

# TULLE

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**MIDWIFERY,**

**MONTHLY AND WET NURSES AND SERVANTS,**

**18, GOOSE GATE,**

**NOTTINGHAM.**

---

**MRS. GOODMAN**

BEGS to inform the Ladies of Nottingham and its Vicinity, that she still continues to carry on her profession of Midwifery and Bleeding with Leeches, and desires to return her best thanks for the great encouragement given to her during a practice of thirty years.

Within the last five years, Mrs. G. has established a REGISTER OFFICE for Monthly Nurses, Wet Nurses, and Servants; and hopes, by strict attention to their characters, she may always be enabled to recommend them, and continue to merit a share of Public patronage.

Ladies and Gentlemen wanting respectable LODGINGS, will meet with every attention on applying at her Office.

*Nottingham, 1st Jnuary, 1848.*

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

# ***Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc.***

## **Meeting Times & Place:**

ASLC meets at Don Bank Cottage, 6 Napier Street, North Sydney, NSW, on the third Saturday in February (AGM), May, August & November each year. All meetings commence at 1.00pm. You are invited to bring a plate to share with other members at afternoon tea and fellowship which follows.

**Future Meetings:**                 **AGM**   Saturday, 15 February 2014  
Saturday, 17 May 2014  
Saturday, 16 August 2014  
Saturday, 15 November 2014

**Find us on the Internet:**                 [www.angelfire.com/al/aslc](http://www.angelfire.com/al/aslc)

**Want to Join or Membership  
Subscription Due?  
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**Cover :**   An advertisement from 'Lascelles and Hagar's  
Commercial Directory, East Midlands Special  
Collection, 1848

**This Coming Meeting:**                 Saturday, 15 February 2014, 1.00pm

**Guest Speaker:** The February 2014 meeting is our Annual General Meeting and as such there will be no Guest Speaker. However, those attending will be shown a wonderful new film created by Edward Jarvis called *The Lacemakers –the forgotten story of English lace*. See details elsewhere in this journal.

Tulle is a digest of material submitted by members of ASLC and its contents are intended only for the benefit and education of its members. Neither ASLC, nor the Editor makes any guarantee as to the quality, accuracy, usefulness, or any other aspect of the material. No warranty of any kind is implied and nor will ASLC or the Editor assume any legal liability or responsibility for the content of these pages. The entire risk inherent in relying on the content of Tulle is borne by the reader. The Editor reserves the right to include or omit, edit &/or to place photographs, comments, footnotes or illustrations within any text or other material submitted without reference to the contributor. ASLC does not research material for members or others. However, personal resources and publicly available material may be used in the compilation of material by the Editor and other contributors to Tulle.



# TULLE

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# President's Message

We have had another successful year for our Society. Our membership numbers have increased slightly and we have enjoyed another year of excellent editions of *Tulle* from our editor who finds all sorts of interesting items for us. Members also sent in articles and thanks to Judy Gifford and Bob Wilson for their insights into their travels and families.

Our meetings were well attended with four informative presentations. At the February annual general meeting, Richard Lander showed us footage taken during his visit to the former lacemaking districts of England and Calais. His video included an interesting discussion with a retired lace worker and very detailed coverage of the exhibits in the excellent lace museum in Calais. Keiran Hosty, a curator at the Australian National Maritime Museum talked at the May meeting about his recent exploration of a shipwreck site on the Great Barrier Reef and its connection with the extensive trading links between the early Sydney settlement and British India. A talk by Bruce Shying at the August meeting about women and their historical connection with the sea was followed at our November meeting by a presentation by North Sydney Council's historian. Ian Hoskins took us back to the early days of Sydney harbour as he recounted the gradual expansion of housing and industry around its shores.

Our very well attended November meeting was also the occasion of our Christmas lunch. We were treated to a huge selection of tasty food and beverages including the delicious lacemakers' Cattern cakes made for us by Lyndall and Richard Lander. The afternoon was a great success and as usual everyone pitched in but particular credit is due to the efforts of our "tea lady" Claire Loneragan and her assistant, "drinks person" Gillian Kelly. We are indeed a cooperative and willing group including our ever-busy editor who keeps us all in touch with each other. That spirit has served us well for 31 years.

I wish you well for the New Year and hope to see many of you at our meetings.

Stephen Black  
President

# Secretary's Report

A wonderful Christmas feast prepared by Claire Loneragan and Gil Kelly started off our very festive and enjoyable November meeting. Added to this feast was a batch of "Cattern cakes" prepared by the Landers. Without doubt, these cakes would have been eaten by our ancestors. Not only was the food good but our speaker following lunch provided us with amazing information about Don Bank (our 'Lacemaker Meeting home") followed by a very knowledgeable talk about the history of Sydney Harbour.

Ian Hoskins PHD, our speaker, is the Historian from North Sydney Council. He talked about the transition of Sydney Harbour from a working harbour to its gentrification becoming a commercial and cultural city after the building of the Harbour Bridge. He talked of the competing needs of the aborigines and the first settlers in the early days as they tried to feed themselves.

He told us of the 'hungry years' when Sydney Cove had to provide enough food for 1000 settlers plus the aborigines. He then proceeded through all the different roles the harbour had taken on right through to the value of the foreshore for expensive housing which caused the disappearance of the working class homes and industries which had previously edged the harbour.

All of Ian's presentation came from his first book 'Sydney Harbour' 2009 UNSW Press. It is a fabulous read and full of the stunning illustrations which Ian shared with us via his PowerPoint presentation. He has also just published another book called 'Coast' which I saw reviewed in the paper the following day. I must search this out as his research is so meticulous and engaging.

When we finally got around to our meeting mutual thanks were provided by both our President and Editor regarding how much everyone appreciated the fine speakers at our meetings this year and the continued high calibre of *Tulle* production.

I hope everyone has had a wonderful Christmas and New Year.

Carolyn Broadhead,  
Hon. Secretary

# Editor's Report 2013-2014

*Tulle* has seen a further four issues, about 64 articles and nearly 63,000 words added to the wealth of knowledge held by members of our Society during the last year:-

- **February 2013** (approximately 14,200 words). This edition contained comments on the Society's 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary by our foundation President, Bob Wilson, plus articles on discovering Leavers lace videos on line, the top ten mistakes in genealogical research and the second part of a major article on trade unionism in lace making. It included a summary of our meeting places over the thirty years and a light-hearted look at a theft of socks from the Saywell family by Catherine Busted. Barbara Manchester's article on Marie Françoise Adélaïde (Adelaide) Bouclet, a "couturière" (dressmaker) who married John Shore added considerably to our knowledge of the Shore family. There was an article on the origin of some lacemaker names; miscellaneous paper clippings; information on the Nottingham Trent University's lace collection; and photos of some members of the Bromhead family. Also included was a list of the foundation members of our Society.
- **May 2013 – my 21<sup>st</sup> edition** (approximately 16,900 words). This edition reported on the Calais BDM Registers; the centenary of the crossing of the Blue Mountains; feedback on the February edition from Bob Wilson; an article on Mrs Robin Gordon, OAM; the machine-made lace industry in Calais; on William Cope (*Harpley*); on the Zion Lace Factory in Illinois; an update on the Calais lace museum from Ann Fewkes in Nottingham; on the death of Thomas Dunk (*Harpley*); on smuggling lace; and on the possibility of scurvy aboard *Harpley* in 1848. Significant Nottingham dates were examined as was a robbery in Adelaide in 1850 which involved Police Constable Edward Lander (the arresting officer) and Thomas Mountenay (*Harpley*), the robbery victim. There was information on the Nottingham surnames research list; on the death of John Leavers in 1848 and Eliane Legrand in 2013. Included was an article on New South Wales, written in 1844, which described the state as neither elysium nor pandemonium. Also included was an incomplete list of our Guest Speakers over the Society's first 30 years.
- **August 2013** (approximately 15,000 words). This issue provided help in more efficiently using *Trove*; and illustrated some examples of hand-made lace comparing them with similar machine-made lace. Narelle Richardson provided some wonderful research on St Leodegarius Church at Basford and I provided detail on the Loughborough-made bells at St Leonards in Sydney. *Tulle* took a look at some of the notables connected with lace in Nottingham. Our ancestors migrated to Australia exactly 60 years after its settlement so we had a look at what was happening in Australia in 1908, 60 years after their migration. John Saywell's article examined mail deliveries prior to the 1850s and *Tulle* looked at the tallest structure on earth in 1848 as well as world leaders in that year. We tried to make sense of census and observed lacemaker surnames listed in William White's Gazetteer and Directory of Nottinghamshire in 1832. More lace videos on line were listed as were lace-like stitches for knitters. We looked at connections between various lacemaker families; at the genealogical achievements of member Kingsley Ireland and had a peek at the

Nottingham Parish Records for Marriages at St Mary's from 1566 to 1763. This edition contained a book review of *An Ancient Air* which records the life of lacemaker John Stringfellow, the first man in the world to demonstrate that engine-powered winged flight was practicable.

- November 2013** (approximately 16,600 words). This issue covered the then recent awarding of an OAM to Margo Wagner and listed other members who have received Australian honours. We had a look at what was happening 200 years ago in 1813 and at two articles of significance which were published in the ~~Sydney Morning Herald~~ on 11 October 1848. Bob Wilson wrote about "The Origins of the Saywells" and Judy Gifford reported on her recent overseas trip which included visits to Loughborough, Nottingham and Calais. Jane Bealby reported on her family's involvement in the curtain lace industry and introduced us to Lacemaker's Cakes or Cattern Cakes. Newspaper cuttings provided news on the death of Henry James Mather and the appendectomy of Mr. Calais Brownlow. We looked at the Hundreds of Nottingham and on-line indexes and resources of New South Wales State Records. This issue contained a major report on the Nottingham machine-lace trade in 1905 and a reference to the shipping list for *Baboo* in 1848.

I think you will agree that *Tulle* has provided an eclectic collection of material over the past 12 months. I thank those who have contributed articles during the year and I trust that all members have found something of interest to them in the pages of *Tulle*. If not, I welcome your feedback on what **YOU** would like to see and read in its pages. *Tulle* represents a significant slice of the money you invest in your membership of the Society but no one is more conscious than me of the weighty obligation I have to you all to provide value for money. Each expense claimed includes the cost of printing our journal, postage, envelopes, labels etc. I make no claim for any other expenses I incur in its production and research such as the purchase of books and these, as you can imagine, can be substantial. The cost of producing, printing and mailing *Tulle* to members during the past two years was as follows. The bulk of any increase has been in the cost of postage, especially overseas postage, and therefore this has been listed as a discussion point at the AGM.

Month & Year of Publication	2013	2012
February	\$429.00	\$444.50
May	\$408.00	\$384.00
August	\$386.00	\$305.10
November	\$405.00	\$429.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$1628.00</b>	<b>\$1562.60</b>

Some back issues of each edition for which I have been Editor are still available. The price of these remains at \$10 for one journal; \$8 per copy for 2 to 9 journals; \$5 per journal for 10 or more journals – ordered at the one time and for delivery within Australia to one address in each case.

I am also able to report that I have continued to add information to our website as time and energy permits. I am happy to renominate as both your Editor and your Webmaster for another year.

