

'e-Owls'



Contact us :

Branch Website: <https://oldham.mlfhs.org.uk/>
MLFHS homepage : <https://www.mlfhs.org.uk/>
Email Chairman : chairman-oldham@mlfhs.org.uk
Emails General : oldham@mlfhs.org.uk
Email Newsletter Ed : Oldham_newsletter@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

JULY 2020

MLFHS - Oldham Branch Newsletter

Where to find things in the newsletter:

Oldham Branch News :	Page 1	From the e-Postbag :	Page 18
Other Branch Meetings :	Page 3	Peterloo Bi-Centenary :	Page 22
MLFHS Updates :	Page 3	Need Help! :	Page 23
Societies not part of MLFHS :	Page 4	Useful Website Links :	Page 23
'A Mixed Bag' :	Page 4	For the Gallery :	Page 25

Branch News :

Following April's Annual Meeting of the MLFHS Oldham Branch

Branch Officers for 2020 -2021 :

Committee Member : Chairman : Linda Richardson
Committee Member : Treasurer : Gill Melton
Committee Member : Secretary : position vacant
Committee Member : Newsletter & Webmistress:
Sheila Goodyear
Committee Member : Dorothy Clegg
Committee Member : Joan Harrison



'Storming of the Bastille, 14th July 1789'
from: *The Everyday Table Book*, 1826

Oldham Branch Meetings : Coronavirus Pandemic

Although it seems possible that libraries might open again, soon, with social distancing in place, all M&LFHS & Branch meetings remain suspended until further notice.
When meetings resume, the details will be found on the Society social media pages, in the newsletters, and on the website.

The newsletter will be sent out as usual.

There will be further updates on the Society website Home Page and on the Branch pages.

The quarterly issues of the Society Journal will go out to members as usual. It relies heavily on

Branch reports and what the Society has been doing at events and fairs etc. However, this sort of news won't be there for quite a long time! To fill the pages with interesting articles, it's hoped that more people will write up family stories and contribute them to the journal. Please refer to the page, '*Notes for Contributors*', in the Journal, for information on how to send articles, etc. The Society Facebook page [HERE](#) and the Twitter page [HERE](#) will be updated frequently.

~~~~~

### **Chairman's remarks :**

Hello everyone and welcome to the July newsletter. I hope you are all well and looking forward to the light at the end of the Covid tunnel.

The Oldham Branch committee are continuing to work behind the scenes on your behalf booking speakers for next year. We hope there will be something to interest everyone. We have also provisionally booked the Performance Space at Oldham Library for our meetings next year and are just waiting for confirmation which will, I hope, be forthcoming when the Libraries re-open.

As a taster for next year, we have approached both the Co-operative Archives and the Canal and River Trust to see if they can attend one of our branch meetings and give a talk about their respective organisations. If you have suggestions for other topics that may be of interest to the Branch Members, please contact us with your ideas.

We are still hoping to find a volunteer, for the committee, who might also be willing to take on the duties of Secretary in the fullness of time. Please get in touch with me if you would like more information.

Stay safe, and we will do our best to keep you informed through the Oldham Branch website and this newsletter.

Linda Richardson

Chairman, Oldham Branch

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

~~~~~

Editor's remarks.

Unbelievably, yet another month has passed and, looking back, I cannot believe how quickly I accepted and adapted to my 'new' life; the unthinkable and unacceptable became the norm. But now, I'm beginning to worry that I may have become too comfortable in my 'bubble of safety'... and I wonder how easy, or difficult, it will be to return to the new 'normality' of which, so far, I have no experience.

During the last few weeks, like so many other folk, I have 'dipped' my toe into the 'zoom' water. My first attempt, with a link through the email invitation, was a miserable failure ... still not quite sure why. I then decided to download the app and that seemed to solve the problem ... although it might just have been co-incidence! Anyway, the result was that I've been able to have face to face catch-up with my family, which made us quite emotional, even though we'd been in contact by phone each day!!

Progress is well in hand for the new MLFHS website and, hopefully, by the time the next newsletter comes out, we might have a date for it being on-line and 'live'.

As Linda has mentioned, in her remarks, she and Gill have been working hard to ensure that we have a full programme of meetings organised for as soon as 'normal service' is resumed. Finally, I have to apologise ... as has been pointed out to me, somehow or another, I managed to miss out the answer to question 15 from the May Newsletter's quiz. The answer was, of course, Thomas Henshaw.

You can read more about this strange story in William Rowbottom's Diary, the relevant extracts of which I've included in the 'Mixed Bag'.

The full diary, 1787 - 1830, transcribed by Mary Pendlbury & Elaine Sykes, is [HERE](#)

I have not listed any talks, for obvious reasons, but I'm still leaving the society/group names there, with a website url where available, so that you can keep a check on what might be happening with them. Hopefully, we can all find ways of pursuing our interests without risking our well-being.

PLEASE help us keep the journal and newsletters alive ... put on your 'thinking caps' and send us your photos, stories and pictures.

Keep safe and keep well.

Although I am always more than happy to receive articles, pictures etc., for 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 unless you decide to waive that right, at the time of sending.

Editor reserves the right to edit any contributions before publication.

email me at : Oldham_newsletter@mlfhs.org.uk

~~~~~

## Oldham & District, Bolton & Scottish Branches

Please visit the Branch Websites for information and any updates :

Oldham & District [HERE](#)

Anglo-Scottish [HERE](#)

Bolton [HERE](#)

~~~~~

MLFHS updates

The MLFHS Family History Help Desk ... Now open for business again!

~~~~~

**Beginners Talks ... CANCELLED until further notice**

~~~~~

MLFHS Online Bookshop: CLOSED until further notice

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

~~~~~

## MLFHS & Branch e-Newsletters

MLFHS and each of the MLFHS branches publishes a monthly e-newsletter which provides useful news items. The e-newsletters are free and available to both members and non-members of MLFHS. To sign-up, or read online, simply click the appropriate link below where you will find copies of past issues, or complete the short form on the branch e-newsletter page, to receive a link by email each month.

[MLFHS](#)   [Anglo-Scottish](#)   [Bolton](#)   [Oldham](#)

~~~~~

Meetings and Talks at other Societies &/or Venues

Please note ... the relevant society/group websites or organisers care still being included, here, as they can be checked for further information or on-line resource material and activities.

Oldham Historical Research Group: ...

Website [HERE](#)

~~~~~

**Library Events & Gallery talks at Gallery Oldham**

~~~~~

Saddleworth Historical Society & Saddleworth Civic Trust

At the Saddleworth Museum, High Street, Uppermill.

~~~~~

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

See their website [HERE](#)

~~~~~

Tameside History Club :

Website and programme [HERE](#)

~~~~~

**Tameside Local Studies and Archives - Regular Sessions and Events**

Website and programme [HERE](#)

~~~~~

Moorside & District Historical Society

~~~~~

**Regional Heritage Centre :**

Website [HERE](#)

~~~~~

'A Mixed Bag'

The following article came about via an email from Julie Egan, who was trying to identify where Stake Leach was located, and we were pleased when we found we were able to help. The accompanying extract from a will, promised a story to be told. I asked Julie if she would write it up for the newsletter and, happily, she agreed to do so.

THE SUMMERSCALES OF OLDHAM

The furthest back I have managed to trace my Summerscales heritage was when they fought with the English Army at The Battle of Flodden Field, Northumberlandshire in 1513. They were rewarded by the King Henry VIII for their loyalty and given land on Silsden Moor, Yorkshire where they became yeoman farmers.

Wikipedia states :

"The later sense of yeoman as "a commoner who cultivates his own land" is recorded from the 15th through 18th centuries. Yeomen farmers owned land freehold, leasehold or copyhold. Their wealth and the size of their landholding varied. The Concise Oxford Dictionary states that a yeoman was "a person qualified by possessing free land of 40/- (shillings) annual [feudal] value, and who can serve on juries and vote for a Knight of the Shire. He is sometimes described as a small landowner, a farmer of the middle classes". Sir Anthony Richard Wagner, Garter Principal King of Arms, wrote that "a Yeoman would not normally have less than 100 acres" (40 hectares) "and in social status is one step down from the Landed gentry, but above, say, a husbandman". Often it was hard to distinguish minor landed gentry from the wealthier yeomen, and wealthier husbandmen

from the poorer yeomen.

