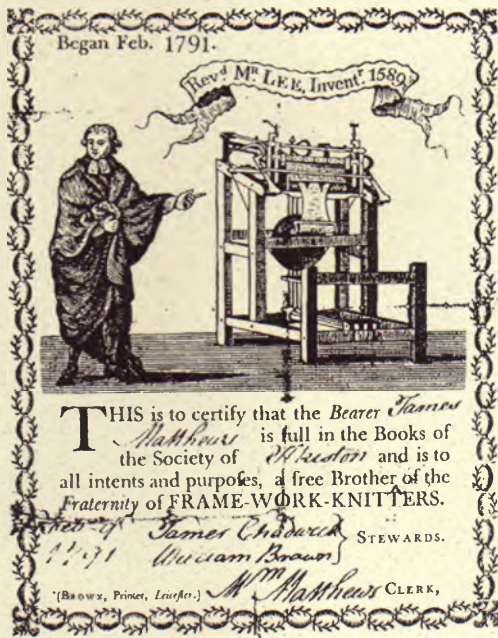


# Tulle

Issue Number 38  
February, 1993



The Journal of  
The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais

# MEETING

**Saturday, February 27th**

**DonBank Cottage  
6 Napier Street  
North Sydney**

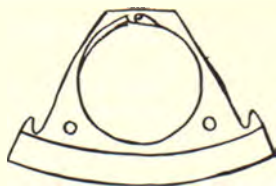
**Meeting Time: 1.00**

The cottage is booked from 12.00. Everyone is very welcome to bring their lunch and share some social time first, and perhaps enjoy the garden and museum parts of DonBank. There are instructions for finding DonBank Cottage in the the Secretary's report.

**This Meeting: *Annual General Meeting***

**Meetings for 1993.**

The dates for the next three meetings for 1993, and the first meeting for 1994 will be set at this meeting.



# Tulle

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Issue 38

February, 1993

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## FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Our Society commenced with fourteen families represented by thirty members. After eleven years we have grown to over forty families and some one hundred member families. This has been quite an achievement by all concerned,

However, there is still room for expansion when we consider that 114 families came on the Agincourt, Fairlie and Harpley. There must be a large number of descendants out there!

I have had the honour and pleasure of being President of the Society for half its life and now I would like to pass the position on to another member - LET'S MAKE A NEW START TO 1993 - new Meeting rooms, four meetings a year and a new President!

I would like to thank all the office bearers for their stewardship of the Society over the past year. All have played their part in making the Society run smoothly and on behalf of the members and myself, I thank you all. My thanks also to all the loyal members who are able to regularly attend our meetings.

Bruce Goodwin,  
President.

## AND THE SECRETARY'S

As you all know, Anne Fewkes spoke to us on the 17th October which was a substitute day for our November meeting. She told us how Nottingham had grown over the years with special emphasis on the period of development when our ancestors would have been living there. Her talk was very well illustrated with slides.

I have booked on a trial basis, for our next meeting, the 27th February, 1993, a room in the Don Bank Cottage, 6 Napier Street, NORTH SYDNEY. I have taken it from 12 noon to 4pm. There is seating for 55 people, a well equipped kitchen, cups & saucers etc being available.

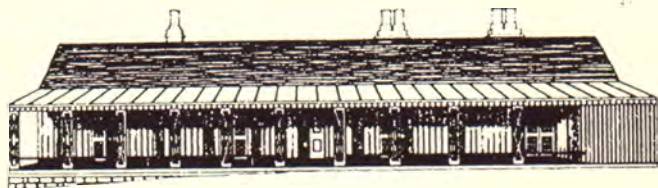
It is a 5 - 10 minute walk from North Sydney Station, or you can get a bus ( 247, 286, 288, 289, 290,) from Wynard to the North Sydney Post Office ( clock tower). Continue on foot along the Pacific Highway and turn left around the Caltex Service Station into Charles Street, and Don Bank is right in front of you.

Motorists: Napier Street is a one way street and is entered from Berry Street.

We have so far, three new members for 1993. We welcome:  
Mr Ron Baker of the Milne family on the Fairlie  
Mrs Sheila Cronk, descendant of Sarah Burton (sometimes Bierton), who came on the Elizabeth,  
and Mrs Claire Moore of the Walter Wells family (Harpley)

Enid Bastick  
Secretary.





# DON BANK COTTAGE

Don Bank is a 19th century vernacular timber cottage. It is not known when the oldest parts of the house were first built, but there is some evidence which suggests that a house may have existed on the site before 1854. By 1854 St Leonard's Cottage, a four roomed cottage with detached iron outbuildings occupied the site.

A contemporary advertisement described the modest cottage in glowing terms:

*St Leonard's Cottage is a really pretty villa, occupying an elevated and beautiful site and commanding picturesque views of the waters of Port Jackson and its numerous bays and headlands...*

*...it may be recommended with confidence to the notice of anyone requiring a delightful private residence combining all the conveniences of the town with the quiet salubrity of Ma Marina Villa.*

*Sydney Morning Herald  
20th October, 1854*



From 1854 until the early 20th century the house underwent many extensions and renovations. The iron buildings were incorporated into the house and later removed. An iron roof was placed over the timber shingles. Rooms were added on either side of the older four roomed cottage. This Georgian styled cottage was transformed through these changes into a substantial house. By the turn of the century the house had acquired a form similar to the one it has today.

Interior decoration and building fabric also changed as the house expanded during the 19th and 20th centuries. Throughout its changing history, the house reflected the growing prosperity of the region. The name also changed. It was renamed Don Bank, probably in the 1890s, for reasons which remain unclear.

The house has been the home to middle and working class people since the mid 19th century. Some residents lived in the house for a year or two, others spent most of their lives there.

Men who lived in the house worked in a variety of occupations, including accountancy, banking and saddlery. Less is known of the working lives of the women residents. Most were engaged in household work and parenting; others were household servants.

One of the longest terms of residency belonged to the White family. Thomas and Catherine White came to Don Bank as a married couple in 1916. They raised three daughters. After Thomas died, and after two daughters married, Catherine continued to live there with her unmarried daughter until her own death in 1974. She has been the longest resident, having lived in the house for 60 years.

The site is now protected by a conservation order and it is listed on the National Trust register. Today it is a Community Museum managed by the North Sydney Council and volunteer help.



