comfort. The 4 upper as well as lower rooms having no passages, the yards, gardens, farm buildings all being of the old type, cheap, small, and

inconvenient, they were only required for the home farm which was but about 30 acres of grazing land. The site was, or might have been, with proper shelter and arrangement as fine as need be: Standing South on a gradually sloping hill, the pretty village of Belton lying out in full view with a woodland landscape beyond. Then on the south-east the extensive view stretching away to Rocking. On the south west is the rich pasture land, on the East part of Leicestershire. Yes, old Lambley, with all thy want of, and fewness of comfort, to me thy pure bracing air, thy pleasant open views, and many many memories of loved ones sheltered under thy partly thatched roof, are rich, tender and blessed.

Having sketched a few particulars of



my paternal ancestors, I turn to the maternal side, and I regret not having a more thorough, and far reaching account especially on the Arnold side the one I should now prize more than any. I have no items on my grandfather John Arnold's side that goes back beyond him, that can be relied upon. From conversations with my Mother I gathered that her father was a native of Leicester, of a highly respectable family, whose brothers one of whom was a celebrated doctor in Lunacy at Leicester, and another a M.D. at Stamford. I gathered also that her father John Arnold became a Baptist, and in his young days was a member at Leicester which was confirmed by a note I read the other day in an old history about the Baptists at Friar Lane of which John Arnold was an important member.

I gathered also ~~an~~ account of his becoming a Dissenter, and especially a Baptist, the Arnold family gave him the cold shoulder. He became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Sapcote, the daughter of a venerable member of the old Morcott Church, a man honourably mentioned for his many excellencies a farmer living at a village near to Morcott. John Arnold and Elizabeth Sapcote were married and came to Barrowden about the year 1740. He established a considerable vinegar works. They tell a story that nearly a dozen of a party had a dinner in one of his large vats. He was a man of considerable means, education, and ability. He was elected a Deacon for the Morcott Church and was a very efficient assistant minister. He opened a place for worship upon his premises, which he chiefly supplied, till he was afflicted in the year 1812. He died



in the year 1815

My grandmother Arnold was as I have said a daughter of a farmer, an old member at Morcott. She was one of an old Puritan stock of the 1<sup>st</sup> Water. She was a tall, commanding woman, born to lead, with a large measure of salt in her composition. When I went to see her, if it was a cold day there was always a sip of Elderberry wine or comforter for the stomach of some sort with a nice slice of seed cake, and sundry and divers admonitions to be careful not to make any dirt - a very necessary admonition no doubt in my case.

She was great in cordials and remedies - the village Doctoress - when she walked out with her tall - silver - tasselled stick in her old age, the country obeisance and curtsy were accorded to her and I Jancy accepted. Soon after her husband's

death, she had the large vinegar store made suitable and fitted up for a Sunday School, and Service. She, though 40 years of age took the superintendance of it. It became quite a success. About the year 1814 she set so vigorously to get a chapel built, the room she had fitted up becoming too small for the congregation and scholars. She gave £50, and collected a considerable sum towards the object, and as long as she was able did all she could to help to establish the cause. She attained the venerable age of 82 and was honoured and respected living - peaceful in death.

Having given a brief sketch of the grand parents on each side, I will try to give some little information about my parents and their large family. My father Thomas Goodliffe, the eldest son of the afore said Thos. and Anna



Goodliffe was born at Lambley Lodge  
Nov. 13<sup>th</sup> 1756. He inherited a physical con-  
stitution more of the maternal than the  
paternal - rather feeble and delicate.  
I understood that from childhood he was  
limid but remarkable for truthfulness.  
When quite a child on one occasion when  
the servants were committing an act of  
dishonesty which he saw and which was  
pretty certain to be found out, they tried to  
frighten him to make him tell a lie. They  
let him down in a bucket in the well till  
he would promise them that he would say  
they had not done it. It so frightened him  
that he was a long time before he got over  
it. He was of a kind gentle disposition  
but not like his father a strong willed  
man, but very conscientious, a loving  
son to his mother whom he so much in  
many ways resembled. He often accompanied

his mother when on a Sunday she went to worship at Morcott, nearly 7 miles. She rode on a pillion behind him, the fashion amongst many farmers in those days. The roads were so bad on the cross country that no gig or light conveyance could travel. When my father and mother were married at Barrowden, my mother rode behind my father on his old bonny on a pillion. The daughters of merchants now a days would not enjoy such a primitive way of travelling. They were both members of the Baptist Church Morcott, before their marriage which took place in 1791. He was in his 34 year, my mother was in her 23<sup>rd</sup>. He was considered a good judge of stock being especially fond of sheep, was remarkable in those days of jolly farmers who generally came home what was called market merrry, and a



many, quite seas over, he could never be induced to drink more than his moderate usual quantum. That was long before total abstinence days. My recollection of him was only as an old feeble-looking man, suffering severely from Asthmatic complaint, which had a depressing influence on his spirits. He was chosen a Deacon at Morcott and was very regular in his attendance and conscientious in the discharge of his duties and at one time the cause became so low that it would have been given up, but for his steady attendance and encouragement to persevere, to the few friends who attended. He was an early riser, often in summer time up with the lark. I have often rode behind him on the old favourite mare through the woods from one field to another a shepherding. I saw the squirrel's dancing

about from tree to tree, chasing each other. Birds of many voices: - the sweet siskingale, the thrilling warbling thrush, the cooing wood-pigeon &c. My father did not seem to have the power to distinguish the different songs of birds. He would often commence a stave of a favourite hymn and nod off on the old nag, and let her pick her own way. Those were happy days for me, enjoying the sweet songsters of those old forest woods. Poor dear old man, his gentle nature did not fit in with the needed firmness required for a farmer and so he did not succeed very well, but I am thankful my parents were able to owe no man anything. After he was sixty he was unable frequently to attend to business and was rather fearful, but he trusted to the opinion and decision of his wife & son Thomas as long as Thomas



lived. He and my mother came to North<sup>on</sup> driving a little pony cart all the way, to our great surprise, this was in 1828. They spent a few days with my brother Will<sup>son</sup> on Smithy Row. He died in 1830 in the 43<sup>rd</sup> year of his age.

My mother wrote that he thanked God for every day mercies, and though his natural timidity, and feebleness caused him often to have doubts, as to his safety for the higher life hereafter, just when he was expiring & entering on the spirit land, in his last struggle he said "I will lay me down composed and pray, and trust the Lord will help me through the dying hour; my mother says in a note to me "I bless the Lord for thus helping him to trust in his dying hour". I arrived from North<sup>on</sup> a few hours before he died, just in time for him to put out his hand, and say a few kind

words to me. He set us a good example of truthfulness and kindness. He left almost everything as to our education and management to my mother who had been a kind and affectionate wife to him. They lived about 36 years together.

My mother was as I have said the eldest daughter of John and Elizabeth Arnold of Barrowden, was born about the year 1771. Her parents sent her to Leicester to school, she was liberally educated for the times.

She gave promise of some literary ability. I saw and read some blank verse and in her young days, she determined to write a novel. She wrote considerably, but when her mind became impressed with Gospel truth, she laid aside what she had written and devoted herself to sacred poetry and she writings of Robinson, Hannah Moore, Mrs. Barbold, and the



Brother Wm. made it an excuse for marrying his wife: nearly 20 years older than himself.

Scriptures. She became a member at the little old church at Norcott about in her twentieth year, and about at the same time as my father who was nearly 15 years older, the difference in their ages especially as my father was often ailing, and through exposure to cold Asthmatic &c, was considered too considerable; Although there was in many respects great differences, the Christian character of each enabled them to live honourable and useful lives. For the accomodation of the new married couple an adjunct was built to the old house. My mother had some trials to endure in her early married life owing partly to a member of two of my father's family whose mental faculties were to some extent touched, and also because her education, and experience, and training had not fitted her for some of the occupations of farmer's wives, in those days. I have

heard her say that the sisters in law, were rather down upon her, because she could not milk. She told me she tried hard to learn but could not, they said she would not learn; but by her intelligent, kind, practical mind, she soon grew to be respected by them. She found in her mother in law, an intelligent Christian friend and adviser. She was firm in her religious views without narrow bigotry and enjoyed the company of intelligent Christian people, of whatever denomination they might be. Although she had a large family - 12 children - 2 buried in their infancy - 10 living to full maturity, together with men, and women, & servants to train and manage, she found time for reading and regular private devotion, which she kept up to the close of her life. In her middle life and best days her conversational power was above the average. Her early advantages, and



well stored mind enabled her, upon religious and social questions, and to some extent political questions, to enter into conversation with zest. Several intelligent men and ministers spoke of her as possessing conversational powers which enabled her to take part in discussions upon ordinary questions. A young intelligent Independent minister who often came to preach on a week night at the Lodge, on one occasion, found a Baptist Mag<sup>z</sup> on the table. It led him to make an inquiry about the Baptists when to his surprise he found she was a Baptist. They fell into a warm discussion upon the subject. Of course the old proverb was proved true:— "Convince a man against his will, he is of the same opinion still." I expect they retired from the contest, each claiming the victory. I am pretty sure my mother would, for she was well posted up in the

New Testament, and I expect from what I remember of the Rev. Jno. Green he would. One sensible thing they decided upon - to drop the controversy, and be as good or better friends than ever, which they were to the day of her death.

Although she came of a good old Puritan stock, on her mother's side, she believed in children and young people having recreation; 40 or 50 years since the chief amusements in religious families were: - Blind man's buff, Bagatelle, and Dominoes, and though she in my days seldom took part in the various games, she enjoyed seeing her children and young people happy.

As the youngest son my personal recollection of my mother was after she had attained middle life, her mind was vigorous, and experience matured. Her management of her large family of children, and farm,



and domestic servants was firm.  
A motherly tenderness and intense  
anxiety for her childrens spiritual  
welfare was constantly manifest.  
At times her somewhat feeble constitution  
was overtaxed by the worry and fatigue  
of providing for, and management of  
12 to 15 in the house, besides having the  
chief anxiety to meet the financial  
difficulties which pressed heavily upon  
my parents at that time, when in  
consequence of my father's ill health,  
and incapacity for business pressed heavily  
upon her. For years she had the serious trial  
and fear lest they should not be able to  
honourably pay their just debts, which to  
both of my parents would have been a  
most severe trial. Thank God, the result  
was better than their fears, but it was  
only averted by most rigid care and  
economy.

After my father's death, she left the Lodge and went to live at a little house in her native village Barrowden, where with my youngest sister Sarah for several years she was very useful, often writing kind thoughtful, and earnest letters to her children and friends taking also a deep interest in, and according to her means and strength aiding the struggling Church at Barrowden, often finding a home for the ministers and students, when supplying, several of whom have to the present day, expressed to me the pleasant recollections of her kindness and thoughtful care of them.

