

Tulle

*Issue Number 37
October, 1992*



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH KELSO

AMANDROSE '78

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

MEETING
Saturday, October 17, 1992
Meeting Room
Archives of NSW
Globe Street
Sydney

Lunch Catered: \$10.

Could you let Enid know as soon as possible that you are attending.

Phone: 02 632 2639

We return to our original meeting place for this special gathering when we will have Miss Anne Fewkes as our Guest of Honour.

Anne is from Nottingham and is Membership Secretary for the Nottingham Family History Society. She also has a connection with the Lacemakers through the Oldhams!

This is a unique opportunity to chat with a Nottinghamshire lady who shares our interests, so a luncheon has been planned and because we book the venue for the day, you are invited to gather earlier than usual. Lunch will be at 1.00, the rooms available from 11.00 on. After lunch Anne will address us with slides of Nottingham. Please let Enid know as soon as possible if you are attending, as she is organising lunch for us.

First Meeting, 1993

Saturday, February 27th, 1993

Venue: To be advised

Annual General Meeting.

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Our newspapers, radio and TV are full of depressing news. It would seem that a great part of the world is fighting famine, natural disasters or each other. So to find some good news, I decided to look at the past and the future, and ignore the present.

For the past, the good news is that our ancestors decided to leave the turmoil of Europe and seek refuge on the other side of the world. Their close relationship over such a long period and under the diverse circumstances that prevailed in Nottingham, Calais, on board ship and then in Australia created unique bonds of friendship and dependence that is still evident today. I am sure the kinship that bound our Lacemakers is still being felt today in the kinship of our Society.

I see our personal future through the eyes of our children and grandchildren. Our three grandchildren, three, five and seven, provide us with some lessons in living. They remind us that life isn't such a big deal. The main events are: a good breakfast, a jelly bean, a walk to the beach, building a sand castle, wiggling your toes in the sand, a splash in the ocean, touching the smooth bark of a tree, seeing a lizard scuttle to safety. To them, the costly or complex things are not necessarily important. Better to love and be loved than all the material things in the world.

Some grandparents call their grandchildren little devils, but I must say I would personally sooner be a little devil of four or five than a grandparent of 70 or 80. When Gemma comes running to you with arms outstretched, eyes sparkling with gaiety and lips pursed for kissing, you are filled with joy. I know there must be other grand-daughters as delightful as Gemma, but where in the world would we find one?

The grandchild relationship is totally different to that you had with your own children. There is more time to give. It is much easier for Grandparents to give treats and be treaty without feeling guilty.

There is no doubt there are still some Lacemaker genes in our children and grandchildren. Will they provide the Lacemakers with a thread of mortality?

Bruce Goodwin

AND THE SECRETARY'S

Our Tenth Birthday Celebration which was held at the State Library was well attended. Our thanks to Gillian who brought some photos of our forebears, and told us what she had learned about each. Unfortunately we had no black out facilities and the photos did not project very clearly. However it was still very enjoyable.

As you know, our Society was invited to mount a display in St Peter's Craft and Historical Exposition on 5th September. Bruce and I attended this. It was a very interesting afternoon and while we did not find any new member, many seemd genuinely interested in our history and our lace.

Many members seem confused about their membership fees. Some have paid twice this year and I will sort that before the meeting. Our membership starts at the beginning of each year, ie January, not July, as was the case when the Society first formed.

Our next meeting has been put forward to October 17th when we will have Miss Anne Fewkes, a member of the Nottingham FHS as our guest. She will be talking to us and showing some slides. Note Venue change on iside cover. I will not be bringing books to that meeting unless someone specifically asks me to.

Welcome to new members, Mrs Saddington , Mrs Rice of the Barnett family and Mr Andrew Saywell, family obvious!

It's early, but my last chance this year to wish all members, especially country and interstate ones, a Merry Christmas and a succesful New Year.

Enid Bastick

*So they dreamed of home,
the expatriots, lonely, not knowing
That they carried in their hearts
not snow, nor robins, nor holly,
But the age-old wish for belonging.*

Dorothy Drain

THE TREASURY**4.7.92****Balance brought forward** \$ 3107 . 66**Receipts**

55 subscriptions	\$ 825 . 00
Sale of lace (Lillian Price)	35 . 81
Sale of Books	28 . 50
Proceeds from raffle	51 . 00
Sale of Tulle	5 . 00

Total Receipts **945 . 31****Payments**

Rent	20 . 00
Enid Bastick (Sec's Expenses)	153 . 00
AJR Simpson (for Nottingham Record series)	70 . 00
Gillian Kelly (production of Tulle)	400 . 00
	1 . 32

Total Payments **644 . 62****CREDIT BALANCE** **# 3408 . 35****Gwen Chinner
1914 - 1992**

It is with sadness that we report the death of Gwen Chinner.

Gwen was from the Nutt family and had belonged to the Lacemakers since 1983. She was a regular meeting attender and regarded with great affection.

We will miss her greatly, and offer our deepest sympathy to her family.

AND FINALLY, THE EDITOR'S

I must be amongst the luckiest of editors! Your response to my pleas for input to Tulle has been marvellous and your support for the journal is humbling! I thank you.

In this issue we have several stories from members, with pieces from Bob Peet, Jack Clifford and Mignon Preston to come in the January issue. My photographic collection has grown too, and I hope to use a great many of them in issues to come.

Genealogy is a fairly common disease, and it can't be separated from social history. I often wonder what it is in our genes that makes us curious enough to spend so many hours tracking down where our forebears went and what they did. Not everyone in every family has this and yet there seems to me to be some commonality in people that causes them to pursue not merely their birth-line, but the lives of their forebears. Whatever that commonality is, our members all have it.

It would be very unrealistic to expect that every family that came as Lacemakers will have someone with this streak. Those who have will eventually find us through the normal research trails. It is those who haven't, that I seek!

For the first time since the Society's inception we have actively searched for contacts with all those missing families. Lindsay Watts undertook a major post-out of a leaflet to all Family History and Genealogy Societies and I have posted the same leaflet to a great many people I know are researching the family names that match the Lacemakers'. Beth Williams and Lucy Siffert, amongst others, regularly speak to groups. All this is bearing fruit and we are gathering the stories of a great many of our families. Please help us by being aware of the names involvedFor the Genealogist carries an article to help!

As 1992 draws to a close, may I wish you a very happy Christmas, and may 1993 be marvellous!

Gillian Kelly



Thomas, son of Charles and Jane Crofts.

- an eight year old passenger on the Agincourt.