*Richard Tander, Editor*

## The Lacemakers - the movie

ASLC has been specifically granted permission by Edward Jarvis, the creator of a new film called *The Lacemakers –the forgotten story of English lace* to screen his film following our AGM on 15 February 2014. The story of English lace spans centuries and covers the origins of fashion and the industrial revolution. It's a story of progress, of modernity and of inventions that helped revolutionise the way we work, dress and live today.

Jarvis states: "The documentary begins in the 16th Century with the origins of lace as a decorative fabric worn by the rich and powerful to demonstrate their status at the peak of society. Royals like Queen Elizabeth I used lace to demonstrate power and prestige to her subjects and the world at large. This patronage created large native industries in handmade lace. As demand for fashionable clothes and interior furnishings grew, so did the lace industry, setting the scene for a series of remarkable inventions – centred mainly in Nottinghamshire – that would go on to create entirely new industries that employed hundreds of thousands of people. These new industries brought fashionable clothing to a much wider section of the population and saw new jobs established for designers, engineers, manufacturers and merchants who served a thriving domestic market. It's the story of progress and modernity as many of the new lace firms took their goods and services abroad as the business of lace went global".

Jarvis's wonderful film covers the creation of machines and businesses that enabled this fashionable textile to be used not just by the ruling elites but also by the middle classes and later the population at large. The film shows how the demand for fashion, coupled with technical innovation, drove the industry forward. In Nottingham it directly employed one third of the working population; indirectly one half of the city's men and women could be found working in the lace industries.

The film documents the move of manufacturing to the Far East and Latin America and the catastrophic impact this has had on Nottingham and the small towns and villages that surround it. I strongly recommend it to you.

Richard Lander



# Notice of 32nd AGM

**AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF THE LACEMAKERS OF CALAIS INC.  
TO BE HELD AT DON BANK COTTAGE, NORTH SYDNEY  
15 FEBRUARY 2014 COMMENCING AT 1.00PM**

## **BUSINESS:**

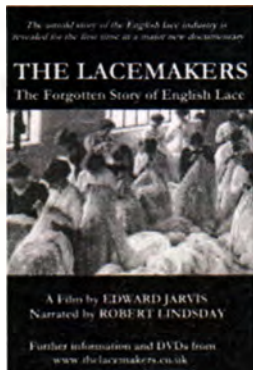
- To confirm a quorum is in attendance & to announce any apologies
- To confirm the Minutes of the previous AGM
- To receive and consider the statements of the financial position of the Society for the year ending 31 December 2013
- To receive reports from the committee on the activities of the Society during the preceding financial year
- To consider subscription rates applicable to Australian and overseas membership of the Society during 2015
- To elect the office bearers of the Society for the next year
  - President; Secretary; Treasurer; Editor; Publicity Officer; and Fellowship Officer

ALL MEMBERS ARE INVITED TO THE AGM AND ARE ENCOURAGED TO PARTICIPATE.

Following the Annual General Meeting the film *THE LACEMAKERS – The Forgotten Story of English Lace* will be screened.

Our Society has graciously been granted specific permission to screen it by the film's creator, Mr Edward Jarvis.

This is a meeting not to be missed.



# Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais

## Income & Expenditure as at 31 December 2013

	This Financial Year 2013 (\$)	Last Year 2012 (\$) - Rev	Prior Year 2011 (\$)
<b>INCOME</b>			
Subscriptions	3,115	2,920	2,445
New Subscriptions	230	200	155
Book Sales	40	90	244
Interest	9	10	8
Sundries	122	-47	
Catering Income 30 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary Luncheon		1,020	
Commission from G. Kelly on sale of "Well Suited..."	0	90	60
Donations	10	25	191
	3,526	4,308	3,103
<b>EXPENSES</b>			
Rent	192	256	345
Sundries	240	75	
RAHS Insurance/Subs	425	423	413
Catering	50	713	46
Stationery	27	29	
Postage	578	555	745
Tulle – Printing/Artwork	1,023	997	926
Subs renewal form printing	48	48	
Bank Charges			
RAHS Affiliation Membership		119	206
Flyer – 30 <sup>th</sup> birthday celebrations		18	
Fair Trading	196	553	
	2,779	3,786	2,681
<b>Net Surplus/(Deficit) for the Year</b>	747	522	422

## Bank Reconciliation as at 31 December 2013

<b>Cashbook Reconciliation for the year ended 31 December 2013</b>	<b>\$</b>
Opening balance as at 1 January 2013	3,483.27
Add receipts for the year	3,525.63
Transfer from investment account	
Less payments for the year	(2,778.77)
Transfer to investment account	
<b>Cashbook Closing Balance 31 December 2013</b>	<b>4,230.13</b>

## Bank Reconciliation as at 31 December 2013 (Cont.)

<b>Bank Reconciliation for the year ended 31 December 2013</b>	<b>\$</b>
Bank Statement balance as at 31 December 2013	4,230.13

Add outstanding deposits

Less Outstanding Cheques

<b>Adjusted Bank Balance as at 31 December 2013</b>	<b>4,230.13</b>
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## Balance Sheet as at 31 December 2013

	This Financial Year 2013 (\$)	Last Year 2012	Prior Year 2011
	\$	\$	\$
<b>ASSETS</b>			
Cash on Hand			
Cash at Bank	4,230	3,483	2,961
Investments			
<b>Total Assets</b>	<b>4,230</b>	<b>3,483</b>	<b>2,961</b>
<b>LIABILITIES</b>			
Trade Creditors			
Bank Overdraft			
<b>Total Liabilities</b>		<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>
<b>NET ASSETS</b>	<b>4,230</b>	<b>3,483</b>	<b>2,961</b>
<b>MEMBERS EQUITY</b>			
Opening Balance	3,483	2,961	2,539
Net Surplus/(Deficit) for the Year	747	522	422
	<b>4,230</b>	<b>3,483</b>	<b>2,961</b>

### NOTES TO THE FINANCIAL STATEMENTS

**SIGNIFICANT ACCOUNTING POLICIES.** This financial report is a special report in order to satisfy the financial reporting requirement of the Associations Incorporation Act 1984 (NSW). The Committee has determined that the Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc. is not a reporting entity. No accounting standards have been applied to this financial report and it has been prepared on a cash basis.

**INCOME TAX.** The Committee has self-assessed the organisation to be exempt from income tax under Section 50-45 of the Income Tax Act.

# Lord Byron's Speech

In the May 2013 edition of *Tulle*, Bob Wilson made mention of Lord Byron's maiden speech. I promised to attempt to include it in *Tulle* without unreasonable delay.



Lord Byron

His speech regarding the 1812 *Frame Breaking Act* was given in a debate in the House of Lords on 27 February 1812. A week later, in a letter to a friend Byron wrote, "I spoke very violent sentences with a sort of modest impudence, abused everything and everybody, put the Lord Chancellor very much out of humour, and if I may believe what I hear, have not lost any character in the experiment". His speech was as follows.

*My Lords, The subject now submitted to your Lordships, for the first time, though new to the House, is, by no means, new to the country. I believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons long before its introduction to the notice of that Legislature whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering county, though a stranger, not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships' indulgence, whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.*

*To enter into any detail of these riots would be superfluous; the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Notts, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence; and, on the day I left the county, I was informed that forty frames had been broken the preceding evening as usual, without resistance and without detection.*

*Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress. The perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large and once honest and industrious body of the people into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burdened with large detachments of the military; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled, yet all these movements, civil and military had led to—nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle: several notorious delinquents had been detected; men liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of poverty; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times!—they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved frames.*

*These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality, not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of Spider-work. The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts, they imagined that the maintenance and well doing of the industrious poor, were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement in the implements of trade which threw the workmen*

out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And, it must be confessed, that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery, in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted, might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished, frames of this construction tend materially to aggravate the distresses and discontents of the disappointed sufferers.

But the real cause of these distresses, and consequent disturbances, lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together, not only for the destruction of their own comfort, but of their very ' means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare, of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort;—that policy which, originating with " great statesmen now no more," has survived the dead to become a curse on the living unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you then wonder, that in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony, are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives ? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread, for the wretched mechanic who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands; they were not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them. Their own means of subsistence were cut off; all other employments pre-occupied; and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be the subject of surprise.

It has been stated, that the persons in the temporary possession of frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope that any measure proposed by His Majesty's Government for your Lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation, would have been deemed requisite; not that we should have been called at once, without examination and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But admitting that these men had no cause of complaint, that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless, that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency, what imbecility, has been

evinced in the method chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of—if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seem formed on the model of those of the Mayor and Corporation of Garrett.

Such marchings and countermarchings from Nottingham to Bulnell—from Bulnell to Bareford—from Bareford to Mansfield and, when at length, the detachments arrived at their destination, in all 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,' they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators;—to collect the *spolia opima*<sup>1</sup>, in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished that our military should never be too formidable, at least, to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be used, so should it be the last: in this instance it has been the first, but, providentially as yet, only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, — had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also have had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the country.

At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now, for the first time, the house has been officially apprised of these disturbances? All this has been transacting within one hundred and thirty miles of London, and yet we, 'good easy men have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripening,' and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens. You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the

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<sup>1</sup> The spolia opima ("rich spoils") were the armour, arms, and other effects that an ancient Roman general stripped from the body of an opposing commander slain in single combat.

only way to quiet the 'Bellua multorum capitum'<sup>2</sup> is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads.

*But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob! It is the mob that labour in your fields, and serve in your houses— that man your navy, and recruit your army—that have enabled you to defy all the world,—and can also defy you, when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob, but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened,—from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardship and hunger, as your charity began abroad, it should end at home. A much less sum—a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if these men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet But doubtless our funds have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief, — though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the peninsula; I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never, under the most despotic of infidel governments, did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return, in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state-physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding—the warm water of your mawkish police, and the lancets of your military—these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient on your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code that more must be poured forth to ascend to heaven and testify against you? How will you carry this bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own*

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<sup>2</sup> People are a many-headed beast



prisons? Will you erect a gibbet in every field, and hang up men like scarecrows or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation; place the country under martial law; depopulate and lay waste all around you; and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown in its former condition of a royal chase, and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law, where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty.

With all due deference to the noble lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporising, would not be without its advantage in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am, from what I have heard and from what I have seen, that to pass the bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian lawgiver whose edicts were said to be written, not in ink, but in blood. But suppose it past,—suppose one of these men, as I have seen them meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame; suppose this man surrounded by those children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault than he can no longer so support; suppose this man—and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims,—dragged into court to be tried for this new offence, by this new law,—still there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him, and these are, in my opinion, twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jefferies for a judge!"

A year later, in 1813, such a jury of butchers was sadly found, and 17 men were executed at York.

## Hiram Longmire Family Reunion at Lochiel, South Australia 25-27 October 2013

About 15 years after Hiram and Ann Longmire, lacemakers of Calais, arrived at Port Adelaide they established an inn. This was at the Hummocks, where Lochiel subsequently grew, 140km N of Adelaide. It lies on the SW edge of salty Lake Bumbunga. Hiram established the inn there to be on crossroads of two links in South Australia: N-S between Adelaide, Port Augusta and on; and E-W from the mid-north to the Copper Coast, especially the port of Wallaroo.

