

Tulle

*Volume 21 Number 1
February 2003*

St Dunstons in the East, London Photographed Paul Ward



*The Journal of
The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais*

MEETING DATES Saturday February 15, 2003
2003 Saturday May 17, 2003
Saturday August 16, 2003
Saturday, November 15, 2003

Donbank Cottage
6 Napier Street, North Sydney
Meeting Time 1.00

NEXT MEETING

Saturday, February 15, 2003

Annual General Meeting
A painless affair
Come along and enjoy the company and
help plan what you would like for 2003

Looking for us on the net?
www.angelfire.com/al/aslc/

Want to join? Membership due?
Annual Fees \$30, to
Membership Secretary
190 Shaftesbury Road
EASTWOOD NSW 2122



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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Dear Friends,

Didn't we have a wonderful birthday year! As I reflect back on the highlights I do feel we were particularly privileged to have had such interesting people to help with our celebrations.

Dr John Fluit certainly gave us a vivid and graphic 'show and tell' of the world of medicine that was available to our ancestors. I still shudder as I think about some of the instruments that were part of the 19th Century doctor's bag.

Those lucky enough to attend the birthday lunch and listen to Associate Professor Carol Liston, had a memorable afternoon. The weather was perfect, the lunch superb, the venue also perfect, and Carol Liston a joy to hear as she painted a picture of the life and times and social attitudes of colonial Australia during the 1800s.

My thanks to all the wonderful people who helped to make this event such a stunning success and to everybody who came to share in the birthday party. I'm sure that Kingsley Ireland's three ancestors enjoyed themselves too.

And now we must look to the future. Richard, in his efficient way, through our email chats, has been keeping us informed about people who have been making enquiries about membership of the society. It seems the webpage set up by Craig Williams has done a great job of advertising our existence to those whose interests in lacemaker ancestors led them to seek more information about our society and its lacemaker connections. What a great resource.

I look forward to seeing you on Saturday 15 February at Donbank Cottage at our Annual General Meeting.

**Elizabeth Bolton
President.**

AND THE SECRETARY'S

As genealogists, we are all able to draw inspiration from past events. In this issue I have drawn assistance from Issue 2 of *Tulle* which was published in February 1983, exactly twenty years ago. Secretary at that time was Christine Sutton, the descendant of other *Harpley* passengers, William and Elizabeth Stubbs. Chris wrote: "We certainly have something to live up to after the talks...last meeting. We were treated to two superb presentations".

Twenty years on and little has changed. At our last meeting, our Twentieth Birthday Luncheon, we were again treated to two superb presentations. First, Associate Professor Carol Liston who, without notes, but with perfect preparation, wove the social history, mores and values of mid-nineteenth century Australia with our own lacemaker story.

Carol made our family histories come to life by giving us a detailed perspective of the social forces and personalities (of Church, State and Society) that were prevalent at the time. Her presentation exuded knowledge, wit and devilish interpretation and all present were privileged to learn from this gifted and knowledgeable academic.

The second presentation was by Mr Trevor Stacey, the Registrar of the NSW Registry of Births Deaths and Marriages. He provided an update of the direction being taken by his Department. Trevor is a very capable, dedicated, motivated and skilled senior public servant and we are delighted to be able to number him amongst our "friends of ASLC". They are a special delight to me.

This month I am delighted to welcome two new *Harpley* descendants. The first is Mrs Jean Gray who lives in Victoria so probably will not be a regular at our meetings. She is a descendant of Thomas Wells and Sarah Creswell.

The second new *Harpley* descendant member is Greg Davis who is directly descended from John Davis, one of the original petitioners to the British Government who applied for our large

group to come to Australia and one of those who signed the letter of thanks when their passage was granted.

Also joining our active society is Edwin Garrett from Raymond Terrace, a descendant of John & Eliza Wand (nee Spinks), who travelled to Australia aboard the *Agincourt*.

On behalf of all members I welcome Jean, Greg and Edwin to our ranks.

Richard Lander
February 2003

AND FINALLY, THE EDITOR'S

Twenty years on and we are still making discoveries! In the early days my greatest excitements occurred when I discovered just who was related to whom - making links between the immigrant families and making sense of the groups of people who stayed together. It amazes me that there are still so many things to learn.

This issue of *Tulle* unfolds the answers to several mysteries - What did happen to Sarah Bromhead, and who was John Hemsley? It tells of the destination and a little of the lives of another three families who stayed together and searched for gold - the Powells, the Roes and the Robinsons - all *Agincourt* passengers.

By far and away my greatest excitement these days is putting living families together again. In the last three months I have been able to connect Davis families, Bromheads, Fosters and Kemshall/Goodwins.

Together these families are combining their stories from the generations after the Lacemakers onwards - the bobbins are swinging back together again!

The Internet is the magic link that allows us to discover events and people in a way that was never before possible. Our website has

been linked all over the world, with very obvious results and many, many people comment on its informative nature and Australian flair. I was at a Friends of the National Library gathering the other evening and when asked what I researched, one of the librarians overheard me, and asked immediately 'Do you know about the Lacemakers of Calais?' Wow!

I see the future of our Society as providing these links in the family sense and in the historical sense. We have a very special place in Australian history and the story still isn't all known. Please share your stories with us all - every little link may answer some one else's prayers!

May 2003 be on the improve after a shocking January!

Gillian Kelly
Editor

DOREEN NICHOLSON

It is with sadness we report the death of long time member, Mrs Doreen Nicholson who died Tuesday January 28 after a short illness following a fall.

Doreen was extremely proud of her lacemaker heritage, being a descendant of John Shore and Adelaide Marie Françoise Bouclet, passengers in the *Agincourt* who went to Bathurst. Doreen joined the Society in its very early days and was a regular attender at meetings until ill health and failing eye sight made the journey impossible. ven then she kept in touch with telephone calls when she had exciting results to report.