She devoted for some years much of her time in visiting the sick, the poor, and members generally, seeking the promotion of the spirituality of the members and the Church, exhorting her neighbours to become earnest Christians.



When her daughter Sarah married James Andrews and went to live at Morcott, she went to live with them, and subsequently at a cottage opposite. Her strength and health becoming more feeble she had to go softly. She came to Mott<sup>st</sup> when she was in her 78<sup>th</sup> year, to spend a little time with us. I, after earnest request persuaded her to let M<sup>r</sup>. James, a rising artist paint her portrait, which he did, to the great satisfaction of all my brothers and sisters, for whom I had a capital photo, taken by the elder Cox from it, with which each was very much pleased. Poor dear she was very feeble at the time. She said she felt sorry I should spend so much but she at last consented to please her youngest son. She was not able to come to see us again but I felt it a duty and pleasure as

often as I could to run over to see her and seek to promote her comfort in her feebleness and declining days.

She had for years occasionally dotted down events, which were interesting in her domestic life, and spiritual history, hoping that they might be useful to her and her children. She gave me the papers. I bought a book, & my son Thomas before he was 14 years of age wrote the out, about 160 pages. They give evidence of her earnest spiritual life, her many trials, and struggles to attain a purer higher Christian life, and especially her earnest desire and prayer for the salvation of all her children.

That old faithful picture of thee my mother has oft-times been a gentle reproof, sometimes words of encouragement, as I sat and looked at her seemed to come



to me saying, "Arnold my son, be not unduly anxious about things of this life, one thing is needful."

The child who has such a mother has one of the greatest earthly blessings, proving to him a guiding star through life, and often calling by her example and loving teaching to the attainment of a purer and higher life.

She lived to the ripe old age of 86 years leaving behind her a character endeared and enshrined in the memory of her children and friends who knew her in her full vigour and maturity of mind.

She died April 29<sup>th</sup> 1855, and was buried at Barrowden in the Chapel yard, her youngest son had a great monument to her memory erected in the Chapel.

I will give a brief account of my brothers and sisters, some of them are and were



not known by any of my children.  
My father and mother fulfilled one of the  
divine injunctions "to increase & multiply."  
My eldest sister Elizabeth was born in  
1493. She was rather small in stature,  
and of delicate health, of a sweet gentle  
disposition, very much resembling her  
grandmother Goodlife. She went to live  
at her grandmother Arnold's at Barrowden.  
She unfortunately married Sam Richmond  
who became a sad inebriate, and after a  
short life of pain and grief on account of  
her husband's bad habits, and violent  
conduct, and unkind treatment, she died  
before she was 40 leaving 5 sons and  
1 daughter, most of whom died by middle  
life. I spent some little time, about my  
ninth year, in order that I might get a  
little schooling and saw the sad effects  
of drunkenness. It had such an influence



upon my mind that I resolved by God's help I never would get drunk. I am thankful to have been enabled to keep my resolution. I have been nearly 56 years an abstainer.

Thomas, my eldest brother born 1795 was a very active intelligent youth, very useful in business, and very devoted to his mother. On account of my father's feebleness, he very early in life took the chief management of the farm & by his energy and judgment he was successful in his business transactions. In 1816 he had been very laboriously working on the farm land, when he had finished it and the spring sowing he felt a rest was necessary. He decided to take a holiday at King's Lynn at an Aunt's, a sister of our mother's who had married a Mr. Marshall, one of the

largest gardeners and nursery-men in  
the Eastern Counties. This was in May 1816  
He had made preparations for going when  
about 9 o'clock of a Tuesday morning  
he was seized with violent sickness.  
Our dear mother used the common  
remedies for a bilious attack but  
could not stay the violent sickness.  
A messenger was dispatched for the  
family D. who lived 4 miles away. He  
was sometime before he could come, and  
when he came it was too late, so violent  
had the sickness been that he sank  
after about 20 hours.

I was then about 9 years old and well  
remember the panic caused by his death,  
in the family, in the village, and at  
Leppingham market, where his business  
ability, and honourable conduct had  
won respect. He was engaged to



He married to Miss Elizabeth Goodliffe a distant relation, a daughter of one of the large farmers of Belton.

Her brother John called at the Lodge just after he had passed away.

They were like David and Jonathan, choice friends; his grief as well as his sister's was very intense.

I shall never forget the emotion and sympathy manifested at the funeral almost the entire village turned out to meet the funeral procession as it came along the road from the Lodge to the Church yard. It was a touching scene of sadness, the sudden death of a fine intelligent and genial young man the eldest, the hope and stay of a feeble father and devoted mother, who together with 9 brothers and sisters besides other dear friends formed the funeral procession.

almost all the villagers falling in.  
The service in the Church yard was  
solemn and touching conducted by  
the old Rector the Rev. J. Graham - it  
was the first time I had heard "earth  
to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, it  
appeared so dreadful sounding on the  
coffin lid. At the grave they sang Peel's  
appropriate hymn for the occasion: -  
"When blooming youth is snatched away,  
"By death's resistless hand,  
"Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
"Which pity must demand." &c

The sad event cast a gloom over the old  
Lodge family and resulted in a sad  
change in the management of business  
affairs, resulting I think in a great  
change in the future of the position of  
most of the family.

Ann, my sister, the third child was born 1796



She has just passed away in her 90<sup>th</sup> year. When a young girl she was active and strong, a good type of a stirring daughter of a farmer, with a bit of spirit and temper - able to Ride or drive.

When I was born she is reported to have said "What had another little black haired boy come", for there were six already, & I was told a tale that on one occasion when by my nasty cross temper, when a babe, she popped me into the cradle, but could not rock me either to sleep, or be quiet she rocked away with such a vengeance as to pitch me out on the plaster floor. It brought my dear mother to the rescue who soon soothed my fretful little temper. The incident remained as a joke between us to the day of her death.

About her 22<sup>nd</sup> year the truth of the old adage was verified in her case that "She

course of Love seldom runs smooth."

A few hasty words divided those who might have been equally yoked. It gave a tinge of sadness, and tended to develop an hereditary tendency to morbid melancholy, which as she grew older became more developed. Several years after she married an excellent christian man John Culpin, by whom she had one son and three daughters, two of whom lived with us for years, and were esteemed by us for their goodness and usefulness; both of whom to the day of my poor sister's long affliction till her death, were most kind and dutiful daughters to their mother.

Two little babes, a brother and sister died in their infancy before I was born whose little innocent bodies the bigoted Belton parson would not bury, because my parents were Baptists, so they were buried at Morell.



John the next was born in 1498. He had  
gifts for learning, but was unfortunately  
troubled with an uncomfortable, suspicious  
selfish temper, which developed into much  
the same tendencies as my poor sister Ann.  
James my next brother in his young days  
was a general favourite as a jolly,  
good-hearted fellow ready to do a good  
turn for anybody often to the injury of  
himself. He did not gain any prizes  
for quickness and correctness in learning  
he liked work and play better than books.  
He was unfortunate in his being put  
apprentice to Drunken Sam Richmond.  
He never learned his trade, but learned  
some sad habits which were a sore  
trial to his family—another instance  
of a wrong choice of business when  
he first went to Richmond he was a  
fairly steady man. His want of

success in after life was owing to habits acquired in his situation. To the last he was generally good natured and cheerful and when by the kindness of an excellent son in his old age he was more bright and comfortable.

He died in 1868 in his 68 year.

William Goodliffe the 6<sup>th</sup> living was born 1801, the opposite in temperament and tendencies to James, more reserved and cautious. Owing to the distance to any school, he like the others had very little early training. He was early apprenticed to a respectable grocer - M<sup>r</sup>. Hart of Dppingham. He faithfully discharged his duties, and secured the respect of his master. After he left he had two or three short engagements with respectable tradesmen, the last at old M<sup>r</sup>. Smith's cheese factor Leicester, where in some



respects he was not very happy.

One of those singular little circumstances occurred which result in great changes, or important events in life.

The Rev. John Green of Dippingham, a friend of my mother's had engaged in 1823 to preach the School Sermons at the Gen. Bapt. Chapel Friar Lane Leicester. A Mr. Gamble a lay minister, went to Dippingham to supply. They met on the highway between Leicester and Dippingham. Being strangers to each other they looked earnestly at each other, and after they had passed some distance turned to have another look. Each stopped and Mr. Gamble said when he had turned back, "If I am not mistaken you are Mr. Green going to preach at Friar Lane," "Yes I am and I suppose you are going to supply for me." "Yes." Mr. Gamble asked whether there were any Baptist friends on the

way. "Oh yes, Mrs Goodliffe of Lambley Lodge,  
and if you call she will be pleased to see  
you and get you to preach for them." He  
called and in a conversation with my mother  
found she had a son recently gone to Leicester.  
She got him to take a little parcel for him.  
He saw W<sup>m</sup> and told him of a widow lady  
who wanted an assistant. He said jokingly  
you may manage the business and the widow  
also. He took the situation in May and  
married the widow in Oct. 1823. He, I and  
many others came to Nott<sup>m</sup> as the outcome of  
the turn of the head, of the two, just at the  
same moment. Important events spring from  
small causes. Soon after W<sup>m</sup> came to Nott<sup>m</sup>  
he became a member at Stoney St & a teacher  
in the school. His mistress was a member.  
In Aug. 1823 he wrote to the Lodge for Daniel  
or I to come to spend a fortnight with him  
whilst M<sup>r</sup> Major went to London. I came



on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of Aug. 1833. I soon found which way the wind blew. The mistress was so very kind to her young man and though she was nearly 20 years older, by her prin<sup>ce</sup> rather jun<sup>ior</sup> dress and appearance so won on the rather green young man that she led him to the hymeneal altar early in Oct. They kept the honeymoon at the old Lodge and met James and Anna, all three couples had just been married. They made the old Lodge quite gay and set the villagers staring to<sup>ward</sup> the procession of 3 bridegrooms, and brides and friends promenade round the village. The happiest days come to an end. Saturday found them back at the Cheese Shop, but one could soon see there would have to be a fight as to which was (to use an old fashioned phrase) to wear the breeches. I had been left in charge for a few days, and shall refer to events that took place, in my own particular little account.

I merely refer to any thing connected with  
the leading events of my brother W<sup>m</sup>'s life.