Thomas was about twelve years when the family moved in from O'Connell and not long after that his father arranged an apprenticeship for him with a Cordwainer named Cheyney. Cheyney was a hard taskmaster, but an excellent tradesman and teacher, and apparently Thomas was a good pupil because later he had a very successful business .

The stories of his apprenticeship seem to have something of Dickens about them. There was another little boy learning the trade with Thomas. The boys had to live in and do chores around the house: chopping wood, washing up and minding the babies. On Saturday evening they had to clean the shoes and on Sunday one of them stayed at home to keep the fires going, see dinner did not burn and look after the baby, while the other one went to church with the family. They were beaten for trivial things, which seems an extraordinary state of affairs as their fathers were paying a fee for them to learn their trade, and for their board and lodgings.

At the end of his apprenticeship Thomas worked for a saddler for a few years and then started his own business at the lower end of Rankin Street not far from the George Street Falls which was the

crossing place for all traffic coming in to Bathurst from the other side of the River. At that time there was no bridge, and pedestrians to and from Kelso had to take a boat. At first he devoted his business activities to the making and repairing of saddles and harness, but as footwear was mostly imported and goods were often slow in arriving, the need for work boots became urgent. Thomas began making them and there was such a demand that he gave up saddlery and concentrated on footwear.

Thomas was "walking out" with a young lady named Naomi Seymour, the daughter of a carpenter, Stephen Seymour of Kelso. In 1868 at the age of 20, they married, and had three little daughters, Ada Jane, Florence Millicent and Martha who died in infancy.

Naomi, with the children, used to often take the boat to Kelso to visit her parents for the day. On July 3, 1867, she went to Kelso, but for some reason Thomas persuaded her not to take the children.

Naomi went alone. Returning home that evening the boat began to take in water and at midstream it sank, and with the swiftly flowing current, poor little Naomi and a man who could not swim were unable to reach the bank and were washed away.

The river was searched for more than a week - the body of the man, a Mr Caples, was found a mile from Denison Bridge, but Naomi's wasn't. Poor Thomas was consumed with grief. When the search was given up, he continued himself. He walked from dawn to dusk up and down the river for ten days and only gave in when he collapsed from sheer exhaustion.



On October 4th, about ten miles from town, a boy, looking for a cow that had strayed, found a body washed up by the side of the river. The body and clothing were, ofcourse, by this time unrecognisable, but Thomas knew it was his dear Naomi by the boots he had made her.

Lola Crofts



Those makers of Pillow Lace.

Mention Lacemakers to the populace and immediate pictures spring to mind of little old ladies looking as if they had come out of a Dutch painting. They have a look that seems to be immemorial, with their lace caps, white hair and Rembrandt faces. Of all the English country arts lace-making is indisputably the most delicate and the most fascinating. There is no other art quite so simple looking and artless and yet intricate and miraculous, so apparently aimless and yet faithful to a thousand rigid principles.

Lace-making holds its distinction of place for several reasons. First, it is not only art but history, and not only history but also romance and tragedy. Secondly, it is surprisingly delicate and difficult, learned only by great patience and trial and perseverance and ingenuity. Thirdly its products are superb: pillow lace is to rural crafts what poetry is to literature. Finally it is a rare craft where the tools themselves are also works of art and histories and at their best, bits of lyricism too.

It is, therefore, ironical to have to confess that this art is not really English at all! It has been English for four hundred years, but it is, in fact, French and Flemish. What is greatly to the credit of the English is the genius with which it adapted, nourished and even improved an art which was essentially foreign to it.

It's an ill wind . even a dictatorship, that blows no good, and it was virtually a dictatorship, in 1567, and another, in 1572, that took lace-making to England. In 1556 Philip II of Spain succeeded Charles V of Spain as ruler of the Low Countries, and a peaceful country became a bloody one./ Philip, like all dictators, ancient or

modern, royal or common, believed in the shedding of a little blood. In 1567 there ensued what is now called a purge, but was then, more plainly, called a massacre. Those who escaped that occasion, about 100,000 in all, and all Protestants, came to England and brought lace-making with them.

They drifted, for some not very clear reason, to Bedfordshire. In 1572, when that other and more famous purge occurred, the massacre of the Huguenots in France, the surviving lace-makers, mostly from Mechlin and Lille, drifted in almost the same direction, to Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire. Those three counties, with the exception of a little corner of Devonshire, are still the exclusive home of English Pillow-lace.

Thus the history of lace-making was, from the start, drenched in blood. Later, much later, it was to be drenched in tears, not idle tears or even catastrophic tears, but the miserable tears of small children working very early and very late in dark Victorian lace-schools at pillows they were not big enough to lift. Later, too, there is no doubt, there were the tears of old women forced to sell the most beautiful lace in the world to hucksters who squeezed them down to a last damnable farthing. One single bead of Buckinghamshire point-ground lace takes hours of concentrated and expert work, and yet a hucksters best price for such lace, three inches wide, was eighteenpence a yard. No wonder its creator declared bitterly:

" I'll go into the damn fields and spud turnips afore I make another blessed stitch at that price."

That same little woman, eighty five years old and still giving lace lessons, suffers, although she doesn't know it, from claustrophobia, the fear of confined spaces. " When I was a mite of five I went to lace-school. One day I was too unwell to do my pattern. I said I couldn't do it. The teacher said, ' You'll do it, or you shall be locked in the barn.' And now if you were to lock me in a room I should go mad! I've suffered from it all my life."

Yet without that early training and bitter concentration her art would never have been so fine. Lace-making is not learned in five minutes, and it is best learned by the very young. If they were taught by cruelty one can only point, in consolation and

vindication, to the results. The process of making lace on a pillow is difficult to describe, let alone learn. It is one of those arts that look charmingly simple, but which is, in reality, intricately difficult.

First, there is the pillow. Sausage shaped, looking rather like a soldier's kit bag, it is stuffed with straw - with, if you please, a truss of straw, a truss being half a hundredweight. That straw is hammered and beaten down with a hammer until the pillow is like a pillow of iron. The pillow stands on a wooden rest, a sort of a trestle, waist high. Then, over the curve of the pillow, goes the parchment. On the parchment is the pattern, pricked out with pins and sometimes also in ink.



After that, the processes are, to the lay mind, nothing but mysterious. You may watch a lace-maker until your eyes drop out, but if you do not know, you do not know, and there it is. You will see the bone and wooden bobbins and their cottons flick and rattle in and out of place, and you will see the flash of piuns moved and marshalled in order to make the stitches, but that, roughly, is all you will see. The bobbins move so quickly that their manipulations seem like the jingling and rattling of someone gone quite crazy.

