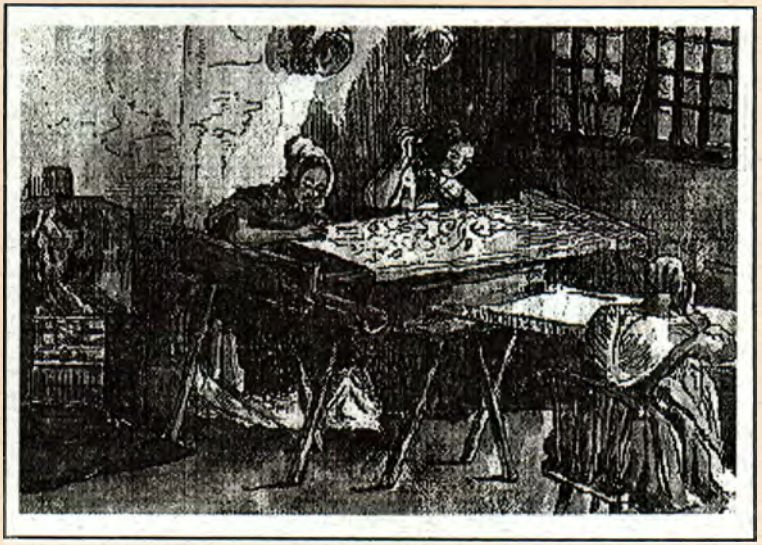
TULLE

Volume 20, No 2
May 2002



The Lacerunners
Penny Post 1840

The Journal of
The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais

MEETING DATES 2002

Saturday , May 18, 2002
Saturday August 17, 2002
Saturday,November 16, 2002

Donbank Cottage
6 Napier Street, North Sydney
Meeting Time 1.00

Train to North Sydney or bus fromWynard

NEXT MEETING

Saturday,February 16, 2002

Guest Speaker
Dr John Fluit MB,BS,Dip RACOG.

See page 5 for details of this extremely interesting afternoon.

New members very welcome

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

Want to join? Membership due?
Annual Fees $30, to the Treasurer
PO Box 209
Terrey Hills NSW 2084

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Volume 20 No 2
May 2002

TULLE

FROM THE DESK OF THE PRESIDENT

Dear Friends,
Our 20th birthday year began with a very well attended Annual General Meeting. It was lovely to welcome 3 new members, Jean Cave, Susan Lark and Nicole Moore and to welcome to their first meeting, members Pat Kennett, Paul Wand (from Victoria), Gary Bromhead and Bev Scipione. Well done too, to those sharp-eyed people who read the Australian Senior.

And hasn't the family grown since the representatives from those 15 families met in May 1982! I hadn't realised that there had been so many momentous changes, worldwide, in those 20 years until I read through Richard's outline in Tulle.

It had me scurrying to my Chronicle of Australia to find a worthwhile contribution. My best effort was to discover that cane toads had reached as far south as Coffs Harbour in 1982 and that in the same month that we began to discover our family connections, the rest of the country was learning a new term, 'bottom-of-the-harbour'.

I find when I am speaking to various groups about the Lacemakers that my audience is most intrigued by the way our society grew from this fragile base to become a well respected research body with a fine international reputation. For this we must be glad that in our midst we have such a superb Editor, Gillian Kelly whose enthusiasm, talent, passion and mind-boggling grasp of family connections continues to provide those vital pieces of information for people who have reached a stalemate in their own search for long lost relatives.

Also, the many friends who have shared their own research through the pages of Tulle, brought their family histories for show-and-tell or shared some snippets of their sleuthing for us to enjoy at our meetings, have provided the stimulation that keeps us coming back for more.

This research hasn't been confined to family history matters. Increasing costs of Donbank Cottage raised the question of relocating our meetings to another venue. Happily this has been resolved and my

thanks go to those members who sought out and priced alternative locations for our Lacemaker's 'home'.

So do join us at Donbank Cottage on Saturday 18 May when we will be given an insight into the treatment of ailments and practice of medicine in Australia in the 19th Century.

Elizabeth Bolton
President.

AND THE SECRETARY'S

'Change' isn't a four-letter word!

'I've had enough. This will be the last time. I'm going to do something different' These were the words my barber greeted me with a few Saturday mornings ago as he explained he had decided to put all his energy into his other business - landscape gardening.

My late father once said to me, 'Find a barber, an accountant and a solicitor each younger than yourself and you will have them for life'. He was only partially correct. After going to have my hair cut by Craig for the last 22 years, I have to find someone else I trust to cut my few remaining locks.

However, a reality we all face is that, in general, life is a continual process of change. Benjamin Franklin declared that 'in this world, nothing can be said to be certain except death and taxes.' If he were to mouth his maxim today he would almost certainly amend it to include that other certainty - change.

Our last meeting included our Annual General Meeting and the Members of our Society showed their apparent satisfaction with the previous executive members by electing each for another year. We are all honoured to serve for another year and thank members for their trust in us. The election might appear to be a choice of stability over change but our Society will not be the same in its twentieth year as it was in its nineteenth year. Change happens by osmosis, if not by revolution. We are fortunate that we have several new members and to them I extend a very warm welcome on behalf of our Society. Their input through meetings and contributions to Tulle will be invaluable additions to our knowledge base and will help take our Society to a

new and different level. Remember, change is inevitable - except from a vending machine!

Richard Lander
Secretary

We will not be graced with Richard's unfailing good company at the May meeting as he will be recuperating at Dalcross Private Hospital in Killara after surgery to relieve him of years' of back pain. The Society's best wishes are with him.

AND FINALLY, THE EDITOR'S

The Editor's desk is on the move again - nineteen months after the first declaration of intent! It is most assuredly one of the longest transactions the local agent has dealt with, but the reality is that we are about to embark on a dream - and part of the dream is naming the place.

It set this editor on a path of wondering about why people name places as they do. The most common reason is sentiment - and this idea gives a clear indication of how the Lacemakers felt about their previous homes.

There are at least two families that spring to mind who named their Australian houses *Calais* - William Brownlow at Rockley, NSW and John Mountney at Magill, SA. The Brownlows went one further and named a son Calais - known as Cal. For these families at least, the yearning would seem to be for Calais, not Nottingham or Leicestershire.

This *Tulle* begins a story too good to ignore. *The Lacerunners* was written by Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna in the early 1840s. Her plea to the women of England was to stop supporting the industries that were leading to the degradation of women. If women didn't buy fancy hats and lace, there would be no industry

Tonna pleaded by writing what we now call 'faction' - a factual story about fictitious characters. Her research was solid. At the end of her

tale she offers her proof by quoting people who were known at the time - Grainger, the factory owner; the Houghton family of Walker Street, Sneinton; Michael Browne, Nottingham's coroner in 1841 and an un named Notts druggist.

I have had recent discussion with a modern lacerunner and she has given me permission to reprint her story - these two women span one hundred years of lacemaking and give us the most vivid picture yet of the difficult world of the lace worker .

Gillian Kelly
Editor

THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

It's official! The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais are now affiliated with this most revered of historical groups within Australia. Watch *Tulle* for further details.

GUEST SPEAKER May 18, 2002

Dr JOHN FLUIT MB, BS, Dip RACOG

We are excited to welcome Dr John Fluit as our guest speaker at the May Meeting.

Dr Fluit is a GP who has worked for 17 years in a General Practice founded in 1908. Up until recently the founding doctor's desk, examining table, side table and instrument cupboard were still in everyday use in the practice. When the oldest Doctor in the practice died in 1985, her family threw all her old equipment on a heap outside to go to the tip. Dr Fluit rescued it all and then started his own collection.

