

Tulle

*Volume 19 Number 3
August 2001*



Hill End

Sketch by Donald Friend, artist-in-residence, for the
Jubilee and Centenary Celebrations 1951

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

MEETING DATES 2001

Saturday, August 18, 2001
Saturday, November 17, 2001

**Donbank Cottage
6 Napier Street, North Sydney**

Train to North Sydney or bus from Wynard

Meeting Time 1.00

NEXT MEETING

Saturday, August 18, 2001

***Annual talk fest and discussion
time - some family stories, some
birthday plans.***

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www.angelfire.com/al/aslc/

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Volume 19 No 3, August 2001

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FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

I have been involved in the distribution of the Census material for the 2001 count of the Australian population and as I walk around my Census collection districts, I have been reflecting on the complex nature of this operation.

On Saturday 28th July, a vast army of people, burdened down with yellow satchels and quantities of forms for all situations, began the mammoth task of visiting every household in the country to deliver the appropriate Census forms and note the special requirements for collection. I now answer to the title of The Census Lady! Thank goodness it only takes place every five years.

How different from the early years of the Colony when our Lacemaker forebears had to be counted. The information required then does not match the number and variety of questions to be answered in 2001. An interesting addition this year includes questions on one's ancestry that will no doubt give family historians some headaches as they consider which forebears are the most worthwhile for inclusion.

Numbers will always be important in our society and as I write this, I have in front of me, the very first edition of Tulle, dated October 1982. So next year marks twenty years since some of us met on a cold, wet afternoon in July to form an association of people who had common links with lacemaking in Nottingham and Calais. How we have grown since then and wouldn't it be fitting to celebrate our twentieth in some way. Do bring your ideas to our August meeting.

Sadly, we noted the death of Bruce Goodwin who died on 16 June aged 84. Bruce was a foundation member and held the office of President for many years. He had researched his family history and his extensive research into his lacemaker connections drew him to our society. Many will recall the wonderful talk Bruce gave on the Goose Fair.

When our Society was looking for a more suitable location for our meetings, Bruce found Don Bank Cottage, where we have happily met ever since. Bruce had been unable to come to the meetings for some time, firstly due to the long illness of his wife Betty and then his own failing health.

We extend our sympathy to his son Gray, daughter Sheena and three grandchildren.

Elizabeth Bolton
President

AND THE SECRETARY'S

The word "score" is an interesting one. It can mean many things as well as its most usual meaning, which is "an evaluative, usually numerical record of a competitive game or match". Amongst many other meanings it can mean:-

- * A line drawn with a sharp instrument
- * To obtain something desired
- * To achieve success or advantage
- * A written or printed piece of concerted music - especially one written for a play or movie

- * The essential point or crux of a matter (i.e. to know the score)
- * To record the number of (anything) by notches or marks; to keep an account of; to count and set down the number of (e.g. sheep).
- * A group or set of twenty

2002 is an appropriate year for ASLC to celebrate its twenty years of existence - it starts with 20 no matter which way you look at it and is entirely made up of "twos" and "zeros. A good time for us to draw a line in the sand and reflect on our successes. If you have any ideas how we should celebrate contact one of your committee members.

Our last meeting was on 19 May 2001. Kate Foy gave an interesting address on "Discovering Harriet Davis" and a transcript of her talk can be found elsewhere in this edition of *Tulle*.

Some members who were absent from the meeting may be interested in some of the correspondence received by your Secretary just prior to the meeting so details are included below:-

1. Flyer from **Pastkeys**, PO Box 116, Rockdale NSW advising that they have just released "Convicts & Employers (NSW) Index: 1828, 1832-33, Jan 1838-Jan 1844 consisting of 22,574 records compiled primarily from lists published in NSW Government Gazettes. The index is available on 12 fiche (microfiche) for \$65 incl. packing & postage.

2. An invitation from the **Ulster Historical Foundation** to attend their Family History Conference in Belfast from 24th to 29th September to search for that elusive Irish ancestor. Additional information & registration details are available from Ulster Historical

Foundation, Balmoral Buildings, 12 College Square East, Belfast BT1 6DD Ireland, Phone 0044 0 28 9033 2288; Fax 0044 0 28 9023 9885; email enquiry@uhf.org.uk and web www.ancestryireland.com.

3. A letter from **Society of Australian Genealogists** advising it is hosting the 2001 Annual Conference of the NSW & ACT Association of Family History Societies Inc. The Conference, "The Three Rs of Family History: Researching, Reading and Recording" will be held at St Ignatius' College, Riverview in Sydney from the evening of Friday 5th to Sunday 7th October, 2001. Our Society is invited to mount a Trade Display which can make sales during tea and lunch breaks as well as before and after the conference sessions for a fee of \$33 incl. GST. Individuals wishing to attend can:-

- * Register for two days for \$135
- * Register for Sunday only for \$70
- * Register for Friday night "get together" for \$17.50
- * Register for Conference Dinner on Saturday for \$45.
- * Register on line at www.sag.org.au

In General Business ...