Yeomen were often constables of their parish, and sometimes chief constables of the district, shire or hundred. Many yeomen held the positions of bailiffs for the High Sheriff or for the shire or hundred. Other civic duties would include churchwarden, bridge warden, and other warden duties. It was also common for a yeoman to be an overseer for his parish. Yeomen, whether working for a lord, king, shire, knight, district or parish, served in localised or municipal police forces raised by or led by the landed gentry. Some of these roles, in particular those of constable and bailiff, were carried down through families. Yeomen often filled ranging, roaming, surveying, and policing roles. In districts remoter from landed gentry and burgesses, yeomen held more official power: this is attested in statutes of the reign of Henry VIII (reigned 1509–1547), indicating yeomen along with knights and squires as leaders for certain purposes. "

In the late 1700s Richard Summerscale born 1771 (the 's' came later) and his nephew also called Richard moved from Silsden to Hollinwood. Their ancestors had amassed wealth in Yorkshire of which they had inherited and they wanted to try their hand across the border into Lancashire. Their trades were skimmers and butchers. This meant that they treated animal skins after they had been removed from the animals in a tanyard. The animal skins were treated with human urine provided by the poor families. They would all urinate in a pot and sell it at the end of each day to the skimmers. If a family was extremely poor and didn't own a pot, this is where the saying goes 'Didn't have a pot to piss in'. At that time skimmers were absolutely essential to economic life. They would have had a high position in the community. Skimmers dressed and traded furs, which were both a luxury item and a necessity. Strict controls reserved ermine, sable and marten for royalty and aristocracy, the middle classes could use squirrel and fox, the common people had to get by with lambskin, rabbit or cat.

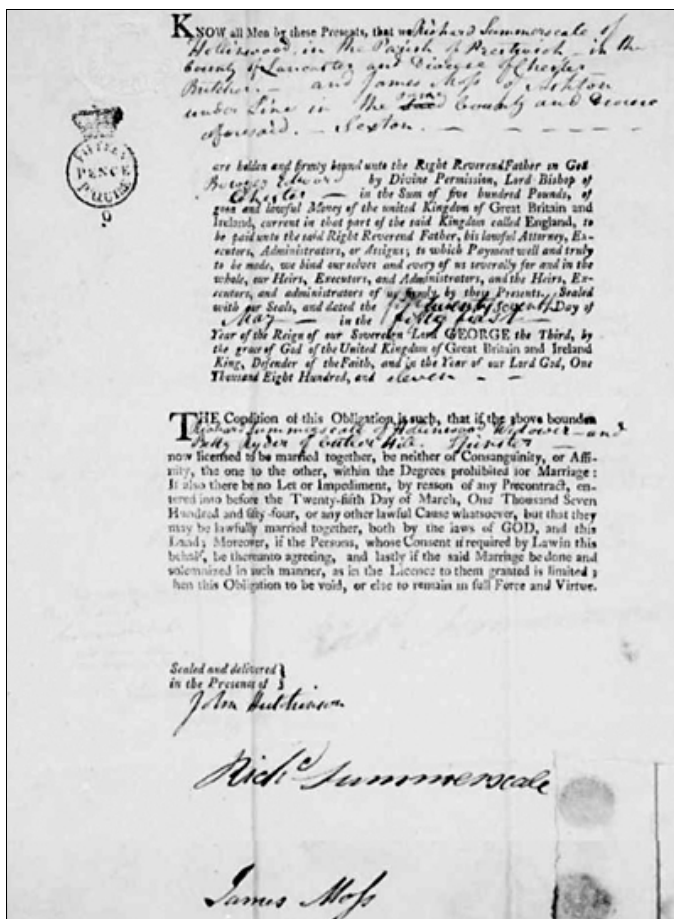
Victorians ate a lot of meat. Not one single part of the animal was wasted, with the animal divided in terms of cuts and their tenderness. The upper classes bought large feasting joints, the bigger the better, for their three meals per day, each of which were based around meat. Bones were bought to flavour soups, and less meaty and less tender cuts were sold to the poor including salted fat for nutrition. There's even stories of blood being sold by the pint for drinking – supposedly good for combatting Tuberculosis.

Shopping at the butcher was usually done daily, thanks to the lack of refrigeration. To combat this, salt preservation was huge, and helped to keep pieces of meat fresh for longer during warmer times. Things started to change a little towards the end of the century, when beef was kept in an 'ice safe', with ice delivered by the rather ominous sounding 'ice man' who delivered huge iceberg-like blocks on his horse drawn cart. Richard had married Mary Mitchel in Kildwick Yorkshire on 17th April 1792. She passed away in Hollinwood 1810 leaving him with six young children, the youngest James was only three.

He married his second wife, Betty Ryder (known as Matty) in 18th May 1811 at St Michael's Church, Ashton under Lyne.

Interestingly, before his second marriage, Richard signed a marriage bond and allegation ... Marriage bonds and allegations only exist for couples who applied to marry by licence. They do not exist for couples who married by banns. The marriage bond set a financial penalty on the groom and his bondsman (usually a close friend or relative) in the case the allegation should prove to be false. There have always been some people who want to marry in a hurry or in private. The church allowed them to avoid the delay and publicity of calling banns on three successive Sundays by providing, for a fee, a marriage license. The information given in order to obtain the license may include detail not available elsewhere. The centrally filed record may lead directly to the place of marriage and may survive when the marriage record itself has been lost.

Transcription



"Know all Men by these Presents, that Richard Summerscale of Hollinwood, in the Parish of Prestwich, in the County of Lancaster, and Diocese of Chester, Butcher, and James Mop of Ashton under Line, in the same County and Diocese aforesaid. - Sexton ---

are bidden and firmly bound unto the Right Reverend Father in God [?] Edward by Divine Permission, Lord Bishop of Chester - in the sum of five hundred Pounds, of gold and lawful Money of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, current in that part of the said Kingdom called England, to bepaid unto the said Right Reveerend Father, his lawful Attorney, Executors, Admnistrators, or Assigns; to which payment well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves, and very one of us severally for and in the whle, our Heirs, Executors, and Administrators, and the Heirs, Executors, and Administrators of us singly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and dated the twenty seventh Day of May - in the fifty first Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of God of the

United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and in the year of our Lord God, One Thousand Eight Hundred and eleven. ---

The Condition of this Obligation is such that if the above bounden Richard Summerscales of Hollinwood, Widower - and Betty Ryder of Cutler Hill, Spinster - now licensed to be married together, be neither of Consanguinity, or Affinity, the one to the other, within the Degrees prohibited for Marriage : It also there be no Let or Impediment, by reason of any Precontract, entered into before the Twenty-fifth Day of March, One Thousand Seven Hundred and fifty-four, or any other lawful Cause whatsoever, but that they may be lawfully married together, both by the laws of GOD, and this Land; Moreover, if the Persons, whose Consent is required by Law in this behalf, be thereunto agreeing, and lastly if the said Marriage be done and solemnised in ssuch manner, as in the Licence to them granted is limited then this Obligation to be void, or else to remain in full Force and Virtue."

Sealed and delivered
in the Presence of
John Hutchinson

Richd. Summerscale [signature & seal]
James Mop [signature & seal]

Couples in a hurry or requiring privacy might include those where:

1. The bride was pregnant or the groom was on leave from the Army or Navy.
2. The parties differed greatly in age, such as a widow marrying a much younger man or an old man marrying a young woman.
3. The parties differed in social standing, such as a master marrying a servant.
4. The parties differed in religion or did not attend the parish church because they were Nonconformists or Roman Catholics.
5. The parties were of full age but still faced family opposition to their marriage.
6. The parties had already married, perhaps in Scotland or overseas, and wished to clarify their status in English law.

Those requiring privacy for these reasons could also, as a result of the shorter residence requirement of the license and the ease with which the residence requirement could be avoided, marry away from their usual places of residence. The resulting ceremony might well cost less than a local wedding and this may have been an incentive in much the same way as later quiet marriages in register offices, after 1837, also avoided cost. Such marriages would be difficult to trace if it were not for the central record of the issuing of the licence.

From quite early times people of social standing who did not wish to attend the parish church to hear their banns called married by license. A marriage by license therefore became a standard symbol of social status. Very grand people who wanted to marry in a private house or chapel could pay even higher fees for a special license. However, for the above reasons licenses are found right across the social scale. Overseers of the poor, for instance, might pay for a license to marry off a pregnant pauper before the birth of her child.

Richard wrote his will on the 22nd Dec 1828 eight days before his death at the age of fifty seven. The will consists of the following ...

