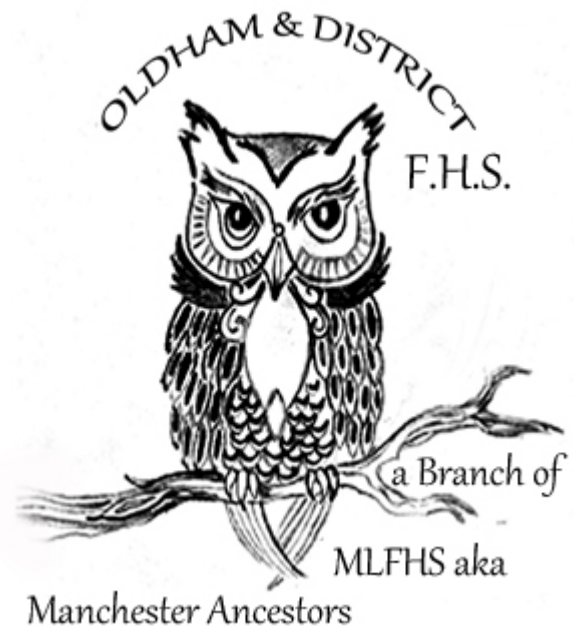


'e-Owls'



Contact us :

Branch Website page: <https://www.mlfhs.uk/oldham>

MLFHS Website homepage : <https://www.mlfhs.uk/>

Email Chairman : chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk

Emails General : oldham@mlfhs.org.uk

Email Newsletter Ed : Oldham_newsletter@mlfhs.org.uk

Email Website Ed : Oldham_webmaster@mlfhs.org.uk

MLFHS mailing address is: Manchester & Lancashire Family History Society,
3rd Floor, Manchester Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester, M2 5PD, United Kingdom

Oldham & District Newsletter Archives : Read or download back copies [HERE](#)

December 2023

MLFHS - Oldham & District Branch Newsletter

Where to find things in the newsletter:

Oldham Branch News :	Page 3	Online Book links	Page 27
Other Branches' News :	Page 6	MLFHS Facebook picks	Page 27
MLFHS Updates :	Page 7	Peterloo Bi-Centenary :	Page 29
Societies not part of MLFHS :	Page 10	Need Help! :	Page 29
'A Mixed Bag' :	Page 11	Useful Website Links :	Page 29
From the e-Postbag :	Page 24	Gallery :	Page 31 - 34

Branch Information & News :

Branch Officers for 2023 -2024 :

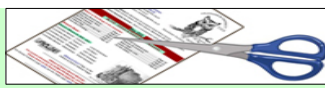
Committee Member : Chairman :	Vacant
Committee Member : Treasurer :	Gill Melton
Committee Member : Secretary :	Jan Costa
Committee Member : Newsletter :	Sheila Goodyear
Committee Member : Webmistress :	Sheila Goodyear
Committee Member : 'Country Member' :	Linda Richardson
Committee Member : Joan Harrison	
Committee Member : Patricia Etchells	
Committee Member : Hilary Hartigan	

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



'PEACE & GOODWILL'

for Christmas & the New Year
from the Oldham & District Committee

~~~~~

**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.

~~~~~

Joint Acting Chair's remarks:

Gill Melton our Treasurer...

First, I would like to thank everyone who has attended one of our meetings, either in person or on zoom, in the last 12 months. We feel we have had some very interesting speakers in 2023 and think we have some interesting and informative speakers for 2024.

Full details can be found on the Oldham Branch pages of the website and some meetings will, of course, be hybrids. There will be no meeting in December, as usual, and the January and February meetings will be zoom only as we cannot guarantee what the weather will be like in those months, booking is on Eventbrite as usual. Therefore, our next hybrid meeting will be 11th March 2024 in the Performance Space at Oldham Library.

Finally, I would like to wish you all a Happy Christmas and a Healthy and Prosperous New Year.

Gill Melton

Treasurer & Joint Chair

If you are interested in finding out more about the position of Chairman or wish to put yourself forward please contact us through the email address chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk

~~~~~

**Editor's remarks.**

Hi Everyone,

I hope everyone is keeping well. As I begin writing this month's editorial remarks, Christmas begins to feel very close as we have completed our programme of talks for 2023 and we are now looking forward to rounding off our year with the annual volunteers' get together in Manchester. As a committee, we feel happy with the programme that we have enjoyed over 2023 and, hopefully can offer an equally interesting one for 2024.

In the Mixed Bag we have more pages from *Manchester Streets & Manchester Men...* this month, continuing with Series 1, I have transcribed the chapters, *Mount Street Memorials* and *Brown Street Notes*.

We can also read more stories and anecdotes, from '*Short Stories about Failsworth Folk*' by Sim Schofield.

In the new '*Online Book Links*' section, with December and Christmas in mind, I put Christmas into the search engine and got several thousand results with such a general search! I didn't look at every single one but I did look at quite a few! I finally came down to 3 publications with a Christmas flavour... a short story from Charles Dickens entitled, '*Chimes – a Goblin Story*'; '*'Twas the Night Before Christmas*' pub. 1912; and *The Christmas Book* pub. 1909. I hope you find something there that you enjoy either discovering or rediscovering.

In the e-Postbag we have another very welcome family story from Julie Schwethelm, '*In Front of the Fire*' and, from our reader Glyn Collin, the family story of '*An Oldhamer at Gettysburg*'

In the Gallery, we have a couple of illustrations, from *Short Stories about Failsworth Folk* and *Manchester Streets & Manchester Men*. I have also added some seasonal illustrations from *Christmas Drawings for the Human Race* by Thomas Nast pub. 1890.

There are no new additions on the Branch website pages but the 2024 programme is now complete [HERE](#).

And, to catch up on anything you have missed, you can visit the '[Snippets](#)' page which has links to all transcriptions, articles and Gallery images in previous newsletters.

Sheila

And, to catch up on anything you have missed, you can visit the '[Snippets](#)' page which has links to all transcriptions, articles and Gallery images in previous newsletters.

Sheila

I am always very happy to receive articles, pictures etc., for the 'Mixed Bag' or 'e-Postbag' 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, the new site opens in the same window so the 'back button' would have to be used to return to the newsletter. For more options, including 'open in a new tab', right-click on the link for a drop-down menu of choices.

~~~~~

Oldham & District Branch

Monthly Meetings

Last Month's Meeting - November



Saturday
11th Nov.

at
2 pm



Settlement,
Droylsden

Fairfield
Moravian



The Moravians

An illustrated presentation given by Jean Bailo

Things never go exactly to plan and, on that Saturday, setting up went smoothly (must be the first time ever!) and we were ready to open the meeting with time for a coffee first. Then came the message that our speaker was stuck in traffic! Fortunately, both our audience on zoom and that in the room were happy enough to chat amongst themselves until Jean arrived. We gave Jean chance to catch her breath whilst we put the powerpoint onto the two laptops before Jan opened the meeting and welcomed her to give her presentation:

"The Moravians

This was the story of how a group of early protestants left their homes in Eastern Europe and made their way across Europe to form communities in England and further afield.

In this illustrated talk we can follow their progress and learn a little of their philosophy and way of life, their advanced ideas on education and equality, focusing especially on the Moravian Settlement in Fairfield Droylsden. A self-sufficient community who valued the importance of music, they manufactured lace for the then queen and provided missionaries world-wide. "

Jean started her talk by introducing us to the mid-European Moravians, as early religious

reformers, in a historical context, referencing their symbol of the Agnus Dei, a lamb with a halo, representing Christ holding a banner and cross; and their love of music with brass instruments particularly trombones. We then took a step back to the time of the religious reformer and dissident, John Wycliffe who was condemned, by the Pope in Rome, for heresy. Subsequently, in 1377, he was tried by the Catholic Church in England but never imprisoned. He went on to translate the Bible from Latin into English, in 1384, as he felt everyone should have the opportunity to read it in their own language. Jean reminded us that there was a painting of Wycliffe's trial, by Ford Madox Brown, called the '*Trial*', hanging in Manchester Town Hall.

Following him we were introduced to another early reformer, John Hus, who lived from 1369 until 1415. He was inspired by the work of Wycliffe and was persecuted before being burned at the stake for heresy in 1415. Our next introduction was to John Amos Comenius, who lived from 1592 to 1670 and was an advocate of progressive education for the young, and believed that it was as important for girls as for boys, encouraging young minds to think for themselves. He was the Bishop of the United Brethren in Moravia (now the Czech Republic) and led his followers into Poland to escape persecution in their homeland and preserve their community faith. His prayer was that God would preserve a 'hidden seed' of their faith that would one day flourish again. Moving on to 1722, and a group of United Brethren crossed into Germany and established a Moravian Community at Herrnhut, on lands belonging to Count Zinzendorf, and Comenius's prayer was answered as the community flourished under Zinzendorf.

As an aside, Jean returned to the brass bands that the Moravians came to love and incorporate into their way of life, particularly in America where Moravian settlements sprung up in many areas. On one trip out to America, in 1736, John Wesley was on the same ship as a group of Moravians. There was a violent storm and it seemed that the ship might sink and they would all perish. John Wesley recounts that there was terror amongst the passengers, except for the Moravians, who continued singing calmly. Wesley writes that, when he asked them if they were not afraid, they answered that they were not afraid to die.

Returning to our more local Moravians, Jean turned to look at the Moravian Settlement at Fairfield in Droylsden. Once the Moravians had reached England, they first settled in the south, and then groups began to move into other areas and then into the north. The largest community was established at Fulneck, near Leeds, in 1744. From Fulneck, groups were sent out to look for other locations in which they could create new settlements. One of these new settlements was in Dukinfield, near Ashton-under-Lyne, in 1755. However, within a few years there was a need to expand but it was made impossible by the shortage of available land in the vicinity. To establish the self-contained community for which they wished, farmland was acquired at Fairfield, which was founded as a 'Brothers' College', and work started in 1784.

Jean went on to tell us that the architect, Benjamin Henry La Trobe, who designed the Capitol, in the USA, was a family member of the La Trobes who lived in the Moravian settlement at Fulneck, and he was involved in designing the Fairfield settlement. Another influential architect associated with Fairfield, in particular the planning of Broadway in the new Garden Suburb style, was Middleton born Edgar Wood.

Jean then went on to tell us what sort of buildings were in use in Fairfield, making it completely self-sufficient, with workshops, including those of lacemakers. The styles of building were varied, many Georgian, and still beautiful in the present day. One would be that of the doctor and another the tavern (only selling beer). One of the buildings has become the present day museum and around the settlement can be seen a number of Blue Plaques commemorating those Moravians who made their mark in history. One of those memorialised was Charles Hindley, who was a mill owner and radical politician. He was elected as MP for Ashton from 1835 until his death in 1857.

Next, we were looking at the entrance to the peaceful burial ground in the settlement where, Jean told us, there were no headstones, only simple grave markers, that were flat on the ground, as their belief was that all were equal in death. The belief they lived by was that "I die today I live tomorrow".

Leaving the burial ground we visited the museum where the girls' dormitory, in the Sisters' House, has been recreated. The ribbons of different colours, worn by the Sisters on their bonnets, had a special meaning: red was for a 'great (ie. older) girl', pink for a 'single sister', blue for a 'married sister' and white for a 'widowed sister'.

