

*Talley*

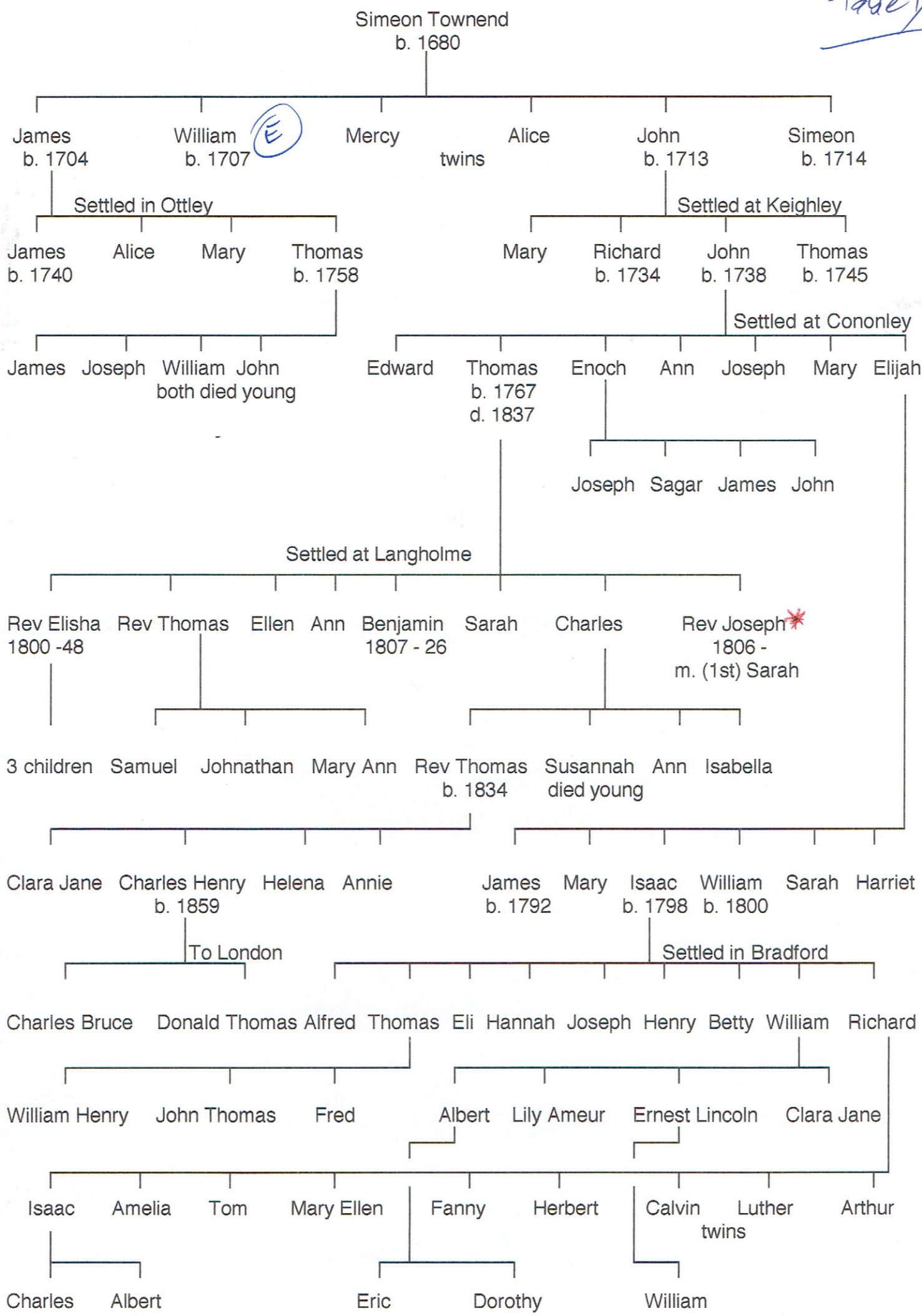


Table D.

EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

THE REV. JOSEPH TOWNEND

AND REMINISCENCES OF AUSTRALIA. Pub. 1854. 2nd Ed. 1869.