He soon, unfortunately found his married life  
did not bring him that fair modicum of  
joy and satisfaction, he had a right to  
expect. His wife had unfortunately an ill-  
regulated temper; she was mean, proud, weak,  
jealous, exacting and vindictive. Her young  
husband's eyes were gradually opened to his  
position, but he was wanting of firmness to  
deal with such a character, so for some time  
domestic bliss was sadly wanting, and  
during the nearly 30 years of their married  
life, poor fellow, brief were the hours of true  
conubial joy. He continued in the provision  
business till 1830. He built some cottages  
at Beeston, a machine shop, and one or two  
lace machines, but was not very successful.  
His attention had been directed to the  
lay-ministry amongst the Baptist, village



churches, and he received a call to the old church at Kilton Linsey about the year 1840 where he remained a few years, and then removed to Chesterfield and afterwards to Rhothley where and at Sileby for several years he was the minister of those village churches with fairly general acceptance. He was a descendent of an old puritan stock and firm in teaching the old theology. With all his failings, I can bear testimony to his thorough truthfulness and uprightness of character, and considering the severe discipline, through which he had to pass, provocative of that which tended to want of geniality and good nature. He improved with advancing years, giving evidence of sincerity, in the important work in which he was engaged. He died rather suddenly. He left me his principal executor. He

had made a just will which it was a pleasure to carry out. After 30 years of close and intimate knowledge of, and brotherly connexion with him, I feel there was much that was good, and as to his failings, I desire knowing and feeling my own to be charitable towards him.

Next on the list is my beloved sister Mary, born in 1803. She was endowed with a mind, intelligent, quick at learning, and highly sensitive, enshrined in a body interesting, but feeble and consumptive. She early manifested a devout gentle spirit, in sympathy with the teaching of Christ. My mother perceiving the tendencies of her mind to intellectual pursuits, did what her circumstances would admit, to cherish her aspirations, giving her the advantages of a good training to fit her to be an educator of others. She was, by her intelligence



and her sympathy for the young well adapted for that important work. She had a few boarders at the Lodge, but the unsuitableness of the house prevented its becoming an increasing school. So by invitation and arrangement she came to Holt<sup>tn</sup> in 1824 to rooms in her brother William's house, but owing to an utter dissimilarity of mental, social and general characteristics of mind, existing between her brother W<sup>tn</sup>'s wife, the enterprise resulted in utter failure, and misery to my sensitive sister Mary. I well remember her crying out in the agony of her heart "Oh Arnold, our brother William will never know the true love and tenderness of a true woman's heart". She gathered no number of scholars, and soon decided to leave, and took a little new house in Denman St. Radford, where she was

gathering a nice school. But alas her severe trials and disappointments, acting upon her feeble constitution soon prevented her from being able to continue her school, although my youngest sister Sarah came to assist her. She soon had to give up and my brother Daniel fetched her home to die. We two brothers owe much to her tender loving teaching and example. For years I went to look at the little house in Denman Street where a true and loving sister had often spoken words of wisdom, caution and kindness to me. Her influence tended to promote intelligent devout piety in us younger members of the family, and indeed in all with whom she came in contact. She died filled with the joyful hope of a blessed resurrection. To eternal life, in the 22<sup>nd</sup> year of her age. A loving child, a tender sister, a devout Christian.



Next on the list was my brother Daniel. Being nearest of age to me we were soon companions, and have always been loving brothers, playmates, & school companions. Many a pleasant walk have we had to the village school, his arm over my shoulder, and mine round his waist, made those walks memorable, even when interrupted by a seizure or bit of mischief. We went into little business transactions before we were 14, in partnership, with a view of improving our finances, which were low and likely to be. It helped to form business habits, and thrift which were very useful in after life. Daniel and my sister Mary went to a mixed school conducted by Mr. Creaton at Billersden, which had its influence in many ways on his after life. He met with, and benefited by, the

society and companionships he then formed. His two chief companions, his sister <sup>Mary</sup> and Miss Atkin polished him up some what. Owing to our father's feeble health, he early in life had to discharge important duties in business, as buyer and seller of stock and other farm operations. In Aug. 1823 my brother Will<sup>m</sup> wrote for one of us to spend a fortnight at Nottingham. He wished Daniel to come, but as he was the eldest and had then most experience so it was decided I should come to Nott<sup>m</sup>. He had begun to save and make a little by bargains, and when it was decided for me to remain in Nott<sup>m</sup> we divided up and each had a nice little sum. Daniel was then in his 19<sup>th</sup> year, a cheerful hard working young fellow with a pretty strong notion of putting the best face on things; giving every indication of the habits of smartness and order, which



a rough and ready sort of fellow like  
one thought bordered at times on to an  
excess. One of his greatest trials was  
the unhappy temper and actions of  
his elder brother John, who though unfit  
for the management of the farm, was  
jealous, and opposed to him and his  
management. Daniel did not forget  
his early school friendships. He told  
me many years ago a little story of his  
young manhood's days - that on one  
occasion his business taking him into  
the neighbourhood, where his school lady-  
friend lived, he decided to call. He found  
she had gone to a party of lively young  
friends. He found his way to them; the  
mischievous Cupid set his heart a fluttering  
about his pet fellow scholar. He was intro-  
duced to the company; it was a birth day  
party of a lady friend, the room was full

of lively young ones. The bashful young  
Crazier attracted the attention of the  
fun loving youngsters. They marched out  
of the room, planned their bit of mischief,  
came in, pinioned him, rubbing his  
face with a brass ladle, the remedy for  
bashfulness. It was a cure the first dressing.  
He jumped up and saluted them all round  
and so won his spurs, with the lively farmer's  
daughters. In a while at a convenient  
season, his Mary and he joined interests  
and spent together a few most happy and  
loving years. I suppose there was the true  
elements of character in each, fitting them  
for each other. Her intelligence, good taste in  
their simple household arrangements, their  
general adaptability to each other in all  
the leading affairs of life tended to  
promote their happiness. They had so,  
and did exercise the utmost prudence



having limited means. Two babes, a son and a daughter were born to them, when alas the loving wife and mother was called away, and my brother Daniel was bereft of an intelligent, loving wife and the two little children lost a dear mother. Time, the healer of many wounded hearts led him to look out for a wife to discharge the duties of that important relationship, and to be a parent to his children. He looked with other eyes than those of his school days and found one differing in many characteristics. No man can expect to find two angels to fall to his lot, but for more than forty years, they passed along the journey of life, and in some respects, as well as could be expected by two strong willed people who both liked to have their own way. Every day observations confirm

The fact, that mothers in Law frequently fail to win the love of step children from a want of sympathy towards them. They rule by authority rather than lead by love. My brother Daniel after his second marriage took a house at Barleythorpe near Oakham that had been I understood a hunting box of a Melton sportsman, and some land in the neighbourhood. In some matters, to please the lady, appearing more in the style of the gentleman farmer, than their income warranted, and unfortunately he suffered severely by the loss of a considerable number of valuable cattle by one of the first out-breaks, of the Foot, and Mouth cattle disease. a second out-break and heavy loss disheartened him so, that he gave up the land. He lived afterwards at Oakham, during which time, he, as deacon at the Church at Barrowden, &



Morcott, rendered good service, both he and his wife travelling <sup>the</sup> nearly 6 miles most Sundays. They again removed to St. Ives, where for many years they resided near their excellent and loving daughter who had married a distant relation a M<sup>r</sup>. Loames. They lived for more than forty years together when he was again left a widower, and in his little cottage enjoyed himself, visiting, reading &c, and comforting as far as he was able his poor aged neighbours. He is now in the commencement of this year 1887 in his 82<sup>nd</sup> year, cheerful and happy with his son in law and daughter Jackson, ready and waiting for the call to enter the many mansions. We have been loving and affectionate brothers and as time has passed along, in our old age our correspondence has been more

frequent, and our brotherly affection most cordial. This day Jan. 7<sup>th</sup> 1884 I have received a letter from his daughter M<sup>rs</sup> Jackson written by his request telling me of his feebleness and inability to write himself. We are gently nearing home.

Next on the list was the writer of these little family sketches, but as my dear youngest sister Sarah has passed away, I choose to break the link, and give a brief account of her before entering upon a record of some events of my life.

My sister Sarah was born at the old Lodge in Nov. 1809 being the 12<sup>th</sup> child born to my parents. The time of her birth was one of great anxiety to my parents, both were feeble and out of health, the weather was severe, the times bad. My poor father nearly lost the use of his right arm by holding the



lantern for poor old D<sup>r</sup>. Bell, who came in the dark, miserable, Nov. night, four miles, from Dppingham, to help to usher the little stranger into this changeful world. There was in my sister, a tinge of the sober element of life, occasioned probably by the circumstances preceding and at her birth, manifest even in childhood. In her early days she was a timid, weakly, loving child, very devoted to her parents and family, and especially to her brother Arnold, who was nearest to her in age, and this love and sympathy continued life long between us. After our father's death, she and mother removed to a cottage at Barrowden, where by her little business, carefulness &c, they were enabled to live in comfort. She took an interest in instructing the young, and sought to help forward

The good cause in connection with the  
G. Baptist Church at Morcott & Barrowden.  
Rather later in life than many she  
married M<sup>r</sup>. Jas. Andrews who commenced  
business as tailor and general dealer  
at Morcott. She continued to care for  
our aged mother who removed with  
them. Her tender care and devotion to  
her was most exemplary, to the last, when  
by reason of extreme old age, our mother's  
mental powers became feeble. She  
most faithfully carried out the 5<sup>th</sup>  
commandment "Honour thy father and  
mother", and earned the gratitude of all  
her brothers and sisters by her kindness,  
care, and attention to her mother.

In her life she was diligent in business,  
& very conscientious, and particular. There  
was a little of the old Puritan principles,  
and was a little more developed than



was quite agreeable, to merry and fun loving natures. Her husband's lively cheerful temperament sometimes exercised her patience, but his good nature and many good qualities, and devotedness to her, and our dear aged mother secured her esteem, though she could not always carry out Paul's injunction to Christian wives, "See that ye reverence your husbands." By great care and prudence they secured a sufficiency to maintain them in old age, and to aid the church at Morcott, and Barrowden. I received many letters from her, breathing a loving sisterly spirit and almost always giving evidence of her great anxiety for the prosperity of the cause of Christ. I do not remember at any time an unbrotherly or sisterly feeling existing between us. She had arranged in her

v 43. A year to come and spend a little  
time with us in July 1885. The day  
she was to have come she was taken ill.  
Ann Morris with whom she was to  
whose home was at Barrington & was in service in Boston  
have come, brought us word of her rather  
sudden dangerous illness. I started  
immediately I heard. I arrived just  
in time to clasp her hand, and hear  
her last calm words before she fell  
asleep in Jesus. July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1885.

She was to me a dear loving sister.  
At her funeral, us two aged brothers, her  
husband, and a large number of  
nephews and nieces, and circle of friends  
mourned her loss, giving evidence of  
their attachment to her, and in  
appreciation of the excellence of her  
character. "Blessed are the dead that  
die in the Lord".



I shall now in order to satisfy the desire of my eldest son try to give a brief outline of the few leading incidents of my life. They are very commonplace and scarcely worth recording, if they afford interest or amusement I shall be repaid. It has furnished me with an occupation when I was unable to leave my room, and engaged my hands and thoughts when otherwise I should have been restless &c. I have not kept a diary therefore many incidents have been forgotten.