He now has a museum of over a thousand pieces of General Practice paraphenalia at my home which Doctors and students come to look at. His passion for medical history is obvious and his willingness to share his knowledge with us will lead to a fascinating afternoon. Please join us and discover what ailments plagued our forebears, what killed them and how the world of medicine dealt with it.

A

EDMOND WILLIAM BROWNLOW
1914 -2002

It is with great sadness that we note the passing of Edmond William Brownlow - known to us all as Bill - who died at his home at Rockley, April 21, 2002.

Edmond William Brownlow was born in 1914 the son of Edmond William and Emily Elizabeth Brownlow, and the grandson of George Agincourt Brownlow - born at sea on the voyage to Australia.

ASLC owes a great debt to Bill as it was he who first communicated with Elizabeth Simpson of Nottingham and then worked with great enthusiasm with Leonore Keyes and the late Bert Archer to make contact with anyone who thought they might have a link in our marvellous story. Together they developed a network of people who were interested and a Society that is celebrating its twentieth birthday is a fitting memorial to him.

Bill was a regular attendant at meetings and a great contributor to the corporate knowledge of the group. He organised a marvellous tour to Bathurst for those whose families went that way, and has established lasting memorials to the Brownlow lacemakers in that city. The recognition of the place of the Lacemakers in Bathurst's history is a reflection of Bill's work.

In recent years he has suffered indifferent health and been unable to participate but maintained a continual interest. It is interesting to note that Bill died where his forebears began their life in Australia - Rockley NSW.

Everyone who knew Bill were charmed by him - he was a delightful man and a true gentleman. We offer our deepest sympathies to Lorna, his wife of fifty years, and his children, Roy, Jane, Mary and Judy and their families.

THOROUGHLY MODERN LACE RUNNER - CAROLE BELL

I was born in 1939 - father and mother both factory workers. I was the eldest of three, two girls and a boy. My mother did 'lace work' and I was taught to 'draw threads' and had to spend most evenings helping my mother from the tender age of five. I remember many evenings crying because I had to do it and having many a 'hiding' because in my frustration I tore the lace in half.

This continued until I was eleven years old when my mother was taken into hospital with TB. My aunt distributed the 'lace work' to her workers which in addition to my mother included many of my other aunts. The lace was wrapped into large sheets and taken home on buses and or on foot.When I wasn't at school it was my job to collect the lace work from my aunts. With a young family it was the only way my mother could contribute to putting food on our table. My father worked for 'Boots.'

Some of the lace did not have threads and it had to be cut, called scalloping, with a very sharp pair of scissors. I had to do this also. My sister, three years younger, was lucky and was never taught how to 'draw thread or scallop.'

At eleven I passed 'the scholarship' and went to the Nottingham Manning Grammar School on Gregory Boulevard. Education was my way out -in-law was a 'Colliery Pitman,' so my husband was educated by the National Coalboard.

We left England for Africa when we were twenty-one. We travelled through South Africa, Zambia, Canada and eventually settle in Denver, Colorado.

My father used to ask me 'Do you have a hundred pounds saved?' He thought if you had a hundred pounds you were comfortable. I remember the pride on his face when I told him he was a nosy old 'b' but for his information he could add a few naughts to that 100!But you should see me draw a thread from a seam. I don't need a stitch cutter 'my fingers do the work' I never lost the touch.
My maternal grandfather worked for Jardines who made the bobbins

for the lace factories. I can still smell the way he smelt when he came home from work. I loved that smell. He died in 1946 aged seventy-five. He worked until the end of his life!

Carole Bell
Denver Colorado

JAMES HENRY CLARKE and the BENDIGO ADVERTISER

On Friday 2nd August 1867, the Bendigo Advertiser reported a tragic accident that had happened the day before:

THE LATE FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE EAGLEHAWK ROAD

James Henry Clarke, the driver of the cart, which ran over and killed a boy, named Williams, on the Eaglehawk road, on the previous afternoon, was brought before the Bench and charged by the police with furious driving, and pending the result of the coroner's inquest - which is to be held on Friday - was remanded on bail.

On the following morning, Saturday 3rd August, the inquest was held at one of the local pubs - the custom of the times. Again the Advertiser faithfully reported:

THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO A BOY AT LONG GULLY

Yesterday morning the District Coroner held an inquest at the 'Rose of Australia Hotel' Long Gully, upon a body of Albert Pentreath Williams, a boy only 8 years and 2 months old, the son of a widow, keeping a boarding house at Long Gully. Mr. Wrixon appeared to watch the case on behalf of J.H. Clarke, the driver of the cart, which caused the accident.

John Stewart, driver of one of McCulloch and Co.'s railway lorries, deposed that about 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, he was driving a lorry to Eaglehawk.

When between the British & American and the Manchester Arms Hotels, some schoolboys, including the deceased, came behind, and he heard one call out to deceased not to be swinging on behind the lorry.

A spring-cart came up behind, driven by James Henry Clarke at the rate of about 6 miles an hour, and upon looking round the witness saw deceased down on ground and Clarke pulling up his horse.

Witness and Clarke went back and lifted deceased, who was insensible and bleeding from the nose and mouth, into Clarke's cart, and he was driven to Dr. Atkinson's.

Margaret Volkman, wife of a miner residing at Long Gully, deposed to seeing deceased and other boys hanging on to the lorry, and a butcher's cart, driven by Clarke, going the same direction.

She saw one of the boys either push or try to catch deceased, and after wards saw him lying on the ground with the cart pulled up few yards in front of him.

Richard Hamilton, a fellow schoolboy of the deceased, deposed that upon coming out of school several of the boys, including himself and deceased, ran behind the lorry, and upon some of the boys calling out, deceased attempted to cross the road, when the horse in the butcher's cart struck him, knocked him down, and he rear wheel went over his face.

Clarke called out and was pulling in his horse before it struck deceased.

H.L. Atkinson deposed to meeting Clarke near the British & American Hotel with deceased in his cart in a dying state, and after being driven tack to his mother's he expired in a few minutes.

The witness described the nature of the injuries the boy received, and, stated that the cause of death was fracture of the base of the skull and consequent injury to the brain, which no medical or surgical aid could have relieved. In his opinion the injuries arose from a wheel passing over the head.

The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, and added that they attached no blame to James Henry Clarke, the driver of the cart, but that they were unanimously agreed as to the necessity for the proper authorities endeavouring to stop the constant practice of driving too rapidly along roads and street as constantly frequented, as in this case by children.

So James Henry was not guilty in any way ! But how did the *Bendigo Advertiser* help the poor man through what must have been a dreadful experience? The Editorial for the same day as the above report reads:

THE LATE FATAL ACCIDENT AT LONG GULLY

At the inquest held yesterday upon the body of Albert Pentreath Williams, the young lad who was run over by a cart and killed on the Eaglehawk road on Wednesday, the jury entirely absolved James Henry Clarke, the driver of the cart, from blame, it being proved that he was driving at a rate of only about 6 miles an hour, and that the sad accident solely arose from the poor boy running across the road from the back of a lorry, to which he had been hanging on just as the cart was passing.

Mr. Clark has written to us to deny that he was charged with furious driving at the Police Court.

We think under the circumstances that Mr. Clarke should have kept his peace, even if he was not to blame.

---

from the research of Harley Parker Descendant of James Henry Clarke, the son of John Clarke and Ann Smedley, passengers on the *Harpley*.

WHAT IS A CHEVENER?

A chevener was an embroiderer of fine silk stockings, which were especially popular in Victorian times. In 1993 I wrote a book for Nottingham County Council containing biographies of 15 notable people from the county. Amongst them was Ann Birkin (1814-1909) of Ruddington who was the Queen's Chevener.

