

'e-Owls'



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October 2022

MLFHS - Oldham & District Branch Newsletter

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Branch News :

Branch Officers for 2022 -2023 :

Committee Member : Chairman :	Linda Richardson
Committee Member : Treasurer :	Gill Melton
Committee Member : Secretary :	Joan Harrison
Committee Member : Newsletter :	Sheila Goodyear
Committee Member : Webmistress :	Sheila Goodyear

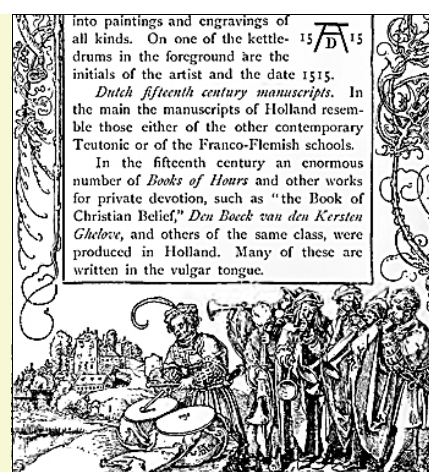
Links to the Website :



'Where to Find it'
On the Oldham & District
Website Pages



Newsletter **'Snippets' Page**
Find Articles, Transcriptions and
Gallery Images you missed



*Illuminated Manuscripts
in Classical & Mediæval Times
by J. Henry Middleton, pub 1892*

Oldham & District Branch Meetings :

**For current information on all M&LFHS Meetings, and other public activities,
Please check on the Branch website pages for updated information.**

The Society Facebook page [HERE](#) and the Twitter page [HERE](#) will be updated frequently.

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### Chairman's remarks :

Hello and welcome to the October newsletter.

Autumn is upon us and the trees are turning into a wonderful display of colours. In another few weeks the children will be out and about collecting conkers.

We are now in the process of looking for Speakers for next year and hope to get another round of interesting subjects to listen to.

If any of you wish to put yourselves forward to give a talk next year please email us to discuss your subject matter etc at [oldham@mlfhs.org.uk](mailto:oldham@mlfhs.org.uk)

This month, our speaker is Louise Wade who will tell us about Life in a Lancashire School.

The meeting will be held in the Performance Space at Oldham Library and I look forward to seeing you either in person or on Zoom.

Enjoy reading the rest of the newsletter.

Best Wishes

Linda

Chairman, Oldham Branch

email me at < [chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk](mailto:chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk) >

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Editor's remarks.

Hi Everyone,

The newsletter is a little later than I would usually like to send it out but life suddenly started to look different when news broke of Queen Elizabeth's sad passing. During those 10 days of National Mourning I realised that we were all then living through what would become a part of our own family history. I'm absolutely sure that I wouldn't have been the only one to look back over the last 70+ years in the context of my own family. In the Mixed Bag, I've indulged myself with a few of my own recollections.

In the Mixed Bag we're up to Chapters XVII and XVIII of 20, in the autobiography, and coming towards the end; only two more chapters to come. Plus we have another few pages of a '*Ginnet to Life*' about a child's life in Oldham in the early 20th century, before WW2.

Sadly, we have received nothing for inclusion in the Postbag.

The Oldham HRG's September zoom meeting, which was part of the Oldham Histories Festival and Heritage Open Days, was "*Megavolts and Milliamps: Ferranti at the cutting edge of electric power and electronics*", about the Ferranti Works at Hollinwood, Failsworth and was recorded. It can be viewed on the Branch Video page [HERE](#)

Finally, in the Gallery we can find a selection of images taken from *Illuminated Manuscripts in Classical & Mediæval Times* by J. Henry Middleton, pub 1892. These caught my eye when I was looking for something new to head the Gallery page.

Sheila

I am always very happy to receive articles, pictures etc., for the 'Mixed Bag' in the newsletter, copyright is always a tricky issue so do please make sure that you have the right to use any text or illustrations that you send! It is also helpful if you include mention of your source material.

You will retain copyright of any contributions that you send, whilst allowing MLFHS to re-use the material in an appropriate manner.

Editor reserves the right to edit any contributions before publication.

email me at : < Oldham_newsletter@mlfhs.org.uk >

Please note, regarding using the links to website pages or .pdf documents : if clicking on a link when

the newsletter is viewed on the internet, without first downloading it onto the computer, the new page opens in the same window so the 'back button' has to be used to return to the newsletter.

Oldham & District Branch

Monthly Meetings

Happily, we are now holding our monthly meetings as hybrids ... simultaneously on zoom and in the library. Over the past 22 months or so, we have really appreciated the support that we have enjoyed both from local society members and those from further afield. However, in addition, we have also been able to welcome non-members with an interest in our programme, some of whom, gratifyingly, became members of the society as a result! Please continue to support the Branch, either in person at Oldham Library or on zoom if preferred.

Details, of the full programme of talks, are on the 'Meetings' page of the Branch website [HERE](#).

* Booking for an online talk remains free for everyone and is essential on [Eventbrite](#).

* No need to book if you attend in the library.

For attendance in person, in the library, members are free, non-members £3.

Wherever you live, Welcome!



Saturday,
10th Sep.
at
2 pm



Last Month's Meeting ... hybrid, in Oldham Library and on zoom

Agricultural Hiring Fairs of Northern England

An illustrated talk to have been given by Stephen Caunce.

Sadly, this meeting was cancelled, out of respect, following the sad news that Queen Elizabeth II had died at Balmoral, on Thursday 8th September.

October Meeting ... hybrid, in Oldham Library and on zoom



Saturday,
8th Oct.
at
2 pm



"Not just the 3 R's" : Life in a Lancashire School

An illustrated talk given by Louise Wade

"Louise, who was born in Ashton-under-Lyne but now lives in Wigan, has been tracing her family history since she was 10 years old (that's over 40 years!) and has been fascinated by

some of the characters she has “met” whilst time-travelling."

Saturday 8th October at 2pm

A hybrid meeting in the Performance Space at Oldham Library and on zoom.

* Online free booking, for all, for zoom link on [Eventbrite](#)

* No booking necessary for attendance in the library; members free, non-members £3.

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**MLFHS Branches delivering their monthly meetings and talks**

**Anglo - Scots ... October, online on zoom**

|                                               |                                              |                                          |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| MLFHS,<br>ANGLO-SCOTTISH<br>BRANCH<br>MEETING | Saturday,<br>1st<br>October<br>at<br>2:00 pm | The<br>Fromelles<br>Genealogy<br>Project |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|

On-line meeting only, on Zoom

all bookings on [Eventbrite](#)

**Anglo-Scottish Website Pages** [HERE](#) for more information and booking details

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Bolton ... October Meeting

MLFHS Bolton Branch Hybrid Meetings	Wednesday 5th October at 7:30 pm	<i>Exploring Family History - A beginners guide</i>
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A hybrid Meeting on zoom and at

Bolton Golf Club, Lostock Park, Chorley New Road, Bolton, BL6 4AJ

all bookings on [Eventbrite](#)

Bolton Website Pages [HERE](#) for more information and booking details.

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**MLFHS updates**

**Manchester ... October 12th at 7pm on Zoom**

|                                         |                                              |                                                             |
|-----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| MLFHS<br>aka<br>Manchester<br>Ancestors | Wednesday<br>12th<br>October<br>at<br>7:00pm | 'The History<br>of Carnival'<br>given by<br>Linford Sweeney |
|-----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|

A free, online talk for Black History Month - in collaboration with Manchester Central Library Archives+, given by Linford Sweeney.

Zoom booking on Eventbrite [HERE](#)

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Keep an eye on the following pages, as some meetings may be added at short notice.

MLFHS Manchester, Website Events Page [HERE](#)

MLFHS Manchester, Eventbrite Bookings [HERE](#)
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**MLFHS Online Bookshop:** [HERE](#).

with CDs, Downloads, Maps, Registers, Local Interest Books, More General Publications, Miscellaneous Items with MLFHS Logo etc., and Offers.  
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MLFHS Manchester & Branch e-Newsletters

MLFHS Manchester and each of the MLFHS branches publish a monthly e-newsletter which provides useful news items and articles etc. The e-newsletters are free and available to both members and non-members of MLFHS Society. Members receive the Manchester newsletter automatically and non-members can browse the archive and download any they wish. You can sign up to receive the Branches' newsletter links monthly, by following the links, below. To sign-up, for a Branch newsletter, to be emailed each month, simply click the appropriate link below and complete the short form on the e-newsletter page, where you will also find copies of all past issues to browse.

[MLFHS](#) (Manchester)

[Bolton](#)

[Oldham](#)

[Anglo-Scottish](#)
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### **MLFHS Updates to the Great Database** (located in the Members' area of the Website)

**Emails to the Members' forum**, from John Marsden (webmaster), listing the updates.

\* I have added a further 1,081 records to the Great Database. These are for burials at St. Andrew, Ancoats 1831-1855. The listing can also be accessed via the Document Collection (Death & Burial).

Thanks to Mark Harrey for these.  
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* New data has been added at as follows:

Added 25,418 Births for Bolton RD comprising:

Bolton A (1994-1997)

Bolton B (1994-2000) lancashirebmd.org.uk

Bolton C (1995-2001)

Bolton D (1993-1996)

Amended 28,064 Births for Manchester RD to include mother's maiden name, comprising :
Blackley (1837-1958)

Thanks are due to Bob Winder and his team and to my own team at Manchester.
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\* A further addition to The Great Database. This time it is a further 152 sets of admission documents for the Royal Manchester School for the Deaf & Dumb for admissions taken from three volumes of documents covering between 1851 and 1868.

