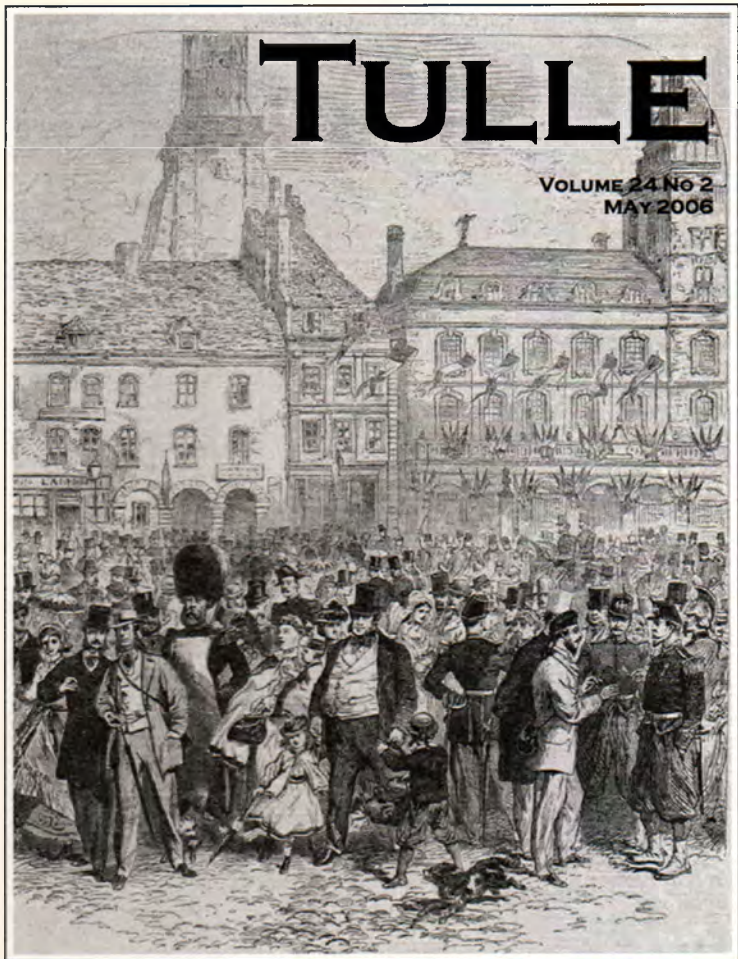


TULLE

VOLUME 24 No 2
MAY 2006



ENGLISH VISITORS TO CALAIS, PLACE D'ARMES 1850

THE JOURNAL OF
THE AUSTRALIAN SOCIETY OF THE LACEMAKERS OF CALAIS

**Saturday May 20, 2006
Saturday August 19, 2006
Saturday November 18, 2006**

**MEETING
DATES**

**Donbank Cottage
6 Napier St North
Sydney
Meeting Time : 1pm**

**NEXT MEETING
Saturday May 20, 2006**

Moving Forward

Our families' histories before 1848 are growing richer by the day as more and more information is made freely available.

But what about what happened next? Let's share a small part of our stories – perhaps with an item or a photo to look at. We all enjoy each other's stories so let's be contributors to make this afternoon a success.

Just two minutes of each person's story will add to a great meeting.

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

Want to join?

Membership due?

Annual Fees \$30

Membership Secretary

190 Shaftesbury Rd

EASTWOOD NSW 2122



Tulle

Volume 4 Number 2, May 2006

From the Desks of.....	2
Family History, <i>Jo Harris, Ku-Ring-Gai Family History</i>	5
The Shore Family, <i>Barbara Manchester</i>	8
A Day's Tour, <i>Percy Fitzgerald</i>	14
Sport, Games & Leisure in the 1840s, <i>Richard Lander</i>	23
The lace machines and the Holden, <i>Graham Journey</i>	25
From Guest Speaker to the Computer, <i>Richar Lander</i>	29
For the Genealogist: Some Calais marriages	34
For the Genealogist.....	31
A Family Historian's Lament.....	36

WELCOME YOUR COMMITTEE FOR 2006

PRESIDENT: Carol Bailey

SECRETARY: Richard Lander

TREASURER: Craig Williams

EDITOR: Gillian Kelly

PUBLICITY OFFICER: Elizabeth Bolton

MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY: Barbara Kendrick

HOSPITALITY: Claire Loneragan

FROM OUR NEW PRESIDENT'S DESK

Life presents many challenges and how we cope with them helps define us. In the political turmoil of 1848 the challenge was where to live. In February 2006, with a crane suspended over Don Bank, it was where to hold the AGM. Your Committee found two alternatives. Although a few were lost en route the nearby Thiess induction room proved quite cosy. At the AGM Elizabeth Bolton gave us another challenge when she stepped aside as President for the coming year!

In previous years the ASLC focussed on finding out who our lacemaker ancestors were. Now we want to discover what they achieved in their new home. Our February speaker, Jo Harris from the Ku-ring-gai Family History Centre at Gordon, helped prepare us for this challenge. She proved the usefulness of Internet resources provided by Family History Groups by finding a missing piece in the story of Beth William's family. Our meetings will continue to provide clues to uncovering the history of your family.

Once found the challenge then will be to write these stories and have them included in *Tulle*. We look forward to reading episodes from *The Lacemakers from Calais in Australia*.

Carol Bailey

FROM THE EDITOR



Post card village street, pas de Calais sent internal mail to parents by Charles Vincent Monaghan, c 1917. Note the censor's pencil across the place description.

This is a tale of reverse genealogy – of how, when you think there is nothing to learn, something pops up. This time I wasn't the searcher, but the finder!

I collect post cards of Calais pre World War I – it is how we have gained some images of what Calais might have looked like in the Lacemaker's days. Ten years ago I bought a cache of some hundred cards in an antique shop in Bungendore. They were all from pas de Calais and all written by the same man, Charles Monaghan.

From the cards Charles was an ambulance officer with the 3rd Field Ambulance, a pacifist with a deep faith and had a passion for fine architecture, particularly of churches. His cards were

written to his parents at Nowra, and his sisters and brothers but there was no mention of a wife or children. Tracing the family backwards wasn't hard, but I had been unable to find the generations after Charles and so tucked my cards away.