As a child Ann had been taught chevening by her aunts, and by the age of 12 she was skilled enough to be employed by one of Nottinghams hosiery manufacturers. But in the 1830's as fashions changed and men switched from breeches to trousers the demand for fine stockings fell. The cheveners of Nottingham were especially badly affected and soon after Victoria became Queen in 1837 the young monarch decided to to what she could - and ordered several dozen pairs of white silk stockings hoping to set a trend.

The Queen's stockings were made by John Derrick and on each of them Ann Birkin embroidered the crown and the royal cipher, 'VR'. The Queen was delighted and Ann continued as her chevener for the next 60 years.

In 1898 Victoria sent Ann Birkin a framed and signed portrait which hung in pride of place in the old ladies cottage until she died on 20th April 1909 in her 105th year.

Jill Elias
Nottingham

MARY SELINA SHORE

When Narelle Richardson wrote about John and Adelaide Shore for The Lacemakers of Calais, she commented that nothing was known of their daughter Selina in Australia. Here is the story of Selina and her children.

Mary Selina was born in Calais in 1847, the third child of John Shore and Marie Francoise Adelaide Bouclet, and the only one still surviving when they came to Australia on the *Agincourt* and settled in Bathurst NSW. As Narelle has written, Adelaide Shore died in 1852 and John remarried.

No records of Selina have been found until 1867 when she had a son, registered as Alexander E Shore. Then on 9 June 1869 she married Thomas Watts in the Wesleyan Parsonage, Bathurst. Thomas (aged 41) was a carpenter who had come to Australia in about 1858, possibly in search of gold. Ernest and Isabella Shore, Selina's brother and sister, were witnesses to the marriage. Alec Shore later took the name Watts.

Selina and Thomas lived in Bathurst where Thomas worked as a carpenter. They had eight children, not including Alec, five of whom survived to adulthood:

James	b 19 May 1870
John (Jack) Ernest	b 1872
Herbert Thomas	b 1873, d 1 March 1874
Mary Adelaide	b Dec1874, d 2 Apr1875
Annie Isobel	b 1876, d 17 May 1956
Edith Harriet	b 1878, d 29 May 1961
Eva Elizabeth	b 1879, d 22 Oct 1881
Violet May	b 19 May1883, d 25 Jul1963

At least two of the young children who died did so from complications following measles. Family tradition is that Thomas was a drinker who, at one time was tricked out of being paid for his work on a grand house because of a discussion about method of payment while he was drunk.

In 1888 Alexander Watts married Susie Wills. Their children included Ethel (b 1891), Alexander (b 1893), John (b 1895), Albert (b 1897), Edith (b 1899) (note: may not be a complete list).
Selina died on the 9th August 1892 at a house in Stewart St, Bathurst. She was only 44 years old. Cause of death was given as cirrhosis, though one could suspect she was also worn out with having babies. She was buried in the Church of England Cemetery, Kelso, where her father had been buried. Annie, the oldest surviving daughter, who gave the information for the death certificate, gave her own address as Keppel St.

When Selina died her husband left his family to cope on their own. Violet went to live with Alec (then about 25) and his young family for a little while. James and Jack went off working - James on farming properties and Jack as a ganger on the railways where he was later killed in a shunting accident.

Thomas Watts died on the 20th of January 1901 of heart disease at Parramatta District Hospital aged 72.

The girls, Annie, Edith and Violet, had to support themselves after their mother died. Annie had been training to be a seamstress like her grandmother Shore but had to give that up and go into service. She found a job with Archdeacon Campbell in Mudgee.

Violet, who was only 9 years old, then came to board with a woman in that town. Life was hard and when times were particularly tough supper consisted of 'teakettle broth' - bread and dripping soaked in hot water. Violet later talked of the scares about bushrangers and 'blacks'.

Later the three girls found work in the same household, that of the Rands, a well-known Turramurra family. Annie was cook-housekeeper, Edith was housemaid and Violet was children's nurse.

The Rands were very kind to the girls and when Violet later left to get married they gave her all her household linen - all real linen. The girls used to visit their Aunt Carrie (John Shore's daughter by his second marriage) for 'soirees' but invitations ceased when Edith admitted to

another guest who had known her father that she was in service. He is reported to have said, 'What! Tom Watts' daughter a servant!?'

Annie stayed in the Rands' service for quite a long time, later working as housekeeper to Judge Cohen, but Edie left to go into business on her own. With a friend she ran a guest house in the Blue Mountains and then a mixed business and 'refreshment rooms' in Marian St, Killara until the Depression when the business failed and she became housekeeper for a long-time friend who was a pharmacist.

Violet met her future husband, George Humphreys, on Turramurra Station and they were married on 9 July 1913 at The Parsonage, Forest Lodge (Sydney). She was the only one of the three Watts girls to marry.

George and Violet had quite a hard life by modern standards but were always very close. They had six children who survived infancy (one other baby was 'overlain' - probably a cot death): Violet May (b 1914), Doreen Esma (b 1915), Bruce Alfred (b 1917), Lloyd George Alexander (b 1918), Yvonne Noeleen (b 1920) and Robert Alan (b 1923).

George was a butcher, then meat inspector, and then bought his own butcher's shop in Newcastle, just before the Depression - bad timing, because he just couldn't keep it going and he had to let it go.

The family lived first in Sydney, then the Riverina and later in Newcastle. George and Violet later moved back to North Sydney, where they lived until their deaths in 1960 and 1963, respectively.

Doreen, their second child and my mother, was raised by her aunt, Edie Watts, from the age of about one to 11 years, to make life a bit easier for Violet. She has many vivid memories of her early years in Killara and the not always pleasant contrast of the move to the Riverina where times were very hard. She has always been interested in family history, until recently being a long-term member and keen supporter of ASLC. She and her brother Bob are the only two of Violet's children still alive.

Barbara Manchester
April 2002

BOOK REVIEW

Primrose Past:
The 1848 Journal of Young Lady Primrose

by Caroline Rose Hunt

In 1991, the author made a trip to England and by chance attended a country house auction where she bid on and bought a locked, late 18th century secretary/bookcase, which she then shipped back to her home in Houston. Once there, she was finally able to open it and discovered a concealed compartment containing a small sketchbook, letters with their original sealing wax, and a daily journal, handwritten in 1848. This extraordinary discovery led to the creation of this book and subsequent trips to England to discover more about the identity of the girl who wrote this fascinating diary. Hardbound, a beautifully made book, 250 pages, $26.00

http://www.scarlet-letter.com/BOOKS/Misc/BkMiscPg4.html

Primrose Past: The 1848 Journal of Young Lady Primrose by Caroline Rose Hunt

Fiction ISBN 0060394137 Published by Harper Collins, February 2001 (hardback release)

(thank you RL)

HENRY WATTS IS FOUND

Without doubt, Henry Watts, son of William Watts and Fanny Spinks of Quorndon,nephew of John and Eliza WAND and single man aboard the *Harpley,* has been found. After his arrival in Adelaide in 1848, he simply disappeared.

The research of Glenda Key into her forbear, **a** Henry Watts, has at last discovered documentation that gives her Henry a background pre 1849, and our Henry a future post 1848.

Glenda had been very succesful in tracing Henry through the Victorian goldfields up to his death in Dunolly in 1888 but could not discover how he got to Australia or where he came from. Then in 1864 Henry was hospitalised in Dunolly and his shipping details were recorded.

Her Henry Watts arrived per the *Harpley* in 1848 and so did ours - and so Henry Watts is found!

Henry went to Victoria in 1849 and worked the goldfields of Avoca, Moonambel, Armstrong and Dunolly. He married Ann Walton, a Birmingham girl, on December 20 1850, in Melbourne and raised a large family in the Dunolly district.