I was born at old Lambley Lodge N<sup>o</sup>. 13 Belm<sup>r</sup>, Rutland, on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May 1804. I was the eleventh child, and seventh son of Thomas and Mary Goodliffe, from report not a bit like the beautiful month of May, not a light flower, but a black-haired dark-complexioned thing, jokingly said to have taken a tinge from the Lynn sailor;

My mother had been on a visit to her sister in that town and was struck with the sun-burnt dark appearance of the sons of Ocean, that was shortly before my birth; whether a joke or not I was dubbed Brown Georgy and answered well to the name. My eldest sister at home thought me a needless little visitor, making more work. I was a nasty cross little crab, a character that stuck to me during my early childhood and youth. My said sister to put me out of the way, propped me in the cradle. I resented with a hearty squall; she rocked me over the side bump on to the floor, which brought up my mother to soothe the cross little fellow. The said sister, nearly 60 years since thanked her youngest brother for his sympathy and care of her.

There were few incidents of interest in the first ten years of my life. As soon as I was able I was sent to old dame Fawkes's school at



Belton. I went with my brother Daniel to the said school. The first Standard was imperfectly taught The Primitive Battered the alphabet, and words of the most simple character were printed pretty large on a bit of cardboard. The old English style of pronunciation was taught, shall, could would &c pronounced as spelled. I had pretty often to stand on a stool for being in mischief & have a tall brown paper cap on my head. Nevertheless old dame Sawkes was not a bad sort, she tried to teach us truthfulness and good manners. We always had to make our obeisance in coming and going with a "Sarr Marm" an abbreviation for your servant madam, When we were extra good we got a "Bullseye". The only boy's school was old Billings' the parish clerk he preferred a visit to the Greyhound, to teaching the young mischievous hounds who attended the Parish School. Being Dissenters we at that time of day were

sort of black sheep. The great difficulty my parents had to obtain a fair education for their children was the long distance they would have to go to a school. When I was about 10, a new dominice came to the village considerable pretensions but they proved beyond his performance, so not much progress was made in mastering the three R's. My next visit to a school was to Peterboro. In an uncle's, my mother's brother's lodge &c. I went to a M<sup>r</sup>. Thorpe's for 1/2 a year, the best school master I had. He was a good teacher, and a very strict disciplinarian. He believed in using the rod or cane. I only came on once for the ruler - a rather smart dose of custard we called it. I made progress during the six months I was there, but was too soon taken away, just as I was getting into the groove and liked it. I attended with my good aunt all the Wesleyan meetings, and became a



rather hopeful disciple, with the class  
my real good aunt was a member of.  
I wrote letters home inspiring hope and  
promise in my good mother's mind that  
I might grow to be useful in the world.  
She had times in & about 1818, pressed so  
heavily, that my parents felt obliged to cut  
down all outlay to the lowest point. My  
chief vocation for a while was to scare birds.  
I was allowed the use of the old fire-lock a piece  
of fire-arms that adorned the beam in the house-  
-place and which had been unused many a year.  
I may record a remarkable preservation of my  
life. I was only allowed powder to make a flash  
and report, to frighten away crows &c, but having  
no shot I picked up very small pebbles, loaded  
my gun ready for a shot at any bird I could.  
Some boys in a field near with whom I was  
talking got hold of my gun, expecting it to  
be loaded only with powder, pointed it direct

as it appeared to me at my chest, pulled the trigger, but fortunately it did not go off.

A very few minutes after I shot at some birds, it went off tearing off loughs showing the deadly nature of the shot. I felt thankful for a life preserved. About the same time I had another escape. I was riding, carrying a load on my arm, when the girl broke, the saddle slipped on the side of the horse, my foot got fast in the stirrup. I was dragged across the field with my head bump, bump, on the ground, with the risk of having a broken skull before I got rescued. When a little boy I went up a ladder on the roof of a barn, & my mother found me walking on the steep roof, trying to get some fine house leeks growing on the ridge. Such were some of my escapes my time had not come.

Our farm land was about a mile from the old Lodge. In seed time, and harvest my job was bird scaring, and I grew rather fond of



my gun, and was getting to be a good shot. One cold snowy day, being in the barn with my gun, a covey of partridges lighted at one side of a rick of corn, they stretched up their necks to help themselves. I let fly, 6 pretty partridges toppled over. I soon bagged them, and with 2 or 3 pigeons, mother made a nice pigeon pie. My mother feared my breach of the Game Laws might get to the ears of the squire - and get me into trouble. I believe the primitive hunting tendency was rather strong upon me. Old dog Captain, and I often caught and brought home a pussy. I felt whatever the laws, justice taught me that if the game feed on my father's land we were more entitled to it than any one else. Several of our fields were injured by an excess of game. I have seen in a field near Laund Wood, nearly 50 rabbits besides other game. In the spring of 1818 I had to help my father very much in

The Lambing season. One bleak, cold, stormy March morning, going out with him amongst the new born lambs, one poor little thing numberd with cold, too feeble to stand, too weak to suck lay on the cold wet ground, its poor mother standing over it, uttering her plaintive bleat, trying to encourage it to stand. I said "Poor thing it will die of cold." "I will give it you my boy if you can keep it alive, take it in & try". I took it in the kitchen in my arms, laid it on the hearth before a good fire, dried its wet woolly coat, got a little warm milk, & a new tobacco-pipe, broke it short, put a bit of linen round it, filled its head with warm milk, after some effort got the pipe into its mouth, & some warm milk down its throat. It soon began to wag its tail. I knew it might live, & took to feeding it, till it could stand, and run about. It was soon able to suck from its mother, and became



vigorous. In due time my lamb became a mother & for two years had couples, two of which went to the London market, and made 49/- each leaving me a nice little sum after paying my father a nice small amount for joycing. They and the two others, and other little speculations, with savings in my mother's keeping amounted to about £15. when I came to Nott<sup>m</sup> which came in very useful besides forming a habit of carefulness and thrift. I am somewhat forestalling my ordinary narrative. My mother regretting the little opportunity I had of school training in 1820 made arrangements for me to go for ½ a year to the Rev. L. Creations school as a boarder. There were about ½ dozen lads. The instruction was fair for the times, but 3 of his pupils were immoral, bad fellows, the eldest boy especially for profanity and vice, was distressingly bad. I have many times

wished I had carried out my desire, & left  
the school before I had been there a week  
The advantages gained in elementary  
knowledge, were far outweighed by the bad  
example, and wicked habits of my school  
mates. It was a bitter six months to me, &  
the most injurious in my life, breaking down  
good habits, inducing a spirit of disobedience  
to the great grief of my dear mother, culmin-  
ating in a bad act - To wit - one morning I had  
got into trouble, and would not stay in at  
family prayer, but while they were at their  
devotions, I tied the kitchen door so that they  
could not get out, except through the kitchen  
window to set them at liberty. My mother  
though gentle and tender, when aroused was  
a firm disciplinarian. I was cut off from  
the regular meals, to bread & water, in the  
kitchen. I braved it for awhile. One morning  
when alone she took me by the hand, led me



into the parlour, & talked kindly and tenderly to me. She touched the better side of my nature, we knelt down together, she poured forth in earnest words a prayer to God for my forgiveness, we wept together embraced, and became reconciled. The Father in Heaven, the mother on earth forgave the disobedient son. He became & was ever afterwards one of her most devoted children, never intentionally causing her sorrow. This occurred when I was about 14, often a critical period to a boy of strong passions. After this, a general change took place in my behaviour and character; like many boys I was not fond of work, & like an unbroken colt jibbed a bit. I found it difficult to buckle to, but gradually got to like farm work, to use a country phrase "took to the collar" and grew to be fond of farming, cattle, & grazing, and during the last two

years threw in my energies into the varied work to be done. Early in May 1823, a letter from W<sup>m</sup> at Nott<sup>m</sup> was received asking for one of us, Daniel or I, to go to Nott<sup>m</sup> for a fortnight. Daniel being older and better acquainted with the markets he was required at home, so it was decided that I must go. I was quite averse to it, I had got to like a farm boy's life, but I went. The decision was come to on the 20<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>r</sup> 1823, which doubtless resulted in the most important issues in my life. The short-time (a fortnight) made it bearable to me, I disliked the thought of being a "counter skipper", and wished to be a farmer. Daniel and I went to Leicester market, took some sheep to sell. After we had sold them I went to the Stag and Pheasant Hotel, mounted old Thomas Pettifore's coach for Nott<sup>m</sup> and soon felt interested, it being the first time I had rode behind



a four in hand. We rattled away, changing at Loughboro and Bunny, and some of the lights of Kott<sup>m</sup>, its Castle, and fine old church came in view, as we descended Ruddington hill. The old Trent Bridge spanning the broadest river I had seen was interesting to me. The steep Hollow Stone hill, the narrow Bridlesmith Gate lit up with gas - still narrower High St. with a strong beam across on which swung an immense painted Black Moor's Head, underneath which our lively old coachman drove, to the White Lion Clumber St. where we arrived about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8, to<sup>me</sup> the memorable Saturday the 23<sup>rd</sup> of Aug. 1823. My brother W<sup>m</sup> met me at the coach, we soon reached Smithy Row, where at that time, a row of the lowest class of butcher's stalls stood, they were a rowing noisy lot. His M<sup>rs</sup> Major kept a small provision shop, being  $\frac{1}{2}$  the shop

now occupied by Jackson the tobacconist, the other half being occupied by drunken butcher Treason. His family occupied one side of the house, M<sup>rs</sup> Major, 3 rooms at the back, facing the Dunkirk Chambers. The kitchen, coal place pantry, open petty, all underground were used in common by both families. The sanitary condition was such as would not be allowed to exist now. The stench from the petty in the pantries was simply abominable. What with the unsanitary condition of the lower rooms, and the immoral state of the drunken butcher's part of the house, it was a strange contrast to my old Lodge home. He soon drank himself into a terrible state of Delirium Tremens, his room was opposite where I slept, his death was awful. When I had been a fortnight, a letter came from the M<sup>rs</sup>, that she was staying a week longer in London. I had become somewhat

*where she had gone on a visit*



reconciled to the change and agreed to stay. When she came back from London, she was all smiles and affability telling us about some of the "lions" Madam Juscurds, the Zoological Gardens, and Grand Park. Under the influence of Cupid, the widow was all blandness and smiles. I got an invitation to stay the wedding and honey moon over, my brother W<sup>m</sup> rather even to me apologising for thinking of marrying a woman nearly old enough to be his mother, because our father married our mother who was about 15 years younger than himself and therefore had such a large family & some of them in his old age. He certainly need not fear annoyance from that cause. I began to like the life and bustle of the town, and considered that having two brothers at home where one would have been better, I made an arrangement myself

to stay for three years.

I felt somewhat put on my mettle to be left in charge of the business for a week while they went to the old Lodge to keep the honeymoon.