1. Richard Lander drew members' attention to the fact that members of the **Bathurst Family History Group** have transcribed headstones at Bathurst Cemetery. An index of the inscriptions is available on microfiche for \$15 including postage. You can request a free surname search of the inscriptions database but full transcripts are charged for:

- * Up to 2 transcriptions \$5.00 total
- * Up to 5 transcriptions \$10.00 total
- * Thereafter \$2.00 each

For more information see www.lisp.com.au/~bfhg/

2. Richard also said that any family having connections with the Bathurst District can apply to have a plaque placed on the **Bathurst**

Heritage Wall, which is located in the Macquarie Bicentennial Park in lower William Street. Applicants are requested to supply supporting information such as copies of birth, marriage or death certificates, and dates of arrival in Australia etc. to support their application. The plaques are 200 x 200mm, bronze and have cast lettering. The number of words is limited to 30 excluding the heading and footing. He believes the cost of sponsoring a plaque is \$359.00.

For further information contact:

* Bathurst Visitors Centre

28 William St

Bathurst NSW 2795

Phone 02 6333 6288

3. Our President, Elizabeth, stated that the rent we now paid at Don Bank was \$82.50 per meeting and this was having an adverse affect on our finances. Members were encouraged to consider more economical alternatives.

4. Lindsay Watts suggested that the **Bert Archer Collection** should be transferred to the custodianship of Elaine Calloway - as our only Archer descendant. Lindsay's suggestion was accepted and appreciated by all.

5. Craig Williams said he had recently gained some information on the **Summerhayes and Foster families** that he was willing to share with interested members.

Richard Lander
Secretary

BRUCE SELWYN GOODWIN

1916 - 2001

One Saturday, not too many weeks ago, Bruce Selwyn Goodwin died. For the first time I realise how the phrase 'after a long and painful illness' minimises all that has gone before, and sitting here at my desk thinking over our friendship that spanned some twenty years, I am so saddened by his death.

Bruce was the youngest child of Enoch Goodwin and Maud Kemshall. He was born on October 11, 1916 and spent his earliest years at Hill End. Despite sojourns in Sydney he returned to Hill End. In 1939 Betty Parslow went to Hill End on a holiday and here began the rest of their lives! They married in December of 1941 - the start of a long and sweet life together.

Bruce and I first met by total accident when my family went to Hill End to find where my husband's lot had lived - the store keeper had a cadastral map on the back of the shop door. The storekeeper was Bruce.

Our next meeting was at a very early Lacemaker's meeting and right from the start we felt there were links we hadn't yet found. We almost got to be related - Bruce's grandfather's sister married a Suttor, and so did my great grandfather's sister's brother-in-law!

Then, not quite so tongue in cheek, Bruce gave me a treasured map of the gold leases on Hawkins Hill. The neighbouring leaseholder on the northern side of Enoch Goodwin's mine was Peter Gondolf - my husband's great grandfather. So Bruce's lacemaking forebears travelled across the world with mine. His Manchester forebears dug

gold beside my husband's German great grandfather - our families have been linked for as long as they had been in Australia!

Bruce's life has been well documented - He published *Gold and Its People*, (recollection of Hill End 1920s to 1960s) in 1992 and *Lace and Gold* (a memoir of his family) in 1999. His memories of growing up in Hill End are delightful, his love for the Turon palpable and his knowledge of his forebears a treasure for those who come after him.

If there is to be a lasting memorial to Bruce Selwyn Goodwin may it be Hill End, preserved for all time as an Historic Site. In the early 1960s the town was declining and decaying but preservation costs were out of the question for such a small community.



House at Hill End - Donald Friend 1948

On Easter Saturday in 1964 four men met and discussed the possibilities of preserving the township: Richard Simpson, William Lyle, Norman Cross and Bruce Goodwin. Their suggestions and ideas were taken to the Hill End Association's next meeting and after protracted consultations, applications, discussions and modifications, Hill End became a National Historic Site.

From the beginning it wasn't a unanimous decision as everyone who has owned an historic building will understand, but the value to us all overwhelmingly supports the ruling and for this we can be grateful to the fore sight of Bruce and his fellow planners.

In more recent years Bruce almost accidentally began his Frenchs Forest Newsletter. When he retired his son, Gray, gave him a computer and printer - and this equipment gave him a line of contact to all sorts of people. The Frenchs Forrest Newsletter started in a small way as Bruce kept in touch with people - it contained family news, snippets from around the world and many of Bruce's own philosophies - and as more and more people enjoyed it, its circulation grew.

Eighteen months ago Gray upgraded the gear and Bruce, now in a great deal of pain, wrote and told me that he was going to have to reassess his medical condition because he intended sticking around awhile to get the hang of the new machine!

His last Newsletter came earlier this year, after his beloved Betty's death. By then he found it impossible to sit at a computer . His death came not long after.

Bruce was a Humanist. He believed simply in his love for Betty, for his children Sheena and Gray, their children and for humanity. My world has been a better place for having known Bruce.

Gillian Kelly

*For every thing there is a season
And a time and purpose for every matter under heaven.*

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

TALES OF PIONEERING DAYS

Amongst the most treasured possessions of the Lacemakers is the very small collection of direct quotes from the original travellers. John Freestone's letters from the times were printed in Nottingham, Maria Potter was interviewed in Bathurst as an older lady, Joseph James wrote letters that have survived and in 1932 Sarah Hannam, née Holmes was interviewed in Adelaide. This excerpt gives us a brief picture of life in Adelaide in those earliest days, as well as Mrs

Express Journal

Adelaide, May 21 1933

It must be Mrs Hannam's sunny disposition that keeps her age at bay, for it is hard to credit that on May 19th she passed her 91st milestone. She was sixty, she says, before she learned to knit or crochet - now she has some pieces of lace that will surely become heirlooms, for she already has great-grandchildren, , that with the passing of time will learn to treasure the work of clever fingers. Her knitting too, is beautiful, and many soft woolly things to help the appeal of her daughter (Mrs C R Glover the lady Mayoress) were made by her.