Those bobbins, next to the lace itself, are the supreme attraction of the art. They are the only tools of any art that are themselves a work of art.

They fall, roughly, into two types: the bone and the wooden. An average bobbin is simply a piece of bone or wood, crudely or intricately carved, about three or four inches long. It looks like a miniature stair balustrade. On the bottom end is wired a ringlet of beads, a spangle. It will contain from one to nine beads: turquoise and rose and milk and plum and amber, some as big and very like robin's eggs, some no bigger than peas. All are delightful. There

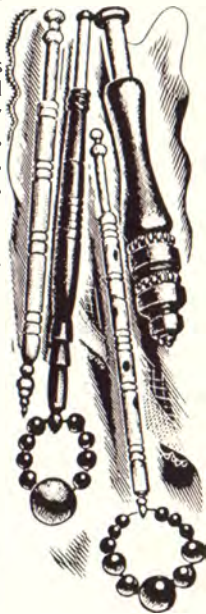
are, occasionally, special spangles. There is a birdcage spangle: a single large bead contained in a cage of tiny beads of rainbow colours. There was once a famous spangle of a single enormous bead called Kitty Fisher's Eye, named after the actress.

But it is the bobbins themselves that are really pieces of history. In the old days bobbins were either carved at home or bought from a travelling dealer. If they were home made they were almost always wooden, delicately carved out of rosewood, maple, plum, apple, laburnum, yew, apricot, box, cherry, blackthorn, even ebony.

If they were bought they were mostly of bone. Now, a bone bobbin, being white, will take a design in colours. Therefore it became fashionable not only to decorate bone bobbins, but to inscribe them. When dealers came around to take orders for new bobbins, they took orders for inscriptions too. A baby is born - inscribe its name on a bobbin. Someone had married - mark the occasion with a bobbin. Someone died - let him have a memorial bobbin.

And gradually this game of inscribing and decorating bobbins grew to almost crazy proportions. Lacemakers began to inscribe on their bobbins not only births, deaths and marriages, but sweet nonsense and prayers, hopes and fear, verses and texts, puzzles and songs, and finally, murders and suicides!

A murder bobbin seems shocking and embarrassing. It seems to commemorate an awful event in a family. But, no, it wasn't the families who commemorated these things, but the general population. Joseph Castle murdered his wife and was hung in 1860. You could have gone to watch the spectacle of his hanging, and then pay fourpence to have his name put on a bobbin! On the night when Joseph Castle was hung the relatives of the murdered woman held a party. Everyone who went to that party had a bobbin



inscribed with Castle's name.

The variation of bobbin designs is immense. Inscriptions are done in either scarlet, scarlet and black, or black, vertically, horizontally or spiral fashion. They record all manner of family and local histories, of personal hopes and fears and tragedies and aspirations. They are endearing or silly or naughty or serious or nonsensical:

I love the 'Boys; Merry me Quick; I wonce loved them that ner loved me; My Hart Flakes for you; My Dear, I love you as Birds Love Cherries; Sarah Dazeley, Hung 1843.

Sarah was beautiful, twenty two and a sort of a female Bluebeard. She knew that arsenic was the shortest way with husbands.

Just as, infact, indifference is the shortest way with arts. Art thrives on opposition but it has no response to indifference except death. And it is indifference that is killing the art of making lace on pillows. It is not so much true that familiarity breeds contempt as it breeds indifference, and after nearly four centuries of familiarity with lacemaking, it is now the natural order of things that it should breed indifference.

Give the whole business a while until the old ladies are mouldering in the churchyards, and their precious bobbins and bobbin winders and parchments are kicking about in forgotten corners of antique shops, and indifference will suddenly give way to a fashionable yearning to have it all back again!



Author Unknown.

Thank you to Bruce Goodwin for finding this delightful article on bobbin lace. It was the romance of bobbin lace that inspired Heathcoat and company to develop those mighty machines.

*Mr Thompson Sir,
Pardon me for taking the Liberty of a Drass you
but mi troubles cales me to do so I rived by the Ship
Captan Cook in the year 1833 Santanse Life for
Riating and Mesheen Braking I saw the
newspaper with menn that was triad with me the
have good ther liberty I have been in no troble since
mi arrivale I hope you will be so kind as to inform
me if theires any thing against me Mi name is Jacob
Wiltsher and Is so fare up the contry I have no
ways of geeting down to make in Qury I ham
asined sarvent to Mr Jhon Beatts of Parramatta
and is at Molong in the Districk of Willington
P-S to Drict Molong*

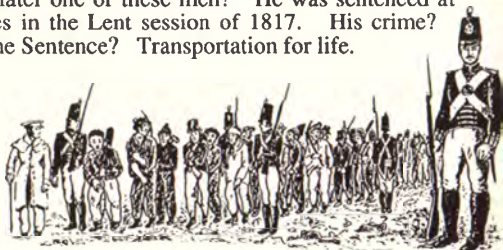
John Slater - Framebreaker

The first outbreak of Framebreaking by Luddites in Nottingham was on March 11, 1811. After a stormy meeting of framework knitters in Nottingham's Market Square, a group of men assembled in Arnold on the outskirts of the town and smashed 63 frames. By February 1812 the tally was 624 frames destroyed.

The Nottingham framebreakers were particularly well organised, operating in groups and claiming to be under the control of the mythical Ned Ludd. The Luddites were not random wreckers. They destroyed only frames making cut-ups (unshaped knitted cloth that was cut to stocking shape and seamed) and those belonging to hosiers who were paying below agreed wages.

Between 1811 and 1817 Luddites were responsible for the destruction of about 1000 frames and 80 lace machines. Sadly, they achieved very little for the betterment of their trade. In 1817 William Towle of Arnold, and six others were hanged for an attack on Heathcote's mill at Loughborough and the attempted murder of a workman. Three more were transported .

Was convict John Slater one of these men? He was sentenced at the Leicester Assizes in the Lent session of 1817. His crime? Frame Breaking! The Sentence? Transportation for life.



John Slater sailed aboard the Larkins on June 7, 1817, from Deptford with 250 male convicts. On the same ship was **Francis Jackson**, 32, Framework knitter, tried in Nottingham, 7 years.

John Smith, 29, Framework knitter, tried at Nottingham, 7 years.

John Thompson, 35, Framework knitter, tried at Derby, life sentence.