Old snuffy mother Davies was house-keeper, and old Philip Bailey the grand father of the author of "Festus" came to advise, and take a little supervision occasionally; a very cheery pleasant jocular old gentleman he was. A man came in abruptly one evening, he asked "are you the brother of the young man who has married Mr. Major". "Yes". "I'm her cousin, tell him I'm sorry for him, poor fellow. I lived with her in her first husband's time. He must get a good ash plant, and once a week let her have it if he means to keep



snarker". Of course it shocked my sense of propriety, as a mode of treatment of such an amiable smiling woman. I lived soon to see the other side of the picture. One little specimen out of many as an illustration:—

Not long after the honey moon had set, a dress maker came to make up some apparel for her, we were sitting down to an early breakfast, the old lady was in her tankrums. Her young husband courteously helped the choicest morsel to the damsel, who I believe was her cousin. The jealous old dixer in a rage flung a hot cup of coffee at him because he helped the young dress-maker first. The devil in him was aroused. She had to cut and run and after receiving eve offerings in her posterior parts. She had to lock herself up

in a room, finding she had overshot  
the mark. I saw the little game. I thought  
her cousin's word was not very wide of  
the mark.

William had a bit of the old Puritan  
about him, but he was far too good a  
man to be died to, and tormented by  
such an old shrew. My brother W<sup>m</sup>  
like many a poor hen-pecked husband  
got used to it, and though he could  
never like it, managed to pull through  
better than one could expect. When I had  
been about a year, the premises and  
business were enlarged and increased.  
I was errand-boy, porter, warehouse man,  
waiter &c, pretty hard worked from 14 to 19.  
I was a stout, sturdy fellow, carrying  
heavy weights, had only a wheel-barrow  
for heavy goods. The roads and streets  
in 1823 to about 1830 were badly paved



and lighted. One day when I was about 19, a bag of salt, over two hundred weight, was required in haste in Parliament St. I got it on my back, off R. Barrows dray, to carry it up Black-hoy Yd. Going up the yard, my foot slipped, the weight was too much, I fell, injured my hip and back, had to be carried home, and blistered and bled. The effects of the folly remain to this day, in a feeble back, and rheumatic hip. I am now suffering whilst writing. I do down the incident as a warning against rashness, and head-strong actions.

One of the most striking events of 1824 was the procession of the funeral of the Poet, Lord Byron. They came down Smithy Row, and through the Market Place. The remarkable and long cavalcade of carriages, horsemen, gentlemen's

carriages was I sight, I have never seen, either before or since. The mournful cortege wended their way to Ducknall. His remains were deposited in a vault, a very unpretentious monument, was erected. Visitors from all parts of the world, came to inspect the last resting place of the gifted poet.

For a short time bobbin-lace, and bobbin making was very flourishing in Kloth<sup>m</sup>. Everybody who had a little money was rushing into it. I was asked to try to learn to work a machine. I had not enough enterprise, the good trade did not last long, so perhaps I lost nothing by sticking to the dirty provision business. In 1824, I entered heartily into the work of Sunday School teaching at Poney St. Chapel School, where for some years a capital school had existed.



It brought me acquainted with some young men, who endeavoured according to the opportunity they had to improve themselves, and it had a beneficial effect on me. As opportunity offered I read with some avidity the current literature, Milton, Young, Addison's Essays, Johnson's do. &c and such works as fell in my way, but having to open shop at 4, and keeping open till ten, did not allow time for much reading. Afternoons being slack, when I could I availed myself of the opportunity.

The first general election I had seen occurred in 1826, when Birch and Rancliffe were candidates (Liberals) It was noted for its fun mischief and triumph. It lasted eleven days. Each party had a number of "lamb's", and they would mob, and if they could, try to

steal a vote. The Radicals spencered,  
the Tories ducked. I saw coat tails flying  
up like Kites in the market place, over  
a struggle for a vote, and anon a poor  
fellow would be taken to the Exchange  
pump. A load of out town voters would  
come driving up to the only polling place,  
there were many burghesses who had gone  
to France working in the lace trade, they  
were fetched over to vote, and a grand  
shout there would be when they came,  
rattling in by coach to vote.

After the victory, the Liberals won, two  
splendid chairs ornamented were brought  
to the Exchange. The members were  
chaired round the market place, carried  
on the shoulders of "yellow lants"  
accompanied by crowds of their supporters  
cheering, and hollering, till their throats  
were sore. Those senseless displays



have had their day.

1825  
2/1824 Trade being bad, my brother took a stall  
in the market place where on Saturdays  
I figured away - Cheese and Bacon selling  
I did a nice little trade and got a few  
friends, amongst the butter sellers by  
sundry little civilities; one substantial  
farmer's daughter invited me to come  
and spend the Sunday afternoon  
with her and her mother, but my native  
modesty, or some other cause prevented  
me, accepting the invitation.

1824. A small shut up shop in Bridesmith  
Gate being to let, my brother took it, and  
my trade talent was chiefly transferred  
to that establishment. The amount of  
business done was small during the  
next two <sup>or three</sup> years. I had the best opportunity  
for improvement, I had at any time, -  
time for reading. The artisan's library

was started in B. S. G. I was the 9<sup>th</sup> member,  
there was a good selection of books, classes &c.  
Edwin Parcell, Edmund Hart, Benj. Hawkin  
and other young men and lads were  
members. Some of us used to do a bit of  
the oratorical business, rather of the high  
falutin style. My weakness was to attempt  
too many subjects, and stick to, or be  
thorough in none. Old Edmund Hart, used  
to come, and call as he went by, to interest  
me in astronomy. Then several young  
fellows formed a Mutual Improvement  
class, for discussion at the schoolroom.  
One evening the subject was "Gravitation".  
One of the members was seeking to enlighten  
us as to its laws, and why bodies fell to  
the earth, and to illustrate his theory,  
threw up the snuffers, asking why they  
descended again. Just as they came  
bang on the table, the old Deacon came



in, inquiring what the disturbance was about. When he learned, the zeal for the Lord's House (old vestry) quite upset him, and he, the class, forbidding the use of the vestry for such purposes. Several left the chapel and became men of some note in after life.

One John Hallam invited us to a nice little summer house in the Park, to meet at 4 o'clock, this was of a more theological character. From that little company, a member became a church clergyman, another a Bap:<sup>t</sup> minister, another Independent, another a school Superintendent.

1824  
to  
1829.  
In 1826

About this time was my happiest and busiest day in religious and social work. I had been a member at Stone St. Baptist Church some time, it was in its most prosperous days, young men and

some of the leaders would be at the early meetings for prayer, at 7 on a Sunday morning at School at 9; tract distributing from 12 to 1 School at 1/2 past 1 to 2; tea, prayer after, Service at 6.30. Prayer meeting 8 to 9, & all this after keeping open shops &c on the Saturday night till 12 o'clock.

It was the season of greatest prosperity at old Stoney St., large congregations, as young men in the evening had to bring forms in the aisles, for strangers. Then every other Sunday, we went by two's to Riddington Carlton and other villages to help to start Sunday Schools, all of which are still existing and prosperous. Some young men, members at Stoney St. and other chapels, started a morning Cricket Club, to play for exercise from one hour or two in the mornings at from 5 to 7 in the meadows. On one occasion I was



batting, the aforesaid old deacon  
taking his early morning walk came by,  
book in hand, when he saw me bat in  
hand. I in my off-hand way said I  
would give him a catch. It either  
touched his dignity, or his Puritanism  
or both, for he called of me, and told  
me how sorry he was to see me spending  
my time in that manner. He had  
thought to recommend me to become  
a student for the Gen<sup>l</sup> Bap<sup>t</sup> Ministry  
at the new College opened at Loughboro,  
but he could not; he did not like young  
Christians having anything to do with  
games, so the Ministry lost a "shining  
light", and one more poor fellow was  
saved from entering upon a calling  
he was unfitted for.

1826 About this time the question of Slavery  
& 1830 of Parliamentary reform, and other

political questions were being zealously debated. George Thompson the eloquent orator, Daniel O'Connell on repeal, Whistle Harvey on questions generally, Denman & Broughton defence of Queen Caroline and reform generally amongst politicians & statesmen, R. Hall D<sup>r</sup>. Raffles, D<sup>r</sup>. Newton, D<sup>r</sup>. Binney amongst preachers were men whose eloquence when I occasionally heard them, charmed me, and tended to strengthen my views as a liberal, in politics and as a believer in religion. I heard D<sup>r</sup>. Raffles at the opening of Friar Lane Chapel in 1828. His fine presence, his splendid voice, and intellectual power, were a sensation to me. His text John 12-32 v. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me, was I thought the finest sermon, most striking in delivery, I had heard. I wrote out a lengthy outline, for which a Yorkshire farmer, and Wesleyan local preacher gave



one 2/6; the first and last bit of literature I made money by. Some time after I heard several of the course of lectures delivered in St. Paul's Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Gilbert in defence of Christianity, and to meet the objections to, and denial of its truth, by Carlisle, a popular infidel lecturer. They were very able, deeply interesting and popular, to me very satisfactory.

1826 An event happened in Oct. 1826 which had very much to do with, and influence on, my after life. The teachers and friends of the Sunday school, were holding a tea-meeting. It being the Goose Fair holiday time, being busy, I went late. The old superintendent met me coming. He said "Oh my young friend, I want you to see two young friends of mine home, they live a good distance off." Before I could reply a fellow teacher said "He's only just come, he shan't go, to send him away, it's too bad." I was just budding into a young

man with a fair share of vanity and gallantry  
I said "I will with pleasure M<sup>r</sup>. Hutchinson."  
The ladies heard my friend's objection said  
blushingly, "Oh we are not afraid." "Ladies" I  
said, "if you will allow me I shall have great  
pleasure in accompanying you." So away we  
went to the top of Sherwood St, Mansfield R<sup>d</sup>.  
being then nearly vacant of houses. I had seen  
the ladies at Chapel but did not even know their  
names. They were Misses Anna and Eliza  
Speed. I found that they like myself had been  
brought up in the country, and had not been  
long in North<sup>m</sup>. I thought them intelligent  
nice young girls. During the next twelve  
months I met Miss Anna, the eldest who  
was a very punctual teacher, and a  
member of the church. We had occasional  
conversations on the work of teaching, &  
the topics of the day. I found it pleasant  
to walk and talk about Youngs, Milton's, and



Cowper's poetry &c, and found by next  
Goose Fair, we had insensibly got into that  
stage of feeling peculiar about that age,  
which after the usual little quarrels of lovers  
ended in our being married on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Oct. 1830.  
During the period from 1824 to 1830 several  
interesting circumstances occurred, some  
of them I have already referred to:—