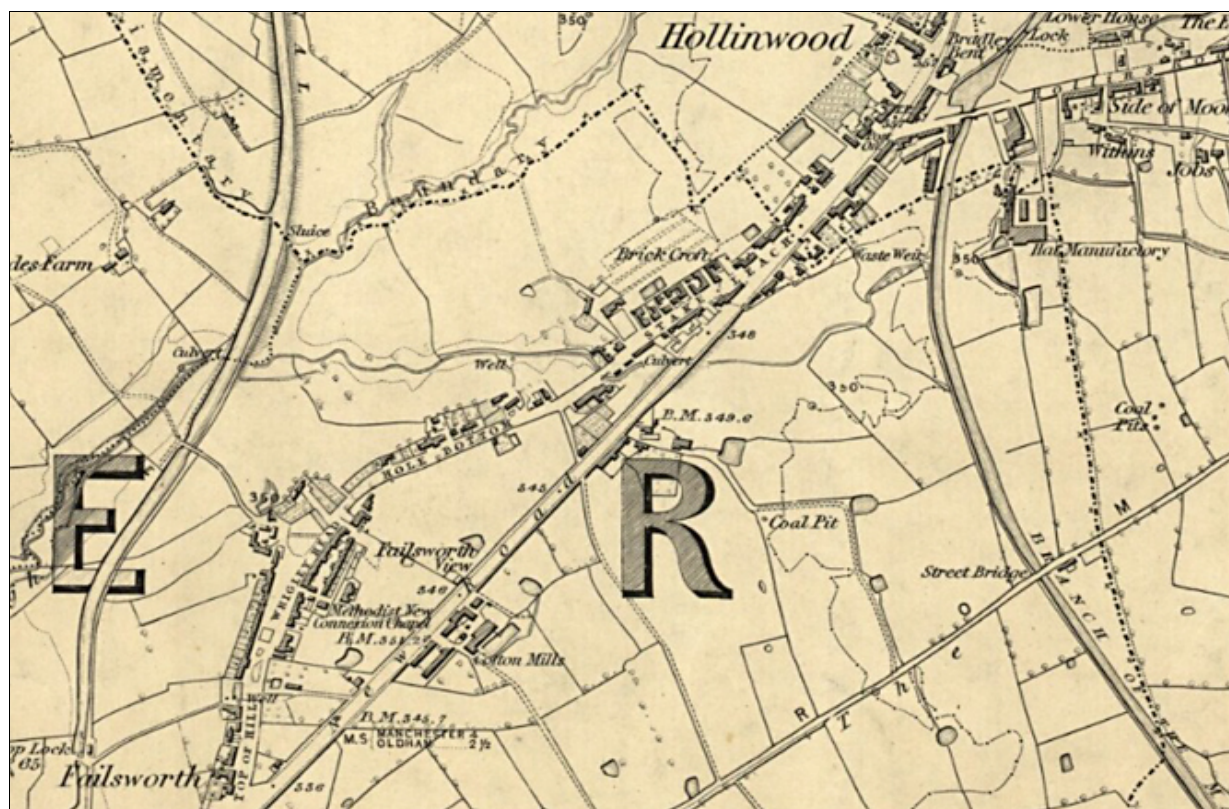
"In the name of god amen. I Richard Summerscale of Hollinwood in the county of Lancaster, butcher, being of sound memory and understanding do make this my last will and testament in form and manner following. And first, after the payment of all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, I give and bequeath to my wife Matty Summerscale all and singular my household goods and chattels which originally belonged to her. I also give and bequeath to my grandchildren James and Mary the children of my late son Richard the sum of five pounds share and share alike to be paid to them on their attaining the age of twenty one years by my executors hereinafter named. I also give and bequeath to my daughter Betty Baker the sum of five pounds to be paid to her at the end of twelve months next after my decease. I give and bequeath to my son Joseph the like sum of five pounds to be paid to him in twelve months next after my decease. I give, devise and bequeath to my son John all that my leasehold cottage or dwelling house, with the freehold court in the front there and all other appurtenances thereto belonging, situated at Stakeleach and now in the occupation of James Clough subject to the payment of one half of the legacy herein before bequeathed to my grandchildren, my daughter Betty and my son Joseph, to hold to him my said son John, his heirs and assigns for ever or during my interest therein. I also give and bequeath to my son James my other leasehold cottage or dwelling house with the freehold court in the point thereof and all other appurtenances thereto belonging situated at Stakeleach aforesaid and now in my own occupation subject to the payment of the other half of the legacies herein before bequeathed to my daughter Betty, my grandchildren and my son Joseph to hold to him my said son John his heirs and assigns for ever or during my interest therein. I moreover give and bequeath to my daughter Ann Lawton, the sum of five pounds to be paid her from off the said leasehold cottage share and share alike, to be paid to her at the death of her husband John Lawton and not otherwise. Lastly I do hereby nominate and appoint my sons Joseph and John joint executors of this my last will and testament hereby revoking all former wills made by me. "

The value of the estate was less than two hundred pounds altogether. At that time £200 could have bought : 1,000 days of craftsman wages in the building trade, 303 stones of wool, 99 quarters of wheat, 37 cows or 13 horses.

The King on the throne from 1760 to 1820 was George III.

Richard died on 30th Dec at Stake Leach and was buried at St Margaret's Church Hollinwood on 4th Jan 1828. Stake Leach was a piece of land which now can be found at the top end of Wickentree Lane Hollinwood.

Circa 1845 Map of road from Failsworth up to Hollinwood. Diagonally is the 'New Road' which would later be renamed as, Oldham Road. Curving away, to the left is the present Wickentree Lane, then known as 'Top of Hill', Wrigley Head, Hole Bottom and, finally, Stake Leach before it re-joins Oldham Road, at Hollinwood (where the Roxy Cinema once stood)



John Summerscales 1802

Richard's son John was baptised 28th Feb 1802 at Chadderton Hollinwood at St Margaret's. John married Grace Stansfield on the 5th Feb 1827 at the parish church in Prestwich which was only ten months before his father died. John inherited Stake Leach from his father and lived there until 1861. He and his brother James continued the Summerscales tradition of being farmer butchers. In 1851 John was listed at Oldham below Town, Stake Leach, butcher and farmer employer, 2 labourers and 2.3 acres of land. 1861 at 19 Holt Lane Failsworth, farmer of 23 acres and employer of two labourers and one boy. Servant John Thomas aged 23 was a carter. In 1871 living with Grace and son Henry at 508 Manchester Road Oldham. The address between them and 504 was 'Summerscales Yard' this was likely to be where they prepared meat for selling. John was buried in the family vault St John's Failsworth. There is evidence of a John Summerscales also owning a shop and stable in The Market Place Oldham around the same time. It was run by two men. T. Bradbury and Daniel unknown. Buried at St John's Failsworth on the 30th May 1871 aged sixty nine years.

John Summerscales 1828

John and Grace's son John 1828 was baptised at St Margaret Hollinwood on the 6th Jan 1828 only two days after his grandfather Richard's funeral. John married Elizabeth Hulton daughter of Edward Hulton, grocer and corn merchant on Dob Lane Failsworth, on the 10th Feb 1852 at St John's Failsworth. At the time of his marriage he was an agricultural labourer working for his father at Stake Leach.

In 1859 John served time as a prisoner for debt at Lancaster Castle. His cousin John Summerscales 1807 was the Registrar of the court at that time and was the official assignee at the meeting of creditors. It took six years for an order of discharge to be granted by the county court of Lancashire in Sept 1865. He was also mentioned in the Blackburn Standard on Wed. 18th Aug 1858 re an insolvency hearing in Lancaster :

London Gazette April 8th 1859

In the Matter of John Summerscales, formerly of Failsworth, within Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, Butcher, afterwards living in lodgings in Hollinwood, within Oldham, in the said county, Farm Labourer, afterwards a Prisoner for Debt, in Lancaster Castle, then afterwards living in lodgings in Hollinwood, within Oldham aforesaid, Farm Labourer, an Insolvent Debtor.

and

London Gazette October 3rd 1865

John Summerscales, late of Pole Lane, Failsworth, in the county of Lancaster, Butcher, Cattle Dealer, &c, and late a Prisoner for Debt in Her Majesty's Prison at Lancaster, adjudicated bankrupt by a Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy, attending at Lancaster Castle, on the 16th day of August, 1865, and the adjudication being directed to be prosecuted at the County Court of Lancaster, holden at Oldham. An Order of Discharge was granted by the County Court of Lancashire, holden at Oldham, on the 28th day of September, 1865.

Lancaster Castle was still a category C prison in 2007. Debtors prison was a place where they took people who couldn't pay their taxes, rent or debts. These places were commonly workhouses where they would make potato sacks, baskets and other mass-produced items. These are very similar to the ones in the Charles Dickens novel *Oliver Twist*. A debtors prison could also be a small jailhouse resembling a small house or shed. This would be a place for debtors and their families to stay in for a short sentence. Normally, if a debtor had a family, then they would accompany him in prison. Jails in the 1850's were mostly dark, overcrowded and filthy. All types of prisoners were herded together with no separation of men and women, the young and the old, the convicted and unconvicted, or the sane and the insane. The poor conditions were described in detail by Charles Dickens in his book *Great Expectations*. The description from his own experience in debtors prison as a child. In the early 1860's prisons were reformed. In some prisons the cooking was excellent, far better than in most ordinary inns. It seemed that the convicts were not just well fed, but fed as well or even better than some non-criminal Londoners. Food is not the only area where English convicts seemed to fair better than non-convicts. The convicts got exercise, had regular habits, sufficient feeding, were healthier than the average population and didn't have to worry about keeping a job. Once a week, every man had an excellent bath. The bedding was good, the whole building was warm and every corner was thoroughly ventilated. It provided schooling for the criminals. They were also allowed to borrow library books from an excellent library in the prison. It seemed advantageous for an Englishman to commit a crime, thereby be convicted to prison, where he could obtain better food, baths and good warm lodgings, than if he were struggling on the streets of London.