*from* **DON BANK, the Research and Restoration of North Sydney's Oldest Known Surviving House**, Marjory Byrne, Sydney, 1982

## AND BACK TO THE EDITOR'S DESK

1992 was a most interesting year for the Lacemakers, and as we work through our 11th year, there are great things in store. One of our perpetual problems has been a Sydney meeting place that was within our budget, and with easy access. At the last meeting Bruce promised to look into this yet again, and his search has turned up DonBank, which sounds like our dream come true. Our next meeting will be held there, and if deemed successful, then we will continue with it as a base. Thank you Bruce, what a gem of a find!

Meetings are to return to quarterly and there will be four issues of Tulle to go with them. Dates will be set at the next meeting, and I will endeavour to have Tulle out atleast a fortnight beforehand. I do apologise to those who waited for their last issue!

But, there are more changes ahead for us. Both President Bruce and Secretary Enid have indicated their intentions of not standing for office at the next Annual General Meeting. Both these people have given us outstanding service in their roles, and have been very much appreciated by us all.

In their period of office we have printed a book, undertaken changes to meeting format to include a visit to Bathurst, guest speakers and exhibits of various kinds. Bruce catalogued Bert Archer's materials and made it available to us all, and Enid has unswervingly maintained our collection of resource materials as well as keeping minutes, organising meetings and keeping up with the correspondance.

Thank you, Enid and Bruce, your efforts have been greatly appreciated!

So, again it is time for us to ponder on people to take their places. Please give some thought to whether you can help in any way!

Gillian Kelly  
Editor.



# The Treasury

17.10.92

**Balance brought forward** \$3408.35

## **Receipts**

15 memberships @ \$15	255.00
Sec of Nottingham Hist. Soc	21.00
Proceeds from Raffle	90.00
Proceeds from lunch	450.00

**Total Receipts** \$834.80

## **Expenses**

Production of Tulle	350.00
Catering at State Library	652.50
Lindsay Watts postage of brochures	57.00
Rent State Archives	300.00
Govt taxes	2.19

**Total Expenses** \$1361.71

**Credit Balance** \$2881.44

Term Deposit with Advance Bank #2562.63, interest \$41.82,  
maturing date 16.11.92

Castlegate, Nottingham, 1820



## Anne Fewkes on Nottingham.

Anne Fewkes, from Nottingham, who proved to be a charming and delightful lady with a great sense of humour, and a marvellous presentation on Nottingham that showed us how the city has grown from a walled city, well fortified, to the urban sprawl of today. Her talk was based on a series of slides that put Nottingham well into perspective with the surrounding countryside, gave us an idea of the Castle and the churches we record so frequently as the places of worship of the Lacemakers.

Anne's links with us are more than tenuous. Her great great grandfather married Mary Oldham who was the sister of Sarah Shaw, nee Oldham and who came to Australia. Her expertise and knowledge were greatly appreciated by all members present.

The day proved to be a great success. The combination of the liveliness and interest of Anne, and the enthusiastic efforts of Enid Bastick to find a suitable venue, and arrange a very successful luncheon, was a guaranteed recipe!

# A Voyage of the Harpley.



On September 6, 1848, the Harpley berthed at the Port of Adelaide, bearing the second group of Lacemakers. She was under the care of Captain T Buckland, and unfortunately for the Lacemakers there has been no trace of documentation of that voyage ... not even a shipping list!

Twelve months later, the same Harpley, under the same Captain, made another voyage to Adelaide, and this time a passenger, albeit a paying passenger, did keep a diary.

His reflections would seem to be an indication to us of what the Lacemaker's voyage was like.

## *Voyage from Plymouth to Adelaide in the Ship "Harpley". Capt. Buckland 547 tons*

**Tuesday, 18th September, 1849** *Went on board the Harpley in Plymouth Sound expecting to sail the same evening but detained from some cause or other. Major part of the crew and intermediates got drunk. Got my cabin, well to eights and went to bed, or rather as I thought it at first to coffin. About 5 next morning the blessed baby next door began to cry, which awoke the deck overhead and the row was then awful. Great deal of botheration about getting woken.*

**19th**

*\*\*\*tries ones\*\*\* waiting all day in expectation of going to sea. At length Captain came on board. Got under weigh, but the wind being light and flood tide obliged to anchor again after nearly ramming into the Harry Lorrequer*



**20th** Sailed at half past five in the morning. Pilot left us off Raine Head with lots of letters and directly he was off \*\*\* \*\* crowded on her and \*\*\* my last look at Plymouth for a long while. \*\*\* we \*\*\* away down channel \*\*\* and in the evening saw the Lizard Light, the last we saw of England.

**21st** Very ill. All day light wind and the long roll of the Atlantic tossing us about without any mercy for my insides. Felt most miserable but managed to keep on deck all day and had to change cabins in the evening. Ship tossing in every way.

**25th** Strong breeze from the NW sent us along beautifully; 12 knots at times under a \*\*\* of sail. Carried away one or two thin sail booms. Ship lurching and rolling very much with a high following sea. Laughable scenes going on at times. Steward capsized into the scupper with a great \*\*\* of flour. Passengers sliding about in all directions. I had one slide from one end of the deck to the other besides numerous capsizes. Difficult matter to get soup into the mouth. Lots of petrels following us all day and over the ship as though they couldn't be tired.



**Thursday  
October 4th** Still bowling along delightfully over a smooth beautiful sea. As comfortable as possible. Every day getting more interesting as we get into the warmer latitudes. Saw three large sperm whales playing about; lashing the water with their tails and blowing up great columns of spray. There are generally dozens of porpoises and black fish playing about us all day.

**10th** No change. The trades carrying us on well. We are now close to the Cape de Verde( islands) but the weather is so hazy that we can't make them out. Shoals of flying fish darting about with those thin gauze-like wings, are the only interesting objects. Nothing but sea, sea, sea. A flying fish was washed on deck last night. They are very pretty things. Something like a \*\*\* pilchard but more slender and handsome, with their flying fins as long as their bodies. The length of this one was about 8 inches but sometimes they are seen much larger. I have



had my line out several times but have not even had a nibble.