Our sincere sympathies are extended to her daughter Barbara, family and friends.

MEMBERSHIP FEES NOW DUE!!!

Membership fees for the Year 2003 and now due. Your annual subscription is \$30 which entitles you to:

- * Membership to a unique Society in Australian history
- * Four copies of Tulle
- * Access to all records, including those from Calais that are simply not available anywhere else
- * Four meetings a year at Donbank in Sydney
- * The opportunity to connect with relatives and families that lived worked and sailed with yours
- * The shared knowledge and wisdom of over twenty years of research into the history of the Lacemakers

Please forward your remittance of \$30 to

The Membership Secretary
Miss Barbara Kendrick
190 Shaftesbury rd
EASTWOOD NSW 2122

CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION REPORT, 1842 (Nottingham)

William OSBORNE:

Aged 7 years, worked from 6.00 am, sometimes 4.00 am. until 9.00 or 10.00 pm, for 2 shillings a week. 'He goes to sleep at work and they shake him'. 'His eyes smart at night, they water, the lids stick together in the morning and he gets a sponge of hot water to them', apart from this William was 'otherwise in good health. He had attended a Baptist Sunday School for one and a half years and could read the Testament but evidently he could not write as he put his mark instead of his signature to his testimony.

No doubt this poor lad would have been employed either in lace making or knitwear somewhere in Nottingham.

David Meredith - Nottingham

THE MISSING SARAH BROMHEAD

Sarah Bromhead was baptised in 1824 at St Marys in Nottingham. She was the daughter of Joseph Bromhead and Sarah Greensmith and had a brother John. Joseph took his family to the lace industry in St Pierre where Sarah became a dressmaker and John a wig maker - both trades that they persued in Australia - although John transferred his skills to hairdressing.

On June 3, 1843 Sarah married Joseph Baguley at St Mary the Virgin and this is the ony recorded mention of Joseph. He did not die in Calais in the immediate following years and there were no children of the marriage. When Sarah emigrated on the Agincourt with her family, she travelled under her maiden name - leaving one to assume that the marriage was perhaps a dreadful mistake.

The Bromheads - parents, with Sarah and married son John and children travelled to Maitland where John and Joseph established themselves as hairdressers. While the *Maitland Mercury* made many mentions of the family, Sarah is conspicuous by her absence. Indeed, from October 1848 when she arrived in Maitland there is no record of her until 1858 when she gave birth to a daughter, Sarah Caroline Bromhead - there is no record of the child's father. In 1860 Sarah Caroline died in Maitland and Sarah Bromhead again disappeared.

It is now necessary to transgress. In 1838 one Edward Bell was sentenced in Dublin to seven years transportation to the colonies. He was charged with receiving stolen monies, but the transcript of his trial says he had seduced his employer's daughter and then stolen from him with plans to elope to America. He was, however, a married man with a son and a daughter and it is not known whether he had any contact with them - he could read and write so communciation was possible, if not probable.

The convict description of him does not make him any the more attractive. He was 5'6'' of dark sallow complexion, bluish eyes and brown hair. His hands and legs were scarred. his eyebrows met in the middle and he had a thick nose! However, upon arriving

in Australia he must have settled to hard work because he was given his Certificate of Freedom in 1845. (45/851)

Sarah must have met Edward very early after their arrival because their first child, Rebecca Jane was born in 1849, followed by a son William in 1851 and later, a son Edward in 1857. He was born in Maitland.

In 1858 Edward Bell died as the result of a fall from a horse at Muswellbrook. He was 45 years old and at that time he was a cattle dealer and drover. He had variously given his occupations as overseer, butcher and shopkeeper at the times of his children's births. Sarah would have been carrying her second daughter - Sarah Caroline - at the time, but she did not name Edward as the child's father.

It is reasonable to assume that after Edward's death the family stayed in Maitland because Rebecca Jane married Henry Field there in 1872. After moving to Leichardt they raised a very large family.

Sarah left Maitland. Calling herself Sarah Bell she appears in Sydney Directories as a dressmaker, but by 1885 she had a grocer's shop at 488 Elizabeth Street in Redfern not far from Rebecca's home in Trafalga Street. Sarah died at her own home in 1887 suffering from senile phthisis.

She was buried at Rookwood cemetery as Sarah Bell. Sarah's father's given name is correctly recorded on her death certificate, but not her mother's - thus ensuring that until one of Sarah's descendants came looking, she would remain lost. An added difficulty occurred because when this researcher did solve most of her problems, she was looking for Broomhead and Joseph Bromhead did not show up!

From the research of Fran Myles, descendant of Sarah Bromhead and David Bailey, descendant of Joseph Bromhead's sister Mary.

NUNDLE AND THE LACEMAKERS

Discovering some of the paths of Joseph Roe, Richard Robinson and John Powell.

On 24 January 1853 the *Maitland Mercury* announced that gold had been discovered at Hanging Rock - some two hundred kilometres north west of Maitland. The strike was so rich that it was said that gold samples could be obtained by washing river sand in your hands. Within a month gold was reaching Maitland with diggers earning up to 5/- a day .¹

The numbers of miners multiplied rapidly and spread out across the valleys. An especially rich strike was made at a spot later to be named Bowling Alley Point and from then the rush was on. The *Maitland Mercury* frequently published details of strikes, followed by directions on how to get there. This was a beautiful but extremely difficult terrain for bullock drays and carts and the first recommendation was a 200 kilometre route from Maitland via Aberdeen, Segenhoe station and into the mountains.

'Drays have gone over the whole road frequently', reported the *Mercury*, 'but the Craney and the Hanging Rock are fearful hills for the drays to pass over'.