Who bailed John out is unknown but by 1861 John and Elizabeth with their six children were living at St Johns Terrace, Pole Lane Failsworth and he was working as a butcher. My great great grandfather, their seventh child, Joseph Summerscales was born in Failsworth in 1863. In 1877 Elizabeth died of phthisis in 1877 at the age of forty nine. John was present at the death and registered it. He remarried Mary Agnes Gibson on the 31st Aug 1878 at St Johns Failsworth. She was twenty seven years younger than him. On her wedding day she was twenty three years old to his fifty years. She went on to bear him another five children. By 1881 they were living at 19 Hawcote Road, Barrow in Furness and in 1882 he opened up his first butcher's shop in Manchester Road Hollinwood. By 1891, at 337-339 Ashton Road East, Failsworth, now doing his own accounts. The slaughterhouse was on the site of Daisy Nook. John was buried on the 26th Nov 1910 in the family vault at St John's Failsworth. Other interesting information that I've found is that John Summerscales apparently brought the telephone system to the borough and was a local councillor. In 1901 he testified in court that

his son John Gibson had only fired a toy revolver in a field in Woodhouses. A local constable had witnessed the event and said it was a real firearm. John Gibson was fined a few shillings. John's eldest son Richard, born 1854 in Failsworth, took over the butcher's business from him.

COUNTY POLICE COURT.

COWARDLY WIFE ASSAULT.—Richard H. Summerscales, butcher, living in Ashton Road, Failsworth, was charged, before Mr. J. M. Yates, Q.C., and other justices, with assaulting his wife.—The prosecutrix gave evidence that on Thursday last the prisoner came home drunk and wished to turn the children out of doors. On her remonstrating with him he savagely assaulted her and kicked her about the body. It was not the first time she had suffered from his ill-treatment.—Police Sergeant Howarth stated that the prisoner bore a very bad character in the neighbourhood.—Mr. Yates said the assault was particularly cowardly and brutal. He committed the prisoner for one month with hard labour, and granted the wife a separation order.

In March 1895, according to the attached Guardian newspaper article, Richard was sentenced to a month's hard labour for beating up his wife; she was granted a separation order.

It didn't stop him going back though as they had four further children making a total of eight.

John Summerscales 1807

The following is an extract of an obituary notice taken from the Oldham Chronicle published in February 1868 :



" It is with deep regret that we announce the death of John Summerscales Esq of higher Field, Werneth, senior partner in the firm of Summerscales and Tweedale, Solicitors, Church Lane. Mr Summerscales died at the residence of his sister, Mrs Clegg, Arnside, Westmorland, on the morning of Wednesday at a quarter past three, after a lingering and painful illness, cancer of the stomach. He would have been sixty-one years of age had he lived until the 5th of April. The funeral will take place at Chadderton Cemetery on Wednesday next. Mr Summerscales was admitted as an attorney and solicitor in Trinity term 1828 so that he had been in practice for forty years and, with the exception of Mr Kay Clegg Esq, who had been in business forty years, Mr Summerscales was the most senior practitioner in Oldham. He was mainly Instrumental in obtaining the passing of the

Act to establish the Court of Requests for Oldham and the neighbourhood, and he obtained the subscription necessary for defraying the legal expenses attending the measure in its various stages through parliament. It was decided at a public meeting of the inhabitants in the summer of 1838 that an application should be made for the Act, and at a general meeting of the subscribers, numbering not less than six hundred persons, in October of that year, Mr Summerscales was approved solicitor for the bill. After exerting himself most laboriously he finally succeeded in piloting the measure through both houses of parliament. The appointment of Clerk of the Court rested with the magistrates of the county assembled in quarter sessions at Salford and was confirmed upon him in the year 1839. He continued to act as clerk of the court of requests until the passing of the county court act in 1847 and he was then appointed registrar of the courts for Oldham and Saddleworth by John Farmer Stock Greaves Esq, the first judge of the district. He retained the office of registrar for Saddleworth up to the period of his decease. When the charter of incorporation was granted to Oldham in 1849, Mr Summerscales was appointed town Clerk, an office which he filled for thirteen years until his resignation in 1862. On his

retirement a testimonial valued at between £300-£400 was raised by the inhabitants, including a portrait by Phillip Wescott of London and a candelabra, timepiece, silver, etc. Mr Summerscales name is also intimately connected with the formation of the cemetery at Chadderton and Greenacres. The meeting for deciding the adopting the burial act was held in the Town Hall on the 11th January 1854 and cemeteries were opened on 1st August 1857. He held the office of Clerk to the burial board from its formation until its powers were rested in the corporation by virtue of the act of 1865. He was one of the first vice presidents of the Lyceum and in the early stages of its career he took the warmest interest in its welfare. He was President of the Manchester Law Association in 1866 and one of the examiners of gentlemen desirous of becoming attorneys in the year 1865-6."

Joseph Summerscales b.1863.

My link to the butchers of Failsworth ended with my gtgt. grandfather Joseph Summerscales, son of John and Elizabeth.. He was born at Pole Lane, Failsworth in 1863 and married Ellen Day on 10th Dec 1882 at St John's Failsworth. They moved to Stockport where he became a book keeper and wages clerk at Palmer Mill in Stockport. They had four children.

from left to right:

Elizabeth, Joseph, Fred, Ellen, Adeline

From : Julie Egan



~~~~~

### **FAILSWORTH VIEW**

Not much of a view, today but 180 years ago it would have been a different story. In 1840, two adjoining cottages, known as Failsworth View, were built on what was then known as the New Turnpike Road between Oldham and Manchester, later to be known as Oldham Road.



The old main road, at that time, went along Wickentree Lane and past the Old Packhorse Inn. There was a cottage about 100 yards from "Failsworth View", on the other side of the road, but little else to be seen other than fields.



The builder of these 2 cottages was a man named Robert Schofield and he was the 2x Great Grandfather of my husband, Martin Goodyear. The cottages have remained in the family's possession since that time.

Robert married Ruth Clough in January 1840. That same year he built the 2 cottages; one for himself and Ruth and the adjoining one for her sister Harriet, and her husband James Hyde. Robert gave his occupation as "weaver" on the 1841 census and both Harriet and Ruth were recorded as "silk weavers". A loom room was built in the upstairs rear room of each cottage, with a connecting door allowing the shared use of ancillary equipment such as warping frame and pirnwinder.



Robert's great-granddaughter, Florence May was born in 1902 and lived there all her life until her death in 1996. She was a wonderful woman with a rich sense of humour, a strong religious faith, boundless love for her family and a great deal of deep-seated common sense. Blessed with an amazing memory, in later years she was never happier than telling the tales of her childhood and life along Oldham Road. Much of this she eventually recorded, and titled it, 'Robert a th' View'. It was dedicated as, "An Expression of Gratitude to 'The Little People', irrespective of their years, who have enriched my Ripe Old Age," and it is from this manuscript that I've taken the little story that follows:

"Auntie, who is this lady?" queried my eight-year-old great-nephew holding up a very old photograph, but before I could answer a little voice piped, "Doggie, doggie, woof, woof." and it was the three-year-old little sister of the speaker expressing her

interest, not in the lady, but certainly in the lady's pet as her eager fingers attempted to grasp the fading carte-de-visite revealed.

Whilst in a fit of nostalgia, I had surrounded myself with family reminders of an earlier age. "Tell me a story about this doggie," pleaded the little girl, completely taking over the situation, whilst her brother had to await the reply he was seeking.

"Well, my dear, the little dog was called Fido. He lived in this house years ago and he was a good companion to the lady in the picture. The lady became my mother, who was also the mother of your grandfather and that makes her your great-grandmother. Too young to be interested in the genealogical aspect, comments rolled out which developed into a quick question and answer session. "He's sitting up, is he not playing with the lady?" "Oh, no, he is being obedient; see the lady has raised her finger to him. I think she must have said, 'Now, Fido, you be a good boy.' " "Why, what had he done?" "I don't really know, but he could have been chasing boys and girls for their pocket-money." This was news indeed, for up to now, in spite of her marked interest in domestic animals, in her short life never had she found a dog which liked money.

Anticipating further questions I volunteered the theory that he must have noticed dropped coins rolling and, being speedier than the owners, he got to them first, as a visit to his kennel often testified. Stunning information of this nature put a temporary halt to the rapid interrogation and the thoughtful look on her face was an indication that a poser was being dealt with by her active brain which, no doubt, would demand a further crop of answers in due course. However, her brother, quick to spy the advantage this lull had given him, commented, "I like the bag of gold story best." I expected to be asked to tell this once again but was spared the repetition, for

Rachel, having obtained her second wind, was this time attracted by passing traffic so decided to monopolise her brother's skills and ingenuity by suggesting he should convert the settee into a dormobile. A lightning change of interest therefore took place.

Michael liked the Bag of Gold Story. So did I. It was one beloved of my childhood, told to me by my grandmother, repeated by my mother and also, in my presence, told to the many visitors to our family home.

My maternal grandmother's father, Robert Schofield, must have been a real home maker. He obtained a plot of land in a cornfield on which he built, in 1840, two four-roomed cottages which subsequent descendants have altered to suit their own requirements. In one of these I now live and, from being on the New Road has, in the fullness of time, found itself on the A62 so, there I am, behind my double yellow lines, with an assortment of traffic continually rushing by; a situation which my forebear would never have envisaged.

One day when great-grandfather was busy with his building project he noticed that a passing horseman had dropped something from his saddle but, apparently, the rider was unaware of this for there was no interruption of his steady trot as he proceeded towards Manchester.

Crossing to investigate, great-grandfather was surprised to find, on the rough pathway, a bag containing golden coins which must have fallen from the saddle. Determined to restore the money to its owner he followed the rider but he had a long distance to cover and it was not until he recognised the horse, tethered outside the Royal Oak near Miles Platting, that he was able to identify the rider amongst the travellers congregating in that hostelry.

On the restoration of this cash, the owner was anxious to reward great-grandfather but the idea was stubbornly rejected. In the pleasant conversation which ensued, it was revealed that the horseman was himself a builder who was on his way to pay his workmen their wages. He was interested to hear about the cottages and said he had noted them in course of erection as he had passed through Failsworth. Pleasantries concluded, great-grandfather trudged back - that was that - just an incident and a six-mile walk. There was, however, a surprise in store for him. Imagine his amazement when a wooden beam was delivered to the site, addressed to 'the honest man building the cottages', with the compliments of the owner of the bag of gold, and with a request that the beam be incorporated into the new structure. How my grandmother gloried in telling this story about her own father. "Honesty is the best policy," she would say in ringing tones as she pointed upwards to the sturdy beam.

## THE MISSING ANSWER - 'THOMAS HENSHAW'

As mentioned in the editor's remarks, the missing answer from the May newsletter, was 'Thomas Henshaw', who became the subject of his own little story in William Rowbottom's Diaries. Serialised in the local newspaper, from 1887 - 1889, the Diaries were edited, with comments, by Samuel Andrew, the Secretary of the Master Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Association. His comments are in italics.

### 1807

*The annals [Rowbottom's] for 1807 are unfortunately not to be found. Mr. Higson's summary of important events will therefore have to stand instead.*

**January 30th** - Northwood (Westhulme) was purchased by George Hadfield, Esq., of Oldham for £4,000, from Mr. Broom, bread baker.

*The leading firm of hatters in Oldham about this time was the firm of Messrs. Henshaw, Barkers, Hadfield, and Taylors, at Hargreaves. The above George Hadfield, Esq., was one of the junior partners in this concern, and was nephew to the Henshaws. In 1805, Mr. Henry Henshaw devised the sum of £64,000 to his nephew, Mr. Geo. Hadfield, who in 1807, renounced his claim to a princely fortune in order to gratify Mr. Thomas Henshaw; Mr. Thomas Henshaw died April 30th 1807, Mr. Geo. Hadfield, having renounced his claim to a princely fortune, naturally and properly expected his uncle Thomas to make up for it, when he came to*



make his own will. Accordingly in August 1807, Mr. Thomas Henshaw made his will (a second will) Comprising an equitable division of his property, principally to Mrs. Henshaw and Mr. George Hadfield, but including other bequests; and among them £2,000 to Mr. John Atkinson, hat manufacturer, of Manchester, one of the executors; and £500 to Mr. Joseph Atkinson, coexecutor.

On the 14th November 1807, Mr. Henshaw, under the guidance of Mr. John Atkinson, framed another and still more extraordinary will, by which he devised £20,000 to endow a Blue Coat School at Oldham, and £20,000 to endow a Blind Asylum at Manchester; £2,000 to Mr. John Atkinson; an annuity of £200 to Mrs. Henshaw, in addition to the £100 previously settled); and an annuity of £30 to his servant, Hannah McNaught, leaving the residue of his personal estate to be divided for the benefit of the charities. By a codicil to the will, dated January 9th 1808, he gave to the Blue Coat School, a further sum of £20,000, making the total for that institution, £40,000. By a second codicil, dated January 14 1808, he gave £1,000 to the Manchester Infirmary, £1,000 to the Lunatic Hospital, £500 to the Lying-in Hospital, and £500 to the Ladies Charity, also at Manchester. By a third codicil, dated May 9th, 1808, he directed that the £60,000 devised for a Blue Coat School and Blind Asylum should continue in the firm at Oldham as long as the executors determined, and he further devised £18,000 to Mr. John Atkinson. In addition to alleged gift of £3,000 which he had already made him. The remainder of the property being bequeathed to the charities, the nearest relations, and particularly Mr. George Hadfield were effectually deprived of the bulk of the wealth. For the last nine years of his life Thomas Henshaw repeatedly showed symptoms of insanity, and he terminated his life by drowning himself in a pond near the works,

**March 4th, 1810.** This morning (Sunday) was found drowned, in a dam near his own house, at Hargraves, Oldham, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, hat manufacturer. He had been for a long time insane, and had evaded the vigilance of the family in the morning, and was found about five o'clock morning. He was far advanced in years, and was a man uncommonly rich.

*I should not have gone so fully into this matter had it not been that the late Mr. Henry Henshaw Hadfield, who was a relative, probably a son, of this Mr. George Hadfield, was said to have once had expectations from the Henshaws. We here see how these expectations were balked. In the short account of the late Mr. H.H. Hadfield, recently published, we are told how he had to betake himself to an honourable calling to earn a living. We here see that if the family had had their rights they would have been probably the leading family in Oldham. Mr. Hadfield's connection with the Manchester Societies is sufficient to stamp him as a man of considerable mark, and from the slender acquaintance which I had with him I should take him to have been one who in every way might be esteemed a gentleman. He held a very honoured place in local art, and died October 1887. It will be seen that I have derived much of the above information from E. Butterworth's history of Oldham.*

**April 30th** - Henry Henshaw, of Hargreaves, Esq., died, aged 81 years. He was partner in the hat trade with his brother Thomas, the founder of the Blue Coat School, and other charities. As an evidence of the profitable state of the hat trade in Oldham, it may be stated that the firm began with the small capital of £2,000, and in a comparatively short time accumulated property to the amount of £154,000.

### **The Henshaws**

*The Henshaws were natives of Prestbury, near Macclesfield, where they had a small estate. Thomas, the founder, was born in 1731. In his early days he was apprenticed to the hatting trade with Mr. John Fletcher, at Oldham. Subsequently he resided at Manchester, where he was possessor of, or partner in, some dye works. About 1768 or 1770 he settled in Oldham, and went partner with his old master, John Fletcher, of Holebottom, in the hatting trade. Soon after, his brother Henry joined them. At this time the brothers Henshaw resided in an old house at the bottom of Church-lane, and were remarkable for their habits of industry and frugality.*

About 1778 or 1780 Messrs. Henshaw established a hat manufactory on their own account at Hargeaves, in Oldham, which in a few years ranked as one of the principal manufactories in the kingdom. Previous to 1796 Mr. Thomas Barker became a partner in the firm, and Mr. Thomas Henshaw, having married, in 1799, Sarah, the relict of Mr. Taylor of Crumpsall, two of Mr. Taylor's sons, John and James M. Taylor, embarked on the hatting trade with Messrs. Henshaw, Barker and Hadfield. During the lifetime of the brothers, upwards of 300 operatives were employed at the hatting works.

**November 14th** - Henshaw's will, as already stated. He was an opulent hatter. By his will he expressed his wish that a Blue Coat School should be erected at Oldham and a Blind Asylum at Manchester, under the direction and management of trustees, and for that purpose he bequeathed £20,000 to each of those charities as funds for endowment, i.e., not to be applied to the purchase of land or the erection of buildings

**1810**

**March 4th.**- Mr. Thomas Henshaw, hat manufacturer. He had been for a long time insane, and had evaded the vigilance of the family in the morning, and was found about five o'clock morning. He was far advanced in years, and was a man uncommonly rich.

*A long law suit ensued on the validity of Mr. Henshaw's will of 1807. The validity was confirmed,*

*which meant little less than ruin to his nephew, George Hadfield, Esq., of Failsworth Lodge, who had renounced a claim for £65,080 under his Uncle Henry's will in favour of Thomas, the founder of the Blue Coat School, but who seems not to have recovered it.- See previous annal.*

**1810**

**May 24th** -Substance of the late Mr. Thomas Henshaw, hat manufacturer, of Hargreaves, Oldham :-

To the endowment of a Blue Coat School at Oldham or Manchester, if the executor think it more convenient, £40,000; for a Blind Asylum at Manchester, £20,000; to Manchester Infirmary, £1000, to the Lunatic Hospital at Manchester, £1000; for the Lying in Hospital at Manchester, £500; to the Lady's Charity at Manchester £500.

*The executor of Mr. Henshaw's will seems to have had great power in fixing the places where the school and the hospital should be built.*

**1829**

**April 29th-** The first stone of the Oldham Blue Coat School laid by Thos. Barker, Esq., a liberal benefactor.

*Higson says, In consequence of the delay occasioned by the lawsuit and provision of site, and funds for its erection, the sum bequeathed by Mr. Henshaw in 1808 had accumulated to upwards of £100,000. The edifice is a substantial structure of the early English style of architecture built upon land on the lower part of Oldham Edge, given by Mr. Robert Radcliffe, of Foxdenton, Esq., and Mr. Joseph Jones, junr., Esq.*

Full transcript of William Rowbottom's Diaries from 1787 to 1830 , by Mary Pendlbury & Elaine Sykes , [HERE](#)

