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**Recollections of John Crawford Woods, First Minister of the Unitarian Church, Adelaide**

Presented by Mrs A. A. Abbie [*written in blue ink*]

Rambling Recollections of John Crawford Woods, B.A. Vol. I [*Diary written in black ink*]

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*Newspaper clipping from The witness Belfast March 18, 1904 The McClure Family pasted in*

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I, John Crawford Woods, was born on the 9th. of April 1824. My father was the Rev. Hugh Thean Woods. A. Th. (of the University of Glasgow). He was a native of the parish of Saintfield in the County of Down, Ireland, and was the son of James Woods, farmer and his wife born Jane Thean. My father was ordained Presbyterian Minister of Bangor, Co: Down, Nov. 15 1808, and was married on December 8th. 1814 to Magdelene Campbell McClure. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Davies of

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Banbridge, Minister of what became afterwards the large Unitarian Church there. My mother was the daughter of the Rev. Robert McClure of Anahilt, near Hillsborough, Co: Down, who was an ordained Presbyterian Minister 64 years His wife was Ellen Benson, daughter of the Venerable Hill Benson, Archdeacon of Hillsborough, and where their daughter, Sophia, married, John Blackwood, who would have been Lord Dufferin, had not Lord James Dufferin his brother, who was childless,

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survived him. My grandfather James Woods lived to be in his ninetieth year. My father reached the same age, and my grandfather the Rev. Robert McClure was in his ninety second year when he died. My father's first two Children – boys– died in infancy. Of the rest there were Ellen Benson, born April 4th 1818- Maria Jane Crawford, born April 24th. 1820, Robert Maclure, born April 1st. 1822- John Crawford (myself) |born April 9th. 1824 and Hugh Jackson, born April 8th – 1826

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My eldest sister Ellen Benson married at the age of 19 the Rev. Julius McCullough, Minister of the First Presbyterian Church, Newtownards, Co. Down. The marriage was not a happy one. They had both uncontrollable tempers. My sister Ellen was a clever woman and generous to a fault. Her husband gave way to selfindulgent hubris. She strove long and hard to save and shephard him from disgrace. She succeeded so far that he died without being degraded from his office. But the effort told on her own strength and health and her friends and

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relatives were relieved when she died. Maria June Crawford married a very kind hearted farmer called Andrew Campbell who is now dead. She is still living and is one of the most fine minded and conscientious women that have lived. Robert Maclure became a clergyman of the Church of England. He was ordained by Dr. Sumner, bishop of Chester who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. My grandfather Maclure baptized my sister Ellen Benson. All the rest of us were Christened by the Rev. James Sinclair, Presbyterian Minister of Glastry, in the County Down.

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Dr. Sumner asked my brother before ordaining him if he had been baptized. Robert said he had been christened by a Presbyterian Minister. The bishop smiled and said to my brother, who is six feet high, I think you are too big to be (episcopally) baptized over again. He could not have believed in exclusive baptismal regeneration. My brother Robert officiated as a clergyman at various places in the North and North West parts of England at Liverpool, Over Darwen-Farnworth, Macclesfield

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and Whittington in Shropshire. At the last mentioned place-he was married and there, having ceased to officiate as a clergyman he has lived many years farming part of his wife's estate, and having taught his own children seven in number – five daughters and two sons. He is a very clever man and but from a diffidence caused by delicacy of constitution might have become eminent. He is a liberal both in religion and politics. My brother

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Hugh is a fine, handsome man physically, and has a good deal of ability of a certain kind. He has a very fertile imagination and great power in concocting plausible and amusing stories. He was idle at school and went to Liverpool at an early age as an apprentice in a steamboat office that of Messrs. Langtry & Co. When his term of apprenticeship was completed, he and a young friend set up as Brokers and Commission

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Agents, under the name of Woods & Walker. But they did not succeed And Hugh went back to his old office in a short time, and has been connected with the concern all the rest of his life. He married Kate Moore, daughter of Dr. William Hamilton Moore, whose wife was a lady of colour. Hugh has had a very large family, eleven in all of whom ~~there~~ 9 are alive. Our life at Woodville when we were children was a healthy one. We were fed on plain and

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wholesome food milk oatmeal, with animal food only once a day. The domestic discipline was of the old fashioned severe Kind, which Calvinism had engendered, and if we were not good it was not because the rod was spared. I was often unjustly punished because it was not thought worth while to examine into the merit of a case of suspicion and the injustice done me, made me, for the time, hate my parents and did much harm to my temper and

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to my whole nature. I was always easily made laugh, and I remember being whipped at the early age of four, for laughing at prayers, being incited thereto by grimaces made by my brother Robert, who got off scot free. I was of a smaller frame and of a darker complexion than my brothers, and I grew up 4 [4 is crossed out] 3 inches shorter than they. When a little boy I went with my sisters to the School in Bangor kept by Mrs. Blain, the first wife of Thomas Blain, afterwards Dr. Thomas Blain, of the Royal Academic Institute

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Belfast. I learned scarcely anything, and yet though I was a dunce Mrs. Blain predicted that I would be a greater man than I have ever become. She said I had a heart that might develop into that of a Judge. The Blains having left Bangor, my sister Maria went to a girls' School kept by three ladies if the name of Mecredy, and I, being a very small boy was allowed to go with her. I was regarded, I believe, as a very stupid child, but I was Kindly treated by Miss Matty. I have a lively recollection of the

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severe corporal punishment inflicted on the girls by Miss Mercredy. About this time my father one Sunday Morning said to me that he would give me 2 pce if I would preach for him. I consented to do so and when we went to Church my mother had great difficulty in getting me past the pulpit stairs, and when she succeeded in hauling me into a big square pew, I lay down on my back and kicked and howled. I can recollect the face of a Mrs. Dunlop who nearest our pew looking down upon me with much disgust depicted therein. I was

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asked what I would have said had I been allowed to take my father's place. My reply showed that at that time my theology was Calvinistic in the extreme. From the Misses Mecedry's school I went to that of a Mr. James MacMaster where my brother Robert was a pupil. This MacMaster was what is called a character. He was deaf and though by no means a drunkard was very fond of a tumbler – or more of whisky punch. Either from stupidity or carelessness I learned very little from him. After I had been at his school in Bangor, my father Called me lazy and walked home to

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Woodville with Robert and me. On the way he asked me what h-e-n spelt, to which question I answered that I could not tell. "Oh," he said – "the thing that lays eggs." Then I exclaimed duck, evidently thinking hen too easy a guess. This was a joke against me at home for many a day. I remember being caned by Mac- Master for some misdemeanor, and that when I returned to my seat I expressed my view as to the moral character of my teacher in emphatically uncomplimentary terms to a Companion. MacMaster, though deaf heard me, or perhaps guessed what I was saying, and so like the chair– I was re-caned

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My father afterwards engaged a young man called Robert Campbell, son of a Bangor watch maker, who was a student at the Belfast College for the Presbyterian Ministry, as tutor to his children and those of some neighbours who came to our house where a room was set apart for the little school. This Robert Campbell was a very conceited and bad tempered fellow and cruel to boys and girls alike. We did not learn much from him, and my brother Robert, even at that period, was thought by some people competent to give an opinion on the subject, to be a better Latin scholar than he. We were

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under his tuition for a year or two. He afterwards became a Presbyterian Minister and I believe died of delirium tremens. My father obtained as a successor to him William Woods, the youngest Son of my father's eldest brother William, a farmer at Ravara, in the parish of Saintfield. William Woods, our Cousin, was older than any of us and did his best as a teacher. He had never at that time been at College, but subsequently studied Medicine at Glasgow University and took his diploma as Surgeon in London and was afterwards called Dr. Woods. He lived at our house as tutor for several years and I learned a little

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from him. He afterwards practised his profession in Bangor, and more recently in Newtownards, where he died, leaving a widow and several children in comfortable circumstances. Though a man with some big faults he had some good qualities too. Our next teacher at Woodville was Robert Montgomery, son of a tailor in Bangor, a member of the Covenanters Congregation in Newtownards. Robert Montgomery was a student for the Ministry of his denomination. He was both a better man and a better teacher than any of my former instructors, and I was under his care till I went to the Edinburgh University in 1839. I was placed by my

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father under the charge of the Presbytery of Ards - and passed a preliminary examination at Belfast with credit. Woodville where our family lived was about a mile from Bangor and was a pretty place. My father had a small farm – about 40 acres and he cultivated it with much skill and frequently got prizes at the Agricultural Society's Shows. His old black horse– Farmer – got the 1st prize on two occasions, as the best farm horse exhibited, and another Chestnut horse, called Ginger got a second prize once. But the great triumph was that of getting on several occasions first prize for the best cultivated farm of its class. My father had a servant

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man named William Gibson –generally called Billy-who was what is called in Scotland a 'Minister's man.' He was ploughman, coachman and occasionally butler – as he could wait at table on the few special occasions when he was required for that purpose. He then got himself up in gorgeous array – being attired in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, a scarlet waistcoat, canary coloured breeches and gray stockings. He lived in a two roomed cottage and had a wife and seven children. He got prizes several times for the neatest and cleanest cottage from the Agricultural Society. He was with my father for 27 years and

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only left because he got a farm which afterwards the Times Commissioner praised in his reports as the nicest little place of the kind he had seen in Ireland. His children all did well and his second son Hugh, called after my father – became Mayor of Stafford, and was a wealthy man. Though my father's income from the Church was small, being about £167 a year – , yet we lived very comfortably. My father had under his care of a Mr. Beresford – of the Marquis of Waterford's family – a gentleman – not exactly insane, but very eccentric with what the Scotch would describe as 'a bee in his bonnet.' Afterwards a Mr. Niven

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lived with us- and later on Miss Jane Crawford of Crawfordsburn – sister of Major John Crawford, after whom I was named. These all paid handsomely for their board and were no doubt a great help in the bringing up of the family. In the Summertime there was a fair supply of beef and mutton to be had in Bangor, because of the demand made by strangers who came to the little town for sea-bathing, but in winter it was very limited, and so we had a fat cow generally killed at November and the carcass salted for our winter's supply. Several pigs were also killed at the same time. My mother had

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in great supply of poultry and bought quantities of geese and turkeys at a very low rate, and therefore we fared very well. In the winter we often got a fine piece of beef from Newtownards or Belfast. I remember my father going one day into Bangor and having secured a leg of Mutton for our dinner. Instead of a leg of mutton being sent to Woodville one of a goat supposed to have died of old age made its appearance. The butcher had been offered a larger sum than my father had bought it for, \and/ had let another customer have it, and knowing that there was a deceased goat in the neigh-

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bourhood, thought to palm off one of her legs on my father as the article he had purchased. The Rev. gentleman's language on the occasion was very emphatic. During my boyhood, I was left £25, by Mrs. Crawford of Crawfordsburn and £10 by an old farmer called John Patterson who took a fancy to me and often brought me sticks as presents on which I used to pretend to ride. I frequently sold my £35 to my brothers for a quantity of marbles or a small number of coppers, and bought it back again when in possession of a lot of marbles or funds. I first learned to ride on an ass possessed by our neighbour Mr. Robert