Born in France in 1842, the parents of Mrs Hannam were, never the less, both English. Her father, William Holmes, who had been educated at the Blue Coat School, had there been taught two means of livelihood - white smithing and lace designing. Having natural artistic tendencies, he, on leaving school, followed the latter and entered the lace factory in Nottingham.

From there he received a lucrative position to go to the Calais lace mills as lace designer, and there, when on any important piece he would be locked in a room so that none might see and probably filch his ideas before they could be got on the looms.

So it was there, in that old town of history and romance, that Mrs Hannam first saw the light. Those were in the days of the French Monarchy and there as little Sarah Holmes she played in French environments, and learnt to lisp the tongue which her parents and older brothers spoke.



Le Boulevard Jacquard - Calais that old town of history and romance

Then the revolution swept France. Louis Philip was deposed and all the English had to flee. Mr Holmes, thankful that he had got his wife and young family safe on English soil again, had, in the rush and anxiety, to leave everything behind. Relatives thankfully took them in, but after a time, Mr Holmes, realising that the scope for his lace

designing was very limited, and the competition keen, turned his thoughts to the colonies which were then on everybody's lips as another El Dorado.

His wife and other relatives were very adverse to leaving the homeland and tried to persuade him against the adventure. But in the end he had his way and with his wife and family stepped onto the Navarina (sic) which after a five months journey arrived at Holdfast Bay in 1848.

Mrs Hannam confesses she, who was very petite and a brunette, cried a lot. (Those pioneer women - what a debt we owe them!) Those sailing ships, to our way of thinking were almost unbelievably small to face an ocean's fury or often dreaded calm and those who came in them to help extend the Empire were of fine spirit.



The journey from Port Adelaide to Adelaide, according to the the pen of Edward Snell

A spring cart conveyed them to the embryo city - and eventually they settled at Thebarton as it was then called. Mr Holmes got some land in Chapel Street (So called because there was a Wesleyan place of worship at the end. Beyond that there was a great belt of gum trees long since gone.

The family lived in tents until he and his two young sons helped to build their home, which consisted of two large rooms divided into

compartments with hessian. His house, improved, still stands. Hardships faced them as it did many. Mr Holmes found there was no scope for his lace designing. The heat was intolerable and conveniences practically nil, for a drought had swept the land and the Torrens had dried into pools.

Mrs Hannam, except through hearing her parents discuss it later, had little memory of those disillusioning times, but she still remembers a quilted silk bonnet and dress which an aunt (with no knowledge of the climate) had packed for her.

There was a well near their dwelling but the water was too brackish for drinking purposes and her two brothers would have to go across the Parklands with buckets on poles to get water from the Torrens and sometimes she would accompany them.

People were very thankful when water carts began to trade - charging 1/- a cask for it. This householders would have to keep it at some semblance of coolness as best they could. Flies and ants were other sources odd discomfort.

The water carriers used to fill their tanks using a ford in the Torrens near King William Street. In 1850 the water was diverted so the ford could be rebuilt and this caused considerable strife. The carriers complained that there was no other suitable location for filling their carts and when their protests received no action, they staged one of Adelaide's earliest hostile demonstrations. One by one the fifty water carriers backed their carts all the way down King William Street! (1850: A Very Good Year in the Colony of South Australia, Smith Russell)

Meat was dear and for a time also flour.

Mrs Hannam said she only had to go next door to school which was

kept by a very severe young man named Watson, and his sterner elderly wife. In time they worked it into quite a big school. The children sat on backless forms and had to bring their fees regularly every Monday morning.

Fruit except watermelons and tomatoes were scarce and dear. Mrs Hannam recalls bullock carts loaded with water melons which men hawked from door to door. And how the blacks (of which they were always afraid) would wander in and out of the house and sit on chairs and wait to be given some food - which she said her mother always gave quickly to get rid of them for though harmless they were dirty.

They had their own goat and thus plenty of milk which perhaps accounts for Mrs Hannam's clear skin and eye to this day. Their pleasures she says were simple - it was quite an event to go to the lollie shop where bull eyes, stick and other home-made sweets were conjured from brown sugar.

She remembers the ecstatic feeling of going too her first play - The Willow Plate - in the theatre in Gilles Arcade. She never went to any dances when she was young. She said her father used to say wait until she got married, and then she said with a little smile, when she married, Mr Hannam didn't like dances - and so she never went to any.

She remembers the excitement and the first train to Port Adelaide. Prior to that a spring cart drawn by two horses in tandem, would pass the top of their street morning and evening. This, unless people owned their own conveyances, was the only mode of transport - and the cart would sometimes be crowded in a way that would set the S.P.C.A investigating now.

As a thoughtless, carefree child, she remembers racing off with her brothers to see the last public hanging in the Adelaide goal, clambering up on the gate with them to get a view. Crowds she said were present, and such an event she said were looked upon almost as an outing. However , after that time those in power decided such exhibitions should be stopped.

It was a red letter day too when the father brought them all to see the Agricultural and Horticultural Show on Frome Road. It was held on February 14 and the day was exceedingly hot. In those days, said Mrs Hannam with a reminiscent smile, girls and young ladies wore an unbelievable amount of clothing and she remembers under two



The seventh annual exhibition of farm, garden and dairy produce dominated february 1850. The venue was the parklands at the north-east corner of town with the entrance to the ground at the corner of North Terrace and Frome Road (1850 A Very Good Year In the Colony of South Australia)

starched and belaced petticoats she wore a flannel one which to add to its cumbersomeness, was tucked. Knickers reached to the ankles and even children had their crinolines.