~~~~~

'THE KNOCKER - UP'

From : '*Lancashire Sketches*' by Edwin Waugh, Pub. 1869

Life in Manchester may seem monotonous to a Parisian or to a Londoner, but it has strong peculiarities; and among its varied phases there are some employments little known to the rest of the world. Many a stranger, whilst wandering through the back streets of the city, has been puzzled at sight of little signboards, here and there, over the doors of dingy cottages, or at the

head of a flight of steps, leading to some dark cellar-dwelling, containing the words, "KNOCKING-UP DONE HERE." To the uninitiated this seems a startling, and unnecessary announcement, in such a world as ours; and all the more so, perhaps, on account of the gloom and squalid obscurity of the quarters where such announcements are generally found. Horrible speculations have haunted many an alien mind whilst contemplating these rude signboards, until they have discovered that the business of the Knocker-Up is simply that of awakening people who have to go to work early in a morning; and the number of these is very great in a city like ours, where manufacturing employments mingle so largely with commercial life. Another reason why this curious employment is so common in Manchester may be that there are so many things there to lure a working man into late hours of enjoyment,--so many wild excitements that help to "knock him up," after his ordinary work is over, and when his time is his own, so many temptations to "lengthen his days by stealing a few hours from the night," that the services of the morning "Knocker-Up" are essential. For the factory-bell, like death, is inexorable in its call; and when, in the stillness of the morning, the long wand of the awakener comes tapping at the workman's window, he knows that he must rise and go; no matter how ill-prepared,--no matter how mis-spent his night may have been. He must go; or he knows full well the unpleasant consequence. If he likes he may try to ease his mind by crooning the words of that quaint lyric, "Up in a morning, na for me;" but, in the meantime, he must get up and go. He may sing it as he goes, if he likes; but whether he does so or not, he must walk his chinks, or else it will be worse for him. Apart from factory-workers, there are other kinds of workmen who need awakening in a morning; especially those connected with the building trades, whose hours of rising are sometimes uncertain, because they may be employed upon a job here to-day, and then upon one two or three miles off, to-morrow. Factory workers, too, are compelled, in many cases, to reside at considerable distances from the mills at which they are employed. These two classes of working people, however, are the principal customers of the "Knocker-Up."

Whoever has seen Manchester in the solitary loveliness of a summer morning's dawn, when the outlines of the buildings stand clear against the cloudless sky, has seen the place in an aspect of great beauty. In that hour of mystic calm, when the houses are all bathing in the smokeless air,-- when the very pavement seems steeped in forgetfulness, and an unearthly spell of peaceful rapture lies upon the late disturbed streets,--that last hour of nature's nightly reign, when the sleeping city wears the beauty of a new morning, and "all that mighty heart is lying still;"--that stillest, loveliest hour of all the round of night and day,--just before the tide of active life begins to turn back from its lowmost ebb, or, like the herald drops of a coming shower, begins to patter, here and there, upon the sleepy streets once more; whoever has seen Manchester at such a time, has seen it clothed in a beauty such as noontide never knew. It is, indeed, a sight to make the heart "run o'er with silent worship." It is pleasant, even at such a time, to open the window to the morning breeze, and to lie awake, listening to the first dribblets of sound that stir the heavenly stillness of the infant day:--the responsive crowing of far-distant cocks; the chirp of sparrows about the eaves and neighbouring house-tops; the barking of dogs; the stroke of some far-off church clock, booming with strange distinctness through the listening air; a solitary cart, jolting slowly along, astonished at the noise it is making. The drowsy street--aroused from its slumbers by those rumbling wheels--yawns and scratches its head, and asks the next street what o'clock it is.... Then come the measured footsteps of the slow-pacing policeman, longing for six o'clock; solitary voices conversing in the wide world of morning stillness; the distant tingle of a factory bell; the dull boom of escaping steam, let off to awake neighbouring workpeople; the whistle of the early train; and then,--the hurried foot, and "tap, tap, tap!" of the Knocker-Up. Soon after this, shutters begin to rattle, here and there; and the streets gradually become alive again.

He who has wandered about the city, with observant eye, at dawn of morning, may have seen men--and sometimes a woman--hurrying along the street, hot-foot, and with "eyes right,"

holding aloft long taper wands, like fishing-rods. These are Knockers-Up, going their hasty rounds, from house to house, to rouse the workman to his labour. They are generally old men, who are still active on foot; or poor widows, who retain sufficient vigour to enable them to stand the work; for it is an employment that demands not only severe punctuality, but great activity: there is so much ground to cover in so little time. It is like a "sprint-race"--severe whilst it lasts, but soon over. And the aim of the Kocker-Up is to get as many customers as possible within as small a circle as possible,--which greatly lessens the labour. A man who has to waken a hundred people, at different houses, between five and six o'clock, needs to have them "well under hand," as coachmen say. With this view, Knockers-Up sometimes exchange customers with one another, so as to bring their individual work as close together as possible. The rate of pay is from twopence to threepence per week for each person awakened; and the employment is sometimes combined with the keeping of a coffee-stall at some street end, where night stragglers, and early workmen, can get their breakfast of coffee and bread-and-butter, at the rate of a halfpenny per cup, and a halfpenny per slice for bread-and-butter. Sometimes, also, the Kocker-Up keeps a little shop in some back street, where herbs, and nettle beer, and green grocery, or fish, or children's spices are sold; and, after this fashion, many poor, faded folk,--too proud for pauperism,--eke out a thin, unostentatious living, out of the world's eye. So much for the occupation of the Kocker-Up. And now for a little incident which led to all this preamble.

The other day, as I sat poring over my papers, a startling knock came to the street door. It was one, solid, vigorous bang,--with no nonsense about it. It was heavy, sharp, straightforward, and clean-cut at the edges,--like a new flat-iron. There was no lady-like delicacy about it,--there was no tremulous timidity, no flabbiness, nor shakiness, nor billiousness, nor any kind of indication of ill-condition about that rap. It was sound--wind, limb, and all over. It was short and decisive,--in the imperative mood, present tense, and first person,--very singular; and there was no mistake about its gender--it was, indeed, massively masculine--and it came with a tone of swift authority--like a military command. It reminded me of "Scarborough warning,"--a word and a blow--and the blow first. That rap could stand on its own feet in the world,--and it knew it. It came boldly, alone, "withouten any companie,"--not fluttering, lame and feeble, with feeble supporters about it,--like a man on ricketty stilts, that can only keep his feet by touching carefully all round. It shot into the house like a cannon-ball, cutting a loud tunnel of strange din through the all-pervading silence within. The sleepy air leaped, at once, into wakefulness,--and it smote its forehead with sudden amazement, and gazed around to see what was the matter. I couldn't tell whatever to make of the thing. My first thought was that it must be the man who examines the gas meters, and that he was behind with his work, and in a bad temper about something. And then I began to think of my debts: it might be an indignant creditor, or some ruthless bully of a dun--which is a good deal worse--and I began to be unhappy. I sighed, from the bottom of my heart, and looked round the room in search of comfort. Alas! there was nothing there to cheer my sinking spirits. The drowsy furniture had started from its long-continued trance; and the four somnolent walls were staring at one another with wild eyes, and whispering, "What's that?" The clock was muttering in fearful undertones to the frightened drawers; and the astonished ceiling, as it gazed down at the trembling carpet, whispered to its lowly friend, "Look out!" as if it thought the whole house was coming down. I looked at my watch--for, indeed, I hardly knew where to look--and I began to apprehend that the fatal hour had come, at last, when we should have to part,--perhaps for ever. I looked at my poor old watch.... It had stopped.... The fact is, the little thing was stunned. The numerals had tears of terror in their eyes; and it held out its tiny hands for protection,--like a frightened child, flying to its mother from a strange tumult. I felt sorry for the little thing; and I rubbed the case with my coat sleeve, and then wound it gently up, by way of encouragement; and--the grateful, willing creature--it only missed about half a dozen beats or so, and then began ticking again, in a subdued way, as if it was afraid of being overheard by the tremendous visitor who had so

furiously disturbed "the even tenor of its way."