**14th**

Going on slowly but surely towards the line. Being now about 8 north we have been very fortunate in escaping calming, tho' I expect we shall have some very soon. The weather is very hot. I have been sleeping on the deck for the last two nights and last night there were four of us on the skylight wrapped in a blanket each with a pillow under our head and remarkably comfortable it was. Went to sleep sound as a top about 12. At 1 rain came down in torrents without any warning. Case of the regular tropical storms ofcourse. Wetted us to the skin in 1 minute, sending me scrambling down and getting my clothes. Lay down on the floor, it being too warm to turn in. The morning is the only bearable part of the day. At 5 I go to the foc'sle pump and have a shave and bathe, then walk about in shirt and trousers rolled up to the knee while decks are being washed which is remarkably cool if not elegant. Seeing several ships every day, but not near enough to speak. No sharks yet and no birds except a stray \*\*\* or two, the everlasting petrel and one wandering swallow which fell onto the deck exhausted and died soon after. Water duly appreciated. The thermometer in the coolest part of the cuddy at 85 however we have a splendid awning and as long as there is anything like a breeze the heat is bearable.

**18th**

In the morning a small shark caught. About 4 ft. Was immediately cooked and proved very good. Tasted much like hake and enjoyed it very much. Dead calm all day. In the afternoon I was lying on the taffrail looking down at the water. Saw something of a dark colour a great distance down. It gradually rose until I could distinguish a fine shark floating about majestically with 3 or 4 pilot fish moving about him. The pilot fish are the most elegant little fish imaginable. Stripes like zebras. Well this little chap was evidently very peckish as the first thing he did was to make a grab at a sheet that was hanging out of one of the storm ports. He got a good mouthful of it but it did not suit him as he did not try again. Presently, two pre-



served meat tin pots were thrown over. He snatched at one. Got it in his mouth but did not swallow it. However we thought he had had his way long enough so we got this great shark hook and put about 4 pounds of pork on it.

Dropped it over the stern just letting it touch the water. Up came the pilot fish smelt it and then went back to the shark and then he came up. and caught hold of it but wasn't hooked so he got off. But immediately lunged at it again and was soon hooked. After a deal of trouble he was got onto the main deck where he was secured with three cheers and in 5 minutes was cut in pieces. He was about ten feet long. Many tried to eat him but he was, I believe, very rank.. Saw another immediately after. This must have been atleast as long again but he would not take the bait.

**25th** Crossed the line at 4pm. Long 29 W. Strong breeze from the SSE. There was no ducking or shaving but Neptune came on board to return thanks for our allowance of grog.

Tar barrels were set afloat and it was well kept up through the ship. We had a fine dinner on the poop.

**28th** Such a beautiful evening that I brought up a blanket and lay on the deck all night. The moon was vertical and exceedingly bright. I didn't sleep a wink but was completely repaid by the beauty of the sky, so studded with stars among them was the celebrated constellation the Southern Cross. I managed to amuse myself \*\*\* \*\* in listening to the yarns of the sailors.

**4th to 7th November** Splendid breeze in our favour with rain in the evening of the 7th when the wind changed most suddenly from a furious squall to a dead calm and left us rocking helplessly on a high swell. Saw the first of the Cape pigeons. A beautiful bird white marked with black.

**11th** Have been much bothered by rats but last night they gave me extra benefit. I kicked two off my bed in the course of the night. They have eaten nearly all a counterpane, two holes through a blanket, the toe of one of my boots besides gnawing almost everything they can lay hold of. I wish I had dear little Tinkey here. Traps are of no use. Stopping their holes is of no use and there is only one cat on the



ship. Fortunately they are the only vermin that molest us much. I have not seen a cockroach and although there are a few \*\*\* and jumpers. I don't mind them much.

17th

Very chilly. Walking a great deal required to keep one warm. An albatross caught. One of several fine ones that have been flying above the ship. He measured 10 ft 6 in from tip to tip. The wings are magnificent. Beautiful white plumage as tho' sculptured from the purest marble.

26th

Still a splendid breeze. Ship running with a press of sail and lurching furiously. Sea magnificent. Thousands of birds following in our wake. Albatrosses, Cape hens, Cape pigeons, mallards, hawks, petrels, whale birds etc. Terribly bothered with rats again last night. Could not keep them off me but should soon get accustomed to their visits.

27th

Running with a strong breeze. NNW squally with a heavy sea on. The rolling was awful. General capsizing at dinner. A large joint of roast pork into a ladies lap. Great difficulty to keep our seats.

29th

Wind died away in great measure and the sea going down. There have been two births on board during the week. One little thing died and was thrown over without any ceremony in a raisin box with a 56 tied to it.

1st & 2nd  
December

Very fine weather but calm. But we cannot complain, having done 1400 miles during the week. Hard work drying bedding as the ship leaks in her joints after this straining in the commencement of the week. Have been obliged to sleep with a mackintosh over me and even then got wet through. However the rain has ceased so I suppose we shall get a little respite. On Monday night I incautiously slept with my scuttle open when a sea came in and set everything a float and nearly washed me out of my bunk

of my bunk.

4th



Blowing in right earnest. A strong gale from NNW with occasional squalls of wind and rain. Ship scudding with double reefed (fore and main) topsails and reefed foresail, as much as she could struggle with tho' as she is immensely strong. Sea awful. I never could have believed such monstrous waves were possible. When we are in the trough of the sea to see the next sea following us is terrific, One would think she would never rise to it. Then to see her stern heave up majestically with the sea breaking on each side of her with a war-like thunder was grand. At 11 I was on the poop when a sea struck her on the quarter, filled the life-boat and completely flooded the poop. Immediately after a great sea came over the waist and covered the main deck. The poor ship trembles all over at the shock and stood for a moment like a dead thing until the water runs off her, when on she went again in great style. The night was wretched. The cabin all afloat. Couldn't sleep a wink for the sea striking her continuously. She got one awful bump from under the counter which nearly fished me out of bed. In the morning had to make a platform to keep me out of the water before I could dress. I do not wish to see another gale yet awhile. The last two days have been quite difficult for me, what with the swell and the noise of the bulkheads and the masts creaking, the howling of the wind, the roar of the sea and other noises. Immeasurable nothing to eat or drink scarcely (the galley being knocked down) It is wretched(ly) comfort that we are going ahead finely having made 247 and 240 miles in the last two days and I think there is every prospect of making a quick run.