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna 1790-1846

A chance discovery turned up this little book, written in the second quarter of the nineteenth centruy and this version printed in 1849. Tonna's message was clear - the poor and oppressed are not to be blamed for their condition of life and women can help their sisters by not indulging in purchases that are above the basic needs of food and clothing. To illustrate the simplicity of this, Charlotte Elizabeth has told four stories: Milliners and dressmakers, The Forsaken Home, The Pinheaders, and The Lacerunners.

The latter is an important story for we descendants of lacemakers. While disturbing, it may well hold many elemnts of truth for all our families and clarify who they were so willing to run such a great risk in emigrating to the other side of the world.At times the language is complex, and large tracts of biblical philosophies - Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna was the daughter of a man of the cloth - have been removed. The story is told in CET's words:

Part IV, The Lace Runner

Chapter 1
LACE MANUFACTURE

There is an article of female attire, elegant, tasteful and becoming and very generally sought after. Some kinds are so costly as to be only

within the reach of the most affluent. Until lately our home manufacture could not produce a fabric to compete with foreign produce and neither can we now equal it.

However this is so promising a trade that great efforts have been made by men with money and the trade employs an immense number of female hands in constant occupation to supply a market that numbers amongst its customers every level of society from the Queen upon the throne to the village barmaid, who cannot serve her beer without a bit of edging to her simple cap - the lace trade!

It is fair that any produce of honest industry should find so ready a sale, and that our own poor should enjoy the profit, rather than foreigners. The labourers in this craft should obtain 'food and raiment' and be content and glad. Their employers should also make a fair though moderate profit and enjoy through this the greater comforts and advantages to which they have become accustomed and then the tradesmen who retail the article should make a reasonable profit also.

The purchaser of what is, under all circumstances, an addition to necessity, in other words a luxury, must be content to give a good price that to remunerate all these agents for its supply.

However, the shopkeeper never fails to secure his profit He charges as high a price as he can in a very competitive field. He then pays the manufacturer as much as will give him the profit he desires and the manufacturer must accept this!

The manufacturer has then to balance what he gets from the retailer with what he has paid, or must pay, for the raw material, and the wages of those who have wrought it into its present form; and the cost of machinery employed, so far as machinery can be made to go towards doing work for which otherwise the poor must be paid. He buys an immense supply of the article, to answer any sudden demand, and lest any brother in the business should profit by it instead of himself.

Accordingly he has many hands at work, among a class who do literally depend for their daily share of the coarsest food, the scantiest raiment, the most miserable shelter, on the daily toil of their own hands; and those being wholly at his mercy, he throws the whole burden upon them. They have no other resource: they will turn to no other quarter for help; they have learnt the business, and however willing, however able to undertake any other branch of industry, they have not a friend in the world to put them in the way of so doing.

Moreover, the number of applicants for employment is so large, and the destitution of those who can't get work is so fearful, that they dare not miss even a day's work for there are hundreds willing to fill the spot.

We can then begin to understand Tom Clarke, widower, who was on the look out for employment for his four daughters. The eldest was Kate and Tom had designed that she go into service. One evening Tom was taking his customary pint at the local inn, when a stranger,, having ascertained that there were more hands than occupations in Tom's family, drew a very flattering picture of the lace-making district and of one in particular.

One or two suspicious people cautioned Clarke that it was a lure. The traveller had been asking questions which showed some ulterior object, and that there were agents known to be on the look-out to tempt people into these districts and when once they there, were not likely to be able to return, and who must therefore work for what pay as they could get and ended up even more destitute and helpless than those belonging to the parishes in which they resided.

Tom turned a deaf ear: he had a great dislike to factories, and other places of imprisonment, as he called it; his own outdoor life, and the habits of the family, tended to strengthen the feeling; and as the traveller assured him that the persons of whom he spoke all worked independently at their own cottages, and that he might easily get his daughter received into one of these families, as a domestic helper, filling up her spare time with the beautiful work of lace-making, it seemed both to him and the girls such a splendid opening, that he was prevailed on to promise them all a share in the advantages, as soon as Kate had settled herself there.

Before accompanying this new adventurer in her promising, career, it may be well to bring our readers somewhat acquainted with the various branches and peculiarities of the lace-making trade.

The manufacture of the main fabric is carried on by machinery, varying in some points. The machines that are worked by hand are sometimes used singly, in separate houses, but more frequently a small number are worked together in a house; while, in a few cases, they are placed together in factories, to the number even of fifty.

The main work is laborious, increasing in difficulty when the machine is wider than the common carriage, and requiring the strength of a man to keep it in action . In some very wide machines, there is occasion for two, or even three men, unless a wheel is used, and then children, generally young boys, are employed to attend to the wheels.

The work is carried on, very frequently twenty out of the twenty-four hours, and the labourers of all ages are consequently to be called for at all tines of the day and night It is usual, towards the end of the week, to keep it on during the whole night, to make up for time lost in the early part by idleness and debauchery. Of course when the workmen choose to be at the business, all the junior hands must be there also.

The machines propelled by steam-power cannot be thus worked at will, but must attended to incessantly, while the engines are going. This usually commences at four in the morning, and continues till twelve at night, making twenty hours of regular work. The work stops at eight on the Saturday, but in many instances they keep it up through the whole of Friday night, to make good the four hours so lost.

It is not uncommon in some factories to go on throughout the whole twenty-four hours, allowing one hour for cleansing the engine and machinery. Two sets of men or lads are employed in such cases, each party take five or six hours at once, called a ' shift" and thus every one has ten or twelve hours work; per diem.

The machines are very perfect, making the lace by their own action, but requiring such incessant, watchful care, such sharp eye kept constantly upon the whole surface of the web to detect and to rectify any blemish or irregularity, that it is beyond any similar employment trying injurious to the sight; so that at forty few indeed can carry it on without the aid of spectacles. This particular mischief belongs to the process in all its

branches, the winding, threading, mending, running, drawing, &c. as will be seen by a little further description.

Winding consists in winding into the brass bobbins thread to make a piece of lace: it is done by young women, requires great care,and, used, and the continued fixing of the eyes t on the metal to which it must be adjusted, the sight is strained, weakened, and permanently injured; though by no means to such an extent as in the next department.

Threading consists in passing the end of the thread, wound as above, through an aperture often no larger than the eye of a needle, in order that it might be properly spread and woven on the machine This is the sole occupation of the threaders during the day and night, and the fatigue both of limb and eye is overpowering.

There never are ' shifts' of threaders: the poor children must work as long as they are wanted; they must, even during the intervals, remain at hand to be ready for the next summons; and no provision is ever made, by mattress, blanket, or any accommodation of any kind whatever, for their obtaining rest during the hours of the night, when they may be spared to snatch a little sleep.

Like dogs, they crouch on the ground, in any corner where they can do so without being walked over; and in no department of labour is more hardship endured than that sustained by the poor threaders,who are very generally, almost universally, boys, and who begin before they are nine years old.

If at home, they are sent for at one, two, three, or four in the morning, as occasion may be; and kepttill eleven. twelve, or one at night Their meals are as irregular as their rest, no time being fixed for them; and the consequence of such uncertainty in eating is most injurious. So far, the business is carried on by those three classes, men to work the machines, young women to wind, and young boys as threaders, where ever the machinery may be: the rest of the business belongs to another class of operations.

Drawing consists in pulling out with a needle the threads that join the widths of lace in one broad piece when they come from the manufactory. How, and by whom this is accomplished, we shall see by and by.