Later the jaunting cars appeared and were, with the voluminous skirts, most comfortable to ride in, but one had to be extremely careful to manipulate one's steels (sic).

Like most of the men, Mr Holmes went to the Ballarat diggings, taking his two young sons with him, who with the optimism of youth, were delighted with the prospect of possible adventure. Thieving was rife and unfortunately Mr Holmes and his sons lost the little gold they found.

Mrs Hannam must have made a winsome bride seventy one years ago. She says her dress was of pale lavender silk and she had a big white cloak when she was married to Mr T S Hannam by the Rev Mr Ibitson. This church has become almost a traditional wedding place in her family for her daughters and grand daughter were married there.

After her marriage she lived first at Morialta, where her husband, Mr T S Hannam was managing his cousin's (Mr John Baker) station. Later they took up land on their own account on Terlinga Station. Now Mrs Hannam lives in Dover Street Malvern, her rooms always bright with flowers from her garden. Of her family of six, five survive. They are Mr W J Hannam(Strathalbyn) Mr C F Hannam(Collington), Mr T J Hannam (Mount Torrens), Mrs Laughton (Cheltenham St, Malvern), and the lady Mayoress(Ms Glover, Kingston Terrace.North Adelaide.

SAINT PIERRE AS THE LACEMAKERS KNEW IT

Today the traveller simply crosses over a bridge from Calais into St Pierre - there is no division bar the river. However, St Pierre didn't JUST grow as the Calais stretched - it was always there. A 1640 sketch map of Calais and its environs clearly shows the network formed by the streets of Quatre Coins, Soupirant and Vauxhall on the Eastern side of Jacquard, and Vic, Tannerie, Temple and Neuve on the West.

St Pierre was a village in its own right. In about 1870 moves were made to have the village that had stood in its own name since 1790 join with Calais to become St Pierre les Calais.



Entering Calais from the St Pierre - 1848

At the start of the 19th century there were already some 140 dwellings lining the named streets of St Pierre and new streets developing with names that indicated the rural nature of the area: Fleurs (flowers), Prairies (meadows), Verte (green). Pigs and cows still wandered along these pathways, but they were there!

By 1830 St Pierre had 1000 houses covering some 2200 hectares. Three quarters of the population was English. As urbanisation progressed, new streets were named in memory of the English Lace pioneers - Leavers, Lindley, Webster, and Martin. Heathcoat, who the French recognise as one of the leaders in the field, had a street named after him, too, but its pronunciation in French was just too awkward, so the street was renamed Hermant, after an early mayor.

As in modern times, the subdivider was evident early in the development of the suburb. As expansion took place, more and more landowners sold off small parcels without street frontage. Eventually unofficial "streets" were formed on these blocks, and Council regulations were developed to ensure some standards were maintained.

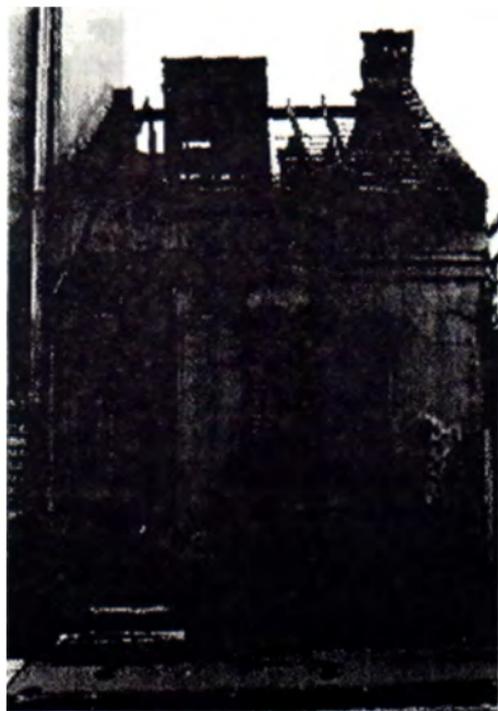
The owners paid for the laying out of the streets on their land (their profit being in the sale of the building blocks) and then gave the street to the community.

But even with some controls in place, there was little interest in developing acceptable road surfaces. La Grande Rue..ie le boulevard Jacquard, running into Boulevard Lafayette was the only one paved to a width greater than four metres. All the others were muddy or dusty, depending on the season. Often in winter horses and carriages, and even pedestrians had difficulty traversing the streets and lanes of St Pierre.. "L'Industriel Calaisien" said that a few couldn't be crossed without a bridge when it rained heavily.

Houses went up throughout St Pierre without order or unity of style - some were built back from the street and others almost on the footpath and there was no " elite" area. Modest workers homes were

side by side with the more elegant homes of the owners and the occasional farmhouse that had been leftover from the farming era of the district.

Most of the houses were single storied and fairly solidly built, usually with a tiny attic under the eaves. They were whitewashed each year and sometimes a little yellow colouring was added to this. The footings were treated with tar, giving a nice contrast, and often the woodwork was painted in bright colours.



Times long passed - a worker's cottage rue Verte 1996

The cottage often lacked an entry hall, and the front door led straight into a room paved with red tiles. This was both kitchen and living room. Sometimes, if a house had a hall, there would be a very small, narrow room at the front. This made a kind of sitting room, used only on special occasions. A coal fire could be lit in the 'prusienne' - a fire with an open hearth, but with a grill that could be lowered to prevent cinders flying out, or a child falling in!