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Boyd. My father and he were not on good terms as he was an Orangeman and my father a Reformer; but the boys of the two families used to meet on neutral ground, and to have sports together. The donkey was a source of great amusement. One boy got on it bare back and the others tormented the ass to cause him to kick up his heels and pitch the rider over his head, which he often did, and very soon after a mount was effected. I was great in running and jumping and found no equal at either game in any boy of my size or age. I once attempted a leap which a drunk man was said to have accomplished over a

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a deep gorge, and nearly broke my neck. There was a good deal of fighting at school when I was there; but none of us knew anything about the science of boxing. I once fought a boy much bigger and stronger than myself called James Anderson, who was afterwards a Presbyterian Minister. He knocked me down six times in succession without my being able to strike him once, but at the seventh round I managed to blacken his eye, after which my second threw up the sponge. This James Anderson who became a very big and fine-looking man came to hear me preach my first sermon, and when I saw him I did not wonder that I never could have had a chance in fighting him. He

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became a schoolmaster and died young. I remember going home once with a face sadly bruised after a pugilistic encounter. I was afraid to show myself with two black eyes a swollen nose and mouth & expected to be punished for fighting. When my father saw me he exclaimed 'Why, what have you been doing with yourself' – To which I replied – 'Nothing.' 'Well', said he 'for a boy that has been doing nothing you have a very remarkable countenance.' The Services at my father's Church, Meeting House it was then called, were very tiresome to me when I was a little boy. They were very long and to me then unintelligible. On Sacrament Sundays the

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Services were unusually long. On these occasions my father was usually assisted by two other Ministers. Of these I can remember the Rev. Mr. Finlay of Dundonald and the Rev. John Orr of Portaferry. On the Monday after the Communion of the Lord's Supper, which was celebrated twice a year, my father and the Ministers who assisted him dined at Crawfordsburn House – the seat of the Crawford family. I remember the first sexton my father had. He was a short, lame man called Hamilton – usually addressed as Hammy. In the old Meeting House, on one occasion when my father was expatiating on the nobleness of Charity, an old beggar woman whose name was Jane (Jinsie) Duncan

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spoke up and said from her seat just under the pulpit "It's all very well to praise Charity but you refused me a halfpenny yesterday.' My father told Hammy to put the woman out. He did; but as he was limping back to his seat Jinsie marched up in a dignified manner from an opposite door and sat down in her old place and was silent. My father was at almost six feet and on a Sunday Hammy appeared in a suit of his cast off black clothes without any attempt to adapt them to his smaller size. I remember that in a pew just in front of ours the late James Rose D.

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Cleland sat. His hair was powdered on Sundays, and when I saw the powder on his coat collar I recollected what my mother had taught me that we were made out of dust and that to dust we should return. I thought Mr. Cleland was beginning at the head. This gentleman was a great Tory, and had taken an active part in the suppression of the rebellion of 1798. So when my father showed himself a friend of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill Mr.

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Cleland and others who were of his way of thinking got another Meeting House built in opposition to the old one. They got up a cry of heresy against my

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father and said he was an Arian. His liberal views on all subjects gave some countenance to the charge. However his friends, stuck to him manfully and they gave him a public dinner and presented to him a valuable service of plate which is now in the possession of my brother Robert. The old Meeting House at Bangor became unsafe, and I have heard that on one Sunday an old woman's legs went through the gallery floor. So it was resolved to build a new one which was accordingly done. The foundation stone was laid by prelate William Sharman Crawford, Esq; who was for several

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years M.P. for Rotchdale \Rochdale/ and a distinguished advocate of Irish Tenant Right. Dr. Chalmers was invited to open the Church, but could not come. He sent as a Substitute the Rev. Duncan MacFarlane. My mother was a loyal wife to my father in these troubling times, all the more to her credit as her political sympathies were on the Tory side, and her theological leanings to Episcopalianism, the religion of her Mother. My mother was an elegant looking woman and having mixed in Aristocratic Society in her youth was superior to my father in manners and deportment. The aristocracy of our neighborhood paid her a good deal of attention and

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the first Lady Dufferin was especially Kind to her. My mother started a Sunday School at Groomspoint, the place where General Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne, landed — When I went to the Edinburgh University I was fifteen and a half years old. There was no railway opened in 1839 between Glasgow and Edinburgh and so I went from the one city to the other on the top of a coach on a cold November evening. When I arrived in Edinburgh I had nearly lost the use of my legs. My former teacher Robert Montgomery, Robert Irvine and James Bennet and myself all lodged together.

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Irvine, who was a very amusing man, became a Presbyterian Minister and died abroad. I think either in the United States or Canada, and Bennet also became a Presbyterian Minister and after being settled in the North of Ireland went to America and is, I believe, still alive. We lived very pleasantly together but on very humble fare. My companions were all sons of very poor men and I had been used to poorer diet than I had been accustomed to. I joined the Senior Humanity Class in the University, under Professor Pillan, and that of Logic and Metaphysics under the celebrated Sir William Hamilton Barnet. I found

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that most of the boys in the Latin class had been much better taught than I had, and I ought to have been in the Junior Humanity class; but my teacher Montgomery thought otherwise, and he had my father's authority to do what he thought \considered/ best as to my arrangements. I was a fairly diligent student in both classes; but I had no chance of a prize in either. It was all I could do to understand Sir William Hamilton and the boys in the Latin Class from the High School of Edinburgh and the Edinburgh Academy and similar institutions were beyond competition on my

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part. A gold medal valued at £10-10-0 was normally given by the Writers to Her Majesty's Signet (solicitors) to the best Scholar in the Senior Humanity class, In my year a Thomas Miller Dixon, who had been dux of the Edinburgh High School and who had nearly got it the year before, expected to have it awarded to him. He was about eighteen years of age. But a

man who had been a teacher in England for a good while and who was superior in prosody especially, to Dixon, was successful. Dixon, who did well, was much sympathized with. Professor Pillan made him a valuable present of books, and his fellow

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students, out of their not very well filled purses subscribed ten guineas for him to buy a medal or book, as he chose. I think I am correct in stating that this event led to a regulation that the age of competitors for the Writers' Medal should be under that of mature Manhood. I forget the exact age which was decided on. In my first session at Edinburgh University there was a snowball riot carried on between the students and the Mob of the town. In some previous year a very serious riot of this kind had taken place – when the riot act had to be read by

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the Lord Provost of The City and the Military had to be called out. The reputation of the University as a safe place for youth was damaged thereby and there was a diminution of students attending the College accordingly. In the row of which I was a witness and I confess a participator the matter was not so grave; but a large body of police – I think about 200 marched in front of the University between the students and the Mob. One North of Ireland Medical student who had inflamed his courage and diminished his prudence by taking a glass of whiskey left his ranks and endeavoured to get through the police and at the Mob.

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He was immediately taken prisoner and marched halfway to the Iron Church when a cry was raised to rescue him, whereupon about a thousand students rushed down the street armed with walking sticks. The police seeing this formed in line across the street and then there was a fight. The students, many of whom got severe blows, managed to bring back their comrade & I was in the mass of students but never get to the front as a combatant, and this not for want of pluck or folly, but because I was unable to do so. Some days after the riot the Medical student was recognized arrested and fined £10.–

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which sum of money, though he had acted liked an ass his fellow students collected among themselves and gave to him. During my first Session I made the acquaintance, through Montgomery who had a letter of Introduction to him, of Mr. James Gall, Publisher of Edinburgh. His family was a fine specimen of the old Presbyterian type of piety. He himself was an elder of the Church and a very kind, good old man. He used to pray for each person who specially needed divine care, at his family worship. He besought our Heavenly Father on Several occasions to protect me amid the temptations of a

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city life, and on one evening/ he prayed for one of the female servants that she might become more careful than she was of her Mistress's crockery. His son James Gall Junior was a very intelligent man and afterwards became a Minister of the Free Kirk of Scotland. I spent the summer after my first sermon at Woodville, my native place. I intended to do a great deal of study during that recess; but did very little and perhaps it was as well. I was under the care of the [Lords?] Presbytery and was examined by them in my previous studies. I remember thinking that on the

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special subjects I knew more than my examiners, and as they were Country ministers who led busy lives amid their people and on their little farms, it is possible that more than my self-conceit led me to that conclusion – The game of cricket was not played in the North of Ireland in my boyhood: so we amused ourselves with quoits, fishing, shooting & c. My

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second session in Edinburgh was pleasanter to me than the first. I took the Senior Greek Class, the Junior Mathematical, and Sir William Hamilton's again. I got a prize in the Greek Class at the end of the Session, and was amongst those honorably mentioned in the Mathematical

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class. I had an ambition to distinguish myself in the Logic Class. One way of taking a prominent position was to respond to the professor's request to give an account of the lecture of the previous day. When W. was drawn from his hat and he asked if any gentleman of with that initial letter would volunteer I on one occasion stood up and gave my name; but that was all I could do. The sight left my eyes, from nervousness and I stood for a little time unable to utter a word. Then I sat down and I must record it of the professor that he was very kind and also that my fellow student so fond of a bit of fun when anyone

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made a fool of himself, treated me with great forbearance, and did nothing to increase my extreme mortification. I never made a second attempt. It was in my second session that I first heard the Rev. George Harris preach at St. Mark's Unitarian Chapel. He was a great Orator and had large audiences to hear him. I also had the pleasure of listening occasionally to the impressive discourses of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie and the Sermons of Dr. Candlish. On one or two occasions I heard Dr. Chalmers, Professor of Divinity in the University at that time. There was a gallery for the students who cared to

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attend, in Lady Yaster's Church, near the College and Infirmary. The clergyman there at that time, was Mr. Bemney And I thought him very eloquent. My companion in lodgings this second session was Alexander Gordon, son of Dr. Gordon Saintfield, Co. Down, – a Cousin of my brother in law Rev. Julius McCullough of Newtonards, who \as I have stated/ married my eldest sister Ellen Benson when she was 19 years of age. Gordon was a very clever fellow; but very slovenly in his dress. He had fever during the session and nearly died. He afterwards became professor of Anatomy (I think) in the Belfast College

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and was regarded as eminent in his profession. One day the Rev. John Porter and a friend met him in York Street Belfast. Mr. Porter and he exchanged bows. Mr. Porter's friend, in imagining who he was, was informed that he was Professor Gordon. Mr. Porter's friend began to laugh and it was explained that he thought Mr. Porter referred to a Professor Gordon, a wellknown dandified professor of dancing. My friend Dr. Alexander Gordon in his old illfitting clothes and slouching gait was as unlike a dancing master as any one could easily

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imagine. In the Summer after my second session at Edinburgh I was engaged by a neighbour of my father, Dr. William Hamilton Morie, to teach his son James, and his three daughters. Dr. Morie was a native of the parish of Bangor and had practised for 17 years in Jamaica. There he married a lady of color, a very elegant and amiable woman. James Morie went afterwards to New Zealand and was accidentally killed. Kate Morie, one of twins, married my youngest brother Hugh Jackson and became the Mother of 11 children, 9 of whom are still alive, as I have already mentioned.