Thanks are due to Jim Chadwick and his team (Marie Collier, Karen Hugill, Janet Moores and Chris Norcross.)  
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* Another substantial addition to the Great Database:

3,478 BMD announcements from the Manchester Courier for 1838-9.

Thanks are due to Linda Bailey Laura Lewis and Chris Hall for these additions, which bring the

newspaper announcements to a total of 37,055

Meetings and Talks at other Societies &/or Venues

Please note ...

Please check society/group websites or organisers for updated information

Oldham Historical Research Group: ... Meetings continue on zoom



Wednesday
19th
October
at
7 pm



'Iron Men and Wooden Ladders' : A History of Oldham Fire Brigade

an illustrated presentation, on zoom,

given by Mark Beswick, author of the above mentioned book

Everyone welcome ... More details and free booking on Eventbrite [HERE](#)

Your support for our meetings is appreciated and, if you would like more information, please email me at < pixnet.sg@gmail.com >.

Website [HERE](#)

Moorside & District Historical Society ... Monday 17th October, at 7:30pm



Moorside & District Historical Society
We are back after the Summer Break
Monday 17th October 2022.

"War Memorials etc"
The Aftermath
" Moorside in the Great War cont. "

Catch up after the Covid lockdown, cancelled meetings.
illustrated presentation by Mike Smith



NOTE To be held in **Moorside Cricket Club, Turfpit Lane, Moorside.**
7-30 p.m. all are welcome.

Note: Other meeting planed for 2022 if all goes well for the third Monday of the month.
Except for the summer break July & August + December. £2 including refreshment.

at Moorside Cricket Club, Turfpit Lane, Moorside

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**Saddleworth Historical Society** ... Wednesday 12th October

**AGM at 7.30pm**

followed by a talk entitled,

***'Saddleworth's Merchants and Manufacturers: their Architectural Legacy'***

7:30 at the Saddleworth Museum Gallery

At this meeting Society members are free, but a charge to non-members is applicable on the door of £3. All are welcome. Refreshments are available.

Subject to Government guidelines at the time you may be asked to wear a mask.

Website [HERE](#)

**Saddleworth Civic Trust** has no meeting or event planned in October

If & when this situation changes members of the Society will be notified directly and through the local Press.

**For both societies :**

Please note that if there is any upturn in the state of the ongoing Covid Pandemic, any or all of these meetings might be cancelled. Members of each Society should check with any Committee member, at the Museum office, if in doubt. You may be asked to wear a mask.

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Library Events & Gallery talks at Gallery Oldham; Curator talks [HERE](#)
on [Eventbrite](#) and [Instagram](#)

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**Family History Society of Cheshire : Tameside Group meeting.**

See their website [HERE](#)

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Tameside History Club :

Meetings on zoom.

Website and programme

&

Tameside Local Studies and Archives - Regular Sessions and Events

Website and programme [HERE](#)

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**Regional Heritage Centre :**

Website [HERE](#)

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'A Mixed Bag'

'Autobiography Of A Manchester Cotton Manufacturer : Or Thirty Years' Experience Of Manchester ', pub. 1887.

Originally published anonymously, later research showed that it was written by Henry S. Gibbs. The reviewer had given it 5 stars, as had others who had read it.

The author used pseudonyms throughout ... actual names, where discovered, in the footnotes.

Serialised in the newsletters :

The earlier chapters and an introduction can be read in previous months' newsletters, starting in October 2021, and downloadable [HERE](#)

CHAPTER XVII

FLUCTUATIONS IN COTTON - PICTURE COLLECTING AND SALES.

THE continued scarcity of cotton had a telling effect upon prices, which were perilously high, whilst the fluctuations in the market were frequent and often startling, a fall or advance of threepence per pound occurring in one day.

Our manufactory, though a small one, put through a fair amount of business; it was worked with vigour, and the turnover corresponded. Fidus Achates was not slow during the cotton scarcity in adapting himself to the exigencies of the times. He was a philosophical spinner, and brought such intelligence to bear upon the difficulties created by the altered state of affairs that he escaped much of the evils experienced by others. Notwithstanding the dearth of the raw material, the aggregate business he transacted with our firm from 1866 to 1870 reached the large sum of nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling, which we paid for a miserable-looking thread, produced with consummate skill from an article which, I frequently reminded him, in a playful manner, resembled chopped hay. With another distinguished firm of spinners in Rochdale our business was yet more extensive, and for some years, during the scarcity, we paid them an average of twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds sterling for an article of standard

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quality, but which, in the absence of the American fibre, could only be produced by the additional skill and intelligence which was brought to bear upon it. The fluctuation in prices was terrible. In subsequent years it was impossible to contemplate the purchases of those times without emotion, and also a feeling of thankfulness that destruction was escaped.

For some years I was in the habit of utilizing the short Easter holiday which, lasted four days, in a walking tour in North Wales. On such occasions Fidus Achates was my companion. He was a good pedestrian, and could be relied on to take leg exercise when the holiday came round and the weather proved fine. We generally took our pleasure quietly, walking, knapsacked, some twenty-five miles daily. On one occasion we found ourselves in Anglesea, somewhat hot and tired with our exercise, and in the vicinity of what my friend called a "pub." A short rest and the inevitable draught followed, with refreshing effect, and all would have been well for my peace of mind had my eye not alighted on a copy of the London Times, lying on a table, which, when being scanned, revealed the fact of another great battle which had been fought in America, in which General Lee was defeated. I remembered with disquietude that I had made a large purchase of the raw material on the previous day, and the contemplation of it greatly interfered with the enjoyment of the holiday. On my return to Manchester on the following Monday I found the effect of the battle had caused a fall of 3d. per pound in cotton. Before another week

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had passed, however, a Southern success, in its turn, brought a reaction - the fall of 3d. having recovered, with a further rise. And thus the market went its course, our 20's P.C. having reached 1s. 11d. and warps 2s. 5d. per pound.

Mr. Tumbleton renewed his youth after his marriage, and appeared to take a new lease of life. He had made a wise choice in the selection of a wife, and the result was seen in his improved appearance, with every indication of an extension of the mortal span. The impression conveyed to my mind when I was introduced to the lady was that my partner had obtained a prize. Previous to his marriage our term of partnership, which lasted seven years, expired by effluxion of time. A new partnership was entered, upon, but on this occasion for ten years instead of seven. The firm of Tumbleton and Co. was substituted by that of Tumbleton and G, the "Co.," which had been my chrysalis condition, emerging after seven years of transition into my fully

developed self.

One morning a carriage stopped at the mill. It was a handsome modern brougham, driven by a well-dressed coachman with a showy white horse. It contained Mr. and Mrs. Tumbleton. Mr. Tumbleton directed the coachman to inquire if I was ready for my departure to the city, and would like a ride. I was soon equipped and driven thither accordingly. Nearly every morning after this, until Mr. Tumbleton sold his town residence and took one by the sea side, I had my morning drive to Manchester.

After the advent of the second Mrs. Tumbleton

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Irwell House became a centre of attraction and the scene of many entertainments given from time to time, at which distinguished clergymen of his church were sometimes present.

Tumbleton loved repartee, and whether it was the production of another or emanated from himself his appreciation of it was betrayed by his convivial laugh.

At his supper table, when a large number of distinguished guests were assembled, the subject of the wig worn by John Wesley was introduced. The existence, probable whereabouts, texture, and nature of the substance with which it was dyed were all discussed with animation. Very little light was thrown upon the subject, though there was much speculation concerning it, and especially the nature of the dyeing material. A Mr. Brown*, whose thick hair was conspicuous, was seated in front of Mr. Tumbleton, who happened latterly to have entered on a period of baldness. When the discussion of the wig had come to an end my partner, with a knowing glance of the eye, exclaimed, "Brown, if you were to dye your hair you wouldn't want a wig, would you?" Mr Brown hesitated a moment, and replied, "No, Mr. Tumbleton; but if you were to dye your hair you would want a wig!" Mr. Tumbleton was in no way daunted by the reply, which brought forth peals of laughter, no one apparently enjoying the repartee more than himself.

The frequency of my visits to Mr. Rareworthy's and other galleries, extending over a period of sixteen years, resulted in the accumulation of a large number of drawings and pictures. The walls of my house, including those of all the bedrooms,

footnote :

* Rev. Hugh Slowell Brown

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were covered with them. It became necessary, therefore, if the visits to the galleries were to be continued, some or all must be disposed of, there being no more room for additional works. My life had been sweetened by its association with pictures, and it therefore remained my intention to continue the pursuit of collecting so long as I was able. On communicating with the celebrated firm of auctioneers in London, Mr. Christie, jun., came to my house and catalogued the works. In a few weeks afterwards they were put to the hammer and sold at Christie and Manson's rooms, at that time in King Street, St. James's Square. I did not regard the sale as a particularly good one, although some of the drawings brought moderately high figures. A little drawing of Corsica, by J. M. W. Turner, measuring about seven inches by five, which had once belonged to the late Canon Kingsley, realized 100 guineas, and was bought by Messrs. Agnew, from whom I had purchased it. This was a lovely little drawing, depicting the shores of the Mediterranean, and high up was the evening star, reflected in the ripples of the water. I wonder who is now the happy owner of that drawing! A Meadow Scene, with Cattle, by that prince of painters, David Cox, brought 140 guineas. Three of Sam Prout's architectural subjects sold for £256. Two of Fred Tayler's figure compositions for £213; and a very small drawing, exquisitely painted by George Cattermole, obtained 80 guineas, and another by the same artist £111. One of Clarkson Stanfield's highly-finished drawings sold for 105 guineas. The subject was Mount St.