15th

Had a pleasant battle and killed 2 enormous rats by stopping the hole when I knew they were in my cabin and then smashing them. Light breeze but favourable. We are now speculating when we should get to Adelaide.

There is a lottery afoot with tickets from 18th Dec to 15th Jan at 1/6 each. and he who holds the ticket bearing the day on which Adelaide light ship is first seen gets the prize. I have three bad ones. 7th, 11th & 14th Jan'y.

21st



Very light breeze, approaching to calm. Very tedious when so near our destination. 3 albatrosses caught. Better breeze at noon and freshened to a fine breeze in the eve. Carried away fore topmast slim boom and one of the sailors went aloft to secure the gear and it is supposed (he) fell overboard as he has not been seen since, poor fellow. It was a miserable end. He was a fine fellow and a \*\*\* seaman and the event ahs sent gloom over us all.

23rd

Breeze died away in the morning and then shifted. Very tiresome now we're so near. Land near called Neptunes. It is very sandy and barren with a tremendous surf running on them. The mainland of Australia is also visible in the distance somewhere about Port Lincoln.

27th



8 of us went in a small whaleboat and started for the Port a distance of 14 miles with a burning sun. As we approached the land it looked very uninviting. A low sandy shore with a few mangrove trees and stunted bushes growing on it with a number of pelicans and other birds walking on the mud. We passed two bars at the entrance to the river with a very narrow channel for vessels and then only at high water. Altogether it is a wretched place for ships to go up and down. On we went and seeing a wretched hut on the bank of the creek went up to get some milk, when strange to say it proved to be inhabited by Devonshire people and we got both milk and cream. A great treat after a long voyage. After 4 hours pulling we landed at the port, a very bustling place full of shipping and looking very busy, tho' the crowds of bullock drays loaded with copper and wool, and the odd looking view and buildings and country make everything look very strange. And so ends my voyage to Australia. On the whole a most pleasant one to me tho' it certainly has its petty inconveniences and annoyances, which however are not to be placed on the scale with the enjoyment. I was certainly fortunate in both ship and Captain. The latter was a very nice fellow and did all in his power to make everything agreeable to his passengers and I.

The foregoing is an excerpt from the diary of that voyage. The diarist travelled in a cabin, and his descriptions of his sea life are fascinating. This excerpt includes many of the entries that seem relevant to the general voyager, and therefore to the events that the Lacemakers would have enjoyed and endured. The diary was discovered by Richard Lander, whose continual finds are a joy and of great significance to us all.

His main source of discovery is a book that will be of great benefit to the genealogist and historian:

**Log of Logs.** Ian Nicholson, Sunstrip Printers, Price Street, Nambour, Queensland.

Richard reports this book is a catalogue of logs, journals, shipboard diaries, letters and all forms of voyage narratives and covers ship travel from 1788 until 1988. It would appear from the research he has done, and his belief that this book is well researched and comprehensive, that we are unlikely to find material in public collections relating to our exact voyages of interest, with the possible exception of the Fairlie.

The entries of interest to Lacemakers are:

**Harpley.**

barque 547 of L'ton, T Buckland (capt), London ( 21.9.1849) - Plymouth - Adelaide (26.12.1849) , Melbourne, with immigrants + passenger's journal

\* Mitchell Library, Sydney, Manuscript Number 1741.

**Forty Years in the Wilderness.** John Chandler, ( with particular reference to the Harpley)

**Fairlie.**

Davis, London ( 22.4.1848) - Plymouth - Sydney ( 7.8.1848) with immigrants. Report published in the Sydney Morning Herald 8.8.48

**Agincourt**

1850 to Adelaide. Diary extract published in the Reporter, Adelaide 1.2.1923

**Buxton Forbes Laurie of Southcote.** Nick Vine Hall, (1976)

# *Maria*

While from the 20th century we acknowledge that one's expected lifespan has increased, and that a hundred years ago many families seemed to have losses that were unbearable, the sufferings of Maria Shirtley nee Potter seem overwhelming.

Maria Potter came to Australia on the Agincourt as a five year old. She was born in Calais, the daughter of Charles Potter and Anne Jacklin, and had a Calais-born younger brother Thomas. Her parents were part of the Bathurst contingent, and four more children were born at Kelso: Eliza Ann, William Charles, Sarah Ann and Benjamin George. William Charles died as a child in 1858 and her sister Eliza in 1875.

Maria married a chap named Peter Shirtley from Germany, and lost a son, Herbert Charles in 1871, then a daughter Hanna Eliza in 1879. She later lost two of her three remaining three children. Her husband Peter died in 1888 and her stepson Peter was killed in a horse fall in 1893.

Her only living child, William married in 1891, only to lose his first child in 1909. William himself died in 1916, leaving a son William Frederick. This grandchild of Maria and German born Peter Shirtley went to France where Maria was born, and was killed fighting his own kinfolk at Bullecourt in 1917.

Oral history from the family tells that Maria was a stern, lonely old lady who never seemed to have any visitors. She very readily told one small child she ate too much cake! Despite this seemed fierceness, four of the five children in the photograph are from a family called Blackburn who had lost both their parents. Maria had taken them in and looked after them, perhaps even remembering the two sons and two daughters she herself had lost. Maria has a niece in her 90s who still remembers her, and who like so many of us often says "if only Granny Maria had told me about her family", but Maria, like so many of our Lacemakers, didn't talk about her childhood.

*from the notes of  
Jack Clifford,  
descendant of Charles Potter.*





Maria Shirtley, her son William to her left with the Blackburn children.

While the Blackburn children werenot Lacemakers, the headstone of their parents is interesting. It is in Kelso churchyard, not far from where Maria is buried.

In  
Memory of  
Our Dear Father  
Joseph Blackburn  
died through injuries  
received while on duty at  
the Bathurst Railway Station  
June 22 1887  
How sudden was the death of me  
And great surprise to all  
When God did say I must away  
Could I refuse the call.  
Go home my children  
And shed no tears  
For you I have laboured for many years.  
I have always tried to do my best  
And now I have gone to take my rest  
also  
Our dear Mother, Mary Anne Blackburn  
Died June 13, 1881, Aged 36.  
Erected by their children.