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In my third session at Edinburgh I attended the Senior Greek Class in which again I got a prize, the Moral Philosophy class under Professor John Wilson ( Christopher North ) and the Senior Mathematical Class I got the third prize in the Junior division of the Moral Philosophy



class. At the end of the Session I passed a preliminary examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. My lodging Companion during this halfyear was Robert Maxwell Hannah, eldest son of the Rev. John Hannah of Millisle, near Donaghadee, Co. Down. Hannah was a divinity student in

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Dr. Chalmer's class. He was a very steady, good fellow. He afterwards became a Free Church Minister in some place in the Southwest of Scotland, and losing his health took charge of a little Presbyterian Congregation at Florence in Italy where he died of consumption. Professor John Wilson was a man of acknowledged great ability but he was a very unequal lecturer on Moral Philosophy. In his class in my year was the Marquis of Lorne, the present Duke of Argyll, who has written several well known books "The Reign

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Law &c. We had a great scene in Professor Wilson's class at the close of the session. A gold medal was annually given for the best six essays Professor Wilson made up his mind on his own to award the medal to a certain six essays, which seemed strangely familiar to him: but for a considerable time he could not explain this. At last it dawned upon his mind that they were the very essays that had got the medal the year before. Then he requested the student who had been the fortunate competitor in that year to let him see his manuscript, and he

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discovered that they were identical with those to which he was about to award the Medal. They had been borrowed and copied. It was a very impudent thing to do. The perpetrator of the imposture fled. In my fourth session at Edinburgh University I studied Mathematics and Logic & Metaphysics as before and attended the Natural Philosophy Class under Professor Forbes. I also read a great deal in preparation for my final examination for a degree. My Chum on this occasion was Alan Brown of Bangor, a Medical student who eventually took his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh. He entered the

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Navy and died of fever in the Mediterranean. I passed the examination for the degree of B.A. and was relieved from a great anxiety in doing so. Thirty years after the event I used to be troubled about in my dreams. I gave a supper on the occasion to my friends of the University when a good deal of whisky toddy was drunk. I had not calculated on this extra expense and reached home a B.A. without a bawbee in my pocket. I was very thin, nervous and awkward for a considerable time- the result of much study and unwholesome ways of living. Before I left Edinburgh I witnessed the procession of the Free

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Church Ministers and Elders when the Disruption took place. A few months after my return to Woodville Dr. James Patterson, a native of Ballymore Co. Antrim, who had settled at Downham \Downham/ Market in Norfolk, wrote to his friend Mr. Simms, editor of the Northern Whig, infamous Belfast Newspaper, asking him to recommend to him a young man to teach his sons and to assist him in his private surgery. Mr. Simms sent the letter to my father and the result was that I accepted the post at a salary of £40 a year and my board. My father hesitated about my going, thinking that rest in the country after my

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hard studies would be good for me; but I was eager to do something for myself and so I went. I enjoyed the journey to Norfolk very much and was impressed with the vastness of London and the beauties of Cambridge through which I passed and where I stayed for a short time. Downham Market is a small town about twelve miles from King's Lynn and near

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Sandringham, the Prince of Wales's place. My life at Downham Market in Dr. Patterson's family was not very pleasant. I had some trouble with – badly brought up boys and my work in the surgery was performed under difficulties as I had

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everything to learn in connection with it. About this time there was an agitation which resulted in the passing of the Dissenters' Chapels Act. I wrote several letters on the subject addressed to the Editor of the Northern Whig and which were signed "A Dissenter residing in England." This was my first appearance in print as an author on a very small scale. I remained about a year and a half at Dr. Patterson's and then returned to Ireland. I had for a considerable time ceased to believe in the doctrines of the Westminster Confession of faith. I had read Dr. Channing's works

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and the lectures of the Rev. John Scott Porter on Christian Unitarianism, and I had become a Unitarian which I have continued to be all my life. I informed my father of the fact and he acted very kindly under the circumstances. My mother's treatment of me on the occasion was less charitable. The result was that I entered the classes at Belfast conducted by Dr. Henry Montgomery and the Rev. John Scott Porter as a student for the Ministry of the nonsubscribing Presbyterians. I also studied Hebrew under a Professor in the Belfast College, whose name I forget.

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A pleasant incident occurred when I offered to pay Dr. Montgomery the usual class fee. He refused to take it, telling me that many years ago he and a squad of young fellows went together from the North of Ireland to the University of Glasgow. They went then to Scotland from Donaghadee to Portpatrick, and proceeded in their journey to Glasgow sometimes by coach and sometimes by \on/ foot-as they could not always get a conveyance to suit them. Young Montgomery was an overgrown lad among companions older and

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stronger than himself, and in a long walk he quite broke down. All his companions except one concluded no doubt sorrowfully that they must leave him on the road to recover his strength as he could; but one stayed with him, and when he could start half-carried him a good many miles to the place that had been arranged for the party to pass the night. The friend who did this was my father, who was, perhaps, ten years older than Henry Montgomery. After telling of this adventure Dr. Montgomery said "From your father's son I will not take any

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fees; but do not tell your fellow students of this." I did not tell them; but I told my father-who was much gratified when he heard it. My father informed me that he did not get over the effort of thus helping young Montgomery till many weeks after their arrival in Glasgow. Dr. Montgomery was very kind to me when I was a student, and frequently walked with me in Belfast. He was a very large man and I was a very slight Youth at that time, and felt my insignificance

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in more ways than one when the great Doctor who was lame leant upon me for support. Mr. Scott Porter made us work hard in his class and was an excellent teacher. At the end of the session he received a letter from the Rev. Robert Brooke Aspland of Dukinfield in Cheshire informing him that John Leech Esq; of Gorse Hall in the same County, a great cotton Manufacturer wanted a tutor for his two sons. Mr. Porter offered the situation to me, and as the

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salary offered was large and as I felt too young to take a Congregation if ever one would have me, I accepted the post. I was most kindly treated by Mr. & Mrs. Leech when in their employment, and I remained with them nearly four years. We spent two winters of that time at Leamington and it was a pleasant change from the smoke of a manufacturing district. Mr. Aspland was very hospitable to me and I found him a most genial, intelligent and kindhearted

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gentleman. When I was at Leamington I made the acquaintance of the Rev William Field, of Leam, near Warwick – the biographer of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr, and also that (the acquaintance) of the Rev. Y.L. Marshall then Minister of the Unitarian Chapel at Warwick. Mr. Field, who had been many years the Minister of the Warwick Chapel, at the time I knew him retained his office as pastor of a small congregation at Kenilworth. There was an extremely beautiful little Chapel erected by a son of Mr Field in commemoration of the passing of the Dissenters'

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Chapels Bill, and paid for chiefly by money which had been presented to Mr. Field of London as a token of appreciation of his efforts in the making that righteous Act law.– Mr. Field was a learned man and a very interesting old gentleman. He told curious stories about Dr. Rees of the Encyclopedia, Mr. Belsham, and Dr. Parr. The scenery about Leamington, Warwick and Stratford upon Avon is very beautiful and is full of historical interest. At this time also I made the acquaintance of the Rev. John Gordon of Coventry who several years afterwards

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succeeded me as Minister of the Unitarian Chapel, St. Marks, at Edinburgh. Mr. Gordon was a delightful companion, a clever man and a good platform speaker; but he was less attractive in the pulpit than anywhere else. I liked him very much and he was greatly respected and loved by those who knew him well. I preached once for him. I may mention that I received, in my absence, a license to preach from the Presbytery of Antrim, which was established in the North of Ireland in 1826 and was always Non-Subscribing. I preached my first sermon when a student in the York Street

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Meeting House, Belfast, to supply the place of the Minister, the Rev. David Magennis, who was ill; but my real starting as a regular minister was at Newtownards, where I preached for the Rev. Hugh Moore, A.M. and old friend of our family. We had a servant at Woodville, whose weakness was whisky; but whose strength was excellence as a cook and in other ways. She had been sent away for inebriety and taken back on the condition that she was never to leave the premises; for as sure as she did she returned over-refreshed. When she heard that I was going to preach she begged

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my mother to allow her to be one of the audience and she made the most solemn promises not to exceed – even to taste. When I was going down the street in Newtownards to the Meeting House in which I was to officiate I met Peggy looking for it, and I feared she was not very steady on her legs. During the Service I noticed her teasing an old gentleman beside whom she sat with praises of my performance. After the Service she went to my sister Ellen's where she was treated with hospitality and as Dr Moore and I were at the Rev. Hugh Moore's, next door, we took her home with us in Dr.

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Moore's car, and as it was late when we arrived my mother had gone to bed, so I got Peggy Davidson smuggled to her own room, not very sober, and my mother never knew of Peggy's

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goings on, to her dying day – When I was tutor at Gorse Hall & preached occasionally for Mr. Copeland at Dakinfield, Mr. Brooks at Gee Cross, Mr. Cropper at Hand. Dr. Beard at Manchester and Mr. Turner at Halifax. I also officiated for a Congregation at Motham consisting chiefly of followers of Joseph Barker. After being at

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Gorse Hall for more than three years I accepted an offer to take charge of a congregation at Devonport. Here I became acquainted with the venerable Sylvanus Gibbs who was connected with the Dockyard Service and who had ministered gratuitously to the congregation for a considerable time. The little Unitarian society at Devonport was a very interesting one. They had built the Chapel in Granby Street, not only at their own expense but to a great extent with their own hands. Of the members I may mention Mr. Tim Gould, Mr. Rodgers the

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editor of the Devonport Independent, Captain Parker R.N. and his daughter and the Booles family in being zealous supporters of our cause there in my time. I was very kindly treated by the people and Mr. Gibbs instead of being jealous of any little favour I obtained in the opinion of his former hearers strained a point I am sure to habitually speak well of my crude services. When at Devonport I published a sermon on Religious Meditation and a Tract on the lessons of the Cholera. I frequently exchanged pulpits with the Rev. William Odgers of Plymouth

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and officiated at the christening of his youngest son William Blake Odgers, who is now a Queen's Counsel, and a fine man in various ways. Mrs. Odgers of Plymouth was a very superior woman. I made the acquaintance at Plymouth of the family of Mr. Johns who were very hospitable to me and very nice cultured people. Mr. Johns was an artist, and was father of the Rev. John Johns of Liverpool – a domestic Missionary – author of the well known beautiful hymn "Come Kingdom of our God". At Plymouth too I became intimate with the family of Mr. William Henry Harris

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of the firm of Randall & Harris, Wine Merchants, and members of Mr. Odgers' Congregation. I fell in love with Mr. Harris's youngest daughter Susan Perriman Harris, who was a pretty and extremely fascinating girl but not very strong. When at Devonport I gave several lectures at Institutes in Devonport, Plymouth, Stonehouse, Torpoint and Siskeard, on the Poets and Poetry of Ireland. After being about a year and a half at Devonport I became desirous to get married and to obtain a congregation at some place of a more