Hiram and Ann moved to their new home in the bush with no immediate neighbours. The inn doubled as a home, a place of marriage and one of birth. Lochiel was surveyed six years after the inn was built. It was not the biggest inn of the colony. But at least they had a home and a chance of a future for their family. This inn still stands tall as does the wider Longmire family.

Hiram Longmire was baptised on 30 January 1814. So his 200<sup>th</sup> in late 2013 was imminent, good reason for descendants to have a reunion.

Hiram was first granted a license to operate the inn on 20 September 1863. So the Lochiel Hotel had its 150<sup>th</sup> birthday recently. The original building still stands today. Early 2013, the publican of the Lochiel Hotel announced plans to hold a birthday party during the last weekend of October that year. Upon hearing that, a family reunion was dovetailed into the same weekend.



**Figure 1: Kingsley Ireland unveils an honour-roll of publicans. Owen Davies, publican, stands behind.**

It came along all too quickly but was very well-attended. About 80 descendants and friends came along to the reunion lunch on the Sunday. Descendants from all mainland states attended.

The new publicans sponsored an honour-roll of all publicans 1863-2013 which Kingsley Ireland unveiled on the Friday night. He is not only a descendant of Hiram Longmire; he is on the trees of three other former publicans! Many tales and legends were spun about the hotel over the years.

On Saturday some Longmire descendants and friends visited the island of Lake Bumbunga where Ann Longmire, who died in 1865, is buried along with 12 others. The exact locations of the graves remain unknown. John Nicholls of Lochiel provided excellent tours in the community bus.



**Figure 2: A flat on the island at Lake Bumbunga where Ann and others may be buried - NE view.**

Several years after Ann died, Hiram came under review about the cleanliness of the inn. However, renewals of his license were granted, one following a fortnight's delay for police to check that the inn was clean! Nowadays police and security check that the patrons are clean!

The Sunday lunch was kept simple, allowing plenty of time to talk and reminisce. An update of our Longmire family history was presented by Kingsley Ireland. He conveyed special greetings from ASLC. We are very fortunate to have Kingsley on our tree.

This was followed by a very informative and entertaining introduction to the history of Lochiel by John Nicholls, with many items on display. He told various stories about the hotel, the salt lake and Lochiel. A special exhibit was a merino ram's head and horns all covered by crystallised salt.

Two families who travelled to South Australia on the *Harpley* with Hiram experienced an untimely death in the 1860s. Caroline Ward's husband, John, died while residing at Kadina. The Ward family were lacemakers of Calais. Caroline (née Bown), was also of a lacemaker family of Calais.

Hiram Longmire married Caroline Ward, at Kadina on 1 February 1869. So three families of lacemakers of Calais who emigrated on the *Harpley* became inter-connected through untimely deaths and the subsequent marriage of Caroline and Hiram.

Another connection between lacemakers of Calais was highlighted during the weekend. The grandchildren of Leith and Lenore Reinke have the coincidence of carrying genes of lacemakers of Calais on their father's side - Longmire - and on their mother's side - Barnett. Both lacemakers disembarked at Port Adelaide and went their separate ways. These two families much later became connected through marriage.

*The SA Advertiser*<sup>3</sup> for 15 Feb 1871 reported the following about Hiram and Caroline moving on from Lochiel:

*From our local correspondent: Hummocks Feb 14th*

*"Mr H. Longmire, who has kept the Travellers' Home inn at Salt Lake, for eight years, is leaving for Kadina, and we lose a much-respected resident of our small community. The good wishes of all go with him."*

These words are complemented by those of Lynette Goldsworthy, Hiram's eldest descendant present:

"We have been given a wonderful opportunity to live in this wonderful country. Hiram's decision to bring his family to a place where they had all of the opportunities but also the dangers and risks that flow from a place about which you know very little was brave indeed. Their decision has



**Figure 3: Lynette Goldsworthy speaking before the candles were lit and 'happy birthday' was sung.**

<sup>3</sup> Source: <http://trove.nla.gov.au/ndp/del/article/28599123>

impacted on our family for 150 years since he established the Lochiel Hotel. The celebration of the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Hiram's birth in Nottingham is also about this time so this is a double celebration. I invite you to join me in singing happy birthday to them both."

Which we did! Overall, the descendants of Hiram, Ann and Caroline are very pleased to have held the reunion at Lochiel recently and to have participated in the weekend celebrations. Many times in Lochiel you could not hear yourself talk, for all the chatter.



**Figure 4: Attendees at the Longmire family reunion, at the Lochiel Town Hall, Lochiel, South Australia, October 2013**

We are very grateful to everyone of Lochiel for their wonderful hospitality and use of the hall, especially. Also, thanks very much to all who sent us messages of support for this reunion, including ASLC members.

Since 1972 there have been four reunions of the Longmires (Clare 1972, Adelaide 1978, Kadina 2002, Lochiel 2013) and at least one in WA. The more the family tree grows outwards, the more we gain from reunions of even more distant relatives.

**Jim Longmire**, November 2013, contact [jimlongy@gmail.com](mailto:jimlongy@gmail.com)

Credits for Photos: Rosemary Cussons, Jim Longmire, John Nicholls (group photo).

Anyone wanting more information about the reunion should email Jim at [hiramlongmire@gmail.com](mailto:hiramlongmire@gmail.com)

## Kerr's Hundredweight- a famous gold discovery

As I explained in "The Gold Fever", *Tulle*, Issue 117, November 2012, one of the first, major, life changing "headlines" to confront our Bathurst lacemaker ancestors was undoubtedly the discovery of gold in their area. In fact member, Judy Gifford's lacemaker ancestor, William Rogers, wrote a letter to his father-in-law detailing his own reaction to the discovery of gold at Bathurst. This letter was originally published in *Tulle* in November 2003. For the sake of newer members it has been repeated on our website under Ships/Walmer Castle – see [http://www.angelfire.com/al/aslc/walmer\\_castle.htm](http://www.angelfire.com/al/aslc/walmer_castle.htm)). In this letter he states "Dr. Kerr has been the most fortunate man in the colony, that is, respecting the gold affair". A search of *Trove* found the following interesting article in *The West Australian*, Saturday 13 August 1938, p.3. It reads:-

The finding of "Kerr's Hundredweight"- a nugget of gold discovered on the property near Bathurst of Dr. W. J. Kerr, is recalled by the recent death in New Zealand of Mrs. Jessie M. Johnson, the oldest surviving woman born on the North Island of New Zealand, who was related to Dr. Kerr through marriage. The account of the discovery given below is abridged from "Australian Stories Retold" by W. H. Suttor, published at Bathurst in 1887.

Sometime in the eighteen-thirties, a young Irish doctor came out to New South Wales in charge of a human freight, with hopes of better fortune. Warm-hearted and full of genial humour, his laugh was one of the most contagious pieces of merriment ever human being was blessed with. He settled at Bathurst, married, tried his profession, combined farming with pharmacy, and finding the air too salubrious for profitable employment of the latter, and markets too limited to make the former pay, took to wool growing. Dr. William John Kerr secured a small sheep station called *Wallerwaugh*, situated on the high land lying between the Macquarie River and the Meroo Creek, and there lived in quiet retirement, tending his small flock, and occasionally practising his profession as a labour of love. It was a region where no medical man, as such, could be induced to go for money, if indeed money was to be found there at all.

So the doctor, as his neighbours fell ill, simply practised for love, and earned and won a good deal of it. I have known him ride 40 miles to relieve a sick child, and no one ever thought of offending him by offer of fee. On these charitable journeys he was often accompanied by his wife, whose delight was in cheerful, modest self-sacrifice when the good of others demanded it. She was often the voluntary nurse of her husband's free patients. This pair lived in a neat little cottage in a secluded valley among the hills of that remote part. Their neighbours for miles round were isolated

shepherds and their families, and these were few and far between. We were a simple-minded people in those days, and knew little or nothing of that feverish anxiety, that hurry and worry and scramble for wealth that came in when "the gold broke out." We were given to much neighbourliness, and to kind and simple and unostentatious hospitality. Everybody knew everybody, and everybody was always a welcome guest. The employers as a rule were their servants' best friends.

Among the doctor's dependants was a small tribe of aboriginal blacks, who had charge of two flocks of sheep. The names of three connected with our story were Jemmy Irving, Long Tommy and Tommy Bumbo. Of these, the first two had received some little instruction in the old mission school at Wellington when under the charge of the late Revs. Canon Gunther and W. Watson. These three were very different in character. Jemmy was calm, sedate, and even a little bit dignified; Long Tommy was rather a sour, surly customer, of great stature and strength; Tommy Bumbo, although claiming to be the son of a king, was an amusing little larrikin, up to all, sorts of fun and mischief. I think they were all civilised into a taste for grog and tobacco.

When gold was first discovered in the colony in May, 1851, the news reached the ears of these blacks, and stimulated them to hunt for it. Jemmy had known of the discovery of gold by McGregor near Wellington some years before, and he meant to keep his keen eyes open. One day in the month of June, 1851, while following the tail of his flock over a low ridge, on the crest of which there stood up some feet above the surface a broad, well-defined reef of quartz, Jemmy saw three pieces of detached rock. With a black's curiosity, he tried to turn over the larger with his stick. As he stooped down, he then noticed, lying beside this stone, and quite exposed, a piece of yellow metal. Jemmy thought it looked something like the stuff he had seen once or twice in his life in the shape of a sovereign. He then turned over the stone, and behold the whole of the under surface was a mass of the same material. As 70 pounds of gold were afterwards knocked out of it, no wonder Jemmy found it heavier than ordinary quartz.

Before heading his sheep for home, he examined the two smaller rocks, and they too were very heavy, and highly charged with the same mysterious yellow stuff. As he ponders over the discovery, his quick ear detects an approaching footstep. A white man, a shepherd of a neighbouring sheep farmer, by accident feeding his flock near the place that day, is coming to have a smoke and a yarn with him. As the shepherd approaches Jemmy drops his blanket over the stones and sits upon it. They fill their pipes and smoke and talk for an hour or more, but Jemmy neither budges nor says a word about the gold, although the chief discourse is about the metal and how to find it. When the white man goes he tells Jemmy he means to give up his charge and turn digger and advises him to do the same. His subsequent disappointment may be imagined. The next morning Jemmy went to the head station. In my mind's eye I can

see the doctor, as was his wont, enjoying his after-breakfast pipe in deep reverie, marching with slippered feet up and down the verandah of his cottage while Jemmy is coming to tell him the wonderful story. I can hear the doctor's incredulous laugh and exclamation "Fudge!" until the blackfellow produces the small nugget of about 2oz, weight which he found near the large one. Then the doctor thinks there may be something in it, although this piece looked more like tarnished brass than bright gold. However, the place was only a few miles distant, so the horses were saddled, and the doctor and his wife, with Jemmy trotting along on foot beside them, started off.