Recently I spoke to the Nowra Family History Society about our Lacemakers. This group has an excellent facility just out of Nowra and I asked about Charles Monaghan'

The ensuing was a piece of magic.

Charles Vincent Monaghan did indeed marry, but not until after he was demobbed. In 1920 he married Emma K Gulliford in Sydney. He had three children – two daughters and then a son Robert. When Robert was three his father was killed in a vehicle accident, leaving his mother with a dairy farm and three small children and Robert never really knowing his father.

Last month I was able to return those cards to Robert who lives on the original holdings of the Monaghans in NSW. He told me later the cards had given him a personal insight into his father's personality, his affection for his family, and his interest in the world that was falling apart around him – almost ninety years after they were written.

The mystery remains – how did the cards, sent to half a dozen people across half a dozen addresses, end up together, and how did they end up in an antique shop in a country village?

They are home now, on the land that Charles Monaghan was born on and at the address to which many of them were posted.

Gillian Kelly
Editor

FROM THE SECRETARY

ADDRESS BY MRS JO HARRIS, Vice-President, Ku-Ring-Gai Historical Society Inc.

Mrs Jo Harris was our Guest Speaker at an eventful February meeting. Jo is an exceptionally active septegenarian who delights in owning and using the latest in powerful computer technology and software. She exudes a fascination with Australian history, and especially that of her beloved Ku-Ring-Gai district. She is also a radio ham, keen gardener, wife, mother, grandmother and genealogist and it was in this latter capacity that Mrs Jo Harris addressed us. I have used the notes from her address to incorporate my computer lesson for this issue of Tulle.

Jo suggested that each of us note that genealogy is one of the most misspelled words in the English language. She said to think of it as a disease – an allergy – because that is what it is. Once you have let the genie out of the bottle you will not lose the allergy. She said she can normally class her audiences into one of five groups.

1. Those already researching
2. Those who would like to start their research but don't know how to start
3. Those just starting their research
4. The “tea and bikkie” brigade – those who are just there for the social contact or who have chauffeured their addicted partners to the meeting
5. Those who have finished their research. She said she had never been able to put anyone into this group!

Much of Jo's address was directed to those falling into the second group – those who needed a little help in starting their research. Her advice was to:-

1. Always start with your own records and record everything you know about yourself.

2. Find out who in the family has the best collections of information and photos and politely try to obtain copies of all this information.
3. Find out who has the family birthday book
4. Borrow these items, treat them with utmost respect and return them ASAP.
5. When making copies use the best quality paper possible (180 to 200g). This lasts much longer than standard photographic paper.
6. Take a copy of all photos in the relative's collection that show a full face – even if you have no idea who is being represented in the photo initially.
7. Purchase a good quality, 4-ring folder and use it like a filing cabinet.
8. Put the names of the people who are included in the folder on the cover.
9. Include a chart of those included in the folder at the very front of your collection.
10. Use acid-free plastic sleeves such as Marbig. Do not use cheap plastic sleeves as they will soon damage your valuable collection of photos and documents.
11. Discover the truths. Many myths are perpetrated in most families (“we are descended from British Royalty”; “Great-great-grandfather fought alongside Napoleon”) and each of these need to be thoroughly tested before being accepted by any worthwhile genealogist.
12. Never believe everything you read on a birth, death or marriage certificate – especially the latter – because often the information has been supplied by a neighbour or someone in a precarious mental state.
13. Never trust the spelling of surnames or placenames on documents.
14. Always look for verification of “facts” before accepting them into your records.

15. Never carry original documents or photos around with you.
16. Never say you have finished your research.
17. Never forget to look for new material as it becomes available. Remember that information that is available from sources such as NSW Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages changes each year. Family history certificates are available for unrestricted records such as births 80 years or more ago; deaths 30 years or more ago and marriages 50 years or more ago.
18. Join a family history society or a family history group.
19. Share your information.
20. Use the indexes available from NSW Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages – see computer lesson following.
21. Use the (Joyce) Ryerson Index. This is a complete index to death notices appearing in current Australian newspapers from 1974 until the last week or so and an incomplete one for earlier periods. It also includes some funeral notices, probate notices and obituaries. Because the Index was originally created by the Sydney Dead Persons Society, it concentrates on notices from NSW papers, although some papers from other states are included also. Within NSW, the bulk of the entries are from the two Sydney papers, the *"Sydney Morning Herald"* and the *"Daily Telegraph"*. Indexing is being continuously carried out by a team of volunteers, and the website is updated every two or three weeks. The index itself cannot by definition be considered a primary source of data, but is purely a research aid to direct the researcher to the original source of a notice. The data from the Ryerson Index can be copied to either a Word or Excel document using the techniques described above for NSW Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages entries.

Richard Lander

THE SHORE FAMILY

The early history of the Shore family has been traced back as far as 1726 in the records of Nottingham and surrounding areas. The direct line of descent appears to be:

John Shore m Ann Parkes 15 August 1726, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts.

Thomas Shore bp 5 June 1734, bur 11 Oct 1807
m1 Elizabeth Pyniger (bur 26 October 1780) 20 April 176
m2 Mary Shelton of Stoke Bardolphe cum Gedling 16 May 1781

William Shore bp 1 March 1789, m Sarah Robinson 23 December 1814, Basford

John Shore bp 4 April 1819 m Marie Francoise Adelaide Bouclet 29 November 1843 at Calais

It is clear from a cluster of deaths of Thomas and Elizabeth and Mary Shore's children in January-February 1786 that they must have died in some epidemic, or at least of some infection that swept through the family.

Nottingham was the centre of the new and lucrative machine lace making industry. William Shore is described in records as a framework knitter. He and his wife and family were among the Nottingham craftsmen who took their skills to Calais, France. A number of families made this move (illegally) early in the 19th century. Calais became the "Nottingham of France". His son John followed him in this trade and married a local woman, Marie Francoise Adelaide Bouclet, a dressmaker by profession, in 1843. Adelaide, as she was later known, was born in 1816, at

Pihem pas-de-Calais. Her parents were Marc and Eugenie (Falempin) Bouclet.

John and Adelaide's daughter, Mary Selina Shore, or Marie Coelina as she appears on her French birth certificate, who came to Australia in 1848 with her parents, was born in Calais in August 1846, their third child and the first to survive.