A better road for the drays was to be found crossing the range at Murrurundi and then over level country to Hanging Rock - a distance of some 240 kilometres. By late February the suggested route was through Patterson and Gresford, along the Allyn River and up onto the Great Divide - following the natural pathways of the ridges. Which ever route the would be miners chose, the starting point was Maitland and the trek was arduous.

The miners settled in, moving from one 'sure thing' to another and local names began to emerge - Bowling Alley Point, Happy Valley, and the village of Nundle.

¹ 5/- per day is the equivalent of £90 per annum. In 1848 Joseph & Janet Roe were employed by Joseph Croft at the George and Dragon in Maitland for the joint wage of £28 per annum.

The alluvial fields were so rich that by June of that first year of discovery £3 000 worth of gold had been taken back to Maitland. But by 1861 the alluvial gold was largely taken and the serious business of mining the reefs began. Companies were established and the battery stamps commenced their endless thumping of the mined ore. It is stated that by 1886 the estimated value of gold extracted from these fields since 1851 was £835 000.

It was no wonder that the adventurous of Maitland headed for the gold laden hills. Amongst them were at least three *Agincourt* families; there may well have been others.

Joseph and Janet **ROE**
with their sons William, Joseph and Emmanuel

Richard and Mary Ann **ROBINSON**
with their children Mary Ann, John and Elizabeth

John and Maria **POWELL** with their children
James, Elizabeth, John, William, Maria, Sarah, Robert & Charlotte.

It is most likely that the Roes and the Robinsons travelled together, as the Lacemakers were wont to do. Twenty small farms were surveyed on Nundle Creek in 1856 and sold on December 3, 1857. Both Richard Robinson and Joseph Roe bought one. The Powells were in Maitland until 1859 when their daughter Sarah was born.

The Powells moved to Tamworth from Maitland in time for the births of Robert in 1865 and Charlotte in 1868 but during that year they settled at Happy Valley where John became a miner and joined the Nundle Lodge of the Manchester Unity Independent Order of Oddfellows. John junior also mined at Mount Misery, but his brother James became a publican at Happy Valley. Both sons belonged to the Lodge with their father.

By 1871 James had joined John mining at Mount Misery and in 1872 John married Ellen Mills at Nundle. John then returned to the trade he had learned at Maitland and became a blacksmith at Nundle.

Happy Valley was to become the permanent home of John and Maria Powell until early in January in 1894 when Maria fell ill.

Thomas McClelland, Nundle historian recorded:

Whilst living in the district she worked as a local midwife and was held in high esteem by the whole community. She passed away from diphtheria on 5 January 1894 aged 65 years. At the time of her funeral it remained the largest to be seen in Nundle for thirty years. Her husband John Powell passed away on 18 July 1898, aged 73 years. The following details are an extract from the magisterial inquiry held into Maria Powell's death at the Nundle Court House on 6 January 1894.

On Saturday a magisterial inquiry was held in the court house at Nundle before Mr E Jones (JP) touching the death of Mrs Maria Powell aged 65 years of Happy Valley, Nundle. The latter having died on Friday night after a short illness. Her husbands evidence having been taken, Mr James Hannard, Local Chemist deposed as follows: Mr Powell asked me to see his wife on Friday morning as she was suffering from a sore throat. I visited her and found her in a very bad state, diphtheria patches having spread as far as the palate.

I prescribed the usual applications also a mixture containing chloride of patsch etc. I entertained at far hopes of her recovery and was informed by Mr Stanton that she died that night at quarter to twelve. The magistrate found that Maria Powell had died from Diphtheria. John died in Nundle in 1898.²

Richard Robinson died in 1869 at Hanging Rock and is buried in Nundle. Thomas McClelland states:

Richard Robinson was born in Askham, Nottinghamshire, England 1815 the son of John Robinson and Elizabeth Bird. He married Mary Ann Duckworth aged 24, the daughter of William and Ann Duckworth at Nottingham Notts C1838 and later migrated to Australia aboard the "Agincoint", the ship departing

² McClelland curiously calls John Powell Patrick Powell. There is no doubt he refers to John as per the Agincourt.

London on 12 June 1848 and arriving in Sydney on 6 October 1849. At the time of their arrival Richard was registered as a labourer and lacemaker whilst his wife Mary Ann as a silk weaver.

Also arriving in the colony with them were their children John, aged 8 years, born Nottingham and Mary Ann, aged 3 years, born Calais. On 3 December 1857, Richard purchased land in Nundle covering an area of sixty four acres.

Richard passed away from abscess of the right lung at Hanging Rock on 16 -time 1869, aged 55 years and was interred in the grounds of the Nundle Cemetery on 18 June. At the time of his death, his children were registered as two males and two females living and one male and one male deceased.³

Richard's son John married Caroline Badkin in Tamworth in 1867 and their first child was born in Nundle in 1868. John was the publican at Nundle by 1871 and a financial member of the same lodge as the Powells.

Richard's daughter, Mary Ann was the publican at the Golden Nugget at Hanging Rock for at least the ten years 1871 - 1881. Elizabeth married Frederick William Woodley in Tamworth in 1873 and their children were born between Tamworth and Nundle.

Joseph Roe was not to enjoy his life in Nundle for long as he died in 1866. His son Joseph became a miner at Nundle and married Rhoda Alldridge in 1861 on Belltrees (a large station) near Scone. In 1868 he too was a financial member of the Manchester Unity, and gave his occupation as miner. His children were mostly born at Scone, indicating that perhaps he still worked at Belltrees.

McClelland records Joseph's life:

Joseph Roe was born at Radford Nottinghamshire, England C 1838, the son of Joseph Henry and Janet Roe (nee Cunningham). His family arrived in the colony aboard the Agincourt. with Richard Robinson on 6 October 1848, Joseph then aged ten years.