A very lonely spot it was, in the heart of the primeval forest of great white gums and stringy barks. The rocks were examined, and then incredulity vanished, and more than the hopes of years, the fact of a fortune secured in a moment, and without thought and labour, forced itself upon the bewildered mind of the doctor. The first act of the doctor, in the exuberance of his generosity, was to present his faithful shepherds with the two flocks of sheep and the right to so much of his run as would keep them. When the rush of diggers set in to this spot shortly after, the blacks and their sheep became the objects of particular attention to some not very scrupulous gentlemen. Most of the sheep were parted with for grog and tobacco, and the remnants were bought for a song by a neighbouring sheep owner who, seeing a chance for a bargain, made it there and then. Then came the question, what shall we do with it? Secrecy was enjoined upon the blacks, and the doctor and his wife, with the treasure in a pair of leather saddle bags, started for Bathurst, some 60 miles distant. The first night was passed at a sheep station of my father's at Pyramul. A man attended to see after the horses, but the doctor contrived that no one should touch the bags but himself.

"Yer bags seem mighty heavy," said John O'Brien, the man aforesaid, as the doctor tried, with careless unconcern to throw them across the paling fence; "is it gold ye have in them?" "Faith it is," said the doctor; "what else would I be carrying in these times?" This open confession had the desired effect, for John, with a loud laugh at its obvious absurdity, did not believe a word of it. John afterwards took great credit to himself for his acute sagacity.

The next day they passed the Turon River, where gold had lately been discovered by Mr. Owen Murnane, my father's overseer at Pyramul. This field was just then being rushed by gold seekers from all parts of the colonies. Such a motley crew surely was never before seen on this world gathered together for a common purpose. All sorts and conditions of men were there- lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers, squatters, clerks from city offices, shepherds, stockmen, prize-fighters, men representing every trade and profession under the sun; all turned diggers. The good-humoured orderliness of the crowd was surprising. I remember well the appearance of the Turon before this influx. A lonely valley between high and rocky precipitous mountain



ranges and in which a stream of beautifully clear water rippled melodiously over a very stony bed, filling very large holes, which literally swarmed with cod and other fish. The whole river bed was shaded 'by a dense grove of dark and melancholy sighing native oaks.

The doctor and his mysterious load passed unheeded by, unless the humorous crowd "baa'd" him as he went. This was the customary salute to all newcomers, who were at once recognised as such, and continued in force for a year or more in the early digging days. The practice was commenced at Ophir, in order to bewilder an old shepherd, who, while watching the diggers there, frequently lost his sheep, and then old Jack was deceived by plaintive bleats on all sides. It was extended next to all diggers seen carrying pieces of mutton from the extempore butcher's shops, and at last all newcomers were so treated, the whole multitude joining in the sheepish chorus until they became tired, or the object of this ridiculous greeting passed out of sight. I remember a stalwart digger silencing this kind of welcome. He was carrying half a sheep over his shoulder when he was seen, and the usual baa-ing commenced. "Ah," shouted he, "It is easy knowing where his head is."

## Chris Rogers

Christopher John Llewellyn Rogers is a descendant of a lacemaker, William Rogers (*Walmer Castle*) and his first wife, Mary Haslam. He is also the left-handed opening batsman and part-time right-handed leg-break bowler who was recalled to the Australian national cricket team for the 2013 Ashes series, aged 35 and who did his part in humbling the English team.

Rogers' father, John, played cricket for NSW between 1969 and 1970 and his cousin, Ian Rogers, is an Australian chess grandmaster.

Rogers made his maiden Test century in Australia's first innings of the fourth test of the 2013 Ashes series, played at the Riverside International Cricket Ground, Durham, on 12 August 2013. In doing so Rogers became the second-oldest Australian (aged 35y 344d) to achieve that feat, second only to Arthur Richardson who achieved exactly 100 runs against England in 1926 (aged 37y 353d). Chris scored his second Test century and highest Test score (116) in the Fourth Test in Melbourne on 29 December 2013. He scored yet another ton (119 c & b Borthwick) and highest team tally in the second innings of the 5<sup>th</sup> Test in Sydney.

Chris is the nephew of ASLC member Judy Gifford.



My father's house at Brucedale was reached that evening. The bags were carried inside and deposited in a secret place with more ceremony than their outward appearance seemed to justify. The doctor and myself strolled out to the stables. I noticed that he seemed anxious and preoccupied. I think, even then, he was not quite sure that the treasure would not turn out to be a delusive fairy gift and fade away. The metal might not be gold after all. My father joined us. "What, in the name of fortune, have you got in the bags, doctor? Is it gold?" "I believe it is" said he. "Nonsense," said my father. "Here is a piece of it," said the doctor, taking out of his pocket the 2oz. nugget. After examining it, "By Jove, I believe it is," was the answer. The doctor gave me that 2oz piece, and by its means I made the acquaintance of Chaucer, and Spencer and Shelley, Coleridge and Tennyson, very dear friends, who have been most revered and beloved lodgers with me ever since.

That night after a few chance guests who were in the house had retired, the bags were brought out and their contents displayed to our wondering and eager gaze. Two large pieces weighing nearly 7lb. each were much admired. The owner had named these the Queen and Prince Albert nuggets. Not an hour must be lost. As soon as arrangements could be made, a party was formed, and, headed by the doctor, proceeded to the spot. Some seven of us started.

Gold, of course, was to be had there by the ton weight. We were all to be millionaires. The desirability of taking out a bullock dray to bring back our treasure was, if not very seriously discussed, at least not thought to be too supremely absurd. In view of the quantities we were to get, as much as for their own convenience, my father drove the doctor in the dogcart and tandem. Our party aroused no suspicion. My father's sheep stations lay out in that direction; his journey in that way was quite natural. We did not even whisper to ourselves of our great expectations for fear foreigners ears should hear.

Two days, and we reached the spot. For two or three more we searched diligently, aided by the blacks, who unearthed a nugget of 90z. weight, part of which protruded above the surface. We knocked off specks of gold from the great reef and, at length, thoroughly disappointed, we determined sadly to return home. We reached the Turon at midday on Sunday. Having no further reason for concealment, the story was told. The news soon spread. "Up and away" was the order of the day, as a regular stampede of diggers took place-most of them travelling all that night in order to arrive first at the spot.

Next day, much to the relief of the ladies, who were left at home in sole possession, my father with the doctor, my brother Frank and myself, took the gold to Bathurst for the purpose of depositing it in the bank. As we drove slowly up the last steep pinch of the Pine Hills, a body of men, mostly armed, met us. We at first thought it was a case

of "stick up." They were honest; having heard of the find, they were off to join the rush. We showed them the gold, gave them information as to the locality; they thanked us, gave us three cheers, and went hopefully on their way. The visibility and tangibility of so much wealth so easily obtained was almost enough to raise hope in a dead man. As the town was near, the two large pieces were given to my brother and self to hold. We passed a man: We held them out to him at arm's length. He stopped, stared, grinned and set off after us full speed. The news that we were coming reached Bathurst the night before, so that everyone was on the lookout for our appearance. In a few seconds the whole town was at our heels. The crowd surrounded us. Such excitement! Such insane delight! Everyone wants to see, touch and handle. The two large nuggets are unreservedly passed to the people. They are lost sight of! Who's got them now? There is a surge of the crowd to the other side of the street as our old friend and long-time citizen, Mr. Josiah Parker, with a nugget under each arm, runs off with them to his shop to weigh them.

Everybody's curiosity gratified, we recover our treasure, and are allowed to go to the bank where the mass was weighed, and turned the scale at over 104lb. The actual weight-the doctor having given away over 2lb. of crumbs-was more than 106lb. of solid gold. The news of the great find soon reached Sydney, and a member of the firm of Thacker, Daniel and Co. came up to effect a purchase. The lot was sold at £3/7/6 per ounce. The Government wrote to Mr. Commissioner Hardy to the effect that they had heard rumours of an extraordinary nature, expressed surprise that he had made no report, and wanted to know what steps he had taken. The Commissioner misconstrued this into an order to seize the gold, which he did. The Government did not intend this, but having got possession, they were loath to part with it. The country cried "Shame!" and, after some little delay, the gold was given up on conditions, and in due time found its way into the great melting pot of the English Mint. As soon as the news reached England, the "gold fever" broke out there, and a perfect mania for promoting companies to work the fields seized hold of the people.

Some companies were formed, and the officers of two of them at least reached Bathurst, and one actually carried on operations in the reef where the hundredweight was found. My father's name having found its way into print, both here and in England in connection with this find, a solicitor in London wrote to him offering him £10,000 for his name and a piece of land, to be used in floating a company in London. It was explained that it was not necessary that gold should have been found upon the land. The case would be fully met if the land was somewhere in the district of the great find. I shall not easily forget the indignation with which my father refused the tempting offer; he never cursed anyone unless the circumstances of the case fully and justly demanded such an expression of righteous anger.

My respect for him was much increased, if that were possible, by this outbreak and justifiable commination. 'The scoundrel, he wants to make me his tool to swindle the British public!' As I said before, we were a simple-minded people in those days, and were very innocent of promoting our own grasping propensities at the expense of the general public. This solicitor was wanting in professional courtesy, for, strange to say, he never acknowledged the receipt of my father's answer. He felt some delicacy in again trusting his London polish to be ruthlessly tarnished by such an uncivilised colonial.

Measured by the conscience of a later day in these matters-he had auriferous land in the neighbourhood-my father may be judged to have acted unwisely. My impression is that the refusal of that offer was not the least part of his children's inheritance. The finding of this mass of gold had a very great effect in turning the eyes of the world to these colonies. Within a yard or two of the same spot, a few inches under the surface, a nugget of 28lb. weight was soon after found. Large quantities were got in the alluvial bed of the Louisa (corrupted from the native name "Ill-ou-e-jah") Creek, which seldom ran, close by. I am not aware that much was found in the reef, although a great deal of capital was expended upon it. The main incidents of the story are used by Charles Reade in his great novel, "Never Too Late to Mend."



**The Society extends a very warm welcome to the following new members:**

- |                       |                   |                       |
|-----------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| • Jan & Bruce Cummins | (Rose Family),    | <i>Fairlie</i>        |
| • Amy Louise DeCean   | (Parkes Family)   | <i>General Hewitt</i> |
| • Lindsay Ewing       | (Stevens Family)  | <i>Agincourt</i>      |
| • Karen Flack         | (Brownlow Family) | <i>Agincourt</i>      |
| • Catherine Green     | (Brownlow Family) | <i>Agincourt</i>      |
| • Hugh Lander         | (Lander Family)   | <i>Harpley</i>        |
| • Robert Lander       | (Lander Family)   | <i>Harpley</i>        |
| • Barbara Lloyd       | (Lander Family)   | <i>Harpley</i>        |
| • Patricia Sheridan   | (Walker Family)   | <i>Agincourt</i>      |
| • Helen Sides         | (Lander Family)   | <i>Harpley</i>        |
| • Arthur Wooster      | (Saywell Family)  | <i>Agincourt</i>      |

*Any additional new members will be welcomed in the next issue of Tulle*

# Donisthorpe and Mountney Families

The article in *Tulle* (November 2013) re-lacemaker's Cake got me thinking. I always make Simnel cakes for Mothering Sunday, and post one home to my 93-year old Mother and each of my two sisters, in Adelaide. They go to Mum's house and she takes great delight in giving the girls their cakes when they next visit her. (They both make sure they visit ASAP because Mum might just find a need to eat theirs too if they aren't quick!). Since the Simnel cakes are posted to be in Adelaide three weeks prior to Easter, I thought Lacemaker's cakes in November might be nice, plus it might put an end to the overly large hints about the fact that a year is a long time to wait for the next cake. Then I decided that I might research the lacemaker's day a bit further, and found the page linked below which I have also shared with Mum:  
<http://bobbins.lacefairry.com/Bobbins/BobbinMuseum/calender.htm>

I read *Tulle* to Mum each time the new edition comes, and she takes great delight in spending hours on the phone "doing our readings", but this time she was especially full of glee about the prospect of a new cake to look forward to tasting. She will be quite impatient too, until she can listen to *The Lacemakers: The Forgotten Story of English Lace*. Richard, can you please add me to the list of people hoping to purchase a copy of the DVD.