# The Empire

31 March, 1860

## Disgraceful Riot at Maitland

We have information from Maitland of a most disgraceful riot, which took place there on Thursday night.

It appears that some few weeks ago, the Reverend Mr McIntyre, in the course of a speech at Hinton, in opposition to State-aid, spoke of the Roman Catholic religion as "baptised heathenism", which expression led to a paper controversy between the Very Rev. Dean Lynch and himself, ending in an announcement from Mr McIntyre of his determination to prove his position by the delivery of a lecture on "The Heathenism of Popery".

The following is a copy of the advertisement that has appeared in several recent issues of the *Maitland Mercury*:-

**"LECTURE: THE HEATHENISM OF POPERY PROVED AND ILLUSTRATED.**

Accepting the obligation imposed by recent circumstances, the Rev William McIntyre, A.M., will, God willing, deliver a Lecture on the above subject, on Thursday 29th instant, at half past seven p.m., in the Free Church, West Maitland. Admission free. The committee will meet at seven o'clock."

We are informed that the very Rev McIntyre addressed his congregation last Sunday in exciting language in reference to the foregoing, and it is certain that a very strong feeling existed among the Roman Catholic population respecting the insult offered to their religion. 'Many

as follows:-

**ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC,** - We, the undersigned, Members of the various Religious Denominations in Maitland, beg leave to record our protest against any attempt to disturb the peace and harmony which pervade the district. We are strongly persuaded that an advertised exhibition, which is intended to hold up to obloquy and contempt the conscientious belief of any section of the community can only end in riot and...we therefore unite in calling upon all who love to cherish Christian Charity and the social bonds, to join with us in preventing the proposed lecture upon what is termed the 'Heathenism of Popery'. (There followed 29 names)

It appears, however, that the Rev Mr McIntyre declined to take the hint offered, and persisted in his intention

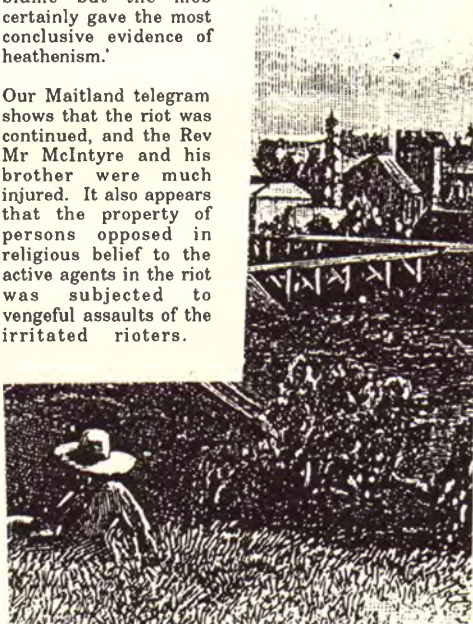
to deliver the lecture. Accordingly, on Thursday night, his chapel, where the lecture was to have been delivered, was surrounded by a mob of people trying to gain admittance. We quote from a letter received yesterday:

'The doors were kept strictly shut, and the chapel in darkness. At eight o'clock, the hour named for the lecture, about a hundred of the people began to vociferate very loudly, and cheering or groaning as the names of persons obnoxious or otherwise were mentioned. This continued for about fifteen minutes, when Mr Day, the police magistrate, came out to the door and announced there would be no lecture. The crowd yelled and in the most vociferous way called out for the Reverend gentleman. They then took up stones and let a volley fly at the windows of the church, which in about ten minutes, were broken to pieces, and even the Grammar School next door had many of its windows broken. Just as I was leaving the mob had got quite infuriated, and, I am convinced, had Mr McIntyre made his appearance, he would have been torn to pieces.

When I left they were looking out for all the

obnoxious individuals and were about making a rush to the other side of the town to (as they said) pull down Mr Pierce's mill. This latter gentleman was to have been chairman. He is a very respectable miller, in West Maitland. Whether they injured his property or not I cannot say, but I expect their fury spent itself in shouting, & c. Mr McIntyre, I think, is not without deserving blame but the mob certainly gave the most conclusive evidence of heathenism.'

Our Maitland telegram shows that the riot was continued, and the Rev Mr McIntyre and his brother were much injured. It also appears that the property of persons opposed in religious belief to the active agents in the riot was subjected to vengeful assaults of the irritated rioters.



# The First Graduation Ceremony

While much is said of the primary and secondary areas of education in Australia, have you ever wondered when we involved ourselves in tertiary education?

The universities of Sydney and Melbourne, most of Australia's older private secondary schools, and responsible parliamentary government all began during the gold rush decade. By 1856, the University of Sydney was well underway.

Sir William Dennison tells us in his *anecdotes of Vice-Regal Life*:

"This is one of our hot days ( February 16, 1856), and yet I have been obliged to attend at one of the meetings of Convocation at the University of Sydney, to witness the conferring of the first degrees.

We had a very respectable assemblage, principally of ladies; and I think eight men came up, having passed a very creditable examination; one which would entitle them, I believe, to stand on a higher level than the ordinary BA in England. I, as a Visitor, had to address the meeting after the chancellor had read his speech. It was very unpleasant, as everything had to be done with all due pomp and ceremony; everybody being in full official dress, clerical, legal, academical, naval or military.

All the male portion of the assemblage seemed somewhat oppressed by the pomp of their attire. I rode to the University, and as I was in full uniform, I unluckily could not take the umbrella which I generally carry with me in sunny weather.



We were ushered into a large room in a temporary building ( for the permanent University Buildings are not yet sufficiently advanced to be habitable), which answered the purpose of the Oxford theatre. The procession came in; first, all the university people in their gowns, scarfs & c.; then Dr Wooley, the Principal, gorgeous in crimson and scarlet, Sir Charles Nicholson as Chancellor, all sorts of lawyers in their gowns and wigs, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, in a grand array of purple, ermine and lace; then came myself, with my train swelled up by a number of Naval and Military Officers. When we were all seated a number of candidates for the prize essay and Latin poem read their productions; some scholarships and prizes were awarded, and the candidates for the degree of B.A. reired, presently returned invested with their hoods. When we got out we found a hot wind had sprung up with clouds of dust; and it was laughable to see the lawyers preparing for their dusty walk home, by putting their gowns over their heads ti save wigs!