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promising kind in reference to income. So I applied for the pulpit at Northampton which was then vacant, and being invited to preach there for two Sundays I was elected. I was very sorry to leave my kind friends at Devonport. I may mention that when I was Minister there my old fellow student Alan Brown M.D. was stationed in the Flagship San Jose as assistant Surgeon, and there I frequently dined with him on board and took pleasant walks with him in the beautiful grounds of Mount Edgcombe. I was at Northampton about three Months, having taken and furnished a

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house, when I returned to Devonshire and was married in the Unitarian Chapel, Plymouth, to Susan Perriman Harris, the Rev. William J Odgers officiating. We spent our honeymoon at Gloucester, where I renewed my acquaintance with Theophilus Davies, son of a former Unitarian Minister of that place, whom I had met when I was an occasional student at Manchester New College, in my Gorse Hall times. We were much pleased with visits we

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made to Cheltenham and my brother Robert Came and spent a few days with us. There was a large Congregation at

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Northampton and several interesting people in it. Of these I may mention Mr. \Baker/ and Miss Baker, his sister. Mr. Baker wrote a history of Northamptonshire which was beautifully illustrated by Miss Baker. In their house I met Miss Dryden, of the same family as the great poet John Dryden. Mr. William Dennis Solicitor was a very intellectual and good man. The family of Cotton, Mr. Thomas Sharp and others made life pleasant for us there. In the neighbourhood of Northampton was Abingdon Abbey where was an Asylum for those mentally diseased of the upper classes. A gentleman of good family

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in Ireland resided there in my time, and at the request of his friends I used to go and see him. He also came and took tea with us sometimes. He quite recovered and was afterwards married. When in Northampton I was sometimes invited to stay a week at Overstone Park by Mr. Lewis Lloyd, father of Lord Overstone, Mr. Lloyd began life as a Unitarian Minister and was when I knew him an old man and a millionaire. I used to meet at his place the Rev. David Davidson of London, formerly of Dunchalk in Ireland, and who was married to him by my father. Mr. John \Lloyd/ was very deaf; so

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he did not attend the Service at Northampton, but he subscribed to the funds of the congregation not so liberally as we thought so rich a man ought to have done. At Northampton I first met that charming lecturer and most entertaining companion Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke. It was there also that I became acquainted with George Dawson an admirable lecturer. He seemed conceited when I first knew him; but when I saw him as an elderly man all appearance of this part passed away. I found

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my income at Northampton barely sufficient for my not extravagant wants, and when a larger salary was offered by the Congregation at St. Marks Chapel Edinburgh, I went to that city and was elected Minister of St. Marks Chapel. I felt sorry to leave Northampton, and I think the people were displeased with me for going and but for my poverty I should have gladly remained there. The secretary of the Congregation was at that time Mr. M.P. Manfield, who was so like me in personal appearance that we were often mistaken for one another. Mr. Manfield was then a struggling man

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but he eventually became a very successful Manufacturer of boots and shoes – was several times Mayor of Northampton and succeeded the famous Mr. Bradlaugh as one of its Members in parliament. My wife and I got lodgings in Edinburgh at Bruntsfield Links and as a baby was expected her Mother joined us there. On the 12 of February 1851 my son Arthur Maclure Woods was born. His mother seemed for a few days to be doing well, but caught puerperal fever and died on the 24th. of that month. It was a terrible blow to me and I

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fear I failed to shew the patience and resignation ministers of religion preach – The Rev. Thomas Wright, formerly minister of the Church of Scotland at Borthwick officiated at her funeral. The child was christened by John Hope Esq; of South Elphinstone, brother of the celebrated Agriculturist George Hope of Henton Burns. Mr. John Hope had been a Unitarian Minister at Aberdeen and Lancaster but gave up preaching and farmed a fine place near Tranent. My sister Marie came over to see me. The child had been very much under my care for the first twelve days of

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his life. I fed him from a bottle and he seemed to become smaller. But we got for him a wet nurse, a fine, strong Scotch lassie who had had “a misfortune” and the child grew wonderfully under her charge. The doctor said the child could not stand a journey to Plymouth, otherwise his grandmother would have taken him there. My sister, nurse, baby and myself went over to Woodville and there my son spent nine years of his life. I went, after the death of my wife, to board with a Mrs. & Miss Taylor. Mrs. Taylor’s husband was tutor at one time to the children of Mr. Miller

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of Dalswinton, and it was the firm conviction of Mrs. Taylor that the first application of steam to navigation was made by Mr. Miller and her husband. I have read the evidence on this point and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Taylor was right. The Congregation at St. Marks Chapel was in a divided condition when I went there. They had been disputing on the subject of miracles. My immediate predecessor was the Rev. Richard I hear, a good man and highly cultured. He was a very little man in person, and not eloquent. It was

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a misfortune to him that he succeeded so handsome and eloquent a man as the Rev. George Harris. The most of those who rejected miracles left the congregation when Mr. Haen resigned. He himself however, and his excellent wife continued to attend the services, and I lived on terms of civility with them, though I had a feeling that they did not like me. Mr. and Mrs. George Hope of Fenton Barns were good supporters of the Church and very kind and hospitable to me. For a considerable time I had large audiences at St. Marks and on one occasion when

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I delivered a lecture in reference to a statement about Unitarianism by the Lord Provost – (Mr. Duncan Maclaren) the Chapel was over-crowded. I remember the excitement there was in Edinburgh when Macaulay was returned M.P. for the city after an absence of five years (I think) from being one of its representatives in parliament. I saw Professor Wilson going in a cab to vote for Macaulay his political opponent. I believe that was the last time Professor Wilson was out of doors. I also had the great pleasure of hearing Macaulay return thanks for being elected. He was not a distinguished looking man

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and he had not a very powerful voice; but he was a very brilliant orator nevertheless. While I was in Edinburgh Count Teleki, a Hungarian nobleman brought a letter of introduction to me from Mr. Mark Lambert of Newcastle upon Tyne – who had a great printing establishment in that town and who knew me/ from my being a Unitarian Minister and having exchanged pulpits with the Rev. George Harris who had settled there. I invited Count Teleki and his three Companions to breakfast and told Mrs. Taylor to provide a grand one as I expected as a guest a relative of Prince Albert, which

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the Newspapers said Count Teleki was. She thought I was joking, but not withstanding gave us a breakfast worthy of the fame of Scotland in that particular, and she was astonished when she read the paper to find that she had entertained a great man unawares. I arranged to take Count Teleki and his friends to Fenton Barns and they greatly enjoyed seeing reaping on a large scale – over a hundred sickles – and Mrs. Hope gave us a good dinner and their eyes sparkled when they drank a tumbler of Scotch toddy. I was able to show

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these gentlemen many of the famous places about Edinburgh and received a warm invitation to visit them if ever I should go to Hungary – I had a visit, too, from the Rev. Hugh Moore of Newtownards and with him went to see the famous falls of Clyde. I took him one night to the Adelphi theatre when the celebrated comic singer Sam Cowell sang “Lord Lovell” – in such a way as to make Mr. Moore laugh so heartily that a gentleman sitting behind him said ‘I would give twenty pounds to be able to laugh like that.’ I sometimes exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Charles Clark of Glas-

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-gow, who was an able man and afterwards was minister for many years of the [ ... ] Meetings Birmingham. A Mr. Wallace a merchant of Newcastle upon Tyne, who had sometimes to go to Glasgow on business – a Unitarian – had for some reason unknown to me, a dislike to Mr. Clark, and so on a Sunday when in Scotland he used to come to St. Marks from Glasgow. On one occasion when he did this Mr. Clark had come to officiate there while I was in his pulpit in Glasgow. Mr. Wallace was rather put out by the circumstance, while his friends, to whom he related it

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were amused. When I was in Edinburgh the Rev. W. H. Crosskey became pastor of the Unitarian congregation at Glasgow and I made a speech at a Meeting to welcome him there. The Rev. John James Taylor was present on the occasion. Dr. Crosskey was very popular in Glasgow. As is well known he went afterwards to Birmingham and is now minister of the Church of the Messiah there, having received the degree of L.L.D.L worked very hard at Edinburgh; but found my progress slow. The people were too fond of Sensationalism and rarely retained the Services of one Minister long. After being

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Minister of St. Marks for nearly 4 years, I noticed the attendance at the Services becoming less and I took this as a hint to resign. My resignation was accepted and I went to the Isle of Wight and succeeded the Rev. Edmund Kell as Minister of the Unitarian Congregation in Newport S.W. Mr. Kell had been there for a long time and went to Southampton where he succeeded in forming a Congregation and in building a very handsome Chapel and schools. My income at Newport was less than it had been at Edinburgh but I was

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treated very kindly there and was happier than when in Scotland. The late Mr. Robert Pinnoaks, who was several times Mayor of Newport was a very good friend to me. I had frequent opportunities of seeing the Queen, Prince Albert, the royal family and distinguished people in their company when I lived in Newport. At first I lodged with a Mrs. Martin in High Street, who had a funny old servant called Jane, nick named Jonas, who when the royal Carriage was approaching used to call out to the house-hold “Her Magistrate’s coming.”

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Two lawyers clerks lived in the house and as they had no sitting room and were civil fellows I told them that when I was out they might occupy my sitting room. One night I went to bed early and fell asleep. These young men on that occasion had got ‘on the spree’ and brought two girls to the house and took them into my sittingroom having bribed Jonas with 2/6 not to tell Mrs. Martin who had retired for the night. Jonas took the money and proceeded at once and told the state of the case to her mistress. Mrs. Martin found that they had locked themselves in my room. She ordered them

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to admit her which they refused to do. She threatened to send for a policeman. They told her to go to a hot region. She then sent Jonas for a policeman who came and turned out the girls. The young men then said they had permission from me to occupy the room in my absence. The result was that Mrs. Martin, Jonas, the two young men and the policeman came up to my bedroom to hear what I had to say about the matter, and I was no little surprised when they woke me up to see such a group round my bed. I managed to pacify all parties. But I made

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up my mind to seek a quieter place of residence as soon as I could. When I was with Mrs. Martin John and William Leech of Gorse Hall, came over from Trenton on a Sunday to hear me preach. I asked them to dine with me which they did. Sometimes Mrs. Martin gave me one dish for my meal and sometimes added a pudding. As I occasionally ate none of the pudding having satisfied my appetite with the first thing placed before me and as this vexed Mrs. Martin, being she thought a reflection on the quality of her pastry, etc I told Jonas when

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she brought in the first course always to tell me if there was anything to follow that I might keep a corner for it. On the Sunday when my former pupils dined with me Jonas made a curtsey and said "Pudding Today, Sir", which announcement made the boys laugh as if they never would stop, and I knew the story of my humble housekeeping would be related as great fun to their parents and sisters. I soon after this went to live at a place called East Handen, an old Manor house near Arreton Down and Church Mr residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mashing, at