In 1848 political troubles flared in France. The Stock Exchange and all banks closed between March and June. Factories were shut down. The state of alarm "rubbed off" on a number of the Calais residents who were originally from Nottingham. John's parents, William and Sarah Shore, seemed to have returned to Nottingham at around this time as there is a burial record for William at least in the Basford records. John and Marie Shore were amongst those who applied to immigrate and they were granted passage on the *Agincourt*.

John, Adelaide and Mary Selina (aged 2 yrs) were among the immigrants. The ship's records indicate that the two adults could both read and write, were in good health and had no complaints about the ship. John was listed as a lacemaker and house servant, Church of England and with both parents living in Nottingham. Adelaide was listed as a dressmaker, Roman Catholic, a native of Calais, with both parents Mark (sic) and Jane (sic) deceased. John was 29 and Adelaide was 32. The *Agincourt* reached Sydney on 6 October 1848.

One hundred and twenty-one of the immigrants were sent, almost straight away, up the Parramatta River by barge to Parramatta from where they travelled over the mountains and on to Bathurst by dray. This speed was to guard against their getting to like life in the city – the colony's perceived need was for settlers in the country areas.

In an article in the Bathurst Notes in the SMH of 1 December 1848 there were complaints about the unfairness of immigrants being taken by employers on the way to Bathurst. It also stated that Mr E Austin had devoted his wholesale store in Durham St, Bathurst as a barracks for the immigrants.¹

On 16 December 1848 Adelaide placed an advertisement in the Bathurst Advocate:

"French Millinery and Dressmaking
"Madame Shore begs to inform the Inhabitants of Bathurst and its Vicinity that she has commenced in the above Business, in Piper Street, near Mr De Clouet's, "Sportsman's Arms", and respectfully solicits their patronage and support. She has had fifteen years experience in the Business in France, and has brought over with her all the most elegant Paris Fashions that had Apperred (sic) prior to her leaving that country. By combining a perfect knowled(ge) of the trade, with strict attention to Business, she hopes to give entire satisfaction to all who may be pleased to favor her with their patronage."

John Shore became a Constable in Bathurst and later a Turnkey. By 1852 when Adelaide died, the family was living at Kelso.

*The Story of Bathurst*² gives this picture of Bathurst and Kelso around 1850:

"By 1850 Bathurst was well established as one of the leading provincial centres of New South Wales. According to official census figures released in April 1851 the population of the town of Bathurst itself was 2252 and that of Kelso, the village on the east bank of the Macquarie River, 339. In the

¹ Narelle Richardson, a descendent of John and Adelaide Shore=

² Edited by Bernard Greaves, Angus & Robertson 1973

county of Bathurst, excluding the town, there were another 1384 persons, and in those parts of neighbouring counties which were included in the census area there were a further 3000 approximately. The population of the town and district seems, therefore, to have been about 7000." Since the previous census, in 1846, the population of Bathurst itself had increased by 369, and that of Kelso had declined by 125.

"In those days Bathurst bore little resemblance to the city we know now. There was no bridge over the Macquarie, and travellers to and from Sydney forded the river when it was low, and used the ferry at other times. ... There were times when the Macquarie was completely impassable and Bathurst was isolated for days at a time. The block in the centre of the town which today has the Carillon standing on it was a desolate and sandy waste. It was so sandy, in fact, that when the wind blew from the west the shopkeepers on the east side of William St had to close their doors. The neighbouring block, where Machattie Park stands today, contained the jail (one of the worst eyesores in Bathurst), a watch-house, and the court-house. ... The streets were unpaved and largely unmade. In winter, foot travel was an ordeal because of the mud and puddles and the gullies that were scoured out in the roads. At night gloom descended on the whole town area. The standard home lighting was provided by lamps or, as often as not, by tapers. ... In the streets the only illumination was from the lights which the law of the day required publicans to have burning all night in front of their hotels. ...

"There was a police force functioning by 1850, but the constables seem not to have worked after dark, for there were at least two night-watchmen employed to patrol the streets."

John and Adelaide's first child born in Australia was Eugene Ernest Henry, born on 10 September 1849. He was baptised into the Roman Catholic Faith on 17 December 1849. John and Adelaide had two other children, all three coming within three

years. Adelaide died in childbirth when the third of these Australian children was born, on 3 August 1852, aged 36. She was buried in the Roman Catholic Cemetery. This was a short and no doubt difficult life.

John and Adelaide's children were:

daughter(stillborn)

Henry Herbert b 8 August 1846 Calais, d10 October 1846

Marie Coelina b1847 Calais, known as Mary Selina in Australia, m Thomas Watts

Eugene Ernest Henry b 10 Sept 1849 Bathurst m Jane Shearer 1880

Adelaide Australia b 26 January 1851 16 February 1851 m Jacob Vickery 1869 (de facto) Robert Turnbull 1870s

Isabella Brigit b 3 August 1852 Bathurst 10 August 1852 m Francis Gressier 1869

When Adelaide died John inserted the following announcement in the paper:

DIED

On Tuesday the 3rd inst of childbirth, ADELAIDE SHORE, of Kelso, Wife of Mr JOHN SHORE, leaving her disconsolate husband with four helpless children=

John quickly married again, partly, one assumes, to provide a new mother for his "helpless children". His new wife was a widow, Sarah Keenan with three teenage children of her own. They were married by licence on the 28th of March 1853 at Bathurst. John and Sarah had one child, a daughter, Caroline Sarah, born on 6 July 1854 and baptised on 6 August.

By this time John was a Turnkey (probably at Bathurst Gaol). Family tradition has it that Adelaide's children had a hard time in the new family. Be that as it may, later on Caroline (Aunt Carrie)

befriended Mary Selina's daughters until, that is, they marred her social aspirations by admitting that they were in service!

In later years John was a publican in Bathurst. In 1860 he applied for a publican's licence for the period 20 April 1860 to July 1861. The licence was for house and premises on the corner of Keppel St and Stewart St and were unnamed but by 1862 were in the Bathurst Tradesman's Directory as The Tradesman's Arms in Keppel St. From 1866 to 1872, when he died, he held a publican's licence for The Golden Lion Inn in George St. He is listed in the NSW Country Directory for 1872 as an innkeeper of George St.³

In 1867 Mary Selina had a son, registered as Alexander E Shore .On 9 June 1869 she married Thomas Watts in the Wesleyan Parsonage, Bathurst Alec Shore later took the name Watts but was not mentioned in Thomas Watts' listing of his children on his death .