Next, after another look at some of the buildings around Fairfield, we were introduced to Mary Moffat (nee Smith born in 1795) a Moravian who had been born at Plantation Farm, in Dukinfield (a Blue Plaque is on the canal towpath on the Lower Peak Forest Canal, just after leaving Portland Basin). She had married a missionary called Robert Moffat after she went out to join him in Africa. Their first child, a daughter, was born in Africa in 1821 and also named Mary. As the Blue Plaque informs us, daughter Mary went on to marry the missionary David Livingstone, who had visited the family as he wanted advice on how he would live in Africa. He fell in love with Mary and they subsequently married, spending most of their lives in Africa. Mary Moffat Livingstone died in 1862 at the age of 41, after falling ill, and was buried in Africa.

Fairfield also has other claims to fame... having been used for filming period locations, including those for the 'Peaky Blinders' TV series.

Finally, Jean showed us the Moravian Star, known as the 'Light of the World', an intricate design comprising interlocking, differently sized pyramids. Originally it was a means of teaching the children maths and geometry.

Our many thanks to Jean for such an interesting, illustrated presentation. Doubly enjoyable, as a number of us, in the audience, had been at Fairfield High School for Girls and the talk brought back many memories for us. The school had been established in what was, originally, the Brethren's House. It became a Girl's Boarding School from 1906 to 1922 and, from 1922, it was Fairfield High School for Girls.

Sheila Goodyear

17245

~~~~~

***Oldham & District Branch***

***December :***

***No Meeting planned this month***

***We wish all our Readers***

***A very Happy Christmas***

***and a Peaceful New Year .***

~~~~~



2024

January Meeting - on zoom only



Saturday
13th Jan.
at
2 pm



Life and Work in Cotton Lancashire, c1830-1914

'What were the major changes in the Lancashire cotton towns during the 19th century and did they affect the roles of men, women and children?

Is it possible to generalise about life and work in them or were they all distinctive?

And how different were these towns from elsewhere in Lancashire or the rest of the country?'

This illustrated presentation, given by Dr. Michael Winstanley, seeks to provide answers to these questions.

A free, zoom only meeting... all are very welcome

Booking for zoom is on [Eventbrite](#)

~~~~~

Details, of the 2024 programme of talks, are on the 'Meetings' page of the Branch website [HERE](#)

A .pdf copy of the 2024 programme is available [HERE](#) to download from the 'Miscellany' page.

~~~~~

MLFHS Branches delivering their monthly meetings and talks

Anglo - Scots – December

MLFHS, ANGLO-SCOTTISH BRANCH MEETING	Saturday, 2nd December at 2pm	<i>A Christmas Quiz and Social</i> <i>Enjoy identifying people, places and heirlooms from clues and pictures</i>
---	---	--

In Manchester Library

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

Booking necessary on [Eventbrite](#)

MLFHS Members free; non members £3

~~~~~

**Bolton - December**

|                                                                            |                                               |                                                                                                              |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>MLFHS</b><br><b>Bolton Branch</b><br><b>Meetings -</b><br><b>Hybrid</b> | Wednesday<br>6th<br>December<br>at<br>7:30 pm | 'A<br><i>Festive Evening</i><br><i>with a supper,</i><br><i>raffle &amp; quiz;</i><br><i>possibly more?'</i> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**xx**

Please contact the Secretary at [bolton@mlfhs.org.uk](mailto:bolton@mlfhs.org.uk)  
for more details regarding, how to get a ticket.

**Members £5; Guests £10**

at Bolton Golf Club, Chorley New Road, Bolton, BL6 4AJ

Booking with the Secretary is essential

Please note this is the first Wednesday of the month and not the second.

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

~~~~~

MLFHS updates

Manchester Meetings... No Meeting in December

~~~~~

**Manchester Meetings... January 2024**

**Two Quarterly Meetings**

|                                                              |                                                |                                                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <b>MLFHS</b><br>aka<br><b>Manchester</b><br><b>Ancestors</b> | Wednesday<br>17th<br>January<br>at<br>10:30 am | <b>Urmston, Flixton</b><br><b>and Davyhulme:</b><br><b>A Postcard Heritage</b><br>given by<br>Michael Billington |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

**In Manchester Central library only**

Bookings on [Eventbrite](#) : members free; non-members £3.

~~~~~

MLFHS aka Manchester Ancestors	Wednesday 17th January at 1:00 pm	'The Deansgate Story' given by Keith Warrender
--	---	---

In Manchester Central library only

Bookings on [Eventbrite](#) : members free; non-members £3.

~~~~~

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](#)

~~~~~

MLFHS Online Bookshop: [HERE](#).

with CDs, Downloads, Maps, Registers, Local Interest Books, More General Publications, Miscellaneous Items with MLFHS Logo etc., and Offers.

~~~~~

### **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](#)

~~~~~

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.

* Hi All

I have added 96 references for streets and establishments on the maps for Hulton Park 1907 and Rainsough, Kersal & Hilton Park 1907.

Thanks to Graham Holt for these latest additions.

~~~~~

\* Hi All

A have added further records for staff employed at the Horwich Locomotive Works to the Great Database. This brings the total to 6,034 records covering surnames up to MACAWENEY.

Thanks to Jim Chadwick and his team for these.

~~~~~

* Hi All

New in the Great Database: Manchester Transport Staff Records This latest data is the first fruit of a new project undertaken in partnership with Manchester Transport Museum. We are scanning and indexing the service record books for Manchester Corporation Transport staff.

2,169 records have already been scanned and the first 695 records indexed covering surnames ADDINALL-ACKERS and CADD-CHURCHMAN.

Please note that there is a closure on records of staff born less than 100 years ago.

Thanks to Barry Henshall (scanning) and Mark Harrey and Phil Wharram (indexing).

Lots more to come from this source!

~~~~~



\* Hi All

I have added 1,079 records for Horwich Locomotive Works staff to the Great Database for surnames LITHGOE-PILKINGTON.

~~~~~

* Hi All

New in the Strays Index: Chilean Memorial Inscriptions

Hi All

I chanced across a list in an old Manchester Genealogist from 1995. The entries were not in the strays index, so I have added the 21 names to the index. I am copying the entries below in case anyone has family with a missing branch in Chile.

John

The following have been extracted from a list of monumental inscriptions of English, Welsh, Australian and New Zealand persons from specified geographic areas of origin. Included also are a number of persons whose specific origins are not actually known, but are associated with those whose are, by sharing the same memorial, by being located close by, or by a commonality of surname. The transcriptions were made by New Zealand Genealogical Society member, Derek Griffis, whilst on holiday in October 1994, in the Chilean capital, Santiago, and in the north of the country to the Peruvian border. The full list is in the archived Society Journal. Below are the names and locations mentioned :

JONES; BROOK; MACYNNIES; MASON; COBB; ROBSON; ELLISON; HARDWICK; FRASER; ELLIS; THOMAS; SHAW; STANLEY; SPEEDIE; FOX; BURNSIDE; LUMLEY; WILLIAMSON; EVANS; HILL;

Places: Arica Chile; Iquique Chile; Antofagasta Chile; Calders Chile; Santiago Chile;

Source: Chilean Monumental Inscriptions, *Manchester Genealogist* Vol 31, No 1, p.16 (Derek Griffis)

John Marsden

~~~~~

\* Hi All

I have added a further 222 entries for streets and buildings which appear on the 1933 map for Mossley. Thanks to Paul Thomas for this latest addition.

~~~~~

* Hi All

Another batch of staff records (with images) for Manchester City Transport has now been added to the Great Database. This consists of 350 records covering surnames ALLCOCK to AZOFF. This brings the total to 1,045 records covering AARON-AZOFF and CADD to CHURCHMAN.

Thanks to Barry Henshall and his team for these.

~~~~~

\* Hi All

I have added a further 1,270 burials for Ardwick, St. Thomas 1802-1812.

Thanks to Susan Mayall for these.

~~~~~

* Hi All

My indexing team at Central Library, who are adding mother's maiden names to the birth indexes, has become somewhat depleted of late as a result of illness and personal commitments, so I could use another one or two volunteers. It would involve working one half day a week (negotiable) at the library. If you are interested in this, contact me direct and we'll

discuss further.

John Marsden < john@johnmarsden.name >

Webmaster

~~~~~

All MLFHS publications previously issued as CDs/DVDs have now been converted into downloadable files with consequent reductions in price and saving the ever-increasing costs of postage - particularly to purchasers outside the UK.

The full catalogue can be found at :

<https://www.mlfhs-shop.co.uk/collections/downloads>

~~~~~

Meetings and Talks at other Societies &/or Venues

Please note ...

Please check society/group websites or organisers for updated information

~~~~~

### Oldham Historical Research Group:



A popular & well respected Oldham Local Historian, John Fidler, gave what would probably be the Group's final zoom presentation, entitled '*Lest We Forget – Oldham & District War Memorials*'. John has kindly given us permission to add it to the Oldham & District Branch Video Page [HERE](#) and will be uploaded in the near future. In the meantime, it has been added to Youtube, [HERE](#)

If you have any questions, please email me at < [pixnet.sg@gmail.com](mailto:pixnet.sg@gmail.com) >.

Website [HERE](#)

~~~~~

Saddleworth Historical Society ... Wednesday, December 13th

'The English Coaching Inn.'

an illustrated presentation given by Julian Hunt

Society members are free, but a £3 charge to non-members is applicable at the door.

All are welcome to attend meetings. Refreshments are available.

The venue is the Saddleworth Museum Gallery, High Street, Uppermill.

Website [HERE](#)

Saddleworth Civic Trust has no meeting or event planned at the present time.

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

~~~~~

### Library Events & Gallery talks at Gallery Oldham; [HERE](#)

on [Eventbrite](#) and [Instagram](#)

~~~~~

Family History Society of Cheshire : Tameside Group meeting.

See their website [HERE](#)

~~~~~

## Moorside & District Historical Society ... No Meeting in December

The Next Meeting will be on the 15<sup>th</sup> January, 2024.

Details in the next newsletter

~~~~~

Tameside History Club :

Meetings on zoom.

Website and programme

&

Tameside Local Studies and Archives - Regular Sessions and Events

Website and programme [HERE](#)

~~~~~

## Regional Heritage Centre :

Website [HERE](#)

~~~~~

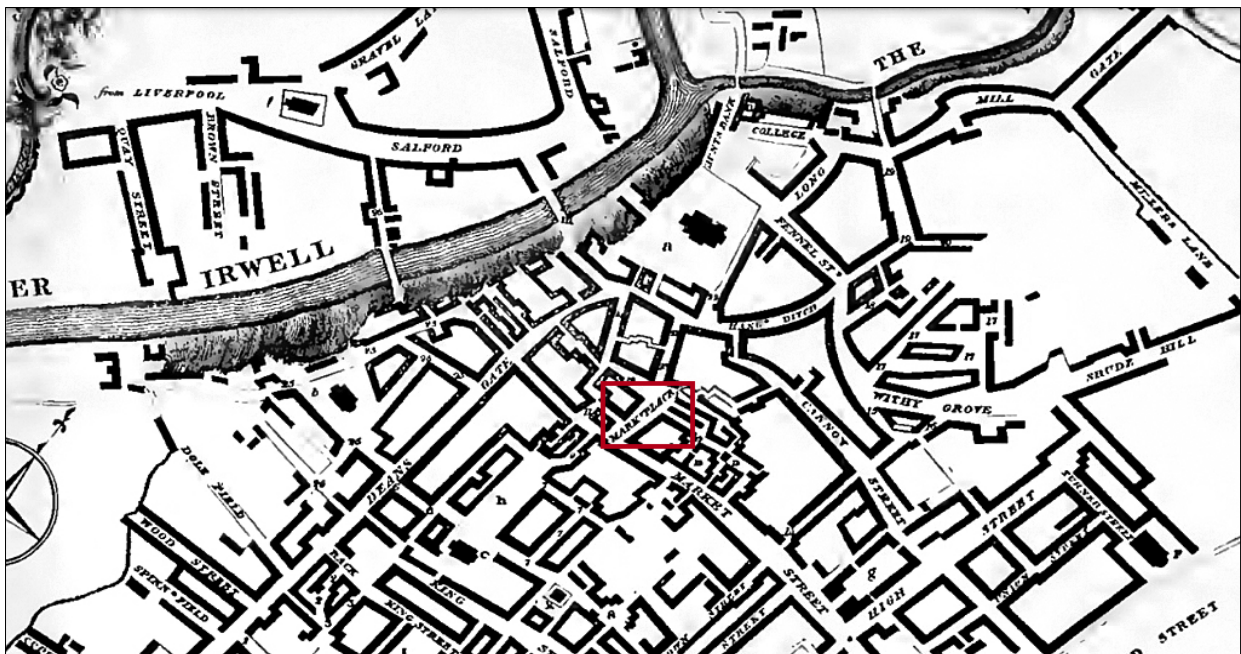
'A Mixed Bag'

Our serialisation of *Manchester Streets & Manchester Men* Vol. 1 (1st series) published in 1906 and started in our newsletter in 2023-08. It will continue through succeeding newsletters. This month we have 'Mount Street Memorials' and 'Brown Street Notes'.