Joseph Townend (cf Table D) - b. Oct. 14, 1806 in the village of Cononley, near Skipton, Yorkshire. His family were Methodists and grocers.

"It was not without regret that I left Burnley, the scene of so many sacred associations; and on ascending the brow of the hill which commanded the view of the whole town, with suppressed emotion I said, within myself, "Adieu, Adieu." True, Rawtenstall, to which we removed, was only seven miles distant, but all there was new to me. This change of residence proved a family blessing; and Rawtenstall was the scene of several important family and personal events. Here my brother Benjamin died. He was some eighteen months older than myself, and we loved each other indeed. Though he had been very industrious, and strictly moral, yet in his sickness he had religion to seek. I remember his struggles for acceptance with God. He had begun to meet in class with Mr. Giles Waldwark, a man of faith and the Holy Ghost. The class met at Longholme, on the Tuesday night, and Benjamin's case was the subject of mutual and faithful prayer. One of the members was praying that Benjamin's soul might be set at perfect liberty, when Giles cried out, at the top pitch of his powerful voice, "It's done, Lord. It's done, Lord." And verily so it was. While they were thus pleading, Benjamin found that peace which passeth all understanding, and became the subject of joy unspeakable. On my father's return from labour that night, he enquired of Benjamin how he was? The answer was, "Bless the Lord, father, though very poorly in body, yet happy in soul." My father, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, said, "Let us praise God." All present rose; we sang the Doxology, and father engaged in prayer.

If I remember right, we left Burnley in the summer of 1824. My brother's health failed at the Christmas of 1825. The disease, rapid consumption, made fearful strides; but God very graciously carried on his work, and Benjamin died.

What a day of hallowed triumph. About six in the evening, as we were all standing round his bed, a fit of coughing seized him; he had just time to say, "Bless God, Mother; this will try me." The phlegm stuck in his throat, and his whole frame was convulsed and distorted again and again -- until my sister Ellen cried out, "O God, do not let him breathe again." It was a solemn moment; it was his last struggle; and, with a look of inexpressible serenity, he laid his head upon his pillow, and was at rest. After a silent pause, my dear father raised his hands, and exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, there's another safe landed."

(At the age of five, as the result of severe burning, Joseph's arm had grown to his side. When still a boy it was arranged that he should enter the Manchester Infirmary.)



I made my case and desire known to my master, Thomas Kay, Esq. and he obtained from W. Townend, Esq. (cf The Pedigree. William Townend 1784 - 1868) a recommendation to admit me as an in-patient. I called that morning on W. Townend, Esq. and he asked me my name. I replied, Joseph Townend. "No," said he, kindly, "my name is William Townend." I replied, "Yes, sir, I am aware of that; but my name is Joseph Townend." He then directed an assistant to go into the hall with me, and to speak for me to the governor of the house.

(Pages 9 and 10)

In the management of this excellent institution (a Benevolent Asylum in Melbourne) we had severe struggles with the Romish party. All ministers of religion at that time were ex officio members; and the priests took care to muster in strong force; several had come from the other colonies in order to swell their number in applying for the State grant to religion. I have seen these self-denying men whose eyes stood out with fatness, flushed with wine and rage, rise to their feet, clench their fists and threaten.

On one occasion we had a long contest as to whether a young girl should be brought up a Catholic or Protestant. The mother had recently died, and the priest affirmed that he had administered extreme unction to her within half an hour of her death. It was also proved that she had been a Presbyterian, then an Episcopalian within a very short period; however the child had to be removed from the Protestant family where she had been placed, and taken into the asylum until Catholic guardians could be found.

This asylum had very nearly fallen under the control of the Catholics. The matron and several of the attendants were Catholics. A commission of enquiry had to be instituted, and three gentlemen were appointed to investigate into the affairs of the institution. When they gave in their report, among other things it was stated that young women in perfect health were inmates who never ought to have been admitted, and that the amount of wine and cordials consumed was something enormous. After this the names of these three gentlemen were read out from the altar of St. Patrick's Church, and for some time it was not safe for them to venture out after dark. It was ultimately decided that ministers should not be ex officio members of committee.

(Pages 158 and 159)

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