Mum has been blind for most of her life so she will only listen, not watch, but I bet there will be lots of pushing the pause button so that one of us can explain what's on the screen. I've bought her a few different pieces of lace from England and France too and she loves investigating the feel of the different types. Apart from the Simnel Cakes, which date back to about 1982 when David and I moved to Queensland, all this has been happening since I joined ASLC and I can't tell you how much fun we have had sharing the enjoyment of learning more about the life and time of our predecessors, through *Tulle*, and the further research it often triggers. So, on behalf of Mum, and for myself, thank you to Jane Bealby, and everyone else who contributes to *Tulle*. You do a fantastic job.

You might be interested to hear that Ann Mountney (*Harpley* passenger) apparently refused to speak English at home, and held tight to French as her first language in her later years, but was reputedly quite a martinet when it came to upholding English manners and etiquette. This might have seemed quite an anachronism in the working class Adelaide of the late 1800s.

As I got up to walk away from the computer, I was thinking how it's not that my sisters couldn't cook Simnel Cake or Lacemaker's Cakes for themselves and Mum, but rather, it's part of that whole keeping the connection thing, for me. My very next thought was "That's exactly what Ann Mountney was doing". And, of course she was.

I've only moved from one part of Australia to another, with lots of ways to keep the connection alive and very well; email, telephone, flights home for a few days, and school holiday drives home, quite apart from sending cakes home! Ann holding to French as her first language would have helped her live so far away from all she had known.

I've been teaching my grandson a smattering of French, and at nine he took great delight in telling his annoying cousin to "fermer le bouche", when he'd heard enough. I hadn't intended for him to use it in such a cheeky manner, but it has raised his interest in his predecessors, learning to speak French, like they had to do when they left England for France.

## Mrs Chris Watson

Ed: George Donisthorpe was born in St Pierre, Pas de Calais, France on 12 February 1830 to Charles Donisthorpe and Mary Anne Smith. George married Ann Mountney, the daughter of John Mountney and Ann Bennet. Ann was born in Calais on 2 July 1836. Both George and Ann came to South Australia aboard *Harpley* with their parents. Whereas George was an only child at that stage, Anne's two siblings (Thomas, b. 1829; and George b. 1832) were also on *Harpley*. An enigmatic Emma Needham possibly accompanied the family.

# Society of Australian Genealogists Resources

The following resources held by SAG may be of interest to members of ASLC. The list although wide-ranging, is by no means complete.

- Abstracts of **Nottinghamshire marriage licences**. Vol II. Archdeaconry Court 1701-1753. Peculiar of Southwell, 1755-1852, Edited by Thomas Blagg and F. Arthur Wadworth (Call No. M2/44/46)
- **History of Nottingham**, J Orange, 1840 (Call No. N4.29/1/1a)
- **Luddism in Nottinghamshire**, edited by Malcolm Thomis (Call No. N4.29/1/3)
- A Short History of Rockley Public School, 1860-1985, E. W. **Brownlow** (Call No. B4.795/30/Pam4)
- The **Donisthorpe** Family History in Australia, John Donisthorpe (Call No. A6/DON/8). George **Donisthorpe** came to Australia on the *Harpley* in 1848 with his sister Mary Anne. This book follows their lives in Adelaide and elsewhere. Also see Leicestershire 1851 Census (Call No. N7.21/30/Pam.8)
- Past & Present Records of the Family of **Duck** 1791-1985, Lacemakers of Nottingham, Calais & the Colony of NSW, compiled by Violet Moore & Sue Hayward (Call No. A6/DUC/2). The story of Thomas and Elizabeth **Duck** who settled at Morpeth.
- **Gascoigne**: an English Australian Family History, Robert Mortimer Gascoigne (Call No. A6/GAS/2). The story of the Gascoignes who emigrated from Little Horwood, Buckinghamshire to Ryde & Wyong. There are three other books touching on the Gascoigne family.
- A History of the **Lander** Family 1811-1994, Richard Lander (Call No. A6, LAN/9)
- Thomas **Saywell's** Tramway 1887-1914: Rockdale to Lady Robinson's Beach, Gifford Eardley (Call No. B3/69/Pam 12). **Saywell** was the pioneer of Brighton-le-Sands. (20 page pamphlet)
- **As Poor as a Stockinger**: framework knitting & the Luddites in Nottinghamshire, Christopher Weir (N4)
- **Directory of Derbyshire 1895** (11 microfiche; fiche 9 includes lace manufacturers)
- **The Family History of Hiram Longmire 1814-1880**, Kingsley Ireland (Call No. A6/LON/1)
- **History of Charles Thomas Hewett**, compiled by Audrey Peters (Call No. A6/HEW/1). Contains links with the **Longmire** Family.
- **A History of the Machine-Wrought Hosiery and Lace Manufactures**, Wm. Felkin (Call No. N3/60/11)
- **The Fletcher house of lace and its wider family associations, Samuel Billyeald Fletcher** (Call No. N6/FLE/1). This is a record of the 13 main branches of the Fletcher family tree. The Fletcher family of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire. Edward Fletcher and his wife, Phoebe Allen had 17 children between 1824 and

1850. The family business was machine-made lace which they manufactured in England, as well as in Russia.

- **A History of the Family of Need of Arnold, Nottinghamshire** Michael Walker (Call No. N6/NEE/1) Includes mention of the Walker family.
- **Miscellany No. 6** Pamphlet, Nottinghamshire Family History Society, 1997 (Call No. N4.29/2/Pam.6). This volume includes Wollaton diary 1846-1854, etc.
- Call No. 04-022491 – research relating to the **Brownlow Family**.
- **The Migrant Ship Harpley**, Rolicker Chandler. The story of her voyages and passengers from 1847 to 1862. (Call No. A3/21/60)
- No. 7 Immigrant Ships 1838. Includes *Fairlie*. (Call No. B7/50/7)
- Persons on bounty ships to Sydney, Newcastle and Moreton Bay 1848-1891 (Microfilm) Board's immigrant list (Call No. 3760). Reel A02458 covers the 1848 voyage of the *Agincourt*.
- **Records of the borough of Nottingham being a series of extracts from the archives of the Corporation of Nottingham, Vol VI 1702-1760**, Thomas Forman, 1914 (Call No. N4.29/2/201f)
- **Records of the borough of Nottingham, being a series of extracts from the archives of the Corporation of Nottingham Vol. IX, 1836-1900**, Thomas Forman, 1956 (Call No. N4. 29/2/201i)
- **Royal Charters granted to the Burgesses of Nottingham, A.D. 1155-1712 / issued by order of the Corporation of Nottingham**, London, Bernard Quaritch, 1890 – includes reference (Call No. N4.29/2/203).

The SAG Research Library and Bookshop at Level 2, 379 Kent Street, Sydney are open:

- Tuesday 10am-4pm
- Wednesday 10am-4pm
- Thursday 10am-4pm
- Saturday 10am-4pm

They are closed on Mondays, Fridays, Sundays and Public Holidays.

Richmond Villa at 120 Kent Street, Sydney is usually open for research:

- Thursday 10am-4pm
- Saturday 10am-4pm (RJL)



The high-minded man must care more for the truth than for what people think.

Aristotle, philosopher (384-322 BCE)



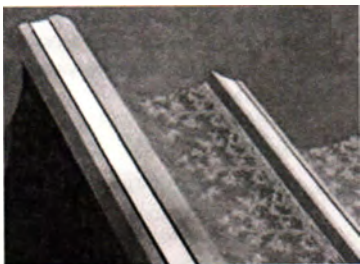
## 200 Years Ago. What was happening in 1814?

- King Louis-Philippe (Louis XVIII) landed in Calais on his way to Paris to occupy the Bourbon throne after the end of war and abdication of Napoleon (*Tulle* , Feb, 1983)
- John Blackner, born Ilkeston, DER, a self-educated framework knitter, completed his *History of Nottingham* in 1814. It was published in 1815. (*Tulle* , Aug 1988)
- John Leavers perfected his lace machine and machine lace was born (*Tulle*, May 1996 and Nov 2010)
- Ann Goldfinch (née Newing) died 8 April 1814 and was buried at Sutton, near Dover leaving Thomas a widower and three children without a mother. (*Tulle*, Nov 1996)
- William Gascoigne (*Agincourt*) was born in Nottingham, the son of William Gascoigne and Mary Eaton (*Tulle*, May 1998)
- George Benjamin Elliott (*Fairlie*) married Ann Withers at St Mary's, Nottingham (*Tulle*, May 2000)
- Frederick Parkes (*General Hewett*) was born in Derbyshire (*Tulle*, Nov 2004)
- William Rogers (*Walmer Castle*) was born c. 1814 (*Tulle*, Aug 2005)
- William Shore married Sarah Robinson, 23 December 1814 at Basford (*Tulle*, May 2006)
- Robert MacMurray West (*Agincourt*) was born in Deal, Kent (*Well Suited...* p60)
- Joseph Bromhead (*Agincourt*) commenced his apprenticeship to Noah Bullock as a framework knitter at Nottingham for a consideration of £10 (*Tulle*, Nov 2009)
- Luddism and frame-breaking was at an all-time high (*Tulle*, Nov 2009)
- Samuel Tivey (*Bermondsey*) was born on 5 Dec 1814 (*Tulle*, Feb 2011)
- Richard Goldfinch (*Harpley*) was born at Calais.
- Hiram Longmire (*Harpley*) was baptised at St Nicholas, NTT 30 Jan 1814 (*Tulle*, Nov 2011)
- Mr Kilby of Basford was shot dead by Luddites as they were attacking the house of one of his neighbours, Mr Garton (*Tulle*, Feb 2012)
- Elizabeth Litchfield (*Agincourt*) was born 1814 at Radford. She later married Thomas Duck (*Agincourt*)
- Mary Mottershaw (*Harpley*) born 1814 at Loughborough. She later married Thomas Dunk (*Harpley*).
- Andrew Browne (*Agincourt*) was born at Papplewick, NTT (*Well Suited...*p260)
- Emma Holmes (*Harpley*) was born at Attenborough, NTT in 1814. She later married Thomas Street (*Harpley*) (*Well Suited...*p260)

# Travelling to Nottingham?

Nottingham no longer has a lace industry. Nor does it still have a lace museum. However, some architects and designers are (thankfully) still aware of Nottingham's lace heritage. If you are travelling to Nottingham perhaps find time for the following.