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that time. Mrs. Brading, with whom I boarded at East Handen was an original character. She was very kind to me and her husband was a man I liked very much. Miss Cashman, the celebrated actress sometimes stayed at East Handen for a few months and was a very delightful companion. She was not only clever but very good. She was a Unitarian and a religious woman and very benevolent. I also met there Miss Lizzy Philp, who composed several pieces of music said to be good by those capable of judging. Mrs. Brading had a distant

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relative, born Sarah Thompson who had married a medical man, Augustus Cooper, M.R.C.S. & who practised for a time at Streatham. He was a fast man, and it became necessary for him to give up his professional work at Streatham and take a situation on board a ship as Surgeon. He died at sea. Mrs. Cooper was then lodging at Trenton. When the news of her husband's death reached her she was in very poor circumstances. Mrs. Brading, therefore invited her to stay for a time at East Handen. She was a remarkably

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handsome woman and very pleasant in every way. I soon got engaged to marry her. I was poor and she was poorer. So when an offer was made by a small number of gentlemen in Adelaide, South Australia of a guaranteed salary of £400 a year ( for four years) and £200 to take him out, to a Unitarian Minister willing to go, I applied for the situation – went to London, preached \on/ two Sundays \occasions/ before a Committee – once Sunday\ time/ at Hackney – the other at Little Portland Street, and was elected. On this visit I stayed at the house of



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Mr. Henry Bicknell, [ ... ] of David Roberts, R. A. and had the honor of dining with the famous painter in his own house. He was a homely old Scotchman and dressed in a very quiet way – much like a peasant than an artist. The Congregation at Newport did not like my leaving them. There were some very nice people among them. I met in Newport, at the Chapel where she was one of my auditors, Mary Carpenter. She had been at one time governess at Widcombe in the family of Mr. Hughes. I went over

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to Ireland to say good-bye to my father and Mother and sisters before starting for Australia. On my way thither I got into a second class carriage from Portsmouth to London and as we went along I heard a man dressed as a sergeant in the army telling funny stories in a North of Ireland accent. I listened for some time and then entered into conversation with him, and told him I knew his native parts from his words. I was right. He was a Bangor man and when I told him also whose son he was he was much pleased.

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We separated in London and strange to say we met again in a railway carriage bound for Fleetwood. When we arrived there we were half an hour too soon for the starting of the Belfast boat. So I asked him to go into the hotel and have a glass of Irish Whiskey. I need not say he accepted the offer and when it was time to go on board he insisted on carrying my carpet bag, and I entered the saloon with as much splendour as if I had been a General. He acted as my attendant

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during the passage and I am sure my fellow travellers must have wondered who I was. My parting from my father and mother my sisters and my little son was a very painful one. I never saw my father and mother again though they both lived to be very old. I was married to Mrs. Cooper in London May 1855. The ceremony was performed by my friend the Rev. T.L. Marshall. Our wedding-breakfast was given us by Miss Cashman at her mansion in Bolton Row, and she lent us her carriage and pairs to drive to and from the Chapel where

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the ceremony took place. My friend Mr. Robert Pinnock of Newport S.W. was present on the occasion. We took our passage for Adelaide in the ship Quito. Our voyage was a long and a rough one. We had to put into Bahia in Brazil for water and we remained there several days. We greatly enjoyed the fruit of the place and there I first witnessed slave labour. I wanted a box of compound rhubarb pills and went into a chemist's shop in Bahia and wrote in Medical Latin an order. It was soon responded to; and then I offered the Chemist

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a florin ( two shilling piece ). looked at it without knowing its value and eventually he and a fellow passenger of mine who was with me at the time went off arm in arm to the bank, and When they came back I got a large number of ugly little coins as change. When we got the water on board the ship our Captain who was drunk ordered the anchor to be raised and attempted to sail his ship out of Bahia harbour in the teeth of a gale of wind. The sails were torn to ribbons and the first mate took command of the ship and only got the anchor down again in time to save us from being in the

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breakers. Then the sailors mutinied and would not do any work. The Captain, when he got sober, threatened to signal for the British Consul. After two days inaction when we male passengers pulled certain ropes etc. when required and were laughed at for our

awkwardness by the sailors, my wife the only lady or indeed female on board went to the sailors and asked them to resume work, and I think they were glad to have an excuse for doing so. Bahia is a very fine city, with a population at that time about the same as that of Edinburgh. When we were there I saw a thrasher

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(fish) fighting with a whale. It had got on the back of the whale and was thrashing it so annoyingly that the whale jumped frequently clear out of the water. I also saw it Bahia the largest shark I have ever beheld though I have seen a great many since that time. We caught a dolphin on our voyage and greatly admired this most beautiful fish and the various colours it assumes when dying. We also saw many flying fish and birds of which the albatross was the finest. Water became scarce before we reached Port Adelaide, and each one's

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allowance was made as might satisfy a voluptuous canary. Our steward was a great thief and habitually stole the passengers' wine and spirits. When told of this the Captain laughed; but when he found out that 15 gallons of the ship's rum could not be accounted for he did not see the joke. When he took away the keys of the side-board from the steward. It was a custom of the Captain to take a snooze after his midday meals. One day when he was doing this the steward went into his cabin, abstracted his keys and helped himself liberally to the best he could find in the Captain's store of liquors. We reached Port Adelaide on

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the 19th September 1855 after a voyage of 122 days. We were very glad to get ashore and landed as soon as we could. By doing so we missed a deputation appointed to meet and welcome us. Port Adelaide in 1855 was a very poor-looking place. We proceeded from it to the city in a spring cart, drawn by two horses tandem. The road was very bad. Our first meal in Adelaide was taken at the boarding house of Mrs. Martin Grenfell St. We then found out the office of Francis Clark & Sons, Blyth St., and were driven to Hazelwood, the residence of Mrs. Francis Clark, where we were hospitably entertained.

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Mrs. Clarke was sister of Matthew Davenport Hill late Director of Birmingham/ Sir Rowland Hill of Penny postage celebrity and other distinguished brothers. She was a charming old lady – a walking encyclopedia of information, very clever and good and kind. Her family were very pleasant people to associate with. On the first Sunday after our arrival we had a religious service in Mrs. Clark's drawing room, which was attended by a few friends besides the family. Among these was Edward Montgomery Martin formerly of Birmingham. On the second Sunday a Service was held in the house of Mr. Martin at Osmond Terrace, Norwood, and on the third Sunday there was a public Service in

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Green's Exchange Adelaide which was well attended. Among the audience were three brothers of Unitarian Ministers – Herford, Higginson and Crosskey. The Adelaide newspapers spoke favourably of the sermon delivered on the occasion which was not aggressive. We had considerable difficulty in finding a house to live in and finally took a five roomed cottage in Edward St., Norwood, for which we paid £65 as rent. It was a wooden house and far from convenient. The late Hon. John Baker of Morialta gave me a horse and saddle and bridle, and as there was a stable attached to our

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cottage, I rode into Church on Sundays and was enabled to visit the scattered adherents of Unitarianism. I gave a series of doctrinal lectures and our cause flourished so that in my second year in Adelaide we were able to build our present handsome Church in Wakefield

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St. The foundation stone was laid by the Hon John Baker, M.L.C. The most of those who supported me at that time by their purse and influence are now dead. Among these I may mention the names of Mr. Tehane of Glenelg, Dr. Charles Davies of North Adelaide, Henry Higginson of North Adelaide, John Howard Clark of Hazelwood,

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and William Kay of Norwood, Dr. and Willian Everard, William Sanderson, Mrs. Clark of Hazelwood, Vernon Herford and James Allen. Among the people I found here who had been connected with Unitarianism in the old country was Mrs. Johns, widow of the Rev. John Johns of Liverpool. She was a very handsome woman whose acquaintance I made at Plymouth at the house of her father in law. The Unitarians of Adelaide were very kind to my wife and as she was fond of Music and played on the piano very well they gave her a very handsome piano as a present. It cost over £80, and was a very good instrument.

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My wife also played on the harp. She had a harp in England and we got a professional packer to pack it for our voyage, yet when we arrived in Adelaide we found it was broken-irretrievably injured. We enquired about the price of a new one here. No one that we could find had one. We were offered a secondhand one for £100: but the sum was more than we could afford. My wife was a good singer and was of much service in the church choir. After I had been a few years in Adelaide, Mr. Henry Higginson who was in the Government Service in South Australia but who had been educated for the Unitarian

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Ministry in England, accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Unitarian Congregation in Melbourne rendered vacant at that time by the death of the Rev. Maxwell Davidson, its first Minister. Mr. Higginson was a clever man an eloquent preacher and a beautiful reader; but he was not successful as a pastor. He could not resist saying unpleasant things to his best friends, and in this way gave offence to many; and other habits of his did harm both to our cause and to himself. I acted on more than one occasion as peacemaker between Mr.

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Higginson and his Congregation. I also went to Sydney for 5 weeks while Dr. Hanley was in Sydney \Melbourne/, Mr. Higginson officiating in Adelaide. All three ministers met in Melbourne. Stanley told us he had taken the degree of M.A. at the Sydney University as he thought it sounded better than his B.A. of London. Higginson remarked that he would rather be a Bachelor of Arts of London than a Master of the Arts of Botany Bay, which was an observation very characteristic of H. Higginson. I was greatly charmed with the beauty of Sydney harbour and found Botany Bay to be a very beautiful place. I went sometimes

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to stay with Unitarian friends in the country. Once when at Gumeracha, in South Australia I spent a week with a farmer. My sleeping room was the only sitting room of the house so it was arranged that when the farmer should come out of his room only I was to get up, take my bath and go out to let the Mistress arrange the room for breakfast. One morning when I was standing naked in the sponge bath, a little girl of four opened a door from the kitchen and stood looking at me. I told her in emphatic terms to go away and to shut the door. This she stolidly refused to do, whereupon a maidservant appeared on the scene, who

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came forward with a towel in one hand held over her eyes, and with the other she grabbed the little maid by the 'scruff' of the neck and hauling her into the kitchen shut to the door. I had several doctrinal controversies during my pastorate, and published a considerable number of tracts. An old gentleman of the Medical profession whose brother in America

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printed a sermon on the divinity of Christ had the discourse distributed among the Unitarians of Adelaide. A copy was sent to me. To this sermon I advertised that I would reply on a certain Sunday and I wrote to the sender of it, M offering

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him a seat in my pew which he accepted. There was a large attendance and my discourse was printed. A copy of the Sermon against which I directed my arguments was sent to an 'orthodox' lady who burned it, thinking it was my composition. Whether she had read it first is not very certain. Her husband said she had and laughed very heartily at her supposed diagnosis of its contents. When Bishop Colenso's Book on the Pentateuch was published I delivered a lecture about it which was printed and which caused a good deal of excitement in Adelaide and a good number of letters pro and con to

