

**His Majesty's Hospital  
Sydney, New South Wales.  
July 6th 1823.**

To Rebecka Godber

Dear Friend

I take this opportunity of writing a few lines to you hoping they will find you in good health as they leave me at present. Thank God for it but the news that I have to impart is of such a nature that I feel grieved for you my dear friend, but you must keep up your spirits and pray to God to keep you in this world so that you may be happy with Him in the next world, where I hope your husband is gone before. Josiah Godber died in my arms in the hospital at half past three o'clock in the morning on the nineteenth day of November 1822.

I have had the misfortune to have my leg broken in the stone quarry, but it is got well and I am acting as potter at the hospital gates, Josiah came to the gate to me and he says "My lad I have got the dysentery very bad dost thou think I had not better come in to the hospital." To be sure I said to him but he was very bad, for he did not live above eight days. The last night he called me to his bed side and said to me my Lad I shall not Live till morning thou wilt send my beck and my Brothers and Sisters word that "I am dead, and tell them that I should like to have seen my wife and all my relations once more but it is not the will of the Almighty, that I should tell my brother Robert and my sister to comfort my wife but I know they will, so God almighty bless them all together. What things I had on when I came in do thee keep them and what things I have at mistress Hobkins tell her to give them to little Betty that is a little child of theirs because they have been so very good to me. Give my love to all my companions both here and at home." The day before he died he said to me " I should like a bit of English cheese if thou can get me a bit". " I will anything thou canst eat" I said. So I sent for two pounds and he was very much pleased. English cheese is very dear in this country. Half a Crown a pound at the shops, and some three shillings.

The Government buries all that die in the hospital with out they have any friends that wish to bury them. We removed him to his lodgings me and Gerrman Buxton and John Mackeswick and waster Bobkins. We got him a good leaden coffin and the pall and we invited all of our friends there. There were no more of our companions left in the town and we made a very fine burying of him. There was plenty of biscuit, wine, rum and bndy for or all that was there. We are going to put a headstone over him. I did not know his age exactly but we put upon his coffin plate 55 years of age.

Now my dear friend I must close this sorrowful narrative with my best respects to you, Milly and her husband, to Mary and her husband, to Robert and his family. Give my best respects to master Fletcher and his family, John Tint and his family, to Thomas Moors, Robert Article, Samuel Knowles and their families and to all my rioter friends and acquaintances. I Desire you will send me a letter how you all are in Ripley and whether you think there is any likely of us getting a pardon or our sentences mitigated. Oh what would I give to be once more at Ripley. Give my love to my dear father and mother and to my brothers and sisters and tell them I have written a letter for them by the same ship, with one enclosed for Mistress Hares. Tell them there will another ship to sail in a months time and I shall write again. If you will be so good as to write me a letter directed for His Majesty General Hospital, Sydney New South Wales. I desire you will tell my parents to tell my brother-in-law James to write me a letter. I should take it as a very great favour if he would so do. I must conclude. God Almighty bless you all in Ripley both rich and poor.

So I remain your sincere well-wisher

George Brassington.

To Mrs. Rebecea Godber  
Ripley  
Derbyshire