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and it was considered to be one of the most perfect specimen of Stanfield's work. I purchased it, with a vast number of other fine drawings, from the late W. Smith, of Messrs. Grundy and Smith. In this sale there was a remarkable drawing, by De Wint, of a hayfield, with figures resting. It had all the appearance of a highly-finished work, but in reality was made up of broad washes. Its charm consisted not in the delineation of the figures or the correct representation of the hay industry, but in the transparency of its delicious colour and wonderful atmospheric effect. For many years afterwards I had no opportunities of beholding, with loving eyes, that wonderful drawing, which was purchased by Fidus Achates, at whose house I saw it from time to time. Many drawings brought considerably more money than I gave for them, whilst others did not fare so well. The collection contained a hundred works, the whole of which were by good men, and included thirty-nine drawings by David Cox, five beautiful specimens of De Wint, seven of Samuel Prout's architectural subjects, eight fine drawings by George Cattermole, and four of George Barrett's classical compositions.

A sale every now and then is a necessity to one who continually dabbles in art. Several times afterwards I parted with collections with varied results. Occasionally I sold them privately, having in one instance a transaction with an eminent firm amounting to several thousand pounds. The transaction was completed in half an hour! I accumulated fine old and modern engravings

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and etchings, which were also disposed of by auction. The numbered 164 lots in the catalogue, and consisted, of subscription copies by modern men, in the first state, with fine early impressions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's works, including many of the favourites, which brought high prices. Of Sir Edwin Landseer's works I seem to have had impressions of everything he ever did, and *remarque* proofs abounded. J.M.W. Turner was seen to perfection, as reproduced by such men as Charles Turner, Willmore, Miller, Lupton, and Le Keux.

The thirteen cartoons by F.J. Shields, representing the "Triumph of Faith," which I bought from that artist, were put into this sale, and were bought in. Subsequently I sold them to some gentlemen of spirit in the city, who presented them to the Royal Institution in Mosley Street, where they now hang.

Mr. Rareworthy had quite a daily levee at his establishment, which was assiduously attended by men of much knowledge and experience of art matters. Conspicuous amongst them was Mr. Barner, a gentleman advanced in life, a portion of which had been spent in foreign countries where he had visited the various galleries with the ardour of an enthusiast. He would probably as soon neglect his church on Sunday as fail to pay his morning visit to the Art Galleries in Manchester.

Mr. Barner* was so well-known through the regularity of his visits to the various establishments that he acquired the designation of "Pictorial" Barner, to distinguish him from others bearing the same name, but were not distinguished

footnote:

* Mr. J. Barker

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by his proclivities. It was amusing to be a listener to his criticisms on a picture, which were sometimes given with good judgment, but generally in a manner so unequivocal that his denunciations of an inferior or doubtful work, should one happen to present itself, were as instructive in their mercilessness as were his encomiums upon a good work possessing more than ordinary merit. At these gatherings I met the same men for many years. Many, varied, and

occasionally vehement were the expressions of opinion on drawings and pictures which came under notice from time to time.

Mr. Barner, in respect to his seniority, was granted a priority in the expression of approval or condemnation. There was, however, another gentleman as enthusiastic as himself, who was also a constant and regular visitor at the establishment. He was of a different temperament to Mr. Barner, and rarely betrayed any emotion unless an opinion in direct opposition to his own views was authoritatively advanced by Mr. Barner. On such occasions their respective oratory was tested to the utmost, and after all the information which could be elicited was acquired by those present during the contest, where frequently logic and facts went to the wall, Mr. B., by his impetuous eloquence, remained apparently the master of the field. Mr. Rareworthy must in his time have been the quiet observer of many a contest between zealous and excited art disputants.

In the meantime many changes had taken place in some of the households whither I was attracted from time to time. After Mrs. Airlie's death,

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her two daughters broke up the old home which had been so long associated with pleasant memories.

Mrs. Alison, after her husband's death, felt the loneliness of her position. Who so admirably adapted for a companion as her old schoolfellow and friend of her youth, Mrs. Cowper! Accordingly, from that time, the two friends lived together, passing the remainder of their lives in each other's society.

My visits to Mrs. Alison's house were continued with the former regularity, and I joined the pleasant gatherings frequently assembled there. On those occasions a stranger would not discern which of the two ladies was the mistress of the establishment, Mrs. Cowper, moving about so quietly and gracefully amongst the visitors, chatting with one and then another of them on congenial topics, and entertaining all with her powers of conversation, to the great relief of Mrs. Alison, whose advancing years were beginning to interfere with her own hospitable inclinations.

Mrs. Gower, who had retired to the occupation of a pretty cottage, taking with her the faithful servitor, was generally present at these little parties, which were so bright and cheerful as to make even the anticipation of them a source of gladness.

But alas! Mrs. Cowper was not long permitted thus to greet the friends who had been influenced by her gentleness and goodness in former days. Though youthful still in mind and manner, Mrs. Cowper was now advanced in years, and disease must have been busy with her in making its insidious inroads.

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When I called one evening to see the ladies Mrs. Alison alone was visible. Mrs. Cowper was unwell and confined to her room. I never saw her again. Kind messages passed between us, but we never again met. Presently the old retainer followed the daughter of his aged mistress, and Mrs. Gower filled the sister's place by the side of the friend and schoolfellow. Yet a little while and Mrs. Alison followed her dear friend to the unknown land. Of that genial little circle Mrs. Gower, who was the youngest member of it, alone remains to recall those happy days.

I soon had to deplore the loss of my own dear mother, whose failing health for some months had been occasion for solicitude, and had caused me to make a visit to Bath. A telegram reached me from my sister, informing me of her alarming condition, and I hastened to her bedside, but arrived too late to see her alive at the friend's house where she died. My mother lived to a good old age, and had considerable enjoyment of life in her latter years, which were free

from any particular sorrow or bereavement, and were passed in visiting one and another of her children, who were all married and surrounded by the inevitable olive branches.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHURCH WORK IN ANCOATS - REMOVAL TO CHESHIRE

OF the many difficulties with which a manufacturer has to contend there is perhaps not one that taxes his mental powers, causes more anxiety and sleepless nights, than the continuance of a falling market. An article the normal value of which was from fivepence to sixpence per pound, though it had not long previously fallen to fourpence, had since risen to half-a-crown, but must, sooner or later, return to within a measurable distance of its former value. It is during the time of its declension the man of business suffers, but especially the manufacturer. The merchant can peremptorily stop his operations. The agent suffers little, his loss being confined to the diminution of his commission. The manufacturer, on the other hand, is unable to follow the masterly inactivity of his customer who refuses to buy in a falling market. He has to think of his mill and his workpeople. If he resorts to the questionable specific of short time, the cost of his diminished production is thereby considerably enhanced, and an assured loss to his industry ensues. To close his mill sometimes becomes a necessity, and when this last resort is effected he knows that a yet greater penalty

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awaits him in the dispersion of his hands and the deterioration of his machinery, in addition to the loss of his yet unsold stock.

We had passed through another decennial crisis, which was longer and sharper than that of 1857. We now suffered, and apparently were likely to suffer for a time, from a deficiency of cotton, in addition to which there had been deficient wheat harvests at home, causing an injurious effect upon trade. A good wheat and hay harvest is watched and hoped for by the Lancashire manufacturer with a solicitude only exceeded by that with which the American crop is watched.

In 1869 there was a good harvest, and the advantages of it were felt, notwithstanding the deficiency in the cotton supply. Our looms were kept well employed, and we continued to have a good business, after escaping the shoals and pitfalls to which we were exposed. When 1870 had arrived we could buy for 1s. per pound the article largely in consumption with us, for which we had paid 2s. at the highest point of the market. ‘

Mr. Tumbleton made another movement. He sold Irwell House, with its contents, bade adieu to Manchester, and betook himself to a furnished residence by the sea-side, where I was his frequent guest. He did not, however, make his departure until the accomplishment of an object upon which he had long set his heart. I was present at the unique ceremony of the simultaneous laying of four foundation stones (the performance being effected by four of the fair sex, his own wife being one of them), upon which was erected an imposing

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church, which afterwards was completed and opened with attractive services and much success, another silver trowel being added to the already formidable collection.

When he arrived at the sea-side another church was erected; but I think a resident gentleman, in this instance, qualified for the possession of the trowel. Indeed, the collection had attained the extent of its proportions, and received no more additions, notwithstanding that Mr. Tumbleton had not ceased to be enthusiastic in the erection of Wesleyan churches. The last that engaged much of his old enthusiasm was an imposing edifice that sprung up in a neighbouring township on the coast, whither Mr. Tumbleton repaired, bought a house, and settled in the fashionable resort. It was his last change. Mr. Tumbleton remained faithful to hydropathy, a year seldom

passing that he did not renew acquaintanceship with the institution at Matlock. Notwithstanding his devotion, and in spite of every precaution, time was perceptibly telling its tale upon him. The white locks which had replaced the brown hair spoke of increased age; and a marked feebleness of gait took the place of the vigorous step of a few years back: the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble had arrived. Hydropathy may have been an auxiliary in his preservation, but doubtless it was more the result of the composure and serenity of his declining years, which was due to the devoted care of his wife, whose watchfulness of him was incessant. There had been nothing in his appearance to indicate anything beyond the decline of an otherwise good

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constitution, and I was not prepared for a telegram which was sent me by his wife, asking me to come over, and informing me of his serious indisposition. On my arrival I was shocked with his altered appearance. When able to recognize me, he said, with a sad gaze, "Ah, G., I am at the far end." That his exclamation was correct was too apparent for much hope to be expressed. I remained with him for some time, but there appeared no symptom of rallying. It appears he had incautiously remained out on an inclement night, had caught a severe cold, and was attacked with congestion of the lungs. He survived some days, and I again visited him, and observed he had undergone a considerable change for the worse. With some difficulty I understood him to say that if he were removed to Dr. Smedley's he thought he would recover. But he was beyond the reach of hydropathy or any mortal aid. The doctor had sent man to attend him, but there was no more treatment. He died on 27th February, 1873.