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be written in the local newspapers. Early in my ministry in Adelaide I established a Sunday school which has ever since been a very successful and useful institution. I was ably supported by a very efficient staff of teachers. Of these I may mention Miss Simpson, my late wife, Miss Spence, Miss Martin, the late Mrs. Robert Kay and the late Miss Connie Kay. It was proposed to build a schoolroom and lecture Hall on the Church grounds. This has been done and in the year 1891 it is hoped the building will be free of debt. The Church building has long been so. I have had several Mutual Improvement Classes

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which I hope have done some good. On two occasions I have received gifts from them: – On one occasion Shakespeare illustrated in 9 Vols., and on another the Chambers's Encyclopedia. After I had been in Australia a few years I thought it advisable to have my son under my own care. So my wife went to Ireland for him. My father and mother and sister Maria were sorry to part with him, and it was a great trouble to me to give them pain. When he arrived in Adelaide he was about nine years old – a delicate lad who had evidently been much overindulged by his grandparents – as the manner

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of such people is. I sent him to the School of the late Dr. J.L. Young where he remained for his education till he was 15 years old. The he expressed a strong wish to go with the warehouse of the Firm of Martin & Such, Ironmongers, and I allowed him to try it. He soon tired of the place and I then got him a situation in the English Scottish & Australian Chartered Bank, Adelaide, and he continued an officer in that institution till after he was forty years of age. When he was twenty five years old he married Kate Hawkins, youngest daughter of the late John Hawkins Esq. of [ ... ], and they have had only

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one child – Violet Montagu Hawkins Woods, who in 1871 ( Aug.29th. ) was thirteen years old. I frequently lectured on literary subjects at various institutes through the Colony, and was paid £ 22 – for each lecture besides my travelling expenses. This was a pleasant change for me and enabled me to observe various phases of Colonial life. Mr. John Monks, who had a farm at a place called Shady Grove – about 22 miles from Adelaide as the crow flies, in the neighborhood of Mount Barker, built at his own expense a Schoolroom and endeavoured to get the Government to adopt it as

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under their Board. This they refused to do as it was thought the population of the neighbourhood was too sparse. So Mr. Monks made over the Building and seven acres of land to the Unitarian Church in Adelaide. I formally opened it for public worship and services have been conducted there ever since, first by the late Mr. Francis Duffield of Cobden

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Grange, and since his death by Mr. Frederick Charles Smith of Mount Barker. It has been my custom for a number of years to preach an annual Sermon to this little Congregation and when-ever I went there was

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a good attendance: a considerable number of friends usually went with me from Adelaide. As I have stated/ I was appointed a lecturer for Institutes of a literary character by the Government and lectured a good deal at various parts of the country on literary subjects. I generally chose subjects that would amuse as well as instruct. I was paid two guineas for each lecture in addition to my travelling expenses. I was thus enabled to see a good deal of the country and to have a change in the monotony of a Minister's life. I had sometimes a new experience. On one occasion I lectured at the Mount Lofty Institute

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on 'The Life and writings of Sydney Smith'. The place of Meeting was a little Chapel of some Methodist denomination. I was put into the pulpit wherein there was a Bible. I had this reverently put aside. But I had scarcely done so when I was asked if I had any objection to the audience singing a hymn. To this I said no. So a pious evangelical hymn was sung. Then I delivered the lecture and when about the middle of it I related one of Sydney Smith's best jokes a man in the Chapel was so tickled by it that he laughed so continuously and so loudly that he had to be led out before the lecture could

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proceed. At the close of the lecture a vote of thanks was carried to the lecturer and then it was announced that some young people had volunteered to give a few songs, which were accordingly rendered. They were of an amatory nature. After they were over the Doxology was sung, and I believe I was expected to pronounce the Benediction which, however, I need not say I did not do. I was the guest that night of Sir Richard Davies Hanson, Chief Justice and the Author of "The Jews of History." He was greatly amused when I told him my experience. He was

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prevented by his lameness from attending the lecture himself, and probably did not care to do so. Another time I went to lecture at a place called Greenock, about sixty miles from Adelaide if I recollect rightly. I went partly by rail and then was driven to the places. The driver who knew who I was and my business, said 'I don't think you will have much of an audience tonight; for there is to be a performance by a wizard at the public House ballroom the same time as your lecture is to come off.'" I replied that I was afraid the wizard would be more

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attractive than myself. When the time to begin the lecture arrived I was both delighted and surprised to find the room quite full. I found out afterwards that the wizard was afraid of me and that he notified that his performance would begin when the lecture at the Institute was over. He attended the lecture himself. I was thus a victor and literature had a triumph over tricks. I had no accidents of a serious nature in these journeys. But several small ones. On one occasion on returning from a lecture at ~~Meu~~ Gumeracha three wild horses and one

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tame one were put in at Teatree Gully. They started like wild beasts and before we had gone very far we were off the road and in a ploughed field where the Coach was upset. A sailor who was a passenger on the roof the part usually assigned to luggage, remarked that he had experienced some bad storms at sea but 'never aught like this.' None of us were hurt; but my

clothes were so dirtied that I could not conceal the adventure from my wife. This alarmed her and led

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to my retiring soon after from the post of Institute lecturer. An interesting event in the history of South Australia was a visit paid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh to the Colony. It occurred at the time when Sir Dominick Daly was governor of the Province. I was present when he \ the Duke/ laid the foundation stone of the General Post Office in Adelaide, and also when he did the same thing for Prince Alfred College. I had the honor of dining at Government House with the Duke and saying grace and returning thanks on the occasion. It is perhaps a unique thing for a Unitarian Minister to act

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as Chaplain to a Royal Duke . And I think the asking me to do so was creditable to the liberality of Sir Dominick Daly, who was himself a Roman Catholic. I was always invited to the levées at Government House on the Queen's birthday & with the privilege of the private entrée. When Sir James Ferguson was Governor he had the report of those ministers of religion so favoured put differently in the Newspapers from that way which had been customary. They were all\usually/ put together, the protestant bishop being first. Sir James arranged that the protestant

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bishop should be first, nearly at the head of the General List, and all other Ministers of religion at the bottom. This was a small thing; but it seemed to be a violation of the principle of religious equality. So it was represented as a grievance to the ministry of the day who felt disposed to treat it with disrespect. But a petition to parliament was got up, signed by the representative Minister of various denominations and presented to parliament. And it was found that such treatment was not going to\be/ quietly put up with. The matter was finally referred to the home Authorities and it was arranged that all

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Ministers of religion should be put on the list together. But Sir James Fergusson showed his spite by putting them all at the bottom of the list. The success of this small contest was due to myself and the Rev. Mr. Cox, Congregationalist Minister for unless we had pushed the matter it would have been passed over. We thought it right not to allow the principle of religious equality to be interfered with even by a trivial circumstance. And the matter connected with that principle which called for attention was equality in all denominations as to the performance of marriages. The Churches of England,

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Rome and Scotland had been in the habit of having marriages performed without submission to certain regulations imposed upon those of all other denominations. So an agitation was got up to place all sects on an equality in this relation. The ministry of the day again wished to treat the matter as one of no moment. But a public Meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, North Terrace, Adelaide, at which vigorous speeches were made and the result was that very soon after a bill was introduced into the local parliament and embodying the wishes of the speakers which was

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speedily passed into law. I made a speech on this occasion as did also the Rev. James Pollitt, episcopalian Minister of St. Luke's Church, Adelaide. During all this time the Adelaide Unitarian Christian Congregation was in a flourishing Condition. After having been its pastor for eighteen years I began to feel fagged; and so I got leave of absence and I and my wife took a trip for two years to the old Country. We went in a sailing vessel called The

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Collingrove: Commander Angel. We had a pleasant voyage, spent nine days at Capetown, and three at St. Helena. At the latter place I went to Longwood, where Napoleon lived for a

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time, and where he died. St. Helena is a pretty island. I was asked while in London to Conduct the devotional Service at the Meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association Annual Meeting, the Sermon being preached by the late Rev. William Gaskell, husband of the celebrated novelist. I took the opportunity of visiting many old friends. Mrs. Leech, to whose sons I had been tutor invited me and my wife to stay with her at Kensington Palace Gardens, and on another occasion at Gorse Hall Cheshire. Both of

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the invitations we accepted and enjoyed the visits very much. When at Gorse Hall I preached twice at Staley-bridge Unitarian Chapel. We also went to Ireland and visited my old friend George Hope, formerly of Fenton Barns; but who had been turned out of his farm by a Tory landlord and was living at a place – a beautiful residence, called Bowlands, not far from the town of Peebles. I went with him on a Sunday to St. Mark's Chapel and heard an Indian gentleman preach a very good Sermon. From Scotland I went to Belfast. I preached there at the 1st Presbyterian Church ( Unitarian ) on

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the occasion of the Meeting in that town of the British Association] for the promotion of Sciences, when Professor Tyndale gave his famous and much discussed address. As my old tutor in Biblical Criticism, the Rev. John Scott Porter was out of health, I officiated for him for four more Sundays, staying during the week chiefly with my sister Mrs. Campbell in the parish of Bangor or in Belfast with my former fellow student John Carlisle, English Master at the Royal Academical Institution. In one of my sermons at this time ( an old Adelaide one ) I carelessly

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omitted to give as a quotation from Robert Collier's wellknown sermons, a passage which was of a striking character. A lady of the Congregation raised a scandal against me of plagiarism. It was an awkward position for me and I had to pledge my word that the thing happened from carelessness and not design. Mr & Mrs. Porter accepted my explanation; but I had the humiliation of being written to by the Rev. John Orr of Comber Co. I own a letter in which he led me to infer that he and others believed me to be guilty of deliberate plagiarism. This was a great mortification to

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me, the more so as I could not deny having omitted to note the passage was a quotation. I believe that in the attempt to combine business with pleasure, visiting friends and places, that I did not remember when I delivered the sermon that the passage was not part and parcel of the Sermon as written by me. I thought that when I had interrupted my course of touring and separated for a time from my who fulfilled engagements to which we were both invited in England – in order to oblige this Minister, that it was an inhospitable, cruel and ungrateful thing to raise a scandal against

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me by Mr. Porter's Congregation, and especially as these who were most active in it were relatives or family connections of his. I had pleasant visit to my brothers in Liverpool and Shropshire, and spent a fortnight in Wales with a former [ ... ] in Adelaide, Dr. Augustine Davies. We also went into Kent and stayed a week with my wife's relations in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. When we had the pleasure of seeing the Grand Old Cathedral. Before I left Adelaide for this visit I was presented by my friends there with an

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Address, a handsome silver salver and £200 in money. The Rev. C.L. Whicham was appointed my Locum

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Tenens during my two years absence from Australia. I spent a good deal of my time when in England at the Isle of Wight and officiated there for twelve months. I also preached at Portsmouth, Poole and Evesham. I greatly enjoyed a visit to Oxford which I made in company of the late Rev. Wm Colston. I spent some time at Evesham with the late Anthony Martin a medical practitioner there and a very superior man both mentally and morally but sorely afflicted with a curious spinal complaint of which he died. He had to have chloroform injected into his

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thigh to relieve his pain. One night we were having a game of whist with him when he screamed with pain. His nurse was sent for and she proceeded to inject a fluid at the usual place. In a few minutes he was relieved and able to continue his game. We learned afterwards that what was injected on that occasion was pure water, as he had had already as much chloroform injected as the doctors permitted in one day. This was a curious illustration of the power of imagination over pain. We also spent some time at the residence of Mr. Follet Osler at Edgefaston, Birmingham and enjoyed our visit there very much.