³ I am unable to identify the second living son, GK

Movements after their arrival remained vague until Joseph Roe Snr purchased land at Nundle in December 1857. Joseph Roe later married Rhoda Alderidge, the daughter of Richard and Rhoda Alderidge (nee Donovan) in 1861, his occupation at this time being given as a gamekeeper and farmer of Nundle.

Joseph Roe passed away in 1897 at Nundle whilst his wife Rhoda passed away on 29 May 1901, her residence being given as Scone

His brother Emmanuel joined the Lodge in 1871. In 1878 he stated he was a labourer at Belltrees, and remained financial, and in 1878 he was still financial, calling himself a travelling labourer. In 1887 he married Mary O'Bertha at Waverley Station (Belltrees) and they had two children - Rhoda after his sister-in-law and Joseph after his father. He died only a few years later in 1892 aged fifty at Gundy near Belltrees.

And so another group of Lacemakers who started their lives together in England, worked together in Calais, travelled together on the *Agincourt* to establish their new lives in Maitland are still bound together in the quiet graveyard of Nundle.

Gillian Kelly

Bayley William & Lobsey Ian, **Hills of Gold**, Nundle Shire Council 1988

Kelly, Gillian, **Well Sulted to the Colony**, Queanbeyan 1998

McClelland, Thomas, **Memories of a Golden Era**, Tamworth 1994

McClelland, Thomas, **Lone Graves and Precious Memories**, Tamworth 1996

NSW Births, Deaths & Marriages Indices

Records of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, Nundle Lodge,

University of New England



ST DUNSTAN IN THE EAST, LONDON

One of the few rules applied to the Lacemakers for immigration to Australia was that they had to supply a marriage certificate. Lord Merrivale had kept himself informed about the proposed migration and was well acquainted with the problems that beset the organisers. He was asked why certain families had been refused passage and if marriage certificates were absolutely necessary. He replied

...the demanding of a marriage certificate is said to be a hardship - but on the other hand would it be possible to justify to the Colonists the sending out families the heads of which were not married, and of which consequently the father might at any moment desert the mother and children and leave them a burden on the public - and in the case of those who have deserted their families in England, can there be a doubt that as soon as the emigration of the husband and father by Government assistance was known to the Parish, the Government would be called on either to send out the deserted family or in some other way to assist them. The Marriage Certificate is invariably demanded from parties in this country, and there is nothing in the circumstances of these people to reconcile the Australian Colonies to a waiver of that one in their case.⁴

Four of the families found themselves in the unenviable position of being in London and unable to sail. John Wand and Eliza Spinks had five children and hadn't gotten around to the formality of marriage. On the original list of applicants written by Bonham, the British Consul in Calais, it was noted that John and Eliza were to be married. For what ever reason this event did not occur until a week after the *Harpley* had sailed.

They were married at a small church quite close to the Thames where the *Agincourt* was moored on May 21, 1848. This church, St Dunstan in the East, was born out of the Great Fire of London and was designed by Christopher Wren. It is one of Wren's most

⁴ Well Suited to the Colony

structurally adventurous works, with a beautiful spire rising daringly on four free-standing flying buttresses. The combination of beauty and strength made it one of his personal favourites.

There is a story that during a storm someone once hurried to tell Wren that all of his steeples had been damaged. 'Not St. Dunstan's,' he replied confidently and that was the truth of the matter.

Another two couples were to avail themselves of this little church on the Thames - Oliver Lowe married Eliza Fox there on June 5, 1848, the day before the *Agincourt* sailed. They had three children.

On the day the *Agincourt* sailed, William Brownlow, with four children, was destitute enough to not even be able to find the pennies necessary to pay for the special licence necessary in lieu of banns. A collection was taken up amongst the passengers and several visitors to the ship - their sympathies undoubtedly enhanced by Emma Courquin's obvious state of pregnancy. Before the ship sailed they too were married at St Dunstan in the East.

Another couple, Anne Jacklin and Charles Potter were married on the same day at Greenwich, a little further up the Thames. They too were an established family with two small children and they joined the Wands, Lowes, and Brownlows to sail with the tide on the *Agincourt* on June 6.

The church was rebuilt in 1817, but Wren's steeple remained. Almost one hundred years later Wren's faith in the steeple of St Dunstan in the East was again proven. Despite the seeming fragility of its flying buttresses, the spire survived the London Blitz while the interior church was left an empty shell.

In 2002 Paul Wand, descendant of John of the *Agincourt*, found the church to discover the beautiful spire intact and the body of the church turned into an enclosed garden in the middle of the city - still a place for quiet meditation, rest and prayer. The garden was created by the Corporation of London and was opened in 1971.

JUST BROWSING

Local news section of the Nottingham Journal, 1848:

Some things don't change:

Jan 14

* There are 14 female patients waiting for beds.!!!

* Thomas WAGSTAFFE died when he fell down a 25yd shaft at Butterly Works, Brinsley.

March 24

* Inquest before Mr. C. SWANN

On the 21st, at the Gate, Brewhouse Yard, on the body of Henry BELLAMY, aged about 70, chair maker. On Monday, while still at work, he complained of a pain at his heart, and asked James BLACKSHAW to see him home. He looked very ill and pale about the lips. When he arrived at home, a little brandy and water was given to him, but it did not relieve him of pain, so Dr. MASSEY was sent for, but he was not then at home, but he came about 8 o'clock in the evening, and by his orders a pill and some mixture were given to deceased, who was then put to bed, and bran poultice was put upon his breast, and bottles of hot water to his feet; but these proved of no efficacy, for he died at 3o'clock in the morning. Verdict "Natural Death"

March 31

* Inquest before County Coroner

Tues and Weds at The Pelican, New Radford.