In 1888 Alexander Watts married Susie Wills Their children were⁴ Ethel A, Alexander B, John B, Albert V and Edith S.

John Shore died on 19 December 1872 aged 53, of "A serious effusion on the brain from the abuse of spirits" to quote his death certificate He is buried in Holy Trinity churchyard, Kelso. An obelisk by the side door to the church marks his grave. No record of Sarah Shore's later life has been found. In John's Will he left everything to his son Eugene His estate was sworn at 150 pounds. In 1873 Eugene sold all the land he had inherited to George Matthews of Kelso for the sum of 450 pounds. Eugene, or Ernest as he chose to be called, became a watchmaker in Brewarrina NSW.

³ Narelle Richardson

⁴ May not be a complete list

In 1887 one Percy Fitzgerald was inspired by a newspaper article to take a twenty four hour journey through France and Belgium by Calais, Tournay, Orchies, Douai, Arras, Béthune, Lille, Comines, Ypres, Hazebrouck, Berges and St Omer.

**Barbara Manchester,
Shore family**

A DAY'S TOUR

BY PERCY FITZGERALD

PREFACE

This trifle is intended as an illustration of the little story in 'Evenings at Home' called 'Eyes and No Eyes,' where the prudent boy saw so much during his walk, and his companion nothing at all. Travelling has become so serious a business from its labours and accompaniments, that the result often seems to fall short of what was expected, and the means seem to overpower the end. On the other hand, a visit to unpretending places in an unpretending way often produces unexpected entertainment for the contemplative man. Some such experiment was the following, where everything was a surprise because little was expected. The epicurean tourist will be facetious on the loss of sleep and comfort, money, etc.; but to a person in good health and spirits these are but trifling inconveniences.

CALAIS

It is now close on midnight, and we are drawing near land; the eye of the French phare grows fiercer and more glaring, until, close on midnight, the traveller finds the blinding light flashed full on him,

as the vessel rushes past the wickerwork pier-head. One or two beings, whose unhappy constitution it is to be miserable and wretched at the very whisper of the word 'sea,' drag themselves up from below, rejoicing that here is Calais.



The city walls as the Lacemakers
would have seen them

that sits up all night from year's end to year's end; the dark figures with tumbrils, and a stray coach waiting; the yellow gateway and drawbridge of the fortress just beyond, and the chiming of carillons in a wheezy fashion from the old watch-tower within, make up a picture.

Such, indeed, it used to be—not without its poetry, too; but the old Calais days are gone. Now the travellers land far away down the pier, at the new-fangled 'Calais Maritime,' forsooth! and do not even approach the old town.



Gare Maritime with its clock

The fishing-boats, laid up side by side along the piers, are shadowy. It seems a scene in a play. The great sea is behind us and all round. It is a curious feeling, thinking of the nervous unrest of the place, that has gone on for a century, centuries more. Certainly, to a person who has never been abroad, this midnight scene would be a picture not without a flavour of romance. But such glimpses of poetry are held intrusive in these matter-of-fact days.

There is more than an hour to wait, whilst the passengers gorge in the huge salle, and the baggage is got ashore. So I wander away up to the town. How picturesque that stroll! Not wholly levelled are the old yellow walls; the railway-station with its one eye, and clock that never sleeps, opens its jaws with a cheerful bright light, like an inn fire; dark figures in cowls, soldiers, sailors, flit about; curiously-shaped tumbrils for the baggage lie up in ordinary.

Here is the old arched gate, ditch, and drawbridge; Hogarth's old bridge and archway, where he drew the 'Roast Beef of Old England.' Passing over the bridge into the town unchallenged, I find a narrow street with yellow houses — white shutters, the porches, the first glance of which affects one so curiously and reveals France.



Roast Beef of Old England, Hogarth

Here is the Place of Arms in the centre, whence all streets radiate. What more picturesque scene!—the moon above, the irregular houses straggling round, the quaint old town-hall, with its elegant tower, and rather wheezy but most musical chimes; its neighbour,

the black, solemn watch-tower, rising rude and abrupt, seven centuries old, whence there used to be strict look-out for the English. Down one of these side streets is a tall building, with its long rows of windows and shutters and closed door (Quillacq's,



Place d'Armes with the Watch Tower at the left rear.

now Dessein's), once a favourite house—the 'Silver Lion,' mentioned in the old memoirs, visited by Hogarth, and where, twenty years ago, there used to be a crowd of guests.

Standing in the centre, I note a stray roysterer issuing from some long-closed café, hurrying home, while the carillons in their airy rococo-looking tower play their melodious tunes in a wheezy jangle that is interesting and novel. This chime has a celebrity in this quarter of France. I stayed long in the centre of that solitary place, listening to that midnight music. It is a curious, not unromantic feeling, that of wandering about a strange town at

midnight, and the effect increases as, leaving the place, I turn down a little by-street—the Rue de Guise—closed at the end by a beautiful building or fragment, unmistakably English in character. Behind it spreads the veil of blue sky, illuminated by the moon, with drifting white clouds passing lazily across.

This is the entrance to the Hôtel de Guise—a gate-tower and archway, pure Tudor-English in character, and, like many an old house in the English counties, elegant and almost piquant in its design. The arch is flanked by slight hexagonal tourelles, each capped by a pinnacle decorated with niches in front. Within is a little courtyard, and fragments of the building running round in the same Tudor style, but



Hôtel de Guise

given up to squalor and decay, evidently let out to poor lodgers.

This charming fragment excites a deep melancholy, as it is a neglected survival, and may disappear at any moment—the French having little interest in these English monuments, indeed, being eager to efface them when they can. It is always striking to see this on some tranquil night, as I do now—and Calais is oftenest seen at midnight—and think of the Earl of Warwick, the 'deputy,' and of the English wool-staple merchants who traded here. Here lodged Henry VIII. in 1520; and twelve years later Francis I., when on a visit to Henry, took up his abode in this palace.