Running,hemming, pearling, as well as mending, are done by the needle, female population of the places where the business is carried on. The enormous price of machines, often becoming useless when fitted up at an expense of some hundreds of pounds, by a sudden change in the fashion which renders that particular pattern of no value, entails a frequent loss on the proprietor; and this forms the general excuse for all hardships imposed on the dependent poor, applying themselves and their children—shall we not rather say applying themselves and sacrificing their children?—without intermission to a most destructive employment during the live long day and not a small part of the night, for a pittance.

When Kate Clarke arrives at her destination, she finds it is a cottage consisting of two rooms: that on the ground floor extending the whole length and width of the building, but very low in proportion, while the chamber, or rather loft above it, following the form of the roof, slants off, so that it is only in the middle a person o£ common stature may comfortably stand upright.

Here she sees a couple of coarse palliasses, laid on the ground, with a little bedding to each,and all the remaining space cumbered with old boxes, and different tools belonging to the trade at which the master of the house works as a journeyman; whilst in the apartment below, a turn-up bedstead leans against the wall, to make room for a deal table; and a number of small frames are wedged close together, the exact purpose of which she does not yet comprehend.

Kate arrived on a Sunday when no work is done. The man and his wife, both quiet, dull sort of people, and their five or six children,are not particularly interesting to Kate but she takes a fancy to the youngest, a lovely little girl, under three years old, pale and delicate, yet with more vivacity in her looks than any other of the family, in whom Kate hopes to find a merry companion, when running out on messages and doing the household work.

Mrs Collins seems unconcerned as to the appearance or temper of her new domestic, nor does she seem to require her help in household matters, to which she attends, mechanically enough, herself.

The principal object of Mrs. Collin's attention seemed to be a rather large but light package, loosely done up, from which she occasionally drew forth a corner of what appeared to Kate the most costly article she

had ever seen, being fine as a cobweb; and which she rightly conjectured to be lace received from the factory.

The children, on the contrary, eye it askance and with unfriendly looks; except the boy, seemingly about nine years old, who is absorbed in a game of dibs, near the door-way, while the little one, whom they call Sally, picks up the bones as they roll down, and jumping and laughing restores them to him.

A piece of pork, brought by the villagers, as a gift, having been boiled for supper, they all sit down to it, with appetites that seem to have been sharpened by previous abstinence and Tom Clarke, highly satisfied with his daughter's prospects, takes a cordial leave of her and her employers, pausing at the door, to observe, with a triumphant snap of the fingers, ' They shan't have it to say of me as they do of John Smith, that he made slaves of his children. I know better than to put mine in a factory prison. No, no ' Home, sweet home ' for me ' and he departs, whistling the tune of that favourite strain.

Chapter 2
EMBROIDERING

Kate has nestled, during the night, on one of the mattresses with two of the young Collins; the other is shared between the third girl and a young woman, a winder at the nearest factory, who pays by the night, when she can comes for her lodging; little Sally, with her parents, occupying the bedstead below. and as for the boy, he was ordered to be at his work by two, and only laid down on a heap of clothes in the warmest corner of the apartment.

At four, the bustle occasioned by the winder hurrying off to her business, effectually rouses Kate; who hears her master go out before five to his jobs among damaged machinery, or the construction of new articles. The whole family are now astir, and Kate expects to enter upon a bustling day's work; but on descending into the principal room, she sees her mistress turn up the bed just as it had been slept in, stuff behind its frame all the clothes and other things that had been lying about, without the slightest attempt at folding them up, or any other idea, apparently, than that of getting them out of the way; and then set the various stands to which frames were attached for running, each over against a chair or stool, or short bench that extended before two of them. This done, she bids Kate set the kettle, which one of the girls had

just filled at a neighbouring pump, upon the fire, now beginning rise, and then to wash her hands and come to work.

This washing of hands is carefully at tended to by all, but the ablutions proceed little farther; clean faces do not seem to be thought much of, though little Sally holds hers up, with a petitioning look to her mother, who just rubs it over with the damp towel on which she has wiped her own hands.

Kate is delighted to think that, amid all these preparations for a working party, she should have this sweet babe for her own charge and companion about the house, and great is her astonishment on seeing a very low bench pulled out from under the table, and Sally with a mournful look, placing herself upon it, quite at one end, while the mother, taking up a long, wide piece of lace, lays it across the middle of the bench places a needle in the child's hand, and saying, somewhat sharply, ' Now mind your work, for there is a long spell of it to be done afore ten to-night,' proceeds to separate and arrange the respective tasks of the others.

Having ascertained that Kate never saw anything of the kind before, she decides that she also shall commence ' drawing ;' and deputes one of the girls to instruct her in that easy process. She has only to take up with the needle a certain thread, easily discovered after a little practice, and carefully to draw it out; so separating into equal widths the large piece which came from the frame. It is easier, however, to teach Kate to do a thing than to succeed in fixing her attention on it for five minutes together: her vagrant habits and vacant mind alike unfit her for steady application; and many and harsh are the reproofs called down by her manifest inattention to her business, by looking up every time a movement is made, or a new-comer drops in.

For Mrs. Collins does not employ her own family alone: she has six other helpers in daily attendance; two of whom, being not more than five or six years old, are seated with Sally on the little bench, three more at frames for running; where also Mrs. Collins and her eldest girl work, and the fifth is engaged with the other daughters in the various departments to which that important packet requires to be submitted.

Kate longs for the breakfast hour; not so much from hunger but because of the prospects it holds for her of a little active employment—a change in the scene so excessively and disagreeably new to her. She had

never been at school always looking with compassionate contempt on such as could submit to three hours confinement in one place; and on such a principle did she also reecho her fathers condemnation of factory engagements. She now resolves to spin out the household work as much as possible, and put off to the last minute the return to this monotonous drudgery.

But when at length the breakfast time arrives, the master of the house comes with it, and throwing a quick glance around to ascertain that all were at their posts, he proceeds to perform the offices that Kate has supposed, as a matter of course, to belong to her, and setting out the motley array of mugs, cups, &c., makes a pot of tea for him self and his wife, mixing milk and water for the girls and Kate, and cutting slices a loaf of coarse bread, some of which he spreads with rancid butter, and the rest with grease, skimmed from the boilings of last night's pork. All being ready, he gives the word, something brought in her hand for the morning's meal, except one, who states she breakfasted at home.
Collins is the first to finish and leave; and Kate gladly prepares to wash up the things used, but finds that operation either dispensed with or postponed; for each person takes her own drinking vessel to
the corner cupboard whence all come, and having thrown any dregs into the fireplace,piles them up as they are.

Mrs Collins gives the table a sweeping brush with her arm, wipes the latter with the common jack-towel, and orders the party to work again. 'Yes Ma'm', says Kate, 'I suppose I shall go to *my* work now, and tidy the room upstairs.'

'You'll go to your work there,' answers the mistress, pointing to the lace. Then she adds, 'The things upstairs isn't in nobody's way - time enough for them when ye go to bed.'

The drawing, running, hemming and purling are resumed; no wander ing glances or loitering fingers escape the vigilance or rebuke of Mrs Collins. She discourages conversation by very significant hints, when anyone seems inclined to be chatty; and the continually repeated 'Mind your work,' is sometimes accompanied by a threat.

Little Sally is heard to laugh in a suppressed tone: and one of her young companions has evidently told her something amusing; this elicits a menace, ' Now mind your work, you naughty child, or you shan't go to the Sunday-school next year: no, nor the year after that.'

Sally looks frightened, and her tiny fingers pick the threads with double zeal; while the terrible frown bent on her little comrade, quickly subdues her spirits. The approach of the dinner-hour does not much elate the disheartened villager; but it proves better than her hopes, as a whole half hour is allowed to the family, and an hour to the others who have to go home for this meal. To her unspeakable delight, she is ordered to run to the corner shop, and bring some candles, and one of the girls shows her the way.