Death of Emma DARLEY, 26, Single woman.

Her father said " We could not agree, on her having had two illegitimate children by a young man (named Geo. HALLAM)." During an argument, her father hit her on the head with a poker (not on purpose) while she was removing her belongings. She died of ersypilas? Banns had been read, but they could not raise the necessary fees. Verdict: Death due to ersypilas. (could not say whether this was caused by violence)



THE WRONGS OF WOMAN

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna 1790 - 1846

Part IV, The Lace Runner

Chapter V The Finale

IN the cottage of James Watkins all seems new and smart; his wife, a sickly looking girl, still wears her bridal finery, and takes on herself the consequential airs of the mistress of a family, though as yet she knows little of the cares, and nothing of the duties, belonging to that character.

Wilkins, being an excellent workman, has some money in hand, out of which he willingly advances to Kate a fortnight's wages, on the assurance of the Collinses that she is a steady industrious girl. She is surprised at the size of the lace-making machine, and the labouriousness of the employment that belongs to Wilkins; and not a little amused at seeing the lace made without any other help from the hand than what is required to keep the frame in motion.

The threaders are, a young brother of Wilkins and an orphan boy, bound to him by the parish; the winders are his wife and Kate; and for some days they go on, working very diligently, but with much cheerful talk and joking, which delights her greatly. She finds it hard to keep her promise of not tempting away her former comrades by glowing descriptions of the agreeable change.

A change it is, but only of scene, occupation and society; she is as far from liberty and fresh air as ever; the air is anything but fresh in the few narrow lanes and courts through which she has to run for a short, hasty meal; and the hours of work are prolonged at the master's will, who is just now in a very industrious mood, wishing to accomplish the purchase of sundry additional comforts for his new home.

By the end of the fortnight, Kate finds that she is as tired of the winding as ever she was of the lace- running, and begins to fear that her informant was mistaken as to Wilkins' love of a holiday.

However, she is soon undeceived; a few weeks prove the utmost limit to which he can stretch his patient perseverance; and to her great joy she is informed on Saturday night that she will not be wanted till Tuesday.

Here, then, is the grand object attained; Kate wants to see the country once more, and on the Sunday she sets out on a ramble, which is prolonged till Monday night, in idle, but as yet harmless roving about.

She is not half so strong as formerly; the frosty air bites her with a severity till then unknown; her ankles swell, her feet blister, and her hoarse voice can scarcely find a passage through the throat that has become of late liable to frequent inflammation.

Her back and shoulders ache terribly; her dazzled eyes can hardly brook the faint gleam of wintry sunshine, and a sense of oppression across the chest renders every short gasp of breath difficult; yet in spite of all these drawbacks, hitherto unknown to the stout village girl, and too plainly symptomatic of the abiding physical evils that result from such a life as all females of a lace and hosiery district must lead, Kate revels in the enjoyment of what she feels to be freedom; and secretly resolves to encourage all around her in making a "Saint Monday" in each succeeding week.

Returning late in the evening to Mrs. Collins, she finds the poor woman with her children, all pale, silent, and sad, still labouring at their interminable tasks. The closeness of the room, the forlorn, inanimate looks of its inmates, and the sight of that hated manufacture spread out on all sides, occasion a revulsion in Kate's feelings, that effects her frame also.

She seats herself in a corner, and stares vacantly on the group, with an undefined emotion of self-reproach, almost wishing that she had volunteered a few hours' help to lighten their galling toil; and secretly resolving sometimes to do so.

However, she now hastens to her bed, and on the morrow finds, for the first time, Mrs. Wilkins in very bad humour, waiting, with the rest, the arrival of her husband, who, having slipped out at an early

hour, has sent a message that he cannot return just yet, but will when he is able.

Hours pass before he appears; and his wife commences a lecture, which, as it is her first he seems resolved shall also be her last attempt at interfering with his sovereign will, and answers so fiercely, with such unequivocal menaces of making her smart if she gives her tongue any liberties, that the poor creature shrinks back alarmed, and Kate secretly trembles at the probable consequences of offending such a ruffian. Henceforth every vestige of domestic comfort disappears from this abode:

Wilkins has allowed his savage temper to break forth, and has also returned to the circle of dissolute companions from whom he appeared to have disengaged himself, and whatever affront or annoyance he encounters abroad, the consequences fall on those under his command at home.

Kate, after the first day's frightening, musters somewhat of her old obstinate determination of character, and resists any encroachment on her independence; but finding that all is visited on the two victims who cannot escape, and also feeling in herself a nervousness and frequent tremor that she cannot quite suppress, she soon ceases to encourage what he calls rebellion, and becomes as much a slave as they.

The idle Monday is now passed in lounging about the streets, or over the fire of any neighbour who will admit her. To Mrs. Collins she does not go except at night, because she cannot bear to see them perpetually working, without offering help which her lassitude will not allow her to afford.

Winding from Thursday morning to Saturday night, in the glare of light that Wilkins has managed to provide during the dark hours by placing before his lamp a glass globe filled with water, has almost blinded her; and she half resolves, after a few weeks trial of this mode of life, to return to the lacerunning, rather than continue.

But snares are set, and who is there to warn her against the evil to come? She has never willingly associated with the utterly depraved

class, beyond what is unavoidable where all descriptions of characters are frequently thrown together, and she dearly prizes the name of a virtuous girl, which none can deny to her, still clinging to the fond hope of being some day received into domestic service, never lost sight of, as the grand object of her ambition.

Kate, one Tuesday morning, calculating the probabilities of her master allowing himself a prolongation of the Monday's debauch, has loitered about; and coming late to the place of work, is hailed with a volley of oaths and abusive epithets by the man, who has been home half an hour before her.