Map of Manchester - Salford 1772, with Market Place (Larger scale on website [HERE](#))

from: *OLD MANCHESTER - A Series of Views ...* Drawn by Ralston, James, and Others

Introduction by James Croston, Pub 1875



MOUNT STREET MEMORIALS.

THE FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.

The street name derives its name from the rising ground in its vicinity, which was, a century or more since, known as the Mount. It was a quiet, retired spot when, in 1795, the Quakers, finding their old meeting house, that had stood at the corner of Jackson's Row and Deansgate

for more than a century, too small for the accommodation of the increasing numbers of people attending their service, purchased a plot of land at the corner of South-street and Dickinson-street, and erected thereon a meeting house. The building had entrances from both streets, and the land between it and Mount-street remained unbuilt upon until in 1829 when, increased accommodation being necessary, the present building was put up. The older building was described by Aston as being "like the respectable members of the sect which here worship, it is plain, but substantial;" and its career, with the exception of two incidents, was equally calm. One of the two events referred to occurred on a Sunday morning, when the minister, Joseph Atkinson, a hat manufacturer in Cupid's Alley, died during service. The other event arose out of the affair known as Peterloo. When the Yeomanry made their murderous attack upon the Reformers, men, women, and children flew in all directions. Hundreds of them ran up South-street, and some, seeing the doors of the meeting house open, sought there a refuge. Some of these unfortunate beings were suffering from sabre wounds, and for many

p.254

months the floor of the meeting house was stained with the marks of human blood. Quiet and unassuming in their demeanour, the members of the congregation have at all times included amongst their numbers some public spirited men who have rendered valuable services to the community. Always the friends of freedom and the foes of oppression, they played a noble part in the great anti-slavery agitation, and many meetings were held at Mount-street advocating the claims of the slaves. The most notable speaker on these occasions was George Thompson, who possessed great oratorical power. Temperance, peace, and social betterment have ever been advocated by the Friends, and many gatherings have taken place in the meeting house in support of them. To show how intimately the members of the meeting have been associated with local work it is only necessary to mention the names of a few of those who have met for worship there. They have included John Edward Taylor, the founder of the "Manchester Guardian;" Thomas Hoyle, the calico printer; the Crewdsons, the Binyons, Alderman King; George Bradshaw, the originator of the railway guide; Dr. John Dalton, Alderman W. Nield, and many others. The Quakers' school was built at the corner of Mount-street and Peter-street in 1819. Prior to that the school had been held in the old meeting house, Jackson's Row, when John Taylor, father of John Edward Taylor, was master, and later in a room in Mount-street belonging to Thomas Hoyle. In the new building Charles Cumber was master until his death in 1853, when he was succeeded by James Cooke.

p.255

THE FRIENDS' INSTITUTE.

In December, 1857 the institute was commenced. Its aims were detailed in a circular signed by a number of leading Friends, amongst whom were Thomas Binyon, William Brockbank, George Dawson, John Houldsworth, William King, and Alfred Waterhouse. The school premises (the school having been closed) were fitted up, a reading room furnished with newspapers and magazines, a coffee room, and a room for the use of women Friends were provided. Friends visiting the city were to have free admission to the Institute, and young men coming to Manchester were provided with a free ticket available for three months. The annual subscription was ten shillings for men and six shillings for women. The movement was successful, and the extent to which the new club was used is evidenced by a list of the subscribers for the year 1861. It includes 150 names, and comprised many well known public men.

LLOYD-STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

The first Presbyterian Chapel built in Manchester was dedicated to St. Andrew, and stood at the corner of Lloyd-street and Mount-street. It was opened on June 13, 1799. We are told by a contemporary that it was built of brick and stone, that the front was handsome, the interior very

neatly fitted up, and the cost £3,500. The first minister was the Rev. R. Jack, who was one of the few Dissenting ministers of those days to receive from the University of Glasgow the honorary degree of D.D. In the early thirties he received the assistance of a co-pastor, the Rev. William M^cKerrow,

p.256

who had been ordained in 1827, and came to Manchester in this capacity, afterwards succeeding to the pastorate. In 1858 the chapel was sold, and the congregation removed to Brunswick-street, where Dr. M^cKerrow continued his ministry until a short time prior to his death. The jubilee of his ministry was celebrated by the entire Presbyterian body, by whom he was deeply beloved. A testimonial of the value of over £1,000, together with an illuminated address, was presented to him; and his services to education in Manchester were recognised by the endowment of a scholarship in connection with the school board. He was one of the principal organisers of the United Kingdom Alliance, was one of the first members of the Manchester School Board, and was an active member of the Anti-Corn Law League. He died on June 4, 1878, aged 75 years.

THE MOUNT-STREET SCHOOL OF ANATOMY.

Few Manchester men have done more to advance surgical science than did Joseph Jordan, who was born on March 3, 1787, at 116, Water-street. He received much of his early training under William Simmons, one of the members of the Infirmary surgical staff, and completed it at Edinburgh under Sir Charles Bell and Dr. Munro. In October, 1815, he opened rooms for the study of anatomy in Back Queen-street, but a year later he secured more convenient premises at No. 4, afterwards known as 70, Bridge-street - an old-fashioned, double-fronted house that stood near to Deansgate. His school rapidly became popular, and so thorough was the teaching that in 1817 the Apothecaries'

p.257

Company decided to accept his certificates of efficiency. This was followed, in 1821, by a similar decision by the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1825 Mr. Jordan purchased a plot of land, now the site of the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society, and erected thereon a medical school, where were taught anatomy, surgery, medicine, chemistry, &c. The operating theatre was a fine room, and in another large room were placed Mr. Jordan's collection of over two thousand specimens. Here valuable work was carried on in the face of much opposition from the Pine-street school and the Infirmary authorities, until in 1834, when it was closed in accordance with an arrangement made with the committee of the younger school. Mr. Jordan's services were recognised by a public dinner attended by all the leading medical men of the town, at which a presentation was made and thirty toasts were drunk. The school premises were sold, and the site was covered with a warehouse.

AN OLD MANCHESTER FAMILY.

We have already noted that Mr. Jordan bought the land in Mount-street from a Mr. Pooley. In 1788 John Pooley, carpenter and builder, lived and had a yard on the Mount. His son John took a leading part in connection with the volunteer movement of a century ago. He was a cotton spinner in Hulme, and when the Hulme company of volunteers was formed Major Pooley was placed in command. He was in London at the time when the news of the battle of Waterloo arrived, and, at his own expense, travelled post to

p.258

Manchester in order to be the first to announce to his fellow townsmen the welcome news. He was succeeded in business by a John Pooley, of the third generation, who was returned to the town council for St. George's Ward in 1848, and was elected an alderman in 1849. He was for

some time churchwarden of the Collegiate Church, and was prominently associated with St. George's Church, Hulme. He died in 1883. Later members of the family took a prominent part in local affairs, W. O. Pooley rendering valuable service on the Board of Guardians for Manchester, and C. J. Pooley rendering equally valuable service on the Committee of the Royal Institution and the Art Gallery Committee. His knowledge of matters relating to art was extensive, and as a judge of pictures he had few equals outside the ranks of those actually engaged in the business. For a century in one capacity or another some member of the family was connected with public work in the city.

BROWN STREET NOTES.

THE STREET OF OLDEN TIMES.

One of the most interesting reminiscences of the Brown-street of a century and a half ago is to be found on the map of the town published by Casson and Berry. Around the map are views of some of the principal buildings in the town, one of which was Mr. Marritt's house in Brown-street. The mansion was a fine three-storeyed building, with two windows on either side of the doorway in addition to wings on either side. As was frequently the case, over the door is a carved representation of the family coat-of-arms, and the steps have handrails on either side. The family name and the position of the mansion are perpetuated by the street name of Marriott's Court. Another glimpse of the old street is to be found in Ralston's interesting pictures depicting the Market-street lane end as it appeared prior to the widening of Market-street. (in the Gallery) It is represented as a narrow, winding thoroughfare with a footpath on the left hand side less than a yard in width. At the corner of Market-street were two posts to prevent vehicles from encroaching upon the footway. On the right hand side of Brown-street there was no trace of footpath, and to prevent the wheels of vehicles from coming in contact with the house wall a number of pieces of stone were reared against the wall. This was necessary, for the street was barely wide enough to accommodate a vehicle. At the left hand corner

p.260

of Brown-street, and facing into Market-street, were two shops, whose black and white style with overhanging gables and rounded bow windows were in remarkable contrast to the buildings of to-day. After the widening of Market-street, which had necessitated the taking down of the old shops, an inn, long known as the Commercial was built. The mention of the Commercial serves to remind one that in bygone days a well known Manchester character followed his calling at several favourite spots, one of which was the left hand corner of Brown-street.

CHELSEA BUNS

For more than a generation the cry of "Hot Chelsea Buns" was a familiar one in Manchester streets, and few are the Manchester men and women whose memories carry them back to those days, who fail to remember not only the call, but also the taste of the tempting morsels offered for sale. The buns were similar to those made at the old Bun House, Chelsea, and having been prepared at home were kept warm by means of a small charcoal fire placed underneath the tray on which they were offered for sale. Thus carrying his wares in front of him, wearing a white apron and an old-fashioned beaver hat, and with a formidable umbrella fastened Mother Gampwise, did the Chelsea bunman parade Manchester streets, making pauses at favourite spots. Many persons purchased from him because of the quality of his buns, and some in order to hear his sonorous acknowledgement of "Thank you, sir," To speak correctly, there were two Chelsea bunmen. The first was James Robinson. His daughter married

p.261

James Bagott, who lived at Posey-street and John-street, off Garden Lane, Salford. He

succeeded to his father-in-law's business, and being possessed of a remarkably fine, deep-toned voice became exceedingly well known. The story is told that he sold the reversionary interest in his body to the medical men of the Infirmary, who desired after death to make an examination of his lungs. He afterwards regretted the bargain, and, repaying the £100 he had received, the agreement was cancelled. He died on November 20, 1863, and with him passed away the familiar cry of "Hot Chelsea Buns."