From the Convict Indent we read:

John Slater - tried at the Leicester Assizes 26.3.1817

Native of Nottingham

Married

Height 5ft 10 1/2 inches

Dark, sallow complexion

Hair dark

Hazel eyes

John Slater was no small time hoodlum. His crime, in his eyes, had been one of necessity. On his arrival in the Colony, he kept to himself. He was an educated man and the proof of this lies in a letter written to his wife on April 12, 1818 - a twelve page letter telling what Sydney, Parramatta and Newcastle settlements were like. In 1819 his wife published this letter as a means of getting her fare to Australia. (*One copy of the original book was sold in Sydney in 1910. Angus & Robertson offered it for sale for ten guineas. It was acquired by the Mitchell Library for the Alfred Lee Collection. A facsimile was issued in England about 1895, but it is easily distinguishable from the original. BW*)

The first page of the letter reads:

To the Public - Many applications ahve been made for the perusal of the letter from my husband, John Slater, from NSW, containing an account of the manners, customs, and present state of that Colony, and found it impossible to accomodate as many as I would wish, I have thought proper to have the letter printed, by which every person may be accomodated at a small expense, and will, at the same time, it is hoped, in some measure, assist me in fulfilling my husband's wishes, by enabling me, Iif I can obtain permission from his Majesty's Governement, to go to him, with my four children, to settle in that country.

(signed) Catharine Slater

Millstone - Lane, Dec 5, 1818.

Catharine Slater arrived in Sydney aboard the convict transport the Providence in January 1822 with three of her four children, Samuel,

Sarah and Elizabeth. Jane, mentioned in her father's letter, and the eldest child, did not come.

On Catharine's arrival, from all accounts, she did not live with John at his residence in Parramatta, but in Sydney. We find her being assigned a convict, Denis Connelly from the Tyne in 1819. Her address : Kent St.

John had been assigned on his arrival to Surgeon John Harris at Shanes Park, South Creek. He kept his nose clean and by the time his wife arrived, he had received his Ticket of Leave. He accomplished this by apprehending a bushranger, one James Dowdell, for robbery on the King's Highway. This man was tried and duly hung in Sydney.

John was appointed a constable in 1822 at the Toll Gates at A'Becketts Creek near Parramatta. These gates were erected in 1811. It seems strange that Catharine did not join him at Parramatta. Later, in 1822, he was transferred to the position of Inspector of Highways and Bridges and Collector of Quit Rents in the District of Bathurst. This district is now the suburb of Rooty Hill. He also became the District Constable and Pound Keeper in the same area.

Now Catharine joined him and they had a son named Henry born to them on March 20, 1824. Their abode on the christening of Henry is given as South Creek, the Minister who signed the certificate, Samuel Marsden.

Prior to Samuel's birth, Catharine wrote a Memorial applying for a grant of land, and expressing her opinion that John, her husband, was deserving of a land grant because of his capture of a bushranger. This request was denied owing to the fact that they owned no stock and a home was supplied for her and her family. No further Memorial was tendered.

In 1824 the Constable's house at South Creek was renewed and a lock up house constructed. The house was to be in a central position on the side of the hill near the South Creek Bridge, being between Slater's and Penrith. The cost of the house and the lock up was to be no more than ten pounds.

His wages were very poor. In 1824 he was paid 5/- for himself, 2/6 for his wife and 1/3 for his children. He received his last pay as Constable on June 25th, 1824, and was dismissed on the 29th. The reason - John Slater, District Constable of Melville was dismissed from that appointment for allowing convicts to Tipple and Gamble in his house on Sundays.

After this incident, John Slater disappeared from the papers. His name is not on the 1828 Census. Catharine was then living in George St, Sydney and was listed as a shopkeeper. John is next mentioned in the 1837 Muster as a Ticket of Leave holder, and a Landholder.

It is hoped Catharine did not think she had made a bad bargain in travelling all those miles to NSW. From all accounts, she worked very hard in the Colony, handled the difficulties of being a Constable's wife and managed a business with hired help. She would have struggled with the depression of the 40s which made many persons destitute.

John Slater met many types during his life as a convict and then as a Constable. He knew other Framework Knitters as he mentioned them in that first letter. Did John and Catharine have a frame here? John asked for one in his letter. Perhaps this was what the shop was for.

Catharine died on August 11, 1849 at Elizabeth Street, Sydney and was buried in the Parish of St Lawrence on the 14th, aged 72.

A John Slater died on April 26, aged 68 years. He was living at Hunter's Hill and was buried on the 28th. Is he OUR framework knitter? The age is correct, but there a number of John Slaters.

Sarah, Samuel and Henry all married with only Sarah having children. Elizabeth disappeared....did she return to England?

From the Research of
Beth Williams

Picture a Lacemaker



Eliza Wand, aged about 82,
with grandchildren.



Sarah Hutchinson, nee
Wells, husband Matthew.



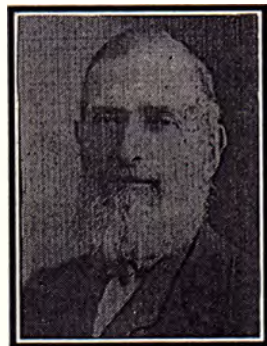
Hiram Longmire,
Lacemaker on Harpley.



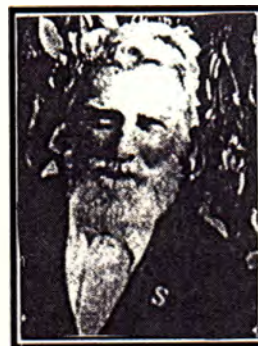
Ann Longmire, nee Widdon,
first wife of Hiram.



Francis Stubbs, father
Francis Green Stubbs.



Francis Green Stubbs,
Lacemaker on Harpley.

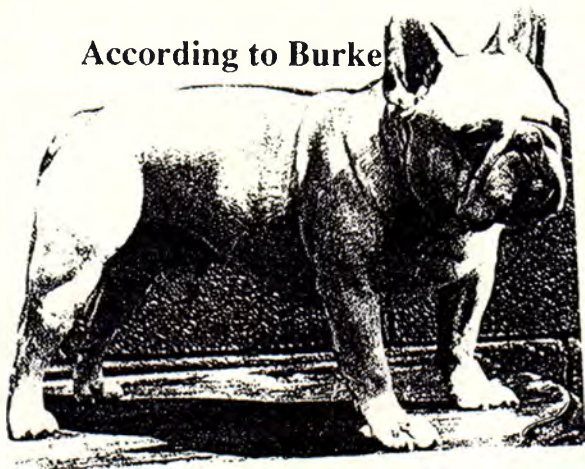


Alfred Kemshall,
child on Agincourt, son of
Benjamin.