His wife is pale and terrified, and the pauper orphan boy, with his head swollen, eye blackened and nose bleeding, is bitterly crying in the corner. The companions from whom Kate has just parted have, with no good object in view, encouraged her to make a stand against such a tyrant, and she answers him by saying,

"It's no wonder if any body ain't in a hurry to come to such a shop as this, with no better welcome than cursing and swearing, and bad names."

The altercation continues but a short time, poor Mrs. Wilkins' imploring looks prevailing with Kate to drop it; but the ill-feeling is such on both sides, that when threatened with the loss of her employment, the girl answers with spirit that, there is plenty, to be had without coming to him.

He laughs, and nods, well knowing that she may seek many days before she finds an opening for a fresh engagement; and on the Saturday evening following, he pays her the poor pittance due, with the information that he has somebody to take her place on Monday, and he will not any longer stand in the way of her advancement in the trade.

What is she to do now? The Sunday is spent in looking about, and the two following days. She has applied to be taken back by Mrs. Collins, but there is no vacancy, nor work enough for the family themselves to do, owing to the competition of a neighbour, who has taken it on still lower terms from the third hand female agent.

Kate gives up her lodging, because while she is there a young woman comes to offer as a permanent lodger, with a better price than she can pay; and with a vague hope of getting into the country again, Kate ties up the few rags that she has in a bundle, and set off with a twopenny loaf as her sole means of support, and no money, in the direction of her home.

But the time is past when she might have taken a journey on foot: having proceeded only a very few miles, she finds herself at nightfall without the means of procuring a shelter; and roving about until by the moon's light she discovers a rude shed in a field, with a cart in it, she creeps under that cart, pulls some loose straw about her, and sleeps till dawn.

The thought then strikes her of trying to find employment at the farm to which she supposes the shed belongs, but no such building can she find, and becoming more faint every moment with hunger and fatigue, she is forced to resolve on returning to the town, and making one more attempt to find work. " If I can't get it," she thinks, " I must go to the parish, and they'll pass me to town."

This was a bitter suggestion :to go back a confirmed pauper to the place she had left but a few months before with such loud boasts of her bright prospects, was humiliating to the last degree. She determines to leave nothing untried that might enable her to remain where she was, at least unknown, and quickens her steps towards the great labour mart, where hundreds were elbowing their way to the enviable privileges of a servitude in many respects harder than that of the enslaved African.

Her search is fruitless: cold, hungry, sick at heart, homeless, friendless, and hopeless, she stands before a building set apart nominally for the exhibition of theatrical performances.

Within, lights are gleaming gaily, and the half-opened door shows to the shivering wanderer a painted avenue of trees and flowers, leading to the further apartment, whence the sound of song and merriment come, as though sorrow had there no resting place; and yet more invitingly come the fumes of hot liquor- and savory dishes.

An acquaintance whom she had hitherto shunned, finds Kate lingering near this dangerous portal, and urges her entrance. The pleadings of destitution, not those of allurements, prevail; she casts one wild look up towards the black sky, whence a heavy snow shower had commenced falling, and muttering through her clenched teeth the oft-repeated malediction against some who hear it not, "Let them answer it," she crosses the threshold.

And here we part with her for ever.

THE BAD OLD DAYS

Next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be....

Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children - last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it - hence the saying, "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs - thick straw - piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the dogs, cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof -hence the saying "It's raining cats and dogs."

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other

droppings could really mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, hence the saying "dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. ! As the winter wore on, they kept adding more thresh until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entranceway - hence, a "thresh hold."

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while - hence the rhyme, "Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with a high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning and death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Most people did not have pewter plates, but had trenchers, a piece of wood with the middle scooped out like a bowl. Often trenchers were made from stale bread, which was so old and hard that they could be used for quite some time. Trenchers were never washed and a lot of times worms and mold got into the wood and old bread. After eating off wormy, moldy trenchers, one would get "trench mouth."

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or "upper crust."

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whiskey. The combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up - hence the custom of holding a "wake."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to "bone-house" and reuse the grave. When re-opening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they thought they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the "graveyard shift") to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be "saved by the bell" or was considered a "dead ringer".

And that's the truth!

DIGGING INTO YOUR FAMILY HISTORY

Prospectors and miners shaped much of Australia's history and it is probable that many of our lacemakers tried their hand at one or the other in the early days of their time in Australia. The first mining town in Australia was Kapunda in South Australia where copper mining commenced in 1842.

However, the honour of the oldest copper mine in Australia goes to Noarlunga where a deposit was worked from May 1841. Mining continued at Kapunda until 1877 after which mining gave way to the pastoral industry. Sir Sidney Kidman, the world's largest

private landowner made Kapunda the base for his huge interests in beef cattle and horses.

Copper was first discovered in the Burra district in 1845 by two shepherds, William Streair and Thomas Pickett. Copper was so prevalent in the area (some thought the deposits would last centuries whereas they lasted only 32 years) that it was divided into a number of separate communities which reflected the origins of the miners.

Redruth was home for the Cornish miners; Aberdeen for the Scottish miners; Llychwr for the Welsh miners and Hampton for the English miners. Remains of these villages still exist. The Cornish miners wore "protective" hats which looked a bit like the tin hats worn by First World War soldiers. They were neither protective nor metal but rather made of felt. Mounted in front of the crown was a lit candle - the only source of light for these tough underground miners. By 1851 the excitement produced by the copper had led to more than 5,000 miners moving to the area and Burra became a larger settlement than either Perth or Brisbane. However, by the middle of the decade many had left hoping to gain vast riches on the eastern states goldfields.