As they go, she ventures to ask how late they will work ' I dare say till eleven or more at night,' answers the other with a sigh; but recollecting her mother had told Sally it was to be done by ten, she corrects herself in a more sprightly tone, "Mother has some washing to finish too."
'But the little beauty can't sit working until ten?'
'She must work as long as there's work to do and so we all must. Sally keeps up better than we sometimes,because if she's good for a year she's to be let go to the Sunday School, and learn to write and read when she's four'

They have reached the grocers, made their purchase and run home. " A precious long time you've been, and time enough lost," observes the mistress;

The meal is over; Kate regrets having provided them with a dinner of cold pork, but for which she might have to cook something, but the matter cannot be remedied. When the other girls return, they all receive a lecture on the value of the three minutes by which they have overstaid their hour; and Kate, while she pities them, cannot but find an excuse in her heart for the rigid employer, herself so poor, and labouring with her whole family even harder than they were required to do.

With a degree of candid good-nature, frequently found in people who can scarcely render an intelligible reason for what they do or say, this girl ever ready to frame excuses to herself for the failings of those around her; and her unwillingness to impute bad motives or criminal intentions to persons whose conduct really justify such suspicions, ranks poor Kate among a class peculiarly needing the watchful care of a judicious guide. But she has never known such; her sickly mother had no more power than her idle dissipated father, to train a young family in the way they should go and now that Kate is far from even the shelter of such a home as she had - who shall be her helper ?
But such thoughts troubled not Kate: apart from the desire to enjoy

unbounded freedom she, is the most unselfish of beings; and now as the day disappears her feelings are absorbed in painful anxiety about little Sally, the child of three summers whom she sees frequently rubbing her heavy eyes with the back of her small hand, and struggling hard against drowsiness.

At length, unable to bear the sight of the little one being forced to work, she ventured to say ' Please ma'am, if I sit up and do little Sally's work, might she go to bed ?"
'And who's to do your work then?' asks the mother dryly, without looking up while a whispered remark, ' How good-natured she is !' passed among the girls.

The same thought seems also to move Mrs. Collins, for she resumes in a kinder tone, 'Poor people like us, Kate, can't afford to be idle: young and old, we must work for the bit we eat; and though the work is over hard, and the morsel too little, we can't help ourselves.

Sally is better off than the poor thing next to her; for as soon as work's done, she'll be carried up to her bed, snug and warm; but yon child has a good half mile to toddle through the rain that's beginning to beat on the window, and a cold welcome and hard lodging too from them that's no kin to her.'
'True enough,' is the remark of more than one voice; but as the speakers steal a look of compassion on its wan, half naked object, the admonitory exclamation 'Mind own work, girls !'

Mrs. Collins then, seeming to have resumed her more talkative habit, in which she rarely indulged, goes on; 'Kate, we ain't over strict with you, being your first day; but it's a proof you ain't minding your own work when you can tell how other people look. Now this business don't allow of staring about or talking. Not a moment is to be lost; and if you lift your eyes up, it must either be that you leave off the while, or else you go on without seeing what you're about. Then as to talking, young people don't know how to let their tongues run one way and their eyes another; -nor they can't think entirely about how they are doing their work, and at the same time mind what other people are saying,'

— and suddenly Mrs. Collins turned her face directly towards Kate, looking full at her through the spectacles that she had put on when sitting down to the frame, catching the girl - in an attitude of attentive listening to what she was saying, but at the same time wholly forgetful

of the lace which she holds in her left hand, and the needle in her right prepared to pick up a thread.

' You see,' continues her mistress, ' now, because I was just speaking to you, all your business is at a stand still.'
' Please ma'am, I was minding what you said.'
'And that shows that the rule of a work-room ought to be to say nothing. So, once for all, every one of you, I tell you the one thing you've to mind is to mind your work.'

' If I'm hanged for it,' thinks Kate,' I shall never be able to go on at this. All the live-long day to sit over a trumpery fine thing, and not to go out, not t move, not to look up, not to speak ! My feet are as cold as a stone, just with sit ting still; and my eyes are as good as poked out with part of one day's picking of these good-for-nothing threads. I haven't heard a laugh since I got up this morning, and the corners of all their mouths look as if they never laughed in all their lives.

Then, how white they are ! how thin how crooked they look ! and no wonder, while they sit at their frames with one shoulder up, all the day long. And the little ones ! that breaks my heart to think of. Well, there's one comfort for me: she'll soon have to set me to look after a baby, for she hasn't time herself, and she can't put that to work, any ho-v, before it can use its poor little hands. Yes, I shall be nurse-maid, and what a comfort it will be to toss my arms about, and run out and in ! I'll do my best now, to keep their good-will, that nobody else may get my place.'

With this long soliloquy, Kate, naturally the most light-hearted of girls, reconciles herself to present evils, and works so very diligently to the last minute, that her mistress remarks in her hearing, that if the new broom goes on sweeping as clean as now, 'twill be an uncommon good thing for herself. A word of praise goes a great way with Kate, whom no words of com mand would move contrary to her own wild will; and she goes to her rest, half reconciled to her lot, though the aching of her eyes, and unwonted coldness of her hands and feet, are a hindrance to the little sleep she might hope to enjoy before the winder's early movements put that sweet visitant to flight.

The event draws near to which Kate is looking forward with so much satisfaction, not only on account of the liberty that she expects thereby to enjoy, but because she is really and tenderly fond of children. On the Sunday that precedes it, she is listening to the complaints of the young

winder, who is so ill as to keep her bed all day, and comparing the respective hardships of their situation; in the midst of which, Kate hints at the holiday that she may expect in the capacity of nurse-maid, and is startled by the look, no less than by the reply of her companion, who says, 'Never fool yourself with such a fancy; the child will make no manner of difference in the goings on.'

'It can't help making a difference.A baby must be nursed, for nobody could bear their lives hearing a poor thing bawling and crying all day to be taken up and dandled. It must be fed, and cleaned, and carried about.'

' You're a fool !'

' Thankee,' says Kate good-humouredly, ' many people says the same of me; but I've sense enough to know that a little infant must be nursed when it isn't asleep.'

' You'll see.'

' But tell me, can't ye ? If I am fooling myself with the hope of a holiday, best
know the worst at once ;' and her .large blue eyes filled with tears.

' Listen then: as soon as the child's born, they'll give it laudanum, if there's any piece of work; and in a day or two she'll be at the needle; or at best they'll give it Godfrey to begin with, and so go on to laudanum, as she gets up, and sleep itday and night.'

Kate stares, trying to comprehend the exact meaning of all this which puzzles her greatly; for she knows nothing of Godfrey, and very little about the other drug. The girl, taking her silence as a proof of disbelief, goes on, ' I tell you it's true: I had a child myself last year, and they taught me to keep it quiet—'tis quiet enough naw,poor little wretch ;' and she laughs; but in a way that makes

Kate recoil, as she exclaims, 'You! I didn't know you was married ?'

'Who said I was?' retorts the other, almost fiercely; then flinging herselfround to the other side, she continues muttering, laughing, and crying, to the very great dismay of the village girl, who concludes that she is mad, and slinks away.

Next day, Mrs. Collins says, ' Kate, when you go to the grocer's, run round the corner beyond to the 'apothecary's, and get me three pen'orth of Godfrey, and the same of laudanum. There's the sixpence ;' and she

carefully takes one out of a piece of paper in which it seems to have been long wrapped up for some special purpose. Kate's heart fails her, but she is silent.