At the latter end of 1829 arrangements  
were entered into, for me to take over the little  
business in Bridlesmith Gate which I had  
managed nearly three years. I had saved  
about £50 although I had but £15, for two  
years, and two £20. My mother wishing  
me to remain in Nottingham added £5,  
as I had an offer of £25 per annum to go  
to Leeds. Then I had £50 which fell to  
my share from my father. I managed to  
make a start in a small way, deciding to  
do the best I could and try for about a

year, before I set up house keeping and married. I took stock Sep. 1830 and found I had made about a pound a week profit. I had used the most rigid economy to accomplish even that small sum. I bargained with the old lady, to board and lodge me for 7/- per week. I wanted her to put in three weeks for 20/- but I could not move her. She seemed quite anxious for me to do well, only she did not approve of me, marrying a girl without some property. When I named to my brother W<sup>m</sup> that I should like him to be best man, he declined, I believe lest he should get into trouble with his old lady. So we arranged with two friends who had come out of Lincolnshire to Goose Fair. W<sup>m</sup> Wilcox, a son of a very old friend of the family, and a lady who came with him, were groomsman and bridesmaid. We had a good and early breakfast at Anna's mother's in Glasshouse



St. Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> (Sunday) 1830, and met at  
St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock when D<sup>r</sup>. Wilkins  
performed the ceremony. In my hurry I  
had omitted to put any money in my  
pocket, and to the confusion of all could  
not pay the fees. Old Parnham, the clerk  
being a customer said he'd call and get  
a bit of cheese, and make it all right.  
We went straight to our Sunday School classes,  
but snug as we had kept it, it was all over  
the chapel before the day was over. My young  
wife, and I, received many hearty congrat-  
-ulations from friends, and especially from  
old Daddy Hutchinsson the superintendent,  
who was very tender in his exhortation, and  
good wishes for our happiness. I had  
taken the shop and house opposite, now  
called the Old Arm Chair, kept by a maiden  
lady who was about to be married to my  
old landlord. M<sup>r</sup>. Thornlow. She was not

quite ready to give up her premises, but  
let me, two rooms until she gave up the whole  
premises. So those two rooms we wended our  
way on Sunday night. I had to be up early  
on Monday morning to go into the Fair, to buy  
cheese with my brother William. I left my  
young wife with little Edmund Wolstan, in  
charge of the shop. I was with my brother W<sup>m</sup>  
on Smithy Row, about 10 o'clock, when my  
brother Daniel came stealthily behind me,  
and gave me a real eve offering on my  
behind part. "There", says he "take that, you  
shabby fellow, for not letting me know." We  
had been pet brothers. I had been annoyed  
that W<sup>m</sup> objected to go to church with us  
and decided to make no fuss or wedding  
party, at all, by the wish of the bride elect.  
The same evening however as Daniel, was  
here, William and his old lady came on  
to supper with him. At supper, my young



wife was timid, having at our table  
M<sup>rs</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Goodliffe who had told me, I must  
not expect to have nice apple puddings & pies  
if I married such an inexperienced girl.  
But when the apple pie was cut and tasted  
my brother W<sup>m</sup> was quite gushing in his  
praise of the excellence of the apple pie.  
"Yes", I said "It's the first she has made me".  
I was not a little proud, and she pleased  
and encouraged. We spent a pleasant  
evening, and the young wife and brother in  
law soon became good friends.

I am afraid I was over anxious about  
getting a living and paying our way, and  
careful almost to meanness. Trade and  
business about that time was very  
bad, requiring great economy.

I arranged with a good rich old farmer  
M<sup>r</sup>. Holland the landlord to put me in  
a new shop front, excavate a cellar, and

when it was done the old gentleman was astonished that I dare have such large panes of glass in the window. He was very kind and encouraged us to try and do well. I pushed out into the herring trade, which was done almost entirely by the grocers and provision dealers from 1830 to 1850. In or about 1835 I went to Hull and Garmouth and extended the trade. We sold some Saturdays above 100 packages.

About the latter end of 1831, W<sup>m</sup> gave up business. I got some of his customers and extended our business. One little incident I may relate, showing how we worked, was after business hours. We closed at 10 o'clock. W<sup>m</sup> Walston and I took to old W<sup>m</sup> Balls of Hyson Green after 9, a bag of salt, two cheeses and other articles, and to old Fallowell's, several articles in a hired hand-cart. Woollaton St. then Back Lane, was



very badly paved, we did not get home till after 11. When we had paid our cart hire we should barely clear a/- . It was hard lines but we meant by God's help to pay our way. The young wife keeping shop till we got back.

On the Saturday Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> 1831, our first born SON entered the stage of life; it was accompanied with great anxiety. Little old D<sup>r</sup> Jarman ordered the greatest care quiet and attention to be paid to the young mother. She was very feeble, and her head was awfully bad, then the baby-boy had a fit. I ran off for the doctor under the impression that he was dying, quite expecting when I got back to find him dead, glad to find evidences of life, he soon recovered and the mother also.

She objected to set up a cradle, did not believe in rocking babies, so she made

him a bed in the clothes basket.

We began to cure bacow, drying it in the living room, hanging round the walls.

One morning the said babe was asleep in the basket on a chair, the mother was behind the counter in the shop, she heard the babe squall and a big noise as of a fall. She hastened to the rescue, in her way was a high office stool and a tin 8 or 10 inches high standing upon the stool, she walked right over both without knocking either aside or down. I was in the shop, saw it done, a wonderful evidence of the power of maternal love. I fetched her to look at her achievement, it seemed incredible to us both but it was a fact, nearly 4 ft. high.

A great political event about this time was agitating the Country, the question of 'Parliamentary Reform', the 'Abolition



of the rotten Boroughs' and the enfranchisement of the large towns. Bill after bill, had been thrown out of Lords + Commons. 22 Tories had petitioned against the passing of the "Reform Bill". The Duke of Newcastle the owner of 4 rotten Boroughs, North<sup>m</sup> Park + Castle &c, was very unpopular through his obstinacy, declaring that he "would do what he liked with his own". Crowds used to meet in the market place to hear the papers read. W<sup>m</sup> Eyre, an auctioneer used to mount the Exchange pump and with a clear strong voice read Russell's, Brougham's Denman's Hunt's and other speeches to the hundreds assembled. The papers were brought by the London + Leeds Express Coach. Crowds would run to the Trent Bridge to meet the coaches that brought the

morning papers, and when at <sup>last</sup> the Lords had thrown out the bill after the Commons had passed it, the excitement was at fever heat. A large meeting was held in the market place, addressed by orators who denounced the Lords and Tories. The crowd became excited rushed off to Jack Musters Colwick Hall, who was one of the 21, shouting and singing, setting fire to the Hall, alarming Mrs Musters "Mary Chaworth". The mob came rushing and shouting up B.S. Gate, away to the Castle, the soon broke open the old doors, rushed up the steps, broke into, firing the Castle. The sad conflagration, and damage to the tapestry was very much to be regretted. The damage was assessed at £22,000 which fell on a small part of the county. The gateway being blocked, they broke through the wall, rushed up the steps, and



through Standard Hill, to Mr. Lowe's  
Beeston Mill, he was another of the 22.  
The riots were a sad disgrace to the town  
used by the Tories to dishonour the Whigs.  
I saw the conflagration from the opposite  
side at the top of Hounds Gate.

The first Good Friday I was in business  
I went to Derby taking what bit of money  
I could spare intending to buy Cheese,  
when I got there all the warehouses were  
closed. I made out where Thomas Goodwin  
the head warehouseman lived, called  
on him. He had a bit of salt about him  
after he had listened to my story he said  
"Come on, I have a bit of a dairy that will  
suit you". He showed me it, I bought it,  
my money held out to pay for it. Old  
Bryan Barnes bought it next day, it  
was just the thing, and very useful, and  
gave me confidence. Old Tommy Goodwin

always spoke a good word for me to farmers and factors.

In May 1833 a daughter was announced, a little dark piece of humanity, my eldest daughter Mary Ann, the bonny wife of M<sup>r</sup>: W<sup>m</sup>: Eaton and mother of 8 fine grand-children.

For some time no particular event occurred. We found our family increasing, business also. Our returns had doubled by 1835.

We began to feel our feet, and by great care & perseverance was able to pay our way & save a little. Old Rob<sup>t</sup>: Morrison was fond of telling a story of his first visit to N<sup>o</sup>:th<sup>m</sup>: on business. One Saturday evening he came to have a look round standing some time observing us, and how busy we were, he ventured to take an order which led to further and larger transactions, & he used to say gave him confidence in doing a country trade, ending with a bit



of his Clarney.

Whilst diligent in business we did not neglect other duties. I was able and enjoyed Sunday School work, and various other social, political, & benevolent objects. In May 1835 another addition to our family - dear Ellen - I shall never forget the sad distressed look of the dear feeble mother when trying to give the babe its natural food she found a defect in the roof of its mouth preventing it from swallowing, and was nearly choked. Then came the proof of the mother's wonderful care, and untiring effort and labour to rear the little sufferer which aided by medical skill she accomplished, and which when the child grew up she amply rewarded by her love, devotion and energy to promote her parents, and family comfort and good. Her life was devoted to works of benevolence

& like her divine master going about doing good.  
I was Treasurer for the nice new little G. B. Chapel  
at Ducknall, & able to render some little assist-  
-ance even though times were very bad. Poor  
stockingers were only earning 8/- & 10/- a week,  
porters 12/-. In 1836 April, Pickering was born  
being the fourth in less than 5 years. The strain  
upon the mother was heavy, her energy was  
taxed to the uttermost. It was a time of anxiety  
too unable to walk, & there were no perambulators  
Then in March of 1834 a sad calamity happened,  
a messenger came running to say that our dear  
kind mother Speed's room was on fire & that she  
was badly burned. I ran, found it too true  
but old Barnes at first hindered me from  
entering pretending there was already too many in.  
I had her brought to our house, there was only  
the press bed in the sitting room. D<sup>r</sup> Davidson  
wrapped her in cotton wool and did all he  
could, but he said the burns were too extensive



for her to rally. After suffering most acutely although she remained unconscious except for a few minutes when she touchingly exhorted her children to cherish tender affections toward each other, she died on the 16<sup>th</sup> March 1834. The fire was in a room where a number of girls were working, one of them carelessly upset a candle, the lace caught fire, Mrs Speed in her anxiety to put it out, her clothes caught fire, and 2 girls also were burned. She <sup>sat</sup> beside my wife, her eldest daughter & children, 3 of whom were young. In the house we then lived in we had but two bedrooms and a small attic, we were 7 in family, the three youngest for some time lived with us, looking back to that time we marvel how we managed. It was indeed a season of sore trial. Mother Speed was industrious & kind to her children, looking back 50 years, we are thankful to have been able to render aid to the motherless in a time of need. During the next two or three years trade was

had, our progress slow. In 1840, our stock taking for the first time reached 4 figures as the result of 10 years trading for which we were very thankful.