THE MARSDEN- STREET THEATRE.

In 1753, Manchester's first regular theatre was built in Marsden-street. The name of the first proprietor is unknown, but it is on record that William Horton, of Chadderton, owned it in 1758, and that on February 6 of that year he gave the use of the building for the performance of a masque, for the benefit of the Infirmary that had been opened three years before. In the advertisements it is described as standing at the top of King-street, the land thereabouts being only sparsely occupied by buildings. Aston, in his Metrical Records, notes the building of the theatre thus :—

In the meantime, expansion of trade let in Taste,
On Shakespere, and Jonson, and Otway to feast;
For when the Commissioners' Police have their seat -
In a building of boards and canvas - a treat
Intellectual, tho' rudely, the Drama display'd.
Though money for concert alone had been paid.
The twig Taste had planted became a great tree,
And in seventeen hundred and fifty three,
A playhouse was built where is now Marsden street
For Tragedy bloody, and Operas sweet.

p. 262

The explanation of the earlier lines is the fact that the law prohibited the charging of admission to see the performing of stage plays. A concert was, therefore, arranged, and the dramatic performance was given in connection with it. Thus, on April 30, 1760, a concert was advertised "to be performed in the theatre, in six parts; front seats 2s., back seats 1s. To begin at six o'clock in the evening, to whatever company may happen to be in the house." "Between the parts of the concert, for the further amusement of the ladies and gentlemen, will be presented, gratis, a tragedy called 'Theodosius, or the force of Love,' all the characters exhibited by persons without hire, gain, or reward; to which will be added a farce, 'The Old Man Taught Wisdom, or the Virgin Unmask'd.' " At that time the theatre was managed by Messrs. Whiteley and Co., who on May 12, 1760, paid to the Infirmary the sum of £50, the proceeds of a concert. In 1770, boxes were added, to which the charge of admission was 3s., but five years later, consequent upon the growth of the attendances, a new theatre was built in Spring Gardens. The last performance in Marsden- street took place on May 12, 1775, when "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," and "High Life Below Stairs" were given. The building was afterwards used for a variety of purposes, the most interesting of which was a school of design. This arose out of a visit that B. R. Haydon, the painter of mammoth pictures, paid to the town in 1837. In his diary, he says: "Manchester in dreadful condition as to art. No school of design. The young men drawing without instruction.

p.263

A fine anatomical figure shut up in a box; the housekeeper obliged to hunt for the key. I'll give it them before I go." The school was opened in 1838, but had only a short career. The critical artist was here again in 1839, when he apprenticed his son Frank to Mr. Fairbairn, the engineer, taking lodgings for him at 99, Mill-street, Ancoats.

Close to the theatre building a medical school was opened in 1829, and was carried on for a number of years, some well known local medical men taking the various subjects of study.

THE POST OFFICE SITE.

In 1824 the Lord of the Manor erected a Court Room on a portion of the present post office site. In addition to serving this purpose it was frequently used for the holding of public meetings. Under the room was a market devoted to butchers' stalls, known as shambles. No person was allowed to keep open shop for the sale of flesh meat in the town unless he rented one or more stalls in this or one of the other butchers' markets provided by the Lord of the Manor. When the manorial rights were sold to the Corporation the custom was allowed to lapse. In 1838 it was proposed to include a new post office in the alterations and extensions to be made in connection with the Exchange. Richard Cobden opposed the proposal, and as a result a recommendation was made to the Postmaster-General and the Lords of the Treasury to erect one on the site of the shambles underneath the Manor Court-room. This was done, and in September, 1840, the Brown-street