In more modest homes this room became the parents' bedroom, while the tiny attic was for the children. Babies slept in their parents' room

in a cradle that the mother was able to rock by pulling an attached cord. To make coming and going easier, the room would be softly lit with a night light made from a small wax wick poked through a disk of cork, and floated on oil in a glass jar.

What a picture of cosy cottage life! But this wasn't always the case. Often there were no internal doors and the stairs to the attic were steep and narrow with a knotted rope for a bannister. There were no sewers or running water. Each house had a sewage bucket in the corner that was emptied night and morning at a public disposal point known as a McIntyres and very early each day householders could be seen rushing to dispose of their effluent, slopping the contents as they ran. Fortunately, each day when the bell tower struck nine, it was compulsory for householders to go out and sweep the area in front of their own home, under the watchful eye of the constabulary. The rubbish was then picked up by the dustman.

The land was such that drainage and water were large problems. Rain and run off went into a series of ditches pompously called sewers. They ran along the streets into the l'Abyme and la Calendrierie rivers. Even as late as 1842 St Pierre did not have private wells. The land was swampy and the water briny. This wouldn't have been quite so bad if it hadn't been for the amount of sewage that sank into it! The only public wells, at least provided with a pump, were at the gates to the walls. Water merchants supplied water from Fontinettes. They carried it in huge barrels and sold it at 1/2 to 1 sous a bucket.

Often the extended family lived in the house. Grandparents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts as well as aged people who rejected the idea of hospitalisation were often found crowded into one tiny abode. Where there was room, some households took on one or two

boarders to supplement their incomes. Sometimes apprentices were given food and board at the home of their employe.

The life of our laceworkers was simple. Their housing was modest and nourishment frugal. Interestingly, a large part of the family income was spent on the toilette of the wife when young and without children. Older women were happy with a more modest wardrobe. The women always wrapped up in a woollen shawl when they went out, always bareheaded. They only wore a hat when their husbands reached the grade of "petit fabricant", and then chose one that was much more suited to a middle classed older lady!

Saturday was pay-day and wages depended on production. Workers were paid by the piece. It was custom to take one's pay and go to the 'cafes'. - our pub today. Workers gave their wives what they thought was needed for the house, customarily keeping plenty for themselves. Housewives supplemented this with the earnings of the older children.

Food was simple. Breakfast was a concoction of baked barley with milk and cream, and tea or coffee. There were two main meals: one based on potatoes with butter or lard, the other, (once or twice a week) was meat from the butcher, or pork from the delicatessen.

The rural nature of St Pierre meant there was often vegetable soup, sometimes enriched with bacon, and bread. On Sunday beef gruel would be served. Supper was bread with cream or milk, and sometimes an egg or a piece of apple. There were plenty of potatoes and bread and brown bread was cheaper.

Later, all workers ate more meat. The French see this as a result of English influences. This demand kept the prices for meat up. The

English are also reputed to have introduced tomato sauce and English and Dutch cheeses to St Pierre. The workers drank beer as a daily lunchtime routine. The beer was light and cheap and easily drunk. The English brewers in St Pierre made a stronger and better quality brew which they introduced to the French. Wine was usually only imbibed on Sundays.

Alcohol was drunk too freely. The workers supposedly drank neat brandy all day "to kill the worms". It was drunk at a cafe or bought from a 'bistouille' that opened in the morning and after the midday meal. One Dr Arnaud, who was severely critical of the English workers, accused them of mixing sugar water with gin, and of "choosing to get drunk in the evening", when the people of Calais, being less prudent, "got drunk at all times of the day".

In crisis times, when there was less money and less food, meat was supplemented with smoked herrings and kippers, and the workers even went fishing for their own fresh fish. When times were hard, lard replaced butter, and supper became bread and butter or lard dunked in tea or coffee. Tea became a concoction made from blackberry leaves, and coffee, which always had some chicory, became chicory alone.

After 1815 there was a friendly invasion of English in Calais: officers stayed because they liked the French way of life; some were gentlemen of 'independent means' and others were self employed. This population was considered unstable - they all said they would leave at the first sign of a war threatening France.

A quarter of these were the very poor who swarmed where ever there were factories. They came from everywhere to buy the rather sandy

land available - some 100F, others 50F, 15F and even down to 10F. They wanted a shack they didn't have to pay rent for.!

Assimilation was gradual, and mainly precipitated by the mixing of families rather than totally English families socialising with the French. In factories there was daily contact that saw love affairs blossom and lead to marriages that reflected each other's way of life. Mostly the children of these marriages were raised as French, so schooling did much to assimilate them. The register of births are a good indication of this and between 1815 and 1870 the Eugenes and Eugenies, Adolphe, Leonie and Narcissus replaced the Williams, Walters and Mary Annes of the 1840s. And today, while there are still many English surnames in the Calais files, they are indeed, French families.

from **Calais et Saint-Pierre au XIXe siècle**

Albert Vion, Westhoek-Editions, Dunkerque 1982

RIGHT FAMILY - WRONG JOSEPH

When Joyce Woolley of Epping advertised in the G.R.D. for information about a Joseph Bromhead of Nottingham, pre 1845 she was hopeful that someone in England would give her some kind of information about her ancestor. Little did she expect that the reply would come from just up the way in Umina. On contacting Joyce I was able to tell her of the exploits of our Calais workers and she replied 'Oh no, they are not my Bromheads, my Joseph's father was Granville, a framework knitter of Wymswold, Leicestershire'.