Other rich copper deposits were discovered at Kanmantoo-Callington in 1846, Wallaroo in 1859 and Moonta in 1861. Emma Lander, my great great aunt and daughter of Edward Lander, has some connection with Wallaroo. Her husband was Benjamin Boothey.

Emma and Benjamin had thirteen children between 1862 and 1882; William, Clara, Herbert, Mary Anne, Walter (who died aged about three in 1872), Emma Anne (who died aged about 6 months the previous year), Emma Annie, Tabitha, Walter, Millie, John, Florence Jane (known as "Jinnie") and Elsie Alma Boothey.

Jinnie wandered away from her home with her pet dog on her fifth birthday on 11th December, 1885, and the bodies of the little girl and her faithful dog were subsequently discovered together. With the tragic losses of three children coupled with the constant hardship of drought, the Boothey family "removed" from the

Euralpa district in northern South Australia, where Emma helped found Sunday Schools and where she acted as both a nursing sister and doctor on many occasions, and went to the Nhill district in Victoria where they remained for the next thirty-five years.

Emma was a devout Methodist, whose motto in life was the Gospel of optimism as preached by St. Paul - "In what so ever state I am, I have learnt to be content". Emma returned to Wallaroo in South Australia with her daughter three and a half years prior to her death there on 7th August, 1922.

But I digress! By the early 1850s, gold had been discovered in the eastern states, first at several locations around Bathurst, but soon after in much richer alluvial deposits in Victoria. The Victorian deposits were so rich and so extensive that they proved a magnet for virtually anyone who could hack the tough life on the fields.

By the mid-1850s the Castlemaine fields had attracted 40,000 hopefuls - about double the population of Melbourne at that time. Some made their fortune, many did not. The real winner was Melbourne which became the financial centre of Australia and remained so until fairly recent times.

As alluvial gold waned, the search for the yellow metal continued underground and the real risks commenced. They faced the ever likely threat of being crushed by rock falls and cave-ins.

The black powder (gunpowder) that was used to fracture the hard rock was very volatile and dangerous to use. Silicosis or miners disease, caused by breathing in tiny particles of silica, quartz or slate was common amongst those working underground.

Did any of our lacemakers make their fortune in these mining camps? Did any family members continue the mining tradition? Did any die in mining accidents or from mining related diseases?

Richard Lander

Gen Faux: *I am sending my Marriage certificate & three children, one of which is a mistake, as you can see.*

FOR THE GENEALOGIST

JOHN HEMSLEY

John Hemsley arrived in Adelaide on the *Harpley*. The original manifest from Calais stated that he was the nephew of James Hemsley and Caroline Hemsley, also on the *Harpley*.

Caroline (1828) and James (1829) were the children of William Hemsley and Sarah Cameron and were both born in Calais. Nephew John was born around 1835 but by 1841 he was already stated to be an orphan and living with Sophie and John Meakin in rue de Vauxhall, Calais.

At the tender young age of thirteen he travelled with his aunt and uncle to Adelaide, where, in 1853 he married Charlotte Dunk, the daughter of fellow Harpley travellers Thomas Dunk and Mary Mattershaw.

The connection with Caroline and James had been unclear until recent contact with Judith Elliott who was able to tell us that from John Hemsley's death certificate, his father was George Hemsley, brother of William. The connection with the Meakins is still being pursued!

More Gen Faux:

Are you familiar with the records of branded cattle? I am trying to find my grandfather.

Please trace my genealogy back to Noah & do you know when the Flood passenger list will be on line?

USEFUL WEBSITES

For those of you puzzled by medical terms used in the past - and for explanations of diseases...try the following web-site:

http://members.iinet.net.au/~inphase/sedgley/diseases_front_page.html

A site that allows users to post their own surname interests, manage their own entries and contact through forms on the site, others researching names they are interested in. can be found at:

<http://www.county-surnames.co.uk/index.mv>

For 13000 books on-line, including computer, many 1800's genealogy related books

<http://digital.library.upenn.edu/books/> (Thank Ron Hawthorne)

Pictures of Bygone Leicestershire?

<http://oldpics.leicestershireroots.co.uk>

Interested in frame work knitting?

<http://webpages.charter.net/neith/FWK/>

Someone spend time in a workhouse? Try

www.workhouses.com

Convict in the family? Go to

<http://carmen.murdoch.edu.au/community/dps/convicts/index.html>

BURIALS CALAIS SUD 1840 - 1841

Copy of the records of burial at Calais from the PRO - Hummel

These records hold slightly more detail than those previously recorded by Hummel. They are catalogued at the PRO as RG33/35

1840	Name	Age	Abode
Jan 22	Eugene Hiatt	16	St. Pierre
Apr 17	Charlotte Mapperley, d. of Charles & Sarah Map	Inf	
May 4	Elizabeth Kingsford Smith, wife of William Smith	44	Calais
7	Jane Davis, widow	42	Calais
7	Elizabeth, d. of James & Elizabeth Woodforth	Inf	Basseville
May 27	Thomas Baker, Captain R.N.	44	Calais
Jun 9	Elizabeth Pepper, spinster	35	Basseville
21	Elizabeth, base born d. of Ann "Wand"	5 m	
Aug 23	Louisa Patience, d. of Thomas & Eliza Cook	10	Guisnes
26	Helen Sarah Ann, d. of Charles & Josephine Frize	3	Basseville
29	William Henry Brooke	70	Calais
30	Ann Hemsley or Gorely	25	Basseville
Sep 16	Thomas, base born son of Ann Hemsley or Gore	22m	
Sep 21	William Tunnicliff	29	
Oct. 5	Sophia Augusta, wife of John Brown	63	
Oct. 7	John B. Wilkinson	7	Calais
Oct 16	Sarah Watson or Pettit	33	Calais
Oct 28, d	Herbert Augustus Johnson, son of Hugh Mills &	Inf	Calais
Nov 1	Charlotte, wife of Michael Skevington	60	
Nov 2	Ann Tomlin spinster	22	
Nov 28	Sarah, d. of Richard & Sarah Starr	3	Calais
Dec 1	Elizabeth Ann. wife of John Bailey	32	Basseville