The widely-spread parish of St. J. proved a fruitful field for the Rev. Mr. Howard during the time of his labours there, which lasted six years. I watched him closely, for I admired his way of working amongst the people, and the success which accompanied his efforts. He was ever in their midst. His regard for the working man, which he expressed at our first interview, had been tested, and had proved to be only greater than their love and appreciation of him, which was seen in the manner they were attracted to the Sunday and weekday services, together with the clubs, classes, and various societies he had initiated.

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But as I feared, so it happened: the health of Mr. Howard, surrounded as he was by soot and smoke, gave way, and the doctor demanded his removal from St. J. After the inevitable rest, with recuperation, my friend left us, and was appointed rector of the largest and most wealthy parish in Manchester.

It would be well for our Church if all her clergy served such an apprenticeship as would be afforded by a season of labour in a parish like St. J., with its teeming population abounding in poverty and want, surrounded with temptation and crime, and with hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of souls in the midst of the prevailing gloom, possessing cravings for better things. Such an apprenticeship would bring with it a valuable experience which could not be acquired in a community such as that in which Mr. Howard was called to labour. Go, however, where he may, Mr. H. must leave his mark, and in his changed surroundings was no less indefatigable than when elevating the working man. In the new Parish he built churches and erected schools which will remain the monuments of his energy. The active workers in the parish of St. J., after Mr. H. had left it, desired to present him with a gown (gowns were sometimes worn in those days and considered typical of good preaching, none but an able man venturing to appear in one). The new rector asked me to make the presentation. I had no objection, provided a speech would not be expected from me on the occasion. An enthusiastic meeting, attended by school workers and other active spirits, was held in the large schoolroom, and many were the loving

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reminiscences of the labours of the recent pastor which were brought to mind. The oratory was good, practical, and unemotional, and adapted for the occasion, one Irish friend, however, thrilling some of us with his eloquent and appropriate sentences.

When the time came for the presentation to be made, I was painfully conscious of my inability to continue the flow of wisdom which had streamed from the lips of others, and hastily decided that the time for action had arrived, whilst that of words was over. I therefore mounted a chair, and holding in my hand the interminably long gown (for the parson was between six and seven feet high, and, of course, the vestment was made to correspond), allowed it to remain for a few seconds before the gazing eyes of the appreciative spectators then turning towards the reverend gentleman, with an expressive look of my own approbation, requested his acceptance of the graceful tribute from his late parishioners and fellow-workers, at the same time lending him a helping hand with his envelopment in the gown, and otherwise making as much commotion as possible. I made a successful escape from speaking, probably to the disgust of many, the rector himself saying he thought I would have made a speech.

When Mr. Howard left St. J.'s he was succeeded by the Rev. John Wansot,* whose entrance upon the scene was a guarantee that the heavy calls of the parish would not suffer in the hands of the new rector. He was the chairman of our meeting, and spoke of his predecessor's labours in a neat little speech full of fine feeling. It was he who

footnote:

* Watson

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secured my services in the presentation. He also secured them as the treasurer of his schools, which during his time he worked up to a high state of

efficiency. I held the post for many years, and as it brought me into frequent contact with the various masters and mistresses, for whom I had the honour of writing quarterly cheques, and of exchanging sentiments from time to time, the office was attended with much that was edifying and instructive. I have often wondered if the attendance, the school pence, subscriptions, and Government grants have continued to increase in the same ratio as during my time. If so, they must now be prodigious.

Mr. Wansot must have been the possessor of an iron constitution. He laboured in the parish for a period exceeding the united years of his predecessors. I never heard of a breakdown, and I hope he may never have one; but if any man ever earned a canonry, Mr. Wansot is the man.

Another instance of inexhaustion and unweariedness was the indefatigable Scripture reader, Mr. Morsley* who was in and out of my office frequently. What a walker that man was! Five miles an hour seemed his speed, which he could check with his instantaneous-acting brake, and again return to the old speed without any loss of time. When walking it was obvious he redeemed the time.

Simultaneously with my partner's removal to the seaside, I quitted the smoky town and went to live in Cheshire, having in my daily journeys to and from Manchester to cross the railway viaduct at Stockport, on which, twenty-two years previously,

footnote:

* Moseley

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the passing view I obtained of the town, with its then smoking chimneys, had inspired me with so many misgivings. It may not be strange that our early feelings seldom long obtrude themselves on the mind, after the incurrence of accumulated responsibility. Mine did not, for at the time I commenced these daily journeyings, my olive branches mustered a quarter of a

score.

After so long a residence in the Manchester atmosphere I appreciated the pure air of Cheshire not a little. Forty hours, passed four times a year at the northern marine resort - four days over Welsh mountains, with Fidus Achates, with an occasional day spent at Haddon with the same individual - a short trip to Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, once made in each instance, and a hasty visit to Bath and London when occasion required it - formed the extent of my absence from Manchester, which twice in twenty-five years extended to a whole week. I must have been very much attached to Manchester! When once located in the pure country district, I felt independent of any holiday whatever.

It was a new experience to welcome every now and then a Manchester resident to my rural retreat - to furnish such a one with a glass of pure milk, fresh from one's own cow, and to offer him a night's lodging in the country, if he were so inclined. At different periods, and frequently, I welcomed my earliest Lancashire friend, Mr. Thornton who, too, was betraying symptoms of departing health. He increased my happiness when he told me the hours spent in my company were some of his most pleasant ones. We occasionally renewed acquaintance

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with the former years and their association with trouble and perplexity. The New Zealand experiences were told again and again with never-failing zest, and hours were passed in depicting the beauties of climate and landscape of the country. Could he have made any reasonable excuse to do so he would have gladly returned to end his days in the colony.

Mrs. Gower was also a welcome visitor at various times, recalling by her presence the years when cares were few and hope was strong. We often lived over the old times, continuing our prattle into the small hours of the morning, when prudence dictated it was time to retire for the repose necessary for the discharge of the next day's duties. Fidus Achates found me out as also did my old and able art friend, Le Resurns*, who revelled alternately in nature, art, and minstrelsy; and a week seldom passed that Manchester was not represented by some of its jaded citizens in the Cheshire home.

Soon after our arrival the village was made lively by the advent of a young curate and his wife. He was quite young, and had not long been in holy orders; but he was descended from a direct long line of ecclesiastical ancestry, and this circumstance must have accounted for the extent of his learning and his capacity in the pulpit and reading desk, which could not have been acquired in so short a lifetime as his. The Rev. J. T. Pollard** was an institution. There was nothing in which he was not an adept, whether the subject related to an "old father" or the formation of a cricket club. In his school days he had been a kind of perpetual champion, and his rooms were

footnote:

* Le Resche

** Pollock

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more or less filled with goblets made of the precious metal, the result of his established supremacy in outdoor games. Though not a big man, he had the energy and strength of a young Hercules. Moreover, he could run like a greyhound, and had the agility of a cat. Woe to the man who was beguiled into measuring strength with him through the circumstance of his dimensions.

With such qualifications and antecedents it is not surprising he was a favourite, especially with the young, who were always ready to follow his lead and do his bidding. The old people liked him too. There were few people in the parish he did not know. His habit was to open the cottage

door unbidden, and if the weather were cold and the fire low to seat himself in close proximity, and if the good woman was busy or unable to do it herself, to turn over the dying embers for her, or perhaps light her fire for her afresh, perhaps giving a valuable hint in the economical use of the fuel, and filling her kettle from the pump previous to setting it on the neatly-made fire. But his visits were sometimes of a different kind. On passing one of the back thoroughfares, which he delighted to explore, his course was once arrested by the fearful shrieks of a woman who was being beaten by her husband in one of the cottages. Although he had not previously visited the house, he suddenly opened the door, and to his disgust beheld the inhuman brute belabouring his helpless mate. This was too much for Pollard, who rated the man in terms he could well understand, and peremptorily demanded "Hands off!" The man

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was well astonished at the sudden apparition and its command, and prepared himself with a threat and a curse to throw the bold young divine through the window. The reply to "Come on then," however, caused the bully to pause, and, on a little sober reflection, also to estimate probabilities. The result was a tacit acknowledgment there was no chance for him in a pugilistic effort with the parson, who seized the opportunity to follow up his advantage by heaping such reproach on the sinner as to make him ashamed of himself, and also to confess his peculiar method of asserting authority over his better-half was not the correct one. The man was never known to beat his wife for his dread of the parson, who afterwards had free and welcome access to the house.

Pollard had a theory of his own (which he also practised) that it was the duty of a parson to make himself acquainted and be on visiting terms with every man in the parish, rich or poor. He also maintained that the parson could exercise benefit on the people after their various characteristics had become known to him, by bringing together and introducing to each other, such men who were similar in their views, had tastes in common, and who might otherwise never become acquainted. This practice our stalwart and thoughtful young parson carried out successfully. At his rooms I first met a man who has ever since proved a good and valued friend, thus tending to confirm the principle of the power to do good which belongs to the clerical class, if they are disposed to exercise it.

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It was not to be expected a man like Pollard would remain long in a curacy unless the rector possessed the attributes of an angel, and in whose breast existed no particle of envy or uneasiness. We reluctantly bade him farewell. After another curacy, he became a vicar in a northern county,* where, in his church, he has gathered a choir of unusual excellence, which, without instrumental aid, can render an attractive service, and he continues to be a friend of the helpless and a terror to the bully.