Hayes Ingham, Lacemaker,
single, on Agincourt, wed
Mary Ann Winchester.

According to Burke



If ever there was a doubt as to the interest shown in Burke of Backyard fame, then then it must have been allayed by the interest aroused by the Lacemakers in the program that included a segment about the French Bulldog.

He's a little fellow, standing around 30cm tall and weighing from 10 to 15 kg. The face is flattened, but the biggest difference between the French variety and the British is that the former's ears stand stiffly upright with edges curved slightly forward.

Owners say they are sweet, courageous, intelligent, clownish and fun loving dogs. They are said to be good with children and are ideal for those who live in small areas.

While many references are divided on the breed's origins, longtime breeders say they can be traced back to Britain during the industrial revolution. They said as mechanisation spread, the lacemakers of Nottingham were pushed out of their jobs and many left England for Brittany in France where their skills were in demand. They took with them small bulldogs, many of which had bat (upright) ears.

This new style of dog appealed to the French and demand increased so much that two English men, Fakey Joe and Alf George, set out to but up small (British) bulldogs and begin breeding them up in the French style to supply the demand in Paris.

By 1875 Britain's King Edward VII imported a French Bulldog called Peter and artisits such as Toulouse Lautrec and the writer, Collette, kept them.

Without doubt the story rings true and without doubt the Lacemakers will claim the French Bulldog as their own!

For those seeking more information:
The French Bulldog Club of Australia
17 Hillier Avenue, Blackheath, 2785
Phone: 047 877 571

Those Who Came

When Bert Archer, Lenore Keays and Bill Brownlow first began to realise the story of the Lacemakers, identifying those who came under the original immigration became important. The *Agincourt* passengers were easy : all those on board were Lacemakers from Calais. The *Fairlie* wasn't quite so straight forward because only 56 people on board were from Calais, and some red herrings in the form of makers of Hand made lace were listed amongst the passengers, as were some who shared surnames with identified Calais families.

The greatest problem, however, was the *Harpley*. The shipping list for her hasn't been saved in South Australian records. There are two newspaper reports that are slightly different, and Consul Bonham's handwritten list of those he recommended from Calais was different again.

A search of the of the Colonial Secretary's correspondence has shed light upon the Who-was-Who on the Harpley, beginning with the chance reading of a letter:

*Subscription for British Workers - Refugees from France
4, St Martin's-place, April 25, 1848*

Sir,

The Committee have received from the town clerk of Nottingham a communication relative to the case of a family named Freeston (e) who are at Calais awaiting emigration to Australia.

It appears that upon the strength of the measures of the agent of the Colonial Office and Emigration Board, the father of this family, which consists of husband and wife and five boys, two of whom are aged 10 and 8, came to England to take leave of his friends and to obtain assistance for the outfit of the party.

Since his arrival, he hears that orders have been sent by the Emigration Board to Calais to the effect that he is not to be included in the Emigration on account of the number of his family.

The town clerk of Nottingham says the man was assured, both by the Consul and the Emigration agent in Calais. that he would be taken, and this new regulation will cause him the most serious inconvenience, added to much pecuniary loss.

The Committee have also before them a letter from Mr Consul Bonham containing a similiar complaint.

And I am directed to state their opinion, that this family ought to be included in the emigration, and to express a hope that the Emigration Board will issue an order that they shall be taken by the earliest conveyance. The Committee are disposed to think, that should similar cases become public, much dissatisfaction might be occasioned amongst those who have contributed funds applicable to the outfit and conveyance of these parties. I have & etc

W.T.Haly

And so begins the end to one mystery and the beginning of another.

The reply from S. Walcott, Secretary to the Colonial Land and Emigration Office, dated April 26, 1848, spells out our very clearly the Colonial Office's point of view:

Six families had originally been approved, and then rejected on the strength of the number of children under ten in their families. This decision was overturned,

"...but convinced as the Board are of the danger of sending large numbers of children in any one vessel, they will feel it necessary not to take the whole of these families by the Harpley, but to distribute them in such a manner, in separate vessels, as to reduce the proportion of young children to the adult passengers. As, however, the man in whose behalf you apply has already made arrangements for his outfit, a passage will be provided for him in the Harpley.

.....you will be informed hereafter of the opportunities of taking families having a great number of young children."

Not all those on the original list of travellers for the Harpley actually travelled on it: Freestone and his wife and five children did, but Oliver & Eliza Lowe with three children under 10 came on the Agincourt, as did John & Eliza Wand, with seven children, five under 10.

Samuel & Louise Strong had five children under 10 and while they were on the original Harpley list, they actually came to Melbourne on the Nelson. So four families are accounted for.

What of the other two?

Were William & Harriett Rogers, who came on the Walmer Castle part of that original list? They had four children, the eldest of whom was twelve.

Was Thomas Goldfinch and his second wife, Hannah, with their combined families of six young children, who came on the Emperor in November part of the original list?

Both these families were an integral part of the lives of the Lacemakers in Calais, regularly appearing as witnesses to the major events in the families' lives. It would seem that the Goldfinches who did come on the *Harpley* were connected.

The *Agincourt* docked in Port Jackson on October 6, 1848. She was followed into port by the *Earl Grey*, also October 6; the *Charlotte Jane*, October 8; the *Castle Eden*, October 9; the *Emperor* and the *General Hewitt*, November 13. A search of these shipping lists reveals other lacemaking people, but only the Rogers and the Goldfinches were in Calais making them the only possible families to complete the compliment.

And so the mystery is solved. The six Lacemakers who applied to bring their families to Australia on the *Harpley* and were rejected on the grounds of too many small children were:

John Freestone
Thomas Goldfinch
Oliver Lowe
William Rogers
Samuel Strong and
John Wand

It appears that their spots on the *Harpley* were filled by other people, not Lacemakers, Esther Samuels at least, was from London. The Burgess family were from a Kentish farming family.

The correspondance between the Colonial Secretary's Office and the Immigration Office is very clear that this would be the only immigration of this kind, so it is fair to assume that other Lacemakers who followed did so under their own steam, or perhaps, sail, and this is finally the list of Lacemakers.

Gillian Kelly



Frances Saywell

In the Lacemaker Family I am a Saywell. Yes, there are quite a number of Saywells who are A.S.L.C. members. Not surprising, really, because two brothers

(George and Jasper), with their families, arrived aboard the Agincourt. George and his wife, Isabella, came with eight children; Jasper and his wife, Joanna, had but one daughter, Frances, my great-grandmother, and I would like to tell you about her.