Nottingham Contemporary – in Weekday Cross near Middle Hill – is one of the largest contemporary art centres in the UK. Designed by award winning London East End architects Caruso St John, they have been inspired by the bold, elegant design of the surrounding Lace Market warehouses which serviced Nottingham's world famous lace trade in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The site has been formerly used for a Saxon fort, a medieval Town Hall and finally a late Victorian railway cutting. The surprise offered by the exterior of the building, however, are the scalloped pale green concrete panels which have been pre-cast with a traditional lace pattern then capped with bands of gold-anodised aluminium. The building pays an elegant homage to Nottingham's lacemaking heritage.



The lace pattern was taken from a piece of Richard Birkin machine made, Valenciennes lace representing cherry blossom. It was made in 1847 and found recently in a glass Victorian time capsule which was buried in 1847 under the foundation stone of the Water Corporation. In the flesh on the panels the lace pattern is apparently very beautiful and incredibly precise. It doesn't so much look like a printed lace pattern, but like lace itself - super-realistic and with a certain fuzziness and softness.

Some of the precast panels have the lace pattern along their length, and these were cast first. Other panels use the lace pattern as an edging, and the latex casts were cut down gradually to form these part-decorated panels. Between each concrete vertical is a gold-anodised strip, and this combination makes the building feel monolithic - a wall rather than a clad structure.

See <http://www.nottinghamcontemporary.org/>

# The Condition of the Working Class in England



Figure 5: Friedrich Engels in 1840.

The text which follows consists of extracts from Friedrich Engels book, *The Condition of the Working Class in England*, first published in German as *Die Lage der arbeitenden Klasse in England* in 1845 but subsequently by Penguin Books, London, 1987. I am grateful to member Amanda Cavenett for making me aware of this material. Engels was a German social scientist, author, political theorist, philosopher and, along with Karl Marx, in 1848 the co-author of *The Communist Manifesto*. In 1842, aged 22, Engels was sent to Manchester by his parents to work in a mill making cotton thread. This enabled him to observe the revulsions of the Manchester slums and, in

particular the horrors of the overworked and impoverished labourers and their children. Engels gave his views on the “grim future of capitalism and the industrial age” in most of his writings. He writes as follows:

We were compelled to deal with the factory system somewhat at length, as it is an entirely novel creation of the industrial period; we shall be able to treat the other workers the more briefly, because what has been said either of the industrial proletariat in general, or of the factory system in particular, will wholly, or in part, apply to them. We shall, therefore, merely have to record how far the factory system has succeeded in forcing its way into each branch of industry, and what other peculiarities these may reveal.

The four branches comprised under the Factory Act are engaged in the production of clothing stuffs. We shall do best if we deal next with those workers who receive their materials from these factories; and, first of all, with the stocking weavers of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester. Touching these workers, the Children's Employment Commission reports that the long working-hours, imposed by low wages, with a sedentary life and the strain upon the eyes

involved in the nature of the employment, usually enfeeble the whole frame, and especially the eyes. Work at night is impossible without a very powerful light produced by concentrating the rays of the lamp, making them pass through glass globes, which is most injurious to the sight. At forty years of age, nearly all wear spectacles. The children employed at spooling and hemming usually suffer grave injuries to the health and constitution. They work from the sixth, seventh, or eighth year ten to twelve hours daily in small, close rooms. It is not uncommon for them to faint at their work, to become too feeble for the most ordinary household occupation, and so near-sighted as to be obliged to wear glasses during childhood. Many were found by the commissioners to exhibit all the symptoms of a scrofulous constitution, and the manufacturers usually refuse to employ girls who have worked in this way as being too weak. The condition of these children is characterised as "a disgrace to a Christian country", and the wish expressed for legislative interference.

The Factory Report adds that the stocking weavers are the worst paid workers in Leicester, earning six, or with great effort, seven shillings a week, for sixteen to eighteen hours daily work. Formerly they earned twenty to twenty-one shillings, but the introduction of enlarged frames has ruined their business; the great majority still work with old, small, single frames, and compete with difficulty with the progress of machinery. Here, too, every progress is a disadvantage for the workers. Nevertheless, Commissioner Power speaks of the pride of the stocking weavers that they are free, and have no factory bell to measure out the time for their eating, sleeping, and working. Their position today is no better than in 1833, when the Factory Commission made the foregoing statements; the competition of the Saxon stocking weavers, who have scarcely anything to eat, takes care of that. This competition is too strong for the English in nearly all foreign markets, and for the lower qualities of goods even in the English market. It must be a source of rejoicing for the patriotic German stocking weaver that his starvation wages force his English brother to starve too! And, verily, will he not starve on, proud and happy, for the greater glory of German industry, since the honour of the Fatherland demands that his table should be bare, his dish half-empty? Ah! It is a noble thing this competition, this "race of the nations".

In the *Morning Chronicle*, another Liberal sheet, the organ of the bourgeoisie par excellence, there were published some letters from a stocking weaver in Hinckley,

describing the condition of his fellow-workers. Among other things, he reports 50 families, 321 persons, who were supported by 109 frames; each frame yielded on an average 5½, shillings; each family earned an average of 11s. 4d. weekly. Out of this there was required for house rent, frame rent, fuel, light, soap, and needles, together 5s. 10d., so that there remained for food, per head daily, 1½d., and for clothing nothing.

"Eye hath not seen," says the stocking weaver, "ear hath not heard, the heart cannot conceive the half of the suffering endured by this poverty-stricken people."

Beds were wanting either wholly or in part, the children ran about ragged and barefoot; the men said, with tears in their eyes: "We never tasted meat this many a day" – "We have almost forgotten its taste"; and, finally, some of them worked on Sunday, though public opinion pardons anything else more readily than this, and the rattling noise of the frame is audible throughout the neighbourhood.

"Look at my children," said one of them, "and ask no more. It is because my poverty compels me; I cannot and will not hear my children cry for bread without taking the only means honestly to get it. Last Monday morning I rose at two o'clock and worked till near midnight. I rose at six o'clock each succeeding morning and worked until between eleven and twelve each night. I cannot do it longer. I shall go to an untimely grave if I do; I will therefore end my labours at ten o'clock each night and make up the time lost by labouring on the Sunday."

Neither in Leicester, Nottingham, nor Derby have wages risen since 1833; and the worst of it is that in Leicester the truck system prevails to a great extent, as I have mentioned. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the weavers of this region take a very active part in all working-men's movements, the more active and effective because the frames are worked chiefly by men.

In this stocking weavers' district the lace industry also has its headquarters. In the three counties mentioned there are in all 2,760 lace frames in use, while in all the rest of England there are but 787. The manufacture of lace is greatly complicated by a rigid division of labour, and embraces a multitude of branches. The yarn is first spooled by girls fourteen years of age and upwards, winders; then the spools are set up on the frames by boys, eight years old and upwards, threaders, who

pass the thread through fine openings, of which each machine has an average of 1,800, and bring it towards its destination; then the weaver weaves the lace which comes out of the machine like a broad piece of cloth and is taken apart by very little children who draw out the connecting threads. This is called running or drawing lace, and the children themselves lace-runners. The lace is then made ready for sale. The winders, like the threaders, have no specified working-time, being called upon whenever the spools on a frame are empty, and are liable, since the weavers work at night, to be required at any time in the factory or work-room. This irregularity, the frequent night-work, the disorderly way of living consequent upon it, engender a multitude of physical and moral ills, especially early and unbridled sexual licence, upon which point all witnesses are unanimous. The work is very bad for the eyes, and although a permanent injury in the case of the threaders is not universally observable, inflammations of the eye, pain, tears, and momentary uncertainty of vision during the act of threading are engendered. For the winders, however, it is certain that their work seriously affects the eye, and produces, besides the frequent inflammations of the cornea, many cases of amaurosis and cataract.

The work of the weavers themselves is very difficult, as the frames have constantly been made wider, until those now in use are almost all worked by three men in turn, each working eight hours, and the frame being kept in use the whole twenty-four. Hence it is that the winders and threaders are so often called upon during the night, and must work to prevent the frame from standing idle. The filling in of 1,800 openings with thread occupies three children at least two hours.

Many frames are moved by steam-power, and the work of men thus superseded; and, as the Children's Employment Commission's Report mentions only lace factories to which the children are summoned, it seems to follow either that the work of the weavers has been removed to great factory rooms of late, or that steam-weaving has become pretty general; a forward movement of the factory system in either case. Most unwholesome of all is the work of the runners, who are usually children of seven, and even of five and four, years old. Commissioner Grainger actually found one child of two years old employed at this work. Following a thread which is to be withdrawn by a needle from an intricate texture, is very bad for the eyes, especially when, as is usually the case, the work is

continued fourteen to sixteen hours. In the least unfavourable case, aggravated near-sightedness follows; in the worst case, which is frequent enough, incurable blindness from amaurosis. But, apart from that, the children, in consequence of sitting perpetually bent up, become feeble, narrow-chested, and scrofulous from bad digestion. Disordered functions of the uterus are almost universal among the girls, and curvature of the spine also, so that "all the runners may be recognised from their gait". The same consequences for the eyes and the whole constitution are produced by the embroidery of lace. Medical witnesses are unanimously of the opinion that the health of all children employed in the production of lace suffers seriously, that they are pale, weak, delicate, undersized, and much less able than other children to resist disease. The affections from which they usually suffer are general debility, frequent fainting, pains in the head, sides, back, and hips, palpitation of the heart, nausea, vomiting and want of appetite, curvature of the spine, scrofula, and consumption. The health of the female lace-makers especially, is constantly and deeply undermined; complaints are universal of anaemia, difficult child-birth, and miscarriage. The same subordinate official of the Children's Employment Commission reports further that the children are very often ill-clothed and ragged, and receive insufficient food, usually only bread and tea, often no meat for months together. As to their moral condition, he reports:

"In the town of Nottingham all parties, police, clergy, manufacturers, work-people, and parents of the children agree that the present system of labour is a most fertile source of immorality. The threaders, who are usually boys, and the winders, who are generally girls, are called out of their parents' houses at all hours of the night, and as it is quite uncertain how long they may be required, a ready and unanswerable excuse for staying out is furnished and they have every facility for forming improper connections. This must have contributed, in no slight degree, to the immorality which, according to the opinion universally expressed, prevails to a most awful extent in Nottingham. In addition to the immediate evils to the children themselves, the domestic peace and comfort of the families to which they are members are sacrificed to this most unnatural state of things."

Another branch of lace-making, bobbin-lacework, is carried on in the agricultural shires of Northampton, Oxford, and Bedford, chiefly by children and young persons, who complain universally of bad food, and rarely taste meat. The

employment itself is most unwholesome. The children work in small, ill-ventilated, damp rooms, sitting always bent over the lace cushion. To support the body in this wearying position, the girls wear stays with a wooden busk, which, at the tender age of most of them, when the bones are still very soft, wholly displace the ribs, and make narrow chests universal. They usually die of consumption after suffering the severest forms of digestive disorders, brought on by sedentary work in a bad atmosphere. They are almost wholly without education, least of all do they receive moral training. They love finery, and in consequence of these two influences their moral condition is most deplorable, and prostitution almost epidemic among them.

This is the price at which society purchases for the fine ladies of the bourgeoisie the pleasure of wearing lace; a reasonable price truly! Only a few thousand blind working-men, some consumptive labourers' daughters, a sickly generation of the vile multitude bequeathing its debility to its equally "vile" children and children's children. But what does that come to? Nothing, nothing whatsoever! Our English bourgeoisie will lay the report of the Government Commission aside indifferently, and wives and daughters will deck themselves with lace as before. It is a beautiful thing, the composure of an English bourgeois.