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* of Brigham, Carlisle

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**From Mike Hoddy (see August newsletter for first chapters and more details)**

This manuscript was an account written by Frank Pogson of Oldham that describes his life in Oldham from the early 1920s to 1939. It was mostly around the Derker area and the 3rd Oldham Boys Brigade at Hope Congregational Church. Mike's own family members had been associated with the B.B. since 1904.

We're happy to serialise Frank's story, in the newsletter, over the next few issues.

**A GINNEL TO LIFE**  
***Childhood in a Lancashire Mill Town***  
**1924 - 1939**

by Frank Pogson

**CHAPTER VII**

**GROWING UP WITH GORDON**

Childhood is a time of learning and of confidence building. We each needed the other at times and particularly when so many other children appeared to us to be so aggressive. Gordon was a little chap and in those early days, long before he took up boxing, body-building and weight-lifting, I think that I tended to dominate him a little. His father was strict but consistent. To me, however, as an only child in a more liberal home, his father always seemed to be a little over zealous in his strictness. By the side of the fireplace in his home hung a leather strap. A constant reminder of the price of disobedience. Frequently, neighbours and relatives called upon young lads to run errands. The reward was usually a penny but Gordon preferred a half-penny. He was permitted to spend a half-penny immediately as distinct from a full penny which had to be taken home and placed in his moneybox.

A product of a large family himself, Gordon's father had served towards the end of the Great War with the South Wales Borderers and afterwards in India where he acquired a collection of tattoos on both arms. He returned home to hard times and one could understand the need for stringency and discipline.

Gordon's mother was of different stock. Always small and thin, she produced three healthy children and breast-fed them all adequately, much to my own mother's amazement, for she appeared to have hardly any bosom at all. There was something of a dreamer about her as she read a library book and continued to knit as well as occasionally stirring a pan on the fire. It all helped as she told us stories of her days in the Girl Guildes. Her tales were embellished with some poetic licence but, nonetheless, she contributed to the rich pattern of my life as did her mother, Granny Wolstenholme. I liked to call her "Granny" because I had never known a real granny of my own. Granny Wolstenholme, who was known to one of my older Aunts as "Yon Lily Moran", was different. Whenever she arrived. she somehow seemed to make it a red letter day

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and she seemed to bring something for everyone. She had a cosmopolitan air about her, moving around as a one time publican, chip shop proprietor and housekeeper in Blackpool.

Gordon and I shared our secrets and our sweets but were always anxious to ensure that the other got the imagined smaller portion of the latter. He was a healthy lad with a healthy appetite and in consequence, he was often invited to my home for tea by my mother who had the forlorn hope that some competition would encourage me to eat more bread and butter. It failed as could well have been predicted but Gordon enjoyed it. We played out in the summer, even for a short time after lunch before returning to school. In winter, we played at each others homes. Our games and play varied according to whatever had caught our imaginations at the time. The Great War was still in the recent past and so we often re-enacted the battles of trench warfare. On rainy days, our attic provided great opportunity for expression and play. So it was, tired of fighting imaginary battles, we buried our dead. A sign was placed at the top of the attic stairs proclaiming "Semetry" (sic). There was only room for two graves which we chalked on the floorboards. Crosses were made from the sides of margarine boxes and one fitted conveniently into a knot hole in the floor. The other wooden cross had to stand precariously upright with the aid of string guy-ropes. Unfortunately, in the night, the cat or the ghost of the unknown warrior walked the attic and the cross fell with a resounding crash. It failed to awaken me but it

apparently gave my parents a 'funny turn'.

The knot hole figured in our play again on another rainy day when we had converted my father's work bench into a magnificent railway engine. So engrossed were we that we had not time to go to the toilet and no receptacle was available except a very shallow tray. Then we espied the knot hole. How convenient. The engine let off steam and play returned to normal. Full steam ahead.

My parents were at first mystified when they got into bed that night to see the map of Ireland on the ceiling. Realisation of the cause came soon enough and we were threatened with the knife. Complete deprivation. The amusing side must have been appreciated for I do not recall feeling seriously threatened.

Following his parents lead, Gordon began to read books from the Library. I did not. His fantasy and imagination knew no bounds as he explained and acted out his latest book. I recall playing at 'canvas soldiers' without ever finding out what or who they were. On another occasion, we were fairies and insisted on my mother pinning newspaper wings to

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our jerseys. This caused trouble as Gordon's father said it would make holes in the garment and criticism of my mother was inferred by her. We never played at being fairies again.

It was Gordon's enthusiasm which brought a new dimension into my life. His great pleasure radiated from him as he came to announce the arrival of his sister Jean and later, his brother Donald. His desire to act out that which he had learnt added much to my unread life. Yet, Gordon's circumstances were far more straightened than my own. His father was out of work much longer than mine and had three children to clothe and feed. We had no expensive toys and little spare room in which to play indoors but we made the most of what we had.

Films, of course, provided much material for Gordon's fertile mind and since I did not have to read the story, having seen the film I could act it out more easily with him. We flew airships over the North Pole and shot Red Indians by the score to mention but two film subjects.

While we were quite young, Gordon stole a march on me one day when I was absent. His knowledge in the field of biology had advanced for while playing with a little girl from down the street, they had had opportunity to compare private parts hitherto unseen by the other. Next time we met, ever ready to share, Gordon told me of his discovery and promptly called the little girl to join us in the shed in his backyard. I am still rather amazed at the expert way he handled the situation and the girls genitals. Perhaps he should have become a lecturer for he knowledgably, so it seemed, pointed out the features not to be missed. We all three remained guiltily silent as Gordon's mother later remarked that the girl was wearing her knickers inside out.

We supported each other in the avoidance of bullies and rough gangs. We never failed to make conversation and although, for a time, our paths in infant and junior school parted, we never failed to get together in our own time except at weekends. They were spent with our own families and in attending our own churches and Sunday schools. Each Monday morning we compared notes on our way to school, even though it was only in the street in which Gordon lived - the next street to my own.

Summer holidays presented us with many activities. Sometimes, all the children of both streets backing on to each other spontaneously opened 'shops' on the step of the backyard in the back alley. It just happened without any prior agreement. Girls would set out stalls selling powdered brick, cinders and flour and other commodities of different colour and texture which looked attractive on display. They were sold after being weighed on toy scales. Other children, but mainly the boys,

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would set up stalls offering games of chance and skill such as rolling balls into numbered holes. The currency was pot-money. A small broken piece of pottery which was entirely white was worth a penny. If it showed some blue marking on it, a shilling. Should the piece of pottery have a silver mark on it then the value was ten shillings. A gilded piece was a pound. It was the only currency in which a large £1 piece might be broken in two to make £2. Multi-coloured pieces of pottery were worthless. The scope for the imagination was endless and one such holiday time, Gordon and myself opened a postal service with a letter box and with a franking system using our rubber printing outfits. It was all great fun and not without its educational content.

We played the usual names of cricket, football and peggy on the barren crofts on which even dandelions failed to grow. The summer days seemed to be endless but most of all we enjoyed walking over the moors with our fathers and other relatives in a group. We passed by disused stone quarries and sometimes, our elders recressed for a little while and played soldiers in the trenches again. We wanted it to continue but it seldom did. Since our elders were all out of work, they returned far too easily to the grim reality of those days and their positions in it. Soon we were left to return to our own resources and fantasies. Football was not as frequently played in the back alleys and on the crofts as it later became. I believe that this was mainly because it was not always possible to muster a ball large enough to satisfactorily kick about. I once won at "All Press" on the fair and had the choice of 5/- or a prize. I accepted a case football. As a result, I was quite popular for a time until I tired and ended the game by taking my ball home.

Cricket was more assiduously played as we followed the fortunes of England and saved the wrappers from Roocrofts nougat bars. Each wrapper had on it the name of a Test Match player including Bradman and Larwood. Having collected a full set of both the England and Australian Test teams a prize of a bat or other such cricket equipment would, we understood, be available. We exchanged grubby and sometimes sticky wrappers in an endeavour to gain the prize but the name of O'Reilly, the Australian cricketer, eluded us. I never learnt of anyone ever claiming a prize from Roocrofts although I suppose someone did somewhere.

The environment changed the game somewhat and rules unheard of by the M.C.C. were strictly followed. Since wickets could not be raised in a back alley between stone sets, two bricks were placed on the ground at a distance from each other determined by the length of the bat in use. Similarly, a single brick marked the bowlers crease. Usually we only had one bat between us so only one batsman could be in at any

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time anyway. Walls and outbuildings stood close by, so it was inevitable that they be hit by the ball. A rule provided that the batsman could be caught out off the wall so long as the fielder only used one hand. It took utmost skill to avoid hitting some balls over the backyard walls. To discourane this, if the ball went over the batsman was allowed to score six runs but was automatically out. If the ball went over into the yard of an unsympathetic neighbour, then everyone was out and play ceased for the day. Occasionally, wickets were disputed when a special rule was invoked. The batsman would be given another chance but he had to play the stroke holding the bat upside down, thereby reducing his chances of hitting the ball with the narrow handle.

Peggy was a name I particularly enjoyed and which now seems to have disappeared from the playgrounds completely. We played on a barren patch of land well littered with bricks, stones and other obstacles. The 'penny' was a turned piece of wood as thick as a wicket, rounded at one end and pointed at the other. It was placed on a flat raised stone. We each had our own home made peggy stick with which we struck the pointed end of the peggy. This caused it to rise vertically and as it descended it was struck by the flat side of the peggy stick. The skill was

then in estimating the number of strides, cocksteps, hand spans or skill.