p.264

Post Office was opened. This continued until 1861, when the money order and savings bank business had increased so considerably as to necessitate the taking over of the upper room. This was accordingly done, but in 1875 the accommodation was so cramped as to cause the Chamber of Commerce to urge upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer the necessity for further extensions. It was pointed out that from 1861 to 1875 the number of clerks employed in the office had doubled, that the number of letter carriers and sorters had risen from 117 to 272, the weekly delivery of letters from 401,000 to 927,000, the letters posted from 485,000 to 1,134,000, and the money orders from 295,000 to 364,000. As a result a Bill authorising the acquisition of a more extensive site was passed through Parliament in 1876, and in September, 1884, the present building was opened. Its length is 246 feet, its Width 122 feet, its area 3,334 yards, and its cost was about £120,000. The design was by Mr. Williams, surveyor to H.M. Board of Works.

~~~~~

Continuing the serialisation of:

### **'Short Stories about Failsworth Folk '**

Reprinted, with additions, from the '*Oldham Chronicle*' & '*Manchester City News*'  
by **Sim Schofield pub. 1905**

### **p.126**

[**my apologies...** these next few lines were missed off the bottom of the final story last month : 'one, an' th' water i' th' other, an we'll mix it eawrsel's when aw get whoam." The farmer was naturally much upset at this, and, by way of revenge, he gave the lad his milk and a "cleawt" in the bargain.]

### **A QUAIN'T CHARACTER.**

I remember another very quaint and original character whom we had in the district. He was noted for his quaint sayings and doings, so much so that I will call him for my purpose "Quaint One." He once went to a funeral, and fronts, or what were then called "Dickies," were just coming into fashion. He got a "Dicky" and went to the funeral with it on. After coming back from the Church, he said to a brother mourner, "Aw'll tell thee what, these 'Dickies' are rare an' cowl things. Aw bin nearly starved to deeth wi' this o' mine. Aw'st never wear it again. Ther' not hawe as warm as shirts." It seems "Quaint One" had been wearing the "Dicky" without a shirt, having no idea it was to be attached to the shirt.

"Quaint One" was an outdoor workman, and I recollect once seeing him working in a sewer

when a local preacher was having a conversation with him about his soul. Said the preacher to him, "Do you never think of dying?" "Yoi, aw do," replied "Quaint One," "an' whenever this thowt comes up, aw awlus goo an' get a pint o' fourpenny to weish it deaun again." A tale is told of him once walking to the Chester races. On the road he called at a wayside inn and got a muffin and some cheese. On asking what he had to pay, he was told fourpence, twopence for the cheese and twopence for the muffin. "Well, that's a rum go," said

**p.127**

"Quaint One"; "it's fust time "at aw ever knew anyone to charge twopence for a penny mowfin."

**PACE-EGGIN'.**

Some thirty years since, there was a custom on Easter Monday which was known as pace-eggin'. It was a short play of doggerel and jingling rhymes. It has now almost died out, but I remember it very well. In fact, I have played most of the parts in the piece, such as "St. George," "Slasher," "Black Prince," and "Hector." There were other characters in the play, such as "The Doctor" and "Dirty Bet." It was our custom to repeat the rhymes in a peculiar sing-song style. Even at the present day could I go through most of the piece. I remember we had tin swords, and horns to blow. Only a few years since, I found amongst some old lumber one of these pace-eggin' tin swords. We used to practise the piece in Bill Middleton's big loomhouse. "Old Bill" took kindly to us lads, and he used to coach us whilst weaving at his loom. I recollect him saying to one of the company, when rehearsing, "Theaw spakes thy words badly, lad; theaw mun get some swine's grace, and grace thy lips." On Easter Monday we would set out, the principal characters gaily decorated with artificial flowers and ribbons. The last time I took part, I played St. George, and when we had finished, my share of the takings was one shilling and ninepence and three eggs.

I have a distinct recollection of starting off to Knott Mill Fair, after we had done our last acting, with this one shilling and ninepence in my pocket. When we got to Walmsley Brow, which at that time was lined with trees, and which is now covered with houses from the District

**p.128**

Council Office to the Brown Cow, we met "Owd Barlow" with his basket of Eccles cakes. He was calling out, "Toss or buy." If we tossed with a penny for a twopenny cake, he would say "tail." If the coin came down "head," we won a whole twopenny cake. If it came down "tail," we lost and got nothing. I commenced to toss, and so fascinating was the game to me, that I, like other gamblers, was led on until I had lost all my money, and was only lucky enough to win two-cakes. It was the most miserable Easter I had in my life, and I don't think I slept for nearly a week, so upset was I at the loss of my pace-eggin's takings. It was a good thing for me, for I was cured of my gambling spirit. Some of the other lads took pity on me, and subscribed fourpence amongst themselves that I might go to the fair with them. Of course I went, but I had no pleasure that day, nor for weeks afterwards.

Such is a picture of pace-eggin' and its results.

Some years since, I was visiting the Lake District, in company with Mr. Jos. Clough, of Oldham, Mr. Joseph Burgess, and Mr. Wynford Brierley. We were all staying together and sleeping in a double-bedded room at the Salutation Hotel, Ambleside. It so happened that we could not get to sleep, so my friend Mr. Wynford Brierley and I got up and started off with the pace-eggin' rhymes. We went through the whole piece. On the following morning, when we sat down at the breakfast table, we noticed some young ladies at the table giggling and laughing at us. We afterwards found out they had been occupying the next bedroom, and evidently they had been listening to our play. Probably we had left them with an impression that we had broken loose out of some asylum. Those of my readers who would like to have a taste of pace-eggin'

should avail themselves of listening to my friend Mr. John Dronsfield, of Oldham. He has a capital rendering of this quaint piece, and he gives a faithful delineation of the old time-honoured custom. The late Trafford Clegg, a Rochdale writer, has embodied the rhymes in a sketch. As a sample of the jingle, I give you a few opening lines:-

“Room, room, brave gallant boys, give us room for sport,  
For in this room we wish to resort,  
Resort, and to repeat our merry rhyme,  
For we would have you know this is Easter-time.”

### **AMUSING COURTING ADVENTURE.**

Some time since, a Failsworth friend of mine told me of a most amusing courting adventure he once had, and one that is well worth recording. He had been courting his sweetheart, and on leaving her house at a very late hour, he, like other young men, was quite elated as a result of the blissful moments he had spent in her presence. On parting with his sweetheart at the door, he commenced to run. He had not gone far before he found himself safe in the arms of a policeman. “What has theaw bin doin’ in yon house ?” said the bobby. Being somewhat taken aback at such a question, he stammered out, “Aw bin doin’ nowt ut matters owt’ to’ yo’.” The officer, seeing him so confused, said, “Aw dunno’ believe thee, an’ theaw’ll ha’ to goo back with me, an’ aw’ll see if theaw’s stolen anything.” Seeing there was a prospect of a bit of good fun, my friend willingly consented to accompany the limb of the law to the house of his sweetheart. No doubt promotion gleamed in the eyes of the officer in the important capture he had made of a supposed burglar. On reaching the dwelling, the bobby knocked at the

door, and my friend’s sweetheart, who had not retired, answered it. She screamed when she saw her lover in the arms of the officer. The bobby said, “Aw’ve just caught this fellow running away fro’ your house,’ an’ I suspect he’s stolen something.’ I want yo’ to look reaund an’ see if yo’ve owt missing.” The blushing maiden soon satisfied the policeman when she said, “Aw durn’t know ‘at he’s stolen owt, unless it be a kiss; an’ aw’ve yet to larn ‘at that’s bin made an illegal offence, especially when th’ person he’s tak’n it from is his sweetheart.” “Sowd again,” said the bobby, as he left the house. “But dunno’ say owt abeawt it, ur else aws’t never yer th’ last on it.” It is now some years since this incident happened, and, as my friend has since died, I have thought there can be no harm now done by relating his courting adventure.

### **“OWD SAMMY” AND BENNY.**

There were a few other quaint characters in Failsworth of which I have been reminded whilst writing these stories. There was “Owd Sammy,” who lived in Wrigley Head. Once we had a hawker coming through the village selling damsons very cheap - a penny a quart. He took a few to Sammy’s house, and told him what he wanted a quart for them. Sammy, examining them, said, “ Thoose ur no’ damsons; thur nobbut black-jacks ” (a kind of sour plums). The hawker was much annoyed at Sammy’s description of his fruit, and he said, “You go in the house, you old black-jack, or I’ll make you.” Sammy, who was wearing a pair of slippers, “was much nettled at this remark, and he retorted, “Th’ee wait theer while aw find my clogs, an’ aw’ll let thee know who theau’rt talkin’ to.” But Sammy, seeing the

hawker was just built for fighting, went into the house and forgot to come out again. He was only a little man, but he was sensible enough to see he was no match for the hawker. Perhaps he could not find his clogs; anyhow, he did not care to use them with the fruit-seller. He was a noted pig-keeper, was Sammy, but he could never guess the weight of a pig he was having



killed to a couple of a score. He used to say "they went a lot leetur when they were kilt ;" but, for all that, he made a fine "eating-stir" on a pig-killing day, and often would give some of us lads the bladder and the tail, with a lump of pork attached to the latter.

Another character we had was "Owd Benny." Benny was a much-married man, having had four wives. His son, passing a church one day, said to a friend, "That's wheere my feyther awlus gets wed. He tak's o' his custom to that shop." It is said he was once going to bed, on a Saturday night, when his wife said to him, "Eh, Benny, aw've forgotten to weash this week." "Get i' bed," said Benny; "dunno' begin two days afore th' time. Monday is the weashing day, theaw knows. An' aw dar' say aws't forget to give thee my wage next Setterday." Benny was noted for his big mouth. Once he went with two or three friends into a public house, when one of them asked the party to have a drink with him. Most of them had a pint of ale each. Turning to Benny, he said, "What wilt have?" "Oh," he' replied, "aw'll just have a meauthful o' ale." "Nay, theaw winno," replied his friend; "theaw'll nobbut ha' to have a pint, like t' others." Evidently his friend remembered what sort of a mouth Benny had, and he was not to be taken in. On another occasion, Benny was conversing with some friends, and the subject was "the good

### **p.132**

old times." In his quaint and original way, he said, "Aye, aw remember thoose times very weel. We had a panic then every year, an' it awlus lasted twelve months." He was a sturdy Radical, and he hated Protection as much as he disliked the de'il himself.

### **GOODY GEORGE**

I have heard my father tell a story of a person who once resided in Failsworth, and who was known by the name of "Goody George." So good was George, in his own estimation, that he often declared he never handled money on a Sunday. But George was a regular "owd skinflint" (greedy), besides being a bit of a hypocrite, as the following facts about him will show. He was so stingy and scheming that he used to make his coffee by scraping burnt bread. When he ever had tea he would save the leaves, dry them, and smoke the same instead of tobacco. In the winter time he would, after dark, go and sit in a neighbour's house to save coal and candle. By such greedy methods he managed to save money, and build himself a few houses. Naturally, he collected his own rents. One Saturday he went several times to one house for his rent, but the tenant had gone away for the day. On the following day (Sunday), the next door neighbour of this tenant told him how often the landlord had been to his house the day previous for the rent. The tenant felt a bit put out at hearing this, and so he at once went to George's house. On entering, he said, "Were yo' feart o' my runnin' away, ut made yo' to coe so often ut my heawse yesterday for th' rent?" "Nawe," replied George, " but aw never like ony tenant bein' beheend wi' th' rent." "Well," said the tenant, "aw've browt it yo'

### **p.133**

this mornin'." "Put it on th' mantelpiece," said George, "an' aw'll tak' it off on Monday rnornin', for theaw knows aw never finger money on a Sunday." The tenant did so, and he purposely put sixpence short. He had not got many yards on his way home when he heard George calling him back, and remarking, "Theaw's put sixpence short on th' mantelpiece." "Eh, yo' owd rascal," said the tenant, "aw thowt yo' never fingered money on a Sunday."

### **A HORSE DEALER.**

I have heard a good story of a noted character we once had in the district, who used to trade a little in horses of a very inferior order. He was taking a horse of this stamp to the fair to sell, when he met a friend on the way, who thus addressed him: "Whatever art takin' an owd rip like that to th' fair for? Aw'm sure that thing has nur strength for t' lie deawn ov itsel'." "Theaw'rt lyin'," retorted the horse dealer; "it took four ov us to get it up this mornin'." The same friends again met in the evening, when the horse dealer was returning home astride his "owd rip." Said

his friend to him, "Aw see theaw did no' sell that owd doobby-horse o' thine." Eager to have some excuse, the horse dealer said, "Well, theaw sees, aw bethowt mysel if aw sowd it aw should ha' to walk whoam, an' so aw've decided to keep it." "Aye," said his friend, "an' aw hope theaw'll have it stuffed, an' put i' some museum when its deod, fur aw never seed sich a poor-lookin' creature i' o' my life. However theaw's managed to ride on sich a razzur-backed thing us that is a puzzle to me. If onybody were to lean again it, there's no deawt it would 'waut' o'er,

**p.134**

an' be on th' floor i' quicksticks. Aw dunno' believe 'at 'Owd Gimp' ever had a horse as poor-lookin' as that tit. An' it were awlus said 'at he never gan moor nur hawve a creawn, or a truss o' hay, for a horse. Heawever theaw con for shame to go through th' lone on sich a thing as that is moor nur aw con tell. Tak' it to th' tan-yard, an' have it put eawt ov its misery, or else theaw'll be had up for cruelty to dumb animals."

**NICKNAMES, ETC.**

In past times scarcely any in Failsworth were known by their proper names. They were best known by such names as "Betty o' th' Pee's," "Ailse o' th' Mattie's," "Ned i' th' Ginnel," "Jack o' th' Keaw Lone," "Billy Beawt Nose," "Harry o' th' Bob's," etc. Even my own father was better known as "Tum o' th' Joe's." I have heard of a postman once taking a letter to an old Failsworth resident, and of him refusing it, not knowing it was for him, because it was addressed "Thos. Jones, Esq." On putting the letter down on the table, he was told by Old Thomas, "Ther's no 'Thos's ' here." Evidently he did not know that "Thos." was the abbreviated name for Thomas. The postman, to make sure, inquired at the next door if Thomas Jones did not reside on the other side of them. On being told this was so, he took it back, and, with some persuasion, got the right person to accept it. On receiving it, old Thomas said, "Aw should ha' known it were for me if it had been addressed to 'Tummy o' th' Lung George's.' But people were not used to receiving letters in those days. I remember one old woman, once residing in Holebottom with her

**p.135**

married daughter, in a house standing by itself. They removed to a house in the middle of a long row. One day this old woman, after clearing away the tea things, Went out, and on returning she entered the wrong house, and found the tea things on the table. She commenced to side the things again, remarking, "Aw thowt aw'd sided these things afore aw went eawt, but yo'n browt um on agen, it seems." This same old Woman had a grandson, who worked in the mill, and about five o'clock each morning the knocker-up used to come to awaken them. The old woman had a rod near her bedside, with which she was accustomed to tap the window to let the knocker-up know he had been heard". One morning her rod was missing. She got out of bed, went to the Window, and called out, "Wait, felley, till aw find my rod."

**A FUNERAL CUSTOM.**

I have heard of an incident connected with a funeral well worth relating. It used to be a custom, after the burial, to sing the praises of the departed at the house of the interred one, over a pipe and a glass of ale. Virtues never noticed while living were found out and commented upon. Once the mourners were met at a house where a woman of a wicked character had died. No one could chant her praises, or say anything good about her. Everyone seemed to think it was a blessing she had gone, until at last one old dame found a redeeming feature in her character, for she exclaimed, "Well, yo' con say what yo'n a mind abeawt her, but aw awlus spake o' folk as aw find 'em. An' this aw will say, Hoo're best stockin'-mender as ever hondled a needle."

**p.136**

How important it is to have someone to speak a kind word for us after we are gone! Any fool

can find out faults in the characters of others, but we have too few who are eager to discover the good qualities of their neighbours.

## **TWO AMATEUR FAILSWORTH QUACKS.**

Oldham has long been noted as the happy hunting ground for quacks. I remember, in the old days, two Failsworth characters, known for their “gift of the gab,” deciding to try their “prentice hands” in selling pills on the market ground in Oldham. They accordingly made a number of soap pills, put them in boxes, and proceeded to Oldham, where they commenced to dilate in a glib way on the medicinal virtues of these precious pills. They disguised themselves in most fantastic dresses, and spoke of their wondrous pills as a remedy for all the ills flesh was heir to. Such was the glowing description which they gave to their wares, that they had no difficulty in disposing of them to the unsuspecting Oldhamers. But it so happened that, just as they were in the midst of their harangue and sale, two of their Failsworth friends came up, and recognising the amateur quacks, they burst out in floods of ridicule, to the discomfiture of the would-be quacks. Before anyone could say “Jack Robinson,” the learned orators left the rostrum, and darted off towards Failsworth as fast as their legs could carry them. What became of their stock-in-trade I do not know, but of one thing I am certain they never again ventured to palm off their precious pills on the “rough-heads.”

**p.137**

## **A VELOCIPED STORY.**

Having told many stories about others, I will now tell one in which I figured. At the time I was working as a youth in the brickyard. I remember one of my workmates named Walter Clayton, who was of an ingenious turn of mind, or, to use a local phrase, “a bit of a tankler,” decided to make a velocipede. It was about this time that four-wheeled velocipedes were coming out. My friend, Ben Brierley, had written an amusing sketch on “Ab o’ th’ Yate and his Velocipede.” Our Failsworth author describes how old Ab made one out of a bobbin-wheel. Well, Walter set to and made a machine, and a queer-looking thing it was. It was as heavy as a cart, and was worked with cranks, pedals, and handles. I remember he had at the back a big box in which to keep his tools and “tommy.” When Walter was ready for a turn-out, and a spin, he persuaded me to go with him to Bowdon. So, one Sunday morning we started off on this home-made machine. There was nothing but bare boards to sit on; cushions and the like he spurned. Our way to Manchester was of course down hill, and we went along famously with this heavy, lumbering, cart-like velocipede. When we got in Manchester we were met with cries: “Hello, here’s owd Ab o’ th’ Yate an’ his bobbin-wheel velocipede.” At the time the two-wheeled bicycle was also coming out, and Walter seemed a little jealous of the new thing. When we got on the Cheshire roads Walter challenged one or two of these cyclists to a spin. But I noticed he always picked a length of road with a decline in it. There was no stopping our machine on such a road, for, being so heavy, it went at a tremendous speed, and we left the two wheelers a long way

**p.138**

behind. When we got to a bit of a brow it was terrible work.

However, we reached Bowdon all right. But our troubles commenced on the way back. We struggled and “frabbed” with this thing on the hard, bare boards until I became quite sore and raw about the posterior part of my body. When we got to Manchester I remember saying to Walter : “It’s no use, aw conno goo another inch. Theaw’ll ha’ to tak’ this thing whoam thysel’, Walter.” I accordingly got off and walked home, and left Walter to get back as best he could. After I got home it was fully a fortnight before I could sit myself down to a meal. Little sympathy did I get from my brickyard mates. They did nothing but laugh at my pains and sufferings. For years after I would have to put up with such taunting remarks as “When are Walter Clayton an’ thee goin’ to Bowdon again ?” Such was my painful experience with this velocipede, and it is

only recently that anyone could induce me to even try a bicycle. What became of Walter's velocipede I never knew. He, poor fellow, is now dead; but if the machine is still in existence I will give a fair sum for it, if only to put it in some museum as a relic of locomotion in bye-gone days.

### **MAGIC-LANTERN STORY.**

When the magic-lantern was coming into prominence. I remember an interesting experience I had which is well worth recording. At the time I was the secretary of a Sunday school society in Failsworth, and on the recommendation of a friend my committee engaged a Manchester entertainer to give us an evening's entertainment. The

#### **p.139**

person we engaged posed as a professor of phrenology, a vocalist, and a lanternist. He was announced to give us an entertainment in which he would combine all the three features, and the entertainment was to be a free one. I was the chairman, and when the learned professor and I stepped on the platform we faced an audience of about 1,000, in a crowded school. I was a bit suspicious of the professor's powers and his lantern, for I noticed his lantern was a puny thing, such a one as children use in the house. We commenced to show the views from a very high platform. I could see the pictures pretty well from the platform, but from the murmurs I heard in the audience I suspected the views were not being seen well by them. At last my doubts were set at rest, when I heard a juvenile voice call out from the audience, "Another full moon." It seemed nothing but a disc showed on the screen. Finding this out, I stopped the show, and told the professor to commence his singing. His vocal powers proved to be as poor as his lantern, and so I stopped him at this, and said "Begin a bump-feeling." By this time the patience of the audience had become exhausted, and so the "bump feeling" had to be brought to an abrupt close. The professor and I left the platform in fear and trembling. I got him out of the room by a back way, and, getting into the schoolyard, we both climbed a wall and darted off across a field, both of us being well pelted with sods by the enraged and disappointed lads. It was several days before I durst show my face again in the school, although I was an innocent victim of the whole affair. But I eventually managed to get out of the fiasco in a most ingenious way. I told my friends and neighbours that the entertainment was simply a test to find out persons in the district who liked "things on the cheap." It had

#### **p.140**

answered the purpose, for we had found out who wanted things "on the cheap."

Notwithstanding even this, it was some time before I heard the last of the Manchester professor, and I, being pelted with sods for selling the public of Failsworth. Some months after the event I met the professor, and I was very much tempted to raise a bump on his head with a knobstick I had with me.

I once had another experience with a lanternist. I was giving a lecture on "Egypt," illustrated with views. It was for the benefit of a Sunday school in our district, and the lantern and operator were found by the committee of the school, the views being provided by myself, and the lecture being some chatty remarks about places I had personally seen.

When I got to the school, I found the operator in a nervous state of excitement. He said to me, "I'm afraid we shall have a failure to-night. I'm not accustomed to work a lantern." I was quite enraged at this remark, and said, "By gum, if theaw does no' work that lantern reet, aw'll pounce thee an' thy lantern eaut o' th' schoo". Evidently the man took my threat in good earnest, for he quietly crept out of the school. Fortunately for me and my lecture, there was a man in the audience who understood a lantern, and he worked the whole affair. Well.

I never saw the would-be operator until a few months since, when he came to me at a meeting,

and told me who he was, remarking, "By gum, aw did not give thee a chance of pouncing me o' that school; aw cleared eaut beaut bein' tow'd, an' aw've never bin o' tryin' to work a lantern since."

**p.141**

**PILFERING POTATO PIES.** (Illustration in the Gallery)

I have heard a good story told of how a potato-pie stir was once broken up. In an outlying part of the district, known as Millhouses, a Lancashire supper had been arranged in the little inn close to the large printworks, near Clayton Bridge. It seems that great offence had been caused to a number of people who had not been invited to this supper. The slighted persons were so annoyed at being left out, that they decided upon having their revenge, and in a somewhat curious manner. When the pies were ready for taking out of the oven, one of the disappointed diners rushed into the inn, and, in a most excited way, gave an alarm that there

**p.142**

was a "fire" in the printworks adjoining. The company at once rushed out of the house, with the object of assisting to extinguish the fire. No sooner had they left the house than several men darted in, opened the oven door, and, with the aid of some towels, took the pies out of the oven. These they took to the adjoining wood, where plates and eating tools were ready at hand. The pies were hurriedly eaten among them. When the would-be fire extinguishers again entered the inn, they found their pies had disappeared. It is needless to say there were some long faces pulled when it was found out the pies had gone, and that the alarm of fire was only a ruse to deprive them of their feast.

**STORY OF A FAILSWORTH CARRIER.**

I remember another noted character we had in Failsworth, a well-known carrier, who resided at "Top o' th' Meadow," and was a worthy Wesleyan of the old type. He was a very upright man, and at one time followed the occupation of hand-loom weaving. He, however, was only a poor sort of a weaver, and made but little out of his work. A number of his neighbours bought him a donkey and cart, and set him up as a hawker of sand, rubbing stones, etc. But the carrier was a very shy man, and could scarcely muster courage to call out his wares when he started out on his rounds. His friends, noticing this, decided to help him to overcome the shyness. He was induced by one of them to go with him to "Bill Greaves' Clough," to gather bracken for bedding up his donkey. On reaching the clough, this friend said to him, "Neaw, thee just have a bit ov a practice ut sheawtin' eaut 'Sond, an' rubbin' stones.' There's

**p.143**

nob'dy ull yer thee here but mysel'." And so the carrier had a bit of a quiet practice. At the time there happened to be a man passing on his way to Woodhouses, and, going up to them, he said, "Are yo' two gone mad, or what?" But the matter was fully explained to the listener. It is satisfactory to state that this bit of quiet drilling was of great service to the old man, for he afterwards had no difficulty in crying his wares. But the carrier did not stop at selling sand. He made such headway that he was some time afterwards in a position to get a pony and cart, and commence as a carrier of coals for the residents. A story is told of him once taking a load of coals over some soft land, "Deawn th' Meadow." He got stuck fast, and could not move his horse. A carter, coming up to give him "a lift on the way," commenced to swear in a savage style at the horse, and got it moving again. As I have said, the carrier was a very good and religious man, and he remarked to his brother carter, "What a pity it is that swearin' is a sin; it's so very useful to a carter." In his excitement, the carter was knocked down by his horse, and the cart passed over his head; but so soft was the ground, that the wheel of his cart forced his head into the soft mud without harming him. But when the carrier got up, he began to feel for his head, evidently believing he had left it in the mud. Finding that his head was on his



shoulders, he exclaimed, "What a miracle it is us aw'm wick; thank the Lord for havin' saved my life." The old man has now gone to his rest. I knew him well, and a kinder-hearted man than he was never stepped into shoe leather. He remained a good and loyal Wesleyan as long as he lived, and was respected by all who knew him.