On going to the shop, she finds a crowd of miserable-looking women, and young girls and boys, all waiting to be served with a black thick composition that stands on the counter in a very large jar. When her turn comes, she produces two vials, given her by her mistress, and makes her demand; but in so faltering a voice, that the master of the shop lifts his eyes from the ledger, while the apprentice fills her bottles, and says, ' Is it for yourself ?"

' No, sir, for my missus,—Mrs. Collins.'
' Ah ! I suspected as much as that she would take her own way. Hitherto she has set a good example, not giving any of these drugs to her children, and I did my utmost to encourage her in it but, like others, she is rowing with the stream.' This was addressed to the lad beside him; then, turning to Kate, ' Is the child born yet ?'

' No, sir: please sir,' she hesitates and looks round; the shop is clear, for all have hastened away to work; the chemist says, ' Well ?' and his kind look encourages her; she colours, and says, ' Please sir, will these things hurt the child ?'

' To be sure they will, and they must.' Then turning to his apprentice, he proceeds to explain, in technical terms, the evils produced by this frightful system and Kate longing yet afraid to ask,'Then, why do you sell them the drugs ? ' leaves the shop with her purchases.

The next evening, Kate is kept up to be at hand; and before daybreak, to her great delight, she is entrusted to complete the first dressing of a very fine little boy. She has tied on the cap, and holding him at arms length, exclaims in a smothered voice, ' O you beauty of a love and a darling ! You little precious thing, you !' and then hugging the poor infant, covers its little forehead with kisses.

'Come, come,' says the rough voice of a woman whose attendance had been called in, and who now leaves the mother to look after the child; ' Come you silly girl, put the babby down on your lap, and give him a spoonful of Godfrey. Not a very big spoonful, as he's pretty quiet.' She places a vial and a spoon on the chair before Kate, and goes back to her post. Poor Kate ! it is a new and severe trial to her feelings; but her mind

is made up: she nearly fills the spoon, and resolves to take the first moment when secure of not being seen, to empty it among the cinders. This she effects, and with the cunning of instinct just smears the infant's lip with the back of the spoon; at the same time mentally saying, ' Who ever poisons thee, I won't.'

After this Kate is told she may go to her room and lie down for an hour; the babe is placed beside its mother, and when the party assemble at their work, both are found in a sound sleep; from which the baby first wakes, crying most lustily the nurse seeing him continue wakeful, declares that the Godfrey must be good for nothing, and recommends a stronger dose, which is administered by the eldest girl, and he is soon torpid. In two or three days, Mrs. Collins has her frame fixed on the bed, and works away to the utmost of her strength, the child being kept quiet by regular doses, and very sparingly nourished. One morning when he cries, and Kate is ordered to hand the Godfrey, she ventures to expostulate, ' Please ma'am, if you'd let him suck a bit he'd be easy, and go to sleep.'

'Yes,' replied the mother,: I know that; but then he'd get the habit of wanting suck ever so many times a day, instead of only morning, and dinner-time, and night; and I must leave off my business to take him, or have my head split with his crying. I'm training him now to do without, so as to let me mind my work. Come, come, give us the bottle, and go and mind your work.'

She is soon up, and at her frame again, and Kate's lively spirits utterly fail under the disappointment. It is not enough that little Sally sits upon her low bench all day, plying her delicate fingers, and utterly losing all the natural characteristics of happy childhood in the silent gloom of such unceasing labour; there, opposite to her, lies on the untidy, unwholesome bed,the breathing corpse of a babe, at its birth remarkably lovely, plump, and sprightly, now haggard, ghastly, and dwindling away, instead of growing, under the poisonous influence of a narcotic drug which is forced through his loathing lips whenever he cries for that nourishment, the superabundance of which actually oppresses and pains his mother, who sits within two paces of his couch.

To render the scene more revolting, the cat the necessary appendage of a house where the low neighbourhood swarms with rats, has a kitten in a snug corner and takes good care to act a natural part by the sleek fat little beast, whose faint purring,while drawing its fill of the warm

nutriment often falls on Kate's ear in the dead silence of that gloomy work-room, when the moan of the hungry babe has died away under the powerful operation of the murderous drug.

Her own condition is grievous enough; she has become subject to colds and sore-throat; evils unknown in her former course of life; her appetite is gone, her eyes smart and burn, and are, even in the deepest darkness, constantly oppressed by the presence of balls and sparkles of light, when she tries to sleep.

If sent out on a message, she takes advantage of such momentary freedom, to prolong the time of absence, making any false excuse that occurs, to account for it; or in sulky silence receiving the sharp reprimand of her offended mistress. More than once, violent hysterical fit has ensued after a long struggle with suppressed feeling, and Kate is on the worst terms with all around her, except little Sally, whose comfort is by no means promoted by her injudicious partisanship, and occasional hints at the cruelty of overworking such a mere infant.

But new troubles are at hand. One of the little girls comes sick and feverish, and is unheeded as usual, until at the dinner-hour, when others go home, she begs with sobs to be allowed to lie down on the floor; and Mrs. Collins having covered her frame, finds time to look at the child, who is now disfigured with red spots that have been gradually showing themselves during the morning.
'T'is measles !' cries the alarmed mother, 'and Sally and the baby will have I caught them.'A few days suffice to prove the justness of her apprehension. Sally sickens rapidly, her burning with fever beside her dying little brother.

Next issue: Chapter Sorrows and Struggles
in which one small child loses his life and Mrs Collins enlightens Kate, and the reader on a number of issues, Kate meets a pawnbroker and the ever pervasive difficulties of the lace trade become clearer

SHIPPING NEWS

The captains fo the *Agincourt*, *Fairlie* and *Harpley* all reported 'speaking' with others on their voyages to Australia. However, they failed to mention any but the passenegr ships they met. According to Biddles British Ships 1846-1849 (voyages to Melbourne):

- the *Cheapside*, a cargo ship, spoke to the *Harpley*, bound for Adelaide, with immigrants, off the Cape
- on 25 September, the *Sarah Trotman*, also a cargo ship spoke with the *Agincourt* from London, with immigrants and the latter reported having spoken to the *Castle Eden* with immigrants, on the previous day
- the *Nelson* to Melbourne (with the Strong family on board) was reported as being a splendid fast Clyde built barque that loaded at the London dock; she had a full poop deck and beautiful accomodation for passengers
- the *Navarimo's* passenger list did not mention the Mathers, but recorded thirty in steerage.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY ASYLUM

Sneinton, near Nottingham
A County/Subscription Hospital
Original asylum opened in 1810 for about 60 patients, at a cost of £19,819 and called The General Lunatic Asylum for the Town and County of Nottingham. 1812 is usually given as the opening date. There may have been a formal opening on Wednesday 12.2.1812. Recorded administration archives go back to 1803.
1.1.1844 177 patients. 125 pauper and 52 private.
Private patients were moved to The Coppice Hospital, Nottingham in 1855 and the asylum became the County and Borough of Nottingham Lunatic Asylum until 1880, when the asylum only served the county.
Saxondale Hospital, Radcliffe on Trent, Nottinghamshire, NG12 2JN was built to replace Sneinton Asylum in 1902. Closed about 1988.

Richard Lander

FOR THE GENEALOGIST

DUCK - BARSBY

The parents of Thomas Duck, per Agincourt, were James Duck and mary Barsby. Mary Barsby was the daughter of Richard Barsby and Elizabeth Raynor. From Barabara Clare Cox, of NSW, via David Litchfield of England!

MARY AND HUMPHREY HOPKINS AND MARY RUSHTON - To provoke thought

Aboard the *Harpley* were Elizabeth and Humphrey Hopkins, both in their forties and accompanied by a young lady, Mary Rushton, aged 22. But who was she?