Frances was born in Calais on October 15, 1845. The register reads:

Frances, daughter of Jasper Saywell, 24, lacemaker, and Jeanne Colvin, 25, wife. Resident 169, Section C, rue de Vic. Witnesses: Thomas Dunk, 34, and Edward Towlson, 24, Lacemaker.

Johanna was a dressmaker whose father, Pierre, was a soldier. Her mother's name was Marie C Angelina. Johanna was Flemish, of Belgian nationality. (Johanna's name changes every time I find it!)

Both Saywell families were included in the large group who sailed for Morpeth on the Maitland, arriving on the evening of October 10th. The group had to walk three miles across country to the East Maitland Immigration Barracks, carrying all their belongings. A heavy thunderstorm added to their misery. Frances' third birthday was on the following Sunday. By November 11 only three families remained at the Depot, and five had left without engagements, having opened shops or commenced something of their own account. (Maitland Mercury, November 11, 1848)

Jasper and his family were still in the area in March 1854 when Jasper and Johanna were witnesses at a wedding at St Peters. As Jasper's occupation was given as 'smith' on the Passenger list, perhaps this is what he found to do.

March 20, 1855 saw the arrival at Port Jackson of the Lord Hungerford from Plymouth, bringing the Eastlake brothers, George and John. They signed on with the Johnson family at Annandale for farm work, but had a disagreement over conditions and pay. George and John (so the family story goes) beat the Johnsons through the tollgates at Parramatta, and headed for the gold diggings between Hill End and Mudgee, and did rather well, thank-you. It must have been there that the Eastlake family and the Saywells met.

When gold was discovered at Lambing Flat in 1860, the brothers shifted to new fields, opening two shops : one at Spring Creek in the centre of the Lambing Flat diggings, and one at Twelve Mile, today called Monteagle.

On September 6, 1861, George married the fifteen year old Frances Saywell at Campbell's Creek, Meroo. It seems that George waited at Spring Creek until the Army arrived late in August to quell the Chinese riots before he went to marry Frances.

Although the brothers ran their stores for 13 or 14 years, they each bought 640 acres on opposite sides of Wombat Road, about 1862. *Hillview* (George and Frances') and *Fairfields* (John's) still remain the property of the family. The bricks for these two fine homes were made on *Fairfields*.

It was probably from Frances' home, which may have been the Spring Creek shop residence, that her young cousin, Isabella Saywell, youngest daughter of George and Isabella Saywell, left for her marriage to George Summerhayes on October 8, 1865 at St John's Church, Young. George and Isabella Summerhayes were to remain in the district where they had 12 children.

Frances and George had seven children: Frederick was born in 1862 and lived only two weeks, Mary Jane lived two years (1863 -65) and Fanny was seven years old when she died in 1875. The four remaining were Emma(1865-1950) married Walter White, George (1870 - 1926) married Eliza Jane James, Jasper (1872 -

1949) married Lillian Needham and Elizabeth Ann (1875 - 1956) married Linn Hall.

John Eastlake, known to all his family as *Da* died June 4th, 1931. aged 99 years and 3 months. "All his family " that is, to his own three sons, his brother's four living children, all the grandchildren, and even to-day's generation, he is *Da*.

The shop at Spring Creek was about two miles from Stoney Creek. Neighbours at Stoney Creek included owners of a certain butcher's shop: Frank Gradiner and his partner Fogg. The shop's stock? Much of it duffed!

On September 10, 1863, the store at Twelve Mile Creek had visitors: Johnny O'Meally and Ben Hall to be exact. Outside, keeping watch, were Gilbert Vane and Burke. Inside, *Da* looked up to be confronted by O'Meally's revolver. He threw a pair of moleskin pants in O'Meally's face, dropped to the floor, and grabbed his loaded revolver. O'Meally's shot missed but alerted the diggings, and to the diggers' cry of "Roll up! Roll up!" the bushrangers rode away



The Spring Creek store also received an unrequired visit from Messrs Gilbert, Dunn and O'Meally. Shots were exchanged (missed) but put out the only light - and scattered gold from its tin all over the floor.

The store was close to a Chinese Joss house. During the Chinese riots (by the miners) , the Eastlake brothers were kind to the Chinese. This fact was remembered by the Chinese for all of John's long life.

The brothers devised crafty methods of secreting their gold from the ungodly. When transporting gold, they had a false axle fitted to their waggon, and into the hollowed out " axle" they stowed their gold. To stock their stores, the brothers took the waggon and team to Sydney. Frances is supposed to have had the first dining room suite on the Young goldfields, brought back on the waggon. In Fairfields there is another hidey hole. It's behind a loose brick, and up the chimney, but rather awkward to get at I am told. In the separate old kitchen (now demolished) there was a slit near the door to the storeroom, through which it was advisable to check the kitchen for unwelcome guests.

George Eastlake died in 1876 when his youngest daughter, Elizabeth was just eleven months old, leaving Frances a young widow of 31 with four small children. Elizabeth Eastlake, the young wife of George's brother John , died in November that same year.

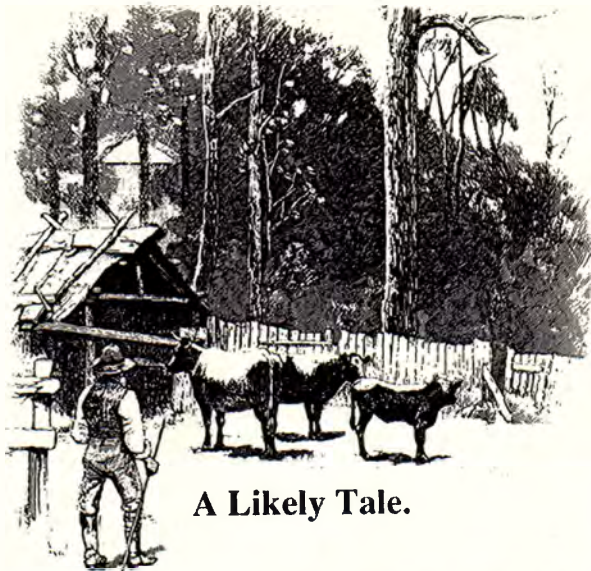
On October 27, 1880 Frances Eastlake, nee Saywell, married John Eastlake, widower, at her home. The witnesses were Isabella and George Summerhayes. John and Frances Eastlake lived at *Fairfields* , where they had three sons.