~~~~~

From the e-Postbag

An enquiry has been received via the Family History Federation website :

Name: Audrey McKeown

Email: NRoots@nifhs.org

Phone: 07775688256

Organisation: North of Ireland Family History Society

Enquiry:

Hello ... I am the Editor of North Irish Roots Journal. Our next Journal will have a focus on Tracing your Irish Ancestors in England in Spring 2024. I would be so delighted if you would circulate that I would welcome family history members to submit an article of about 1400 words on their roots in Ireland and how their family left and settled in England at some key time in history. I can supply a best practice example too. We have about 1200 members - local and worldwide. Thank you Audrey

Editor: If anyone is able to help, please get in touch with Audrey McKeown directly.

~~~~~

Another welcome, '*Random Recollections*' from our reader Julie Schwethelm in Germany, This time it's all about winter ... ***In Front of the Fire***

Our central heating usually decides to play tricks just before the weekend, or even more effective, just before Christmas. Once it stopped heating our house on Christmas Eve. The prospect of huddling up on the settee with layers of blankets and a solitary hot water bottle was less than appealing. And no central heating means no hot water either. It's at times like this when you realize how much you take such everyday comforts for granted.

The semi-detached house we lived in was built in the thirties and had a "sunshine lounge", which meant it had one large room functioning as both lounge and a dining room, instead of two smaller and more practical ones. With a fashionable French window opening into the back garden, our living-cum-dining room was a nightmare to keep warm. In the days before double glazing and central heating, we used to have reams of cloths spread out ceremoniously on the window ledges to seep up the condensation as it meandered down the window panes. When it was really cold, and it seemed to be really cold all the time in the winter, the panes of the French window would be filled with filigree icy shapes. It was always disappointing when they melted and turned into boring condensation, only to be mopped up and disappear forever into one of the endless supplies of cloths.

Most houses, ours included, only heated one room. In our "sunshine lounge" we had the luxury of a Berry's Magicoal electric fire, which was a slightly ugly affair made to look like a real coal fire. Encased in a khaki coloured metal housing, the "companionable glow" of pretend coal with its predictable hypnotic flame-like movement was arranged behind a heavy grating underneath which warm air whiffed out gracefully but without much effect. At the top there were four electric elements arranged like candles in a row and protected by thin metal bars. You just flicked the switch and within minutes your pseudo coal fire was ablaze. You could even vary the warmth by switching on just the glow, or two or all four elements. This heating appliance had an additional thrill factor, as there always seemed to be one of the elements wearing out. This was a

spectacular and frightening process which involved much flashing and spluttering of sparks as the dying element communicated desperately to the world that it was soon to relinquish its task of heating our living room and be replaced by a new member of the spare parts brigade.

Getting dressed in front of the fire was a routine way of starting the day in the winter. It was a warm orange glow that smelt of hot toast with the butter oozing and melting into the crisp white bread. My mother would often cut the toast to make it look like a house, with edible door and carefully carved out windows. The roof was the extra half slice which I would otherwise never have eaten. I would don my nylon quilted dressing gown and scuttle downstairs as quickly as possible to reach the warmth of the living room. As warm as toast.

Strewn with the other clothes across the hearth rug to warm was one particularly intriguing garment which, as I only discovered later when we were probably at the age when girls start to talk about clothes, not all little girls wore. Linda didn't. Christine did. I was of course one of those who did. It was the infamous liberty bodice, that extra warming piece of clothing to prevent me from "catching my death" in those cold winters. The liberty bodice was invented in 1908 by Fred Cox, Marketing Director at R & W H Symington & Co of Market Harborough as a fleecy knitted vest with rubber buttons, re-enforcing cotton tapes and buttons to attach drawers and stockings. The original intention of this sleeveless undergarment was to liberate women and girls from restricting heavily boned corsets. You can imagine those young women gleefully abandoning their uncomfortable whalebone corsets and enthusiastically embracing the freedom of the liberty bodice. By the time I had the pleasure of wearing one, the liberty bodice had lost much of its functionality but retained its image as something practical in which to button up a child warmly. My memories of wearing a liberty bodice are more linked to restriction and rebellion than gleeful liberation.

My Gran, who was born four years before Queen Victoria's reign came to an end, always insisted on wearing her corset. Every so often she would be "measured up" for a new one at home. To this purpose we would have a visit during the afternoon from two ladies, Mrs. Valentine and Kath. I had no idea what Kath's function was in this set-up, maybe she jotted down the measurements when the three of them were upstairs in my Gran's bedroom with the tape measure. Mrs. Valentine was the pearls and twinset and permed grey hair type of lady and she always did all the talking over tea and biscuits. She was very lah-di-dah and spoke with a cut glass accent. She seemed to fill the living room with her presence. Kath just sat there quietly and blended into the armchair so that I can't remember what she looked like or even her name other than Kath. Did she have one?

Gran continued to wear her bulky corset over woollen vests as long as she was in control. By then it resembled an enormous piece of armour in flesh pink, with various straps and buttons, laces and wobbly bones, utterly deprived of any of its functionality. Like the liberty bodice I had to wear, Gran's corset was a mere extra garment to keep her warm.

Many thanks, Julie, for another nostalgic trip down Memory Lane. It made me remember how, when Jack Frost was decorating the windows, I would take my underwear, for the following day, to bed with me, to keep it warm for the morning! No electric fire at our house, just my dad stoking the coal fire in the living room. I don't think I realised how lucky I was in those far off days!