The whole house was fairly aroused; tables, chairs, pictures,--all were in a state of extraordinary wonderment. The cat was the only thing that kept its senses. It rose from the hearth, and yawned, and stretched itself; and then it came and rubbed its glossy fur soothingly against my leg, and whispered, "All serene! Don't faint!" In the meantime, I could imagine that rap,--as soon as it had delivered the summons,--listening joyfully outside, and saying to itself; with a chuckle, "I've wakened that lot up, for once!" ... At last I mustered courage, and, shaking myself together, I went to the door.

A little, wiry old man stood at the door. His clothing was whole, but rough, and rather dirty. An old cloth cap was on his grey head; and he was in a state of curious disorder from head to toe. He had no braces on; and he was holding his trousers up with one hand. I couldn't tell what to make of him. He was a queer-looking mortal; and he had evidently "been dining," as the upper ten thousand say when any of their own set get drunk. At the first glance, I thought he was begging; but I soon changed my mind about that, for the hardy little fellow stood bolt upright, and there was not the shadow of anything like cringing or whining about him. The little fellow puzzled me. He looked foggy and dirty; but he had an unmistakable air of work and rugged independence. Steadying himself with one hand against the door-cheek, he muttered something that I couldn't make out.

"Well; what is it?" said I. Again he muttered something that sounded like "Knocked Up;" to which I mildly replied that he certainly looked as if he was so; and then I inquired what I could do for him; but, to my astonishment, this seemed to vex him. At last I found that he was a Knocker-Up, and that he had called for his week's "brass." I saw at once that the old man was astray; and the moment I told him where he was, his eyes seemed to fill with a new light, and he exclaimed, "By th' mon, aw'm i'th wrang street!" And then, holding his trousers up, still, with one hand, away he ran, and was no more seen by me.

~~~~~

### From the e-Postbag

More about the Guernsey boys, in another email from Gordon Lees, who sent us **'Eighty Years on, from June 1940'** for the June newsletter.

Our Guernsey boy, as I told you, was Leonard Marquis. He arrived, with his brother Geoffrey and the other "lost souls" my Mum said, in Oldham at Hill stores, on the 20th of June 1940. Their Mum and Dad stayed in Guernsey as they had two younger siblings although some of the other had parents in the UK in different Towns. I think the boys were allocated rather than "picked" by the volunteers but Geoff did not live far away as it happened.

I suspect, as I never really knew or asked him, that Len was born in the late 1920s, a couple of years older than my elder brother Nevil who was born in 1931. I also had a sister Nancy born in 1938. Dorothy Bintley [MLFHS member] was a friend of hers later. At the time, we lived at 17, Sheraton Road, a mid terraced house of 15 houses but we and no. 15 had a path to the back where dad had a glass/green house. The whole row faced what we called the coalies (a slag heap, a couple of 100 yards away.) that belonged to Chamber Road Colliery.

Len attended Hulme grammar school with the others from Guernsey (as per the last article). By 1941 things must have been crowded at no. 17. I was too young to remember how many bedrooms, suspect only two. So, in the summer, Dad bought 116, Burlington Avenue which had three, about two to three hundred yards away. We all did our bit moving furniture etc. including the green house which eventually became part of a hen cote where we had 6 hens. Meal was bought for them through the ration book; instead of the egg ration, I was told later. Our grand parents contributed as well as they lived local too.

On Sunday the 12th of October 1941, Dad & Mum had some friends round during the evening who left to walk home to Waterloo street, at the Glodwick Road end. The siren went at 11-05 pm and, although we normally went to a local air raid shelter, that night we didn't; our parents



brought us downstairs and we lay with our heads under the side board. "Flak", fired at the German bombers, was rattling the roofs and two or three very loud crashes shook the house. Later, after the all clear sounded about 1am (even today I hate the sound of a siren) Dad went out to see what had happened. When he came back and said. "Boden's shop has gone." They had the local shop for vegetable & groceries. Years later, on a holiday, we visited Len in Guernsey who told me that a stone slab had landed where his pillow would have been at no.17, when Dad went to look at the damage to the house. Len was fortunate, as a Guernsey boy who lived in Incline Road at Hollinwood and was buried, but survived.

The bomb dropped in the back, between Manley Road and Sheraton, with the numbers 27 & 29 and about seven others all being rebuilt after the war finished. Local to the above, on Mirfield Avenue, many other houses with their occupants were killed and houses wrecked as well. I seem to remember going out with my brother, when he was off school, collecting money and pieces of shrapnel which were scattered round the area, in a bucket.

When we got back to normal, all we had to look forward to were occasional days out and, each end of August/ beginning of Sept, a week's holiday at Cleveleys which was Len's favourite as he named his bungalow that, on Guernsey, after the war.

During 1944 he left school and went working in the Midland Bank and met with a friend from Hulme. He then went to lodge with them on the next Road, "Langham." At some time in 1944, we moved there, where we were in early 1945. Which is another 'story'. Len's parents called their bungalow that in both our honour, which was very nice of them.

Now to 1948, about that time, I think the states of Guernsey decided to thank everyone in Oldham for their kindness and there were many families invited to go at the new Oldham wakes time of the last week in June and first week in July. We got an invite from Mr. & Mrs Marquis; great excitement, we went from Oldham by train either to Weymouth or Southampton where the mail boats went from daily. Dad was a bit smart as we had cabin overnight and did not realise how rough the sea would be on the seventy five mile trip, which caused much sickness for some people.

We had a brilliant time, visiting sandy beaches all over the Island, by car. Mrs Marquis was not a good passenger however. If we happened to go to a bay that was steep, near the coast, she insisted on getting out and walking down the hill. Unfortunately Nevil wasn't with us as he had started working by then, which also affected him again in the six week holiday from school. The states invited the children, of people who looked after the Guernsey boys, for a two week trip. Allowed as the next in line, I stayed with some people in Hautville opposite where Victor Hugo's house was. At the end of that time, St.Thomas' Werneth Scout group came camping and Nevil, who was a Kings Scout, as one of the leaders came. Dad asked if I could stay on with my brother and the education authority agreed so I had a month along with a lot of my friends who were Scouts that I knew. Another fabulous time.

My hair was blonde in those days and it turned white with all the sun. Guess who got a telling off by his mother, when we came home, for not having his hair cut. Over the years and since, we have had our own families and we have visited the islands and always taken the trouble to visit Len, his parents and their families, and always been made very,very welcome for visiting and seeking them out. We have had some good times and evenings out with the usual bar meals.

Gordon Lees.

~~~~~

A request:

Hello Sheila, I would be grateful if you could find space in the Newsletter for an edited repeat of my original enquiry, published soon after I joined the Society in 1998.

Thank you.

Herbert (Bert) Pemberton MLFHS no. 11929 ...

In common, I suspect, with many members of the Society, I am using the enforced lockdown to go through my research notes to see whether I can add to or correct them, looking also for other sources which may have become available in the twenty years since I started investigating my family history.

Shortly after I joined the Society, in 1998, I had an enquiry published in the Manchester Genealogist (I have updated it slightly):

Pemberton/Wild – My interest in my family history was aroused by a walking stick with a bone handle presented to my grandfather, Benjamin Pemberton. It bears the following inscription on a silver plate:

"Mr. B. Pemberton from the Hawthorn Amatuer [sic] Minstrels 5th May 1895."

Benjamin was born in Prescot and his family moved to Chadderton around 1890. His 21st birthday was on 9 March 1895 and he married Hannah Wild on 31 August at Henshaw St Primitive Methodist Chapel. He was a self-actor minder.

Is anything known of the Hawthorn Amateur Minstrels? Were they connected with the Chapel, or possibly with the Hawthorn Spinning Co., believed to have been in nearby Victoria St.? The Minstrels were clearly well organised and had enough money to make this presentation (has anyone else got a similar walking stick?) and yet they seem to have left no traces of their activities such as printed programmes or newspaper reports. I have of course Googled the name, enquired at Oldham Archives and checked the Oldham Chronicle around this date, without result.

Clearly, the presentation was not to mark his birthday or his wedding day. Was it perhaps to mark the end of a successful season (and Benjamin's contribution to it), or was it to farewell him? In 1901 he was in Enfield, Middlesex, testing electric motors, although he returned to Chadderton in the following year: my father was born in Garforth Street in 1902.

I have no grandchildren, so I have passed the stick on to the descendants of Benjamin's eldest son, Arnold.

Any information or suggestions for further research will be welcomed.