1839 On the 2<sup>nd</sup> March our youngest daughter Sarah was born, it was a critical time for both mother & babe. The mother's strength had been over taxed, she was so feeble that D.<sup>r</sup> Higginbottom told me, the greatest care and attention would be required to prevent a collapse. She frightened Ann Richards & me being delirious, partly induced by old W.<sup>m</sup> Shaw's loud shouting, when delivering cheese, she sound quite upset her, the D.<sup>r</sup> was most diligent in his attentions, as also the nurse, it was a most anxious time, she was some time before she rallied. I thank our Heavenly Father, that her life was spared. Our business and family increased our premises did not for some time. I was looking out for larger but was too fearful of expense or I might have bought or taken premises that would have been central and cheap.



This was a busy period of my life. I attempted too much, and some things that I was not qualified for, being urged on by injudicious friends besides Sunday School teaching, and being elected a deacon, urged to go out into the country villages to take services, for which I feel now, and have long done that I had neither the gift, or the thorough devotion. The one defect of my life has been, the lack of thoroughness. I have sometimes been surprised that I have succeeded as well as I have, it has been partly owing to the good influence my wife has exerted. In consequence of what we both considered to be very unchristian action, we both decided to leave Honey St. and worship at Broad St. where I was pressed to become a teacher and afterwards superintendent of the school, which office I held for more than 20 years, and also President and Treasurer for many years of the Prayer & Alms Society. In 1843 we took and entered upon the premises

now occupied by my son. We did the best retail business after opening, customers waiting their turns to get in to be served. We steadily increased from 1840 to 1850 from £1084 to £3331, & from 1851 to 1861, from £3929 to over £5000. In 1839 we bought a garden, rebuilt the summer house, in 1846 we bought Jaffy. They were both a source of health and great enjoyment except when the said Jaffy came to his knees or in his mischief turned the waggon over. In the garden the mother had some of her happiest hours, cultivating flowers, & fruits & vegetables, and the children with their friends spent many happy times.

1838  
to  
42  
At this time I devoted a good deal of time to social and religious work. Treasurer for Ducknall, nice new Chapel, Raddington school & Lenton.

On the 30<sup>th</sup> July 1842 our 3<sup>rd</sup> son Fred was born whose steady uniform life has been a source of



comfort to us. Nurse and general servant good old Ann Richards deserves honourable mention, who nursed the mother & babes with a steady devotion worthy of praise. Our good nieces Sarah & Mary Culpin also, who together for about 10 years of our most anxious period in life were invaluable. W.<sup>m</sup> Walston was a hard working Jun loving youth. W.<sup>m</sup> Aldridge came when he was not quite 12. He was under nurse &c, to go to the garden with the little ones, for a while. He early manifested talent for making mouse-traps, soap-dishes & little nic-nacs; he was with us about 8 years, a good honest lad although a bit of a Jod.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> October, 1844, another little daughter Harriett Eliza a beautiful infant was added to the flock, a sweet dear child living only about 3½ years, a delicate flower, gently fading. The first of the family passing away; it was to each of us a severe stroke, especially to the mother.

who had tenderly watched the little sufferer.  
We have been comforted by the thought that "Of  
such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Thomas from his 12<sup>th</sup> to near his 20<sup>th</sup> year was very use-  
ful in bookkeeping, travelling for orders. He opened up the  
Derbyshire journey, often tried with old Daffy, coming  
to the ground now & then. I generally took the Lincoln  
& Newark journeys. When the American trade first  
opened we pushed out into it some what. About 1850  
Thomas was often unwell D<sup>r</sup> Gill had recently returned  
from Australia, where he had been for restoration of  
health. One day when he was very unwell, I said  
"Go and consult D<sup>r</sup> Gill, & if he says go to Australia go."  
He consulted him. The D<sup>r</sup> strongly recommended him  
to go, he said as soon as he came in "Father I'm going  
to Australia. I felt stunned but so it came to pass  
He went to Melbourne and came back in less than  
2 years. He had heard I was lame from an accident,  
he found I was better, & had a full team for business  
so he got married & returned, and remained about



9 years. Owing to the excessive heat, his health gave way, business at Melbourne was bad, his success was not so good as he hoped it would be.

During the years from 50 to 60 I was a busy radical politician. Battles at Peter's Church against church rates, an ardent supporter of Jo: Sturge, occasionally doing a bit of spouting at meetings for reform, elected Chairman of the Completed Suffrage Association, John Hutchinson being Secy. Elected 1854 to the Council had a tussel with Bashaw. W<sup>m</sup> Felkin, "Two times twice mayor". Was Vice Chairman of Sanitary Committee for 3 years, was complimented for my punctuality & attention to the duties of the office by the worthy W<sup>m</sup> Tapfield Town Clerk. I gave great offence to the betting men, who wanted to establish spring races, & spend £300, of the rates for the course. For that and two or three other votes, I was voted out by No 30, and felt afterwards I was a coward for not fighting it out. Being an abstainer

at that time of bribery & treating, it made against me. I felt more happy to be out than to win by corrupt & unlawful means. I was elected a guardian for Peter's parish, for the first time for nearly 10 years as a liberal. I was on the board 6 or 7 times and took great interest as Chairman of the School Committee in the welfare of the poor children sought and got a great deal of information about the separation of the children from the adult paupers. I gave great offence to the old whig party by taking the chair, and pitching into the said whigs for showing the cold shoulder to Lord Amberly - it was a fine meeting.

After the treatment I had experienced from the wire pullers at the Municipal Election, I took less interest in whig politics, voting only for liberals. Returning to domestic & business matters in and about 1862/3, Sarah and other members of the family being very unwell D<sup>r</sup> M. H. Stiggin Lotham said very emphatically "which do you like best



your children or your money? Because if you want your family to be in health and live you must live out in better air." So I selected a site and built in the Park in 1859. I also took on a lease for 21 years our business premises & effected extensive alterations and improvements, cost near a £1000, it was a very great improvement and might have been better.

Thos. returned from Australia in 1861 and in due course became a partner in the business which I think we carried on with fair success and comfort, he and his family residing at Biddlesmith Gate and my family at the Park. The house was convenient & commodious having fine views from Belvoir in the East, to the Charnwood Forest on the South West. The garden to the wife, the aviary of birds to the daughter Ellen were delights. We spent 12 enjoyable years, having much enjoyment from the company of ministerial friends & laymen.

Of the former M<sup>r</sup>. Matthews, M<sup>r</sup>. Salisbury, and many others; of the latter George Chalton, Lo<sup>d</sup>. Pollard, Henry Mallett Edwin Patchitt &c &c Many a cheerful sing we enjoyed with young friends of our childrens; occasionally entertaining men of note as Baptist Noel, Lord — Samuel Morley Ed. Beals, Carol Williams &c &c.

One of the events of interest was at the wedding of our youngest daughter Sarah, to W<sup>m</sup>. Froggatt, and Frederick Arnold to Miss Eliza Swain. The two large rooms were thrown open, W<sup>m</sup>. Taylor Confectioner provided the breakfast, he stated the set out was in very good taste. The company consisted of beside the immediate wedding party Alderman & M<sup>rs</sup>. Swain, the brother in Law of the bride, M<sup>r</sup>. Bennett and his wife, M<sup>r</sup>. Latchmore M<sup>r</sup>. W. Clark & wife, M<sup>rs</sup>. Froggatt and the members of our family.

Ten of the company have passed over to the majority. The wedding was a Derby R<sup>d</sup>.



Chapel, a very happy day was spent, many good wishes for the happiness of the young couples being expressed.

I have omitted giving in due order, the many very enjoyable sea side and other pleasurable excursions from time to time we had for with one or two exceptions, we generally both went. One of the first was to the Isle of Wight.

In March 1855, we both needed rest. Dr. Hugginbotham recommended the I. W. We went, spent most of the time at Ryde, and Ventnor. When at the latter place, on a beautiful sunny March morning, it was so mild, I fell asleep on the seat, on the side of the hill, my head resting on the wife. I slept some 2 or 3 hours woke up a new man, lassitude all gone, digestive organs alright, and a few days came home "like a giant refreshed with new wine". We did the little island something like we did the British Museum when seeing the "Lions of London", in 2 or 3 hours. Another

excursion we very much enjoyed was with Tho.<sup>s</sup> Cook when we went with him on one of his first trips to Wales, to Menai Bridge and Bangor. It was the year when the Tubular Grand Railway Bridge was being built. We walked over both, to our great enjoyment. But we had such sharp appetites, we enjoyed the sweet Welsh mutton quite as much at the quaint Welsh Inn "The Anglesea". As in most cases that our first visit excited and delighted our organs of wonder and our delight was very great. It was a treat to us both. Another excursion we went with Cooks, Tho.<sup>s</sup> Cook being our conductor was to Ireland about a year after the famine. We were struck with the grandeur of some parts of Dublin, the grand buildings, & fine streets Satcherville &c. The Post Office and other public buildings are very handsome. Pat, the carman declared that it was entirely the finest street in Europe, there was not one in London could touch it.



We went to Glasnevine saw Daniel O'Connell's tomb, the beautiful Phoenix Park, with its fine trees, beautiful walks &c. saw the Dublin Exhibition many very beautiful objects.

The wife wandered away, as usual, taking her own way, lost me, and it was some time before we met, at which said incident, the male person was unduly ill tempered, at this distant day, will not say, how it affected the said sensitive wife. It is often brighter after a storm, we enjoyed the ride by rail from Dublin to Cork. The number of old castles, the sad evidence of the effects of the famine visible throughout our journey was very distressing. We found Cork a busy place, rose early, had a capital breakfast and went early off to Blarney Castle, walked amidst its ruins, mounted the Tower, where the Blarney stone was pointed out to us, whereof if we kissed it we should be

endowed with special Irish gifts of discoursing  
Blarney. We found the stone two or three courses  
from the top. The kissing performance could  
only be achieved, by the operator being held  
by the heels while he leaned over to secure  
the benefit. Having doubts of our power to  
receive the gift we declined the ceremony.  
After leaving Cork we went through the South,  
we found distressing effects of the famine,  
passing through Bandon we took cars. Our  
Jarvis was full of talk about the glories of the  
past day and present wretchedness point-  
ing out to us the residence of their late  
great leader Daniel O'Connell and other  
patriots. Bantry Bay delighted us with its  
scenery and waters, our driver lamenting  
that their ancient Laid was so ruined, that  
his fine old family estates were then in the  
Court of Encumbered Estates. From Bantry  
Bay, we were driven on the Kerry Mountains.



The carriages were followed by lots of poor ragged, famished looking children, some begging piteously for coppers, & others even in the poverty and rags fun loving young elves who succeeded in extracting the pence <sup>out</sup> of the Trippers pockets. We saw but little of the Lakes, just enough to show us how beautiful they were. We spent the Sunday at Killarney, on that day, the poor people of the district, crowded the streets and churches. They were a very picturesque looking lot, many of them distressing to look upon. We returned home having enlarged instructions, knowledge of the beauty of the country and deplorable condition of the people.