Dec 1	Elizabeth Ann. wife of John Bailey	32	Basseville
12	Bernard William Desandt	34	Calais
17	Mary Anne. wife of John McDougall	40	St Pierre

1841

Jan 18	William, sonof Joseph & Hannah Davis	13	Calais
Feb 24	William Gendelmeyer, widower	51	Calais
Mar 5	Thomas, son of Joseph & Anne Butler	18mo	Calais
9	Mary Anne, daughter of Mary Anne Hiskey	9mo	Calais
19	William Hiskey, bachelor	19	Basseville
22	Sophia le Soeuf, widow	62	Calais
26	Sarah, d of Louis & Lydia Bonnet	18mo	Calais
May 22	Mathilda Watkins	17	Calais
23	William, son of William & Emma Brownlow	1	Basseville
Jun 11	Henry Joseph Whitmarsh, married man	63	St Pierre
Sep 10	George, son of George & Amelia Gaman	2y11m	Basseville
Oct 1	Sophia, d of Walter & Sophia Wells	6mo	St Pierre
Oct 29	Sarah, d of John & Elizabeth Smith	7y8mo	St Pierre
Nov 2	Elizabeth, d of John & Elizabeth Smith	1y10m	St Pierre
13	Elizabeth Julia, wife of Samuel Smith	49	Ardres
Dec 16	George, son of George & Ann Hazard	3m	Calais

1842

Mar 27	Thomas, son of Richard & Thomas Starr	18m	Calais
Ap 17	Ellen, d Francis & Ellen Andrews	10w	Calais
May 21	Charles, s of Isaac & mary Moore	2m	Basseville
Oct 17	Josiah Josiah, son of George & Ann Brooke	14	Guines *

1848

Jan 12	Samuel Bridges	76	Beaumaris
19	Sarah Sanson	74	St pierre
31	Ellen Ecclestone	21	St Pierre
Mar 1	Michael Combe	52	Dunkerque
27	Esther Holmes	4m	St Pierre
Apr 4	Joseph Charles Cobb	2m	St Pierre
24	James Sansom	74	St Pierre

* George & Ann Brooke were from Worcester, note in register

THE BATHMAN'S APPEAL

IN my lonely cabin, by the silvery winding Trent,
To only gaze upon the stream, I'm one as ain't content;
But what I like to see, is the bathers coming in,
Undress, then, take a dive; and have a jolly swim.

I want you all to know, things have altered since last season,
so you'll come to see the difference -
of course, this stands to reason;
the platforms they're repairing, a doing it plank by plank,
And then the willows have been cut from the opposite bank.

We soon shall see the ladies, on Sunday morning's now,
On yon clear bank, for fresh air only, - this we will allow;
But then its strange to catch 'em a picking o'er the stream,
For objects STRANGE. to think about,
and maybe. make 'em dream.

Well, this is neither here nor there, - I want to see the bathers.
They can be either meek or wild, or else they can be shavers;
As long as they forget their towels - come in a hungry stew,
'Cos I let towels, and, by the by,
don't I sell biscuits too?

And other things I have in stock, ye dirty dusty mopos,
I have now in good supply : pen'north's of various soaps;
Then, Gent's, who undress, private like, afore you have your dips,
Come in my Cabin, modest ones,
but d-don't forget to tip.

I've spoke about the biscuits. but they're worth another line:
They're baked to order - fine and large - with grains of
strenth'ning quinine.
Why, bless your hearts, a poorly chap who'll daily have a swim,
And after that, MY bicuits take, he'll be neither weak nor thin.

Now, oh ye bathers, waken up! and make a manly try,
To come more often; if you don't, I very soon'll die;
I'm sick and tired of being here, when no one through the day
Will come and have a pleasant plunge,
and have a chatty stay.

Don't be afraid to come, you, who ain't learned to swim,
But come, and off the platform go, and then you'll know your in;
I'll come with boat and hook, and in a stylish manner,
I'll land you safely on the boards,
- t'will only be a tanner!

Now then, once more, old blokes and young,
ain't you coming here,
It matters not how early, in my cabin lone and drear,
You'll find me here a waiting, to welcome those who come,
Now, here's your healths, - hem! ya-as, 'tis only milk and rum.

P.S. - Owing to the scarcity of bathers, this earnest appeal is made
by Yours truly,

THE BATHMAN.
Whit Monday, May 30th 1887.

Merry Warden
the 'Bathman's' great grand-daughter

GENEALOGY TODAY

A modern mother is explaining to her little girl about pictures in
the family photo album:

"This is the geneticist with your surrogate mother and here's your
sperm donor and your father's clone. This is me holding you when
you were just a frozen embryo. The lady with the very troubled
look on her face is your aunt, a genealogist."

and for those who'd like more, go to

<http://www.teelfamily.com/genealogy/genealogyjokes.htm>

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MEMBERSHIP FEES NOW DUE!!!

Membership fees for the Year 2003 and now due. Your annual subscription is \$30 which entitles you to:

- * Membership to a unique Society in Australian history
- * Four copies of Tulle
- * Access to all records, including those from Calais that are simply not available anywhere else
- * Four meetings a year at Donbank in Sydney
- * The opportunity to connect with relatives and families that lived worked and sailed with yours
- * The shared knowledge and wisdom of over twenty years of research into the history of the Lacemakers

Please forward your remittance of \$30 to

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