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Russell at Westminster, so that our man was soon forgotten. It seems a great pity that Shaftesbury ever swerved from his intention to send him out as Governor to Carolina. As a tried soldier he might have saved disasters from the Indians. As a successful planter in Ireland he might have guided the economic life of the planters on the Ashley and Cooper rivers. As a Baptist, he would soon have made the Carolinas a mighty stronghold for his co-religionists.

W. T. WHITLEY.

## A Voyage to Canada, 1841.

THE original of the following letter from her aunt, Mrs. Futvoye, was found among the papers of Miss A. M. Purchase, of Romsey, who passed away recently. Miss Purchase was a great-grand-daughter of the Rev. Abraham Booth, and a daughter of the Rebekah mentioned in the letter. Mrs. Futvoye was born in Hackney in 1805; her father, Isaac Booth, of the Bank of England, died in 1840, and shortly afterwards she sailed with her two children for Canada to join her husband. She died in Canada in March, 1848. A memorial notice of Eady Futvoye and her sister, Martha Booth, from the pen of Charles Stovel, will be found in *The Baptist Magazine* for July, 1848. The letter gives an interesting glimpse of travel conditions one hundred years ago.

ERNEST A. PAYNE.

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QUEBEC,

June 2nd, 1841.

My dear Mother,

As I was quite unable to keep a journal during our voyage, I will attempt something of the kind now. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on leaving my maternal roof, although I was better than I expected; but I felt I was acting in the path of duty, and that I was encouraged to take those steps by one of the fondest and best of parents, now safely landed on a happier shore, and you, my dear Mother. I often picture to myself how many anxious hours you have had concerning me, but I hope you will have received my letter in due time sent by Halifax Mail, which left here on the 28th of May. I feel much better than when I wrote those letters, but am still not quite strong again, and I have begun this letter to send by our very kind friend that I might take time.

We felt very much when our dear friends left us in the cabin, and I think they must have felt more when they returned in the coach without us. Mrs. Brown very kindly made my bed

and Mr. Windass, our 1st Mate, made Mrs. Lloyd's. We were obliged to go to bed that night at nine as no lights were allowed in the docks after that time. It was a dull night indeed; the cabin and berth appeared so small. We were up very early in the morning and arranged our clothes comfortably in the drawers, and put our cabin to rights. After breakfast we went on deck and remained there till Abraham and Mr. Martin left us with the pilot at Gravesend. It made us feel rather low-spirited to see them going away from us in their small boat. After that we dined off shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes, which I partook of as I wished to try and keep off sea sickness, but it was of no use. Captain B. after dinner told us he thought we had better write what letters we wished as the pilot might leave early, but he could see if we had not written as we did we should not have done so at all, for as soon as we had sealed them we were so sick. I was sick seven times the first hour; and it did not abate until I went to bed. Mrs. L. and the dear children were very sick, but the children were only sick the first three days. Ours lasted when the weather was at all rough until the day we landed. I was so exhausted. I was unable to take any meat or soup the whole of the voyage although so many nice things had been provided. We had preserved milk, preserved soups de'carrots, etc., bottled greengage, currants, cherries, damsons, and gooseberries, which were made into nice tarts. The steward also made very nice plum puddings. I think I should have done better if I could have had some baker's bread—I missed that so very much. Rebekah knows I like it. Hills biscuits and the gingerbread nuts were a great comfort to us, also the apples and lemons and the nice seed cake Marianne put in the hamper of her making. I wished we had brought more apples, but then I am fearful they would not have kept. I could take an apple when I have not been able to taste anything else. They only lasted three weeks out of the seven. They would not have kept longer. The beef, which was so nice, that you potted for me, became mouldy, and I was obliged to throw it away. The steward made me very nice gruel, which I generally took for my supper, and arrowroot or sago for my dinner. There was great plenty of everything that could be provided for our comfort—bottled stout, ale, brandy, wine. Captain had a medicine chest and Mrs. L. was obliged to take a great deal of castor oil, etc. I only had to take medicine once and that was just before I landed.