As a whole, this report testifies to the gradual but sure introduction of the factory system into all branches of industry, recognisable especially by the employment of women and children. I have not thought it necessary to trace in every case the progress of machinery and the superseding of men as workers. Everyone who is in any degree acquainted with the nature of manufacture can fill this out for himself, while space fails me to describe in detail an aspect of our present system of production, the result of which I have already sketched in dealing with the factory system. In all directions machinery is being introduced, and the last trace of the working-man's independence thus destroyed. In all directions the family is being dissolved by the labour of wife and children, or inverted by the husband's being thrown out of employment and made dependent upon them for bread; everywhere inevitable machinery bestows upon the great capitalist command of trade and of the workers with it.

On 22 Oct 2013, Foundation Member Kingsley Ireland was presented with a gold Kellion Victory Medal for having lived with diabetes for more than 60 years. Well done, Kingsley.



# Alcock Brothers Limited

## OLD FIRM GOING OUT OF BUSINESS.

### ALCOCK BROTHERS.

Alcock Brothers, Ltd. A softgoods and fancy warehouse enterprise, of 263-5-7 Clarence-street, announces its retirement from business.

The company disposed of the whole of its stock in one line, and the premises are closed for business from today. The principal shareholders are Mr. E.H. Alcock and Mr. Alfred Alcock, and they came to the determination to retire because of their age.

The business was established about 70 years ago by the father of the principal shareholders and his brother as a firm under the name Alcock Brothers. They were John Alcock and Thomas Alcock. They had been lace manufacturers at Nottingham, England, and they opened their first shop in Sydney in Crown-street, specialising in the wholesale lace business as importers. The enterprise gradually developed into a general softgoods warehouse.

In 1867 the firm's establishment was on the western side of Pitt-street at No 227, which in those days was situated two doors south of King-street. There they remained until 1891, when a removal was made to York-street at the corner of Barrack-street.

In 1903 the business was converted into a limited liability company under the same name. Three years ago the Railway Commissioners resumed the York-street property and the company removed to its present premises in Clarence-street.

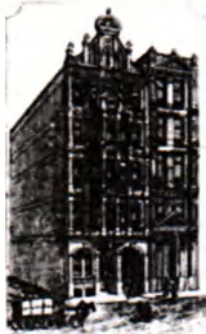
About half the staff have been with the company for twenty-five years or over. One of the directors, Mr. A. C. Muhs, joined the staff in 1889.

From: Sydney Morning Herald,  
Saturday, 22 June 1929

## MR. E. H. ALCOCK

Mr. Edward Henry Alcock, senior partner of the firm of Alcock Brothers, Ltd, softgoods warehousemen, of Clarence-street, Sydney, died at his home at Beecroft on Monday, aged 77 years. Mr. Alcock was born in Sydney. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Alcock, who was originally a Nottingham lace manufacturer, and who founded the Sydney firm. Mr. Alcock was educated in London and served his apprenticeship there, returning to Sydney as a young man to enter the firm, in the affairs of which he took an active interest until his retirement a few years ago. At one time Mr. Alcock played a prominent part in local affairs. He was a member of the Beecroft Bowling Club. He is survived by Mrs. Alcock, one son, and four daughters. The interment was at Rookwood Cemetery, the burial being preceded by a service at St. John's Church, of which Mr. Alcock was a churchwarden.

From: Sydney Morning Herald,  
Wednesday, 29 June 1932, p15



Business Enterprise.

Alcock Brothers' New Warehouse.

## **Alcock Brothers' New Warehouse,**

**York-street, Sydney.**

**From: Australian Town and Country Journal, Saturday, 12 March 1892**

Another mark of the commercial progress of New South Wales has just been completed at 73 York-street, Sydney. Messrs. Alcock Brothers, the well-known wholesale soft goods merchants, of Pitt-street, found that their long established business had under judicious management grown too big for the accommodation in Pitt-street, and Mr. Thompson, architect, was commissioned to prepare plans for a new building. This gentleman and Mr. Jenkin, the contractor for the work, have carried out faithfully and well the important undertaking entrusted to them. The firm of Alcock Brothers' was established about 30 years ago by the two gentlemen who are still its proprietors. Brought up in the Nottingham lace trade, they emigrated to Australia when quite young men, and started business in Sydney as soft goods merchants. They began in only a small way, but by dint of energy, perseverance, and enterprise, the business has gone on steadily increasing, and now holds a position in the front rank in its particular line. The attention of the firm is more particularly devoted to the lighter branches of the soft goods trade, and at the warehouse a large and varied stock is always kept. The principal departments include lace curtains, mosquito nets, valance nets, laces, gloves, velvets, plushes, silks, cashmeres, serges, and dress tweeds, underclothing, hosiery, umbrellas and sunshades, blankets, flannels, dress robes, dressing gowns, mantles, skirts, tulle, straw and felt hats, feathers, ribbons, crapes, wool goods, haberdashery, prints, shirts, collars, &c. In Nottingham manufactures especially, Messrs. Alcock Bros. occupy a very prominent position, as is perhaps but natural. Brought up in this branch of the trade, they acquired a thorough knowledge of it, and have consequently always made these departments a speciality of their business. The other departments of the house are thoroughly well looked after, and conspicuous enterprise is displayed in keeping with the times in the changes of style and fashion. The firm have their own buying establishment in London, which is under the personal direction of one of the brothers, who returned to England some years ago for this purpose, and who with his long experience in Australia and general business aptitude, has the greatest facilities for keeping the Sydney house thoroughly cognisant of all the latest novelties from the

various European producing centres. The new building is a handsome structure, with a good frontage to York-street. It consists of five floors and a basement, fitted with neatly designed shelves for the storage of merchandise. Lift accommodation is provided both for passengers and goods. The structure is light and airy, and while the building is a substantial one in every respect, there is nothing cumbersome in its construction. It is built chiefly of bricks and iron, the ceilings being corrugated iron, supported by iron girders and handsome pillars of like material; the almost total absence of wood reducing the chances of fire to a minimum. The office is on the ground floor, which is entered from York-street through well finished doors with glass panels, and by a design in character with the rest of the structure. A side entrance, closed by massive and handsome iron gates, is provided for the delivery vans, which by this means are enabled to discharge or load directly from the goods lift. The interior fittings are so arranged as to make the most of the space at command. The neatly packed long lines of shelves on the many floors give "a place for everything and everything in its place" air to the interior, which speaks volumes for the energy and business capacities of the firm -qualities which, no doubt, have contributed in no small degree to place them in their present high and honourable position in the commercial world of Australia.

**Ed: Readers of *Tulle* will be interested to know that the building at 73 York St, Sydney built by Alcock Brothers Limited still stands and remains in magnificent condition.**



Language is not an abstract construction of the learned, or of dictionary makers, but is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes, of long generations of humanity, and has its bases broad and low, close to the ground. -Noah Webster, lexicographer (1758-1843)

Language... has created the word "loneliness" to express the pain of being alone. And it has created the word "solitude" to express the glory of being alone. Paul Tillich

A riot is the language of the unheard. Martin Luther King, Jr.

If you talk to a man in a language he understands, that goes to his head. If you talk to him in his language, that goes to his heart. Nelson Mandela

# Book Review: Don't be Late on Monday. Life and work in a Nottingham lace factory.



I purchased the book by Mark Ashfield with the above title on-line in October 2013. It is an easy read with just 126 pages, amongst which are scattered many photographs. Mark Ashfield worked for a Nottingham lace factory (which he fictitiously refers to as Peggoty's throughout his book) from 1936 until 1959. Most of the photographs included are of the staff he worked with and many of these photographs were taken on the annual works outings. Many of the staff members are absolute characters who, Mark states, "laboured mightily at their trade and added to the reputation of a once-great industry".

The book starts with a poem called "The Old Factory" which was first printed in the *Nottingham Evening Post* on 25 October 1997.

*This car park here,  
Crowded off a busy street,  
Silences its ghosts by noise.  
But they must be there,  
Tortured that the high building  
Where they had spent long years  
Has gone, and with it  
The craft of centuries.  
Where they learned the art  
Of making delicate lace,  
On which much of the city's fame stands.*

*But those who daily park here  
Look only for a space to squeeze in  
Their necessary monsters.  
No overnight parking, it warns;  
And it is then, in the dark hours,  
When the wind blows in the right direction,  
There may be heard  
The soft clank-clank of the machines  
Working their gossamer threads  
For the sleeping city's  
Museum of memories.*

Ashfield commenced at Peggoty's, aged 14, an age perhaps similar to that at which many of our own great-great-grandfathers commenced in the lace trade. His first job was to write up tickets which stated the width, type and quality of a piece – or web – of lace, together with a serial number, which machine it was made on and the name of the man responsible for its production. Equally important, however, the ticket listed the number of faults discovered in the piece and how much it had cost to mend them.

Later on his first day he is taken to the mending room where he recalls there were perhaps a dozen girls, each wearing black overalls and sitting on low stools, surrounded by a mound of white lace. He watched while the girls repaired breaks

in the lace or mended “bodges”. Ashfield uses a lot of quotes to express the vernacular of the factory and I found this one of the many endearing features of this book.

Peggoty’s was near Drury Hill, a picturesque and narrow thoroughfare which ran through part of the old mediaeval part of Nottingham. This entire area was demolished during the construction of the Broadmarsh Centre in the 1960s. Peggoty’s also fronted on to a canal and life on and around this canal often features in Ashfield’s book.

Ashfield describes the various annual works outings in considerable detail – some to Liverpool, another to Skegness, mostly by steam train. He refers to the various characters who made up the factory staff and their activities during the trip (playing Pontoon, drinking beer, being chatted up by or chatting up the mending room girls). “I was to know Lizzie a good many years but she always seemed to me a slightly battered 25. She was not good-looking by any means, but she had a crude impishness that, over the years, enabled her to survive three husbands and more than her fair share of trouble. She was a pretty rough customer and when she had been talking with me half an hour ... certain gaps in my education had been filled”. Richard Budd, a quiet twisthand, “was quiet for a long time, old blue eyes staring out of the (train) window, and then he said: ‘A rum lass that one, a real rum lass.’”

Ashfield goes on “there was plenty of boozing ahead for those who wanted it... whatever else might be missing from the outing it wouldn’t be liquid refreshment...I had become content with a lemonade but with Lizzie and a few others there was enough spice in their talk to intoxicate a Puritan”.

Peggoty outings over the years included a weekend in Majorca and a day in Paris. Ashfield states “There were plenty among the Peggoty crowd who might never have seen the sea had it not been for works outings”. There were the usual moaners who said they would have been glad to have gone anywhere but the place selected. “If it was Bridlington they would have gone had it been Hunstanton. If the trip was to Cleethorpes they would have preferred Scarborough. Some who stayed at home even pressed the case for each dissenter to be paid a sum of money equivalent to the cost of the outing per person. However, the outings to Skegness (“Skeggy”) were always popular and always boozy dos. Everyone going on the outing was supplied with a specified number of “tallies stamped with the name of the firm”. Each of these, according to colour, represented a bottle of either beer or mineral water. Ashfield states that “when

their counters had gone the heavy drinkers started hunting around among those who were not so fond of the stuff to see if a deal could be done to the advantage of both parties. It was usually managed". He states that even after most of the party had fallen asleep "some of the hardened twisthands were still able to bend their elbows with enthusiasm".