Ducky was a form of hide and seek which we enjoyed and at times actually permitted the girls finger breadths required to reach the peggy now resting at the other side of the croft. To over or under estimate lost the game. It was a game of undoubted to join in. Each player had his own 'ducky' stone which was usually a large smooth pebble. At the 'den' bricks were stacked one on top of the other to a height of about five or six brick widths. The boy or girl who was 'on' (the seeker) placed his or her ducky stone on the top. After counting for an appropriate period while the rest went to hide, the seeker was allowed to open his eyes in order to look around and see if he could 'whip' anyone. When a player was 'whipped' or seen beyond all shadow of doubt, he had to return to the den. If the person who was 'on' strayed too far away from the den, someone might then 'rise in' by knocking down the stack of bricks with his ducky stone. This immediately released those who had already been 'whipped' and off they went to hide again while the person who was 'on' restacked the bricks with his ducky on top. If and when all had been whipped, the first person to have been 'whipped' was then 'on' and the game began all over again. The game could last for hours until there was some insoluble dispute or some tired. All the hiding players would then be called in with the cries of "All a denty." Immunity could be claimed in certain situations by informing all that you were 'Baryley'.

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I never failed to be amazed how, without public announcement, children across the town changed games simultaneously, from trundling hoops, to whip and tops and then to marbles and dobbarts (large marbles). There appeared to be definite seasons but none laid down as in cricket and football. The unspoken changeover was decidedly uncanny. Sadly, such unsophisticated pursuits are no longer practised on the streets and playgrounds anymore.

All our play was just a little larger than life. Most of our pleasure lay in anticipation rather than the actual thing or event. Gordon was to have a 'real' American Express train set for Christmas. It turned out to be a very ordinary clockwork train set which ran round and round the usual miserable circular track. The anticipatory pleasure had been out of this world but afterwards, undaunted, imagination made up for the lack of reality.

The war, and a change of religious affinity by Gordon, caused our paths to separate and regrettably, they have never come together again. We shared a lot, not so much in kind as in experience in an era of poverty and deprivation. In spite of the times, our lives were rich and I am indebted to Gordon for his contribution to my life experience. I hope that I also contributed something to his.

## **CHAPTER VIII**

### **THE WAY AND THE LIFE**

Religion still impressed itself and although it had declined somewhat, I was not aware of it. Every family, it seemed, had a Church connection and even if father and mother no longer attended themselves, they claimed an allegiance to one or other. They often still insisted that their children attend a particular Church or Sunday School. Arguments about religion were liable to break out as easily as about politics. Just as folks were categorised in classes, they seemed to have a need to cling to denominational labels in religion.

My mother was brought up an Anglican while my father's family had Congregational affinities. Neither had gained much theology, mother tending to be rather superstitious and father mildly deprecatory because there was so much he did not understand. I was baptised in the Parish Church of St. James, Barry Street, Oldham, where earlier my mother had been confirmed and later married, Mainly because a Congregational Church was nearest to our home, at the age of three years, I was taken to the primary group in the Sunday School there.

The teacher was Miss Mary Alice Jackson, a teacher by profession, she had once visited South Africa from where she had brought a quantity of thorn which, she claimed, was the type from which Christ's Crown had been made. We marched round the room as we chanted and dropped our pennies into a box, "Every one for Jesus, he shall have them all." A stalwart and loyal teacher, and Captain of The Girls' Life Brigade, Mary Alice was a formidable character of conviction and faith.

We learnt about poor little black boys and girls across the sea and smugly sang missionary hymns with what now seems to have been indulgent self-righteousness. We rarely saw a coloured person although there was reputed to be a black doctor in the town. He might have been a Witch Doctor. Later a coloured Rugby League star, Alec Givvons, became well known as did Leary Constantine in cricket.

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I knew little of Anglican or Roman practices although the Anglicans seemed reasonably akin to non-conformists mainly, I suppose, because my mother had been one. The Roman Catholics were anathema and I was told that it was a foreign Church. I regret to say that my mother was an anti-Catholic bigot. This arose from ignorance and a misguided fear of the Roman church and its politics. It is a fear and an attitude which has not persisted except perhaps in Northern Ireland. It was the custom of the Roman Catholics to carry a statue of the Madonna in procession at certain festivals. This gave rise to the accusation that they were idolators, and so the arguments proceeded but fortunately with less acrimony as the years slid by.

There was still much zeal and fervour but usually in the cause of a particular church or denomination and often at the expense of another. Churches competed in so many ways for the souls of men in what they had to offer in this world, in addition to life everlasting. If the parish church claimed that it had the finest altar, then a local Congregational church would boast the biggest pulpit, "for it is the Word which is most important." Choirmasters were known to poach sinflers and some choirs in the wealthier churches had paid leads.

While the Anglicans had inherited the parishes, for the rest, the sky was the limit in an earlier period when labour had been cheap and wealthy industrialists abounded. Church building had proliferated and, for example, in the wider Oldham area there were no less than twenty two Congregational Churches. The Methodists had been fragmented until union came but the independent Methodists remained something distinct. In Congregationalism, since every Church was independent and only coming together in a Union of Churches, if a wealthy member fell out with a particular church, as like as not in an earlier period he might have gone off and founded his own, often not very far away. So it was that numerous churches did not necessarily portray a strong religious motivation or cohesion so much as a determination by someone to have his own way in the name of the Lord.

In Sunday School, we learnt the Bible stories and followed the religious festivals according to the Church Calendar. One festival not mentioned in the Bible, but much favoured by Non-Conformists was the Anniversary. Not only was the church's anniversary celebrated but that also of the Sunday School. Children practised long to give demonstrations while famous preachers from afar were booked years in advance to preach the Anniversary Sermons. Anniversaries were, of course, money spinners as good collections could be counted upon. The churches still provided much social life and on the whole met a great need in days when money was still very scarce.

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The churches provided self-help societies in culture and learning. While our betters were to be respected, they nonetheless brought their higher education to bear as they taught in Sunday Schools and led groups of Scouts or companies of The Boys' Brigade. Out of those poverty-

stricken days came many wonderful things and the churches were in the van.

Even at that time, the churches were being decried for their seemingly negative attitude of "thou shalt not", but this was an essential ingredient in that day and age and it reinforced the majority view. There was little money for pleasure and the attitude of the churches reflected the stark necessity if people were to survive and retain their self-respect. Pleasures, therefore, were simple and came as tea parties and 'gatherings'. Ballroom dancing was still suspect as it might be the work of the Devil. There were, however, many men of character who gave freely of their time and talent to young people. While due deference was paid to those of higher social station, the Church was a real link which crossed the class barriers in many instances.

There were many causes, as each Church liked to refer to its objectives, and few distractions apart from other 'causes' which sometimes clashed. Filled with the spirit of Pentecost, the churches of Oldham formed themselves into processions of witness each Whit Friday. It was, however, reported that in the out district of Lees, a disturbance occurred when blows were exchanged as a Protestant procession came into head on collision with a Roman Catholic procession. The fear of such disturbances on a large scale prompted the town fathers to pass a bye-law prohibiting Protestant processions from the streets of the town centre after 11am and the Roman Catholics before that time. Despite the apparent disunity of the churches as a whole, a message came through and many people were inspired to commit themselves in the service of others. The churches gave to many an opportunity to improve themselves and to develop talents which would otherwise have been lost. They showed ways of service to many people the Church no longer seems able to reach today.

While there undoubtedly were many selfrighteous and 'holier than thou' type of people about, the majority were sincere men and women of faith who genuinely believed in what they were doing and in the standards they were maintaining. I am indebted to many such men and women who, far from impeding social progress, proclaimed a message in relation to the social background of the times. It is a background which never remains static but which is changing all the time and, of course, we can never put the clock back. The 'Way and the Life' still continues.

#### **p. 41**

Whit Friday was a major occasion in the life of many churches which processed through the streets at Pentecost. All the local Brass Bands were engaged together with many more from outside the area. In the days before bands travelled in coaches, Brass Band enthusiasts would be up early to see the arrival at Mumps Railway Station of many famous Bands from Yorkshire. On arrival in Oldham, the Bands would form up and then march to the particular church they were to lead. The rivalry between churches for the best turn-out was great but for a spectacle of strength and colour, the Roman Catholics stole the show. It was alleged by anti-Romans, like my mother, that many Catholic families went into debt in order to follow the dictates of the priests. Apart from white dresses for the new communicants, most children were fitted out with new school uniform for the appropriate Catholic School. This seems to have been a very sensible and provident arrangement in the best interests of the children.

The idea of new clothes at Whitsuntide for the children was not restricted to Roman Catholics. The custom survived a long time and particularly on Whit-Sunday, families could be seen parading to the homes of relatives who would, according to expectation, give the children some money to put in the pockets of their new clothes. My mother abhorred the practice and said that it was 'cheeky'. I was, nonetheless, the recipient of some three-penny bits, sixpences and the occasional shilling. At school next day there would be much bragging as to how much had been received from aunts and uncles.

After the processions of witness, it was customary for each Church to provide the walkers with coffee and buns. In the afternoon a field treat would be held with races for the children. We

always liked to think that our church's celebration was the best.

A left-over from those days still persists in the Brass Band Contests held in the evening of Whit Friday each year in the villages of Saddleworth on the outskirts of Oldham. They commenced in those far off days after the Bands had arrived in Oldham early in the morning. It must have been a long day for bandsmen then.

## **CHAPTER IX**

### **ECONOMY AND THRIFT**

It is amazing to realise now that throughout my childhood, the price of foods varied little if at all. The price of staples, tea, sugar, bread and butter remained static. Men fortunate to be in work sometimes were forced to accept reductions in pay. Pay rises, when they resumed, were in half pence per hour rather than as a percentage of the total. Coppers counted. The simple fact was that no work for any reason, for most folk, meant no pay.