Crossing the place again, I come on the grim old church, built by the English, where were married our own King Richard II. and Isabelle of Valois—a curious memory to recur as we listen to the

'high mass' of a Calais Sunday. But the author of 'Modern Painters' has furnished the old church with its best poetical interpretation. 'I cannot find words,' he says in a noble passage, 'to express the intense pleasure I have always felt at first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it, the record of its years, written so vividly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern vastness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with bitter sea-grass. I cannot tell half the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of the old tower.'

Most interesting of all is the grim, rusted, and gaunt watch-tower, before alluded to, which rises out of a block of modern houses in the place itself. It can be seen afar off from the approaching vessel, and until comparatively late times this venerable servant had done the charity of lighthouse work for a couple of centuries at least.

There is still a half hour before me, while the gorgers in 'Maritime Calais' are busy feeding against time; and while I stand in the place, listening to the wheezy old chimes, I recall a pleasant excursion, and a holiday that was spent there, at the time when the annual fêtes were being celebrated. Never was there a brighter day: all seemed to be new, and the very quintessence of what was foreign—the gay houses of different heights and patterns were decked with streamers, their parti-coloured blinds, devices, and balconies running round the place, and furnishing gaudy detail.

Here there used to be plenty of movement, when the Lafitte diligences went clattering by, starting for Paris, before the voracious railway marched victoriously in and swallowed diligence, horses, postilions—bells, boots and all! The gay crowd passing across the place was making for the huge iron-gray cathedral, quite ponderous and fortress-like in its character. Here

is the grand messe going on, the Swiss being seen afar off, standing with his halbert under the great arch, while between, down to the door, are the crowded congregation and the



Courgainaise Fisherwoman

convenient chairs. Overhead the ancient organ is peeling out with rich sound, while the sun streams in through the dim-painted glass on the old-fashioned costumes of the fish-women, just falling on their gold earrings en passant. There is a dreamy air about this function, which associated itself, in some strange way, with bygone days of childhood, and it is hard to think that about two or three hours before the spectator was in all the prose of London.

For those who love novel and picturesque memories or scenes, there are few things more effective or pleasant to think of than one of these Sunday mornings in a strange unfamiliar French town, when every corner, and every house and figure—welcome novelty!—are gay as the costumes and colours in an opera. The night before it was, perhaps, the horrors of the packet, the cribbing in the cabin, the unutterable squalor and roughness of all things, the lowest depth of hard, ugly prose, together with the rudest buffeting and agitation, and poignant suffering; but, in a few hours, what a 'blessed' change! Now there is the softness of a dream in the bright cathedral church crowded to the door, the rites and figures seen afar off, the fuming incense, the music, the architecture!

During these musings the fiercely glaring clock warns me that time is running out; but a more singular monitor is the great lighthouse which rises at the entrance of the town, and goes

through its extraordinary, almost fiendish, performance all the night long. This is truly a phenomenon. Lighthouses are usually relegated to some pier-end, and display their gyrations to the congenial ocean. But conceive a monster of this sort almost in the town itself, revolving ceaselessly, flashing and flaring into every street and corner of a street, like some Patagonian policeman with a giant 'bull's-eye.' A more singular, unearthly effect cannot be conceived. Wherever I stand, in shadow or out of it, this sudden flashing pursues me. It might be called the 'Demon Lighthouse.' For a moment, in picturesque gloom, watching the shadows cast by the Hogarthian gateway, I may be thinking of our great English painter sitting sketching the lean Frenchwomen, noting, too, the portal where the English arms used to be, when suddenly the 'Demon Lighthouse' directs his glare full on me, describes a sweep, is gone, and all is dark again. It suggests the policeman going his rounds. How the exile forced to sojourn here must detest this obtrusive beacon of the first class! It must become maddening in time for the eyes. Even in bed it has the effect of mild sheet-lightning. Municipality of Calais! move it away at once to a rational spot—to the end of the pier, where a lighthouse ought to be.



The lighthouse with the English opinion of being in the wrong place!

Close to Calais is a notable place enough, flourishing, too, founded after the great war by one Webster, an English laceman. It has grown up, with broad stately streets, in which, it is said, some four or five thousand Britons live and thrive. As you walk along you see the familiar names, 'Smith and Co.,' 'Brown and Co.,' etc., displayed on huge brass plates at the doors in true native

style. Indeed, the whole air of the place offers a suggestion of Belfast, these downright colonists having stamped their ways and manners in solid style on the place. Poor old original Calais had long made protest against the constriction she was suffering; the wall and ditch, and the single gate of issue towards the country, named after Richelieu, seeming to check all hope of improvement. Reasons of state were urged. But a few years ago Government gave way, the walls towards the countryside were thrown down, the ditch filled up, and some tremendous 'navigator' work was carried out. The place can now draw its breath.



Pont Richelieu

Now at last down to the vessel, as the wheezy chimes give out that it is close on two o'clock a.m. All seems dozing at 'Maritime Calais.' The fishing-boats lie close together, interlaced in black network, snoozing, as it were, after their labours. Afar off the little town still maintains its fortress-like air and its picturesque aspect, the dark central spires rising like shadows, the few lights twinkling. The whole scene is deliciously tranquil. The splashing of the water seems to invite slumber, or at least a temporary doze, to which the traveller, after his long day and night, is justly entitled. How strange those old days, when the exiles for debt abounded here! They were in multitudes then, and had a sort of society among themselves in this Alsatia. That gentleman in a high stock and a short-waisted coat—the late Mr. Brummell surely, walking in this direction? Is he pursued by this agitated crowd, hurrying after him with a low roaring, like the sound of the waves?...

FITZGERALD, Percy, A DAY'S TOUR A Journey through France and Belgium, London, CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY, 1887.

SPORT, GAMES AND LEISURE IN THE 1840S

The Growth of Leisure

With the announcement that London had won the right to host the 2012 Olympic Games, I began thinking about the sports, games and leisure pursuits that may have been available to our ancestors in the mid-1800s. My research has been limited (if that is the appropriate word in the circumstances) to the internet where thousands of sites are dedicated to hundreds of recreational activities.