William John (1882 - 1962) married Mabel Ashton and had six children.

Arthur Earnest Saywell Eastlake (1883 - 1938) died a bachelor. Their third son, Francis, was born June 9th, 1886. Five hours later his mother, Frances, haemorrhaged to death, leaving John with seven children to care for.

Both Fairfields and Hillview are still standing and occupied, although extensions have been made. From one house it is possible to see the other - they are on the same hill, with Wombat Road in between.

Marjorie Brown



A Likely Tale.

In the days when there was a good deal of horse stealing and cattle duffing, the animals were driven out through the back country and stayed with a string of accomplices between Hill End and Lambing Flat, where they were sold.

A store keeper in the district, Dixon, had always a good supply of fresh meat from a mysterious source, which interested the policeman, Sergeant Ritchie.

Accordingly one day he made a visit about lunch time, and was served a delicious roast by Mrs Dixon.

"Very fine beef," he observed. "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, we just kill our own."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind showing me the hides?"

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs Dixon, "but it can't be done. *We always eat the hides first!*"

from Hillendiana, Donald Friend. Ure Smith, 1956

The Agincourt. and a Homily.

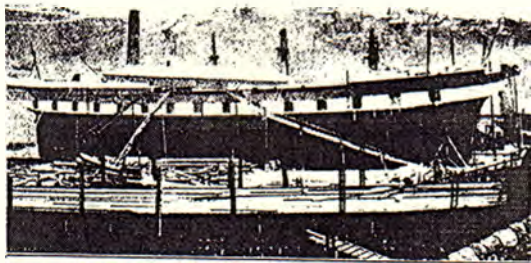
As if it wasn't bad enough having two Maitlands plying their trade from Sydney to the Hunter, there were also two Agincourts! Both were Blackwall frigates, but that is the only similarity. The first, built in 1841 at the Blackwall Yards was some 958 tons and owned by Dickey Green.

The second was much smaller, and the Agincourt the Lacemakers travelled on. She was designed by Charles Laing for Duncan Dunbar and built in 1844 at the Sunderland Shipyards on the Wear River, County Durham. She was 669 tons, 127 feet long, 30.5 feet wide and 21 feet deep.

She was built for stability, not speed, and had a broad bow that pushed a heavy wave in front of her. Her sides were tumble-home, inclining inwards at her widest part. Her poop deck stood seven feet above the main deck and was suitable for promenading, but the space was taken up with long pig pens, cow stalls and hen coops.

Dunbar had great faith in the stability of teak, so the Agincourt was constructed of this with Sussex Oak ribs and accordingly seldom leaked.

She was originally fitted for the carrying of troops and convicts, and so between decks had hammocks. When commissioned for the immigrant trade she was refitted, but because of her size, the berths



A WEAR-SIDE SHIPYARD.



were fitted amidships and not traditionally to the sides. Captains on later voyages commented that this was not as successful as the traditional fitting.

The records tell us she left Gravesend on June 12, 1848, with Captain Thomas Scott as Master and Richard Atkinson as doctor.

She carried 50 married men, 50 married women, 30 single men, 22 single women, 59 boys and 53 girls, all Lacemakers from Calais, and 1 cabin passenger. She had a crew of 34 and met the Castle Eden on July 11.

There were three infant deaths on the voyage: Mary Shaw, 4, Emma Johnson, infant and Robert Agincourt Woodford.

Every official document insists she departed from Deptford. This was the ill-famed Immigrants Depot that was said to resemble a workhouse. Once inside, the aspiring immigrants were unable to leave without special permission, presumably to make sure the full complement of immigrants would be on call when necessary. The Depot was dirty with hundreds of people sleeping and living in the one public room. The water from the Thames smelled offensively, and a greta many of the immigrants must have wondered what they had brought themselves to.

In Calais, Consul Bonham had suggested that the Lacemakers be taken directly from that city by steamer to the awaiting ship, alleviating the need to transfer the passengers from ship to land and back to ship again. The reports for the Fairlie indicate that this did happen.

On the sixth day of June, 1848, some five days before sailing date, the Prayer Book and Homily Society presented to the family of William Branson, a book of homilies to be used on the voyage.

The Agincourt was then lying in the River at Blackwall, indicating that perhaps the travellers did not ever put foot into the Deptford Depot, but like their Fairlie counterparts, stepped from French shores to those of Australia.

PRESENTED BY THE

Prayer-book and Homily Society,

this 6 day of June 1848,
to the Family of W. Branson
for the use of himself and family, on his embarking on
board the Ship Agincourt
Captain Statt
lying in the River at Black Wall
and bound to Sydney

THOMAS SEAWARD,
Printing Secretary.

Society's Office,
Exeter Hall, Strand, London.

What, then, is a Homily? According to the Oxford English Dictionary, a Homily is *a sermon for use in parish churches of the Church of England, published in 1547 & 1563; tedious moralizing discourse!* As onerous as that may seem, the understandings from this little book would have given focus and support to the LAcemaker's decision to come to Australia.



From the
Bert Archer Papers, ASLC.
Sermons or Homilies to be Read in Churches, G Webster
The Long Farewell, Don Charlewood, Allen Lane, 1981

For the Genealogist

As Editor to this journal I am delighted to have frequent correspondence from people all over Australia, quite often with requests for information on our families.

In September last year I visited Wentworth, in the far southern corner of NSW. The day before I left Queanbeyan I received a letter from a lady telling me she was a descendant of Rebecca Bradshaw and a Lacemaker. The name wasn't a familiar Lacemakers' name but the writer mentioned another Lacemaker, so I presumed the families were connected and I tucked it away to attend to on my return.

Wentworth's cemetery is on the Murray and well worth strolling through. There are a great number of the traditional old sandstone memorials, and on one of the main paths is a tall structure that leapt at me:

*To the memory of
Rebecca
wife of William Bradshaw
of GolGol
born Caen, Normandy, 1835
died 1877.*

One of my father's legacies to me was an ability to memorise, so I chanted the headstone all the way back to my sister's home, and a pen and paper! My return to Queanbeyan took me straight to the Births, Deaths and Marriage microfiche. **The record of Rebecca's death gave her parents as Thomas and Sarah.**

So there it was: Rebecca Bradshaw, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Wells, formerly of Calais and passenger on the Harpley, buried in a small cemetery a very long way from her birthplace in France and even further from her parents' native Nottingham.