Varieties of Vice Regal Life. Sir William Dennison (2 Vols., Longmans, London, 1870), i, 338-9.

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**No Work, No Bread, No Hope!**

# MEETING

of the  
**INHABITANTS OF HINCKLEY**

will be held

**NEAR THE HOLY WELL,  
ON TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 28, 1842**

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK:

To consider and adopt such resolutions as are required by the present times, in which the Hosier has little trade and no Profit; the Landlord no Rent; the Shopkeeper no Custom; the Stockinger neither Bread nor Hope; and in which the heavy Poor-Rates are involving the Householder and the neighbouring Farmer in one Common Ruin

Hinckley, June 22, 1842

BURGESS, PRINTER, HINCKLEY

*The poverty of the framework knitters was a by-word during the nineteenth century. Conditions were especially bad in the 1840s; in Hinckley over three thousand people were dependant on parish relief. The following year the knitters petitioned Parliament for a Commission to enquire into the problems of their industry*

## Thomas and Jane Peet

I "dips me lid" to my great grandparents Thomas and Jane Peet, who in 1848, at the tender age of 23 years, possessed the intestinal fortitude and whatever else it took to make the decision to emigrate to a fledgling penal colony some 12,000miles distant. In doing so they left behind their families, their occupations as laceworkers and a familiar environment to accept jobs as rural workers in a new homeland knowing they would probably never see their families again.

My research at this point in time has established a link back to the year 1770, when my great, great grandfather, Thomas Peet, was born in Nottingham. While I believe he was the son of John and Mary Peet this has yet to be confirmed.

On February 27, 1791, Thomas Peet married Flora Hartley at St Brides, Fleet Street, City of London. From this marriage there were ten children, including my great great grandfather, George, born in 1795, and Flora, born in 1802. Flora married Francis Stubbs and had eight children. Three of their sons were on the Harpley, and Flora followed in 1857 with three more of her family. Flora is the great great grandmother of fellow Lacemaker Mrs Lucy Sifford, of San Remo, V.

Thomas and Flora went to Calais with most, if not all their children. They ultimately returned to Nottingham to live in retirement where Thomas, aged 81, died at Collins' Hospital and Flora survived only another month, dying at Sneinton.

In 1820 George Peet married Sarah Butcher, and were to have three children, of whom two survived. The movements and fate of son William have yet to be discovered, but son Thomas married Jane Knowles of Aberdeen at St Marys, Dover in 1846. Later that year Jane gave birth to a son, William, but he did not survive to accompany his parents on the Agincourt.

Thomas and Jane were amongst the people, who upon arrival in Sydney, were directed to Bathurst, and this couple were initially employed on a property at Kings Plains. In 1849, a son, ( my grandfather) was born and the father's occupation then was given as shepherd. It has been purported he was employed then by the McPhillamy family.



By the time Sarah Anne was born in 1853, Thomas and Jane were living at the Summerhill copper mine where Thomas was employed as a labourer.\* This family moved extensively through the Bathurst district and by 1859 Thomas had a small farm at Brownlea near Rockley, where Jane died in 1859. My grandfather Thomas worked in his early years in and around Bathurst. In 1871 he married Susannah Toms at All Saints, Bathurst and they were to have twelve children, including Albert, born at Guyong in 1877.



Susannah Peet  
1854-1904

Thomas Peet  
1849-1912

Lillian May Peet  
1893-1981

Edward Dickinson  
Grandson

Ethel Gertrude Peet  
1890-1914

Arthur Peet  
1897-1979



Albert Peet, my father, spent his early years in the Bathurst district, firstly working for his father who was a road contractor. Albert was to become a miner and initially worked in mines at Mt Davis, Burruga, Sunny Corner and other local workings. Later he moved further afield to the larger mines at Canbelego, Nymagee and Cobar.

On 13.9.1909, he married Ida Wellington Hutchens at Cobar. My mother, Ida, was the daughter John Hutchens, a mine manager, and Joanna Hutchens. Albert and Ida had four children while living in the Cobar area, and he continued to work as a contract miner until about 1917 when he and a fellow miner shared the major prize in the Tattersalls Sweep Lottery. He gave up mining and he and Ida moved to Parkes where they opened refreshment rooms, a business which was to prosper.

A daughter was born in Parkes, but about then Albert's health began to deteriorate due to the onset of complications associated with silicosis of the lungs - a legacy of his mining days. He sold the business and the family moved to Dubbo where it was his intention to buy an hotel. However his health dictated that he would only be capable of light work and he responded to this by starting up a hire car (taxi) business. On 30.11.1923 Albert and Ida's last child, Robert Noel was born at home in Dubbo. Albert continued to run his car service until his death in 1938. Ida was to survive only until 1940.

I hope my future research will enable me to in-fill a lot of the details I now lack, but importantly I would like to succeed in tracing our roots further back into antiquity.

from **Thomas and Jane Peet**

*Robert Noel Peet,*

*July, 1992.*

\*Thomas Peet worked for Hanbury Clements when he was on the Summerhill Copper Mine. William Branson also worked there and both William and William Brownlow lived with their families at Rockley. The descendants of William Brownlow are still there. Bill Brownlow was a prime mover in the formation of the LAcemakers, and a much valued member.

## A view of Earlier Justice.

Died in 21st February, 1780, at his residence in Greyfriars Gate ( Lister Gate, Mr Thomas Peet, and eminent mathematician. He was the oldest almanac write in England having compiled the Gentleman's Diary. Mr Peet was born at Ashley, Hay, near Wirksworth, Derbyshire and sent to school by his mother who was a Whig supporter and non conformist. The schoolmaster being a Tory and High Church of England, his mother decided no education at all was more favourable than being inculcated by the political and religious views of the teacher and she sent him to work on a farm. Mr Peet engaged himself at a Blacksmiths' after his farm duties, in order to have sufficient money to spend on books, which his mother disallowed.

He was eventually apprenticed to his older brother who was a carpenter in Nottingham, and would not allow him books either. He went with his brother to High Pavement Chapel where he met Cornelius Wildbore, a dyer, who supported his quest for knowledge and books, and encouraged him to follow the career at which he eventually excelled.