Plato said "But the gods, taking pity on mankind born to work, laid down a succession of recurring feasts to restore them from their fatigue so that nourishing themselves in festive companionship with the gods, they should again stand upright and erect."⁵ Thus the need for us all to take a "smoko" has been recognized for a very long time. However, until legislation in 1847 (The Ten Hour Act)⁶ and a subsequent amendment in 1850⁷, generations of workers were far too busy trying to make ends meet to spare much thought to enjoying themselves.

If you are spending 15 hours a day in a factory, any spare time is dedicated to eating and sleeping rather than in the pursuit of happiness and knowledge! Demands for a shorter working week had commenced in Manchester in 1832⁸. Children there sang an impassioned plea for shorter working hours:-

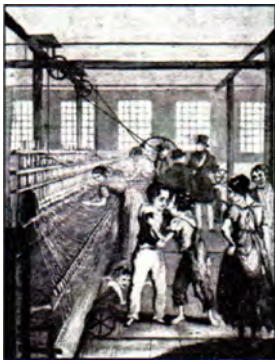
⁵ http://www.uwm.edu/Dent/JMC/Olson/speeches/spiritual_need.htm

⁶ <http://www.learningcurve.gov.uk/victorianbritain/industrial/timeline2.htm>.

This limited working hours for women and those less than 18 years of age to ten hours a day and 57 hours per week.

⁷ This set the working day for all workers at ten and a half hours, . They could begin work at either 6.00 or 7.00 a.m. and finish at either 6.00 or 7.00 p.m., with one and a half hours for breaks. Saturday afternoons were to be free.

⁸ http://www.uncp.edu/home/rwb/manchester_19c.html



We will have the Ten-Hour Bill,
That we will, that we will.
Or the land will ne'er be still,
We will have the Ten-Hour Bill.

The Factory Act of 1833 followed. This limited the employment of children in cotton mills to those aged ten or over; restricted the hours that such children could work and prohibited any night work by them. A new Factory Act in 1844 gave further protections to children and also to women. The Ten-Hour Bill enacted as part of the 1847 Factory Act⁹ limited the hours of labour to sixty-three per week from the 1st of July 1847, and to fifty-eight per week, from the 1st of May 1848, which with the stoppage on Saturday afternoon was the equivalent of ten hours work per day.

By the 1840s, professionals tended to work only half a day on Saturdays and most people had Sunday off. However, it wasn't until 1871 that the Bank Holiday Act introduced the concept of

⁹ <http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/TR1847.htm>

holidays with pay and created holidays on Boxing Day, Easter Monday, Whit Monday and on the first Monday in August¹⁰. With people working fewer hours, they tended to shop more and the change saw the creation of huge emporiums such as Harrods. Charles Henry Harrod was already a successful grocery wholesaler and tea merchant before he took over a small Knightsbridge shop in 1849¹¹.

Richard Lander

THE LACE MACHINES AND THE HOLDEN AUTOMOBILE

Richard Bell Dixon was an Armenian Methodist born in Kent and a butcher by trade. He married Mary Anne Petty in Deal in 1818 and together they produced a family of ten children.

The family was in Calais by 1828 and stayed until after 1834 by which time Richard had made the transition from butcher to lace worker and they moved to Nottingham and lived in Adams Place with the older children all entering the lace trade.

In 1841 the family was still settled in Nottingham but Richard returned to Calais where he boarded with William and Sophie Brown. The 1846 census shows the whole family reunited back in Calais and in 1848 they were amongst those who applied to immigrate.

The family was accepted and all but daughters Elizabeth and Caroline joined the *Harpley* contingent. Elizabeth came years

¹⁰ <http://www.cottontown.org/page.cfm?LANGUAGE=eng&pageID=670>

¹¹ <http://www.harrods.com/Cultures/en-GB/KnightsbridgeStore/History/>

later, but Caroline was married to William Whewell by this time and she, with her husband and son Joseph, travelled on the *Agincourt* with William's parents, Joseph and Mary Whewell. And went to Bathurst.

Their call to Adelaide was strong and the young Whewell family very quickly made the journey from Bathurst to settle there with the rest of the Dixons.

William established himself as a grocer and corn merchant. Another child, Mary Ann was born there on March 16, 1860. When Mary Ann was twenty one years old she married Henry James Holden, the son of James Alexander Holden.

James Alexander Holden had arrived in SA in 1852, not very long after the Lacemakers. He was seventeen and in 1856 started a leather goods business in King William Street, Adelaide. He married Mary Elizabeth Phillips in Adelaide in 1857 and Henry was born about 1860. As a young man he entered his father's business.

Henry Holden and Mary Ann had five children: Edward Wheewall¹², Ida Caroline Mary, Florence Muriel, Dorothy Edith, and William Arthur.

The company progressed from mainly saddlery work to coach building and repairs. In 1885 Henry Frederick Frost joined as a junior partner and the company was later badged as Holden & Frost Ltd and as such the company repaired and built horse-drawn carriages and coaches.

In 1913, Holden and Frost began production of complete motor-cycle sidecar bodies and later in the year produced its first

¹² The added 'e' appeared in Adelaide.

custom-made car body. In 1917 the company put a new sign on the door - Holden's Motor Body Builders - and completed 99 car bodies in the first year. These cars used a Dodge and Buick chassis. Holden gradually developed a reputation for value-for-money and quality, which it still enjoys to this day.

The next two years saw nearly 2200 car bodies being manufactured with the Woodville production line established in 1924 - Holden's were now the biggest body builder in Australia, turning out railway carriages, bus and tram bodies in addition to car bodies. It was in this decade that the famous '*lion and stone*' badge was first used

After the death of Frost in 1909, Henry Holden bought his late partner's shares. In 1913, they began producing motorcycle sidecar bodies, and by the next year they were producing custom car-bodies. Henry joined with Frederick Hack in 1918 formed what was known as Holden Motor Body Builders. The company was building bodies for Chevrolet, Ford, Buick, Essex and Hupmobile by 1920 and was building more than 500 bodies a month by 1922.

In 1924, Holden Motor Body Builders was contracted to build entire car bodies for all General Motors chassis imported into Australia. This deal ensured at least 10,000 units per year would be produced.

Henry Holden died in 1926, leaving the company in the hands of his son Edward Wheewall Holden and the company was producing 36,000 units per year. Edward married Hilda May Lavis on 18 Mar 1908 and they had three children: Margaret Helen, Nancy Ellen and John Jas.