In 1933, a good weekly wage for a tradesmen or journeyman was £3. Anyone fortunate enough to earn £5 per week was in the middle class bracket, able to buy a modest semi detached house on mortgage and later, perhaps, a small car. My uncle John, the one who really got on, must have done better. I once heard my mother say that he was on double figures but in doing so, carefully lowered her voice to a whisper as she pronounced those two awe-inspiring words. It meant that he was earning £10 per week, and that really was wealth. Lower down the scale, however, people were existing on much less. when I went to work in a mill office in 1938, I was shocked to find family men earning only £1.10s. (£1.50p) per week, and believe me, they were earning it.

My father came out of work in 1929 and we existed on some State benefit and a small amount of unemployment benefit from his trade union, the Amalgamated Engineering Union. They were soul destroying, days with grown men hanging about with nothing to do. My mother complained that she could not always get into her own kitchen on some afternoons as my father and other unemployed relatives and friends took it over in order to play with my hoopla set. They became highly skilled in throwing rubber rings onto hooks.

Each week my father walked to the offices of his Union in the centre of Oldham to collect his benefit. On one such occasion the heavy hand of the law fell upon him and he was given a jury summons by a burly policeman. My father hated the limelight although others revelled in it. He duly attended the Coroners Court to hear the evidence and help decide upon the

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verdict following the sudden death of some unfortunate down and out. He told the story of how a fellow juryman had arrived and had placed before him a new notebook and two sharpened pencils. The Coroner must have been impressed for he asked the man who he was and what he did for a living. To the latter, the man replied that he was a pea vendor. The Coroner asked the man if he had a vehicle since one local pea vendor had expanded his business with the acquisition of a suitably adapted Baby Austin saloon. The juryman replied promptly, "No sir. Two cans, sir." Thereafter, my father proceeded by devious routes in order to avoid similar encounters again despite the fact that he got a shilling for his trouble.

What my father really dreaded was the Means Test. After a certain period of time, men were considered to have exhausted their State benefit. Then, their means and position was thoroughly investigated with inquisition-like intensity. Fortunately after two years of unemployment he found work, but not in his own trade. He did not therefore have to suffer the humiliation and the indignity, as he saw it, of undergoing the Means Test.

Few people living in the terraces had any savings and I was the only member of the household with a bank account. This had come about by arrangements made between the Education

Department and the Yorkshire Penny Bank (now the Yorkshire Bank). Each Monday morning, among many other duties and with classes of over thirty pupils, teachers collected bank money, often in coppers only. Eventually I received a 'big' bank book having attained to a proper savings account with the Bank itself. We were encouraged to save but it was a slow process. Some years later, it had become my mother's custom on pay day to take me with her after tea to the Cooperative Branch at Bottom o'th Moor where she had commenced to do her weekly 'buying-in'. There were no prepacked foods, except perhaps tea and coffee. Most items were either wrapped then and there or put into paper twists. A sheet of tissue paper was always placed around a loaf of bread. We trudged homewards with me carrying the bags for mother. Immediately on arrival at home my mother placed the goods she had purchased on the table in the living room and proceeded to screw up the bits of paper wrappings and to throw them on the fire. Suddenly there was a cry as mother realised that with the bits of paper had gone the ten-shilling note on which we had to live for the rest of the week. I can still recall the anguish on her face as this catastrophe came about.

My father made a desperate bid with the coal tongs and recovered the charred note which, fortunately, still had one number on it intact. The thought of being unable to manage, of having to borrow, or of being unable to pay one's way was unbearable to my mother who took great pride in managing her

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slender resources. "Come on lad, get your cap and coat on". Off we went retracing our steps towards the main road where we boarded a tram to the town centre. There we entered the solid premises of the Oldham Branch of the Yorkshire Penny Bank which remained open on Friday evenings until 8 pm. Mother produced the remains of the ten-shilling note. "Yes," said the teller, who was an older male and clearly a gentleman, "it could be replaced", and he completed the form required by the Bank England. I then withdrew ten-shillings from my account. Mother's pride and reputation were saved. Some weeks later I received a very important looking communication from the Bank on heavily embossed printed note-heading. It informed Master Pogson that the damaged note had been replaced and my account had now been duly credited with that amount. My balance again rose to £1 10s.

Few people went away on holiday but holiday saving clubs were regular features of the life of the town. People paid a set amount each week according to the number of shares they elected to have in the club. The money would be returnable at Oldham Wakes with a little interest. Many churches and Sunday schools as well as other bodies offered such facilities to anyone who cared to use them. At one period, dividend on purchases at the Coop. was paid quarterly and this often paid our quarterly electricity bill. Gas was paid for as we used it with a Penny in Slot meter. The Coop. also offered a Penny Bank service to its members and, as already mentioned, sick and burial clubs flourished. Insurance men called weekly to collect premiums calculated in coppers.

We walked frequently in the countryside but seldom using the tram or bus except during school holidays. Children might then ride any distance on the public transport for one penny provided it was not at rush hour. One evening I walked with my father, not far from home, in a semi rural area then known as the Peacotes. We saw a man coming towards us and as he approached my father recognised him as a man he had known years ago at school. It became apparent that the man was not only unemployed like my father, but was then a current resident in the workhouse. My father was deeply affected by this and he did the only thing he could think of doing. He reached down into his trouser pocket and pulled out three pennies and gave them to the man. It was all my father had until the next benefit day.

At times, it was clearly a struggle to make ends meet and mother had to use a planning strategy

which covered the whole year. Father was always content to tip up whatever money he drew, whether in work or not, and accept whatever pocket money could be spared for a little pipe tobacco and an occasional half pint of beer.

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Christmas was a very simple affair when compared to more recent Christmas festivities. Children were perceptive for, while desperately believing in Father Christmas, no one openly wished for presents which were beyond the means of the family income. Hornby train sets were out of reach for me but I always obtained for myself an up to date catalogue over which I would browse and hope for a miracle. I looked longingly at Bowman steam locomotives in a shop window in Yorkshire street but, at thirty shillings for the engine and another ten shillings for the tender, I could only remain looking. I contented myself with my meccano set which increased as I saved my coppers and bought extra parts selected from the same Hornby Meccano catalogue. When rubber tyres arrived as a Meccano accessory, I saved my penny for four weeks in order to buy the correct wheel. My father then gave me another fourpence for the tyre to go with it. It took me four months before I could build my first Meccano vehicle with rubber tyres. People valued greatly what they had worked and saved to obtain. Perhaps we now take too much for granted and fail to appreciate the many benefits available to everyone today.

**to be continued next month**

### REFLECTIONS ...

I didn't expect to feel stunned when the news came that Queen Elizabeth had passed away, but I did. It was as if a fixture, that had been taken for granted, had now been removed and the future was in the 'melting pot', for better or worse. Over those 10 days of National Mourning, I reflected a little on how my own life had played out against that background of a new Elizabethan Age.

My thoughts went back to February 1952, and my maternal grandmother, Agnes Shea. Agnes and King George VI were both born in late 1895 and would both die, within days of each other, in February 1952 ... the month of my 7th birthday.



Mum, myself and Granny (Agnes Shea)

I don't remember news of the king's death, but I do remember the sudden, unexpected death of my grandmother. At that time we lived in the back streets of Ashton-under-Lyne, just round the corner from each other. My memories of those few days are vivid. My grandmother was laid out in her bedroom, in the 2-up 2-down terraced house she lived in with her two unmarried sons. I can remember climbing the steep wooden stairs, out of the kitchen, with my mother, to say our last goodbyes to a much loved mother and grandmother; she looked so peaceful and at rest that I felt no fear in seeing her, there. It's a memory I treasure as there was so little time given to us to make more. A few days later, as the coffin was being brought down the stairs, I remember my devastated mother sobbing, as if her heart was breaking, and stroking my grandmother's face for what would be the last time.

In June 1953 was the much anticipated Coronation of the new Queen and excitement was everywhere. My two uncles still lived round the corner and had bought a television especially for the day! It seemed enormous in their little, tiny living room ... a 9inch screen, black and white viewing, in a floor standing cabinet! The five of us (mum, dad, two uncles and myself) were round that TV, early on the day, ready and waiting for the start! Everyone knows how it rained and rained that day (and there was no exception in Ashton!!). We sat glued to the screen, not missing a moment. When there was a lull in proceedings, mum and I ran back round the corner, in the driving rain, to make some sandwiches to take back. I remember those tomato sandwiches, and how good they tasted, as if it was yesterday.

Seventy years later, and I reflected on how I'd seen the beginning of this new Elizabethan Age ... and now, on the 19th September, 2022, I would see the end, sitting on a chair watching the television, again. And, as a sort of 'full stop', I made tomato sandwiches for my lunch.

Sheila Goodyear

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From the e-Postbag

Sadly, we have no contributions for the e-Postbag this month. However, I did receive an email asking if it would be possible to number the pages. Using the software I have, there is no means of numbering them automatically. Trying to do it manually, proved something of a nightmare as it affected the general layout and would have meant numbers appearing in the middle of articles and images in the text needing to be resized etc! I did try!! However, this need only be a problem if the file is downloaded for printing as, opening it to read online on the website or downloaded to read with Acrobat .pdf reader, the page numbers are shown on the screen.

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### MLFHS FACEBOOK PAGE

**A short selection of entries from the MLFHS FACEBOOK PAGE [HERE](#) ...**

since the last newsletter :

\* The exciting history of aviation: Manchester or Bust

[HERE](#)

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* Find a Grave ... Looking for a grave try this site - its free

[HERE](#)

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\* Introduction of Tobacco to England

[HERE](#)

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* Huguenots

[HERE](#)

* Treasures of the Strokestown Famine Archive

[HERE](#)

* Central Library has launched a photo and video exhibition to commemorate the life of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II and her visits to Manchester.