Captain B. was very poorly for a day or two with a pain in his chest. I gave him one of my poor man's plaisters which relieved him very much. We were very anxious until he was better—he is such a steady, kind and fatherly man. After we had been on board about a week I complained of my bones aching

with the hard bed, as the bottom of the berth was wood. He immediately had it removed from both of them, and the men put sacking which made it much more comfortable for us. I am afraid if I begin to tell you of Captain Brown's kindness I shall fill many sheets of paper and then I should not find words to express how grateful I feel for all his kindness to us. On the Sunday after we sailed we thought the weather rather rough but the Wednesday was rather worse, and soon after Captain was gone to bed Mrs. Lloyd said she thought the ship was splitting. He, to satisfy us, immediately got up and sat in the cabin between us all night. It was not rough, although we then thought so, for we did indeed have three rough days and nights on the 23, 24 and 25 of April. They are days long to be remembered by us. I shall never forget it when all hands were on deck, even to the cabin boy, Tom. I think Mrs. L. was more timid than myself, though I dreaded it most before we sailed. The dear children enjoyed those rough days. Isaac said, "Oh, Mama, what fun! I must send my Grandmama word about the plates and dishes rolling about, the pudding rolling out of the dish, and the seats which had been fastened down were even torn away." Captain B. was particularly fond of Julia, and it was quite amusing to see him assisting Steward in dressing her, for we were often quite unable to dress ourselves. Many, many times has the steward undressed me. I shall not forget the first time when I was so helpless, he said, "You need not be afraid of me." He was a very steady man, which made it comfortable for us.

June 7th.

On the 4th of May we saw a great many birds swimming and iceburghs to be seen. 5th May was very cold; too cold to go on deck. I was then getting very anxious to be near land, but feared we should not reach Quebec by my dear George's birthday. On the 6th we were on the banks of Newfoundland and the First Mate caught a cod weighing 14lbs, which we had for dinner the two following days. It made an agreeable change, as they began to be tired of fowls. I tasted the cod; it was very nice. I suppose we thought it nice from seeing it caught. On the 8th a land bird came on deck which was caught and the Captain wished to keep alive for Julia till we reached Quebec, but it was put in the hole with the fowls, and our pig, for we had one on board, killed it and eat it. Julia was much concerned when she heard it was dead. We were exactly five weeks without seeing land, and you may imagine how pleased we were when we were told we were coming near land, and still more so when I was led on deck to see it. When I took the last glimpse of my much loved native land it was in the hopes of being spared of one day seeing it again—but I must leave that subject.

There were several fishing boats came up to us off Plymouth, and Isaac told Captain B. I was very fond of mackarel, so he bought several, but I could only taste them once. We found the days very long, so we used, when well enough, in the evenings, to play at dominos, "Fox and Goose" and drafts. The carpenter made us a draft-board from my directions. He also made the children a cart large enough to draw each other about in it on deck. He is also a very steady man, and has been in Mr. Fletcher's employ twenty years. They were all, I mean the sailors, quiet and steady, and although there was no form of worship on the Sunday, it was pleasant to see them so quiet, and you would have been pleased to see Isaac walking round lending them his books and mine. There was only one that could not read. Mr. Windass liked Sarah's favourite book very much. I mean the *Family Monitor* that dear Martha gave me when I left.

I think the poor old carpenter pitied me very much, as did many of the others, seeing me so ill. Julia did not visit the cook so much as Isaac as he was a black man, but Isaac was very sociable with him, as well as all the others. I think Isaac would be able to tell the particulars of all the men, whether they had mothers, wives or sisters, etc. The children did not grow at all tired of being on board ship, nor do I think they would if they had been on board seven weeks longer. Isaac used generally to assist in pulling up sails and was acquainted with all their terms. Julia says she liked everything on board ship except being sick.

We found it very cold when at Newfoundland. We could not keep ourselves warm except in bed. I found my blanket shawl a great comfort. How pleased I was when Captain said we were near the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and when we came into the river it was indeed a very pretty sight to see the houses scattered on each side and a great many churches with tin roofs and spires and the sun shining on them, for it was a most lovely day. Every hour I became more anxious to meet my dear husband, from whom I had been so long separated. I feared the meeting would be too much for me in my weak state, and dear Mrs. L. felt very much for me.