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We returned to Adelaide in the ship Torrens, on her first voyage, Captain Angel, Commander, and had a prosperous voyage of 72 days. We were heartily welcomed on our return to Adelaide; yet I found that some people of the Congregation would have preferred Mr. Whitham to be their permanent Minister. Others, however, would not have consented to this. For a year or two after my return there were two parties in the Congregation but the lapse of time put all right again. Mr. Whitham was appointed an Inspector of Schools, which position he has filled efficiently and honourably for many years now. My wife's health became hopelessly

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bad. She had spinal complaint, and was ill for eight years. During that time she was attended by Drs. Whittell and Thomas most attentively, but nothing could cure her. Our friends were also very kind and I owe much gratitude to Mrs. John Spence, Miss Simpson, Miss Jane Cumming and other for their services. My wife died on 12 December 1880. She was a clever woman and published two novels – one entitled "The Curate's Friend" on the publication of which I lost £70. Mrs. Barr Smith of Torrens Park was very

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kind to her and had printed at her own expense a tale called "The Jew and the Roman". Mrs. Barr Smith was very desirous to make my wife's last days cheerful and I am very grateful to her. She did not like me, and so when my wife died I saw less of her and when in a year I married again Catherine Simpson, my late wife's friend and whom she entreated me to make my wife, Mrs. Barr Smith chopped me out of her list of friends. I had as a neighbour Mr. Charles Penny, a gentle man of good education and means who unfortunately lost his sight. I took him very frequently out for walks and was the means for a number of years of making life

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pleasanter to him than it otherwise would have been. For this opportunity of doing a little positive good I feel grateful. When the Adelaide University was founded I became a graduate of it ad eundem B.A. and when the University had to appoint a \two/ Governors of the South Australian Institute I offered myself as a Candidate. The Chief Justice and the Rev. Roby



Fletcher, M.A. were the other competitors. I was elected at the head of the poll, the chief Justice Samuel Way coming in second. This success gratified me very much. I held the office for a considerable time; for when

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my term of office expired I was reelected. There was a vigorous opposition to me on the latter occasion instigated, I suspected by the Odium Theologicum, I got in by a majority of one. When my wife Sarah died I went to live at North Adelaide with my son and daughter-in-law, and stayed there till I was married again to Miss Simpson on the 4th January 1882 by the Rev. David Paten, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, North Terrace, Adelaide. This was a happy event for me. Yet I had some trouble in connection with it, as my son and daughter-in-law refused to call upon my wife: a particularly silly

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proceeding on their part. My father in law Mr. Simpson lived with us at Knightsbridge for only a short time and went to live for the remainder of his days with his sons. The next important event in my experience was the failure of the South Australian Commercial Bank, which caused ruin or great loss to a multitude of people. I lost in it about £300. The Manager of this bank professed great piety of the Evangelical type and the Directors had such faith in him as a very religious man that they failed to look after him and so he was

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enabled to embezzle to a fearful extent. He was sent to the Stockade with six years' sentence of penal servitude. Much blame was attached to the directors of the bank, and culpable carelessness they were guilty of, but something worse. I one time went to stay at a place on Lake Alexandrina. In going thither I spent a night at Wellington – a place about 70 miles from Adelaide. I was asked to preach there on the Sunday following in the Court House. I said I would willingly, if it was perfectly understood that although I would not preach controversially, I was a Unitarian. This was not considered

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an objection; so on the Sunday I went to Wellington and had some difficulty in selecting hymns I could conscientiously use from an Orthodox book. There was a large attendance as people had been informed of what was to happen over the district by the butchers & bakers. I was attentively listened to. I preached without notes a sermon carefully prepared. When the service was over a number of people had a talk which resulted in their asking me to give them another Service in the afternoon. This I at once consented to do, though I was puzzled about a subject of discourse. When taking

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some refreshments I settled that matter. I had a full house in the afternoon and people expressed warmly their satisfaction with what they had heard. I consider this a good illustration of the fact that though there may be many theologies there is great similarity of religion in decent and good people. I suppose that nearly all the audience I had consisted of Trinitarians. When in that neighbourhood I used to stay with a Mr. Nixon and his family. We spent most of our time in fishing and boating on Lake Alexandrina. I took (by request) a book with me

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on one visit, to read to the family after tea. The one I selected was Miss Cobb's 'Cities of the Past'. When I began to read on the first evening about a dozen people were present. I had not gone on for ten minute when they were all asleep. I stopped abruptly and then they all, or most of them, awoke. On the second night, I saw the same thing taking place. So I lowered

my voice gradually and when they were all sleeping soundly, I stopped and went off to bed. When they awoke, of what they said and did when this took place I never enquired

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and never heard. I was not asked to read again, but no indignation was shown at my departure from so somnolent a congregation. On going away I made them a present of Miss Cobb's very interesting book, which I hope they all read at a propitious time.— In 1888 I went with my brother in law Alfred Simpson on a holiday trip to Melbourne and Tasmania. When we were in Melbourne I called upon the Unitarian Minister of the place at that time – the Rev. George Walters. I believe he is an eloquent preacher; but his manners in private

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life are not fascinating He has since gone to Sydney, New South Wales. We were delighted with the scenery of Tasmania and with its bright climate – not too hot and yet cheerful and free from some things we could well do without in Australia. We passed \went/ from Launceston to Hobart by a very serpentine line of railway, passing through Jericho, Jerusalem and by the lake of Tiberius. From Hobart we went to Port Arthur by sea, and saw the scene of the imprisonment of many a sufferer in the great jail, there, – a place made memorable by the well known

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book 'His Natural life". There is a very delicious fish called the trumpeter which is to be had in abundance at Hobart. The young women in Tasmania have beautiful complexions resembling in this respect some young American girls whom I have seen rather than English young women. It's said that young men from Australia – especially Victoria – seek for wives in Tasmania. There are excellent hotels in both Launceston and Hobart. The last of the Aborigines died in Tasmania a few years ago. There are many of the

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inhabitants descended from former Convicts, and it is prudent for a visitor to abstain from talking on the subject of convictism – and some one remarked that it is dangerous ever to say you are transported with the grandeur or beauty of a view. In this year Mrs. Alfred Simpson died – just before we set out on our trip and the change did us both good and tend to remove the natural gloom from the mind of my Companion caused by his bereavement. Mrs. Alfred Simpson left five children – one a little baby girl under a fortnight old. My wife and

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I went over to Parkside – Mr. A Simpson's residence and lived there for \about/ a year and my wife took charge of the children and brought up the little baby called Katie Allen. We had a wet-nurse for her and she became a strong child. In a short time ( less than a year ) Mr. Alfred M. Simpson married again, Miss Violet Laura Keith Sheridan of North Adelaide, Whereupon my wife and I went back to our own house, taking little Katie and her nurse with us. The second Mrs. Alfred Simpson was the daughter of a Dr. Sheridan who at one time edited

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a newspaper in London, and came to Australia for the benefit of his health. Mrs. Alfred Simpson's grandfather was the Rev. Dr. Keith, who was Chaplain to His Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent and father of our Queen Victoria.. We kept little Katie with us till she was able to walk, and then it was thought desirable that she should go to her father's home, to be brought up with her brothers and sisters. Shortly after this took place, my wife, who had suffered for a year from rheumatism for a considerable time, seemed to need a change of scene. I was also dissatisfied

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with the small attendance at the evening Services of the Church, and gave notice that I would not conduct them unless they were better attended. This led to a difference between me and the congregation, and often some delay caused by my wishing to do nothing that might be attributed to temper, resigned the pulpit. This resignation was accepted: but owing to the difficulty of getting any one to succeed me I remained as pastor of the Church for more than a year after that time. At length the Rev. Robert Cooper Denchy of Tenterden

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Kent was appointed my successor and my wife and I left for England on the 20th of May 1889 by the P&O. Steamer Parramatta. Before we went away an address of a Complimentary nature was presented to me accompanied by £ a purse of money £222. I had been nearly 34 years minister of this Church and over 40 years a pastor in active Service. I had noticed in the course of my life very injurious effect of a too prolonged ministry, and I determined to close my career as a pastor before people began to wish I should do so. I had on the whole a pleasant time

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in Adelaide. I made many valuable friendships, and I think I did great some good to the cause of liberal theology, and, what is of more importance, that I was as a pastor helpful to many people in their religious relations. The Church was prosperous in various ways during my term of office and I had often large audiences to hear my lectures. I began my career as a Unitarian of the School of [ ... ] and gradually reached the type of religion now represented by Dr. Martineau. I owe a great deal of that which tended to strengthen the better

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part of my own nature to intercourse with “the excellent of the earth” who had been brought up in the school of Unitarian thought, and I was much impressed in my young days with the great superiority of their whole tone of thought, feeling and aspiration to that of the orthodox people with whom I associated before I became a Unitarian,. Among the people who thus greatly benefited me I will mention Sylvanus Gibbs and Thomas Gould of Devonport, Mrs. Leech, of Gorse Hall, Cheshire, Mrs. Robert Neill of Belfast, George Hope of Fenton Downs

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and Mrs. Francis Clark of Adelaide. As far as working hard is concerned I can look back on my career as a pastor in Adelaide with satisfaction. I was a successful Minister. But I have many errors and faults to review – and I am humbled by the recollection of them. While some of my failings have been due to an overflow of animal spirits which led me to do many foolish things; yet to it I am indebted to the power I have had to bear up against various very depressing events in my lifetime. It has been

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a source of pleasure to me to meet on friendly terms people of various creeds and while never shirking an open advocacy of my own opinions when occasion offered or demanded, I was always glad to associate with my fellowmen of all shades of thought on common ground & of philanthropic effort. My wife and I reached England on 18th July 1889 – and were welcomed in London by my nephews Walter and Hugh Woods and my niece Harriet Woods: also by friends and relatives of my wife. We had not been in London more than a

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few days when we received an invitation to a garden party from Mrs. E. Lawrence” of Kensington Palace Gardens which we were sorry we could not accept. We went soon after this to Whittington in Shropshire to pay a visit to my brother Robert and his family and there I met my brother Hugh. We had our likenesses taken together and the three brothers together

made an interesting group to old friends. We were all three weighed and although I am more than three inches shorter than either of them I weighed more than Robert and about two \2/ stones more than Hugh. We