[HERE](#)

* Andrew Simpson: Looking for the lost one street over time in Ancoats

[HERE](#)

* The Duke of Bridgewater's Lost Canal in Sale Moor

[HERE](#)

* What impact did Charles Booth's renowned poverty maps have on poverty mapping? Find out more in Mapping Society by urban formation - open access download.

[HERE](#)

* From Family Search. Search in the Scotland Presbyterian & Protestant Church Records, 1736-1990

[HERE](#)

* Manchester History Revisited's albums - Looking back on Queen Elizabeth II's visits to Manchester

[HERE](#)

* How the Vikings Came to England

[HERE](#)

* DNA Q&A: 6 Things to Do When Your DNA Match Doesn't Have a Tree

[HERE](#)

* For many more, visit the MLFHS Facebook Page : [HERE](#)

And [HERE](#) is the link to the MLFHS Twitter page.

PETERLOO : the Bi-Centenary



Visit the website for **The Peterloo Project** with particular reference to Oldham, people, accounts, life at the time and more ... at [Peterloo-Manchester](#)

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Although the long-anticipated Bi-Centenary has come and gone, there are some Peterloo websites still active with history, news, photos and reports.

You can make searches on websites such as :

**Manchester Histories - Peterloo 1819 ...** Manchester Histories have created a website which publicises all that is happening, or has happened, around the region.

Visit their website [HERE](#)

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Need Help!

Oldham Local Studies and Archives

Our opening hours are as follows:

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday 10am-5pm; Tuesday 10am-2pm; Saturday 10am-4pm.

Although it will not be essential to book your place as has been the case previously, we encourage you to consider booking in advance as this enables us to get everything ready in time for your visit, particularly if you wish to view archives. To order archives please visit :

https://www.oldham.gov.uk/forms/form/891/en/local_archives_document_order_form

If you wish to use PCs to access family history websites or to use microfilm readers, we advise you to book a place by contacting us at:

archives@oldham.gov.uk or telephone 0161 770 4654.

Local Studies and Archives at 84 Union Street, Oldham, [OL1 1DN](#),

Archives are unique, original documents created in the course of everyday activities. Oldham's date from 1597 and cover an enormous range of subjects and activities :

- Hospital records
- Poor Law Union records
- Coroners Court records
- Local Authority records including Chadderton, Crompton, Failsworth, Lees, Oldham, Royton and Saddleworth
- Schools and education records
- Records for statutory bodies like the police force
- Church and religious records
- Business records
- Solicitors and estate agents records
- Trade unions and associations records
- Co-operative Society records
- Sports, entertainment and leisure records
- Personal, family and property records
- Society and Association records
- Records of Oldham communities

There is no charge to look at archival records although you would need to bring proof of your name and address (e.g. your driving licence) to do so.

Most archives can be produced immediately, with no advance booking required. However, some archives are stored off-site, in which case at least 2 days' notice is required in order to see them.

Other archives may be closed due to their fragile condition, or because they contain confidential information.

[Oldham Council Heritage Collections](#)

There are regularly changing displays in the Local Studies Library.

[Opening hours](#) and contact details.

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## Website Links

### Other Society Websites

Catholic Family History Society – [www.catholicfhs.co.uk](http://www.catholicfhs.co.uk)

Cheshire Local History Association – [www.cheshirehistory.org.uk](http://www.cheshirehistory.org.uk)

Chadderton Historical Society (archived website) – [www.chadderton-historical-society.org.uk](http://www.chadderton-historical-society.org.uk)

Lancashire Family History and Heraldry Society - <https://www.lfhhs.org.uk/home.php>

Lancashire Local History Federation – [www.lancashirehistory.org](http://www.lancashirehistory.org)

Liverpool and South West Lancashire FHS – [www.lswlfhs.org.uk](http://www.lswlfhs.org.uk)

Manchester Region Industrial Archaeology Society – [www.mrias.co.uk](http://www.mrias.co.uk)

Oldham Historical Research Group – [www.pixnet.co.uk/Oldham-hrg](http://www.pixnet.co.uk/Oldham-hrg)

Peterloo - [Peterloo-Manchester](#)

Ranulf Higden Society (Latin transcription) - [Ranulf Higden Soc.](#)

Royton Local History Society – [www.rlhs.co.uk](http://www.rlhs.co.uk)

Saddleworth Historical Society – [www.saddleworth-historical-society.org.uk](http://www.saddleworth-historical-society.org.uk)

Tameside Local History Forum - [www.tamesidehistoryforum.org.uk](http://www.tamesidehistoryforum.org.uk)

Tameside Local & Family History - <http://tamesidefamilyhistory.co.uk/contents.htm>

The Victorian Society - [Manchester Regional Website](#)

### Some Useful Sites

GENUKI - [Lancashire](#)

Free BMD - [Search](#)

[National Library of Scotland](#) - Free to view, historic, zoomable maps of UK :

1891 - Oldham and locality [HERE](#)

Online Parish Clerk Project : Lancashire - [HERE](#)

British Association for Local History - [HERE](#)

and for their back issue journal downloads - [HERE](#)

Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, website, [HERE](#)

and for their back issue journal downloads, website, [HERE](#)

Internet Archive ... The Internet Archive offers over **24,000,000** freely downloadable books and texts. [HERE](#) There is also a collection of 1.3 million modern eBooks that may be borrowed by anyone with a free archive.org account.

Made in Greater Manchester (MIGM) [HERE](#) and Research guide [HERE](#)

Historical Maps of parish boundaries [HERE](#)

Regiments & Corps of the British Army (Wayback machine) [HERE](#)

Special Collections on Find My Past [HERE](#)

FmyP - The Manchester Collection [HERE](#)

Goad fire insurance maps of Manchester [HERE](#)

Cheshire Parish Register Project [HERE](#)

### Some Local Archives

Barnsley Museum & Discovery Centre – [www.experience-barnsley.com](http://www.experience-barnsley.com)

Birkenhead – [Local & Family History](#)

Bury – [www.bury.gov.uk/archives](http://www.bury.gov.uk/archives)

Chester - [Cheshire Archives & Local Studies](#) (linked from Discovery at the National Archives)

Derbyshire - [Local & Family History](#)

Leeds - [Leeds Local and Family History](#)

Liverpool Archives and Family History – <https://liverpool.gov.uk/archives>

Manchester - [Archives & Local History](#)

Oldham - [Local Studies & Archives](#)

Oldham - [Oldham Council Heritage Collections](#)

Preston – [www.lancashire.gov.uk/libraries-and-archives](http://www.lancashire.gov.uk/libraries-and-archives)

Stockport – [www.stockport.gov.uk/heritage-library-archives](http://www.stockport.gov.uk/heritage-library-archives)

Tameside Local Studies and Archives - <https://www.tameside.gov.uk/archives>

York – [www.york.ac.uk/borthwick](http://www.york.ac.uk/borthwick)



### For the Gallery

*From:*

## ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS IN CLASSICAL AND MEDIAEVAL TIMES, THEIR ART AND THEIR TECHNIQUE

BY

J. HENRY MIDDLETON,

SLADE PROFESSOR OF FINE ART, DIRECTOR OF THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM,  
AND FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;  
AUTHOR OF "ANCIENT ROME IN 1888",  
"THE ENGRAVED GEMS OF CLASSICAL TIMES" &c.

*published 1892*




Fig. 38. Miniature symbolizing the month of April from the *Kalendar of the Grimani Breviary*, executed about 1496.

#### **Grimani Breviary ...**

"Fig. 38 represents the month of April, a time for love-making and out-door parties of pleasure; here illustrated by a most beautiful and dignified group of ladies and gentlemen, enlivened by the humour of the scene in the left hand corner, with a little dog barking jealously at another pet dog being petted on a lady's lap. The Background with tree and Cathedral spires like those of Antwerp or Malines, is specially beautiful and highly finished."

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their firm strong touch, united to much fanciful grace of form in the varied forms of leafage, makes the whole well worthy of its illuminator's artistic fame.

The border illustrated here has, at the foot, a spirited group of musicians, and a beautiful background, with a river and castle-crowned hill, such as Dürer loved to introduce into paintings and engravings of all kinds. On one of the kettle-¹⁵  ¹⁵ drums in the foreground are the initials of the artist and the date 1515.

Dutch fifteenth century manuscripts. In the main the manuscripts of Holland resemble those either of the other contemporary Teutonic or of the Franço-Flemish schools.

In the fifteenth century an enormous number of *Books of Hours* and other works for private devotion, such as "the Book of Christian Belief," *Den Boeck van den Kersten Ghelove*, and others of the same class, were produced in Holland. Many of these are written in the vulgar tongue.

The miniature illuminations are on the whole inferior to the exquisite paintings in



Fig. 46. Illuminated border drawn by Albert Dürer in 1515.



Fig. 48

"One of the finest manuscripts of the Florentine School, executed by an unknown *miniature* of the school of Giotto, is a *Missal* in the Chapter Library of the Canons of St. Peter's in Rome. The arms of the donor, repeated several times among the floreated borders show that the manuscript was illuminated for Giotto's patron Cardinal Gaetano Stephaneschi, probably between 1330 and 1340. The same volume contains, by the same illuminator's hand, a richly illuminated *Life of Saint George* ... fig. 48 shows one of the initials with Saint George slaying the dragon, and the Princess Saba kneeling at the side."

If you want to see more, you can freely download the book (as a .pdf), or read online, at the Internet Archive [HERE](#)

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