Herbert Pemberton (11929). email: pemie2@hotmail.com

~~~~~

**And a couple of little snippets from Pat Etchells**, our Journal editor, one of the, 'Don't do this at home' articles that the late Arthur Davenport wrote:

### **CURE FOR CORNS**

Steep two or three pearl buttons in a little lemon juice for 24 hours, or until dissolved, and apply night and morning

### **WASHING LIQUID**

1/2lb soap, 1/2lb potash. Boil together with a gallon of water until dissolved. When cool, add 1/2 pint turpentine, 1/2 pint ammonia. A breakfast cup to be put in the dolly, NOT THE COPPER. The water to be nearly boiling when the clothes are put in.

My note ... I don't think we'll find either of these in Asda!!

~~~~~

A small selection of April entries on the MLFHS Facebook page [HERE](#)...

* So what of Manchester's fate and role in the 1918 pandemic?

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* "Green fields and pastures": The Location of Strangeways Hall

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* A fascinating story of what can be missed by following the hints.

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* In a pretty churchyard in Woodplumpton, a village not far from Preston in Lancashire, is a mysterious old grave with many dark tales attached to it.

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* In 1857 Manchester was transformed from being a city of industry and commerce to a cultural destination fit for a Queen

[HERE](#).

~~~~~

\* The term 'metalworker' describes a wide range of occupations – from employees manning vast steelworks, to engineers, to the village smithy.

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* This is a great volunteer project that has been running for some years now. I see they have a freshly updated website. Do have a look! <https://www.mgctp.com/>

Manchester General Cemetery Transcription Project

MGCTP.COM

Manchester General Cemetery Transcription Project

Project to transcribe and map the memorials and grave stones at Manchester General Cemetery before they are lost forever.

~~~~~

\* Very happy to tell you that we've just added another \*180\* town plans of #Scotland to our website (including 100+ plans of #Edinburgh)

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

* Find out more about Manchester's role in the Industrial Revolution

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* ScotlandsPeople

4 June at 20:01 · Shared with Public

Today is Hug Your Cat Day, and we want to talk about government cats!

Did you know that, historically, cats were often kept in archives and records offices to help protect the records from rodents?

Back in 1708, the Exchequer Office in Parliament Close, Edinburgh, had problems with records being 'greatly damnified, eaten and destroyed by rates and myce'.

Doorkeeper Robert Morison took the initiative to get a cat to see the rodents off, and in 1715 he petitioned the Barons of the Exchequer for the sum of £7 to pay for the upkeep of the cat and to modify the building to allow her to make her rounds of the premises unimpeded.

Find out more about the Exchequer cat and see the petition on our blog here:

[HERE](#)

Unfortunately we don't know the name of this particular cat, and nor do we know if she was particularly huggable or not.

~~~~~

* North West Film Archive

3 June at 09:07 · Shared with Public

A Film A Day

"If you want to get ahead, get a hat" as the saying goes. Denton and Stockport were major players in the hatting industry and in today's film we see... See more

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

\* The earliest description of the Hundred occurs in the Domesday Book, the great survey made for William the Conqueror in 1086.

[HERE](#)

~~~~~

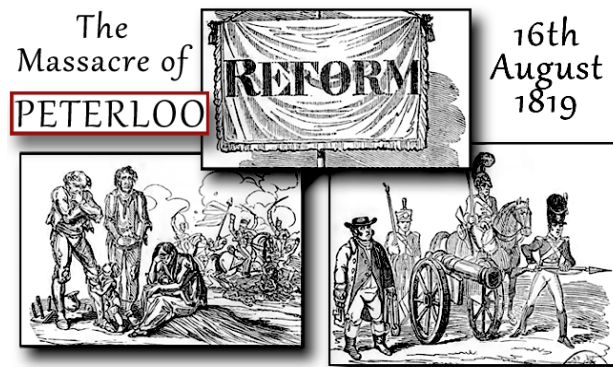
*for so much more, visit the MLFHS Facebook Page :[HERE](#)

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

~~~~~

## PETERLOO : the Bi-Centenary

Visit the website for **The Peterloo Project** with particular reference to Oldham, people, accounts, life at the time and more ...



at [Peterloo-Manchester](#)

~~~~~

Although the long-anticipated Bi-Centenary has come and gone, there are some Peterloo websites still active with 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](#)

Peterloo Memorial Campaign Group ... to find out more about the memorial etc. organised by the Memorial Campaign Group, visit their website. [HERE](#)

~~~~~

**Oldham Local Studies and Archives - CLOSED until further notice.**

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

There are regular Family History Advice Sessions every Monday and Wednesday afternoons from 2-4pm.

There's no need to book. Just turn up with all the information you have and the resident family history experts will be on hand to help.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cheshire Local History Association – www.cheshirehistory.org.uk

Chadderton Historical Society (archived website) – 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

Liverpool and South West Lancashire FHS – www.lswlfhs.org.uk

Manchester Region Industrial Archaeology Society – www.mrias.co.uk

Oldham Historical Research Group – www.pixnet.co.uk/Oldham-hrg

Peterloo - [Peterloo-Manchester](#)

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

Royton Local History Society – www.rlhs.co.uk

Saddleworth Historical Society – www.saddleworth-historical-society.org.uk

Tameside Local History Forum - www.tamesidehistoryforum.org.uk

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

Some Useful Sites

GENUKI - [Lancashire](#)

Free BMD - [Search](#)

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

1891 - Oldham and locality [HERE](#)

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

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

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

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

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

Internet Archive ... The Internet Archive offers over **24,000,000** freely downloadable books and texts.
[HERE](#)

There is also a collection of 1.3 million modern eBooks that may be borrowed by anyone with a free archive.org account.

Some Local Archives

Barnsley Museum & Discovery Centre – www.experience-barnsley.com

Birkenhead – [Local & Family History](#)

Bury – www.bury.gov.uk/archives

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

Derbyshire - [Local & Family History](#)

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

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

Manchester - [Archives & Local History](#)

Oldham - [Local Studies & Archives](#)

Oldham - [Oldham Council Heritage Collections](#)

Preston – www.lancashire.gov.uk/libraries-and-archives

Stockport – www.stockport.gov.uk/heritage-library-archives

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

York – www.york.ac.uk/borthwick

~~~~~



## For the Gallery

**This month, the Gallery is all about Manchester ...  
the old, the not so old and the very old**

**the 'old' ... Inside the Town Hall, Manchester, before being closed for renovation**



**the 'not so old' ... Manchester Skyline, from the 14th floor in Salford, circa 2010**



**and the 'very old' ... three drawings (Market Street & Blackfriars Bridge) from :**

***'Old Manchester -***

***A Series of Views of the More Ancient Buildings and Its Vicinity,  
as they appeared 50 years ago'***



Drawn by James Ralston, (circa 1820) with Introduction by James Croston, Pub. 1875  
(Decriptive text taken fom the book.)



**Market Street (no.7)**

**Market Street (no. 43)**



'**No. 7** gives a more general view of Market-street from near the corner of the present New Brown-street, looking towards the Exchange. It includes, in addition to the shop of Mr. Hyde, that of Mr. Hemingway, silversmith, and the premises of Mr. Sharpe, who filled the office of Boroughreeve of Manchester in 1819. (The original sketch from which the lithograph was made is reproduced in No. 55) and there is also a view by James taken from very nearly the same point, **No. 43.**'





### **Old Blackfriars Bridge (No. 38)**

'The original Blackfriars-bridge, views of which are given in Nos. 8 and 38, was a temporary erection of wood for foot-passengers only, built in 1761 by a company of London players (those of Drury-lane and Covent-garden combined) for the accommodation of such of the votaries of Thespis as might wish to cross the river to witness their performances in the theatre of the Riding-school in

Water-street (now Blackfriars-street), where they had established themselves in opposition to the well-known James Whiteley, who at the time had the management of the theatre in Brown-street. Aston thus alludes to the circumstance in his "Metrical Records" :

In the years seventeen-sixty and sixty-and-one,  
The town by the players was well play'd upon ;  
Old "VWhiteley possession had got of the town,  
But the two London houses join'd force and came down,  
And, no place being vacant that was near to the centre,  
They determined in Salford to try their adventure ;  
Erected a building, erected a stage,  
To act o'er the passions of man and the age ;  
And to tempt the Manchestrans, made steps down the ridge,  
And over the river threw Blackfriars Bridge.

The bridge remained for more than half a century after their departure, though it was always difficult of access, the approach being by a narrow passage called the Ring-'o-bells entry, leading from Deansgate, and thence by a flight of twenty-nine steps. It was superseded by the present stone bridge, shown in No. 44, which was erected in 1820 at a cost of ,£9,000, the subscribers being entitled, by the Act of Parliament under which it was built, to re-imburse themselves by a toll, that continued to be exacted from both passengers and vehicles until within the last few years, when the bridge was made free.

Until 1761, the only means of communication between the township of Manchester and that of Salford was by the old or Salford bridge, an ancient erection of three arches, built in the reign of the third Edward.'