General Motors set up headquarters in Melbourne, Victoria and installed assembly plants in Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth

and Sydney. By 1927 over 100,000 units per year were being sold. The 1930s Depression hit this American company particularly hard with huge losses and a growing stockpile of unsold cars. GM director, Graeme Howard, realised that GM had no assets other than unsold cars, whereas Holdens had assets including buildings, land and production equipment to keep the company afloat through the hard times.

Graeme Howard and the now Sir Edward Holden agreed that the merger of both companies would enable them to pool resources and survive the low car sales. Vehicle prices were dropped and by 1934 sales slowly but steadily increased. At this time the company invented the famous Australian ute.

When the second World War came about, the economic recovery was complete. The new company, GM-H, concentrated on building armaments engines and ships at Fishermen's Bend, Melbourne. When the end of the war came about General Motors Holden had already been considering plans for the first all Australian car. The car would go under the name of Holden.

Designers had to design a car which could be used in Australian environments. It had to have enough power and be able to handle the harsh road and bush conditions. Australia's first locally produced car (Model FX) rolled off the production line on 29 November 1948. Unfortunately Sir Edward died in 1947.

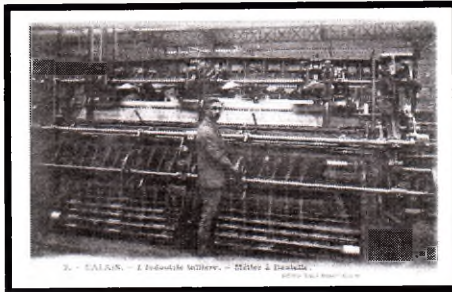
The price was set at £733, which represented two years wages for the average worker at the time. Despite this, the car was an immediate success and Holden could not satisfy demand quickly



enough. Eighteen thousand people had signed up and paid their deposit without even having seen the vehicle.

And so, exactly one hundred years after the Lacemaker's arrival in Australia, our own automobile was born and was to become as iconic as Bondi, the koala and Vegemite.

Neither William nor Caroline Whewell lived to see the successes of their son-in-law Henry Holden and grandson Sir Edward Wheewall Holden. Perhaps they would not have been surprised. It was, after all, just another machine, maybe no more complex than that other machine that had moulded their lives....



THE HOLDEN STORY – Graham Journay, South Australia
Dixon & Whewell family details, Gillian Kelly

FROM GUEST SPEAKER TO THE COMPUTER

Richard Lander has prepared step by step instructions to lead you through the strategies our guest speaker Jo Harris has found successful.

To extract birth data from the NSW Births Deaths and Marriages register

- Go to www.nsw.gov.au ,choose **Family History** from the menu on the left hand-side.

- Choose **Historical Indexes** from the lower of the two boxes on the right hand side and then **search now** as an *experienced user*.
- The next screen enables you to choose either **Births and Deaths** or **Marriages**. Births are the default so enter the surname you wish to search on and the range of years. For this example type in *Lander* and years 1848 to 1905 (the last year for which records are available on an unrestricted basis). For *Lander* 6 pages of information will be available.

To put this into an Excel spreadsheet:

- Right click anywhere on the first page then select Export to Microsoft Excel. Be patient, a little time will transpire as Excel loads and the first page of data transfers.
- Choose the second page of data on the BDM site and repeat the right-click *Export to Microsoft Excel* command. Unfortunately it will load Excel again and create a new workbook.
- No problem. simply select all the data except the top line (drag your cursor from A2 to G21 if you are using my *Lander* example), press Ctrl+C to copy the information on this second page then place your cursor in the cell on the far left and immediately below the last entry of your first Excel sheet (cell A:22 in my example), then press Ctrl + V to paste the information from the second sheet onto the original sheet. Continue this process until you have one Excel worksheet containing all your information.
- Save the information before manipulating it. You now have a data base that you can sort by any of the headings.
- If you don't have Excel on your computer or if you are not familiar with Excel as a program then you can save the information as a Word file.

To save the information as a Word file:

- go to the first page of your **NSW Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages** search.
- Place your cursor just to the left of the R of Registration Number on the top left-hand side of your data (make sure your cursor shows as an arrow and not as a hand. If it is a hand then move your cursor a tiny amount to the left until it does become an arrow) and then drag your cursor to just right of the “w) of “Buy now” in the bottom right-hand column.
- Press Ctrl + C to copy the contents of this table of data.
- Open a new page in Word then press Ctrl + V to paste the data into Word. After the paste takes effect your cursor should be positioned in the bottom left position ready to accept the next page.
- Repeat the process but this time choose the line below the column headings. Continue the process until all the data forms one table in Word. The chances are that your data will not all fit on the page as shown.

To make it fit:

- Select **File** then **Page Setup** then the **Margins** tab and choose **Landscape** followed by **OK**
- Still doesn't fit? Don't worry! Choose **Table** then **Table AutoFit** then **AutoFit to Contents**. Your data should now fit across a standard A4 sheet of paper. If you want to see how it looks then choose the **Print Preview** icon at the top of your screen.
- In Word on most PCs this should appear immediately below the box showing which font you are using.

When you work with a very long table, it must be divided where a page break occurs. You can make adjustments to the table to make sure than the information appears as you want it to when the table spans multiple pages.

To repeat the table headings that currently appear only on the first line of the first page:

- Select the heading row or rows. The selection must include the first row of the table.
- On the **Table** menu, click **Heading Rows Repeat**.
- **Note** Microsoft Word automatically repeats table headings on new pages that result from automatic page breaks. Word does not repeat a heading if you insert a manual page break within a table.

To start editing the data you have obtained from the NSW Registry of Births, Deaths and Marriages site: You will probably want to delete the last column headed **Purchase Now**:

- place your cursor above the top of this column. It should look like a black arrow pointing downwards.
- left click, and the entire column will be highlighted. Press **Delete**, all the text will be deleted and the column will be made quite narrow because we had previously asked Word to AutoFit all columns to the width of text in them. Because there is no text the column has shrunk to its minimum width. This is not what we want to happen. We want to delete the column altogether so press what I call the **Whoops** or, more correctly, the **Undo Typing** icon (it looks like an arrow pointing in a semi-circular, anti-clockwise direction).
- If you can't find it press **Ctrl + Z** to achieve the same end. Then choose the **Table** menu, **Delete** and the **Columns** option. The column(s) you have highlighted will be deleted. To select more than one column either drag the cursor (the arrow pointing down) across the tops of contiguous columns or hold down the **Ctrl** key while left clicking all selected columns in turn. When using this method the columns need not be adjacent.