By purchasing the book, I had initially hoped to learn more about the structure and operation of the factory. Chapters 6 and 7 come as close to providing new information on these aspects as anywhere else in the book. For example, Ashfield describes the long narrow room on the top floor of the factory. It had windows both sides running the whole length of the room and it was here that the slip-winding frames were kept. Italian and Japanese silk, Egyptian cotton, artificial silk and nylon thread were run from the hank, cheese or spool on to wooden bobbins of the right size to fit the spindles on the brass-bobbin winding creels. The room was very hot in summer and freezing cold in winter but its occupants at least had a view. Ashfield states that the slip-winders wore sombre clothing – always black stockings and black shoes and usually black frocks, were very poorly paid, and worked from 7.30am until 5.30pm in an atmosphere of absolute subservience, well apart from the rest of the factory – most of it spent standing up.

The twisthands were still skilled workers in the 1930s but their glory days were almost over. Usually, however, they were men who had spent long years at their craft and knew how to handle their often temperamental machines. Ashfield writes: "...in the 1930s most of the twisthands worked what were known as double-handed jobs. Just how they apportioned their hours was usually dependent upon how many machines they had and how well they worked with their "butties". Two of the men at Peggoty's had seven or eight machines (slightly narrower machines than the norm) and they worked together through the day, starting at about half-past six in the morning and knocking off at about half-past six or seven at night. It was often said that they couldn't stand the sight of each other, but with so many machines to look after there wasn't much time for falling out, and the only time they seemed to pause for a breather was for an hour each Friday morning, when they cleaned their machines and shared one wage packet for the job".

"But there were some men who had only two machines between them. They worked single-handed and on split shifts, starting at five o'clock in the morning summer and winter and, hopefully, keeping their machines going until eleven o'clock before walking home under the stars.... For years, day in and day out they would keep up their routine, each having implicit faith in the other. One man

would come on at five, work until nine, go home for his breakfast, return to work at one o'clock. He would then work until six in the evening. The other man would start at nine, work until one, go home for lunch, and then reappear at six to work through until eleven".

This system of working meant that "if there was a bit of trouble on a machine the man due to go off home could stay and help his butty and wouldn't feel too jaded - having had a break".

One of the hazards of working cotton was the number of "thicks" a twisthand had to put up with. A "thick" was a small length in the cotton yarn which was thicker than it should have been. Sometimes the "thick" led to a wafer-thin brass bobbin and its surrounding holder (called a carriage) being lifted out of the path it was traversing, thus causing a "machine smash". While the machine stood idle, so did their joint earnings.

In the 1930s and possibly in our own ancestor's time, the twisthands had to fetch and carry the warp beams (steel rods about 4m in length on to which had been wound hundreds of metres of cotton yarn) from the beam shop back to their machines. At Peggoty's this meant carrying them down five flights of near vertical stone stairs and then nearly 60 metres on the flat through the factory floor itself, back to the lace machine.

Most of the twisthands ate their meals at work while still operating their machines. The "racks" which they could produce in a given time meant everything to both them and their butty and thus to their respective families. For the same reason, most twisthands never seemed to take time off work through illness.

Most twisthands had seen good times as well as bad and most had to exist on the dole at some time. As a consequence, "there were not many twisthands who would readily part with their secrets...the real skill was not simply what a man knew but how he employed what he knew. Many a good and conscientious man died with his secrets untold; the details of how to calculate how much a specific amount of yarn on his warp would make if the lace was to be a certain quality; what machine was best served by what material; how to weight complicated designs so that the resultant pattern looked good. Their secrets were often entered into little notebooks and jealously guarded, as like as not going with the twisthand when he left the factory for the last time. In the bad old days there

were many more men than jobs and the protection of hard-won skill was the final fortification behind which a threatened craftsman could build his defence”.

In Chapter 9, Ashfield refers to the “inside hands”, the men responsible for the efficient performance of the insides of the machines – the brass bobbins, the steel carriages and the lead combs the bobbins ran in and out of as the lace was made. Like that of the twisthand, the work of the inside hand was highly-skilled and within exacting limits. The inside hand at Peggoty’s was Charlie Searlby and, like many of the other characters employed by the firm, Mark Ashfield describes him and his character in a very endearing way, with humour, sometimes pathos, always respect and apparent honesty.

Jack Preston (the firm’s manager), Bess Skeet (head of the mending room), Richard Budd (the perfectionist twisthand with a weak bladder), Lizzie Tatlow (the office temptress), the Mitchie sisters, Mrs Mallison, Ruby Briddles, Andrew Paige and Johnny Hopley (butties) and many others are all presented as people you would like to have known.

This book is obviously set at a time much later than our own ancestors worked in Nottingham. However, it is a good and easy read and I recommend it to you.

My thanks go to Mr Steve Caron, Managing Director of DB Publishing, for his permission for me to quote small passages from Mark Ashfield’s book in *Tulle. Don’t be late on Monday – Life and work in a Nottingham lace factory* was published by Breedon Books, Derby, in 2004. Breedon Books went into administration in November 2009 and its entire assets were transferred to Derby Books Publishing.

Mark Ashfield’s book is available on-line as either an e-book or as a paperback (ISBN 9781859834251) through <http://www.amazon.co.uk/Dont-Late-Monday-Nottingham-Factory/dp/1859834256> . I purchased my own new paperback copy of his book on line through AbeBooks (<http://www.abebooks.com/>).

Richard Lander



The great thing about getting older is that you don't lose all the other ages you've been. -  
Madeleine L'Engle, writer (1918-2007)



# Ragged Schools

The idea of ragged schools was developed by John Pounds, a Portsmouth shoemaker. In 1818 Pounds began teaching poor children without charging fees. Thomas Guthrie helped to promote Pounds' idea of free schooling for working class children. Guthrie started a ragged school in Edinburgh and Sheriff Watson established another in Aberdeen. Lord Shaftesbury formed the Ragged School Union in 1844 and over the next eight years over 200 free schools for poor children were established in Britain in working class districts of the rapidly expanding industrial towns. The Ragged Schools were charitable schools dedicated to the free education of destitute children. Working in the poorest districts, teachers (who were often local working people) initially utilised stables, lofts, and railway arches for their classes. There was an emphasis on reading, writing, arithmetic, and study of the Bible. In 1844, the movement spread to England, with the establishment of the London Ragged School Union.

As well as giving very elementary education, the Ragged Schools engaged in a wide variety of social welfare activities such as running Penny Banks, Clothing Clubs, Bands of Hope, and Soup Kitchens.

By 1844, there were at least 20 free schools for the poor, maintained through the generosity of community philanthropists. The Nottingham Town Mission Ragged School was designed by C.H. Edwards, a London architect, in 1857 and was built in 1858 on Brook Street (then called Colwick Street). It was officially opened by the Earl of Shaftesbury in 1859. At that time the local lace mills often worked night and day using child labour. After the Education Act of 1870 the school became part of the Nottingham School Board. By 2011 the school has been restored as offices of the Nottinghamshire Wildlife Trust. It is still standing and can be seen at Brook Street, Nottingham, Nottinghamshire NG1 1EA.

#### Sources:

- <http://www.maybole.org/history/articles/historyofraggedschools.htm>
- [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ragged\\_school](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ragged_school)

## Death of the Rev. A. Stubbs<sup>4</sup>. A well-known Methodist Minister.



The Rev. Albert Stubbs, 'one of the oldest and best known Methodist ministers in the State, died in the Adelaide Hospital on Saturday at the age of 86. A few weeks ago Mr. Stubbs had a leg broken through being knocked down by a motor car, and the shock of the injury proved too much for him. He was born at St. Pierre les Calais (France), and he was but 17 years of age when he arrived in Melbourne (ED: in 1857), at a time when the goldfields were still in the full flush of their productiveness. He was trained as a lace designer, and was a thoughtful, well educated, and high-minded youth. Thus it was natural that he should desire to render his abilities of service to the community. With this object he offered himself as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and in 1863 he was ordained in Wesley Church, Melbourne. His first circuit was in Geelong, and for seven years he did excellent work in that place, and at Heathcote, Seymour, St. Arnaud, Wood's Point, and Auburn. He was transferred to South Australia in 1870, and began his career at Wallaroo, where he remained for three years. After that he had charge of many circuits under the Wesleyan Conference and the United Methodist Church, among them being Strathalbyn, Mount Gambier, Port Adelaide, Mount Barker, Clare, Glenelg, Noarlunga, and Moonta. He was on the supernumerary list in 1885-6, during which period he visited Europe, and again from 1897 to 1903, when he went to Tea Tree Gully. His last circuit was at Nairne. In 1908 he retired from the active ministry. He had the distinction of preaching the first Methodist sermons at Maitland, Kybunga, Largs Bay, and Gilles Plains, and he did an immense amount of pioneering work elsewhere. He was the architect of the Wesleyan church at Riverton, and he also drew the plans and supervised the erection of the additions to the church at Mount Gambier, the lecture hall at Clare, and the transept of the church at Marion. Mr. Stubbs had the reputation when in charge of a circuit of being an instructive preacher and a firm administrator. Circuit stewards told him he was the most punctual minister they ever knew. He was as well-versed in French as in English literature, and he did much literary work, including the writing of various pamphlets. There are four daughters and one son, who survive him. They are Mrs. de Caux, of Willunga; Mrs. H. Lavers, of England; Mrs. T. Nacklin, of England; Mrs. Clezy, of Narracoorte; and Miss A. Stubbs, and Mr. Ivan Stubbs, of Adelaide.

<sup>4</sup> From the Adelaide paper, *Chronicle*, Saturday, 19 June 1926, p.59

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# Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais Inc. (ASLC)

Business Registration Y2651913

## Who are we?

The Society was formed in 1982 when a small group of people came to the realisation that they shared a common interest in a special group of English machine lacemakers which we call the Lacemakers. The Lacemakers were principally those originally from Nottingham and who were involved in two mass migrations in the space of little more than a decade.

The Lacemakers' first migration was to escape the poverty, unemployment, misery, disease and discomfort of overcrowded industrial Nottingham. Their migration was to the shores of France – especially to Calais – where their skills as lace artisans were initially treasured and where their employment and well-being seemed assured. However, during the 1848 Revolution in France, the political and social upheaval left most of them jobless again. Their future in France became uncertain. Most decided that making a fresh life in a new land was preferable to returning to England where it was probable they would remain destitute and a burden on their Parishes. Their second migration was to various parts of Australia.

Most of the Lacemaker emigrants sailed to Australian ports in one of three vessels, viz. *Agincourt* (destination Sydney), *Fairlie* (destination also Sydney) and *Harpley* (destination Adelaide). Other Lacemaker emigrants followed in smaller groups on other vessels. These included *Andromache*, *Baboo*, *Bermondsey*, *Emperor*, *General Hewitt*, *Harbinger*, *Navarino*, *Nelson*, *Walmer Castle* and possibly others.

Descendants of migrants who came on any of the vessels mentioned above are encouraged to apply for membership of the Australian Society of Lacemakers of Calais Inc.