'That's O K,' I replied, ' my Joseph had a brother Granville so we probably are connected'. Further research showed that we shared common ancestors in Benjamin and Mary Bromhead who were married in West Leake, Nottinghamshire, in 1759. They had sons called Joseph and Granville and both these men had sons called Joseph. One Joseph came to Australia via Calais while the other Joseph stayed in Wymswold.

Joyce's mother was a descendant of this Joseph of Wymswold and she came to live in Australia in the early 1900s. Joyce could remember her mother telling her she had relatives living here who came out in a Windjammer and that one of them had a son of sixteen who died as the result of an epileptic fit. This story was indeed correct, for it was my mother's brother John who died when he fell out of bed during a seizure. This was in 1896 and John was 15 years of age. As Gillian said, never neglect the odd family story that gets passed around for it could be true.

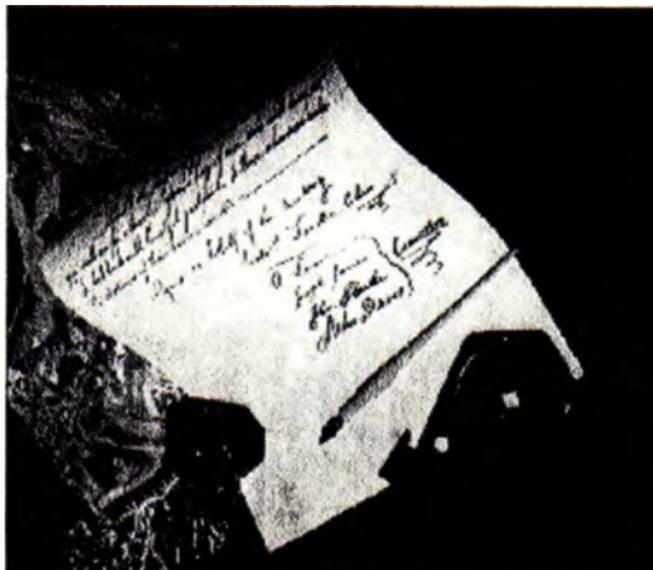
It is interesting to note that because of these two stories we know that the families did keep in touch despite the distance It was a happy occasion when we were able to get together with Joyce Woolley at the May meeting of the Lace maker Descendants and we look forward to sharing more time and information with her.

LW

May 2001

Some times we need to get things into proportion. There was a great loss recently when Larry Laprise, the man who wrote the Hokey Pokey, died. The most traumatic part was getting him into his coffin. They put his left leg in and things just started to go down hill from there....

JOHN CLARKE - PETITIONER



The petition the Calais lace makers presented to the British Government was signed by Edward Lander as Chairman, Oliver Lowe, Joseph James, John Clarke and John Davis as committee men. One would expect that such men would be easy for their families to trace, but in each case this has proven difficult, and none more so than John Clarke.

John Clarke was listed on Bonham's list as John Clarke. He signed the petition as John Clarke, but he was, in fact, Arthur John Clarke. Harley Parker, A J Clarke's great great grandson persisted, and has unravelled a terrific tale.

Arthur John Clarke married Ann Smedley in 1839 at St Mary's Nottingham. At the time they were both living in Narrow Marsh, an area between St Marys Church and the River Leen and later it was said that if you didn't live in the area, you kept out, that policemen always went in twos and the gas lighter carried a revolver for protection.



Red Lion Street, Narrow Marsh, Nottingham

Ann Smedley's grandfather was Matthew Shepherd of Stapleford . Matthew Shepherd had thirteen children who made marriages that formed a network across the families of West, Smedley, Barrowcliffe, Townsend, Bamford and Saxtons - all known to the lacemakers of Calais. John, Ann and their three sons were passengers on the *Harley*. As Harley Parker continues the story it is interesting to note another of the Lacemakers who continued their connection with the Order of Odd Fellows:

Lodge no.4509, of the Manchester Unity Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in Victoria, the Loyal Gold Miner's Pride Lodge

was established in Sandhurst [Bendigo] by the 1850's. In the 1870's and 1880's the lodge meetings were held at the United Kingdom Hotel, High Street, Golden Square, Sandhurst on every alternate Monday. One member of the Loyal Gold Miner's Pride Lodge was Arthur John Clarke, a Lace Maker from Nottingham who became a publican at Eaglehawk and Epsom, Victoria during the 1850s and 1860s.

After emigrating from England in May 1848, he and Ann and their three children arrived in South Australia in September 1848. He subsequently moved across to Victoria by bullock train in 1852 and headed for Sandhurst in the search for gold.

In 1853, John Clarke and his family had a brief change of scenery in Van Diemen's Land, where in Launceston their son Arthur was born and where he worked as a fruiterer, before returning back to Sandhurst. In 1854 with a Miner's Right, he went back to the gold fields, but not for long as he decided to become the Publican at the Elysian Flat Hotel in the late 1850s.

Arthur John Clarke was a Past Deputy Grand Master of the Loyal Gold Miner's Pride Lodge when he died on 14 May 1864. He died at his residence the Shamrock Hotel, Epsom, 12 months after the death of his wife Ann. He left behind five children with the youngest 8-year-old Alice, whose care was left in the hands of her older brothers: Frederick William [21], James Henry [19], John George [17] and Reuben Augustus [14].