Whether this story will help Bob Peet on his way remains to be seen. It comes from two volumes printed in Nottingham in 1848 and full of the important events of the times from the 1600s to 1848, when the Lacemakers are mentioned briefly. Cornelius Wildbore did indeed exist, and was a member of the congregation of the High Pavement Presbyterian Church, having been baptised there in 1712! He had seven children baptised at the Castlegate Independant between 1751 and 1761. There were Peets involved in the same congregations, and one of those would have been this Thomas' brother.

The harshness and unevenness of Nottingham law in the 18th Century is difficult to comprehend. On July 27th, 1784, a **Thomas Cobb** was executed for stealing. He had a large family and suffered extreme poverty. Having begged at a door, the Lady of the house turned him away. On leaving the premises, he noticed her reticule through a window, so helped himself. The contents were minimal, but the man paid with his life.

The most horrific punishment was burning at the stake. In 1786, a poor woman, **Phoebe Harris** was burnt at the stake for treason. Whilst one might imagine terrible crimes against the Crown, she was actually guilty of counterfeiting gold coins with her husband. There is no mention of what befell him, but Phoebe was tied to the top of an eleven foot pole by her neck and her waist. The choking effect did not render her insensible, and her terrible screams could be heard throughout the city of Nottingham. The cries and the smell of burning flesh so disressed many women, that they were deemed to be insane from that day forth.

Creeping into the nineteenth century, in 1817 **Samuel Spencer, Joseph Shaw, William Freeman** and **Thomas Harrison** were arraigned for feloniously setting fire to Colwich Hall. Fortunately, they were acquitted, because several who weren't were hung!



And a final sad tale belongs to **Thomas Greensmith**, who in 1827 married **Sarah Ward** at Greasley. They had four children when Sarah sadly died. Thomas was so distraught and unable to cope with four little children, that he strangled them, saying that they were far too precious to live in this wicker world. He was sentenced to death by hanging, but this was later commuted to transportation for life.

Gillian Kelly

**Annals of Nottingham**, Bailey, published Nottingham, 1848.

## "Touch of Lace"

*It is still possible to share the lace our forebears made!*

*French Leavers Lace*



LOVABLE

imported



**CALAIS**

MADE IN FRANCE

french lace

QUALITY LEAVERS

The name

*French Leavers Lace*  
is reserved  
exclusively  
to laces made on  
Leavers looms  
according to the  
traditional methods  
which have ensured the  
world wide reputation  
of French laces.

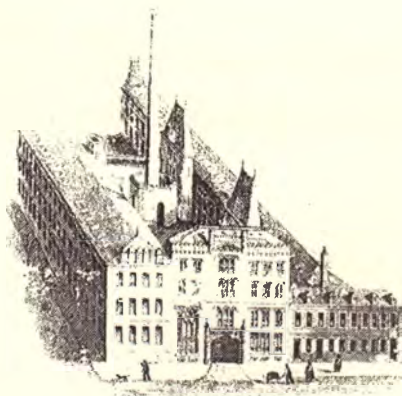
Printed in France  
Les Fabricants Réunés  
de Dentelles de  
Calais.  
Margue Déposée

## The Lace Factory

The factories were formed from two or three rows of buildings at the edge of two parallel streets. The buildings enclosed a rectangular courtyard, and were of various lengths, their depth determining the class of the factory. Those in the first category had a depth less than 12 metres, those in the second were between 12 and 13 metres, while those in the third had a depth of more than 13 metres.

At one stage, when concrete was not in common use, the premises were wooden. Every three metres there was an iron column and each set of columns supported a main girder on which rested the beam supporting the floor above.

The floor of the first and second stories was made of beams; the ones of the ground floor and the third story were of thick planks. This was because of the custom of reserving those two levels to works of preparation or the finishing that only needed light machines. Then the first and second floors held the heavier lace machines. This use of beams also had the advantage of preventing the vibrations being transmitted through the entire building.



Factory of Topham

The space where the two rows of columns formed a bay is where the machines were set up. The windows of the machine areas sometimes consisted of a glassed wooden frame making a kind of bay window. This device was meant to be at the opposite end to the jacquard, and was more necessary in the older factories.



Factory of Peters and Perrin.

Certain parts of the machines are lubricated with oil to make it easier for the bobbin carriages to move past each other. Unfortunately, the oil spilling onto the floors encourages spectacular fires., sometimes caused by the oil lamps that the workers used to check the quality of their work in the inside of the machines.

You entered a factory through the carter's entrance into the courtyard where a small building held the steam engine. Before the arrival of running water, supplying enough water for the steam engine posed problems. A steam engine could use 20 litres of water a minute and the wells often had insufficient supplies and others, sometimes deeper than 20 metres had to be dug, to provide enough .Often water was found deep in limestone, and the calcium encrusted the boiler.



Entry to the floors was made by stairs accommodated in towers ( one at each end of the courtyard), lit by narrow windows. On every floor, the tower is connected to the building by an open iron, footbridge. A short balcony along the facade gave access to the different areas.



## The Life of a Lacemaker.

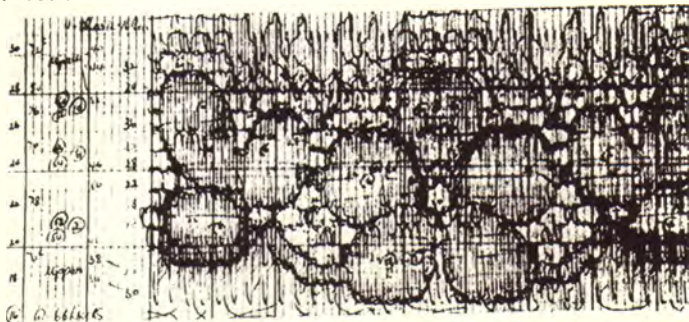
In these factories, large or small, there was plenty of light and air. The machine floors had 4 metre ceilings, the workshops, and the *dévidage* and the workshops, 3 metres, with enough windows to allow plenty of light. At night fall, oil lamps were lit.

In the area of hygiene, the situation was less satisfactory. The toilets were at the foot of the towers, sometimes one to each floor, but usually in a doubtful state. In the workshops, as a health step, a bucket of water, with a piece of soap was put in the corner. Next to this, hanging on the wall, a hand towel, so it didn't take long to get clean hands!