To centre the table on the page:

- To centre it horizontally (i.e. across the page) select the **Table** menu, then **Table Properties**, then **Table** then **Alignment Centre**.
- To centre the table vertically (i.e. up and down the page) select the **File** menu, then **Layout** tab.

- Change **Page – Vertical Alignment** from top to center (sic) and press **OK**. Your data should now appear in a table which is centred vertically and horizontally on your page.

Your data can then be sorted, modified or deleted but that is a job for another time.

Richard Lander

Those present at the February AGM were delighted to hear Jo Harris read this little poem which I have tracked down on the Internet – author unknown.

<http://www.rosettastoneinc.com/index.html>

FOR THE GENEALOGIST

Some marriages at Calais

from the registers of Calais 1793 - 1839

AUSTIN, William aged 58years & 9 months, lacemaker born at Barwell Leicestershire, the son of Thomas Austin, deceased, and Elizabeth Bates, deceased and whose first wife was Mary Robinson who died in Calais April 15, 1820

Married May 30, 1833

HUTCHINSON, Mary the daughter of Matthew Hutchinson deceased and Jane Newton, deceased, and whose first husband was William Chow who died in Calais May 10, 1821. Witnesses were William Tyler and John Smith, friends of the groom.

AUSTIN, George aged 32 years & 9 months, lacemaker born Barwell, Leicestershire the son of William Austin who died in Calais July 16, 1829 and Mary Armstrong who died in Leicestershire February 2, 1803

Married November 20, 1832

ROUSSEL, Marie aged 32 years and 5 months, born in Calais the daughter of Louis Roussel who died in Calais September 5, 1818 and Marie Selengues. The marriage legitimises the birth of Henry Austin born July 29, 1829

BERNARD Phillip aged 38 years and 2 months born at marchand the son of Claude Bernard, deceased and Jeanne Dichaulsey, rentier

Married June 4, 1828

COBB, Elizabeth aged 35 years and 11 months, born at Petersfield Hampshire the daughter of Manlas Cobb who died at Petersfield March 11, 1823 and Martha Brackstone rentier. Witnesses were Joseph Bernard the brother of the groom, Joseph Champ Cobb and William Cobb both being the bride's brothers.

HEMSLEY Joseph, lacemaker aged 26 years & 3 months, born at Sherland (sic) Derbyshire, the son of William Hemsley, lacemaker and Sarah Cameron

Married on May 9 1837

LANGLAIS, Marie aged 18 years & 11 months, born Fiennes pas de Calais, the daughter of Jean Baptiste Langlais, deceased and Josephine Bougard.

SKEAVINGTON William aged 19 years born Ilkeston, Derbyshire, son of Michael Skeavington laceworker and Charlotte Married September 7, 1833

LONGUET Marie, aged 25 years & 6 months, couturier, the daughter of Pierre Longuet and Marie Dufoys. Witnesses were Louis Boulanger, wife's uncle on the mother's side and Louis Longuet, the brother of the wife.

FOR THOSE OF THE HARPLEY – AND ALL THE OTHER SHIPS TOO.

At

www.list.iaunay.com

you will find the website of *Adelaide Proformat*. This is the website of a professional genalogist, Graham Journay who believes in giving back to the world of genealogist what he gets out of it.

Along with his professional services Graham has many free searchable databases and supports our *Harpley* lists. He also offers, state by state a free surname listing. This is a relatively new data base and the addresses remain current. There does not appear to be one Lacemaker name on any of the lists and it seems like to good a chance to miss.

Graham has offered us a page on his site that will promote the Lacemakers and enrich the site with this perspective of South Australian History.

If you use the net, consider adding your family name to the appropriate list – there just might be a new contact out there waiting!

Gillian Kelly

A FAMILY HISTORIAN'S LAMENT

I've been doing family history for nearly 30 years,
Diligently tracing my illustrious forebears,
From Pigeon Lake to Peterborough, Penrith to Penzance,
My merry band of ancestors has led me quite a dance.

There's cooks from Kent and guards from Gwent
and chimney sweeps from Chester.
There's even one daft fisherman lived all his life in Leicester,
There's no-one rich or famous, no not even well-to-do,
Though a second cousin twice removed once played in goal for Crewe.

I've haunted record offices from Gillingham to Jarrow,
The little grey cells of my mind would humble Hercule Poirot.
I've deciphered bad handwriting that would shame a three year old,
And brought the black sheep of the family back to the fold.

My bride of just three minutes, I left standing in the church,
As I nipped into the graveyard for a spot of quick research.
Eventually I found an uncle, sixty years deceased.
That was far more satisfying than a silly wedding feast,
After three weeks of wedded bliss, my wife became despondent
She named the public records office as the co-respondent.

I didn't even notice when she packed her bags and went
I was looking for a great granddad's will who'd died in Stoke on Trent
But now my 30 year obsession's lying in the bin
Last Tuesday week, I heard some news that made me pack it in.
'Twas then my darling mother, who is not long for this earth,
Casually informed me they'd adopted me at birth!

Those present at the AGM were delighted with Jo Harris' rendition of this little poem –author unknown, RL

Office Bearers
The Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais

PRESIDENT

Carol Bailey
PO Box 39
HAZELBROOK 2779
0428 567 586
baileycar@gmail.com

SECRETARY

Richard Lander
73A Killeaton St
St IVES 2075
(02) 9440 3334
richardlander@ozemail.com.au

TREASURER

Craig Williams
PO Box 209
TERREY HILLS 2084
recurve@tpg.com.au

EDITOR

Gillian Kelly
PO Box 1277
QUEANBEYAN 2620
02 6297 2168
4mchtn8@fwi.net.au

PUBLICITY OFFICER

Mrs Elizabeth Bolton
4/165 Pennant Hills Rd
West Pennant Hills 2125
eabolton@bigpond.com

**MEMBERSHIP
SECRETARY**

Barbara Kendrick
190 Shaftesbury Ave
EASTWOOD 2122