John Clarke was a member of the Hindmarsh Lodge in Adelaide, South Australia before he became a member of the Loyal Gold Miner's Pride Lodge, shortly after his arrival in Sandhurst,

Victoria in the early 1850's. He was elected a Vice Grand on 5 October 1854, and then went on to become a Noble Grand buried at White Hills Cemetery in an unmarked grave by Thomas Oakley Undertakers on Monday 16 May 1864.

At 3pm, that afternoon, the procession moved from the Shamrock Hotel, Epsom to the White Hills cemetery with his family and friends close by, and in attendance were officers and brothers of the Loyal Gold Miner's Pride Lodge.

James Henry Clarke in 1865 married Ellen Wills and had a Butcher shop in Highstreet, Bendigo. In 1871, after the death of his son [James], James Henry moved his family to Richmond. Here he had a Butcher shop in Swan street with his son, Arthur John [2] Clarke. A.J. Clarke [2] married Susan O'Connor at St. Ignatius in 1893. Susan's father was a soldier in the British Army in India, where she was born.



James and Ellen Clarke

Their daughter Elizabeth Mary Clarke married Charles Harling Parker in 1920, Charles was awarded a Military Medal for gallantry in World War I at the 2nd Battle of Bullecourt on the Western Front, France in 1917. Their son Frank Harling Parker served in World War 2 in the jungles of Borneo.

Harley Parker

DISCOVERING HARRIET DAVIS

William Foy, who was my husband's great grandfather arrived in Australia from London in 1842.

He came out to make his fortune on the goldfields, but like so many others he failed to do this. As he was a tin smith by trade, he set up a business in Hunter Street in 1857 / 1858 making miners' equipment. He made quite a fortune - unfortunately vanished by my generation as he had a wife and fourteen children and their families to provide for when he died.

He married Matilda Briscoe in Tasmania in 1849, and Matilda is important to this story.

One of William's sons was Robert Henry - my husband's grandfather. He was born in 1863 and both his birth and death certificate show his mother was Matilda Briscoe, but when I obtained a copy of his marriage certificate, his mother's name was given as Harriet Davis!

Now a man can have two wives, two sisters or two daughters, but he cannot have two mothers!! So who was this mysterious Harriet? And why was she on Robert's marriage certificate? The who question was comparatively easily solved.

Matilda was burnt in a house fire in Hunter Street and died in the Infirmary - ie: the infamous Rum Hospital (now Sydney Hospital) in 1865. (It is interesting to note that the Insurance Superintendent arrived at the fire before the fire engine - Sydney Morning Herald 5 April 5, 1865 - there must have been some criticism as to how the

THE LATE FIRE IN HUNTER STREET

We are requested to state that Mr Carroll rendered efficient service at the fire which occurred at Mr Foy's premises in Hunter Street on Wednesday night, and, it is understood, it was mainly owing to his strenuous exertions that the house was not burnt down. Mrs Foy was so seriously burnt on the occasion that she had to be removed to the Infirmary. We regret to hear that she has since expired.

Sydney Morning Herald
Friday April 5, 1865

fire was handled as this item appeared two days after the event). This left William with several children without a mother. Robert Henry was sixteen months old.

I had access to a box of William Foy's papers in the State Library where the name Harriet appeared several times including receiving regular housekeeping money so I concluded she was either a paid housekeeper or William had remarried and was his second wife.

I obtained a copy of a marriage certificate showing William had remarried in 1867. Robert Henry would have been only three years old and would have known no other mother.

Now the mystery! On William and Harriet's marriage certificate it shows Harriet Davis was born in Calais, France. She obviously wasn't French as her parent's names were Davis and Ingham - so why was she born in Calais? I've heard of Englishmen going to France for a naughty weekend, but not to have their children - so why was she born in France?

And there the mystery would have reminded had I not seen a little paragraph in the Sydney Morning Herald quite a few years ago asking anyone who had family who had come to Australia on the Agincourt in 1848 to contact the Australian Society of the Lacemakers of Calais - this was the voyage Harriet had arrived on.

Consequently I came to the next ASLC meeting and heard all about the Lacemakers of Calais and found that Harriet was a four year old who did the walk from Morpeth in the rain to Maitland.

With such different backgrounds, I don't know how she ever met up with William Foy. By the time she married William he had been a very successful business man in Sydney for ten years, and William was 45 and Harriet 23 when they married. As far as I know the Davis family remained in the Hunter region - her father Joseph getting a job as a gardener soon after he arrived.

Kate Foy
as told at the May ASLC meeting

THE WAY IT WAS IN 1500 - OLD CUSTOMS & SAYINGS

Anne Hathaway was the wife of William Shakespeare. She married at the age of 26 which was unusual for the time. Life was not as romantic as we may picture it. Here are some examples:

Most people married young, at the age of 11 or 12. They were small people, the men only grew to be about 5'6" and the women were 4'8". So in their house they had 27 people living. There was a 3 bedroom house with a small parlour, which was seldom used, kitchen, and no bathroom. Mother and Father shared a bedroom.

Anne had a queen sized bed, but did not sleep alone until she was married. She had 2 other sisters and they shared the bed also with 6 servant girls. They didn't sleep as we do lengthwise, but all laid on the bed crosswise.

At least they had a bed. The other bedroom was shared by her 6 brothers and 10 field workers. They didn't have a bed. Everyone just wrapped up in their blanket and slept on the floor. They had no indoor heating so all the extra bodies kept them warm.