~~~~~

Another welcome article from our reader Glyn Collin.

AN OLDHAMER AT GETTYSBURG

Jonathan Collin was born at the bottom of Greenacres Moor, Oldham, in 1830, the youngest child of Joseph a machine maker and his wife Betty. His father died in 1833 and mother in 1836 so Jonathan and elder brother Joseph were raised by their married sister and husband,

Gregory & Mally Whitehead. Gregory was a builder and timber merchant and both boys were apprenticed as house joiners. Gregory later built the *Queens Hotel*, Shaw Road which was the family home. In the 1861 census Jonathan had 'Jno' above his name so he was calling himself John.

In 1854 John went off to America and in December 1856 joined the 5th Regiment at Boston (The Bobcats) they were sent to Florida in January 1857 to Camp Malco which was their base from which to fight the Seminole Indians in the Big Cypress Swamp. After six months, John deserted at New Orleans and returned to Oldham; desertion rate in the US army was quite high.

In 1861 he was back with his sister at Shaw Road and working as a labourer in an iron foundry but the American Civil War started that year and Lancashire people were alive to the cause. John went back to America in 1862 and enlisted at Poughkeepsie NY as a musician (drummer) in the 150th NY Infantry, Company H, on September 19 1862 and mustered on October 11 1862. Each company had two drummers and a wagoner. Maybe he learned to drum in his previous service? Musicians were not required to carry arms; they were the voice of the regiment and assisted on the battlefield clearing the wounded and dead.

The Regiment left Poughkeepsie for Baltimore, down the river Hudson, and John joined the Regimental Band which entertained the boys with popular tunes. The Regiment was known as The Duchess County Regiment and John gets a mention in the chapter about the band which says John Collin was the only English boy in the band; all others native born apart from one Frenchman.

The Regiment overwintered in Baltimore and built a block house. Gettysburg was their first taste of war; the generals sent for the drummers at an early hour to rouse the troops for battle. The drummers assisted clearing the wounded from the field and assisting the surgeons in the field hospitals. John would be present when President Lincoln came to dedicate the cemetery and delivered his Gettysburg Address.

After Gettysburg the Regiment was posted to guard the Nashville to Chattanooga Railroad against guerilla fighters. In July 1864 John was detailed as a nurse at the Chattanooga Hospital and was admitted into it in September with diarrhoea, and would miss the Siege of Atlanta, returning to duty October 26, 1864. His service record shows he was charged for losing a tent; he probably dumped it on the march to Washington DC for the Grand Review, before the new President. When the war ended, they were mustered out, on June 8, 1865.

The Regiment then returned to Poughkeepsie to parade, be paid the town bounty, and stood down.

There is a grave in Nashville City Cemetery for a John Collin buried in Soldier Yard East End in December 1865, I presumed John had returned to Nashville, but a newspaper report for that date stated that it was an Irish man named John Cullen who had wandered out of the saloon drunk, fell in the creek and drowned; and had two sisters in Kentucky to mourn his loss.

The National Archives of America provided John's service record and also advised there was a widow's pension record from 1891 in Connecticut. The record revealed that John had married Eliza Bale at Poughkeepsie on January 10, 1866. Eliza was born in Kidderminster, England, in 1840 and went to America in 1856 to an aunt, the wife of Charles Howgate who was the first of the 150th Infantry to be killed at Gettysburg.

With the bounty and pay that John had saved, he was able to buy oyster beds in Long Island Sound and they lived at Flushing, Queens, New York. Oysters were the fast food of the day and eaten in vast quantities. John & Eliza had eight children; the first of whom died in infancy. They later moved out to Greenwich, Connecticut, another oyster centre, which was more family friendly. John also bought boats to rent out for pleasure and, when he died in 1891, he owned several oyster beds, sloops and round bottom boats, and his sons carried on the business.

John's army service record is in the name John Collin, he said he was 22 in 1862, but one document says 32 and the Town Clerk Register said he was born 1833. He joined on September 19 and also said his birthday was September 19, so he didn't know his birthday which was March 14. The Federal Government introduced army pensions in 1890 and all his records are in the name John Collins and his death certificate but all the local trade directories list him as John Collinge also, his will and gravestone. However, the one thing on all records that links them together is Musician Co. H, 150 NY Infantry. The Grand Army of the Republic attended his funeral which confirmed the same.

Not a bad adventure for an Oldham lad. I can't decide if he was trying to cover his past or just having a laugh.

Glyn Collin

Many thanks, Glyn, for sharing another entertaining and informative story with us.

~~~~~

## Internet links for freely available books/texts

Each month I will add a few more links to publications at the Internet Archive of Books & Texts website and on some occasions Google books or other free websites. As mentioned before, the ones I include will be mostly out of copyright and available, as a .pdf, to read online or download to your own device. There is no need to sign up unless you want to 'borrow' the more recent, copyrighted publications which are available to read on line but not download.

As always, I really hope you can get the enjoyment that I do from just browsing through the chapters and hearing authentic voices from over 100 years ago.

This month we have some in the spirit of Christmas ...

\* *The Book of Christmas*

by H.W Mabie pub.1909

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* *Chimes – A Goblin Story*

by Charles Dickens

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*

by C.C. Moore

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

MLFHS FACEBOOK PAGE

A short selection of entries from the MLFHS FACEBOOK PAGE ...
since the last newsletter :

* Archives+

Lancashire and Cheshire Antiquarian Society: An Anniversary

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* Scotland's People Record guides

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* Archives+

From Public Baths to Community Landmark: A Look at the Fascinating History of the

Manchester Victoria Baths

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* Tipperary Studies

In 1854, thirty two women and children were shipped off to Quebec in Canada from  
#Thurles Workhouse. It cost the Workhouse £35.

Read more, including the names of those who left ..

'Emigration from Thurles Workhouse' By Chris O'Mahony

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Maps, Empire and the Manchester Geographical Society

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* Finding George: A Remembrance Sunday Story

A journey to find one soldier who never returned home from the First World War

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Mapping Public Health in Victorian Manchester

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* Hoots from the Archive - MGS and the Battle of the Somme

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Family Tree - Researching the 1500s and before - family history tips

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* Two Women, One Infant, but which was the mother?

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Do You Know Who You Are?

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* Worsley Local History from the first known document dated 1195

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Recaptive Number 11,407: piecing together the life of a freed slave

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* FmP Fridays - Explore Oldham Inquisitions and five million new Manchester rate books

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
* Trafford Park Industrial Estate

[HERE](#)

~~~~~  
\* National Tithe Record Collection for England & Wales now complete on Map Explorer

[HERE](#)

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

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

~~~~~



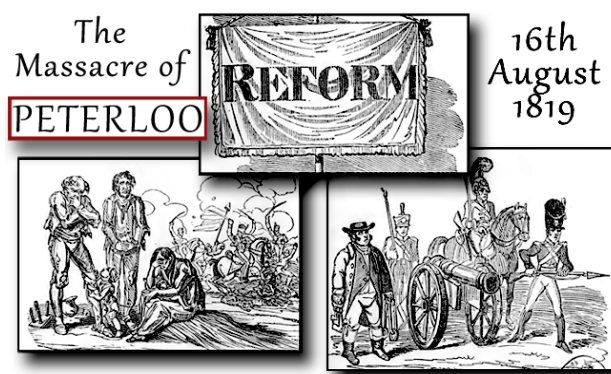
## PETERLOO : the Bi-Centenary

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](#)



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

## Need Help!

### Oldham Local Studies and Archives CLOSING on the 30<sup>th</sup> November

From their website:

*In preparation for our new home at Spindles the service will close at 84 Union Street on 30 November 2023. A temporary service will operate from Oldham Library in 2024 until the Spindles site is ready. We will not be able to accept new donations or provide access to physical archives during this time. Our digital resources will be available as usual.*

#### Opening hours

*We are open Mondays and Wednesdays to Fridays, 10am–5pm, Tuesdays 10am-2pm, and Saturdays 10am-4pm.*

#### [Oldham Council Heritage Collections](#)

There are regularly changing displays in the Local Studies Library.

[Opening hours](#) and contact details.

## 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](http://Peterloo-Manchester)  
Ranulf Higden Society (Latin transcription) - [Ranulf Higden Soc.](http://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](http://Manchester Regional Website)

### Some Useful Sites

GENUKI - [Lancashire](http://Lancashire)  
Free BMD - [Search](http://Search)  
[National Library of Scotland](http://National Library of Scotland) - Free to view, historic, zoomable maps of UK :  
1891 - Oldham and locality [HERE](http://HERE)  
Online Parish Clerk Project : Lancashire - [HERE](http://HERE)  
British Association for Local History - [HERE](http://HERE)  
and for their back issue journal downloads - [HERE](http://HERE)  
Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, website, [HERE](http://HERE)  
and for their back issue journal downloads, website, [HERE](http://HERE)  
Internet Archive ... The Internet Archive offers over **24,000,000** freely downloadable books and texts.  
[HERE](http://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](http://HERE) and Research guide [HERE](http://HERE)  
Historical Maps of parish boundaries [HERE](http://HERE)  
Regiments & Corps of the British Army (Wayback machine) [HERE](http://HERE)  
Special Collections on Find My Past [HERE](http://HERE)  
FmyP - The Manchester Collection [HERE](http://HERE)  
Goad fire insurance maps of Manchester [HERE](http://HERE)  
Cheshire Parish Register Project [HERE](http://HERE)  
Huddersfield Exposed [HERE](http://HERE)

### Some Local Archives

Barnsley Museum & Discovery Centre – [www.experience-barnsley.com](http://www.experience-barnsley.com)  
Birkenhead – [Local & Family History](http://Local & Family History)  
Bury – [www.bury.gov.uk/archives](http://www.bury.gov.uk/archives)  
Chester - [Cheshire Archives & Local Studies](http://Cheshire Archives & Local Studies) (linked from Discovery at the National Archives)  
Derbyshire - [Local & Family History](http://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

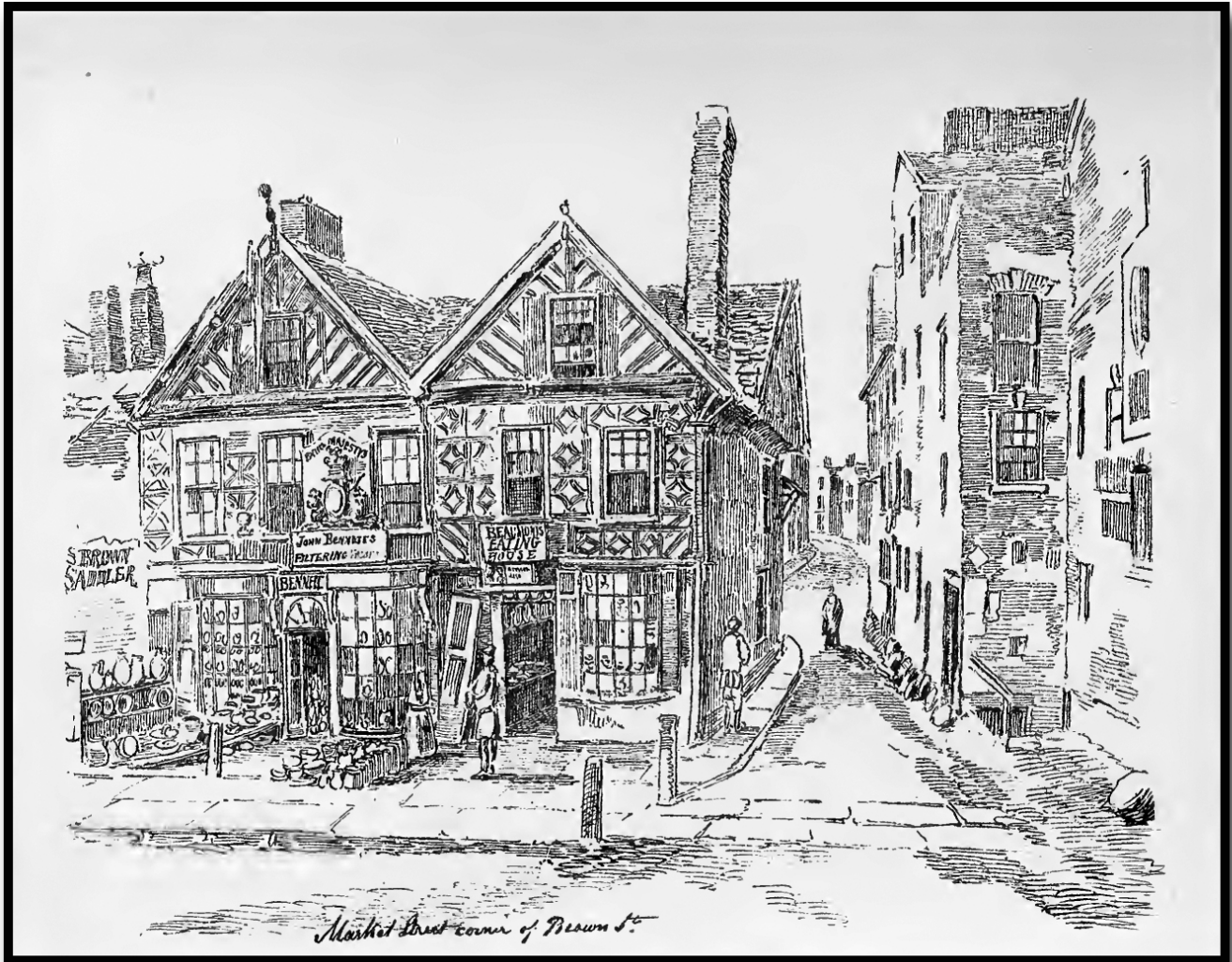
**'Failsworth Nook'** from Sim Schofield's, *'Short Stories about Failsworth Folk'* pub, 1905



A FAILSWORTH NOOK. OLD MILL-HOUSES.  
The scene of the Potato Pie Piffering Story.