Another pleasant trip was to Scotland in Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> to 30<sup>th</sup> 1864. The year after the American War, between the North & South, on account

of slavery and for the maintenance of the Union. We had J. M. Cook as our conductor and had a good time of it. Our first run was to Edinburgh, which going by first class by the night train, we travelled very comfortably. We went to the Calton Hill was charmed with the fine buildings and views, Scotts monument, Burns grave, Grass Market, historical as the place where many martyrs suffered; then the lofty houses or flats was a sight to us, besides many places and objects of interest I cannot particularize. Our stay was too short we hied away to Glasgow, found the Grand Square and Monuments very fine, but Glasgow being more of a commercial city, was less interesting to us. We spent the afternoon & evening there, and then after breakfast started and took the steamer to the Locks &c. Up the two wonderful canals, gliding



through wonderful bright clear water,  
through splendid scenery rising by lock  
after lock, passing by and through historic  
places, the wonder and delight of the  
excursionists. Our company was very  
enjoyable, several gentlemen who had  
travelled, some round the Globe, Mr D's  
Presbyterian Minister, N. & S. Americans &c.  
We visited most of the places remarkable  
for their beauty and historical interest  
and spent part of Saturday and Sunday  
at Oban, where she worshipped by the  
sea and mountains and saw one of the  
most glorious sunsets of her life. When  
I came to her after hearing a distin-  
guished Scotch divine, I found her in a  
rapture, whether in the body, or out she  
could hardly tell. We very much enjoyed  
our stay at Oban, caught a very large  
beetle, asked a Scotchman what he called

it - "Aye" said he "it's a bonny beastie".  
Next morning we sailed away to Staffa  
and Iona. The weather was fine, the  
scenery grand, as we steamed along to  
those two historic islands. We landed  
at Staffa, crossed the little island to  
Ingal's Cave, the tide and weather being  
favourable we scrambled down, entered  
the cave and were much interested. The  
cave was lofty, beautifully ornamented  
with stalactites, independents hanging  
from the roof. When the sun shines in  
the cave, and rush dash and roar of the  
waves comes in, it must be awfully grand.  
The wife was enthusiastic and considered  
venturesome. The company sang a slave  
of the Old Hundred, the tide was rising  
we had to hasten away to the Steamer  
and off to Iona, noted for the ancient  
ecclesiastical buildings, and is the



home of the Missionaries to the islands of this part of the world. After rambling about the island for some time and glancing at its ruins we returned to the steamer, having much enjoyed the day. I do not sufficiently remember the route we took, but winding round the foot of Scotland's highest mountain. Our company stayed to dine at the large Hotel. We preferred walking towards the path where one of the ascents to the mountain started. The wife rested. I determined to go up to a point where the lake high up in the mountain was. I was told it commanded splendid views from it all round. I started a little before three; the air was very pure and bracing, the day clear and fine. I walked away for 2 hours up and up, still the point at which I aimed seemed

in the distance. I found the finest  
mosses, and here and there rare grasses  
&c. After walking up for more than 2  
hours, the solitude and silence became  
sublimely solemn, never in my life had  
I experienced anything like it. As I walked  
along a large black cock rose just before  
me, with such a burring, it was startling  
in its effect. After walking another  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour  
I came to the lake up the mountain formed  
by the water and springs, from the higher  
crags and points of the mountain.

The view from the highest point was very  
extensive some thing like 4 or 8 mountains  
came into view. I despaired of reaching  
the summit while it was light, but saw  
a point higher up that I thought I could  
gain in  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour or 20 minutes. I put on  
all the steam but when I had walked about  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour, I found it still in the distance.



so delusive is mountain climbing.

I caved in, turned round, the shadows of evening were glancing, and the rays of the setting sun gilding many a point and cragg. I then the story of an adventurer like myself, who had set off alone, and got set fast in a gully and found dead, together with the wife's faithful caution not to go too far, or be away too long came to me with force. I looked out for points as guides as I ascended, and thought I could take a short cut, and soon be at my starting point. I started at a swinging pace, but soon went up to the thighs in a gully, concealed by tall grasses mosses and other luxurious growths. I scrambled out, tried away back and tried to find the same way down that I came up. After several little plunges I saw in the distance the starting point. The company

from the Hotel found the wife waiting for me, and were soon a search party whose voices echoed amongst the hills I answered the shout and was soon safe beside the faithful wife, to receive several lectures for my too rash venturesomeness. The fatigue and at one part anxiety, caused one of the most violent perspirations of my life, it was some time before I recovered. Many pleasant little incidents occurred in our short visit and trip to Scotland, endeared to memory.

After our son Thomas returned from Melbourne in 1861 we took nearly yearly sea side trips of longer or shorter durations, 3 or 4 times to the Isle of Man which we enjoyed very much, and derived great benefit from. The clearness of the air and water, the abundance



and beauty of the seaweed, the  
pleasant drives, pretty glens, Lays, and  
ports, so to make it a favourite resort.  
The last visit we made may be most  
interesting. We left home Sep. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1884  
accompanied by our daughter and  
grand-daughter Troggall, went by  
Liverpool, we spent the afternoon at  
Pickering's, and was pleased with his  
nice well furnished house, his garden  
and green house. We spent the evening  
in the pleasant park, a ride down  
to the Docks, and over to Birkenhead,  
and next morning off by Steamer  
at One to Douglas, went forward to  
Port Erin same evening, stayed at  
the Marina Hotel for the night, took  
lodgings at Henry Claques, Rowany  
Terrace, the highest point on the beach  
had 1 upstairs sitting room, and two

my son

bedrooms on the first Landing 30/- per week  
We found Port Erin a pleasant healthy  
quiet sea side resort; the bay sheltered  
on the N.W. by the Braddan Hill and  
Head, on the East by the high head land  
beach, on the South by the pleasant sloping  
hills to the Calf of Man. The bay is  
limited in extent, open to the sea from  
the West. We found the sands limited  
but the rocks and caves very pleasant  
sheltered from the heat and wind.  
We took rambles to Port St. Mary,  
Fleshwick Bay, Bradda Head, the  
Chasm and other places of interest,  
several pleasant sails in Robert  
Macgregor's good boat. did a bit of  
fishing, spent a pleasant fortnight  
there. As Sarah and her daughter  
had not seen much of Douglas, we  
went to spend the last part of our time



There. We enjoyed it "muchly", The fine views from Douglas Head, the beautiful clear water, the wide extensive prospects delighted us, then the rides and walks out each day interested us, especially to Peel with its old Castle and ruins, interpreted by the old Naval officer, who told us, that the buildings at one time combined the ecclesiastical, the military and governmental. The tradition is that S.<sup>r</sup> Patrick was the first to teach christianity in the Island. Peel is noted for fish, rocks, and scenery. We saw the pretty Glen Hellen, as we returned, having much enjoyed the day. we also enjoyed our dinner tea and bed afterwards. Owing to accidents and illness, this last visit to the Isle of Man was the last, that we were able to take walks of any length, which is

Both of us contributed greatly to our enjoyment. We returned home after a month's enjoyment, on the health giving beautiful Isle of Man thankful to find all safe, and again enjoyed our own fireside.

Four of our most interesting sea side visits have been to Llanby S. Wales. The distance and length of time to get to it is a drawback, when there it is very enjoyable. The bay is pleasant, the old castle hill, washed by the sea, with its ruins, monuments, museums, walks &c are very attractive and pleasant. Visitors very much enjoy the Castle grounds. Then the fort on St. Catherine's rocks, accessible in low water, with its caves, surrounded in high water, in stormy weather very



interesting to see, the waves and foam dashing round its base, and in its caves. On the South good and fine houses are built on the rocks against which in high tides, in stormy weather, the waves beat furiously. In fine weather the sands, the rocks + caverns are very fine, pleasant to walk upon, to shelter in, many a pleasant hour have we spent on the sands gathering shells etc, or reading in the caves.

Caldy Island South of Lenby is a pretty little island about a mile distant, as a crow flies. A sail to it or round it, in fine weather is very enjoyable, in stormy weather it is a capital break-water, on the South side. Liking as we do fine sands, and fine rocks and caves, there are few places so attractive to us in that respect as

Senby. <sup>a</sup> Preenally a 1/2 ride,  
landing one near the fine bold head-  
lands by the sea leading on to Grand  
Giltar is one of the finest sea side walks  
for good pedestrians, I know of. The sail  
round Caldy Island to Pembroke and  
Milford is also very interesting, affording  
various views of fine caverns &c.

The rides and drives for pure air &  
pleasant scenery are also varied and  
pleasant. Then the short inexpensive  
rides by rail to several places such as  
Sandersfoot by the sea are a pleasant  
break. Yes we have much enjoyed  
our visits to Senby. The town and  
inhabitants have a homely character,  
that was very agreeable to us. The  
Sunday services, earnest and helpful.  
The other sea side places, we have visited  
for shorter periods have been, Scarborough,



too bustling, and fashionable for our  
taste. Iiley, above thirty years since,  
where the mother with her feeble young-  
est daughter was staying, and where  
she by setting her foot, on a bit of  
slippery fish wrenched the guiders of  
her ankle, and for months was unable  
to walk, and for years with more or less  
pain, but by indomitable perseverance,  
by bandages and lotions &c, she has  
so cured it, as to be able to walk with  
little pain. Thew Bridlington has 3  
times afforded enjoyment and rest,  
the visit of 1886 being the longest.

The abundance and excellence of the  
boating, and garden, are the special  
features there. Thew twice we enjoyed  
our visits to Redcar and Saltburne by  
the Sea, the added pleasure of our visit  
to our son and daughter W. + M. Eaton

contributed to its pleasantness. Each place has its special advantages.

Many years since we went to Llandudno, enjoyed the walk round the G.<sup>l</sup> Orme's Head, the flocks of sea-birds was a sight, and a thing of the past. The fine pure air gave us fine appetites which in those early days we could allay at a reasonable rate. Then the enjoyments of the surrounding neighbourhood viz:— Conway Bethrys &c, was a treat. At another time Rhyl was visited as suitable for a feeble invalid. We also another season spent a short time at Llanfairfechan quite and pleasant, suitable from whence to make tours to Aber Falls, to Bangor. Here owing to the mother's lameness we did not make so many outings. M<sup>rs</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Calow joining us for a few days, we took a tour towards



Snowdon by Carnarvon, had a fine walk, came to our lodgings real tired.

The chief journey of my life was to Rome, and several of the most celebrated cities of Italy in company with Mr Cook. I left home March 25<sup>th</sup> 1848, joined a party of about 40 persons, several G. B. ministers viz:— Mess<sup>rs</sup> Barrass, Orton, Clifford, Hill, Forth &c besides laymen. One object was to be at the opening of the new Chapel, for the main company, the sights and glories of Rome and Italy. I was away a month, but having so fully written my impressions and delights with my journey, I think it is unnecessary to refer to it further than to say, that the time spent was too short to see, the many wonderful places & objects. If I am spared to another winter, I may

have more to add.