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spent a very pleasant week together talking over the days and adventures of our boyhood. From Whittington I crossed over to Bangor, Co. Down, where my sister Maria,( Mrs. Campbell ) lives, taking with us my nieces, Maria and Maud. My sister was very glad to see us and was most hospitable and kind. I took my nieces with us to see the Giant's Causeway in the County Antrim and we were all delighted with our trip. My wife and I then proceeded to Scotland and visited Glasgow, Edinburgh and its vicinity, and went to Stirling, Callander, Lakes Kitrine, & Lomond, The Trossacks etc. and had good weather for

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an excursion which was extremely pleasant. From Scotland we went back to Ireland and I availed myself of the opportunity of visiting my old friend, the Rev. Hugh Moore A.M. who was minister of the Non Subscribing Presbyterian Congregation ( Unitarian ) of Newtownards for over 60 years. We then went back to England and visited a cousin of my wife's in Kent. I reopened the Bessel's Green Chapel which had been restored, and had pleasant intercourse with the Rev. Mr. Mellene, who had been a short time in Melbourne, Australia, and whose acquaintance I made in Adelaide. I preached several times for the Rev. Robert

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Spears at Highgate, and took part in the service at the laying the foundation stone of the New Church there, reading the Scriptures, and stood in the pulpit along with the late Rev. Dr. Sadler, who offered up a beautiful prayer on the occasion. We went to Winchester and were charmed with this ancient Capital of England. The Cathedral is very grand as everybody knows. We saw in it among many other objects of interest the tomb of William Rufus. We then went on to the Isle of Wight and were most kindly received by friends there. My wife was greatly interested in seeing Newport

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where I had once been minister and was especially charmed with the monument to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First – erected by our present Queen Victoria. Carisbrooke village, Church and Castle, Bentnor, Ryde, Sandown, Black[ ... ] etc. all were sights to be remembered. From Newport we returned to London, living with my nephew Dr. Hugh Woods, and availing ourselves of the opportunity of seeing the numerous sights of London, and of hearing celebrated preachers, actors and public singers. I was invited to preach the Annual Sermon of the local Unitarian Association at Belfast, but I declined

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to do so on formal grounds, though I was able to give as an excuse that I had arranged to proceed with a party to the Continent. On the day after I posted the letter of refusal I was attacked with influenza and was very ill for a week, my \wife/ being seized with the same complaint very soon after. We were both much weakened by the disease, but were able to start on the 9th. of April 1890 for the Continent for a trip of about three months. Our Companions in travel were Mrs. Williams of Streatham, my wife's cousin, and Miss Beatrice Adams, a daughter Of another cousin of my wife – Mrs. Adams of St. John's Wood.

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We went first to Paris, thence to Avignon – Nimes, Marseilles, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan, the Italian Lakes, [ ... ] in Switzerland, Andermatt, Lucerne and Bâle. With such a number of places to visit it would have been impossible for us not to be greatly interested. I embodied my impressions in a lecture which I

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delivered in Adelaide for the benefit of the funds of the Unitarian Schoolroom on my return to Australia. When we came back from the Continent after staying a short time in London we went over to Ireland and travelling via Dublin made a stay of seven

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weeks with my sister at Bangor. The Rev. C. J. Macalister, the venerable Minister of the Non-subscribing Presbyterian ( Unitarian ) Congregation of Holywood, Co. Down, being in feeble health, I conducted the service at his church for two Sundays for him. He has since died in his 81st year and the 57th of his Ministry at Holywood. He was an excellent man, a great advocate of Temperance in its teetotal form. He was conservative in his views and had had some controversies with his brethren, but he died greatly respected by people of all denominations. I heard the Rev. Alexander Gordon preach for him one Sunday.

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He is the son of Rev. John Gordon who succeeded me as Minister of the Unitarian ( St. Marks ) Chapel in Edinburgh. He is a good preacher and a very able man. While in Ireland I met the Rev. Samuel Craig Nelson of Downpatrick, whose grandfather Rev. Dr. Nelson kept an Academy at Rademin , Co. Down at which my father was a pupil. Mr. Nelson was a most interesting old gentleman. He was nearly 90 \90/ years old; and although totally blind he took an interest in all that was going on, his mental faculties being apparently

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unimpaired. He preached occasionally, and was able to read the hymns and lessons from memory. I had several pleasant walks and Conversations with him. He quoted classical authors as if he had been fresh from College and was a walking encyclopaedia of Knowledge in the history of the North of Ireland. He died since at the age of 90 years. I induced my sister Maria ( Mrs. Campbell ) to accompany my wife and me to Several pretty places in my native County. We went first to NewCastle, under the Morne Mountains. It is a nice little watering place. Near it the Dowager Countess of Annesley

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had a beautiful residence called Donard Lodge. It is said that her husband the late Earl had been refused by some lady and that he resolved to marry the first woman he should meet if she would take him and that a Miss Moore was the lady. It is also related that once when his wife entered the room where he was, he said that he had received a revelation from heaven telling him that he must sacrifice the object dearest to his heart, and that she- being that \his fondest love/ he had resolved to kill her and that he had every thing in readiness

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to carry out his purpose. The Countess replied that without a witness such a proceeding would look very like murder and that she would go and fetch the butler for that object. The Earl said that had not occurred to him but it was a good idea. The Countess then retired and locking the door procured the means of putting the unfortunate- insane nobleman under proper restraint. We also went to see Rosstrevoir a lovely place, and visited the Church there where an uncle of my mother ( Rogers) had been clergyman. We also

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spent a few days at Warrenpoint where in former times an old fellow student of my father's, the Rev. Mr. Lunn had been minister. Warrenpoint is a very beautiful place. We returned to Bangor passing Newry, Moira, [ ... ] and Lisburn, before we reached Belfast. The Country we saw looked very prosperous. Our next trip was to Hillsborough where my great grandfather Hill Benson was Archdeacon, and whose daughter, Sophia married John Blackhorne, who would have been Lord Dufferin had he not died before the gentleman whose heir he was. It was in

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the parish \neighbourhood/ of Hillsborough that the Presbyterian Meeting House of Anahilt is situated of which my grandfather, the Rev. Robert Maclure was for many years the Minister. The Church at Hillsborough is beautifully situated and is a pretty building; too small to be grand. We found a tombstone of Captain Benson, son of the Archdeacon and brother of my grandmother. We went over the beautiful grounds of the Marquis of Downshire and inspected Hillsborough Castle, his residence. William the Third spent some time there before the battle of the Boyne. This place was specially interesting to me

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because my Grandfather the Rev. Robert Maclure and m mother, his youngest daughter, used to dine there once a week for years. The Marquis offered my grandfather a Presbyterian minister a living in the Episcopal Church with £800 a year if he would conform to the Establishment. My grandfather's reply was a refusal with the remark 'Your Lordship, does not know of what stuff we Presbyterians are made.'" This took place before my grandfather had inherited a small landed estate and when he was a poor man. One of my grandfather's daughters

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married the Rev. Mr. Ashe, an Episcopal clergyman and then married the Rev. William Wright, commonly called Dr. Wright, because he had been a medical practitioner before he became a doctor. \minister/. My grandfather's eldest son Trevor Maclure went to America and after a time his letters home ceased. Then one day he appeared in the town of Hillsborough – spoke to several farm merchants there, it being the market day – then he sent a message to his parents that he would soon be at home. After that he dined at the hotel with several people who recognised him. In the afternoon he proceeded

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to walk to my granfather's. and was never heard of by his friends from that day to this. It is a strange story. My grandfather's youngest son Arthur went into the Army and was in a Highland regiment. He was in foreign service a great part of his time, but afterwards was in personal attendance on the Duke of Kent, the Queen's father, and \delighted/ used to relate that he used to carry about in his arms the little Princess Victoria. He was a very jolly old gentleman when I knew him and a most indulgent Uncle. He enjoyed our boyish games apparently.

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as much as we did. My grandfather Maclure left in his will the little landed estate he had to my Aunt Wright and my mother. But his eldest surviving son James Maclure declared it was his as the property, (the townland of Ballymacenachy) was entailed. Dr. Wright and my father went to law about it, and finally came off second best. Subsequently my uncle James when his eldest son came of age arranged with him to sell the property, which brought in about £500 a year and went off to Sydney New South Wales. It was attempted to have some compromise before going to law, and on one occasion my Uncle Dr. Wright had to meet

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a number of gentlemen at a Mr. Cawan's, when he was expected to produce certain documents with an important bearing on the matter in dispute. My Uncle was a man who in domestic life depended on my Aunt to do every thing for him; so before starting for Mr. Cowan's he told my Aunt to get the papers ready for him. When he arrived at Mr. Cowan's and the time came to produce his documents, he opened his parcel and lo, it contained a number of old Manuscript Sermons which my aunt had put up in mistake. My poor Uncle was laughed at, and he drove to my Uncle Arthur's where

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my aunt, my mother and several of their families were at dinner. I was possibly present but do not remember the scene; but my sister has told me that the language used by y Uncle in the matter was remarkably unprofessional. Indeed, I believe he cursed and swore. His provocation was great, though he ought to have looked the papers up himself. I hope the recording angel was in a melting mood at the time. These are things brought to my mind by our visit to Hillsborough. We soon after went to Dublin, a city which we both greatly admired. We spent a day very pleasantly at Bray and also visited Kingstown and

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other places in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow. We went to Salisbury, Stonehenge, Exeter, and then on to Plymouth, I should have mentioned before our Continental trip. At Plymouth I went to see the family of my first wife and was very kindly treated by them. I also made the acquaintance of the Rev. William Binns and his wife, – very charming people. I preached for Mr. Binns on a Sunday morning, and at Devonport in the evening. I took the opportunity when at Plymouth of calling on some old friends, of whom I may mention Miss Jane Johns, sister of the Rev. John Johns, who years ago was

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a domestic Missionary in Liverpool, and met his death through his heroic efforts for the poor when Asiatic cholera was raging in that city. Our next trip was to the Isle of Wight where we spent several months very pleasantly. When we returned to London we had opportunities of hearing several celebrities such as Patti Toole, Henry Irving, Sim Reeves etc. We began to feel the climate of London too severe for us, and so we went to Hastings where we greatly enjoyed both the place itself and many other \beautiful/ places of great historical interest in its vicinity. I preached while in that part of the

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country at Hastings, Northiam and Tenterden. We spent another week at Newport, S.W. and were pleased to find our minister and my friend the Rev. John Dendy, B.A., elected President of the Nonconformist Association of the town and district. I made a speech at a Meeting of this association when he presided. From Newport we went to Whittington and made a farewell visit to my brother Robert's family there. My brother Hugh came to meet me and we had several pleasant walks together. We returned

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to London and took our passage for Adelaide in the Steamer (P. & O.) Victoria. I did not go over to see my sister Maria as I was afraid I should break down into unmanly tears in parting with her. I was sorry to leave my nephew Dr. Hugh and his sister Harriet to both of whom we had become much attached. My nephew Walter is a very good fellow in his way, and was kind to us; but his being extremely low church, and dominated by extreme evangelicalism, made it difficult to converse with him without a manifestation of want of sympathy on both sides.