Now, to a lacemaker and a machinist, a bucket of water has its place, but to put it in the home of graphite and oil? Fair enough if it had been changed frequently, but more often than not a blackish oily slick on the

surface meant one left with dirtier hands than one began with.

In the workshops, the noise was muffled, but the rhythm made it unbearable. There was no talking unless it was strictly necessary. The trade of lacemaking lends little to conversation. The work was paid by the piece, and hundreds of intertwining threads had to be watched carefully and sometimes they broke. The machine then had to be stopped and the two ends tied. From time to time, the lacemaker called one of the back-ups who were trained in the work to watch the machine while he went to find a little white bread and *paté*, or a bottle of beer.



In the design offices, the atmosphere is different, the laborious silence ruled nearly always, as the designer gave all his attention to the patterns of the thread on his millimetre paper.

Not even the good humour and gaiety of the young could cover up the difficulties of the job. The factories worked without interruption from Monday morning to Sunday evening, a machine being worked by two operators who worked quarter to quarter: one taking the first and the third quarters, the other taking the second and the fourth. Each took an hour of sleep during the night, which effectively gave them an eleven hour working day, and never having more than six consecutive hours of sleep. Each week, the partners changed their quarters. It was a hard life.

from

Calais et Saint-Pierre au XIX siècle, Albert Vion, 1982.

# For the Genealogist

## Nottingham 1841 Census Index

Ann Fewkes very kindly gave our Society a microfiche copy of the 1841 Census for Nottingham. This is the latest project of the Nottingham Society, and because of the complexities of the 1841 census, it has not been an easy task.

There are 11 microfiche, each containing " pieces " which have a code number. Each piece begins with a list of the parishes or townships contained in it, and then there is an alphabetical list of surnames which tells you the place a family with that surname lived in, and a Folio number that relates to the Census records.

The Nottingham Family History Society is offering a printout service from these records. All references to a specific surname from a nominated piece will be sent to you, for which a charge will be made to cover administrative costs and postage and packing. It must be pointed out that only the names that are in the index can be searched for. If the name is not on the index, it is not in the piece. Remember, there are a lot of phonetic spellings to many of our names.

To get the piece numbers, you will need to write to the Editor with the surnames you require searched. Please enclose a return envelope, and the piece numbers will be returned to you . You will then need to contact

Mr J.D.Collingham  
44 Revesby Rd  
Woodthorpe  
Nottingham  
NG5 4LL

He will search up to SIX different surnames for five pounds sterling, inclusive of overseas airmail postage. Cheques to be made payable to Nottinghamshire Family History Society. When writing to him, please print:

1. Your own name and address
2. The Piece Number to be searched
3. Up to SIX different surnames with spellings as shown on the index

## French Records

Following the address for French records in last Tulle, Judy Gifford wishes to report great success. She received a very prompt reply, in French she could readily translate, ( and is willing to help others do the same), and was sent information that our records don't have! She was able to confirm a child's death we had suspected, discover her Female Lacemaker's parents names ( which was a great help) , learn there are no school records for Calais, but reported a census done in 1846!

And she has a name and title to go with the address:

Catherine Dherent  
Le Directeur des Archives du Pas-de-Calais  
1a Mairie  
A.D. du Pas de Calais  
1 rue de 19 Mars 1962  
Dainville  
Préfecture  
62021, ARRAS CEDEX

Judy's enthusiasm also led her to write an article on her Rogers family for the Nottingham Society. In the last issue there is a follow up piece done by an English lady who definitely can tie her family to Judy's!

Civil Registration began in France in 1792. The registers were set up in duplicate, one of which remains at the Mairie ( Townhall) , the other being deposited annually at the Tribunale de Grande Instance of each Department (State or County). After a hundred years this latter copy is transferred to the Archives Departementale, the equivalent of our State Record holdings.

There is no National index to the registers and the Morman church have not been terribly active in France ( although there are some Calais and St Pierre holdings on the French IGI).

Copies of Civil registration acts can be obtained by post from the Mairies, providing you know the exact place and date, although most Mairies do a little search for you even though they are not obliged to. Copies are free, but you should send two International Reply coupons to assist with costs. Be sure to request a copie integrale to avoid being sent an extract that has much less detail. If you can make your request in French, so much the better.

French certificates are very rewarding, once translated.  
A marriage certificate will give:

Date and time of marriage

Age, profession and date of birth of both bride and groom

Names of bridegroom's parents including the mother's maiden name or age of

Bridegroom's mother, her profession and date of death of groom's father

Names of bride's parents, their ages and father's profession

Witnesses' names, ages, addresses, occupation and relationship.

**NB. In France, for registration purposes, a woman always goes by her maiden name, even when married!**



## **Ford Madox Brown**

Thanks to Kate Foy for chasing him up! Ford Madox Brown was definitely born in Calais in 1821 the son of Ford Brown. He trained in Antwerp, in Paris and Rome, and settled in England in 1845. The Last of England is probably his best, as well as being his best known painting, was inspired by the departure of the *Woolner* for Australia in 1855.

One unverified reference includes Ford Madox Brown in a group of painters and a sculptor who visited Australia in 1852 to try their luck on the goldfields.



## Those Missing Lacemakers.

Can anyone help with William Potter? Jean Wright of the Harrison/Sargeant connection writes:

*William Potter - could this man be Mary Ann Harrison's husband - she came on the Fairlie with her parents and siblings. I do not know the date of her marriage to a William Potter. Wm died not long after, buried in Kelso Cemetery of the Holy Trinity, leaving a childless widow. Mary Ann did not remarry.*

*She lived in a little cottage in a street running down to the Macquarie River on the left hand side after crossing Dennison's Bridge into Bathurst. Mary Ann supported herself dressmaking for the high society of Bathurst.*

*My mother told me she remembered as a little girl calling on Aunt Mary Ann with her mother and a basket of goodies of meat, butter, eggs and fruit - whatever could be spared at the time. After her death she was buried with William at Kelso - the grave is unmarked and lost, which is sad.*

William Potter came with his wife Ann, and no children. There is a death for an Ann Potter in the pre 1856 register. Is it possible that this was William-of-the-Agincourt's first wife? Help please.

---

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FRANCIS CLARKE, Manager.

*The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais  
Office Bearers, 1992*

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Sea Routes to Australia, showing the traditional route, and the Great Circle.