This tale has a point: Lacemakers turn up all over Australia. We are spread out all over Australia and many of us do odd things like stroll through old cemeteries. Many of us subscribe to journals and belong to other Societies. I cannot find a trace on some families, and ask you to keep you an eye out for me! The smallest clues are often a goldmine. A new member recently told me of the witnesses to her forebear's marriage, and with any luck it may be clue to what happened to Emma Needham, of the Harpley.

The Lacemakers from the Agincourt and the Fairlie I can't trace are:

George Barry	John Hide	William Nicholls
John Bath	Richard Husband	William Potter
Andrew Brown	Thomas Huskinson	John Powell
Elizabeth Cooper	Sam Hutchinson	James Shaw
Thomas Eagle	Samuel James	John Shaw
George Elliott	John Martin	Samuel Stephens
John Harding	Robert Martin	George Stubbs
William Harris	John Moon	Henry Taylor
Joseph Haywood	William Moon	John Taylor

There are some links:

- * The Martins are brothers, as are the Moons.
- * Richard Husband was married to Laura Clarke, whose father was in the Colony. Was he one of the Clarkes who came on the Harpley?
- * Thomas Huskinson was married to Sabina Elliott, daughter of George.
- * George Stubbs should belong to the others, but how?

From the Harpley, I have lost:

John Clarke	John Hibberd	William Revel
Joseph Clarke	Humphrey Hopkins	Charles Richmond
William Cobb	Phillip Hiskey	John Sansom
Cornelius Crowder	John Irons	William Sansom
John Davis	Joseph James	George Selby
John Freestone	Henry Lee	John Smith
James Hall	Matthew Matthews	George Summers
William Harrold	William Paull	John Sweeney
John Hemmingway	George Pike	

CORRECTION:

In *Tulle 34*, an article *Heads of Families and Their Wives* contained three miss-matches, and should read:

James Foster and Mary Ann **PASS**, not Lucas.
Samuel Stephens and Elisa **PLACE**, not Bliss
Samuel Rose and Mary Ann **KETTLEBAND** not Kettlewell.

Thank you Jean Campbell!

DERBYSHIRE LUDDITES

By 1817 the Luddites had changed from smashing machines to politics and on June 9 there was supposed to be a nationwide uprising. Only the Derbyshire villagers marched, with over 400 men and boys setting off to join a greater group from the North that never materialised. It was over before it began with 80 men being goaled, three hanged, and fourteen transported, eleven for life, and three for fourteen years.

Of interest to the Lacemakers are:

Sentence	Name	Occupation	Native Place
Transported for life	Thomas Bacon, 64	Framework knitter	Pentrich
	John Bacon, 54	Framework knitter	Pentrich
Goaled for 6 months	Alexander Johnson, 24	Labourer	Pentrich
No evidence	Joseph Topham		Pentrich
	John Wright		Pentrich
Tried, but no trial	James Taylor		South Wingfield
	Benjamin Taylor		Alfreton
	Joseph Taylor		
	William Elliott		

CALAIS CERTIFICATES

For information and certificates from Calais, write to:

la Mairie
A.D. du Pas de Calais,
1 rue de 19 mars 1962
Dainville,
Prefecture,
62021 ARRAS CEDEX

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN WILLS

Because they contain mainly land records, a very small collection of South Australian wills are housed on the ground floor of

Torrens Building
Vic Square
Adelaide.

The date of deposit for these may have been years after the death, but they include those of the following Lacemakers:

Richard Bell Dixon of Alberton, deposited 1976, record 50/52
Mary Ann Dixon of Queenstown, deposited 1976, record 49/52
George Dormer ,Bald Hills, Gunhabella, deposited 1875,rec 32/51

DOES ANYONE KNOW....

....anything about the artist Ford Maddox Brown? He was born in Calais and later painted some very poignant works on immigration scenes from England. He came to Melbourne with a group of artists at some time of his career but didn't stay.

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Office Bearers, 1992*

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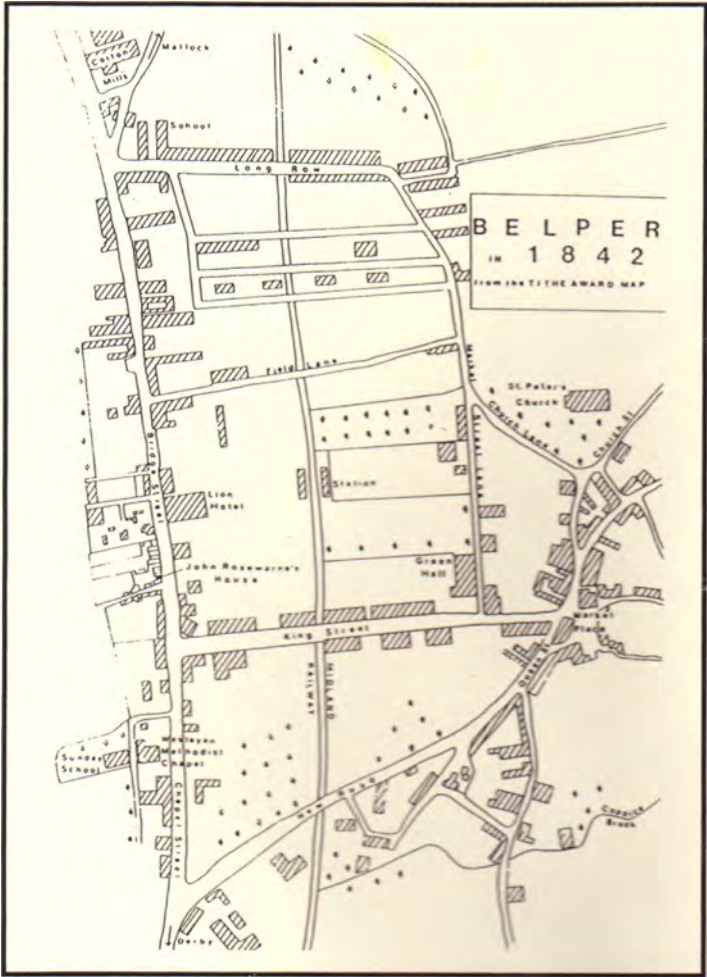
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BELPER
IN 1842

FROM THE TITHE AWARD MAP

Matlock
Catton Mills

Matlock

School

Long Rd

Fisher Lane

Lion Hotel

John Rosewarne's House

Station

Green Hall

King Street

St. Peter's Church

Church Lane

Church St

Sunday School

Methodist Chapel

Great Street

MILNERS

BRASS

COPPER BRASS