Most people got married in June. Why? They took their yearly bath in May, so they were still smelling pretty good by June, although they were starting to smell, brides would carry a bouquet of sweet smelling flowers to hide their mutual body odour.

The bath was just a big tub that they would fill with hot water. The man of the house would get the privilege of the nice clean water. Then all the other sons and men then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was thick. Thus, the saying, "don't throw the baby out with the bath water," it was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it.

The houses had thatched roofs - that's all they had. Thick straw, piled high, with no wood underneath. This was the only place where small animals could get warm. So all the pets; dogs, cats and other small animals, mice, rats, bugs, all lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery so sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Thus the saying, "it's raining cats and dogs."

Since there was nothing to stop things from falling into the house, this posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings from animals could really mess up your nice clean bed, so they found if they made beds with big posts and hung a sheet over the top it would prevent the problem -that's where those beautiful big 4 poster beds with canopies came from.

When you came into the house you would notice that mostly the floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt, that is where the saying "dirt poor" came from. The wealthy would have slate floors. That was fine but in the winter they would get slippery when wet. So they started to spread thresh on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on they would just keep adding to it, until when you opened the door it would all start slipping outside. So they put a piece of wood across the entry way, as a "thresh hold".

They had a big kettle that always hung over the fire and every day they would light the fire and start adding things to the pot. Mostly they ate vegetables, there being not much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner then leave the leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes the stew would have food in it that had been in there for a week or more! Thus the rhyme: "peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old."

Occasionally they could get a hold of some pork. They really felt special when that happened and when company visited, they even had a rack in the parlour where they would bring out some bacon and hang it to show it off. That was a sign of wealth and good fortune but also that the man of the house "could bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and then all sit around and "chew the fat."

If you had money your plates were made out of pewter. Sometimes some of their food had a high acid content and some of the lead would leach out into the food. They really noticed that this happened with tomatoes. So they stopped eating tomatoes, for 400 years.

The bread was divided according to status. The workers would get

the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family would get the middle and guests would get the top section, or the "upper crust".

They had lead cups from which they would drink their ale or whisky, the combination would sometimes knock them out for a couple of days. They would be walking along the road and there would be someone who looked dead. So they would pick them up and take them home and get them ready to bury if they did not awaken. So they would lay them out on the kitchen table for a couple of days, the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. That's where the custom of holding a "wake" came from.

Since England is so old and small they started running out of places to bury people. So they started digging up some coffins, taking the old bones to a charnel house and then re-use the grave. When they started opening these coffins, they often found some had scratch marks on the inside. One out of 25 coffins were that way and they realised they had still been burying people alive.

So they thought they would tie a string on their wrist and lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would then sit out in the graveyard all night to listen for the bell. That is how the saying "graveyard shift" came about. If the bell rang they would know that someone was "saved by the bell" or he was a "dead ringer".

Take it all 'with a grain of salt'.

Author Unknown

FOR THE GENEALOGIST

Some snippets to intrigue the reader:

SAYWELL

William Saywell's headstone in St Pierre records him as being W S School Superintendent. A search of the available records in Calais by Georges Fauquet has failed to find any mention of William Saywell in connection with the general schools, but suggests that the WS School may very well stand for Wesleyan Sunday School. The title of Superintendent rather than principal would confirm this!

Ann Fauquet

RICHMOND AND BARNETTS

Eliza Richmond married Tjitse Vandeleur who is said to have jumped ship & changed his name to John Slater. Hand me down stories state that Eliza's father owned a jewellery shop & had the Richmond Arcade named after him. I have not been able to prove or disprove this as I have not been able to locate a parentage have searched record after record in genealogy library & State Archives & the breakthrough was following a hunch & locating an admission in RAH. I also have quite an extensive history on Eliza's sister Ann who married into the Barnett family. The Barnetts lived around Laura and Jamestown and the Richmonds in Crafers in the Adelaide Hills.

David Squirrell

CALTON BROTHERS

Charles CALTON b circa 1807 d 1862 Kadina SA was my 4xgt grandfather. I trace my line through his eldest daughter Sarah Maria O'Brien CALTON Chr Feb 1829 Nottingham St Mary. Although unable to find Charles' birth or indeed his marriage to Mary Ann

PEACH I consider I found his parents last year after much searching - Thomas CALTON m Martha Maria O'BRIEN in Derby St Peter in 1800. (From your info, the leader of the 1820 settlers to South Africa).

M.D. NASH's book on the 1820 settlers confirmed Henry and Charles were brothers. SA Genealogy and Historical Society advise also that Charles and Henry were brothers and as there is a strong connection with the PEACH family from Nottingham - enough evidence to prove Charles and Henry came from Nottingham and are the children of Thomas CALTON and Martha Maria O'BRIEN.

Charles CALTON's son Edward married an Ellen FRAPE. Her sister Sarah FRAPE married a Charles MASTERS and had about 13 children. The daughter Susie Alice MASTERS born Mt Crawford, Gawler area 1888 was my paternal Grandmother. FREESTONE's letter remains a mystery I am endeavouring to unravel.

Joan Fry

FOR THE TECHNICALLY MINDED

You will find a wealth of information on Lenton at the following website:

<http://www.lentontimes.fsnet.co.uk/>

For those of you who have Radford ancestors or are from Radford check out

<http://www.radfordgallery.fsnet.co.uk/>

Pigots 1830 Nottingham Directory tells who lived there and what they did at

http://www.geocities.com/ian_charles_uk/pigots1830index.htm

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