Could Rushton have been wrongly translated from Roughton? Humphrey's grandfather's sister Mary married JohnRoughton. A descendant from this line was a Mary Roughton, born 1826, as Mary Rushton was - and mary would have been Humphrey's second cousin. Worth a thought?

JOSEPH CLARKE

Joseph Clarke arrived per *Harpley* with an unamed wife and child. He remains a mystery. Can anyone in South Australia assist?

LUCY WAINWRIGHT and her DAME SCHOOL

Lucy Wainwright ran a Dame school in Queanbeyan around 1880. It is mentioned briefly in the history of Queanbeyan written by Errol Lea-Scarlett. The editor has searched for more evidence, to no avail. She had a rare oppportunity of asking Mr Lea-Scarlett - who began the conversation by asking if he knew we had a Lacemaker in Queanbeyan - Mr Errol Lea-Scarlett knew about the Dame school because his grandmother attended it and he has a small book presented to her - and he remembers a little verse she learned there!

He wouldna' do this
And he wouldna' do tha'..
But he would put a penny
In the Sunday Ha'

British Burials in Calais Sud Burial Ground (continued)

These entries have been transcribed from the records of the Anglican Church in Calais, held by the PRO - 33/52 (1819-1847). The PRO also hold a file 33/53 that covers 1840 - 1872. There is another register that remains in Calais having been bought after the war as part of a 'job lot'. It is well preserved in the hands of a careful collector and has been copied. It overlaps with PRO 33/53.

The burial entries in *Tulle* Volume 20 No 1, February 2002, were mostly recorded by the Rev John Liptrott, the Anglican minister of the time and were without comment. From 1841 to 1844 the entries seem to have been made mostly by Thomas Clark, chaplain, who gave more information about the deceased.

The list is organised:
Surname, Given name, date of burial, age, comment
*** comments are editor's addition**

Allen George 21.9.42, 31
Andrews Ellen 27.4.42, 10 wks Dtr of Francis & Ellen
Apperley Charlotte17.4.40, Infant Dtr of Charles James & Sarah
Apps Jane 6.7.42, 80
Bailey Elizabeth Ann 1.12.40, 32 Wife of John Bailey
Baker Thomas 27.5.40, 44 Captain, RN
Barrett Mary Anne 28.7.42, 54
Barrowcliffe William Hart 29.4.44, 3 mths
Barry Mary 30.12.44, 51
Bonnet Sarah 26.3.40, mths Dtr of Louis & Lydia
Boulton Elizabeth 5.5.44, 26
Bradley John 28.8.41, 66
Bray James 26.11.44, 52
Brook Frederick 14.11.42,76
Brook Frederick 8.11.42, 11 Guines
Brooke William Henry 29.8.40, 70
Brookes Josiah 17.10.42, 14 Son of George & Ann of Worcester
Brown Sarah Bignell 29.4.44, 58
Brown Sophie Augusta 5.10.40 63 Wife of John Brown - died Sept 26!
Brownlow William 23.5.41 1 Son of William & Emma -Parents per *Agincourt* *
Cook Louisa Ann23.8.40 10 Dtr of Thomas & Eliza Cook
Creswell David 3.1.42, 51, Father of Sarah Wells,per *Harpley* *
Currey William Wilson 20.2.44 72
Davies John 24.5.42 49

Davis Jane7.5.40 42 Widow
Davis William .1.41 13 Son of Joseph & Hannah - parents may have been Joseph Davis per Harpley*
Dodd Lucy Sarah 15.7.44 43
Edwards Pauline10.1.42 4
Fox Isaiah 11.7.43 2 Son Eliza Lowe - *Agincourt**
Frizell Helen Sarah 26.8.403 Dtr of Charles & Josephine Frizell
Gaman George 10.9.41 3 Son of George & Amelia
Gaman John 13.5.44 2
Gladson Richard 5.8.42 46
Gorely Thomas Worthington 7.6.43 57
Gosling John25.5.44 83
Hakewell Maria C28.1.42 55
Hazard Eliza17.12.44 3
Hazard George 17.12.44 2
Hazard George 16.12.41 3 mths Son of George & Ann
Hazledine William John 17.10.41 11 days
Hemming Daniel 22.6.44 50 Guines
Hemsely or Gorely Ann 30.8.40 25
Hemsley or Gorely Thomas 16.9.40 2 Base born Ann H or G
Hiatt Eugene 22.1.40 16
Hiskey Mary Ann 9.3.40 9 mths Dtr of Mary Anne Hiskey
Hiskey William 19.3.40 19 Batchelor
Hunt Sophie Mary 2.12.4 51
James Mary 17.6.44 48
Johnson Herbert Augustus 28.10.44 Infantof Hugh Mills Johnson & Jane Bunbury
Jones George 1.7.44 85 Monmouth
JudkinsMary Thompson ..7.43 46
Kirby Emmarita 26.5.43 27 Guines
KnowlesHenry 15.11.43 5
Lane Isaac12.5.43 82
Larendon Elizabeth Jane 14.5.43 32
Macey Edward Thomas 25.7.43 17
Macey GeorgeHenry Achille 6.12.42 3 days
McDougall Mary Ann 17.12.40 40 Wife of John
Moore Charles 21.5.42 2 mths
Parsons Henry 20.10.42 6 mths
Pepper Elizabeth 9.6.40 35 Spinster - probable sister of Esthe Holmesr per *Harpley* *
Pepper William 26.7.41 64 - probale father of Esther, see above*
Potter Susannah 30.9.42 31
Raby George 3.8.42 81

Rede Anne 7.9.43 63
Robertson John Parrish 5.11.43 52
Skeavington Charlotte 1.11.40 60 Wife of Michael
Smith Elizabeth 2.11.41 2 Dtr of John & Elizabeth
Smith Elizabeth Julian 13.11.41 49 Wife of Samuel, died near Ardres
Smith Elizabeth Kingsford 4.5.40 44 Wife of William Smith
Smith John 11.9.42 4 mths
Smith Sarah 29.10.41 7 Dtr of John & Elizabeth
Somerset Catherine 22.11.41 22
Starr Sarah 20.8.43 37
Starr Sarah 28.11.40 3 Dtr of Richard & Sarah
Starr Thomas 27.3.42 mths Son of Richard & sarah
Stubbs Francis 26.12.44 42 Children per Harpley* wife and remaining children arrived later
Tainsh Elizabeth 31.3.42 62 Widow
Tempest Caroline 10.10.42 15
Tempest John 24.2.43 73
Thorne Alfred William T 10.10.44 64
Thweng George Alphonso 25.8.42 62
Tomlin Ann 2.11.40 22 Spinster
Tomlinson John .1.43 17 mths
Twiball Rosanna 21.6.44 56
Vickers Sarah Anne 24.12.44,12 wks, daughter of Wiliam and Sarah per *Agincourt* *
Walker William 10.6.44 53
Wand Elizabeth 21.6.40 Infant Base born Dtr of Ann'Wand' - parents per *Agincourt*, having married before sailing*
Watkins Mathilda 22.5.41 17
Watson ot Pettit Sarah 16.10.44 33
Webster Jessie 27.3.43 48
Wells Sophie 10.1.41 6 mths Dtr of Walter & Sophie, per *Harpley**
Wentworth Amelia 23.5.42
West Valentine Friend 1.8.44,24, brother of Robert McMurray per *Agincourt**
Whitmarsh Henry Joseph 11.6.41 63 married man
Whitmarsh William 13.9.43 32
Wilkinson Ann Bevan 7.4.44 35
Wilkinson Ann E S 20.4.42 34
Woodforth Elizabeth 7.5.40 Infant,Dtr of James & Elizabeth W, per *Agincourt**
Wright Mary 12.7.44 60

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