We arrived at Quebec on the 19th, between six and seven in the evening, with a great many other vessels from London, which kept us company down the St. Lawrence. It was a pretty sight to see so many in the river all outward bound, and I daresay many as anxious to reach here as myself. Two other vessels of Mr. Fletcher's had just arrived. Being late in the evening and so many vessels, it was not known we were in the Harbour until the morning, and no one is allowed to come on board until the Harbour Master and Surgeon have been on board. You can fancy I had no sleep that night, thinking I was at Quebec but

unable to see George. We were all up about six in the morning, but it was about eleven before George could get on board, and then we saw him at a distance in a small boat and all of us at the side of the vessel. He had a telescope looking at us and brought a bottle of Hartshorn in his pocket, thinking I might faint; but I did not, but was very sorry to see him looking so ill, but he had been very busy having a great deal to do, but I think he looks a great deal better, and is better, since we came, and I hope will continue so when we get more settled. There had been on the Monday before we arrived a very shocking accident—part of a rock fell and eight houses with the inhabitants were buried in the ruins. The poor creatures had been told to leave their houses as it was considered unsafe for some time. It is some distance from where we live, but the shock was so great to me just as we arrived that I shall never forget it. George had to see that all were dug out and buried, which was one great cause for his looking so poorly. Captain B. will tell you more about it.

June 9th.

You will wonder I do not say how I like Quebec. I have not yet seen much of it as I have only walked out twice a short distance and to Chapel last Sunday morning. I liked Mr. Atkinson, better than I expected I mean. The school rooms for the Chapel is not finished building and will not be opened until August. I feel quite at a loss not being able to speak French, and we have an old Canadian woman until I get settled with a servant, and she cannot talk English much better than I can French. They make very free. The moment I entered the house, she sat down on the sofa by my side and patted me on the back and appeared very glad to see me. She is very honest but a strange creature. Mrs. Musson has recommended me a servant and I expect her this afternoon. She is a Scotch woman and I am to pay her four dollars a month. I hope she will suit for she has lived in Quebec some time and will know the ways, for I am sure I shall be a long time before I know them. Washing is also paid by the month. They will not take washing as we do at home, *sweet home*. They take family washing at so many dollars a month. I have not done so yet, as I was obliged to have all ours that we brought dirty washed by the dozen, which was a large quantity.

June 10th.

My servant that I expected yesterday has not come and I hear that it is a very common thing for them not to come for two or three days after they are engaged to come. To-day is a close holiday—a very strict day among the Catholics.

We have had very warm weather here the last two or three

days. I have no thermometer yet, but when I have, I shall take an account of the weather as it will interest you, as yours does me.

Give my love to Martha and tell her I received her account quite safe; also Isaac did the Heartsease off his plant which he has often spoken of. My poor Auricula that I brought with me is living, but looks very poorly. It drooped sadly while on the water, but I hope it will revive again. I have had a great many flowers made me a present of. I need Rebekah to attend to them. I have also a little pig which requires great attention.

As this is rather a long letter and I wish to write several others I must conclude. I wish when you have read this you would send it to Mrs. Futvoye to read as I shall not have time to write so much as I wish to her.

And with love to all my brothers and sisters and all dear friends, many of whom I intend to write to in turn, believe me, my dear mother, ever to remember

Yours affectionate daughter,  
EADY FUTVOYE.

## Forty Years of Regent's Park College.

[Read by Professor Farrer at the College Annual Meeting, 20th June, 1940, on the occasion of his retirement from the position of Senior Tutor.]

**I**T was (to be precise) in 1894 that I entered as a student. Let me clothe the bare date with flesh and blood by adding that the senior student was J. E. Ennals, now Dr. Ennals, of South Africa, and that in the year above me were his younger brother Sidney, martyred a few years later in the "Boxer" riots, W. Sutton Page, later of Serampore, and Rowntree Clifford, now the unmitred bishop of Barking.

The Regent's Park College of those days seems now more like a pleasant dream of long ago than a sober reality. It is true that within a short walk of it, in Lisson Grove, there were slums and thieves' kitchens, which we visited to hold services on Sunday evenings. But the College itself, surrounded with ample grounds, and these again by the park, was a bit of *rus in urbe*. In spring and early summer the garden, with its flowering trees and warbling birds, was a delightful retreat in which to sit and read, or walk and talk. And quiet was our life in general. We were unconcerned about politics to an extent incredible in these