~~~~~


From '**Old Manchester**' Drawn by Ralson, James & Others,
with an introduction by James Croston, pub. 1875



Market Street, bottom of Brown Street

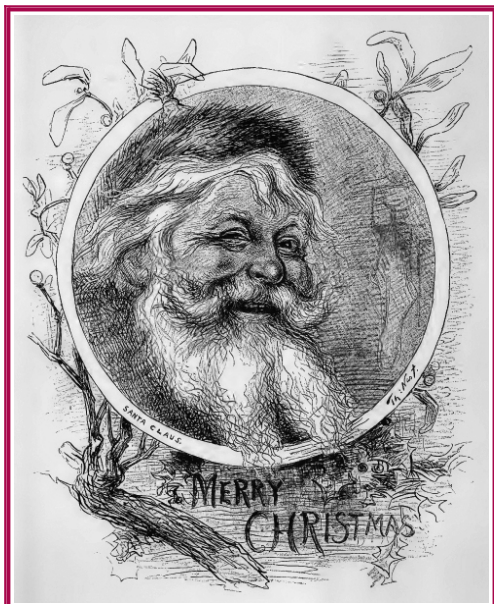
Ralston

As referred to, in '*Brown Street Notes*', in the '*Mixed Bag*'

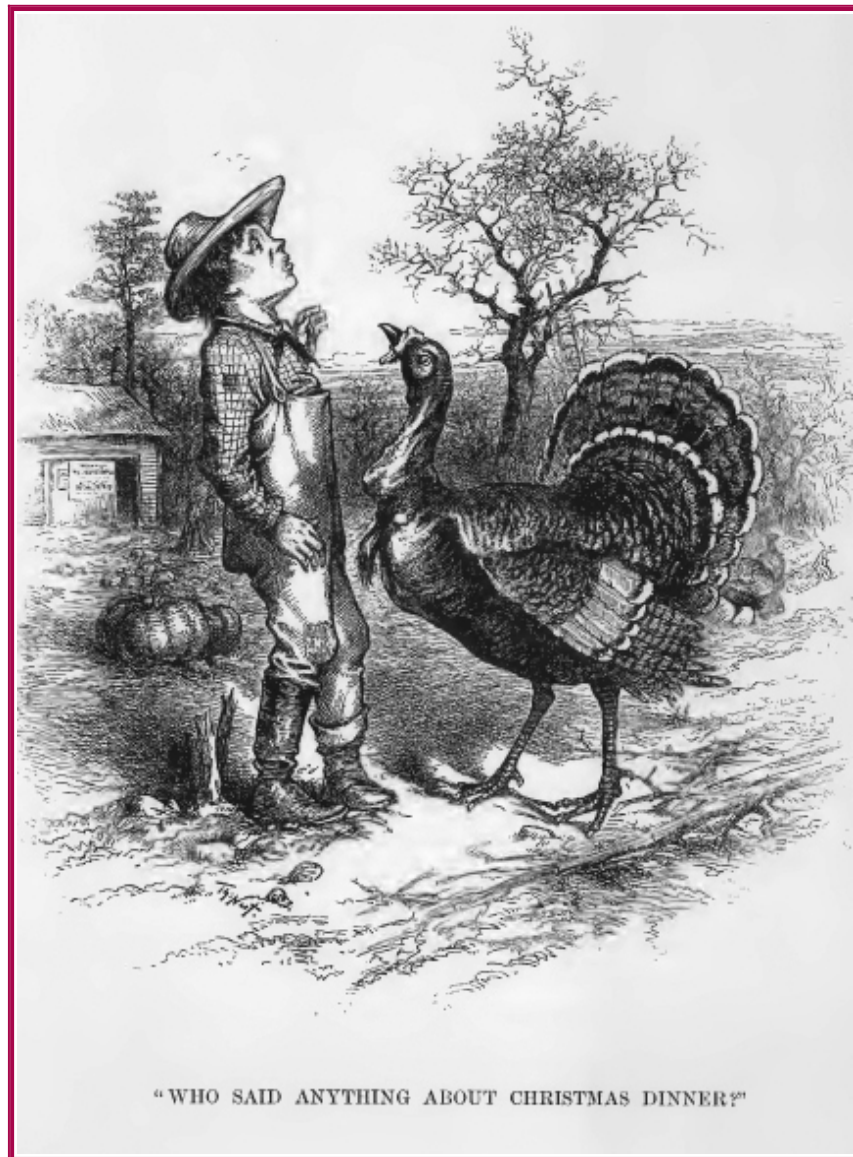
~~~~~

Some festive illustrations from:

**Christmas Drawings for the Human Race** by Thomas Nast pub. 1890



*THIS volume of Mr. Nast's "Christmas Drawings" is the first collection of his works which has been published. The pictures are well called "Drawings for the Human Race," because they appeal to the sympathy of no particular religious denomination or political party, but to the universal delight in the happiest of holidays, consecrated by the loftiest associations and endeared by the tenderest domestic traditions. Christmas is the holiday of all; but it is especially the Children's day.*



***"Who said anything about Christmas Dinner!"***

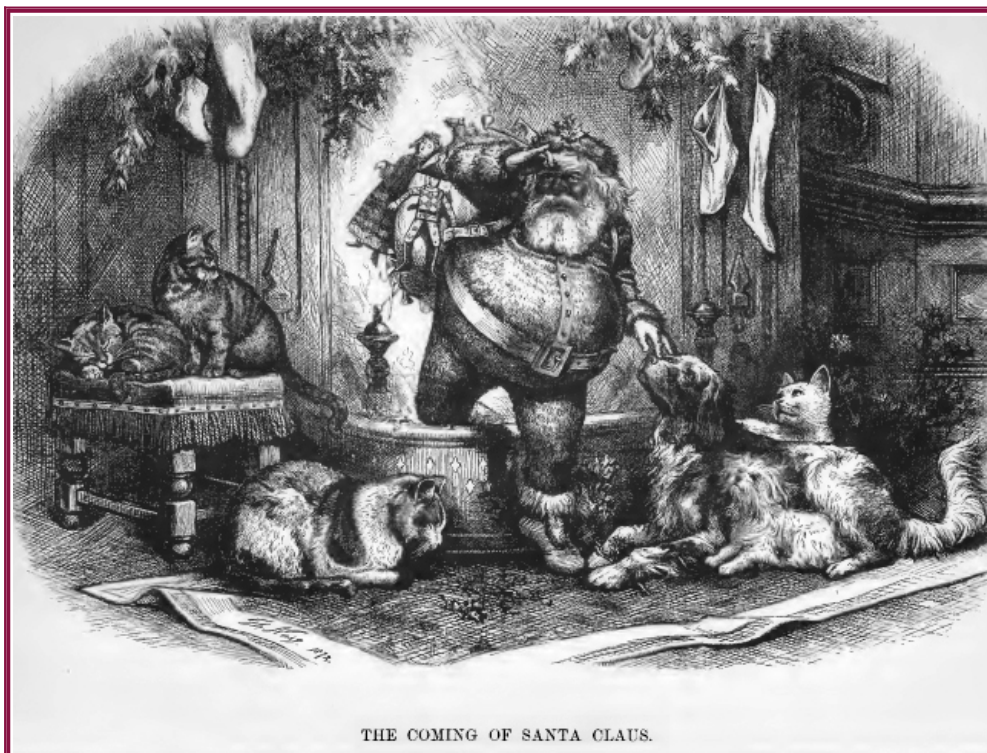
*The grotesque and airy fancies of childhood which cling about Santa Claus, as the good genius of Christmas, are reproduced upon these pages, in delightfully imaginative reality by the sympathetic touch of the artist, so that the book is an overflowing feast of true Christmas cheer. Mr. Nast's hand, when dealing with current topics of the time, tips the flashing shafts of wit with morality; with relentless humor puts cunning pretence in the pillory; and exposes public wrong to the fatal merriment which laughs it away. But the artist's hand is never happier than when, with the lambent light of the same humor, it irradiates the play of domestic affection, and makes the home circle gay. It is the bluff, honest Santa Claus of "The Night before Christmas;" the Santa Claus of the reindeer and the sleigh, alighting on the snowy roof, and descending the chimney with his wondrous pack of treasures; the Santa Claus of unsuspecting childhood, and the Mother Goose of undoubting infancy, to whom these pages introduce us.*

*There is no child who cannot understand them, no parent who cannot enjoy them. Mr. Nast is fairly without a rival in this kind. His Santa Claus is old Father Christmas himself, and his welcome will be as general and as hearty as that which salutes the crammed and enchanted stocking on Christmas morning.*





***Santa Claus Mail***



***The Coming of Santa Claus***